The American Volunteer.

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The American Volunteer.

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Professional Cards.

JOHN CORNMAN, *ATTORNEY AT LAW.* Office in building attached to Franklin House, opposite the Court House, Carlisle, Pa. June 4, 1868.—1y

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Hannon's Hotel. Dec. 1, 1865.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office on South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's Store. By special arrangement with the Patent Office, attends to securing Patent Rights. Dec. 1, 1865.

G. HERMAN GOETZ, *ATTORNEY AT LAW,* NEWVILLE, PENN'A. Patents, Pensions and other claims attended to. May 28, 1868.

GEO. S. EMIG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 3 South Hanover street. Office with W. J Shearer, Esq. April 30, 1868.—1y.

JOHN R. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Hannon's Building, opposite the Court House, *Carlisle, Pa.* Nov. 14, 1867.

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UNITED STATES CLAIM AND *REAL ESTATE AGENCY!* WM. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in 2d Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 3 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county, Penna. Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail, will receive immediate attention. Particular attention given to the selling or renting of Real Estate, in town or country. In all letters of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp. July 11, 1867—tf

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther Street, three doors below Bedford, Carlisle, Penna. Dec. 1, 1865.

Medical.

S. A. C.
1832 1849 1851
STONES' AROMATIC CORDIAL, A SAFE, SPEEDY AND RELIABLE CURE FOR THE WORST CASES OF DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, *PAINS OR CRAMPS IN THE* STOMACH OR BOWELS

This remedy has been used with unparalleled success in the cholera seasons of 1832—1849 and 1851.

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES HAVE BEEN SOLD in Philadelphia; and references can also be given to persons residing in this town—who have used the medicine and who speak in the highest terms of its PROMPT AND EFFICIENT RELIEF.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS, PREPARED *ONLY* BY THE PROPIETOR AT *PRINCIPAL DEPOT,* CORNER DRUG STORE, SHIPPENSBURG, PA.

For sale by
WM. CLARKE & SONS, LEES X ROADS.
COYLE & CO., 11 SOUTH HANOVER ST., CARLISLE.
HAVERSTICK, DRUGGIST, CARLISLE.
S. A. STONER, MIDDLE SPRING.
GELWICKS & CO., CHAMBERSBURG.
CRESSLER, DRUGGIST, CHAMBERSBURG.
JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 ARCH ST., PHILA.
AND DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.
March 5, 1868.—6m

READ THIS THROUGH! IT MAY INTEREST YOU OR A FRIEND. TO THE PUBLIC AND THOSE INTERESTED IN HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS, &c., &c. THAT THE CELEBRATED DR. BARBER'S HORSE, CATTLE AND HOG POWDERS, Prepared and sold by CYRUS BROWN. Druggist and Apothecary, Broadway, Upper Milton, Pa., is the BEST IN THE WORLD.

When the Horse is in very bad condition, use the following Physic first: Two Tablespoonsful of the Powder and One Quart of Linseed Oil. Mix and Drench.

REMEMBER THE RED HORSE,

On Each Pack and prepared as above. THESE POWDERS are prepared from the original Dr. Barber's Recipe, with additions from the Recipes of the Best Horse Farriers in Europe and America, together with the experience of the Proprietor of over Twenty Years with Horses and Medicine. The following diseases are cured with their use:

All Stages of Coughs and Colds, Even First Stages of Glanders and Farcy, Distemper, Gripes, Colic, Inflamations, Jaundice or Yellow Water, Hidebound, Removes Worms, &c., &c., &c.

These Powders by occasional use, say once or twice per week, will be a preventive of disease, when the animal does not come in contact with nostril of the diseased Horse.

THESE HORSE POWDERS are a sure preventive and cure for diseases so common with chickens—Gapes, &c. DIRECTIONS.—Mix in corn meal. ALSO—Mix with the water they drink. Feed it to your Stock and they will be healthy and fat.

REMEMBER THE RED HORSE ON EACH PACK. TAKE NO OTHER.

For Sale by CORNMAN & WORTHINGTON, *No. 7 East Main St., Carlisle Pa.* Jan. 23, 1868.—6m

BEAUTY, COMFORT AND DURABILITY. ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN CUSTOM-MADE BOOTS AND SHOES. BOX TOES AND OTHER NOVELTIES. PRICES FIXED AT LOW FIGURES. A. DYSERT, No. 34 East LOUTHER street, Carlisle Penn'a. April 9, 1868.—3m

Dry Goods.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS! *GREAT DECLINE IN PRICES* AT THE NEW AND CHEAP CASH STORE, CORNER OF HANOVER AND POMFRET STREETS.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is receiving almost daily from the Eastern Cities, a large invoice of New and Cheap Goods, such as,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, *PLAIN, BLACK AND FANCY SILKS,* French Merinoes, Mohairs, Poplins, Black and Fancy French Repps, Plain and Fancy De Laines, Plain and Fancy Alpaccas Poplins

SHAWLS! SHAWLS! BROCHA LONG AND SQUARE, LONG AND SQUARE WOOLENS BREAKFAST SHAWLS in great variety and very cheap.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES! *French, German and American Cloths, Black and Fancy Cassimeres, Doeskins, Black and Fancy Over Coatings, Sattinetts, Kentucky Jeans, Undershirts and Drawers.*

DOMESTICS! Bleached and Brocha Table Diapers, Counterpanes, and Quilts, Cotton Flannels, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Towels, Napkins, &c.

