## The Amercian Voluntere

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TTO AMERICANS VISITING EU

# The American

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1869.

VOL. 55.--NO. 4'.

Miscellancous. T ICENSED BY THE

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April 5, 1609—16

Tell us not in 'dle jingle
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For theg rl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest! Single blessedness a fib ! 'Man thou art, to man returnest ! Has been spoken of the rib.

But to act that each to-mor

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouse of il.e, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a heroine—a wife!

Lives of married folks remind w We can live our lives as well, And departing, leave behind us, Such examples as shall 'tell."

Let us, then, be up and doing,

MY BROTHER'S WIFE. BY MRS. N. ROBINSON.

hand shading his face. He was in one of his seember moods, and I dared not interrupt his gloomy reverie.

I knew that the marriage of my brother had been a sore trial to him; that he fared an estrangement, that would be worse than death. He had worshiped this man so much, his own superior in physical organization, always so replete with strength, ever so tender toward this physical organization, always so replete with strength, ever so tender toward this sickly, deformed self.

tals and evoked the worst hat have left the hearth stone once consecuted to benignant memories, cold and deserted.

I find arisen to greet my sister Manired. The words I would have uttered died on my lips. Dark, tall, magnificant! Eyes, changing in line, in whose depths played lambent lights; a face, perfect in its beautiful outline, but, turned upon me, glowering; toward George, win mg; Latour, enchanting, enthralling!

through the augmenting storm, fell writhing, and swaying to the rhythm of the monitons, live shining ebon serpents. She gathered them into a knot, and replaced the combset with emeralds. They were the green, mallgnant orbs of the serpents coiled at the back of the haughty head! Her dress of crimson tell from a perfect walst, in soft, full luxuriance, sweeping the floor with a subdued susurration, as she walked to a sent, between George and Latour. From the moment of her appearance, Latour was under the influence of this most fuscination ting woman. The pale cheeks glowed the said eyes kindled Her tropical beauty vitalized him. He was a profound thinker, but retient up to this hour.—Now I thrilled at his eloquence. The violin no longer wailed a retrain to melan holy vagaries, as it had done in the chill atmosphere of the last dead day, with its draped skies; but joured forth exultant, impassioned strains. At the piano Manfred accompanded him. Did she hold his will? The melody lost its identity. It soared, it sank, it plunged into howling discords, it shricked through forious diapasons. Manfred was leader, I recognized the voice of her stormy, ungoverned spirit. Silence was in the room. Latour, gasping and white, clutched his chair for support, Manfred, the her companion.

I though the was about to faint, and

other subjects than a my attention."

There was a quick furtive glance at Latour, who crimsoned and sought to cover his confusion by looking out of the window, while George playfully asserted that his wife's head and heart could contain only I inself. ain only 1 imself.

Manfred linked her arm within his.— Manfred linked her arm within his.— She drew him into the hall where he stopped to fold a shawl over her head, and they went together down the frozen road, Schuyler watching them until their was only an occasional glimpse of the

triend.

The one he loved ardently, steadfastly, as is in such natures to love; for the other, entertained the purest friendstap. He had no æsthetic tastes. For art in music, in painting and poetry, he had no preference. He liked heavy literature, philosophy, selence and history.—He was thorough in reading and labor.—He was king in his own realm of mind; governor of his impulses and feelings.—Thus Manfred, wily, enchanting, leagued, I believe, with evil shades, wrought out through the long winter evenings.—Thus Manfred, wily, enchanting, leagued, I believe, with evil shades, wrought out through the long winter evenings.—Thus Manfred only winter evenings.—Thus Manfred will, shaded to pore over his dull cyclopedias before the crackling hickory fire, while I knitted, or sewed a posite. In the dusky recess sat Manfred and Schuyler. The harmony was wicked and unhallowed. All Latour's soft, sweet cadences had been swept away by the poisonous outflow of the weird uncan y creations of Manfred. One January night, in the midst of a discordant improvisation, Latour suddenly broke away and came to the fire, with an angry flush on his cheek. Man fred played on some moments, then crossed the room, remaining standing upon the hearth.

"You misinterpreted me, Latour," he said, at last.

"I hurdly think that possible," he re-

said, at last.
"I hardly think that possible," he re-

plied, gloomily.
"I can convince you," she continued, with unwonted eagerness. "I meant She placed her hand upon her heart.
and then softly kissed her finger-tips,
and waved them toward him. She had
foncied, perhaps, that dull-eyed, as I was,
and drifted out so far from youth's flowery strand, I would not comprehend her
pantomine. The cloud litted from the
young man's face. She whispered:
"Come," and they glided back to the
instruments.

"Gome." and they gilded back to the instruments.

