JOHN R. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Hunnon's Building, opposite no. Nov. 14, 1867.

C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the

P. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Carliste, Penna, Otto on South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's Store. By special arrangement with the Patent Olikes, at lends to seening Patent Rights.

Dec. 1, 1865.

JOHN LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTOR-occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Han-non's Hotel.

Dec. 1, 1865.

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Partleular attention gluen to the selling or rent-ing of Real Estate, in town or country. In all let-ters of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp. July 11, 1867—41

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R. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENSURPER, Office of Dental Surgery. Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther Street, three doors below Bedford, Purisic, Penna. Dec. 1, 1865.

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From Business and Interest. Its Tables of Rates are from 10 to 33 per cent, lower on the 10 year and endowment plans that the Connecticut Mutail and many other of the Note Companies. All Policies are or may be exchanged for non-forfoitable ones. It has over

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all of Mew York. Actna and Phoenix, of Hartford, Conn.; North America, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Columbia Muual, of Lancaster, Pa. The main element to be desired in Insurance Companies is

canot purpotents and nonoratic dealing will be likely to ensue.

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March 14, 1807—19

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Doc.12, 1887,

The American Bolunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1868.

VOL. 54.--NO. 37.

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I am the exclusive agent of the above for Car

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sales-which enable me to offer these induc

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Hosiery.

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It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portlon of odom in the enjoyment to use their own extension, "never feeting," rever feeting, "never feeting," rever feeting, "never feeting," and the state of the FRENCH CLOAKINGS

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies.
They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fall

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of hut a few. These. It will be observed, are men or now and of such standing that they must be believed.

Ohief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes: Philadelphia, March 10, 1807.

"I find 'Hoofiand's a good tonic, useful digestive organs, and cases of debility, and tion in the system. Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."

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"I consider ' Hoofland's German Bitters' a valuable scations in case of attacks of indigestion or Dyspepsia. 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.

Pr. Jackson—Dear Ell: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my aphave in all cases do medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my aphave in all cases do medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my aphave in a my control of the manufacture of the manufacture of the manufacture of the my control of the my co

From Rev. E. D. Fendall, 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 debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Your truly,

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

Poefical.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Fling round my cradle Their magic spells. On this I ponder
And still grow fonder
Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy Bells of Shando
That sound so grand on

l've heard bells chimin Full many a clime in, Tolling Sublime in Cathedral shrine, While at a glib rate Brass tongues would vibrate, But all their music But all their music

Spoke naught like thine
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling,
Its bold notes free,
Made the Bells of Shandon
Sound more grand on
The pleasant waters

I've heard bells tollin' Old Adrain's mole in, Their thunders rollin' From the Vatican, And cymbals glorious Swinging uprodrious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Daine;
But thy sounds are sweeter
Than the dome of Peter Flings over the Tiber, Pealing solemnly; Oh, the bells of Shandor l'hey sound so grand on The pleasant waters

There's a bell in Moscow, While in town and Klosk, O, In St. Sophia The Turkman gets, And loud in air Calls men to prayer From the tapering summit Of tall minarets,

[FATHER PROUT. *An Abbey in Cork, celebrated for its chime

THE JEWELED SNUFF-BOX.

Inspector Timmins, of the G. C. Railway Company's service, thought ta very hard case to have to turn out of his warm bed at the unearthly hour of the morning at which his wife gave him a push, and told him it was time to get up. He rose in dudgeon, went to the window, and lookedout. A cold, aggravating December morning; uothing to be seen except the dip he held in his hand, and his own unshaven: unwashed visage, clow-

They walked down the platform together, the big man and the little one, the small hand laid confidingly in the great red fist; but no manmy was to be found.

'Look here, what's to be done?' said the inspector, showing the child to a policeman outside, when he had satisfied himself that the last passenger had departed.

parted.

'O, hand him over to me," replied the guardian of the law. 'I'll take him to the workhouse, and he'll be claimed in a day or two. Come along Johnny.' The child brihtened at the name; it was evidently the right one. 'Come along, Johnny,' repeated the policeman, trying to lead him away. But the little hand clung to its first protector and Mr. Timping. to its first protector, and Mr. Timmins

to its first protector, and Mr. Timmins lingered.

'Where are you going to take him?' he asked. 'K—— Workhouse, eh? 'I'll come and look after him in a day or two. Poor little chap, he's almost too small for a workhouse; but there,—I've got torments enough at home.' He hardened at the thought of the morning's scene, and consigned his small charge to the policeman's care.