REMEMBER THE PLACE, ON THE CORNER OF HANOVER AND POMFRET STREETS, the room formerly occupied by B. R. JAMESON & Co. THOS. A. HARPER. Nov. 7, 1867—tf

1868. SPRING! 1868.

BARGAINS Now opening in DOMESTIC GOODS, DRESS GOODS, CASSIMERES, SATTINETTS AND JEANS, *WHITE GOODS,* DRESS TRIMMINGS, ZEPHYRS, *RIBBONS AND NOTIONS* AT RING'S NEW STORE, *NO. 53 WEST MAIN STREET,* Opposite the Mansion House, Next door to the Post Office, Carlisle. April 16, 1868.

628. HOOP SKIRTS. 628.

WM. T. HOPKIN'S "OWN MAKE" OF "KEYSTONE SKIRTS," are the best and CHEAPEST LOW PRICED Hoop Skirts in the market. Trail Skirts, 25 springs, $1.00; 30 springs, $1.20; and 40 springs, $1.45. Plain Skirts, 6 tapes, 20 springs, 80 Cents; 25 springs, 95 Cents: 30 springs, $1.15; and 35 springs, $1.25.—*Warranted in every respect.*

"Our OWN MAKE" of "UNION SKIRTS" Eleven Tape Trails, from 20 to 50 springs, $1.20 to $2.50. Plain, six Tapes, 20 to 50 springs, from 95 Cents to $2.00. These skirts are better than those sold by other establishments as first class goods, and at much lower prices.

"Our OWN MAKE" of "CHAMPION SKIRTS" are in every way superior to all other Hoop skirts before the Public, and only have to be examined or worn to convince every one of the fact. Manufactured of the best linen-finished English Steel Springs, very superior tapes, and the style of metalic fastenings and manner of securing them surpass for durability and excellence any other Skirt in this country, and are lighter, more elastic, will wear longer, give more satisfaction, and are really cheaper than all others. *Every lady should try them.* They are being sold extensively by Merchants throughout this and the adjoining states at very moderate prices. If you want the best ask for "Hopkin's Champion Skirt." If you do not find them, get the Merchant with whom you deal to order them for you, or come or send direct to us. Merchants will find our different grades of skirts exactly what they need, and we especially invite them to call and examine our extensive assortment, or send for Wholesale Price List.

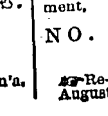
To be had at Retail at Manufactory, and of the Retail Trade generally, and at Wholesale of the Manufacturer only, to whom all orders should be addressed.

MANUFACTORY AND SALES ROOM, 628 ARCH STREET, Between 6th and 7th Sts, Philadelphia. WM. T. HOPKINS. March 5, 1868.—10mos.

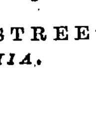
DRY GOODS. RICKEY, SHARP & CO. No. 727 CHESTNUT STREET, Have now the most complete and elegant stock of SPRING GOODS, Which they have ever offered, and invite special attention to their stock of SILKS, comprising a full line of HEAVY BLACK GROS GRAIN and LUSTERLESS SILKS, FOR SUITS. Plain Brown and Mode Taffettas. Plain Brown and Mode Poulte de Soies. FULL LINE OF MOHAIR AND ALPACA POPLINS, Of the choicest coloring, together with an Extensive Variety of DRY GOODS, embracing Cloths, Cassimeres, House-Furnishing Goods, &c. RICKEY, SHARP & CO., 727 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA. Feb. 6, 1868.—1y

Silver and Silver-Ware.

SEEING IS BELIEVING! AT 704 ARCH STREET. NEW PRICES! NEW GOODS! RICH SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARES,



Including every style and description, made expressly for the winter trade which for neatness and durability cannot be surpassed at



JOHN BOWMAN'S Wholesale and Retail Manufacturing Establishment. NO. 704 ARCH STREET *PHILADELPHIA.* ☞Re-plating at short notice. August 22, 1867—1y

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, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The result of which is, that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

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 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 in a measure the energy and ardor 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 portion of our population 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 16, 1867.

"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and want of nervous 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 medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; 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, Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co. 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. 1868.—1y

Poetical.

AN OLD STORY IN RHYME.

BY WAXEM.

