The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1868. VOL. 54.---NO. 33.

The American Volunteer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

OFFICE--SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

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

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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.
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Books and Music ordered when desired.
May 23 1867—y

Medical.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
Hoofland's German Tonic.
Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The Great Remedies for all Diseases
OF THE
LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure *juices* (or, as they are medicinally termed, *Extracts*) of Roots, Herbs and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely *free from Alcoholic admixture of any kind.*

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

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

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use

Hoofland's German Bitters,

In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholic stimulus is necessary,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

should be used.

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

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc., is very apt to be deranged. The result Nervous Debility, patient suffers from the following diseases: have its functions of which is, that the several or more of

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from any Cause whatever; PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole System, the Appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes clear and healthy, sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

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 to a measure the energy and vigor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female population of our country are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely 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 fail.

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.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes:
Philadelphia, March 10, 1867.

"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' is in diseases of the great benefit in a good tonic, useful digestive organs, and want of nervous cases of debility, and action in the system."
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD."

Hon. James Thompson.

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

"I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.
Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicine, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I decline; but with a clear proof in various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates St.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall,

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly,
E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit. Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. EVANS,
German Druggist, Proprietor,
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For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle $1 00
" " " half dozen 5 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, 1 50
per bottle, or a half dozen for 7 50

☞ Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Jan. 9, 1868.—1y

Poetical.

ONLY A LITTLE GLOVE.

It's only a little glove,
So ragged, and old, and worn—
You scarce would stoop in your daily path
To look at the thing forlorn;
You never would think by those fingers small
A heart could be rent and torn.

It's only a tiny thing,
This treasure I hoard and keep;
But many a vision of joy it brings,
And sometimes it makes me weep,
And I dream a dream of a fair-hair'd boy
Under the flowers asleep.

It's only a little glove,
Yet dearer is it to me,
For the restless feet that pattered and beat
Their music upon my knees—
Dearer for sorrow, and care and pain
Than the riches of land or sea.

It's only a tiny thing,
But I love it with deepest love—
A golden link in that chain that binds
My soul to the world above;
And know I am nearer to heaven each time
I bow o'er that tiny glove.

KISSING HER HAIR.

BY CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet;
Wove and unwove it—wound, and found it sweet;
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,
Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies;
With her own tresses bound, and found her fair—Kissing her hair.

Sleep was no sweeter than her face to me—
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea;
What pain could get between my face and hers?
What new sweet thing would Love not relish worse?
Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me there—
Kissed her hair.

Miscellaneous.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

A STORY FOR MARRIED FOLKS.

Andrew Lee came home from his shop where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step. "Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

Andrew arose and went to the table.—He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent.—He could find no fault with the chop nor the home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had been any gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed she did not eat.

"Are you not well Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant, that he feared an irritating reply.

And so in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust down into his trowsers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with unpleasant feelings. He took a long deep breath as he did so, pausing in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were "Peal-e your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on; "Praise your wife man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement. It won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered: "Oh, yes that's all very well, praise is cheap enough. But prise her for what? For being sullen, and making her home the most disagreeable place in the world? His eyes fell again on the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for twenty years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question—"Praise her for what?" and he felt it also a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice to his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as her hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew.—Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature for which he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper which lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence: "A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house, is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, yet he feared to say them lest his wife should meet his address with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning toward her and taking hold of the shirt bosom upon which she was at work, he said in a voice carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing the work beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply; but her husband did not fail to notice that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?"

Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw she leaned a little toward him. He had broken the ice of reserve and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds and a feeble ray was already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and I've heard it more than once, what a good wife andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband.

There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee starting up and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question Mary!" he repeated, as he stood beside her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good."—Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given his wife even the small reward of praise for the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of love had entered her soul. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor what he considered moodiness and ill-nature, took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife; I am proud of you—I love you, and my first desire is for your happiness. O, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in a shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

Gymnastic Exercises for Women.