George, carefully un-arthing theories in an old recondite work on logic—of what kind I cannot now determine—had remained oblivious to the little play so interesting and exciting to me; but the noisy, exuitant strains following disturbed his equipoise.

He scowled, went over, and took Manfred in his arms, and, shaking her, set her down in an arm-chair.

"There, now !!" he exclaimed, like one addressing a naughty child. "I think I'll have quiet."

Matty brought up apples and cider, that time-honored and, when properly prepared, delicious vintage of our orchards.

ded:
"Your suspicions honor my taste more than my judgment. I make no assigna-tions with my triend's wife. '

His assurance angered me.
"I wish I might believe you. You His assurance angeted me.

"I wish I might believe you. You were once honorable—you were once true, upright, and good. You are blind and bewildered now. You said, one dreary November day, I apprehend trouble for us all." Oh! Schuyler, don't blacken my brother's good name—don't wrest his trust and bappiness from him! I have engerness I held his arm, that he might listen.

Shivering with passion, I e broke away, and I, sobbing and groaning, walked the floor till dawn, when George came down for our fausily physician.

I hated the child that was born to my brother. It only lived a month. I honed to bury suspicion with it. I had no pity for the woman sobbing over the little sleeper. I could offer no condolence. I wounded George with my coldness and want of sympathy.

wounded George with my coldness and want of sympathy.

I had, it is true, prayed for peace to rest upon our household; but I saw little to hope for in the days wherein my brother mourned for a dead son, and my sister wrought out misery for the two nearest my old heart.

One sultry lafternoon, George came in from the hay-field with a swere head-ache and went immediately to his room. from the may-fight with a severe from ache and went immediately to his room. Latour had driven across to Deerfield, some fifteen miles distant, with Man-fred, who wished to make some purcha-

I sat alone in the parlor sewing, and I sat alone in the parlor sewing, and some inces watching the b'anched clouds dritting over the distant hill-tops. There was a legion of them, black and threat ening, creeping along the lipe of the western horizon, menacing tempest. The men in the lig meadows saw them, and worked with a will, shouting gayly to one another. A dull, distant boom of thunder smote the sultry stillness, and the birds wheeled and shricked dismally from a hundred leafy cyries; then an on a hundred leafy eyries; then a from a hundred leafy cyries; then an awful silence fell into the world again.—
It was growing dark, with the mingled shadows of night and storm drifting swiftly downward. Through the aucmenting gloom I saw my brother in the doorway. He looked ill and ghastly, and swayed about and staggered as he advanced to my side.

He fell, rather than sat down, and thrust an one letter, which he held in his

and intatuated! Do not seek us

He strove to raise his beloved instrument. His stiffening fingers sought the strings. One broke in a wait. His spirit went then? They put this kindest min istrant to his noblest pleasures upon his breast, and buried him in the village church yard. My brother sleeps there now. The old home is forsaken.

My brother's wife rests in an unknown grave. I have the grace to pray that Heaven forgave her, even as they whom she injured have forgiven her.

PUT YOUR CHILDREN TO BED EARLY. -The following article, which we clif from the Rural New Yorker, should be The following article, which we cili from the Rural New Yorker, should be read by all parents, and its advice heeded. We have no doubt that one-half the aliments of children are induced from want of rest and sleep. A babe should sleep two-thirds of its time, and a growing child, of from two to ten years of age, should sleep from ten to eleven hours out of the twenty-four. Up to the time of full growth, more sleep, by several hours, is required then tuit-grown persons desire to indulge in. This is a law of nature, and cannot be disregarded with impunity. Put your children to hed early, and if possible, let them, when they go to their chambers, be in a happy mond of mind, and our word for it, you will not require the physicalm's visitabilities often as you will if you neglect this necessary precaution. But to the remarks of the Rural New Yorker:

Many children, instead of being plump

this necessary precaution. But to the remarks of the Rural New Yorker:

Many children, instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, vre as withered and wrinkled as last year's applies, because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow during sleep. This I cannot say certainly; but I do know that those little tolks who sat up bite at nights are usually nervous weak, small and sic by. The reason why you need more sleep than your parents is because you have to grow and they do not. They can use up the food they eat, in thinking, talking and working, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to steep a great deal; if you do not, you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with, Very few smart children seldom excel, or even equal other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, in not their bodies, are kept too busy, so they cannot sleep, rest and grow strong in body and brain. Now when your mother says Susie or Georgie, or shatever your name may be, it is time to go to bed, do not worry her by begging to stoup "just a little longer." But hurry off to your chambers, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and grow ing to do to make you a healthy, happy, us full man or woman.

