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Medical.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

Hoofland's German Tonic.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON,

The Great Remedies for all Diseases

LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, Extended to the state of the

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of Sanda Cruz Rum, Orange, etc., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

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should be used.

The Blitters or the Tonic are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indication, Dyspension, it is to be t



These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundiee, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhea, Disease of the Kldneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

DEBILITY,

Resulting from any Cause whatever:
PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
induced by Severe Labor, Hard
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There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies
in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the
whole System, the
ened, food is enjoyed,
promptly, the blood
promptly, the blood
promptly, the blood
promptly the blood
is of the complexity of the relation of the extended of the relation o

Persons Advanced in Life, And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happliness to their remaining years.

NOTICE. It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our donnin the enjoyment to use their own ex well." They are lan pression, "rever feel guid, devoid of all the energy, extendly nervous and have no appetit all energy, exteemely nervous, and have no appetite.
To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the
TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONTALS.

Hon, Geo, W. Woodward.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes: Philadelphia, March 16, 1867. "I find 'Hoofland's a good tonic, useful digestive organs, and cases of debility, and tion in the system. Ye German Bitters' in diseases of the of great benefit is want of nervous a

Hon. James Thompson. Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, April 28, 1866.

"I consider 'Hoofland's Gorman Bitters' a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspensia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,

Pattor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Panor of the Tenth Baptitt Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackton—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my ap have in all cases do clear proof in variant clear proof in variant content of the properties of the properties. In some cases it may full; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

bove causes.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD, From Rev. E. D. Fendall.

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia. I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoof land's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to re-commend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general dobility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Your truly, E. D. FENDALL

CAUTION.



PRICES.

per bottle, or a half dozen for..... 7 50 Bor Do not forget to examine well the article you Jan. 9, 1868.-1y

Poetical.

A BRIGHTER DAY. BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Harness the impatient years, Oh, Time! and yoke them

For, through a mist of tears, The brighter day appears, Whose early blushes tings the hills afar A brighter day for thee:

And that immensity Of Western Waters which once hailed the

Oncen! The flery coursers fling Their necks aloft, and snuff winn,
Till the fleet moments bring
The expected sigh to spring
Along their path and leave these glooms be-

Yoke them, and yield the reins
To Spain, and lead her to the lofty seat;
But, ere she mount, the chains,
Whose cruel strength constrains
Her limbs, must fall in fragments at her feet.

A tyrant brood have wound A tyrant brood have wound About her helpies limbs the steet braid, And toward would profound They drag her gagged and bound, Down among dead men's bones, and frost, and shade.

Oh, Spain! Thou wert, of yore, The wonder of the realms; in prouder year Thy haughty forehead wore, What it shall never wear no more: The diadem of both the hemisphe

To thou the ancient Deed

Yet, then, when land and sea, And, therefore, art thou a shackled slave,

Wilt thou not, yet again, Put forth the sleeping strength that in the lies, and sinp the she And force that tyrant train To flee before the anger in thine eyes?

Then shall the harnessed years
Sweep onward with these to that pheight

sweet face raised imploringly to that of her mother.

In vain had she exhausted every endearing epithet and term of consolation to arouse her from the lethargy of sorrow. Nothing would do. Overcome with her own sorrow and the sight of her forlorn parent, she let her young head fall into the he po of her mother, and gave vent to a burst of anguish terrible and touching in, one so apparently helpless.

For some time she rested exhausted upon her immovable mother, when, sudenly springing up, her whole frame quivering with eager hope, she exclaim—"No more; I will—but do not torture"

In vain had she exhausted every endearing provided in the sprang up and struck his clenched hand upon the table—"not if it would save the life of all that ever drew blood from the loth the lap of her mother, and gave vent to a burst of anguish terrible and touching on her immovable mother, when, sudenly springing up, her whole frame quivering with eager hope, she exclaim—"No more; I will—but do not torture of the content of the winthe title of Edward, the Mereiful—eag, and the bountiful, too, as our queen and the title of Edward, the Mereiful—eag, and the bountiful, too, as our queen into the sprang up and struck his clenched hand upon the table—"not fit would save the life of all that ever drew blood from the sprang up and struck his clenched hand upon the table—"not fit would save the life of Edward, the Mereiful—eag, and the bountiful, too, as our queen eag, and the bountiful, too, as our queen into the title of Edward, the Mereiful—eag, and the bountiful, too, as our queen into the same fountial. The sum of the best of Edward, the Mereiful—eag, and the bountiful, too, as our queen into the best of Edward the Mereiful—eag, and the bountiful, too, as our queen into the sum of the best of spirits.

