The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 25. 1869. VOL. 55.---NO. 41.

The American Volunteer

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

OFFICE--SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

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

Professional Cards.

C. P. HUMRICH. W. M. B. PARKER.

HUMRICH & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.
Dec. 24, 1868—1y

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 Wetzel's Hotel.
Dec. 1, 1865.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR 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.

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

M. C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the rear of the Court House, next door to the "Herald" Office, Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1, 1865.

WM. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his office to the hitherto unoccupied room in the North East corner of the Court House.
Jan. 29, '69—1y

W. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer," South side of the Public Square.
Dec. 1 1866

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.

Hats and Caps.

FRESH ARRIVAL
OF ALL THE
NEW WINTER STYLES
OF
HATS AND CAPS.

The subscriber has just opened at *No. 15 North Hanover Street*, a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.

Silk Hats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made.

The Dunkard and Gal Fashioned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.

A full assortment of
MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S HATS,
I have also added to my Stock, notions or differents kinds, consisting of
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS,
Neck Ties, Suspenders, Collars, Gloves, Pencils, Sewing Silk, Thread, Umbrellas, &c
PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND.

Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel confident of pleasing all, besides saving you money.

JOHN A. KELLER, *Agent*, No. 15 North Hanover Street.
Dec. 6, 1868—1y

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 pleasure in inviting his old friends and customers, and all new ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting 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 Hats and all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as 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 to persons who have
COUNTRY FURS
to sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the same.
Give him a call, at the above number, his old stand, as he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.
Dec. 20, 1868

WANAMAKER AND BROWN
Clothing
6th & Market Sts.
OAK HALL
PHILADELPHIA.
Samples sent by mail when written for.
Jan. 7, 1869—1y

PACIFIC HOTEL,
170, 172, 174 & 176 GRENWICH STREET,
NEW YORK.
The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends and patrons that from this date, the charge of the Pacific will be $2 50 per day.
Being sole Proprietor of this house, and therefore free from the too common exaction of an inordinate rent, 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 undiminished the favorable reputation of the Pacific, which it has enjoyed for many years, as one of the best of travelers' hotels.
The table will be bountifully supplied with every delicacy of the season.
The attendance will be found efficient and obliging.
The location will be found convenient for those whose business calls them in the lower part of the city, being one door north of Cortland street and one block west of Broadway, and of ready access to all Railroads and Steamboat Lines.
NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1868.
Nov. 20, 1868—3m JOHN PATTEN.

Medical.

THE WORLD'S INTERNAL REMEDY!!

JOHNSON'S RHEUMATIC COMPOUND AND BLOOD PURIFIER.

QUICK IN ITS ACTION.
PERMANENT IN ITS CURE.
READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY:

Messrs R. E. Sellers & Co.—Having suffered with Rheumatism for a long time I was induced by Col. Danks to try Johnson's Rheumatic Compound. I purchased one bottle and was perfectly cured after using it three days.
LAWRENCE WINCHELL.

Etna, Allegheny Co. Pa., Dec. 19, 1866.
Messrs. R. E. Sellers & Co.—Gents:—After suffering for seven years from Rheumatism I was cured by one bottle of Johnson's Rheumatic Compound, when Physicians could give me no relief.
JOSEPH ROBINS.

Sharpstown, N. J. Dec. 15, 1866.
Messrs R. E. Sellers & Co.—Dear Sirs:—I was a cripple from Rheumatism for sixteen years, often confined to the house, and even unable to walk. Johnson's Rheumatic Compound cured me from my disease, and now I can walk without my staff as well as ever.
JAMES McDOWELL.

Trenum, October 25, 1865.
Messrs R. E. Sellers & Co.—Gents:—Johnson's Rheumatic Compound cured me of Rheumatism when Physicians and every other preparation in the Pharmacopia failed.
Dr. J. T. WRIGHT.