The general utility of gymnastic exercises will be questioned only by those who are not aware that the health and vigor of all the bodily organs depend on the proportioned exercise of each. They insure in particular the development of all the locomotive organs, and they prevent or correct the deformities to which *those organs are liable.* They are best calculated to produce strength and activity, and to bestow invariable health.—They at the same time confer beauty of form, and they contribute to impart an elegant air and graceful manner.

Multitudes of ladies of the present day are suffering from neuralgia, headache and dyspepsia, on account of the failure to take needful exercise. Prior to the opening of the gymnasium in this time, it was difficult to find a remedy for this failure. Ladies did not obtain the requisite amount of exercise, because the range of exercises possible to them was extremely limited. There is no peculiarity of Hulley's system so deserving of praise as that it is so admirably adapted to the wants of women. Ruskin, when describing the kind of education which would fit women for the very high and influential position he is anxious they should occupy, spoke as follows: "The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful person now doubts this—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health and perfect her beauty, the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendor of activity and of delicate strength."

That kind of exercise should be first practiced which will call into action those parts of the system most defective in their development. As the only exercise of most persons is ordinary walking, which alone is quite insufficient to expand the chest—abnormally small—ill-formed chests are almost the rule; and diseases of the lungs are most fatal affections of this country. Now, although it would not be correct to place these last facts always in the relation of cause and effect, still there is no doubt that they are very frequently thus related, and it is certain that tubercular diseases would very much decrease if only some pains were taken to exercise the lungs, and provide for their free action by strengthening the muscles of respiration and expanding the chamber in which they work.

LITTLE THINGS.—The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following moreau: "Little martain boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cosy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than any thing we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment. Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest and stay longest on the wind; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved.—And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful. She makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Everybody calls that little that they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things beside and what was she but little. Mulfum in Parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all we love best, hope for most, and remember the longest."

A WESTERN JUDGE.—The Hon. Benjamin Tappan, once a Senator from Ohio, was on the bench when the Buckeye State was admitted into the Union. He was famous in his time for being very ugly, very talented, and very cross eyed, crabbed and sarcastic. On one occasion he was holding court in the wilderness, when one logcabin had to be used for court house, tavern and bar room. The stable near by was used for a jail. The judge had just given some malefactors a very severe sentence, when a rough backwoodsman, who had been practicing at the other bar, exclaimed:

"That's right; give um thunder, old gimlet eyes."

"Who is that?" screamed the irate and indignant judge.

"It's this old hoss," answered the pioneer giving his breast an approving slap.

"Mr. Sheriff," retorted Tappan, "put that old hoss in the stable, and keep him a week on bread and water."

☞ A beautiful Parisian girl called on a lawyer of that city noted for his sagacity, to learn how she could compel a certain gentlemen, with whom she had fallen in love, to marry her whether or no. "You must contrive to remain alone with him Mademoiselle, three times, and fifteen minutes each time, and have good proof of the fact," said the lawyer. "Very well, Monsieur," replied the girl. She called twice more on the lawyer, remaining alone with him above twenty minutes on each occasion, and at the close of the last interview informed the astonished man that he was the person she was after, and that she had her witnesses all on hand in the entry. He married her and was happy.

☞ As a weary traveller was wending his way through the far West region of the country, he discovered a young maiden seated in front of a small log house. He rode up in front of the cabin and asked the girl for a drink of water. He drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days, offered a dime for a kiss. The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both the kiss and the dime. The traveller was about to resume his journey, but the girl never before having seen a dime, asked: "What am I to do with the dime?" "You may use it in any way you wish," he replied, "it is yours." "If that is the case," said she, "I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss."

Daniel Webster and Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and as a mark of her respect, and a view to the *eclat*, sent polite invitations to the President, Mr. Filmore, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both Houses of Congress. It happened that on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late, that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden and others came in; whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried.

After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided, and silence once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind, with "Hail Columbia."