"My dearest uncle," replied Ruth, frightened at his vehenence, "I did not "Nay, Jane, no foolish jealousy

dealy springing up, her whole frame quivering with eager hope, she exclaim-Up, my dear mother, there is yet Slowly the despairing eyes of her mother turned and rested their frozen beams on the glowing face of the enthusiastic girl; her marble lips parted, and her voice seemed to come from a far off vault: "Hope, hope! and who speaks of hope hou, my fatherless one? Hope, no,

"Hope, hope! and who speaks of nope—thou, my fatherless one? Hope, no, the clutches of the tyrant are upon us; the shadow is over us; the wail of cracking heart strings is in my our, and talk ye of hope. There is no hope—none."

Her features had remained fixed while sho was speaking, and, but that the eye moved, the voice might have seemed to have come from a marble statute, so deathlike and cold did it appear.

It was the first she had spoken—and Ruth, thinking reason was returning to its seat, answered eagerly:

its scat, answered eagerly : "Do not despair, dear mother, I have a thought, if you could only compose your self to listen. I---" self to listen. I——"

But she broke off upon seeing that she spoke to cars that grief had made deaf to her voice. But the energy of the young girl sunk not, and she prepared to accomplish the project that flashed across her mind in the depth of grief, as the daz-

her mind in the depth of grief, as the dazzling bow of heaven sometimes throws its belt of brilliancy over the earth, while the rain is yet falling.

Ruth wrapped herself in a large cloak, and giving directions to a boy about six years old to watch his mother, left the house. She wound through several close streets that led to a more retired part of the city, and soon stood on the step of what, by its closed shutters and rusty latch, appeared to be an uninhabited tradesmann's stall. Her eager knock was unanswered—also a second, and a third.

Impatiently she raised the latch and entered what had been the wareroom of a goldsmith's stall. Cases of rings, plate jewelry, and all the multifarous articles that compose the stock of a wealthy goldthat compose the stock of a wealthy gold-smith of those times, lay scattered about

smith of those times, lay scattered about the room without regard to order, and covered with the accumulated dust of months. The fever of excited hope ran too wildly in the mind of Ruth to admit of more than a passing glance at the neglected wealth scattered about her.

She passed quickly forward, but stopped suddenly; and her heart qualled within her when she thought of the magnitude and cruelty of the request she was

within her when she thought of the magnitude and cruelty of the request she was about to make; and doubted whether, even to save the life of a father, she was doing right in tearing open the wounded bosom of one whose feelings had been so much greater than those of death. Almost breathlessly she stood by the open loor, gaizing upon the inmate of the little oom. room.

He was a man of about thirty years, thin and pale almost unto ghastliness, yet there was something touchingly noble in his high, broad forehead, from which the black hair was combed and

At length, timidly and with sinking hopes, Ruth ventured to claim his notice by advanting into the room: He raised his head and a faint smile flitted over his catures on recognizing his niece. He icatures on recognizing his mice. He motioned her to take a seat on a low stool by his side, and laid his hand caressingly on her hair bfore he addressed her. At length, fixing his eyes mournfully upon her face, he said, in a voice so clear and sad, that it fell soothingly upon the troubled heart of poor Buth: sad, that it fell soothingly upon the trou-bled heart of poor Ruth:

"And what brings thee, my child, to the lone home of thy uncle?" Has sorrow fallen upon thy young head, that thou seekest companionship with misery?"

"Alas, dear uncle!" she replied, "you have guessed too right; I am in sore grief; for last night my poor father was dragged from our hearthstone by a com-pany of the king's men at arms, who ac-

seekest companionship with misery!"

"Alas, dear uncle!" she replied, "you have guessed too right; I am in sore grief; for last night my poor father was dragged from our hearthstone by a company of the king's men at arms, who accused him of treason."

"Treason! my brother John guilty of the shrouded fomale and tore back the

if that could only make my tale untrue—would that I did rave. But it is all too real. I saw it—felt it," she continued,

"Compose thyself, dear child; hay, do not cry so; this matter may not be so bad as thou supposest; knowest thou on what this charge of treason is founded?"
"Yes; when I knelt and begged of them to tell me of my father's crime, they told me mockingly, uncle, mockingly, that it was for boasting that he would raise his son to the crown. I knew not

said:
"Taken, tried, and condemned, already, saidst thou, child—and at what time must he suffer?"
Ruth clasped her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the sad vision this question presented, and in a choked voice replied. "On Friday morning, unless he can

"On Friday morning, unless he can be saved."
"Saved! is there any hope of this." he asked.
Only through you—only through you, uncle; and it was for this I came; and for this I dared interrupt your solitude."
Shore fixed his melancholy ayou won her in inquiry, and silently waited for her to proceed.

own brother and the father of your poor Ruth?"