Leavenworth, Kansas, Dec. 25, 1865.
Messrs. R. E. Sellers & Co.—Dear Sirs:—I hereby certify that a number of persons, my father among the number, who were afflicted with Rheumatism for many years, have to my Knowledge, been permanently cured by the use of Johnson's Rheumatic Compound.
H. B. LINN.

Sharon, Penna. Nov. 20, 1867.
R. E. SELLERS & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
FOR SALE BY
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
AND
HAVERSTICK BROS.,
CARLISLE, PA.
March 4, 1869—1f

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY KNOWN TO MAN.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER.

For the cure of all diseases arising from an Impure State of the Blood, such as
SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS,
SORE EYES, BOILS, TITTER, &c.
It is purely
A VEGETABLE PREPARATION—
not a single grain of Mineral Poison enters into its con position—so that while it invariably affords relief and effects most wonderful cures, no overdose could injure the most tender infant.
J. M. LINDSEY—Dear Sir:—We are very near out of your medicine, please send us two dozen. We would just say that your medicine has cured a case of Scrofula that has been coming on for five years; the flesh was eaten off the lady's arms—you could see the sinews working.—She is at the eighth bottle now, and the flesh is growing on very fast. Your Blood Searcher is going all over the country. The people are very much pleased with the above case. Please send as statement of our account, and oblige us.
Yours Truly,
JOHN RALSTON & SON, ELDERTON, IND. STATION.
☞ Beware of counterfeits. The genuine has the name of
R. E. SELLERS & CO.,
at the bottom of the outside wrapper.
Sole Proprietors,
R. E. SELLERS & CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
For sale by
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
and
HAVERSTICK BROTHERS,
CARLISLE, PA.
March 4, 1869—1f

CARRIAGES,
Buggies,
Sleighs,
Spring Wagons
In order to accommodate their rapidly increasing trade,
A. B. & N. SHERK
have just removed into their
NEW CARRIAGE FACTORY,
Corner South and Pitt Sts.,
CARLISLE, PA.,
where they have increased facilities for manufacturing everything in their line. All the latest styles of
Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs and Spring Wagons
constantly on hand, or made to order on short notice and reasonable terms.
Messrs. Sherk feel confident that they can turn out work equal in finish and durability to any establishment outside of the cities.
Those wishing anything in their line should give their orders at once.
REPAIRING AND PAINTING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Dec. 17, 1868—1y.

STATEMENT OF THE
HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
JANUARY 1, 1869.

CAPITAL STOCK,	$1,000,000,00
SURPLUS,	622,974,39

ASSETS,

	Market Value.
Real Estate owned by the Company,	$135,025,00
Loans on Mortgages,	46,140,00
United States Bonds, 5-20,	139,239,37
Missouri State Bonds,	22,562,50
Virginia State Bonds,	26,035,68
Tennessee State Bonds,	10,005,00
Alabama State Bonds,	9,000,00
Wisconsin State Bonds,	12,300,00
New Haven City Bonds,	51,000,00
National Bank Stocks,	212,32,200
State Bank Stocks,	7,745,00
Loans on Collateral and on Call,	22,110,24
Cash on hand and in Banks,	100,996,53
Interests and Rents accrued and Balances due the Company,	93,423,49
Bills Receivable,	58,955,20
Cash in hands of Agents,	278,831,51
Salvages on Losses paid, sundry investments, and other property owned by the Company,	93,347,07
	$1,622,974,39

LIABILITIES.

Losses in process of adjustment,	$68,692,32

SAM'L. K. HUMERICH, *Agent.* No. 20, W. Main Street.
March 4, 1869—4t

Miscellaneous.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER TRADE MARK
[Entered according to Act Congress, in the year 1868, in Clerk's Office of Dist. Court for Dist. of Massachusetts.]