When Inspector Timmins reached home he found a greatly improved state of things. The children were washed and dressed, the baby asleep,—It spent a large portion of its existence in sleep, that bay,—the fire was shining on a breakfast already on the table, and the fog had cleared off as the sun rose. The fog had cleared off also from Mr. Timmin's temper, and he picked up one of his children cleared off also from Mr. Timmin's temper, and he picked up one of his children and forthwith began a noisy game of romps. But in the midst of the fun, little Johnny's puckered face recurred to his mind and above the child's joyous shouts he seemed to hear the shrill treble that had piped out, 'Please, sir, where's mammy? Somehow the play lost its zest after that; he quieted his little boy, and told him the story of the morning's and told him the story of the morning's adventure. Mrs. Timmins was busy cutting bread-and-butter, but she listened, too, and a motherly look stole over

her face.
'Poor little fellow! why didn't you bring him here, T.?' We'd kept him for a day or two, and it's a sin to send a mite like that to the workhouse, particularly

Mr. Timmins brightened for a moment. but then looked grave again.
'I had half a mind to,' he replied, 'and that's a fact; but we haven't over and above much money to last till next payday, and suppose he wasn't to be claimed?'

Well, and if he wasn't,' retorted Mrs. Timmins, a pretty rosy color spreading itself over her comely face, 'it isn't much that a baby like tha'd eat, I suppose. I'll be bound his mother's fretting fluely after him by this time; and O, Timmins! only think if it had happened to one of ours!'

only think if it had happened to one of ours!

Mrs. Timmins caught up her youngest but one, and gave him a sounding kiss. Presently she got up and inspected the contents of a box, with a slit in the lid, that was hidden in a drawer. She stood of thinking, for a minute or two, and then returned to her husband's side.

'No, of course we oughtn't,' said Timmins, testily. 'I told you so all along.' And then a huskiness got into his thioat, and after he had cleared it, a silence fell for a while upon the little family.

The next morning Mrs. Timmins found time to accompany her husband on a visit to the workhouse, to 'look after' little Johnny. Mrs. Timmins carried with ther a couple of oranges, and a tin trumpet, the confiscated property of her son and heir. They had nearly reached K.—Workhouse when a woman, poorly clad, with a young pinched face that was not without a certain wild beauty, and dishevelled hair, turning the corner of a narrow street, came into violent collision with Mr. Timmins. Recovering herself immediately, she pushed roughly past him, and sped at full speed down a dark passage. Mrs. Timmins looked after her with some surprise, and the next moment she and her husband were surrounded by a little crowd headed by two policeman in a great hurry.

'Did you see a woman pass just now."

and lookedout. A cold, aggravating becomber morning; nothing to be seen except the dip he held in his hand, and his own unshaven; unwashed visage, glowering sulkily at him. His wife, a cheery little body, was on her knees before the grate, trying to kindle the embers of last night's fire with the bellows. Come T., she said, 'look sharp, or you'll be late. Bother the fire, it worlt light, and firewood's so awful dean.' She drow a little bundle from its hiding-place, and firewood's so awful dean.' She drow a little bundle from its hiding-place, and lighted a match beneath it. 'There, that'll do now. What sort of a morning is it?'

'Don't jaw. I do declare it's an abominable shame.' Yes, especially against me not a minute or two, and then waiked in in the wife went to take it up.

'Yes, yes, 'replied Timmins, 'eagerly, ant ching he went down that passage,' and house children, and row glow in a shift was already dusk, and the husband were surrounded by a little crowd headed by two policeman in a great hurry.

'Don't jaw. I do declare it's an abominable shame.' Yes, syes, 'replied Timmins, 'eagerly, and then the bady began to squall and drowned all other voices in its own. The wife went to take it up.

'Hush—sh—sh, bless its little heart, it shall, so its shall.'

'Warm my coffee,' said Mr. Timmins, magisterially, 'Yes directly. Did it want its pap, the precious chicken, did te?' and Mrs. Timmins seed on the fire a can which did not contain her lord's coffee.

The inspector buttoned on his uniform, and mused upon the insufficiency of his salary. In an adjoining room three others in the beauty as word and not contain her lord's coffee.

The inspector buttoned on his uniform, and mused upon the insufficiency of his salary. In an adjoining room three others in the circuit in containing the prevention of the ward, an old crone, whose temper time had source, pointed him out vincit to the shop and kept very close of the ward, an old crone, whose temper time had source, pointed him out vincit to the shop and kept very cont

shall, so it shall.'

"Warm my coffee,' said Mr. Timmins, magisterfally,

"Yes directly. Did it want its pap, the precious chicken, did it." and Mrs. Timmins set on the fire a can which did hot contain her lord's coffee.

