## The American Volunteer

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BRATTON & KENNEDY,

OFFICE-SOUTH HARKET SQUARE. TERMS:—Two Dollars per year if paid strictly in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months; after enter 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

Professional Cards. RICH & PARKER

ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisie, Ps. Dec. 24, 1868—1y JOHN CORNMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in building attached to Franklin Hou opposite the Court House, Carlisle, Pa. June 4, 1888,—ly

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTOR-occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Web-zel's Hotel. Dec. 1, 1885.

F E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY

G. HERMAN GOETZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NEWVILLE, PENN'A. JOHN R. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Wetzel's Building, opposite no Court House, Carlisle, Pa. Nov. 14, 1667.

M. C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. office in Ricewin's Hall Building, in the rear of the Court House, next door to the "Herald" office, Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1, 1862a.

M. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his more to the huther a unoccupied room in the North East corner of the Court House.

W KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Cartisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer," South side of the Pub-

I NITED STATES CLAIM

REAL ES TATE AGENCY! WM. B. BUTLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. ons, Lounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly attention.
Particular attention given to the selling or rent-ling of Real Scate, in town or country. In all let-ters of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp. July 11, 1847—If

R. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DEN

### Wats and Caps.

TRESH ARRIVAL NEW WINTER STYLES

HATS AND CAPS. The absertiber has just opened at No. 15 North Hunorer Street, few duors North of the Carlisle Debugger, and the street of the largest and best Stocks of the largest and best Stocks of the largest and best Stocks of the largest and constitution of the styles and qualities, Bill Brins, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made.

The Dunkard and Old Fushioned Brush, constantly on band and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.

A full assortment of MEN'S. BOY'S, AND

CHILDREN'S. I have also added to my Stock, notions of diffe LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS,

Neck Ties, Collars, Penolli, Bewing Silk, PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO
ALWAYS ON HAND. Give me a call, and examine my stock as I fee confident of pleasing all, besides saving you mo JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hanover Street

HATS AND CAPS!

DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO. DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON J. G. CALLIO, NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET. Where can be seen the finest assortment of HATS AND CAPS ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleas u.e in inviting his old friends and customers and all new ones, to his splendid stock just re-edved from New York and Philadelphia, con-sisting in part of fine

SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS. besides an endless variety of Hats and Caps of the latest style, all of which he will sell at the Lowest Cash Prices. Also, his own manufactur of Hats always on hand, and

HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER

He has the best arrangement for coloring Hatt and all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcosts, &c. at the shortest notice us he colors every week; and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of choice brands of TOBACCO AND CIGARS

always on hand. He desires to call the attention between who have to sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the same.

Give him a call, at the above number, his old aroud as he feels confident of giving entire satis-

DACIFIC HOTEL,

170, 172, 174 & 176 GRENWICH STREET,
N.E. W. Y.O.R. K.
The undersigned takes pleasure in aunouncing
o his numerous friends and patrons that from
his date, the charge of the Parisic will be \$2.50
ser day. the date, the charge of the Paritic will be \$2.50 He lad also, the charge of the Paritic will be \$2.50 He lad sole Proprietor of this house, and therefore free from the too common exaction of an inordinate rout, he is fully able to meet the downward tendency of prices without any falling off of service.

It will now, as heretofore, be his aim to maintain unduminished the favorable reputation of the Pacific, which it historicy different for the view of the test of travelers indicas, as one of the test of travelers indicas.

Only the attendance will be found efficient and obliging. The authorized that of the convenient for those whose business calls them in the lower part of the city, being one door north of Cortiand street and one block west of Broadway, and of ready access to all Railroads and Steamboat Lines, NEW YORK, OCL. 10, 1868.

Nov. 28, 1868—6m JUHN PATTEN. Nov. 26, 1868—6m

Notice. All persons are forbidden to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, in Mource township, &c., for the purpose of Fishing. Any one violating this Notice will be dealt with to the utmost penalty of the law as mancious trespassers. We appeal to all law abiding citizens to aid us to preserve the dan in our streams.

Preserve the fish in our streams.

J. BELSHOOVER,
J. E. A. HERMAN,
J. BELSHOOVER,
J. GLO. W. LEIDIGH,
GEORGE WELLER,
GEORGE IS MOVER,
J. GEORGE IS MOVER,
JOHN MANN,
JOHN MANN,
JOHN MANN,
JOHN MANN,
J. GEORGE IS MOVER,
JOHN MANN,
J

FOR RENT.—The Law Office on conter of Hanver street and Market Square, Intelly occupied by W. J. Shearer. Inquire of Lindby. Dec. A loss—it G. INHUFF.

OTICE.—Orders for coal on Delaute cog & Shrom, will be receiv. d and promptly attended to at Coramana & Worthington's drug grocery store, at Harn grocery store, at Harn ry store.

SEWING MACHINES. This stock of Goods is a very desirable one, an This stock of Goods is a very destraove vary across wishing to buy will to wait to call its the at the goods must be sont to close the business.—
All goods not disposed of before Maren, is, is to will be sold at Paolin Auction on that day.

An inventory of the goods has been taken which, with the goods, can be seen and examined by cating what his successful. It is a support of BREWSTER & D. Util still it.

Graf, i, 1997—10. Adding P. A. Adding P. A DELANCEY & SHEOM. MONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED U by Dr. C. G. Garrison's New Process of Treut-ment. Call or address Dr. C. G. Garrison, 21 Souts Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pr. P. S.—Special attention given to THROAT and LUNG DISEASES, Marca 4, 1841—1y

# The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

Miscellancons.