WE ARE COMING
AND WILL PRESENT TO ANY PERSON
Sending us a One Hundred Club in our Great
ONE DOLLAR SALE OF DRY AND FANCY
GOODS,
A Watch, 60 yards of Sheeting, Sewing Machine, &c., &c.,
Free of Cost.
Smaller Clubs in same ratio, viz.: 60 Club, 40 yards Sheeting, &c., &c., 30 Club, 20 yards Sheeting, &c., &c.,
Messrs. J. S. Hawes & Co. take pleasure in announcing, being the oldest and largest house in the Dollar Trade, that they have been enabled by their long experience and extensive resources to make, this present season, much important importations and contracts with manufacturers, which with these additions, to their Winter Stocks, has so filled them to greatly enlarge their rates and *Exchange List.*
Send for New Circular.
Catalogue of Goods and Samples sent to any address free. Send money by registered letter. Address all orders to J. S. HAWES & CO., 15 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.
P. O. Box C.
March 11, 1869—6t

$5000 *a year* can be made by live men, selling my *new and valuable inventions.* Address J. ABEARN, 62, Second St., Baltimore, Md.
March 11, 1869—4t

WANTED! WANTED.—Agents of either sex, in every town and village, for the largest ONE DOLLAR SALE in the country. The smallest articles sold can be exchanged for a silver plated five-bottled Revolving Castor, or your choice of 200 articles upon exchange list. Commissions to Agents larger than ever. Send for Circular. S. C. THOMPSON, & CO., 136 Federal street, Boston Mass.
March 11, 1869—4t

IF YOU WISH, TRY THE COMBination of Allen, Atwood & Bates.
GREAT MAMMOTH SALE!
LICENSED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT
Having had larger experience, we are confident of success in OUR ONE DOLLAR SALE.
☞ NOTICE. ☜
We will present to any person sending us a club in our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE Silk Dress Pattern, Piece of Sheeting, Sewing Machine, a Carpet, a Watch, &c., &c.
ALL FREE OF COST.
Greatest inducements *ever offered.*
Circular and Sample sent free to any address.
ALLEN, ATWOOD & BATES,
Nos. 57 Milk, 7 & 9 Devonshire Sts.
March 11, 1869—4t Boston, Mass.

I want to rouse each sleepy head,
Who stand upon the brink,
Where yawning gulfs disclose the dead,
Who might, but did not, think.

I want to warn the living ones
Who blindly grope along,
Ye fathers, daughters, mothers, sons,
What perils round you throng!

Look out my reader, are you free,
Or do you wear the mask?
Most all are blind and cannot see,
Yea, groping in the dark.

Catarrh, a demon in the head,
Consumption is its son;
Kills hosts, yea, countless millions, dead,
Perhaps you may be one.

That hacking, hawking, spitting, shows,
Catarrh affects your head.
Matter and blood in throat or nose,
Runs down your throat instead.

Your lungs and liver soon will show,
Consumption has its birth;
Catarrh, its sire, will feed it too,
Till you return to earth.

It colds affects your head or throat,
ANNIHILATOR buy;
Now don't forget what I have wrote,
Or think this subject dry.

WOLCOTT'S ANNIHILATOR cures *Catarrh*—the demon flies;
It saves the *lungs*, good health insures,
And Catarrh quickly dies.

I want to gratify my friends,
Who wish to understand
About PAIN PAINT, its use, its ends,
And why its great demand.

I want to show you, plain as day,
Why PAIN PAINT stops all pain,
That you may never have to say
"I'll not try paint again."

PAIN PAINT will cool but never stain;
Pumps inflammation out;
'Tis harmless on the breast or brain,
A trial stops all doubt.

When inflammation leaves the frame,
All pain will cease at once;
Remove the cause, 'tis all the same;
None doubts unless a dunce.

The pores will open and drink PAIN PAINT;
Absorbents fill with ease;
Restores the weak, the sick, the faint,
The greatest sceptic please.

Evaporation cools the place
As inflammation flies;
Hot blood at the absorbent's base
Makes PAINT in vapor rise.

'Tis thus PAIN PAINT removes all doubt,
Removes the very cause
By pumping inflammation out;
On this we rest our cause.