An Irishman from the County of Cork,
Once spied a beautiful hog
As he was out for a bit of a walk;
The grunter was stuck in a bog.

Quoth Pat, "I believe I'll help yees a bit,
Just to hoist yees out of the mud;
As quick as thought he set at it,
And soon on the dry land it stood.

"Youre tired, me darlin, I havn't a doubt,
And I'm not the man, do ye see,
To leave ye alone after help'ng ye out;
So I'll carry ye home wid me!"

On his broad shoulders he bore it away,
Not questioning whose it might be,
But he heard throng the course of the day
One was stolen from Widow McGee.

"I'll ate it," quoth Pat, "and the devil may care
For all the McGees on the sod,
Then I'll get absolution from Father Maher
When I've finished me beautiful hog.

He ate it and straight to the priest then he went
And owned up his sins like a man,
Swore by the Virgin he'd surely repent;
Says the priest, "Do so, if you can.

"But how will you do in the great judgment day,
When Saint Peter will bring up the hog
And Widow McGee, then what will you say
Of the grunter you stole in the bog?"

"Will the pig be there, your reverence?" said Pat
"For in that case I'll whistle a jig,
And if ever they ask such a question as that,
I'll say, Widow McGee there's your pig."

Miscellaneous.

THE DIAMOND RING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was the night before Christmas.

Dark and over clouded with white gusts of driving snow, and raw air, which insinuated itself into every fold of the most voluminous wrappings. A night which was uncomfortable enough to the rich, but dreadful to the poor.

Mr. Almayne did not observe the little blue-nosed boy, crouching in the angle formed by the brilliantly illuminated plate glass window, as he sprang from his carriage and went slowly across the pavement into the bright, thronged shop. How should he? But little Ben Morrow's eyes, eager with the sickly light of starvation, took in every detail of the rich man's equipage, and his purple fingers clasped one another tighter, as he looked.

"Oh!" he thought, "how nice it must be to be rich—to have cushioned carriages, and big red fires, and mince pies every day! Oh! I wish I were rich!"

And Ben shrank closer into the corner, as the wind fluttered his thin, worn garments, and lifted the curls, with freezing touch, from his forehead.

Nor did Mr. Almayne observe him again, when he entered his carriage, drawing on his expensive fur gloves, and leaning among the velvet cushions, with a sigh scarcely less earnest than little Ben's had been.

The child's ideal of "big red fires" would have been quite realized if he could have seen the scarlet shine that illumined Mr. Almayne's luxurious drawing-rooms that night, glowing softly on gilted tables, alabaster vases, and walls of rose and gold. While just before the genial flame, the pale widower sat, thoughtfully watching the flickering spires of green and amethist light, and very lonely in his splendid solitude!

"I wonder what made me think of hom just then," he murmured, idly tapping his foot opon the velvet rug. "I wonder what alchemy conjured up the old house under the walnut trees, and the broken bridge, where the willow branches swept the water—the bridge where little Clara Willis used to sit and study her lessons, while I angled vainly for the fishes that never would bite!—How lovely she was, that golden-haired girl, with her blue-veined, and her dark downcast eyes! I was very much in love with Clara Willis in those boy and girl days. I should like to know on what shore the waves of time have cast her little bark—it is not often that a person one has known in lang syne vanishes so entirely and utterly from one's horizon. Poor Clara—what glittering air palaces we built in the future—how solemnly we plighted our childish troths! And when I came back, with the "fortune" on whose golden colonades our fairy castle of happiness upreared its pinacles—she was gone. And Mary was a good wife and a true—but she was not Clara Willis!"

As the thought passed through his brain, he instinctively glanced down at the finger upon which he wore the betrothal gift of his dead wife—the ring was gone!

"Lost—it can't be *lost,*" he murmured to himself, trying to think when and where he had last observed it. "Can it have dropped from my finger without my knowledge? I must notify the police at once, and have it advertised! Poor Marry's ring—I would not lose it for twice its value, and that would be no mean sum!"

It was a narrow and murky little street, with here and there a dim lamp flaring feebly through the white obscurity of driving snow, but little Ben Morrow knew every one of its warped flag-stones by heart, and ran whistling down the alley-way of a tall weather stained building, undaunted by wind or tempest.

"See, sis, what a jolly glove I've found!" he ejaculated, diving suddenly into a narrow doorway and coming upon a tiny room, only half lighted by a dim kerosene lamp, beside which sat a woman busily at work. "Hallo! is the fire out!"

"Wrap this old shawl around you Ben," said the woman, looking up, with a smile that partook more of tears than mirth "and you wont, mind the cold so much. Every coal is gone, and I can't buy any more until I am paid for these caps. Did you sell any matches?"

"Not two papers," sighed the boy. "I was so cold, Clara—I *couldn't* go round to the houses!"