THE WORLD'S INTERNAL REM-EDY!!

JOHNSON'S

RHEUMATIC COMPOUND

BECOD PURIFIER

QUICK IN 1TS ACTION.

PERMANENT IN ITS CURE

Messra R. E. Sellers & Co.—Having suffered with Rheumatism for a long time I was induced by Col. Danks to try Joinson's Rheumatic ompound. I purchased one bottle and was percetty cured after using it three days.

Etna, Allegheny C. Fa., Dec., 10, 1886.

Sharpstown, N. J. Dec. 15, 1898.

my staff as well as ever. JAMES McDOWELL.
Trenum, October 25, 1885.
Messrs R. E. Sollers & Co.—Gents:—Johnson's
Rheumatis Compound cured me of Rheumatism
when Physicians and every other preparation is
the Pharacopia infled.

the Pharmacopin Indied.

Dr. J. T. WRIGHT.

Leavenworth, Kansas, Dec. 25, 1835.

Messra, R. E. Sellers & Co.—Dear Sirs:—I hereby certify that a number of persons, any father
among the number, who were ufflicted with
Rheumatism for many years, have to my
Knowledge, been permainently cured by the use
of Johnson's Rheumatic Compound

R. E. SELLERS & CO.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR SALE RY

COWDEN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HAVERSTICK BROS., CARLISLE, PA.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DIS-

LINDSEY'S

BLOOD SEARCHER

For the cure of all diseases arising from an Impure State of the Blood, such as BCRUFULA, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS,

SORE EYES, BOILS, TITTER, &c.

JOHN RALSTON & SON, Elberton, Ind. Station.

AP Reware of counterfeits. The genuine has the name of

R. E. SELLERS & CO.,

R. E. SELLERS & CO.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HAVERSTICK BROTHERS.

Buggies,

have just removed into their

Buggies,

EAD THIS.

Carriages

Sleighs.

In order to accommodate their rapidly i

A. B. & N. SHERK

NEW CARRIAGE FACTORY,

Corner South and Pitt Sts.,

CARLISLE, PA.,

where they have increased facilities for manu facturing everything in their line. All the ia test styles of

Sleighs

onstantly on hand, or made to order on short

istantly on many or many of the clica and reasonable terms desars. Sherk feet confident that they can turn two work equal in fluish and durability to any ablishment outside of the cities.

REPAIRING AND PAINTING PROMPTLY

ATTENDED TO.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

For the purpose of settling the husiness of the late firm of Brewster & Dougherty, the under-signed will set: at private sale, or in lots to suf-purchasers, the entire stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS &c.,

belonging to the late firm. The stock consists in parts of all grades of Broad cloth, heaver Cloths, Cassimptes, Sattuet s, Jeans, Italias Cioths, Musins, &c. Also, Shirts Dra-ers, suspenders, Gioves, Handkereniets, Linen and Itaper Colincis, and Calla, Sowing Silks, Threads ac. Also a large associment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

and Spring Wagons

Spring Wagons

at the bottom of the ouside wrapper.

Sole Proprietors.

MARRIAGES,

March 4, 1889-tf

Sharon, Penna, Nov. 20, 1867.

II. B. LINN.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1869.

Poeffeal.

IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

Ther's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this,
That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss.
But ther's dinger in delaying,
And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bash'ul lover,
I you wash a kiss why tele it. If you want a kiss, why take it, Never letanother fellow

Steal a march on you in this, Never let a laughing maider

Never let a laughing maiden See you spoiling for a kiss. There's a roya! to kissing, And the Jolly ones who make it Have a motto that is winning: If you wanta kis; why take it.

Any fool may face a cannon—
Any body wear a crown;
But a man mustawin a woman
I'h-d have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it,
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why take it.

Who would burn upon a desert,
With a for stamilling by?
Who would give his sunny summ
For a black and wintry say?
Oh! I tell you there is magic,

And you cannot, cannot break it, For the sweetest part of living

# Miscellaucons.

BILLY MORGAN'S GROST. In the year 1801, a seams named William Morg in envisted on board a United States frighte for a three years' cruise in the Mediterran.ean. He was an awful looking person, six feet four inches high with a long, pale, wrinkled visage, sunken eyes, thick, black hair standing on end, with white, prominent, and irregular teeth. It was impossible to define the cotor of his eyes; his voice was sepulchral, on his right arm was engraved certain mysterious devices, and his tobacco, and dwindled to a perfect shadow, the trigate was launched on Friday, the trigate was launched on Friday, the master carpenter who built her was born and died on Friday, and the squarron went to sea on Friday, These colin diences added to his singular appearance, caused the saliors to look upon Morgan with some degree of wonder, min led with suspicion. During the voyage to Gioraltar, his conduct increased this feeling. He went without food for days together; at least he was never seen to eat, and it he slept it was without foing his eyes or lying down. His shipmates, one and ali, "ceclared that, wake at what time of the might they would, Morgan was seen slitting bolt upright in his hammock, with his eyes glaring and wide open. When in watch upon deck he would stand still for an hour at atime, azizing on the starsand the ocean and when roused fell fist on the deck in a swoon. When he revived, he prenothed, and talked incoherer trhaps-ady. He often hinted that he had as many lives as a cat, and once than note offered to let hinself be hanged for the gratification of his messanates. He had also frequent trances, during which he lay stiff and right, with all the appearance of death.