No more: I will—but do not torture me with words."

For some time the unhappy man sat as if endeavoring to still the tumult of his frame. Then taking a vial from his pocket, he drank a part of its contents, and soon became calm enough to write? but his hand seemed to shrink from the velling himself to write the first line; but when this was accomplished, he proceeded bring himself to write the first line; but when this was accomplished, he proceeded and a task will fail. With a heavy hand he placed his signature, and handing the roll of velum to Ruth motioned her to depart.

Elegant and costiy as the fashion of Elegant and costiy as the fashion of the creams and boar indulging in hope. bring himself to write the first line; but when this was accomplished, he proceeded rapidly, as one who fears his power to finish a task will fail. With a heavy hand he placed his signature, and handing the roll of vellum to Ruth motioned her to depart.

Elegant and costly as the fashion of those times would permit, was the dwel-

Elegant and costly as the fashion of those times would permit, was the dwelling King Edward had provided for the object of his illicit love. All that wealth could purchase or power command, was lavished upon her person, and decorated her habitation; but each day did she feel more sensibly the difference between the oure tenderness a husband feels for his virtuous wife, and the unholly attachment expressed by the object of her pres-

The glitter of wealth could not hide, even from the object of such a union as this, shameless iniquity. The tie was formed by the trampling of the most sacred duties of life, and upon the crushing of the best feelings of the human heart. It was a bond of sin, and misery was its reward.

It was a bond of sin, and baser, and reward.

Full and sparkling was the golden bowl the youthful monarch had offered to the lips of his beautiful victim. She drank—but bitter was the gall and wormwood she was condemned to drain alone to the bottom.

om. Edward's attachment for her was stil Edward's attachment for her was still in its freshness. She had not yet been called upon to witness his hand tear away the unholy lits that bound them together; to spend days and nights in listening to his footsteps; to hang on his eye for a glance of former kindness, and to liten and look in vain; but her foreboding heart told her that this fate would inevitably be hers; and a trembling dread of the future poisoned the present. iture poisoned the present.

Whatever were the reflections of Jane, they were interrupted by advancing footatips. She listened with her graceful head bent slightly forward, and her heart head bent slightly forward, and her heart palpitating like a caught bird under her jewelled stomacher. Nearer came the light footsteps and brilliant was the smile that flashed like morning sunlight over each beautiful feature, dimpling the checks and lips into almost childlike sweetness, as she advanced to the door.—It opened and admitted not the expected royal lover, but a female shrouded in the ample folds of a large cloak, who advanced timidly and knelt at her feet as she stood surprised and disappointed. Jane's of timidly and knelt at her feet as she stood surprised and disappointed. Jane's natural benevolence pronoted her to acts of kindness, and pitying the evident distress of the kneeling stranger, she stooped to raise her, exclaiming, "Nay, maiden, kneel not to me; I am not the one to receive the homage of my fellows. If in aught my poor efforts can assist the, speak boldly; there is no cause to fear."

fear."
Slowly the supplicant arose; and extending a roll of vellum; said, in a low, suppressed voice, "This lady will inform you of my mission." you of my mission."

Jane took the vellum, thinking it a petition for her good offices with the king, such as she was in the habit of receiving; but before she opened it, she courteously led the stranger to one of the tapestried benches in the saloon. "Rest here, my poor maiden, while I learn the contents of this seroil, and it I can serve thee, for the for the issue?"

ood from a face scarcely less white than her own.
"Ruth my own Ruth," she exclaimed,

"Ruth my own Ruth," she exclaimed, clasping the poor girl widly to her bosom and madly kissing her forchead, " is it thou, so good and pure, who hast come to mein my degradation? But that scroll—that scroll—with its blasting signature—whence came it, I say—speak quick or my brain will burst!" and without waiting for an answer she dealed. ing arms of my mother, who now sits at home bemoaning, and bereft of reason; I saw them strike with brutal violence my dear little brother Richard as he clung to the knees of his father, and begged pitch that scroll—with trembling hands and compressed lips, ran over the contents. When she came to the signature, aspars of pain seemed to dart over her, would that I did?—and she leaned her forehead on his hand, bathing it with her tens.

"Compose thyself, dear child; nay, do not cry so; this matter may not be so bad as thou supposest; knowest thou on what this charge of treason is founded?"

"Yes; when I knelt and begged of the mid to tell me of my father's crime, they told me mockingly, uncle, mockingly, that they would me neckingly, uncle, mockingly, that they would her proposed as an and stood for a few moments gasping for breath, and quivering in every joint with suppressed agony.