The inspector buttened on its uniform, and mused upon three others are all the persons awoke, and runing in the result persons awoke, and runing in the save in the fire small persons awoke, and runing in the save in the fire small persons awoke, and runing in the save in the fire small persons awoke, and runing in the save in the fire small persons awoke, and runing in the save in the fire small persons awoke, and runing in the save in the fire small persons awoke, and runing in the save in the save

no; I'm an old man, I'll tell you what to do. Wait a day or two; it'll be advertised in the papers with a fine reward; take it back then; and you'll get twenty pounds, and then you won't forget poor old Tomkins, will you?' and the old man subsided into a whine.

Mr. Timmins drew himself up. 'Nonsense, man; I can't keep it a day with the name inside; I shall walk over with it this evening.'

At this juncture appeared Mrs. Timmins, with rather flushed cheeks, and rather red eyes, which opened almost to

you're not bound to go trapessing all over the town, without even knowing whether

wife's judgment.
' Well, I don't know that would be dis-

All at once Mrs. Timmin's bright eyes Affat once alls. Infinite sortined.

O, Timmins!' she exclaimed; 'only think! If we had twenty pounds, we could take that poor baby as it's heartbreaking to see up stairs. It'ud keep him a long time, and we'd take our chance of his not being claimed. Upon my word, Timmins,' she concluded, warming with her subject, 'I think it your duty, when God has sent you the means by the hands of that wretched creature, to use them for the child's good.'

good.' Poor Timmins; his defences were weak!

Poor Timmins; his defences were weak!
The twenty pounds had already assumed the form of a possession of his own which it would be a stretch of honesty to forgo. Was he in a position to be so extra scrupulous? And what was he asked to do? Merely keep the box for a day or two, why he must do that, at any rate; he could not spare time. Besides, in his heart he did not long to be able to keep the boy. The angel of honesty spread his wings, and took flight, and Timmins and his wife walked home on excellent terms with each other.

A day or two later the advortisement appeared, and sure enough a reward of twenty-pounds was offered for the box. Timmins's conscience was quite at rest by this time, and he settled with his wife that he should go to the work house, claim little Johnny, and meet her lord afterwards at the joweller's shop. She, good, motherly soul, was brimming over with delight in the errand. She carried a large basket filled with cakes and apples as a Christmas box to the other small workhouse children, and rosy glow on her sunny face rivalled the fruit in color.—Timmins, meanwhile, proceeded to the ieweller's, a large magnificent shop in a

CHAPTER II. 'LAND IN SIGHT!' What magic there is in those words as they fly from the lips on board a homeward-bound vessel

is in those words as they fly from the lips on board a homeward-bound vessel. How the passengers come crowding up to catch the first glimpse of England, nearing momentarily; what agitated grasps of the hand there are between new friends, what reconciliations between ancient foes! Watch for a moment the deck of the Flying Cloud, homeward-bound from the Australian gold diggings. Yonder is a man, the centre of an excited group; he is the fortunate passenger of a good binocular, an invaluable treasure at such a moment. On this side sits a woman who, one may tell, from her deep mourning, has laid her husband to rest in that distant land; she strives in vain to see the coast with eyes blurred and dimned with tears. Here is a boy on his way home for education in the old country; one may be sure, by the bright outlook he keeps, that the prospect before him is pleasant! there stands a man who left England so many years ago, that he is wondering whether any will be alive to greet him on his return. Ah, what hopes, what fears, what beating hearts and straining eyes the good ship bears along as she comes bounding home to England.

In the midst of such a scene, four years after the eyents narrated in the last chapter, a husband and wife were standing

England.

In the midst of such a scene, four years after the eyents narrated in the last chapter, a husband and wife were standing together quietly and earnestly gazing towards land. The woman's face was pale and calm, but a wistful look and gray eyes, and some, deep lines about the mouth, told their story of past trouble.—Her husband, a pale, burly north-countryman, from the class perhaps of yeoman farmers, looked as if no cloud had ever rested on his handsome face; both were plainly, but well dressed. 'Well,' the man was saying, 'I've come back to old England a sight richer than I left it, that's certain. That last hand did my business, and glad enough I shall be to be safe at home again;" then, as his wife did not immediately reply, he added, kindly: 'Come, cheer up, Jane. I know what you're thinking of; but you needn't be so downhearted. We're sure of him.' 'Ah, I don't know,' the woman said, sadly; 'he may be dead and gone by this time, poor darling. If he is alive, he must be seven now. My baby, my baby, how could I leave him!'

'Well, my girl, I don't wonder at it,' replied the man in his hearty voice.—'You'd have stuck to him, I know, as long as you had a bit of bread to put into his mouth, and when you hadn't, I don't know but what you did the best you could for him.'

for him.'