Wolcott's Pain Paint is sold at all Drug Stores also; Wolcott's Annihilator, for the cure of Catarrh and colds in the head, sent by express on receipt of the money, at 181 Chatham Square, N. Y. R. L. Wolcott, Proprietor.
March 11, 1869—4t

Poetical.

ASPIRATIONS.

Our aims are all too high; we try
To gain the summit at a bound,
When we should reach it step by step,
And climb the ladder round by round.
He who would climb the height sublime,
Or breathe the pure air of life,
Must not expect to raise in ease,
But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek
To grasp alone for grand and great,
Disdaining every smaller good,
For trifle makes the aggregate.
And if a cloud should hover o'er
Our weary pathway like a pall,
Remember God permits it there,
And his good purpose reigns o'er all.

Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by fortune's frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet;
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,
Will lose the jewels at his feet.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD CARTMAN.

AN EFFECTING STORY.

I have a mind to tell a little story; a brief, yet a true one.

About five years ago John Ainsley, or "Pap Ainsley," as he was familiarly called, was the owner of a hand-cart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous packages from one part of the city to another, and receiving therefore the sum of fifty cents per load. I designate the occupation in the prosiest language possible, for he was a hand-cart man and, when not employed, he could always be found on the corner of Montgomery and California streets. His hair and long beard were quite gray, and his limbs feeble; and as he could not shove as heavy a load through the deep sand or up the steep grade above him as the stalwart Teuton on the opposite corner, then by losing many a job and many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kindhearted men not unfrequently traveled a square or two out of their way to give an easy job to old "Pap Ainsley."

Four years ago last September I recollect the month, for I had a note of four thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled to do some pretty sharp financiering to meet it, having two or three dozen volumes to transfer to my lodgings, I gave Pap Ainsley the task of transportation. Arriving at my room just as he had deposited the last article in the table, and observing that the old man looked fatigued after climbing three flights of stairs two or three times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy—a bottle of which I usually kept in my room for medical and sporific purposes. Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I was astonished.

"Do you never drink?" said I.

"Very seldom," he replied, dropping into a chair at my request and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Well if you drink at all," I insisted "you will not find as fair an excuse in the next twelvemonth for indulging, for you appear fatigued and scarcely able to stand."

"To be frank," said the old man, "I do not drink now. I have not tasted intoxicating liquors for fifteen years since——"

"Since when?" I inquired thoughtlessly, observing his hesitation.

The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to do farmer near Syracuse, New York. He had one child, a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that city, then a girl sixteen years of age, she formed an attachment for a young physician. Acquainting her father with the circumstances, he flatly refused his consent to a union with a man he had never seen, and removing her from school sent a note to the young gallant with the somewhat pointed information that his presence in the neighborhood of Ainsley farm would not meet with favor.

The reader of course surmises the result, for such a proceeding could have but one result in less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double barreled shot-gun, and swore vengeance, but failing to find the fugitives, he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way to despair, and he accused her of encouraging the elopement.

In three months the wife died, and at the expiration of a year, when the young people returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man had squandered his money, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsley drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounded him in the arm by a pistol shot, and attempted to take the life of his daughter, who happily escaped uninjured through the interposition of persons brought to the spot by the report of the pistol.

Ainsley was arrested, tried and acquitted on the plea of insanity. The daughter and her husband returned to Connecticut, since which time the father had not heard from them. He was sent to a lunatic asylum, from which he was discharged after remaining six months. In 1851 he came to California. He had followed mining for two years, but his strength was unequal to the pursuit, and he returned to the city, purchased a hand cart, and—the rest is known.

"Since then," concluded the old man, bowing his face in his hands in agony, "I have not tasted liquor nor have I seen my child."

I regretted that I had been so inquisitive, and expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that I seldom passed the corner without looking for "Pap Ainsley," and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had told me.

One chilly, drizzly day in December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old man the job of carrying it to his residence in Stockton. Not wishing to accompany the carrier, he had selected the face giving the best assurance of careful delivery of his purchase.