Latter the my degradation? But that bound her to her fellow men was sever-deal that scroll—with its blasting signature, and with the contents that the solution of the aunt she can be darded for ward to pin those that the hand of tyranny had torn from her. Her mother had never recovered from the state of torpid sorrow as pass of pain seemed to dard over her, she pressed the hand in which she grasping for breath, and quivering in every joint with suppressed agony.

"Yes; when I knelt and begged of the seemed the part of the seemed the provided the proved the part of the same that scroll—that scroll—with its blasting signature, and with trembling hands and compressed lips, ran over the content of the signature, approved the part of the sum of the lead to her pure thoughts to that after another that scroll—that scroll—with sum of the duffer of the fellow the power in the followed the power of the lead to the power of the same that scroll—that scroll—that scroll—with says—speak quick or my brain will bust that scr

that it was for boasting that he would raise his son to the crown. I knew not what they meant then, but since have betthought me, that he once said in one of his merry moods, that he would make our Richard heir to the crown, meaning the sign which hangs over our ware-room. Some person must have reported this to the king, and my poor father is condemned to death by the cruel Edward for a few words of pleasantry."

"Impossible, child, this cannot be the cause; even Edward, base as he is, would blush to put a man to death for an offense so trifling."

"Nay," she replied, "but the king construed those words into a contempt for his title to the English crown, and therefore he condemns my poor father to the block."

Shore arose and traversed the room in agitation; then stopping before Ruth, he said:

"Taken, tried, and condemned, already.

this scroll and my conscience."
Ruth with many tearful interruptions, Informed her of the imprisonment of her father, and the pitiful state of the parent. Then she went on to describe her last distressing interview with her uncle.— Jane listened, and as her thoughts were carried back to the scenes of her innocent happiness, by degrees the anguish of her feelings softened into a long and bitter fit of weeping. The certainty she felt of gaining a pardon for the brother of her injured husband, soothed down her tumultuous self-upbraidings; her beautiful features relaxed into their natural state, thrown carelessly around white arm when quick, light footsteps were heard

And force that tyrant train
To flee before the anger in litine eyes?
Then shall the harnessed years
Sweep noward with thee to that glorious height
Which even now appears
Bright through the mist of tears,
The dwelling place of Liberty and Light.

THE TRADESHAN'S DAUGHTER.
BY ANN S. STEPHENS.
For hours the poor wife of the imprisence of the total condition which the overflowing of grief had left her in. As if one blow had turned heft her in. As if one blow had turned heft her in. As if one blow had turned heft her in. As if one blow had turned heft her in. As if one blow had turned heft her in. As if one blow had turned her to stone, she sat bending forward with thanhald been dranged.
No appearance of motion bespekelife, except a very slight twitching of the nerves, about the mouth, as the soft, troubled ones of consolation ever aud atom renched there are from the libs of her daughter; who, beautiful in youth and fortitude, knelt before her with tears rolling from her dark eyes, and streaming down the sweet face rulsed imploringly to that of her mother.

In vain had she exhausted every endearing points and the left her in the pown sorrow and the sight of her forlorn marent, she let her young head fall into on mother left and the mode of the mouth of the mouth of the sweet face rulsed imploringly to that of her mother.

In vain had she exhausted every endearing points and the left her in the pown sorrow and the sight of her forlorn marent, she let her young head fall into

nis release." Ruth, who had been indulging in hope Ruth, who had been indulging in hope since the entrance of the king, now sprang up as if a load had been taken from her heart. In a burst of eloquent feeling she poured-forth her gratitude to the king and then to Jane, and finished by entering permission to depart immediately with the joyful intelligence of her father's freedom.

"Nny, nay, my pretty one,—not so fast," cried the king, "we havenow a favor to crave—one kiss from those bright lips in exchange, for thy father's life,"

Ruth shrank from the profered salute, and Jane, seeing a cloud gathering over

acuth shrank from the profered salute, and Jane, seeing a cloud gathering over the king's brow, said gaily, "Nay, nay, my lord, you but now accused me of jealousy—my hand claims that kiss as an atonement."

donement."

"King's lips never had fairer challange, or more willingly paid their homage," replied the gay monarch, gallantly raising her hand to his lips; "but what is this fair dame, that thy fingers lock in so lovingly?" and he took from her hand, the letter of her husband which she still unconsciously hald. inconsciously held.
"Ha! what means this?" he cried,

"Ha! what ments this?" he cried, springing up and stamping violently on the floor. "Speak, madam, and disprove that Edward of England was to have been cheated into an act of kindness to the man he hates as much as the king can hate menial—speak woman, I command you—explain this artifice." But the object of his wrath was incapable of answering. Exhausted by her former engagement. ject of his wrath was incapable of answering. Exhausted by her former emotions, and terrified at his vehemence, she had fallen forward upon the floor. A string of gems that had fastened her hair under the flowing head-dress worn in that age, was torn off with the drapery, and her hair, loosened and deranged, fell in abundance from its confinement.