"Well, never mind, Benny," she said cheerfully. "Sit close to me, dear—we'll keep each other warm. Oh, Benny, I *should* like to have given you a nice whole coat for Christmas!"

"Don't cry, sis," said the boy, leaning his head against her knee. "Didn't you give me your shawl for a comforter, only I lost it that windy day. You're just as good and sweet as you can be Clara, and I love you just as well as if you were my whole sister instead of only half a one!"

She smiled through her tears.

"What, was it about a glove, Ben?"

He sprang suddenly up as if remembering.

"A gentleman dropped it in the street. I ran after the carriage, but it went too fast for me to catch up. Isn't it nice, sis?"

"Very, Ben."

She drew the fur glove abstractedly on her childs hand, and looked at the rich dark fur.

"Why, Ben, what's this?"

For her touch had come in contact with some thing in the little finger of the glove, and she drew it out. Even by the dim light of the lamp she saw the myriad sparkling fascets of a diamond ring!

"The gentlemen must have drawn it of with his glove," she said, while Ben stood by, in open mouthed surprise and delight.

"Ben, this is very valuable—we ought to return it to the owner at once."

"But how can we, if we don,t know who he is?"

"It will be advertised, dear; every effort will be used to recover so valuable a jewel. To-morrow morning you must ask the newsman to lend you a paper for five minutes, and we will look at the advertisements."

"Sister," said Ben Morrow, under his breath, "is it very valuable? is it worth a hundred dollars?"

"More than that, Ben—why?"

"Oh, Clara," he sobbed, burying his face in her lap, "a hundred dollars would be so nice! I wish it wasn't wrong to keep it!"

Clara did not answer—she only smoothed down her little brother's tangled curls, and he never knew how hard it was for her to keep back her own tears.

Mr. Almayne was walking impatiently up and down his long, glittering suite of rooms in the Christmas brightness of the next day's noon, when his portly footman presented himself, like a respectable, motionless statue in the doorway.

"Well Porter."

"There's a young person and a little boy down stairs, sir, about the advertisement,"

"Ask them to walk in, Porter."

Porter glanced dubiously at the velvet chairs and Wilton carpet.

They're very shabby and muddy, sir."

"Never mind, show them in."

Porter departed, by no means pleased, and in a minute or two threw open the door and announced:

"The young person and the little boy!"

"Be seated," said Mr. Almayne, courteously. "Can you give me any information in regard to the ring I have lost?"

Ben Morrow's sister was wrapped in a worn shawl, with a thick, green veil over her face. She held out the fur glove, and within it a little paper box, from which blazed the white fire of the lost ring.

"My brother found it in this glove, last night, sir," she said, in a low, timid voice. "The initials—M. A—correspond with your advertisement so we brought it at once to the street and number specified."

Mr. Almayne opened his pocket-book.

"I have promised a liberal reward," he said, taking out a fifty dollar bill.—"Will this be sufficient?"

Clara Willis threw back her veil.

"We are very poor, sir,' she said, "but not so poor as to take a reward for doing our duty—Thank you all the same.—Come Benny!"

Henry Almayne's cheek had grown very white as he saw the golden braids and clear blue eyes of his sweet first love beneath her faded black bonnet.

"Clara!" he exclaimed, "Clara Willis! is it possible that you do not know me?"

She turned at his wild exclamation, and gazed fixedly at him, with dawning recognition.

"Are you—can it be that you are Henry Almayne!" she faltered, only half certain of the correctness of her conjecture.

He took both her hands tenderly and reverently in his; if she had been a duchess, the action could not have been more full of courtly respect.

"Clara, do not go yet," he said pleadingly—"Let me unravel this strange enigma of our two lives! Oh, Clara! if this Christmas Day has indeed brought me the sunshine which never yet irradiated my life, I shall bless it to my dying day!"

The low sun flamed redly in the west, before Mr. Almayne's carriage—the very one which Benney had so ignorantly admired the night before—was summoned to carry Clara and her brother, for the last time, to their squalid home. For ere the New Year dawned above the wintry earth, Clara was married to the man who had courted her under the green willows that overhung the wooden bridge, ten weary years ago. It was a very long one!

And little Benney Morrow, basking in the reflected sunshine of his half-sister's happiness found out what it was to be rich!

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How many a kiss has been given—how many a curse—how many a caress—how many a look of hate—how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken—how many a heart has been wrecked—how many a soul lost—how many a loved one lowered in the narrow chamber—how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturdry night held the rarest of treasures of the hearts.

A week is a life; a week is a history; a week marks events of sorrow or gladness which people never heard. Go home to your family, man of business! Go home, you heart-erring wanderer! Go home to the cheer that awaits you, wronged wife on life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil!, and give one night to joy and comfort fast flying by! Leave your books with complex figures—your dirty shop—your busy store! Rest with those you love; for God only knows what next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and battles with life that have furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has waited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence.

Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet the return of the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless God for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal, as Saturday night.

OBSERVATIONS BY JOSH BILLINGS.—If a man wants to get at his aktual dimensions, let him visit a grave yard.

If any man wants tew be an old bachelor, and get sick at a boarding tavern, and have a back room in the fourth story, and a red-haired chambermaid bring his water gruel to him in a tin wash-basin. I have alwus said, and I stick tew it, he has got a perfek right to do it.

When a man loses his health, then he just begins to take care of it.

This is good judgment—this is!

It is getting so now-a-daz, if a man can't cheat in some way, he isn't happy.

Success in life is apt to make us forget the time we wasn't much. It is so with the frog on a jump; he kant remember that he was a tadpole, but other folks kan.

An individual, tew be a fine gentleman, has either got to be born so or brought up in it from infancy; he kant learn suddenly any more than he kan learn to talk injun kereckly by practiceing on a tommyhawk.

SOCIAL KINDNESS.—How sweet is social affection! When the world is dark without we have light within. When cares disturb the breast—when sorrows brood around the heart—what joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world, with all its animosities while blessed with social kindness. That man cannot be who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection, and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather around the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love—his own cherished circle—he forgets all these—the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from his heart.—The warm sympathies of his wife and children dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom, that words are not adequate to express. He who is a stranger to the joys of social kindness has not begun to live.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Blank had traveled far to preach to a congregation at Smithville. After the sermon, he waited in patient expectation for an invitation from some one of the bretheren to dine with him. But he waited in vain. One after another departed, until the church was as empty as the minister's epigastric religion. Summoning up resolution, the hungry clergyman, walked up to an elderly gentleman, who was just going out of the door, and accosted him.

"Will you go home to dinner with me to-day, brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this."

"No," said the man coloring, "but you must go with me."

"Thank you—I will, cheerfully."

And he went.

THE BUNCH OF RAGS.

Everybody liked Tom Hall, and everybody was sorry for him. It was sad to see such a fine young man a victim to drunkenness, and Tom had fallen into the mocker's power unwittingly it seems.

A new dram shop had been opened close to the foundry at which he worked, and he, along with others, was in the habit of going in for a glass of ale. When the cold weather set in, he took something stronger, and he imagined that it agreed with his spirits.

Time went on, and liking for strong drink increased and grew stronger, until at all hours he might be seen staggering out of the "Rainbow" dizzy and stupefied with the dregs of the intoxicating cup.

Tom's was a very bad case for he belonged to a respectable family, and he had been religiously trained, and until he had been drawn into the snare, he was an affectionate son and brother; and friends counselled, and ministers preached, and every means tried to reclaim him, but all effort seemed lost. Tom was bound hard and fast in the invisible chains of the mocker. His family mourned him as lost, and many a silent tear his sister let fall on his tattered garments as she sat patching and darning them.

Tom was infatuated all agreed, but for all that he was a favorite, from the mansion to the meanest hut in Arlie; and some good people prayed for poor Tom Hall.

"Ah these "rents" will not darn again," sighed Jennie, as she turned over Tom's ragged raiment.

In Tom's better days he had pride, and it was such a sad change when he didn't care who saw him "out at the elbows."

But somehow Jennie could not find it in her heart to abandon the brother she still loved; and so Tom's tattered habiliments were taken up again and made the most of.

"*Kindness* may win him back," said Jennie, and when he came home at the worst he was met with peace, if in sorrow.

Just as the trees were beginning to bud with the promise of spring, Tom came home looking thoughtful. He was sober after a long run.

In the last rays of the setting sun his sister was trying to cover some darns.—Tom sat down beside her, and silently watched the patient fingers for some time.

"That's tiresome work, Jennie," he said.

His sister held up her seam before him.

"Why that's a bunch of rags," laughed Tom.

"Yes, Tom, and a bunch of rags would be the best sign-board that a publican could hang across his door," said Jennie, sadly.

Tom made no reply; he looked at the rags in silence.

Next day Tom went back to his work and continued so for two or three weeks. He looked at the "Rainbow," but didn't go in.

"Hallo! what's up with Tom Hall?" wondered Sinclair, as he filled up a glass of Tom's favorite whiskey for another customer at the counter.

Sinclair was not the only one that was astonished at the change.

Every day Tom went to his work; every night he came home sober, and after a time he appeared at the church on the Sabbath. Then people began to think Tom was in earnest and meant to reform.

"The angel come at last," whispered Florence, and a bright drop fell on Dick's golden hair.

"Had Tom Hall really become a tetotaller," wondered Sinclair, when a whole month had passed without a visit to the "Rainbow."

"Well, it seems so, for nothing stronger than water had passed his lips in the shape of drink since the night when his sister had shown him the bunch of rags.

"I'll have a talk with Tom and learn how he got off the scent, though," Sinclair resolved.