Furnished with the number of the house the old cartman after a trying struggle with the steep ascent of California street, reached his destination and deposited the table in the hall. Lingering a moment the lady did not surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband (for such he took him to be) had omitted, probably accidentally to pay for the carriage.

"Very well, I will pay you," said the lady, stepping into an adjoining room.

She returned, and stating that she had no small coin in the house, handed the man a twenty dollar gold piece.

He could not make the change.

"Never mind, I will call to-morrow," he said, turning to go.

"No, no," replied the lady glancing pityingly at the white locks and trembling limbs, "I will not put you to so much trouble," and she handed the coin to Bridget, with instructions to see if she could get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighborhood.

"Step into the parlor until the girl returns; the air is chilly and you must be cold," continued the lady. "Come," she added, as he looked at his attire and hesitated; there's a fire in the grate, and no one there but the children."

"It is somewhat chilly," said the old man following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire.

"Perhaps I may find some silver in the house," said the lady leaving the room, "for I fear that Bridget will not get the twenty dollar piece changed."

"Come, I love little children," and the child who had been watching him with curiosity, ran behind the large arm chair, and hesitatingly approached.

"What is your name my little child?"

"Maria," lisped the little one.

"Maria?" he repeated, while the great tears gathered in his eyes; "I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much as she did."

"Did you?" said the child, with much interest; and was her name Maria Eastman, too?

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the old man starting from his chair, and then dropping into it again, with his head bowed upon his breast. "This cannot be, and yet why not?"

He caught up the child in his arms with an eagerness that frightened her, and gazing into her face until he found conviction there, suddenly rose to leave the house.

"I cannot meet her without betraying myself, and I dare not tell that I am that drunken father who attempted to take her life, and perhaps left her husband a cripple," he groaned, as he hurried towards the door.

The little ones were bewildered.

"You are not going?" said the mother re appearing, and discovering the act of leaving the hall.

He stopped, and apparently turned his face, but seemed to lack the resolution to do aught else.

"He said he had a little Maria once that just looked like me, mother," shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.

The knees of the old cartman trembled, and he learned against the door for support. The lady sprang toward him, took him by the arm, and attempted to conduct him to a chair.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, not till you tell me I am forgiven."

"Forgiven—for what?" replied the mother, greatly alarmed.

"Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you."

"My poor father," she cried throwing her arms around his neck, "all is forgiven—all! forgotten."

All was forgiven, and the husband, when he returned late in the afternoon, was scarcely less rejoiced than his good wife at the discovery. Whether or not Bridget succeeded in changing the double eagle I never learned; but this I do know it took that honest female all of two months to unravel the knot into which the domestic relations of the family had tied itself during her absence.

"Pap Ainsley," still keeps his cart; for money could not induce him to part with it. I peeped into Dr. Eastman's house a short time since, and scarcely had the old man dragging the favorite vehicle around the enclosure, with his four grandchildren piled promiscuously into it.

The Truthful Witness.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

'Now Emily,' said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, 'I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?'

'I don't know what you mean,' was the simple answer.

'There, your Honor,' said the counsel, addressing the court, 'is there anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath.'

'Let us see,' said the Judge. 'Come here, my daughter'

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked up confidingly in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went right to the heart.

'Did you ever take an oath?' inquired the Judge.

The girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush over her face and neck as she answered.

'No sir.'

She thought he meant to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

'I do not mean that,' said the Judge, who saw his mistake; 'I mean, were you ever a witness before?'

'No sir; I never was in court before,' was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open.

'Do you know that book, my daughter?'

She looked at it and answered, Yes sir; it is the Bible.'

'Do you ever read it?' he asked.

'Yes, sir; every evening.'

'Can you tell me what the Bible is?'—inquired the Judge.

'It is the word of the great God,' she answered.

'Well, place your hand upon this Bible and listen to what I say,' and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

'Now,' said the Judge, 'you have sworn as a witness. Will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?'

'I shall be shut up in the State prison,' answered the child.