The woman looked up gratefully to her big husband, but tears filled her eyes.—
She took the great brown hand and stroked it, saying, soffly, 'You are sure you forgive everything that went before,—before I left England?'

'Why, what are you talking about Jenny? Didn't I tell you the day we were married that by-gones should be bygones; eh, little woman? and haven't you been the best of wives to me for three years since then? It's just the sight of England makes you so foolish and neryears since then? It's just the sight of England makes you so foolish and nervous-like. You'll be all right as soon as we get there.' There was a little pause, and then the wife said, timidly,—
'Harry,—I've never told you exactly how I came to leave my baby, and to—to take the box. I should like to tell you now.'

'Well, my dear,' he answered, without

'Well, my dear,' he answered, without a shadow crossing his face, 'tell me now, if it will be any comfort to you; but do not feel obliged to.'
'No,' she replied, drumming softly with her fingers upon the side of the vessel, 'I should like to do it. After -after he deserted me,' you know, we really were starving, my baby and I. That morning we had been wandering about all night in the cold, and he cried for bread, and I had none to give him. Ah, me! I can hear that little cry now! At last, we came near the railway station. last, we came near the railway station, and I could see the warm fire through and I could see the warm fire through the waiting-room window; I thought my baby would die soon if he wasn't fed, and all the courage went out of me. I put him down by the entrance, thinking perhaps some passenger might take pity on him. And then I watched, under cover of the darkness, and saw them take him to the workhouse. O, what a miserable, miserable place for a little child!

'My poor girl!' said her husband com-

'My poor girl!' said her husband com-passionately, as she stopped, choked by her tears passionalely, as she stopped, choked by her tears.

The next day I was prowling about near the workhouse,—I couldn't go far from it, it always seemed to pull me back,—when I came to a jeweler's shop, where a lady was going in with a smull-box to be mended. I could see her unfolding the parcel, and then the jewells sparkling upon it. I longed for the food that it would have bought, and thought how cruel God was to give her that splendid costly thing, and to take my baby, my only treasure, from me.

The sun rose bright and clear on Christmas Day. About noon, Henry an audible groan—'Amen!'

word they will put you out.'

'Divil a word will I speak at all, at all, replied Pat.

The neeting was opened by a prayer by the pastor.

Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted 'Amen.'

'Hist, ye devil!' rejoined Pat, in his lockly of the pastor.

The sun rose of the food that it would have bought, and thought how cruel God was to give her that splendid costly thing, and to take my baby, my only treasure, from me.'

The parson grew more fervent in his devotions. Presently the dencon uttered an audible groan—'Amen!'

we'll do our duty by this child. He shan't want while we've anything to give him; and if we starve, he can't but starve with us.'

The next day, Inspector John Timmins was summarily dismissed from the employment of the G. C. Railway Company without a character.

all its might, he actually extracted a genuine shout of baby gice from the youngest, which rejoiced its mother's ears, and of which he was as proud as man could be. The Boultby's were in no hurry.— They had taken rooms in the same house and mean to live there, so as to be with Johnny without separating him from his friends. And when at last dinner came to an end, and the table was pushed close to the little boy's bedside, and the family gathered round it, it is my opinion that though there might be many noisier, there was not a happier set of people to be found anywhere in England. Henry Boultby concocted in the most artful way a steaming bowl of puned, and over it they shook hands all round, and wished each other a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and many, many to come.

Rates for Advertising

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

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Sea sickness is a sad leveller, to which Sea sickness is a sad leveller, to which the strongest minds succumb, leaving nothing but the desire to touch terra firma again. An eminent dramatic artist, who has recently made a most successful tour to California, returned East by steamer. Scarcely had the ship got out of sight of land before the Thespian was laid by the heels with mal du mer. In the depths of his despair he called for the captain, and, when that worthy arrived, the tragedian gazed at him for a few moments, and then asked:

nents, and then asked: 'Ar-r-o you the captain?'
'I have that honor,' said the son of

Now, it so happened that the Rev. Mr. Chadband, who had collected a large amount of money in California to purchase fine-tooth combs and tracts for the Digger Indians, was on his way East to invest his funds, and occupied the stateroom next the actor's. Horrified at the roars of the sick lion, he walked into his state-room just as he let off another volume of anathemas, which extorted a deep groan from Chadband.

'Hello,' said the player, 'are you sick!' 'Sick at heart, brother,' was the response, 'to hear you use such language.' 'It is a bad habit,' said the wretched artist, 'but den it, sir, here I've been turned inside out for three days, thrown up everything possible, and if I'm sick any longer, curse me if I don't think I is shall throw up my engagement in New York. Blast the sen!'