This took place during the height of the debate and excitement of the slavery question, and the compromise resolutions of Mr. Clay; and this patriotic air, as a part of the programme, was considered peculiarly appropriate at a concert, where the head of the Government, and a large number of both branches of the legislative department, were present. At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could stand it no longer; and rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous bass voice to the chorus; and I venture to say, that never in the whole course of her career, did she ever hear or receive one-half of the applause as that, with which her song and Webster's chorus was greeted.

Mrs. Webster who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was of no earthly use—and at the close of each verse, Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience were the most delighted. I have seen Rubini, Lablache, and the two Grisis, on the stage at one time, but such a happy conjunction in the national air of "Hail Columbia," as Jenny Lind's tenor and Daniel Webster's bass, we shall never see or hear again.

At the close of the air, Mr. Webster rose with his hat in hand, and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed perfect in the school, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo; Webster determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind recourtesied, the house resplauded, and this was repeated nine times, or "I'm a villain else."

I have seen Niagara and Taglioni, Mars and Malibran; I have walked through the ruins at Paestum and the Colisseum by moonlight; crossed the Menai Bridge and the Thames Tunnel, but never while memory lasts will this scene fade away.

Being something of a wag, and deeming this too good to be lost, the next day it was currently reported that Barnum had engaged Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster to accompany Miss Lind and himself as far as Richmond, and assist her at her concert. For some days nothing but Miss Lind's concert, and the report about Clay and Webster, was talked of about the capitol.

A few days after this I was sitting in the Congressional post office, when a member came in, with whom I had always been on friendly terms, and to my unusual very cordial "Good morning," the gentleman, with lips closely compressed, pale as a shirt, and dripping his words very shortly, replied in a sort of tragedy tone, "Good morning sir. Can I have a word with you in private?"—Heaven defend me from a challenge, thought I. Still, never dreaming how I could have incurred the gentleman's displeasure, I replied very politely, "With pleasure." After leading me some distance through the crooked passages of the Capitol, he stopped short and looking me full in the face, and seemingly as anxious for a fight as a bull terrier, he began:

"Understand, *sir*, that a most insulting report has been very extensively circulated in this city, about two of the most distinguished men of any party, and I have heard from more than one source that you are the author. My object, *sir*, is to know whether you are the author, and if so whether you hold yourself responsible." Being still in the dark, and utterly unable to comprehend the drift of his remark, I replied: "Sir, I do not know what you are talking about; you will be pleased to speak somewhat more intelligibly." "Well, sir," said he, his color rising at my coolness, "I have learned from the most unquestionable authority, that you have said that Barnum had engaged Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster to accompany and assist Jenny Lind at her concerts in Richmond;" "Pause your

I never was so equally divided between an inclination to laugh outright and to get vexed; and hesitate a moment whether I should abuse him for his stupidity, or laugh in his face, it occurred to me that if he could swallow so much, his credulity was capacious enough to digest much more. So compressing my lips, and trying to look as fierce as possible, I said in the same staccato tone, of voice in which he had spoken, "Yes, sir, I am responsible for that report, and I reckon I have seen the contract." My young opponent's jaws fell, and speaking in his usual natural drawl, he bowed politely, and evidently with feelings of great disappointment at not being able to get a fight, "I beg your pardon, sir, I was not aware that you had seen the contract."

I do not know whether he ever told any one, or whether his friends let him into the secret of my disposition as a wag, but certain it was, for some time whenever he saw me on the one side of Pennsylvania avenue, he always had some business on the other.

I told the joke to Mr. Webster, at his own house, before the nomination of the Whig party was made, and ventured to suggest to him that when he was elected President, he ought to confer some office on the man who was willing to fight for him and the honor of his party. He assured me that, if elected, the claims of this gentleman should not be forgotten.

Colemporary in Southern Society.

☞ Perhaps the best pun of this generation of lawyers was made by Lord Colonsay. A shoemaker of Aberdeen, in Scotland, had come into a fortune, after having fallen into several misfortunes, chiefly from feminine causes. He sought to divorce his wife, and she sought to divorce him, and in the various suits £2,000 or £3,000 was spent. Lord Deas, during a dispute about the wife's expenses, asked, "How would this shoemaker have got justice if he had been obliged to stick to his last?" The Lord President instantly remarked, "He would have been required to spend his awl."