President, to argue the case of the rich man against the poor man, and I believe that before I shall have concluded, you shadows bounting the recess, holding the pinne; and the hiches, sacred to the pertaits of my parents, long since gone from earth. The wind had risen to a gale, and howled down the long avenue, tossing up yellow billows of leaves into the porch; and occasionally there came the sharp, crisp rattle of hall against the windows.

La our lay upon a couch, one thin white hand shading his face. He was in one of as is well known, Mr. President, in Chill.
Peru, and other unknown and unlinhabitable parts of the universe. While, on
the other hand, Mr. President, the poor
man declines his expectation in a coltage, from which he retires to the shade
of an umbrageous stream, there to contemplate the incompiehensibility of the
vast constellation, and other fixed and
immovable statellites that devolve
around the celestial axietree of this torecognities tenament on high. Then Mr. around the celestial axietree of this tra-equacious tenement on high. Then, Mr-President, after calling his wife and the rest of his little children, he teaches them to prespire to scenes of immortality be-yond the grave.

TYING THE KNOT.—A young fellow was taking a sleigh ride with a pretty girl, when he niet a minister who was celebrated for tying the matrimonial knot at short noice. He stopped him,

-as safe as the church itself."

Well, then, I want a knot tied in my horse's nil, to keep it out of the snow!" shorted the wag, as he drove rapidly way.

go It is said of the Marquis of Town-send, that when a young man, and en-gaged in a battle, he saw a dommer at his side killed by a cannon barl, which

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—" Doth this soul within me, this spirit of thought, an I love, and infinite desire, dissolve as well as the body?" questions Leigh Hunt. "Has nature, who quenches our dily thurst, who rests our bodily thurst, who rests our weariness, and perpetually encourages us to endeavor onward, prepared no good for this appetite of inmortality?" And of the miracle of a future sentient state, the poet Yoang furt'er interrogates:
"Stillecome it strange that thou shouldst live forever?
It is eas strange that thou shouldst live at all.
This is a miracle, and that no more!"

Mar A country p dagogue, once hav-ing the misfortune to have his school-house burned down, was obliged to re-move to a new one, where he reprimand be done of his boys, who mis-speit a number of words, by telling him he did not spell as well as when in the od schoolhouse. "Well thomehow or nother," said the urchin with a scowl, "I can't ethackly git the hang of this ere new school-house."

'There, Tina!'
Mr. Bruce Medway triumphantly held
up two semi-circles of silver in the air,
to that they might be sure to create sufdicient impression on Ernestine Cady's
three eyes, and smilled with the exultant
satisfaction of one who feels that he has
amountable but his minelon.

atisfaction of one who feels that he has ecomplished his mission.

He was a hight, carnest toking young ellow, with gray-brown eyes and a square irm mouth—not handsome, but very manly; and as he sat there on the green woodland bank, with the hair thrown ack from his broad forehead, and the unshine mirrored in his eyes, you felt natinctively that he was one who would nake his way in the world, no matter what obstacles might intervene.

Ernestine Cady stood learning against he gnafied, mossy trunk of an immensemental picture, in blue muslin and fluttering againer the delicate bloom and freshness of a flower—a flower that winds and frosts and never touched.

Didn't I tell you that I should do it,

Didn't I tell you that I should do it, Ernestine took up the little-file that

Ernestine took up the little file that lay on the bank.

I thought it an impossible task with such an instrument as that.

'Nothing is impossible, returned Bruce sententiously, as he passed a bit of carrow blue ribbon through a hole in the piece of silver. 'Will you let me tie it around your neck, Tina?'

'What for?' But she stooped her pretty head as she spoke, and let him tie the knot beneath a cataract of pale golden curls.

anot beneath a cataract of pale golden curls.

And I shall wear the other next to one heart. They are amusets, Timacharms, if you chose so to phrase it.—I hat silver piece carries my alterance with it. Tim, if ever any clouds combetween me—if ever we are separatel—i Bruce! Such things have happened, dearest; ou', nevertheless, in any event, this bro-ten com shall be a token and a summous to me, wherever I may be—whatever fate, only have in store. Don't look so grave, my little blue bird. Is it so very wrong to mingle a bit of romance in our every-lay life? Where are your flowers? It is time we were returning?

Through the green shifting shadows of the woods, with blood-red streams of sunset light rappling along at their feet.

and deticious odors of moss and fern and deticious odors of moss and fern and were relating to mand the two me, wherever I may be-whatever fate uidden fl wers rising up around, the two

'She will come-I am sure she will 'She will come—I am sure she will come!'

The dew lay like a rain of diamonds on the grass and shrubs, as Bruce walked up and down the little pathway by the hidden spring, watching the round rad shield of the rising sun hanging above the eastern horizon. Then he looked at his watch.