An opportunity came sooner than he expected.

In the beginning of the summer a terrific thunder storm passed over Arlie and amongst the general devastation, the "Rainbow's" sign-board was shivered to atoms.

Tom happened to be passing the "Rainbow" next morning, and stopped to take a glance up at the old mark.

"Fine work here," remarked Mr. Sinclair, who was standing in his door, "the storm's done for us, and I'll have to get a new sign-board."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Tom.

"Yes, the "Rainbow" is in shrivers," said Mr. Sinclair.

"Then you'll want a new sign-board," said Tom.

"Of course, isn't that what I'm telling you."

"Is it to be the "Rainbow" again," asked Tom.

"I suppose so," answered Mr. Sinclair, "unless, you can give us a new idea, Tom," continued he laughingly.

"I think I can," said Tom, "but I must go home first.'

"Don't forget though," said Mr. Sinclair, "You're a stranger now-a-days, by the by, Tom.

"I won't be long," cried Tom, and with a brisk step he walked down the street.

"Hallo, Tom, what's your hurry?" cried a friend, as Tom came slap up against a corner.

"Oh, Sinclair's sign-board was destroyed last night, and I'm going to him with a new one," answered Tom with a smile, which was diametrically opposed to his new principles.

"Oho, that's it," resumed his friend, "but perhaps it would be as well for Arlie if the "Rainbow" was never put up again."

Tom was out of hearing.

A better sign than "The Rainbow" Mr. Sinclair did not expect to get; he was only joking with Tom Hall, and he raised his eyebrows when Tom made his appearance with a bundle under his arm, and requested him to look at the new sign-board.

"I didn't think you would catch me up; but step in, Tom and let's see your idea."

Tom gravely untied his bundle and held up a bunch of rags before the publican's astonished eyes.

"What do you mean, Tom?" asked Mr. Sinclair, feeling confident that Tom had lost his senses,

"Ask yourself, sir, if a *Bunch of Rags* is not the best sign a publican can hang across his door?" said Tom, and his lips quivered.

"Was it that bunch of rags that made you a tetotaller, Tom?" said Mr. Sinclair, more confused than he liked to own

"It was God's means, I think, sir," answered Tom, "and perhaps poor wretches, seeing there the end of drink, may bless you or that sign-board."

Tom walked away to his work, and Mr. Sinclair went back to his counter, but all day the bunch of rag troubled him. He was a kind-hearted man, and believed himself a christian and he did not like the idea of being considered the cause of misery and rags. To a man of his disposition, it was painful in the extreme, he couldn't help feeling angry when poor, shivering ragged, wretches came in and laid down the price of a glass. When he lifted the money he felt as if he was stealing *their means.*

It was a busy day, every newcomer was more deplorably wretched than the last served. He was thankful when night came.

The last customer was a woman literally hanging in tatters. A little infant sat on her arm. It was crying with the cold. It lifted the rag and covered its naked limb, and looked piteously at him.

Go home and put clothes on your poor child," said Mr. Sinclair, flinging back the money that the poor woman laid down.

"I have nothing but rags, said the woman.

"Tom is right," said Mr. Sinclair, as he locked his door—the end of drink is misery and rags, and the man who has a taste for that sort of thing may put his name on the new sign-board.

That same summer Mr. Sinclair went into the tea trade, in which he made a handsome fortune. Tom Hall is now a famous engineer.

A FIGHT WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

After walking about two miles, we noticed a herd of hippopotami in a pool below a rapid; this was surrounded by rocks, except upon one side where the rush of water had thrown up a bank of pebbles and sand. Our old Neptune did not condescend to bestow the slightest attention when I pointed out these animals: they were too wide awake, but he immediately quitted the river's bed, and we followed him quietly beyond the fringe of bushes upon the boarder, from which we carefully examined the water. About half a mile below this spot, as we clambered over the intervening rocks through a gorge which formed a powerful rapid, I observed in a small pool just below the rapidan immense head of a hippopotamus close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river, about six feet above the surface. I pointed out the hippo to an old Abou Do, who had not seen it. At once the gravity of the old Arab disappeared, and the energy of the hunter was exhibited as he motioned us to remain, while he ran nimbly around the thick screen of bushes for about a hundred and fifty yards below the spot where the hippo was unconsciously basking with his ugly head above the surface. Plunging into the rapid torrent, the veteran hunter was carried some distance down the stream, but breasting the powerful current, he landed upon the rocks upon the opposite side, and retiring some distance from the river, he quickly advanced to the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying. I had a fine view of the scene, as I was lying concealed exactly opposite the hippo, which had disappeared beneath the water. Abou Do stealthily approached the edge of the rocks beneath which he had expected to see the head of the animal; his long sinewy arm was raised, with the harpoon ready to strike, as he carefully advanced. At length he reached the edge of the perpendicular rock. The hippo had vanished, but far from exhibiting surprise, the old Arab remained standing on the ledge, unchanged in attitude. No figure of bronze could have been more rigid than that of the old river king as he stood erect upon the rock, with the left foot advanced, and the harpoon poised in his ready right hand above his head, while in the left he had the loose coils of rope attached to the ambatch buoy.—For about three minutes he stood like a statue, gazing intentently into the clear and deep water beneath his feet. I watched eagerly to see the hippo; the surface was still barren, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightening, and the harpoon shot perpendicularly into the pool with the speed of an arow. What river-fiend answered to the summons? In an instant an enormous pair of jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head and form of the hippopotamus, that springing out of the water, lashed the river into foam, and disdaining the concealment of the deep pool, charged straight up the violent rapids. With extraordinary power he breasted the descending stream; gaining a footing in the rapids, about five feet deep, he blowed his way against the broken waves, sending them in showers of spray upon all sides, and upon gaining broader shallows he tore along through the water with the buoyant float hopping behind him along the surface until he landed from the river, started at full gallop along the dry shingly bed, and at length disappeared in the thorny nabbuk jungle.