These things at last reached the ears of Caratsia Keep who holded many them done the reality of the glost.—
The thinself be hanged for the gratification of his messanates. He had also frequent trances, during which he lay stiff and right, with all the appearance of them monthed the reality of the glost.—
These things at last reached the ears of Caratsia Keep white hea In the year 1801, a seaman named Wil JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY

coming on deck, with animous meaning the man decrease. A man came forth to receive him, the room to mean garine to the confusion no effort was made to save Morgan. As a matter of course he was drowned. Two days after, one of the ships of the squadron came up and sentabout slongside, with Billy on board.—

Twelve hours after his leap, he had been found as winning gallantly water when he was dry. After this, there was en and the said he held tast that he might help himself to satur of the last that he might help himself to satur was en and the residuation of the said he held tast that he might help himself to satur water when he was dry. After this, the spoon in his hand, which he said he held last that he might help himself to sait water when he was dry. After this, the sailors felt convinced that Morgan, was a dead man come to life again, and that it would be difficult to kill him in any ordinary way. He continued his pranks, star gazing, and swoons, for which he was always severely punished. At last, as they approached Gioraltar, he solemnty announced to his messmates that he intended to drown himself with the first opportunity. He made his will, dressed himself in his best, and settled all his affairs. He also replemshed his tobaccobox, put his all wance of buscuit in his pocket, and filled a small canteen with "By no means," said the captain, himsett in his best, and settled all his affairs. He also replenished his tobacco-box, put his all-wance of buscuit in his pocket, and filled a small canteen with water, which he slung around his neck, saying that, perhaps, he migh take it into his he at to live two or three days in the sea before he finally betook hims if to Davy Jone s ocker. That same night, between twelve and one, Morgan was distinctly seen to come up the hatchway, chimb the bulwark, and drop into the ocean. A midshipman and two sallors testified to the facts, and Morgan being missed the next morning, no doubt ex-

missed the next morning, no doubt ex-The talk and wonder were beginning The taik and wonder were beginning to subside, when one night, about a week later, the figure of Morgan, in wet clothes, with sunken eyes and canaverous visage, was seen by one of his measurates, who happened to be lying awake, to emerge slowly from the corepart of the ship, approach one of the tables where the re was a can of water, took a hearty draught, and disappear in the direction whence it one. I'm saidor took to be next more priority none for warpark of the ship, approach one of the tables where the re was a can of water, took a hearty draught, and disappear in the direction whence it come. The safor told tots next morning, but, as yet, very new believed him. The next might precisely the same thing occurred, and was seen by a different person. The story came to the cars of Ca tain R——, who under the conviction that Morgan's downing himself had been deceptive, ordered the strictest search to be made throughout the rigate, but without any discovery. The gnost continued to appear, avoiding capture or supprise. Once it empried a tobacci-box, and at another time made free with fragments of suppring which had not been described as a linear time and make fun with the saltors, I told them all sorts of which it was a linear time and make fun with the saltors, I told them all sorts of which it was a linear time and make fun with the saltors, I told them all sorts of and at another time made free with frag-ments of supp r which had not been cleared away. In the B y of Algestras it spoke, offered its hand to a messmale, and aving, "Good by e, Tom," vanished as usual.

By this time the wi ole crew were ter-By this time the wilde crew were terror stricken, at and of their ownshadows, and even the officers began to share the intection. The satiors were permitted to take an occasional turn on shore. To the Tom Brown named acove Morgan had left his waich and a chest of ciothes.—Strolling down a dark lane in the saturbs of Algesir s, he neard a well known voice cry out, "Tom, Tom, den your eyes! Don't you know your old alessmate!" Tom recognized the tones, and turning round saw himself confronted by Biny Morgan's ghost. Having no turning round saw himself confronted by Biny Morgan's ghost. Having no wish to renew the acquaintance, he took to his heels, without hooking to see it the ghost gave chase, ran to the bout, and told the story as soon as he could find breath. At his berth, that very night, the ghost visited him again, passe its cold, we hand over Tom slace, who bawled histily, but the apparation absconded before help arrived, muttering in a low whisper, "You shad see me at Matta."

After some weeks the Ingale came to visited him again, passed its cold, we hand over Toms since, who bawled lasticated him again, passed its cold, we hand over Toms since, who bawled lasticated him and over Toms since, who bawled lasticated him and cold partition as seen of the apparation assected the set and the set and the seen of the ghost in the intervant it was concluded that the shade was either tired or appeased, and little more was thought on as visitations. Soon after the sip's arrival, a party of sailors including the heir of B.hy Morgan, were footesting ashore, at a simult tavern in Valetta. Between three and four in the morning Tom went to bed, not quite as clear-headed as he might have been. He could not tell how long he had been askep, when he was roused by a voice whispering in his ear, " Your, Tom wake up?" On opening his eyes, he beand by the pale light of the morning, the

ting capers on the yard and top-gallant masts.

From Malta, the equadron proceeded to Syracuse. There, the ships were placed in quarantine, and immigated with brimstone, to the great satisfaction of the crew of the frigate, who were in hopes this would drive away Billy vorgan, who had not troubled them for some fine. But immediately '\textit{\textit{billing}} the expiration of the quarantine, he azaliyisted his old chum and heir, Tom Brown, lank and dripping wet as usual, and after giving him a soul-thrilling shike, whilepered, "Tom, I, want to speak to you about my wa'ch and ches of clo hes." But Tom roated "Murder! with all his night when the ghost vanised, muttering, as Tom swore, "You infernal tubber?"