Edward, in his passion, saw not her situation, foaming with rage paced the room with a heavy tread, trampling Edward, in his passion, saw not ner situation, foaming with rage paced the room with a heavy tread, trampling heedlessly upon the scattered jewels as they lay in his way; but on coming so near the object of his wrath as to get his spur entangled in the bright mass of brown hair that lay scattered in its beauty over the floor, he stopped in his hurried walk and carefully disentangled his spurred feet, raised her in his arms and carried her to her couch. In doing so he passed the frightened Ruth, who shrank back to avoid him, and his anger took a new direction. "Begone," he cried, in a voice of thunder, forgetting in his wrath it was a femalo he addressed, "begone, I say, and come not hither to sow discord and mischief. Away," he repeated, turning furiously from the couch," and speak not of what has passed, or by my crown, thy father's head shall have company upon the scaffold."

Years passed by since the foregoing

Years passed by since the foregoing Years passed by since the foregoing scene, when Edward, while in the very prime of manhood, had been called before the bar of Him who judges the monarch as rigorously as the beggar. Richard, the hunch-back, of murderous memory, with the assassin's dagger had cut his way to the crown; and in order to justify, among other enormities, the death of Lord Hastings, he condemned the unbapoy-Jane Shore to be stripped prime of manhood, had been called before the bar of Him who judges the monarch as rigorously as the beggar. Richard, the hunch-back, of murderous memory, with the assassin's dagger had cut his way to the crown; and in order to justify, among other enormittes, the death of Lord Hastings, he condemned the unhappy Jane Shore to be stripped of her possessions and cast into the street.

"Somewhere in the middle row of the pws," said 1. "Mrs. O'Lanus prefers a live year, and they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees of the church," said G. "Can use they had been fast friends, but trustees a constant trustees of the church," said G. "Can use prefers a constant trustees of the church," said G. "Can use prefers a constant trustees of the church," said G. "Can use prefers a constant trustees of the church," said G. "Can use prefers a constant trustees of the church," said G. "Can use prefers a constant trustees of the church," said G. "Land G. "Land

to perish, forbidding all, on pain of death, of rendering her sustenance or succor. Meanwhile, Ruth had passed through much of suffering. Her char-acter had been strengthened by afflic-tion; and as one tie after another that hound have to be followed.

thing like cheerfulness.

Ruth was one morning drawn to the door by the noise of so many fact upon the pavement. Surprise and pity kept her there on seeing a miserable female in front of their dwelling whom the brutal coward were urging forward, notwithstanding her utter exhaustion. On seeing Ruth she feebly approached the steps, and in a voice of misery entreated for one piece of bread. The generous girl turned to grant her request, notwithstanding some one called from the crowd to inform her that death would be the consequence. In passing through the

to inform her that death would be the consequence. In passing through the wareroom to procure the bread, Ruth met her uncle. He, too, had heard that voice of entreaty, and thought as yet ignorant of the barbarous cruelty of the tyrant, he had instantly recognized in the hollow sounds notes that had fallen sweetly upon his ear in happier times.—Wildly he rushed to the pavement, and there in all her misery, for the first time since her disgrace, the husband and wife met. When Ruth returned with bread for the wretched woman, she was a So had half-a-dozen other agents.
I found out who the Trustees, Deacons for the wretched woman, she was a corpse in the arms of her husband.

CORRY O'LANES' EPISTLE.

Mrs. O'Lanus Wants to Hear Dickens-How Folics Tried to get Teckets, and How They Were Sold-A Campaign on the Sidewalk-Dobby's Little Game.

I am a victim of the Dickens mania. As soon as Mrs. O'lanus heard that Dickens was going to read in Brooklyn he said she must go and hear him, and had better secure front seats. I had better secure front seats.

I tried to reason with her, called her attention to the views of our intelligent critic, who said that Dickens could not read worth a cent, and that Mrs. Yelverton, John Cooney, Teddy O'Rourke, or any other man could read better than Dickens.

This failed to move her. She said she didn't believe all that some men wrote for the Eagle.

for the Eagle,
(N. B.--Mrs. O'Lanus is sometimes a lit-

I ascertained at the earliest possible moment that Plymouth Church had been leased for four nights, and that the sale of tickets would open on Thursday morning at eight o'clock.

Knowing there would be a rush for tickets I was determined to be on hand in time.