STORM SIGNS.—It's a sign of a storm, to tread on anybody's toe that has corns.

It's a sign of a storm, if you waken the baby on a wash day.

It's a sign of a storm, to call a baby ugly in presence of its mother.

It's a sign of a storm, to start a yarn about your neighbor at an ale house, and some one runs and tells.

It's a sign of a storm, to spit on the parlor carpet and your wife sees it.

It's a sign of a storm, to speak ill of your wife's relations.

It's a sign of a storm, to tell your wife she looks horrid in that last new bonnet.

☞ A tall, keen-eyed countryman walked into the court room during the progress of a trial. Stepping up to one of the "ring," he requested that the prisoners might be pointed out to him. The lawyer he accosted being somewhat of a wag, pointed to the jury. The stranger surveyed them critically, when turning to his informer he remarked: "Well they are a hard looking set, ain't they? I know by their looks they ought to go to State's Prison, every one of them!"

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

"A cheerful word of sympathy
May scatter clouds away,
One little act performed in life
Turns darkness into day."

On a warm summer afternoon a lazy breeze stole through the windows of a little hot district school house, lifting the white curtains, and rustling the leaves of the copy books that lay open on the desks. Thirty or forty scholars of all ages were bending over their writing, quiet and busy; the voice of the master, as he passed about among the writers, was the only sound. But though silent, this little hot school room has its heroes and heroines as certainly as the wider sphere of life.

The bell wrings for the writing to be laid by; and now comes the last exercise of the day, the spelling, in which nearly all the school joined. At the head of the class is a delicate little girl, in a blue dress, whose bright eyes and attentive air show that she prizes her place and means to keep it.

Presently a word, which had passed all the lower end of the class, came to Eunice. The word was privilege. "P-r-i-v, priv—i, privi—lege, privilege," spelled Eunice. But the teacher, vexed with the mistake at the other end of the class, misunderstood her, and passed it. The little girl looked amazed; the bright color came into her cheeks, and she listened eagerly to the next person, who spelled it as she had done.

"Right," said the teacher; "take your place."

"I spelled it so," whispered Eunice to herself, tears springing to her eyes as she passed down. But, too timid to speak to the master, she remained in her place, inwardly determined to get up again.

But her trials were not over. Many expedients were tried in the school to keep out the arch enemy of all schools—whispering. At length the following was adopted: The first whisperer was stood upon the floor in front of the teacher's desk. Here he acted as monitor; as he detected another he took his seat, and the next offender kept a sharp look-out to find some one to take his place; for at the close of the school, the scholar who had the whisperer's place was punished very severely—as the school phrase was, "took a ferule!" This plan appeared to operate very well, every one dreading being found the last on the floor; but *though it secured an orderly school*, many of the parents and scholars doubted its justice.

The boy who was on the floor when Eunice lost herplace, was an unruly, surly fellow; who had smarted for his faults often before; and as school drew near its close he began to tremble. The instant Eunice's whispered complaint reached his ear, his face brightened up; he was safe now. And when the class was dismissed, he said, "Eunie whispered, sir."

Eunice rose, and in a trembling voice related what she had said; but the teacher saw no excuse in it, and she was called to take the place of the ungenerous boy who told on her.

Books had been put away, and the waiting school looked on in sorrowfulness as Eunice left her seat to take the dreaded punishment. She was one of the best scholars, bright, faithful, sweet tempered, a general favorite. Every one felt that it was unjust, and many angry glances were at the boy who was mean enough to get a little girl whipped. Overcome with shame and fear she stood up by the desk, crying bitterly, while the teacher was preparing to inflict the punishment.

At this moment a tall boy stepped out of his seat, and going to the desk, said:

"Are you going to whip Eunice, sir?"

"Yes, I never break my rules," the teacher said.