The reappearance doubled all former

for desertion?"
"By no means," said the captain, pleasantly; "there would be little use in shooting a ghost, or a man with as many lives as a cat."
Billy smiled a rather melancholy smile.

member an'old score, and hope you'll forgive me."

"On one condition." will "replied Captain R——; "that you will tell memore sty how you managed to make all my sailors believe they saw you, night after night, on board the ship, as well as on shore?"

"They did ee me," rejoined Billy, in his usual sepulctrat voice.

"The their seeing you jump overboard was all a deception?"

"By no means sh. I did jump overboard, but then I climed back again shortly after."

with the saitors, I told them all sorts of yarns about myself and my adventures, and played many pranks to make them betteve I was a w.zard. The punishment you gave me, though I own I deserved it, inade me resolve to desert as soon as an opportunity offered. I had an old single mate with me whom I could trust, and we planned the whom I could trust, and we planned the whole thing together. I knew it I deserted at Gibranar or any of the ports in the Meditteranean I sould aimost certainty be caught, and shot offered as Gibranar or and so the Meditteranean I so under the medit of the Brown and examine. I got from Brown

almost certainly be caught, and shot of hand as an example. I got from Brown to write my win, intending to leave my water and chest to my messmate, who was to return them to me at Gioraitar;—but Tom played us a trick, and put his own name instead of my friend's in, and that trick was not found out until after series when my friend was alfald of diswards, when my friend was affaid "Go on," said the captain.
"The night 1 jumped over board, the
forward port-hole on the sharloard side
was left open intentionally, with a bit of

well known figure of Morgan leaning over his bed, and glaring at him with eyes like soucers. To no cried "Murder! Ghost! Billy Morgan!" as loud as he could yell, until he roused the landlord, who came to know what was the n after. To m related the whole affair. Mine host utterly denied having ever seen or heard of such a figure or appearance, and so did all his family. The report reached the frighte. "Heaven and earth!" cried Captain R—, "shall we never get rid of this infernal spectre, or whatever else he may be?" He was in despair. Never was a man so persecuted by a ghost in this world before. The ship's crew were so distuncted that had an Algerine come across them, they might, peradventure, have surrendered at discretion. They signed a round robin, suggesting to the captain the propriety of running the ship ashore, and shandoning her entirely to the ghost, which now appeared almost every night sometimes between decks, at others at the ent of the bowspirit, and again outting capers on the yard and top-gallani masts.

From Malta, the equadron proceeded to Syracuse. There, the ships were placed in quarantine, and funnigated with brimstone, to the great satisfaction of the crew of the frigate, who were in hopes this would drive away Billy vorgan, who had not troubled them to some finne. But immediately of the expiration of the quarantine, he a califying the ship side of the frigate, who were in hopes this would drive away Billy vorgan, who had not troubled them to some finne. But immediately of the expiration of the quarantine, he a califying the ship and her, Ton. Brown, lank and dripping wot as usual, and after giving him a soul-thrilling shoke, whispered. "Tom, I want to speak to you about my warch and ches of clo hes." But Tom roated "Murder!" with all his might when the ghost vanie et of the processor of the processor clo hes." But Tom roated "Murder!" with all his might when the ghost vanies et of the processor close to the processor close to the processor close to the processor close to the processor clos

me."
"But how did you manage to escape "But how did you manage to escape from the police at Algesiras?"

"I was on board the frigutea! the time, in my old hiding-blace, and when the ship was searched, directly afterwards, I was on shore."

"And how did you manage at Malia?"

"The landlord was my sworn brother, and world not have blabbed for a thousand dolbrs."

"And the capers on the varieurm and

sand dolbars."

"And the capers on the yard-arm and top-gallant, the visits to Tom Brown at Syracuse, and the wonderful stories told by the sailors?"

"I never paid but two visits to the ship, as I remember, sir, after she left Malla; one was one oight when I wanted to talk to Tom, the other when he disappeared the night afterwards. The rest of the stories were allowing to the lokes of some

to Tom, the other when he disappeared the night afterwards. The rest of the stories were all owing to the Jokes of some of the saltors, and the fears of the others."

"But are you sure you did not jump into the sea with Tom Brown, in a flame of fire?"

"No, sir, as I am an honest man, Tom got away without any help of mine, and without my ever knowing how, until a long time r ferwards, when I accidently met him in Liverpool, When he deserted, and, to quiet his conscience, left my watch and clothes to my friend. I had no motive for playing the ghost any more.—I shipped in an American merchantman for Smyrna, and after a voyage for a year or two, and saving a few hundred dollars, came to Boston at last. I did not care to stay long ashore, for fear of being known by some of the officers of the squada in, so I took my bundle and my money, and went into the back country. I am a little of everything, so I get on pretty well and hope you won't have me shot by a court-nartial?

"No," replied Captain R.——, "I am out of the navy now. I have turned farmer, too, and you are quite safe."

"I hope you prosper, sir?"

"Not quite as well as you, Billy. I have come into the backwoods to see if I can do better."

"Only stay; with me, sir," said Billy, "and I will repay all your good offices."