'Anything else?' asked the Judge.

'I shall never go to Heaven,' she replied.

'How do you know this?' said the Judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction—'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor'—said, 'I learned that before I could read.'

'Has anyone talked with you about your being a witness here in court against this man?' inquired the Judge.

'Yes, sir, she replied. 'My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to kneel by her the ten commandments; and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word I said.'

'Do you believe this?' asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lip quivered with emotion.

'Yes, sir,' said the child, with a voice that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

'God bless you, my child,' said the Judge, 'you have a good mother. This witness is competent' he continued, 'Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined.'

She told her story with the simplicity of a child as she then was, a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questionings, but she varied from her first statements in nothing. The truth, so spoken by that little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself with lies till he deemed himself impregnable. But her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villany to pieces like a potter's vessel 'The strength' that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like revelation from God himself.

☞ "A three year old" saw a drunken man "tacking" through the street.—"Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" She replied in the affirmative.—The little fellow reflected for a moment and then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have done it."

MADGE FLYNN'S TRAGEDY.

It was the face for a tragedy—dark, passionate, melancholy. The mouth was sweet; the eyes, so dark and luminous, the chestnut brown hair, so utterly beautiful. Yet she looked so innocent for her fate, standing there in the red light of the damask curtains all unconscious of Lloyd Kingman's eyes, that one could not hope she would pass unscathed the ordeal of that bad man's thoughts.

When she felt his hand touch her shoulder she started.

'Mr. Kingman!'

'Madge.'

Her soft eyes dilated—she attempted to retreat, but he prevented the movement.

'Don't be afraid of me, child. I have something to say to you.'

Her face was not encouraging, but he overlooked, as was characteristic, her wish.

'I love you. I want you to be my wife. Don't shrink from me in that way. You have nothing to be afraid of. I want to take care of you and make you happy.'

She stood silent, trembling.

'You do not know where I live. It is a beautiful place, full of trees and fountains, and arbors covered with blossomed vines. The house is full of warm, rich rooms, where you could wander all day, and constantly find something new and beautiful. There is a little boudoir, robed in crimson, that has always been waiting for my wife. It has pictures and couches, and soft swinging lights in alabaster, for dark winter nights like this. There is a splendid library, holding thousands of volumes, Madge. You love to read, I know. There you will find all the fairy tales and poetry that you want, little one. Will you come?'

She shook her head, tremblingly.

'You need not promise now. Listen, I have something more to tell you.—Madge, I have wealth and power, but no one to love me. You can make me happy. Is that any consideration to your kind heart?'

She lifted her eyes to his face. They fell again.

'But I do not love you,' she said simply.

'Let me teach you,' he said.

She tried to think; drew a quick breath.

'Don't be troubled,' he said. 'I will give you all the time you want. Only wear this to remember me by, for I am going away to-morrow, to be absent a week.'

As he spoke he slipped a golden circlet on her little hand—a ring of diamonds, glittering like flame.

At this same moment some one entered the room—the public boarding-house parlor—and Madge escaped, bewildered, oblivious of everything but her furiously beating heart and the weight of jewels upon her hand.

She locked herself in her room, throwing herself upon the bed, and burrying herself in the pillows; but that did not prevent her hearing the wheels of Mr. Kingman's coupe grind away from the door. He came there often, but she never knew that she had been the attraction. She saw it all now, it made her dizzy.

She lay there a long time; getting restless at length, and tossing feverishly as it grew dark.

At last she rose, lighted a little lamp, and knelt down before her trunk. The light fell into it as she drew out a little box and opened it. She turned some letters over hastily, and drew out a photograph.

It was a man's head—a frank young face, every line pure and high toned.

The girl looked at it with swimming eyes.

'Martin how could you forget?' she murmured.

Then she laid the box away, and walked the floor until utterly exhausted.

A week of daily toil and care—the old round—brought the *girl's resolution.*—She looked at the sparkling ring, and saw ease, comfort, protection; on the other side was only loneliness and toil.—The alternative that should have been was not. The soldier lover had proved false; the man she did love with all her heart had forgotten her; the romance was ended, and here was a blank, but for this new episode.