Taking an affectionate leave of my family, I left home after breakfast on Monday morning, and arrived at Plymouth Church at thiray-five minutes past eight.

mouth Church at thiray-five minutes past eight.
When I got there I found there were only sixty-two persons ahead of me.
Some of them had been there since Christmas, and were quite domesticated.
I secured a seat on a hydrant, and felt quite comfortable. Mrs. O'Lanus had engaged to send on young segularly, and

Bids for places in the line became live-ly. An old gent with Dickens on the brain offered me seven hundred and fifty dollars for my place: Wouldn't look at , or course. Took my meals on the hydrant, and

Took my meals on the hydrant, and got a small boy to run up to Grogan's for another "original package."

Got through Tuesday all right.—Thought! would have a comfortable night; hired a flour barrel from the corner grocery and tried the Diogeness style.

Living in a tub may have agreed with Diogenes, but for my part! prefer modern apartments. ern apartments.
I was spilt out about two oclock by a

I was spilt out about two oclock by a festive party who were declaring their intention of not going home till morning.

Just before I got up, I had a narrow escape of being shot into an ash cart by a vigilant street contractor, who thought I was an ash barrel.

Then a policeman came along and threatened to arrest me for obstructing the sidewalk with my lodgings.

Began to feel discouraged until my breakfast arrived. Mrs. Olamas had also some me a clean collar and a charge of breakfast arrived. Mrs. Olanus had also sent me a clean collar and a chage of socks, after which I felt quite refreshed. The line began to fill out; it now extended along Henry to Atlantic, and up Atlantic to Flatbush avenue.

Things began to get exciting. Was offered three thousand dollars for my place in the line. No go.

Nobody would sell out; chances like ours were too precious.

The man next to me was a ticket agent; he said he had two sons and a nephew in

ealize enough on this venture to retire on, and he confided in mo his intentions of vesting part of his profits in a farm on Long Island, which he had already sele

ted. Thursday night the excitement was to Thursday night the excitoment was too great for steep. Had to keep awake to look out for fellows trying the decrease a clandestine lodgment in our line.
Thursday morning the line extended through Platbush avenue to the Lunatic Asylum. Excitement intense.
Entire police force ordered out, the Fire Department and military notified to be in condines. in readiness.

At last the hour came, the door was

At last the four came, the door was opened and a shout of joy ran through the line. Gradually we filed up to the box office, and, at last my turn came.
The momentous moment had arrived when Mrs. O'Lanus' cherished hopes were to be verified. I walked, smiling, nodded patronizingly to a British looking chap who stood by, and tipped Gillett a confidential vink.
"Let me have two seats," said f.

by, and upper wink.

"Let me have two seats," said f.
"For the course," said fittett.
"Well, no; just once, I think, will satisfy Mrs. O'Lanus."

"My deah sir," said the Britisher, "you, aw, weally don't know our wules.

Mr. Dichens is, aw, a wery uncommon person, and we can't, you know wetail him. We don't make anything less than a full set, of, aw, four tickets. Bettis hat hate four, sir. Four readings have been prescwibbed as a full dose by eminent aw, physicians, anything less, you attant, which we will singly less that aw, physicians, anything less, you attant, which we will singly less that the four sir. Four readings have been prescwibbed as a full dose by eminent aw, physicians, anything less, you attant, which we will singly less that the four meaning less, you attant, which we will spind to an illigant ind, and care may go dance wid de divil.

"Where would you like the seats."

said (i. "Somewhere in the middle row of the news," said 1. "Mrs. O'Lanus prefers a

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

JOB PRINTING. CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every offi-er description of JoB and CARD Printing execu-ted in the neatest style, at low prices.

ODDS AND ENDS

-Club exercise-a shillelah fight. -Driving exercise-driving a pig. -To prepare for a box-take arsenic.

-- Sack race-two fellows after one girl.

-Falls that break no bones -falling in

-Fencing exercise-making a worm -A riding habit—not paying toll when you can avoid it.

-To prevent fits-buy a coat of a sec--To feel for the poor-feel in you

-Facts are stubborn things-so are pigs. -How to make your coat last-make vour breeches first.

-A drop too much-dropping into a cellar hole. -Dumb-bell exercise-pulling a bell without a clapper. -A simple contract-making a foolish bargain.

W-Wonder, if it ain't less trouble to drive a nail, than a pig? -A man with no visible means of sup nort-a blind man.

-Why are mountains like fugitives rom justice? Because they slope. -When a beggar won't ask alms of ou, you'd better buy a new suit. —A Quoit match—two quoits precisely alike.

—Money—a composition to take stains out of character. -Wonder, if a pane in the stomach ever gets smashed f -When people run a pudding down, you may be sure it's good. -If the weather don't suit you this nonth, become a chimney-sweep, and on'll be sooted.