Only stay with me, sir," said Billy,

"Only stay, with me, sir," said Billy,
"and I will repay all your good offices."
"No, I am going on a little further."
"You may go farther and fore worse."
"Perhaps so; but I believe it is bedtime, and so good-night, Mr. Ghost,"
The next morning Captain R ——proceeded on his way, reflecting on the singular story of Billy Mo gan, whose pranks
on board the frigate had convinced a
great many men of the existence of
ghosts, and thrown the glo on of superstitious horror over the remainder of their
lives. "Not a sailor," thought he; "our
of more than five hundred, with the exception of a single one, but will go to his
grave in the full belief of Billy Morgan's
supernatural appearances. What an unsupernatural appearances. What an un-lucky adventure is this of mine! It has spoiled one of the best authenticated ghost stories of this or any preceding

After An office.

Yesterday a sable representative of the "best government in the world," surmounted the elevated seat of a dilapidated carryall, drove up to the central station in thus city, and inquired for the "boss". The unique vehicle contained his ancient dame and two diminutive scions of the "boute." A quadruped which a very police man, with a due regard to the sensibilities of the animal, might dignify with the distinctive appellation of mule, had the honor of pulling the conveyance and its loyal freight. the conveyance and its loyal freight.— Word being conveyed to Captain Cain that a visitor wished to see him on im

that a visitor wished to see him on important business, that gentleman soon made his appearance.

'What do you want?'

'Git to stop with you, boss?'

'Want to stop with me?' inquired the astonished off ser.

'Yes, bo-s; jist for all night.'

'Oh! you want to stay at the station all night?'

'Yes, sar.'

Yes, sar.
But we ere are you going with all that 'Going to Washington, sar?'

Going to Washington, sar?'
'What Washington-not Washingto President is!'
' What in the name of Heaven are you going there for?'
'We l, you see, boss, Massa Grant's We l, you see, boss, Massa Grant's got de place now, and dey say we colored folks gwine to get all the offices when he gets in; so I's gwine to see if he won't make dis chile gub ner!

It is needless to say that the colored germann' was hospitably cotertained, and was sent on his way rejoicing.—New Orleans I icayune.

ing to be?"
"I shall take pure brandy," was his "I shall take pure brandy," was his reply.

And then all called for P. B. After drinking, the wag laid down his fip on the counter, and then immediately retired, whisperling, in a soit persuasive tone:

"Do as I do, gentiemen."

The party koked at one another with a comiced stare, tuttl one, who floatly felt confical stare, until one, who finally felt the force of the idea creeping powerfully through his hair, exclaimed:

While a colored preacher was bap-izing a convert at Augusta, Ca., the ther day, one of the "deacons" stole his At Cincinnatti there has been an

ment camal born—the first event of the Age before beauty-especially in retaring when you make a call on the la-dies. Old folks are not so uncommonly

'Sold, by Jupiter!"

three monthsold and weight two pounds.

THE PATAL SHOP.

Among the many fair castle homes of England there could be none fairer or more stately than Coran Castle, Suffolk. more stately than Coran Castle, Suffolk. There fived Squire Co an, a fine specimen of the olden school—stern, rugged, and unbending as one of his own osks, yet, withat, genial and kindly. The meanest peasant on his estate walked brister when he saw the squire, and smiled for five minutes after heading his merry "Fine mornings; first-rate weather!"

ry "Fine mornings; first-rate weather!"

Nearly forty years had passed since the squire bild his fair girl-wife in the vault of the Corans—nearly twenty years since he had buried by 'er side the one son of their short wedlock. Yet Coran Castle was not desolate. The "heir," though he had died young, had lived long cough to leave a widow and two orphans were now grown up, and the names of Hugh and Emma resounded through the castle in the full, cheery voice of the hearty old man. Dearly did he love them both; but Hugh was somewhat wild and wayward, and would sometimes thoughtlessiy thwart his grandsire's imperious will. One sore subject ever lay between them. The old squire was a giant in stature and s'rength; his youth had been slan dized by feats of prowess and daring, of which he never wearled to boast. Hugh Coran, on the contrary, had small tastes for fieldwoods.

by feats of prowess and daring, of which he never wearied to boast. Hugh Coran, on the contrary, had small tastes for fiel-sports, and, being small and delicate in frame, constantly took to himself his grandfather's careless scoffs about "fadymen" and "degeneracy."

Not half a mile from Coran Castle was a large tract of heath and moorhand, very wild and fonely, and at that thee infested with highwaymen. It was necessary to cross this district to reach the neighboring village of Wrettel. One day, in the winter time, Hugh Coran had occasion to go to this village. He did not return when expected, and dinner was served without him. Just as it was over, he câme in, excusing his tardiness by saying that some suspicious characters had been seen on the moor, and, therefore, he had waited for companions on his homeward journey. His mother was about to commend what to her seemed but prudency, when the squire-broke into a storm of invective at Hugh's "cowardice." When had he feared any mortal man—least of all, a mid-night robber? The moorhand offered no shelter for a band of high waymen, and he look shame that one of his race dreaded encounter.

The moorland offered no sheiter for a band of high waymen, and he took shame that one of his race dreaded encounter with any single foe. Old, as he was, he would ride over Coran Moor alone at and night, and no hand should harm him or touch his purse. He blushed—yes, that was the stinging word—or the last of the Corans of Coran.

In vain did Hugh answer gently that he did not think his courage would fail if put usefully to the proof, that he owned he had but little of the reckless daring of the ancient Corans; but still he thought

put usefully to the proof, that he owned he had but little of the reckless during of the ancient Corans; but still he thought—he modestly said he thought. for the youth was no braggart—that he would risk his own life to save another's. But the squire's last words were too much.—His bine eyes flashed, he threw down his kulle, left his dinner unfinished, and his mother and sister in tears.