'Don't, my dearsir, curse so. Remember One who was patient under much greater suffering than yours.'

The tragedian rose to his full height, and running his fingers through his hair, as he chewed his voice for a moment, replied:

'I do remember Him, sir-r-r, and I redeep.
Now, it so happened that the Rev. Mr.

at least.'
Mr. Chadband concluded that any more missionary effort in that direct would not be very profitable.

PAT AND THE DEACON. - A few months PAT AND THE DEACON.—A few months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscot, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman, who had lately arrived in this country, and was in search of a brother who had come before him and settled in some of the diggings in that part of the country.

part of the country.
Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Protestant church.

meeting-house near by. There was a great revival there at the time, and on of the deacons, who was a very small

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> LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, Exp. 18 or to and larks, 18 or to an admirate or to any time of the state of t

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 pheasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use

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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIO 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 deranged. The result is very and the patient suffers from Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausca, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Erucations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Blomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Hitcheng or the House of the Head, Hurried or Vision: But the Head, But the Ina Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision. Dots or Wobs before the Sight olioney of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Swimming of the Skin and Eyes, Swimming of the Skin and Files he soft heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil

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

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There is no medicine extant causal to these remedies in auch cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole System, the ened, food is enjoyed, promptly, the blood plexion be come so we will be completed by the blood is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

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Persons Advanced in Life, NOTICE.

energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.
To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended. WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

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Hon. James Thompson.

Azristant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia

ad's German Remedies are counterfelted. See ignature of C. M. JAUKSON of each bottle. that the signature of is on the wrapper of the signature of is on the wrapper of the signature of the signat

With deep affection With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In days of childhood

The pleasant waters Of the river Lee.

The pleasant waters Of the river Lee.

Of the river Lee.

Miscellaneous. CHAPTER I

In the proposal field that is a proposal of the proposal proposal

rather red eyes, which opened almost to the dimensions of her husband's when the dimensions of her husband's when they fell upon the snuff-box.

'Mercy on us, 'T.!' she cried, when she had heard the story. 'I declare it's given me quite a turn, and turns enough I've had up stairs with that there blessed babea-clinging to measif he was my own, and that there beast of a nurse.' Mrs. 'I'mmins was considerably excited.

'Ah!' said the old man, laying one of his bent yellow fingers on her sleeve, 'you tell him to keep it till it's advertis.'

'Ah!' said the old man, laving one of his bent yellow fingers on her sleeve, 'you tell him to keep it till it's advertised; he'll listen to you.'
'Twenty pounds he might gain by it,—twen-ty pounds,' and the old man's eyes glittered as if they saw the coins.
Women's honesty is more a-sailable than men's.
'Why certainly,' said Mrs. Timnins, without hesitation, as soon as she understood, 'Tomkins is quite right. Of course you're not bound to go trapessing all over

the town, without even knowing whether you'll get paid for the loss of time. And if twenty pounds is offered, I'll be bound it wouldn't be missed out of a gentleman's pocket, and it would do us a power of good and honestly come by, too,' she added, decisively.

Timmins wavered. Before him, too, had arisen a golden vision of the comforts and the luxuries those twenty pounds might bring to his poor household. He felt unusually inclined to defer to his wife's interment. Yen, T don't know that would be dishonest,' he began, 'but—'
'Yes, yes, you tell him; he'll do it for you,' crooned the old man.

Sea Sickness and Profauity.

Neptune.

'Ver-r-y-well, sir. I want you to run this blasted ship ashore. I'll pay for her, hull, engines and cargo.'

The captain smiled and told his un-The captain smiled and told his unhappy passenger it was impossible. "Ver-ry well, sir-r-r. Tie her to a rock, then, and stop this blasted rolling." Being assured that this was also impossible, the wretched actor retired to his state-room, and lying there in mortal agony, cursed the sea and all that appertained to it, with oaths both loud and then

as he chewed his voice for a moment, replied:

'I do remember Him, sir-r-r, and I remember that when He was caught at sea, He yet out and walked, and I wish I could follow his example, in that respect,

a Protestant church.

It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingells met Pat, inquired the road to the nearest church.

Ingal's was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his new made friend to keep him company thither his destination being a small meeting-house near by. There was a

man in stature, invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned round to brother Ingalls, and, in a whisper that could be heard all round, he inquired:

'Shure, and isn't this a heretic church?'

'Hush!'s aid Ingalls; 'if you speak a word they will put you out.'

'Divil a word will I speak at all, at all,' replied Pat.

The neeting was opened by a prayer

P. S.-FLOOR OIL CLOTHS on hand very