She looked at herself in the mirror as she daily brushed out the waves of her beautiful hair, and saw how the rose had faded upon her cheek in the last year, and how the shadows seemed to have gathered around her eyes.

'Martin will come back some day in shoulder straps and spurs, with a Southern wife upon his arm, and I shall be such a pale shadow, that he will even wonder that he ever called me pretty,' she thought, and pride strengthened Kingman's cause.

When he came, the girl's promise was gained without difficulty.

She seemed to lose herself after that.—The novelty of her position gave her a new existence. It was so strange to have anything worth caring for but the old, wearing thought, Martin. Rolls of rich goods appeared in her little room; flowers and billets followed them. Lapped in the velvet cushions of the luxurious coupe, she rolled out of the dingy city into the free breadth of the country where the blue birds had come, and the skies were growing soft with spring.

She was young—not ready, after all, to give up life for you. It was so pleasant to be taken care of, wealth brought so much that was gratifying!

So she drove with Lloyd Kingman to a clergyman's house one evening—was made a wife. Then the horse's head was turned to a splendid hotel, where a luxurious suit of rooms were provided for two rainy days.

He was her husband. She tried to realize it as he shut the rosewood behind them, and quietly took off the wrappings which had protected her from the murky night. He drew a cushioned chair before the glowing grate.

'Sit down love, and get warm. I will be back in a moment.'

In a sort of dream she saw him go out. Slowly she glanced upon the exquisite room. Velvet carpets, snowy draperies, glowing faces upon canvass, the wreath of glittering lights, suspended from the carved ceilings, showed she smiled.—The warmth was luxurious; the place seemed smiling upon her.

Nearly an hour passed, and Kingman did not return.

She rose at last, passed softly to the window and looked.

The street was bright with gas. The crowd surged to and fro beneath it.

'Oh God!' she cried suddenly.

She turned, then snatched her cloak from a couch, and fled from the room.

She flitted down the broad stairs, and out at the entrance into the chilly night. She crossed the street under the heads of dashing horses, and knew nothing but the face beyond—Martin's face pale and sad and abstracted, as he slowly walked the pavement. She must look at him—speak to him. In a moment more she had gained the curb, reached him, grasped his arm.

'Martin.'

He started, clasped her hands, and drew her aside.

'Madge, my darling.'

For her face was pale, and wild, and pitiful, upturned to his. He flung the folds of his cloak about her, as they stood in the shadow, and drew her shivering form close to his side. She stretched her little bare hands up to his face, forgetting the jewel upon it.

'Martin, where have you been so long?'

'In Libby, Madge.'

'Then you did not forget me?'

'Forget you? Oh, my child!'

Lips to lips, and she a wife!

She recovered then; turned to see her husband looking wildly about from the opposite pavement.

'Martin, Martin, save me!' she moaned.

Kingman saw the gleam of her pearl hued dress beneath the ar

He sprang forward.

They saw him start to cross the street; they saw, also, the foam-white, unmanageable horses tearing down upon him, but he saw them not. He beheld only the pallid face of his wife. They struck him trampled him. Madge saw the crowd gather about him, then saw no more.

When she returned to consciousness she was a widow.

But in time she married the love of her heart.

GOOD INVESTMENT.

'No home, no home?'

There was something very plaintive in the intonations of the voice, and the words fell sweetly, though sadly, upon my ears.

'No home.'

I was hurrying along Randolph Street in the city of Chicago. Perhaps I should not have stopped, only that the voice reminded me of a little girl of my own, who was at that time fifteen hundred miles away. I felt a slight twitch at the heart as the words came pleadingly on the night air.

'No home, no home!'

These words were all repeated at intervals, and the one speaking them could not have been more than seven years old. She stood in a dark place, few were passing, the night was threatening, no policemen appeared to be within hearing: it was somewhat chilly, and as here as half past ten in the evening.