He did not show himself all that evening. Late at night a messenger come from Writtel, bearing tidings of the saiden and dangerous illness of an old friend of the squire's. The man who brought the letter wenton with another to a more distant neighbor.

"I shall go at once," said the squire to Emma and her mother. "I must see him again in life."

"Then Rogers will attend you?" suggested the widow, timildy.

No. Latymer Coran was no court popinjav, who could not take care of timeelf; he was not afraid of the dark—enwards were unknown in his young days.

days.

Squire Coran went to his room to prepare for his journey. Beasting neverstrengthens one's own courage, and he took great care that his pistol was in good order. At another time, notwithstanding the reality of the danger, he would not have taken the pistol; but now he loaded it with deadly precision, and laid it carefully in his great coat pocket. Emma ran to call her brother to kay good-bye, but she found his door locked, and could get no answer.

"Let him alone," said her grandfather—"Let him alone; example is better than precept," and so he rode away.

There was only a cloudy moon, but the stout-hearted traveler knew his road, and was a little likely to miss his way on the

stout-hearted traveler knew his road, and was a little likely to miss his way on the moor as is a street Arab in London. His thoughts went before him to his dying friend, and his indignation with Hugh slowly faded from his mind, when just as a cloud obscured the moon, he heard the snort of a spurred horse, a shadow fell on his path, a hand suddenly caught his bridle, and a pistol was pointed at his head

head
"Your money or your life!"
The words were spoken quickly in a disguised but agitated voice. There was just light enough to see the highwayman was a slight-built man, of no apparent physical force, yet the squire remembered his vain boast as he felt how complete to be way in the a thilling, passer. There mental nonsense, and he thinks he's in' physical force, yet the squire remembered his vain boast as he feit how completely he was in the stipling's power. There was a moment's silence. The squire's hand was in his great coat pocket. Did the robber think he was getting his purse? Did the squire know he was se robing for his pistol?

The highwayman spoke again in the same strange voice, which seemed full of smothered passion and grief—"I tave theard you would never yield to a single man." The squire's blood bothed at the implied taunt, but yet the pistol was terribly near his head, and he let: that in such case neither strength nor courage can always win victory.

"Nor would I yield to you" he said—he knew not what prompted him—"not to you alone; but to that other lellow looking over your shoulder."

The robber startled shudderingly, and turned. Swift as lightining the squire realized he stood alone in the mooninght with a dead man at his feet.

A second more all was dark and quiet, and the squire realized he stood alone in the mooninght with a dead man at his feet.

A stern man was Latymer Coran of Coran, and he was not to be brongnt to a pause on his journey, because he had canneed and flushed his checks as he route on. No, his right justice decided that the man deserved his death, only it was not meet that such as he should have bettry—than deserved his death, only it was not meet that such as he should have bettry—the work that such as he should have bettry—than deserved his achieved.

"You be talking nonsense, Wilk ——" "You're about as fit to bring up that the squire realized he stood alone in the mooninght with a dead man at his feet.

A stern man was Latymer Coran of Coran, and he was not to be brongnt to a pause on his journey, because he had canneed to slay a thief. Nor was it the awe and horror of bloosished which banced and flushed his checks as he route on the pause of the

A stern man was Latymer Coran of Coran, and he was not to be brongnt to a pause on his journey, because he had chanced to slay a tinet. Nor was it the awe and horror of bloodshed which bianced and flushed this checks, as he rode on. No, his rigid justice decided that the man deserved his death, only it was not meet that such as he should have betrayed an honorable centiement to decent. Do as I Do.—A well known "fast' man recently en ered a bar room in a city in the west, where he seldom fails to meet some twenty freends in the "suring hours." With his usual heartiness he calls up the company, who nothing loth, at once "faced the counter."

"You must all do as I do," said the liberal one.

"Oh, certainly—of course," was the unanimous reply. "What is yours going to be?"

"What is yours goon to be?"

"What is yours goon to be to b

and saw the last of his oid friend, the courty magistrate. He dispatched no one to the dead robber—time enough for that when he returned in the morning. Then he took the oilbers of justice with him, had they, respecting his position and the depression in which he seemed plunged, walked quirty side by side, a little way behind his horse. At last they reached the size where the dead y decident. little way behind his horse. At last they reached the spot where the dead y deed reached the spot where the dead y deed had taken place. To their astonishment, a little group of people were gathered about, and as they dre v near they heard a sound of lamentation, and the squire saw his own livery servants, one of tuen holding the bridte of a liderless horse.—They turned startled, white faces to him, as he rode up, and were silent.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, imperiously. imperiously.
"On, he canna be dead! the bounte
laddie!" Tobbed an old Scotch groom.
"Some one has shot Mr. Hugh," said

two or three at once.
"It must have been a dud, said some one, "for the young master has his own pistol with him."

The squire pushed his horse through the crowd. On the blood stained neather lay his antagonist of the night, before—his own grandson—the back or his head grandson—the back or his head grandson—the said status of

knelt by the corose, disengaging the pisted from the stiff grasp of the dead. He looked at it with wondering bewilde red eyes, and said—"It has never been load—"It has never

ed!"
Then the old squire understood it all—he understood that his bosstful, provoking words had aggravated. Hugh to put his courage to the test, in hope of convincing him there is no trial of bravery between an honest man and robber.—And the squire understoo i also that had that unloaded pistol been what it seemed, he, the honorable Coran of Coran, had only escaped by a lie. ne, the honorable Coran of Coran, had only secaped by a He.