"We will not see her whipped!" said the boy, in an excited voice. "There is not a boy here, but is ready to take your place and be whipped. Whip me, sir, and keep your rule if you must, but don't touch that little girl."

The master paused; the school looked on tearfully.

"Do you mean to say that you will take the punishment?" asked the teacher.

"I do, sir," was the bold reply.

The sobbing little girl was sent to her seat, and without flinching, her friend stood and received the punishment that was to have fallen on her. The school was dismissed, and the boys paid him in admiration and praise for all he had suffered, while the grateful little girl blessed him from her heart for a noble and generous boy, who had saved her from the greatest shame and suffering.

I said the little school had its heroes, and this was one of them. Do you think this conduct admirable?

Now for the moral.

The punishment received by this noble boy was Christ-like; it was one of suffering from his own free will the punishment that was to have been borne by another.

You see—do you not—that this is just what Christ did, who bore our sin in His own body, on the tree—the Saviour of men. How great the gratitude each of us owes such a friend.

PRAYER IN COURT.—Judge R—— relates the following incident as occurring in the course of his practice:

He was trying a petty case, in which one of the party was not able to pay counsel fees, and undertook to plead his own cause; but he found in the course of the trial that the keen and adroit attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him in legal strategy, evidently making the worst appear the better cause. The poor man, Mr. A——, was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation, when the opposing counsel closed his plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision.

"May it please your honor," said the man, "May I pray?"

The Judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could only say he saw no objection. Whereupon Mr. A—— went down upon his knees, and made a fervent prayer, in which he laid the merits of the case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that right and justice prevail.

"O Lord! thou knowest that the lawyer has misrepresented the facts, and Thou knowest that it is so and so—to the end of the chapter.

Arguments which he could not present in logical array to the understanding of men, he had no difficulty in addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than pettifogging.

When he arose from his knees, Esquire W——, the opposing counsel, very much exasperated by the turn affairs had taken, said:

"Mr. Justice, does not the closing argument belong to me?"

To which the Judge replied:

"You can close with prayer if you please?"

Esquire W—— was in the habit of praying at home, but not seeing the propriety of connecting his prayer with his practice, wisely forebore, leaving poor A—— to win his case, as he did, by this novel mode of presenting it.

☞ A thrifty farmer, who "believes in making old things last in these times," says: "There is one thing that nearly everybody knows and hardly anybody attends to, that is to sprinkle slacked lime on their roofs once a year, either in fall or spring. If the shingles are covered ever so thick with moss, the lime soon clears it off, leaving the roof clean and white, and good for a dozen years longer. It ought to be put on pretty thick, and a rainy day is best for the work. Strong wood ashes will answer almost as well to keep roofs in repair, but they will not look as nice. To make new shingles last three or four times the usual period, they need only to be soaked a few days in a tank half full of thick lime water, which must be stirred up well before the shingles are put in."

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND.

In his "Dream of Life" Ike Marvel thus sketches, in a pleasant vein, and with those self-conceited, humanizing incidents which have ever gained the laughter and good will of the world, the lover and the newly married man:

You grow unusually amiable and kind; you are in earnest in your search for friends; you shake hands with your office boy as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with your washerwoman, and give her a shilling overcharge, and insist upon her keeping it. You tap your hack man on the shoulder very familiarly; you tell him he is a capital fellow, and you don't allow him to whip his horses, except when driving to the postoffice. You even ask him to take a glass of beer with you on some chilly evening. You drink to the health of his wife, whereupon you drink him a very miserable man, and give him a dollar by way of consolation.

You think that all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written, whether upon your side or upon another. You think the stock market has a very cheerful look, with Erie, of which you are a large holder, down to seventy-five. You wonder why you never admired Mrs. Hemans before, or Stoddard, or any of the rest.

You give a pleasant twirl of your fingers as you saunter along the street, and—say but not so loud as to be overheard—"She is mine! is mine!"

You wonder if Frank ever loved Nelly one-half as well as you love Madge?—You fell quite sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is that Madge has not been seized before now by scores of enamored men, and borne off