What should I do?

I had been accustomed to disguise from sight and mind all mendicants: ragged children, poor widows, old men, and the whole disgusting crew, as cheats. I walked a few paces past this little girl.

'No home!'

How the words smote me. What if a little girl of mine should some time be thus desolate and alone, and should cry out in her anguish to passing strangers unheeded. The thought went to my heart like a knife.

I stopped, almost by impulse. I could see no person in sight. I could hear no foot fall on the pavement. It was possible that her cry was genuine, as some good souls by strange circumstances get drifted in with outcasts from society.—Perhaps, also, this little girl was uttering an honest cry among the thousand false voices.

I thought then, it was better to be deceived once in a while, than never to make an effort to assist the unfortunate I thought so and yet I cannot tell why I thought so at that particular time, since I had been accustomed to think directly opposite. I suppose it was the loneliness of my house during the few days preceding, wife and children absent, had something to do with it.

"What is the matter, my little one?" I said, kindly.

She shrunk back as if afraid of the assistance she had invoked. Perhaps I did not speak as kindly as I imagined. I had not experience in addressing children under such circumstances.

'Where do you live dear?' I said.

'Way off.'

'Don't cry, now, my darling, and I will lead you home.'

'I don't want to I hain't got any home, sir. Mamma died, and aunty whips me so I can't stay.'

Well, thought I, this is the old story, and the little one is unworthy, after all. She is provoking and disobedient, and runs away from a kind aunt, who wishes to correct her.

I turned to go. The child sobbed. No, I could not leave her in the dark street alone, to suffer, worthy or unworthy.

Will you tell me your name, little one, I asked.

'Luty, sir.'

'Well, Luty, dear, I am going with you to your aunt's. I guess she won't whip you any more. If she does, I will take you to my home. Come, now don't cry any more. We must walk as fast as we can and you must show me the way.'

I gave her no time to reply, but took her by the hand and led her along the pavement.

'Down this way, sir.'

I followed, where she led the way to among a row of small wooden houses set on posts. The houses were not old nor rickety, but they were small and cheap, with mud in unmeasurable quantities all around and underneath them. I had pretty much made up my mind that I would test the truth of the little girl's story, then leave her or take her home with me, according as the story should prove true or false.

'This is where aunty lives, sir,' she said, stopping before a house which looked respectable among its fellows.

I doubted the truth of her account more than ever, at the same time remembering that cruelty exists in connection with good circumstances sometimes.

'Now you go in, my dear, I said, and I will stay here. If she whips you, come and tell me.'

'I don't want to, but I will. You is real good, sir.'

She stepped into the house while I remained in the street. She was no sooner out of sight, than the plan which I had adopted appeared to me to be anything but judicious. If she should be abused, I could not see it; and more than likely she would not be permitted to come and tell me. I was not long in this state of mind regarding the plan for in two minutes after the door closed on little Luty, it was opened again by a coarse woman, and the child pushed down the steps.

'There, you little lying heathen, don't show your face again till you bring the money.!'

I knew then precisely how the case stood. This coarse aunt was teaching the child to beg, exercising the inhuman treatment to accomplish her object. She required a stipulated sum every night.—I did not suppose that the woman could be cruel enough to leave the child all night in the street; I presumed that she intended to keep her out long enough to impress the child with the importance of bringing some the necessary amount in future.

I walk quietly to the little girl, lying upon her side, at the foot of the half dozen steps leading up to the door. She was hurt badly from the fall, and utterly overcome with grief.

I took her up in my arms, and placed my face to hers. The unexpected kindness unsealed the fountain, and the hot tears flowed fast down upon my face.—Her arms found their way around my neck, and she pressed me closer and closer. I had upon that day toiled since early morning to add to my store, but no sweetness of the day, though marvelously successful, was like the sweetness of Luty's clasp and tears.

I carried her in my arms all the way to my house upon the west side, The next day I procured her suitable clothing.—The loneliness left my house, and no child of my own loves me