'I did it!" he said, gloomily, and the two deferential officers of justice came and stood on either side of Latymer Co-ran, and his own servants fell back in horror and dismay. Alas! for the twice bereaved women waiting and weeping, and as yet hoping, in the proud old cas-

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and as yet hoping, in the proud old eastle towers!

Latymer Coran was spared the ignominy of a trial—he did not even live to hear that the cornter's jury returned a verdict of "misadventure." The stout old heart was broken. Hugh's funeral was delayed but a single day, that his grandfather and he, "the last of the Corans," might be buried together. Their names, the murderer and the murdered, were written on one tablet. Not a word was told of their ancient and honorable lingage, nor of the tragedy in which both ond of their ancient and honorable lin-"age, nor of the tragedy in which both lives closed—only their names and their ages, the old man and the boy, and the text—"Fathers, provoke not your chil-dren to anger."

#### WILKINS ON THE PIANO

" Mrs. Wilkins, of all the aggravating "Mrs. Wilkins, of all the aggravating women I ever came across, you are the worst. I believe you'd also a riot in the cemetery if you were dead, you would. Don't you ever go pr. wling around any Quaker meeting, or you'll break it up. You? Why, you'll put any other man's back up until he broke his spine. O, you're too annoying to live; I don't want to bother with you. Give me more covers, and go to sleep."

"But, Wilkins, dear, jnst listen a minute. We must have that plano, and

"O, don't 'dear' me. I won't have it. "O, don't 'dear' me, I won't have it. You're the only dear thing around here; you're dear at any price. I tell you oncotor all that I don't get any new plano, and Mary Jane don't take singing lessons as iong as I'm her lather. Firere, if you don't understand that, I'll say li over again. And now stop your catter, and go to sleep. I'm tired of hearing you caclde." you cackle."
"But Wilk ----"

"But Wilk ——"
"Now don't aggravate me. I say
Mary Jane shan't learn to sing, and plant
another instrument of torture in this
house, while I'm boss of the family.
Her voice is just like yeurs; it's got a
twang to it like blowing on the edge of
a piere of paper."
"Ain't you ashamed, Wilk ——"
"It's disgrace enough to have you sitting down and pretending to sing, and
trying to deafen people, without having

Ing down and pretending to sing, amortying o deafen people, without inving the calidren to do it. The first time I heard you sing, I started round to the station-house and gotsk policemen, because I thought there was a marder in your house, and they were cutting you up by loches, I wished somebody would. I wouldn't go for any policemen—not much."

Health."
"What an awful story, Mr. Wilk—"
"Then I told him it was you, and you thought you could sing, and he advised me as a friend to get a divorce, because he had said no man could live happy with any woman who had a voice like a cross-on-waw. He said I might as well have a machine shop with a lot of files at work in my rouse as that, and he'd rather at any time."

obliged to complain to the Board of Health."

"What an awful story, Mr. Wilk—"
"Then I told him it was you, and you thought you could sing, and he advised he had said no man could live happy with any woman who had a voice like a cross-cut saw. He said I might as well have a machine shop with a lot of files at work in my rouse as that, and he'd rather at any time."

"Pugh! I don't care what Smith says."
"And you are talking about a new plane! Why, haven't we got musical istruments enough in the house? There's Honofernes Montgomery been towing away in the garret for ten days with that old key bugle, until he's got so black in the lace that he won't get his color back for a month, and then only gets a spurt out of her every now and then. He's lown enough wind In her to get up a hurricane, and I expect nothing else but he'il get the old machine so chook full that she'll blow back at him some day, and bust his brains out, and all selection for the store of the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selections for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and bust his brains out, and the selections for the says and bust his brains out, and all selection for the says and s some day, and bust his brains out, and all along of your tom colery. You're a pretty mother, you are. You'd better go and join some asylum for feeble-minded idious, you had"

"Witkins, I declare you are too bad, for—"

for Yes, and there's Bucephalus Alexander, he's got his head full of your sentimental nousense, and he thinks he's intove with a girl around the corner, and he incanders about and tries to sig , and

"I never did such a thing, and you—"
"Yes, then you think Mary Jane can
play don't you? You think she can sit
down and tackle that piano, and jerk
out more musle than a whole orchestra, don't you? But she can't. You might just as well set a crow-bar to opening an oyster, as to set her to playing on that

"You ta'k like a fool, Wilkius," "Piny! she play? Ps-aw! Why, she's drummed away at that polka for six months, and she can't get her grip on tyet. You might as well try to sing a long metre hyant to a hornpipe, as to undertake to dance to that polka. It would here your bers out, the secrets of the poly. jerk your legs out at the sockets, certain or else it would give you St. Vitus' dance and cripple you for life."

"Mr. Wilkins, I'm going to tell you secret."
"On, I don't wan't to hear any of you

"On, I don't wan't t hear any of your secrets; Keep them to your-elf."
"It's about Mary Jane's singing."
"What?"
"Mary Jane, you know; her singing."
"I don't know, and I don't want to; she shan't take lessors, so dry up."
"But she shall take them."

"But she sin it take them."
"I say she shan't."
"She shail, and you can't help it."
"She shail, and you can't help it."
"Sy George, what do you mean? I'm master in this house, I'd like you to know."
"Yes, but she's been taking lessons for a whole quarter, while you were down town, and I paid the oill out of the market money."
"Weil, hope I may be shot! You don't mean to may that? Well, if you

## Rates for Advertising.

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 Cades, Handbells, Checulars, and every other learning of Joh and Card Printing executions, nearest style and at low prices.

ain't a perfectly abandmed wieten mang me. I'm going to sleep alone after tins." And Wilkins kloked out on to the floor,

id went into the other room But he made it up with his wife, for I he ard him quarreting with her next day, secause and left a work basket full of meedles on the chair, covered with a piece of work, and he sat down on it.