I never could have imagined that so unwieldy an animal could have exhibited such speed; no man would have had a chance of escape, and it was fortunate for Old Neptune that he was secure upon the high ledge of rock, for if he had been in the path of the infuriated beast there would have been an end of Abou Do. The old man plunged into the pool just quitted by the hippo, and landed upon our side; while in the enthusiasm of the moment I waved my cap above my head, and gave him a British cheer as he reached the shore. His usually stern features relaxed into a grim smile of delight; this was one of those moments when the gratified pride of the hunter rewards him for any risks. I congratulated him upon his dexterity; but much remained to be done. I proposed to cross the river and follow up the tracks of the hippopotamus, as I imagined that the buoy and rope would catch in the thick jungle, and that we should find him entangled in the bush; but the old hunter gently laid his hand upon my arm and pointed up the bed of the river, explaining that the hippo would certainly return to the water after a short interval.

In a few minutes later, at a distance of a half a mile, we observed the hippo emerge from the jungle and ascend at full trot to the bed of the river, making direct for the first rocky pool in which we had noticed the herd of hippopotami. Accompanied by the old Howarti (hippo hunter), we walked quickly toward the spot. He explained to me that I must shoot the harpooned hippo, for we should not be able to secure him in the usual method by ropes, as nearly all our men were absent from camp, disposing of the dead elephant.

Upon reaching the pool, which was about a hundred and thirty yards in diameter we were immediately greeted by the hippo, which snorted and roared as we approached, but quickly dived, and the buoyant float ran along the surface, directing his course in the same manner as the cork of a trimmer with a pike upon the hook. Several times he appeared, but as he invariably faced us I could not obtain a favorable shot; I therefore sent the old hunter round the pool, and he, swimming the river, advanced to the opposite side and attracted the attention of the hippo, causing him to turn immediately toward him. This afforded me a good chance, and I fired a steady shot behind the ear, at about seventy yards, with a single-barreled rifle. As usual with hippopotami, whether dead or alive, he disappeared beneath the water at the shot. The crack of the ball and the absence of any splash from the bullet told me that he was hit; the ambatch float remained perfectly stationary upon the surface. I watched it for some minutes; it never moved. Several heads of hippopotami appeared and vanished in different directions, but the float was still; it marked the spot where the grand old bull lay dead beneath.

I shot another hippo, that I thought must likewise be dead; and, taking the time by my watch, I retired to the shade of a tree with Hassan, while Hadji Ali and the old hunter returned to camp for assistance in men and knives.

In a little more than an hour and a half, two objects like the backs of turtles appeared above the surface; these were the flanks of two hippos. A short time after the men arrived and regardless of crocodiles they swam toward the bodies. One was towed toward the shore by the rope attached to the harpoon, the other was secured by a long line and dragged to the bank of clean pebbles.

I measured the bull that was harpooned; it was fourteen feet two inches from the upper lip to the extremity of the tail; the head was three feet one inch from the front of the ear to the edge of the lip in a straight line. The harpoon was sticking in the nape of the neck, having penetrated about two and a half inches beneath the hide; this is about an inch and three quarters thick upon the back of the neck of a bull hippopotamus. It was a magnificent specimen, with the tusks I have ever seen; the skull is now in my hall in England.