—If time is money, money can't have much time, because it's on the go. .-A specimen of penmanship. A hog of 350 pounds weight. -When is a vessel at sea earthen ware? When it becomes a pitcher.

—If flowers have a language, it is sup-posed they talk with tu-lips. -To ascertain the wait of a going out train, go to the depot after starting time. -Wonder, if it's dangerous to walk in ie woods, when the trees are shooting i —If the first stage of consumption is a coughing fit, wonder if the last stage ain't a coffin fit, too? —Mrs. Partington says that when she was young, "gals were innocent, unconfiscated creatures."

—A little girl happening to hear her mother speak of going into half-mourning, said; "Why are we going into half-mourning, ma, are any of our relations half-dead?" -A big Jew-lie-Moses telling you he loses "more ash a dollar on dat coat."

-A little girl being told that the King's and her birth-day were on the same day, asked if the King and she were twins. -What is the difference between a numbed drum and a bar-room bummer? One's beat is for the dead, and the other's a dead-beat.

-Mrs. Partington asks, very indig-nantly, if the bills before Parliament are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them. -The girl that wanted to kiss him for his mother, concluded after she gota taste that she would go it on her own accoun

not, and women never love men whom they do, understand.

The purest women are the most charitable to others, while those who have the most need of forgiveness forgive least in their sisters.

—The first day a little boy went to school the teacher asked him if he could spell. "Yes sir." "Well, how do you spell boy?" "Oh, just as other folks do." —An insurance company heads its ad-ertisements thus: "Best lives taken at vertisements thus: low rates."

> -The wretched man who had "no one to love-no one to caress," was sent for shortly after by an old maid. He is now --When people are sworn in a court of justice they kiss the outside of the book,

doubtless because they consider an oath a "binding" matter.

-The chap that sung, "Oh, I should like to marry," finally got married and is reported as having fully recovered. He says he would be perfectly indifferent about it now if he was only single. -The Post thus embodies Bonner and

his newly purchased horse Dexter:
"Fifty thousand for Dexter!" a cavalier cries,
"Excuse me—let people belleve it who can."
"Its nothing surprising," a crony replies,
"For Bonner was altways a Dexter-ous man!" --A cynical old bachelor who firmly be-lieves that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a fe-male friend: "Well, madam, what do

The smallest tenderness outweighs with a woman the greatest sacrifice. She will forget the hero who would die in her behalf, for the mere gallant who would give her caresses, and nothing more.

Queer Employment.

We heard a pretty good story the other day, where an honest-faced Hoosier went into a fancy store in Cincinnatt, in hunt of a situation. The proprietor was sitting in the counting room, with his feeteleyster.

The proprietor was sitting in the counting room, with his feeteleyster.

There is more traft than poerry in the counting room, with his feeteleyster. There is more truth than poetry in the —It were not difficult nor altogether unpleasant to solve such chess-problems as this. (Two pieces on the board; John to move and mate in two moves):

John moves his arm round Julia's neck; She moves one square and whispers "Check ite, nothing daunted, moves right straight His lips to hers, and calls out "Mate!" —A young lady in company with a right reverend prelate consented, after a long and coy resistence, to be led to the piano. When she sang, it was so badly that, as she finished, no one was found with sufficient heroism to express to the fair executant the collective thanks of the auditors. In this strait his lordship rose and crossing the room, said, with his sweetest smile: "Thank you, Missvery particularly. Another time when you say you can't sing, we shall all know how to believe you."

—A lawyer is something of a carpenter. He can file a bill, split a bair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hanmer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

-Music schools are great institu-tions. Mr. Jiggers, known in public as Signor Jiggers, got hold of a pupil last week who was one horse and a hitch strap ahead of him.
"What is the voice?" asked Jiggers.
"The compound extract of wind."
"What is music."

"An atmospherie banking institution which never redeems the notes it issues. 'What are wind instruments?' "What are wind instruments?"
"Great blowers."
"Name a few of them?"
"Well, bugles, sensation preachers, trombones, politicians, French horns, Gothamites, porpoises, Englishmen, clarionets and daily papers."
"What are musical bars for?"
"What are musical bars for?"

"To make a division of measures. ome bars three flugers are counted as a air measure for a horn."

Jiggers put the new pupil down as a harp, who could B flat under any cir-

cumstances. -There is nothing purer than honeynothing sweeter than charity-nothing warmer than love-nothing more rich

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erved for friends of Mr. Beecher."
"Try the left, then," said I.
"The left has been kept for the Dea

"Come, now, that is cutting it rather too fat," said I, getting a trifle warm.— "How is the gallery!" "The gallery has been reserved for the "The gallery has been reserved for the premium pew-holders."
"Look here, young man," said I, getting a little excited, "this is a little too steep an arrangement. Do you mean to say that all the seats in the house are re-

say that all the seats in the house are reserved."