#### The " Beggars' King" of London.

Everybody in Lindon knows Billy Bottom. Four times up and four times own does homake and mas he made for six and twenty years, his daily orcult of Regent street, starting from the Piccadily Circus and turning to retrace his steps at the southeast corner of exford street; and hough constantly under the feet of the rust crowd that forever flows through the though constantly under the feet of the vast crowd that I rever hows through the thorout thare, or threading his way among the thousands of carriages that, from 2 P. M. to 6 every day of the season, make it the gayest concourse in Europe, he has never out once been injured, and then not senously. Buty is a strong built man, with brawny cuest and muscular arms, his head phrenologically good, and his face fre-h as an Euginshihan's should de in that equable chinate at the age of forty-six; but he stands, or sits rather, for he was born without legs, only twenty-seven and a haif inches high. Strapped of a square board just large enough for a seat (and which becomes part of himself) by means of two clamps one in each main, he secures the means of sale if not apply, locomption. He is as much a part of fregent street, is Billy, as is the flon of Northumberland House, or the monument of Fish Street Hill.

nent of Fish Street Hill. Billy is rich. Of that there is no doubt.

Anothumberland House, or the monuanent of Fish Street Hill.

Billy is ruch. Of that there is no doubt.
And then he is the beggars king. Once
every year, on the lourin day of Christmas, or the 25th of December—for then,
in ever, what with Christinas boxes, what
with annual savings, the street-sweeps,
trainps, vagrant—, cadgers and prigs are
all well-to-do at the great gathering at
the "Crossed Stockings," St. Gites,"
there a neeting is held of the mentcant
fraternity within the metropolis for the
adoption of rules to govern begging for
the succeeding year, which, facet is followed by a dinner—ar. William Bottom
presides, makes the introductory speech
after the eath is removed, keeps strictest
order and names the persons who are to
respond to the various toxists.

Bitty has held this position since 1856,
when Sam Stoam, his predecessor, the
Charing Cross crossing sweeper, was
sided by a runway fire engine team,
neaving to his heirs, as his will at Doctors, Commons shows, between 27,000
25,000. Sam had been beggars' king
out thirty-one years. Bitty succeeded
aim, not so much for reputed wealth as
for an address in the profession, which
achieves wonderful success, and which
utinshes a store of anecdote for the
suad weekly gatherings of the beggars
club. He has just met gentleman and
tady among the thousands hurrying
past. They are Americans. He has
just caught the lady's eye. She stops to
sk him a question. His point is gained,
the has read her symmatmes at once.—
And whether they are moved by phylancharity, he interprets them instantly,
and becomes to his almoner the exponent of just what her gentle mature
needs. He never plays the roll of Canning's

"Neody Knifo Grindor—"

Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir, but has at cand a character and tale so susted to the occasion that the unwary never detect the imposture. Beades, he is the most corteous or petition

ONLY.-Only one drop of water at a nighty ocean through the dyke, and was slowly wearing a little channel. Only

mighty ocean through the dyke, and was slowly wearing a little channel. Only one drop.

Outy a stray sunbeam! Yet perchance it had pierced some wretched abode, gladdening some stricken heart, or its golden light found its way through the leafy branches of some wild wood, kissed the moss covered bank, where the tiny violets grew, and caused shades of beauty to adorn its lovely form.

Only a sentle breeze! But how many sching brows high the thought how many hearts cheered by its gentle touch?

Only one stray builet that pierced the noble solder boy as he too the lonely midnight round, faith uily guarding the preclous lives intrusted to his keeping, and the life blood slowly ebded out, and the life blood slowly ebded out, and the life blood slowly ebded out, and the face of the dead.

Only a sentine! And yet one soul more had poscel from its earthly tenement to meet its reward at the hands of a merciful God.

a merciful God.

Only a drop of lnk! And yet it carried the news of death to anxious ones at home, and caused the tear of anguist

at home, and caused the tear of anguish to trickle down the furrowed cheek of a wido ced mother.

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary acree in that end's heart, and the quivering lips and tearful eves told how keenty he felt it.

Only a smile! But ah! how it cheered the broken heart, engendered a ray of hope and east a halo of light around the unhappy patient; made the bed-ridden one forgets its agony for a moment as it one forgets its agony for a moment as it dwelt in sanshme of joy and lived in the warmth of its sunstine

167 A lady in New Hampshire recen y determined to exchange for currency tanger doing which she had calculate the process the money tanger astounded her by the information that it was counterfeit.

ESTA rich young lady recently got mar-ried and settled all her property to her husband. On being expostulated for so doing, she repiled: "But I have always

Sentimentalists sing "Give me a cot in the variey I love;" but persons of a practical turn, would prefer a walnut French bedstead.

163- A flag made entirely of silk grown and manufactured in California is to be raised over the Capitol of that State.

The Hudson river steamer Mary owell, said to be the fastest steamer in the United States, was lately sold for

187 Edwin Bloth has sold his twoive thousand acres in thies county, Virgin-ia, to a company of Ponnessonas for \$100,000.

The Rev. Hart L Stewart, whose livorce suit with his wife created intwo ago, died last week.

West Virginia, Eilled twenty-six deer