Although the hippopotamus is generally harmless, the solitary old bulls are sometimes extremely vicious, especially in the water. I have frequently known them to charge on a boat, and have myself narrowly escaped being upset in a canoe by one of these creatures, without the slightest provocation. The females are extremely shy and harmless, and they are most affectionate mothers; the only instance I have known of the female attacking a man has been in which her calf has been stolen. To the Arabs they are extremely valuable, yielding, in addition to a large quantity of excellent flesh, about two hundred pounds of fat, and a hide that will produce about two hundred coorbatches, or camel whips. I have never shot these useful creatures to waste; every morsel of the flesh has been stored, either by the natives or for our own use; and whenever we had a good supply of antelope meat I have avoided firing a shot at the hippo. Elephant flesh is exceedingly strong and disagreeable, partaking highly of the peculiar smell of the animal. We had a good supply of meat from the two hippopotami, which delighted our people. The old Abou Do claimed the bull that he had harpooned, as his own personal property, and he took great pains in dividing the hide longitudinally, in strips of the width of three fingers, which he cut with great dexterity.

Altough the hippopotamus is amphibious, he requires a large and constant supply of air; the lungs are of enormous size; and invariably inflates them before diving. From five to eight minutes is the time he usually remains under water; he then comes to the surface and expends the air within his lungs by blowing; he again fills the lungs almost instantaneously and if frightened he sinks immediately. In places where they have become extremely shy from being hunted or fired at, they seldom expose the head above the surface, but merely protude the nose and breathe through the nostrils; it is then impossible to shoot them.—Their food consists of aquatic plants, and grasses of many descriptions. Not only do they visit the margin of the river, but they wonder at night to great distances from the water, if attracted by good pasturage, and although ugly and ungainly in appearance, they clamber up steep banks and precipitous ravines with astonishing power and ease. In places where they are perfectly undisturbed, they not only enjoy themselves in the sunshine by basking half asleep upon the surface of the water, but they lie upon the shore beneath the shady trees upon the river's bank; I have seen them when disturbed by our sudden arrival during the march, take a leap from a bank about twenty feet perpendicular depth into the water below, with a crash that created a wave in the quiet pool as though a paddled steamer had passed by. The Arabs attached no value to the tusks; these are far more valuable than the elephant ivory, and are used by dentists in Europe for the manufacture of false teeth, for which they are admirably adapted, as they do not change color. Not wishing to destroy the remaining hippopotami that were still in the pool I left my men and old Abou Do busily engaged in arranging the meat, and walked quietly homeward.

INTERESTING FACTS.—Glass windows were used for lights in 1180.

Chimneys were first put to houses in 1236.

Tallow candles for lights, 1200.

Spectacles invented by an Italian in 1249.

Paper made from linen, 1301.

Woolen cloth made in England, 1341.

Art of printing from movable type, 1440.

Watches first made in Germany, 1447.

Telescopes invented by Porta and Janson, 1590.

Tea first brought from China to Europe, in 1601.

Theatres erected in England by Shakspeare in 1603.

Circulation of blood discovered by Harvey in 1610.

Bricks made of any required size in 1625.

Newspaper first established, 1629.

Pendulum clocks first invented, 1636.

Barometer invented by Torricelli, 1535.

Steam engine invented in 1649.

Bread made with yeast, 1650.

Cotton planted in the United States in 1759.

Fire engine invented in 1685.

Stereotyping invented in Scotland, 1785.

Telegraph invented by Morse in 1832.,

The first daguerrotype made in France 1839.

CAN ANY ONE TELL.—Can any one tell why men who cannot pay small bills, can always find money to buy liquors, and treat when happening among their friends!

Can any one tell how young men who dodge their wash women, and are always behind with their landlords, can play billiards night and day, and are always ready for a game of poker or seven up?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families, who have no income and do not work, while others who are industrious and constantly employed half starve?

Can any one tell how it is that a man too poor to pay for a newspaper, is able to pay a dollar or two a week for tobacco, or cigars?

ARTLESS SIMPLICITY.—One of the sweetest incidents we have noticed for many a day, and which shows the effect of early training, assisted by a pure and undefiled imagination, has just fallen under our observation. It is thus related: "A lady visited New York city and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some of the cakes at the shop window. She stopped and taking the little one by the hand led her into the store. Though she was satisfied that the bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet desiring to gratify the forlorn one, she bought, and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place where she procurred a shawl and other articles of comfort. The greatful little creature looked the benevolent lady full in the face, and with artless simplicity, said: "Are you God's wife?" Did the most eloquent speaker ever employ words to a better advantage?

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—1 Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him free use of money. 3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the sabbath. 4. Give him full access to wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account for his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no steady employment.—Pursue either of these ways, and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debauced and ruined child! Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone sorrowing to the grave.

CHARACTER.—We may judge a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a person manifests delight in low, sordid objects, the vulgar song and debasing language, in the misfortunes of his fellows or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections—we are satisfied that he is an upright man.

☞ Josh Billings says "Give the devil his due," but be careful there ain't much due him.

☞ Whenever the soul is in grief, it is taking root, and when it is in, smiles it is taking wing.

☞ Mrs. Parington has come to the conclusion that there is no use trying to catch soft water when it rains so hard.

☞ "Caught in her own net," as a man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

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