"Not at all; we have been selling seats around the organ all the morning, and there are just two left, which you can have; one is on the key A flat, the other on the handle of the bellows; I am sorry they are not both together, but it is the best we can do now."

"Thank you," said I, "you are a very accomodating young man. I am not very particular where I sit, myself, but I don't think; Mrs. O'Lanus would like to occupy a position on A flat, or on the handle of the bellows, and you may go to the Dickens before I will pay sixteen dollars for any such arrrngement."

Indignantly I retired, and reported to Mrs. O'Lanus how her hopes had been blasted.

She took it variously.

Mrs. O'Lanus how her hopes had been blasted.
She took it variously.
First she was indignant—called Dolby names, and said Dickens was no better for keeping such a man as Dolby. Then she thought it might be Beecher's doings. It was then my fault for not taking up my position at the church on Saturday might, instead of waiting till Monday morning. At last grief overcame her anger, she dissolved in tears and declared it was always the way when she had set her mind on anything, she was sure to be disappointed.
I couldn't stand this, I wont directly off to Lucas.
He had a trunk full of tickets.
So had half-a-dozen other agents.

&c., were.

Dolby seems to have been acquainted with them also.

Going to Plymouth Church was a waste of time. I secured two good seats in the gallery at six hundred and fifty dollars, and dried Mrs. O'Lanus' tears.

Great is Dietens. and Dolby is his Great is Dickens, and Dolby is his prophet.
And Dickens is Dolby's prafit.
Yours with a bad cold and a touch of the rheumatism.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

.. were.

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY, General Palmer Treasurer of the Union Pacific Railroad, Kansas branch, now in charge of the surveys on the 35th and 36th parallels, through New Mexico, Arizona and California, writes to headquarters at St. Louis, under date of Fort Mohave, Arizona, December 28, that he has a good line to the Colorado river below the head of navigation, at an excellent bridging point south of Fort Mohave, about 1,370 miles from Kansas City, and 560 from San Francisco.

The descent into the Colorado Valley which was considered the most doubtful point in the whole route, is accomplished within the maximum, and chiefly within sixty feet grades. For two hundred within the maximum, and chiefly within sixty feet grades. For two hundred miles, between Albuquerque and the Colorado river, the route lies through, or immediately adjacent to, extensive pine forests. The party has seen no snow, except two thousand feet above our highest summit. Our animals found good grazing all the way. There is no frost here yet, and the trees are still green, and there is no evidence as yet of winter. I am satisfied that, with the facilities afforded by the Colorado river, by the mild elimate, abundant timber and productive

soil in this valley, the whole line can be \$25" Junius Henri Browne furnishes the Galaxy with some aphorism on women, which are evenly put, although their accuracy may be questioned. ubjoin a few:

Men never love women whom they do

climate, abundant timber and productive

Women, in the affairs of the heart, never learn anything by experience, and are entirely incapable of perceiving conse-quences. Yesterday is the dark ages

Women desire to love, primarily, and men to be loved; hence women idealize, and men analyze, the objects of their afr hate you, and she is half yours; for rate is too unnatural to her to last and ts hist rebound is tenderness, and the econd passion.

Women like men who flatter them;

Women like men who flatter them; but love those who despise them.

Women become attached to men not for what men do for them, but what they do for men—gratitude paves the way to their esteem, but selfishness opens the road to their love.

"So gifted and so unhappy," is the sweet sad strain that soon or but malts. sweet, sad strain that, soon or late, melts very woman's heart.
The smallest tenderness outweighs with a woman the greatest sacrifice. She will forget the hero who would die in her behalf, for the mere gallant who would give her caresses, and nothing more.

n the counting room, with his feeteleva-ed, contemplating life through the softening influence of cigar smoke. Our Hoosier friend addressed him as fol-"Do you want to hire any man about "To you want to fire any man about your establishment?"
The clerk looked indifferently, but seeing his customer, come uded to have a little fun out of him, so he masweed very briskly, at the same time pulling out a large and costly hankerchief, and wiping his way on it.

'Yes, sir; what sort of a situation do you want?"
"Well, I'm not particular. I'm out of
work and almost anything will do for me
for a while."
"Yes, I can give you a situation, if it will suit you."
"What is it? What's to be done, and hat do you give?"
"Well, I want a hand to chew rags into aper, and it you are willing to set in, you any begin at once."
"Good as wheat! Hand over your rags.
"Here, take this handkerebief and com-

nence with it."

The Hoosier saw the "sell," and quiety putting the handkerchief into his pock-

a.5° Two Datchmen lived close togeth

Rates for Advertising