'The train will be due in nine minutes. Surely Tina will not let me leave her without one reconciling word.—Hush! that must be her footstep on the moss.'

overs walked homeward. Bruce Med-way never forgot the brightness of that frowsy August afternoon.

Hush! that must be her footstep on the moss.!

He stepped forward with a glad flushed face, and then the chill whitenes of despair blanched every feature, as a brighteyed little squirrel, whose they treat over leaves and acorn—cups had deceived him, glided swiftly across the belt of sunshine into emerald shadow. Bruce Medway steed an instant with his brow contracted and bis arms folden on his breast. Was he bidding farewell to the summer that was past?

The shriek of he coming train sounded through the bine purity of the air, and the ast faint spark of hope in the lover's breast, d.ed out.

Tim had not come—Tina had forgotten him. Well, so let it be!

And what was Tina Cady doing in the fresh morning brightness?

She was very rosy and preity in her trin calico dress, with pink ribbons at her throat, and a pink verbena hanging to the gradue called but referent inc. trin calico dress, with pink ribbons at her throat, and a pink verbena hanging low in her golden colls of hair--very picturesque as she reached up her hand to break off a spray of spicy honeysuckle.

'I wonder if Mr. Bruce Medway has come to his senses yet,' thought Thia, with a toss of her head. 'I shan't measure my actions by the rule and plummet

ure my actions by the rule and plummet of his lordly will, I can assure him. If I want to flirt with Pierce Marbury, I shall

So you're up. ch. Tina? And as fresh as a rose, I declare!

Tina put her red lips up to kish her bluff old father in an abstractsort of way. She hardly saw him as he stood there.

'On, by the way, Tina, I forgot to give you this note last night—it was left by the hotel porter. Really, I believe my memory isn't as good as it was.'

Tina caught the note from her father's hand, and brokeltopen in feverish huste.
'The train leaves at seven!' She saw "The train leaves at seven! She saw the words as vividly as if they had been written in characters of jugged fire, and as she read them the old clock half-way up the wide oldushioned staircase, struck wints.

oight.
It was too late—too late!
The sharp thrill of agony at her heart
was succeeded by a passionate feeling of resentment.
Let him go! she said to herself, while the red pennons fluttered on her cheek. I would not lift a finger to keep him here!

him here i' So, when Bruce Medway's earnest, ap-pealing letter came a day or two after-wards, Ernestine folded it quietly withwards, Ernestine indeed it quiety within a blank envelope, without breaking the seal, and sent it back.

Verity, women are strange enigmas, even to themselves! Ernestine herself could scarcely have told why she kept the broken silver coin—but she kept it.

The short, threatening October day was drawing to a close; the flery left across the western sky was flaming subjectly athwart the skeleton woods, and shedding a sort of aureola round. Expessing Cady's slender figure, as she hutried on through the yellow, justling drifts of fallen leaves, carrying a heavy basket on her arm.

of fallen leaves, carrying a heavy basket on her arm.

Just as pretty as a rose. Tina, of two years since, but paler, graver and more sedate. Trouble had besieged the family since their migration to the grand domains of the far West. Tina 1 ad learned the serious part of life's lesson, and she had learned it well.

She lifted the latch of the rudely constructed log house, and entered, with assumed cheerfulness on her face.

'How are you now, father?'

structed tog house, and entered, with sounced cheerfulness on her face.

'How are you now, father?'
'Better, I think Come to the fire, Tina—you must be cold.'

'Not a bit. Has mother come back?'
'No, it's very strange she stays so long, I suppose Mrs. Ebbetts has a great deal to say, though. I don't wonder your mother is glad to get away from a sick-toom for a while.'

He spoke a little bitterly, and Tina winced as she lis ened, knowing that her m ther had made an excuse of some neighborly errand to dispose, in the nearest village, of such poor little odds and ends of gold chains, pins and rings, as yet remained to their diminished estates. Was there anything wrong in this plous friud? Tina almost felt as if there was. It was not pleasant to be poor.

'She will be home soon, father,' said Tina. 'Only see what a basketfull of cranberries I have gathered out in the swamp! This will make the barrel full, and Mr. Signet has promised to send it to New York with his. Don't they look

swamp! This will make the barrel full, and Mr. Signet has promised to send it to New York with his. Don't they look like red jewels, father? And the money will buy you a new coat.'

He smiled faintly.

'I think it had better buy my little girl a new dress. Shall I nelp you to pick them over?'

'I had rather do it myself, father, and you must try to sleep a while.' 'I had rather do it myself, father, "nd you must try to sleepa while.' Half an hour later, Tina came through he room with a scarier shawl thrown over her head, and a wisiful, scared look n her eyes.
'You are not toing out again, my

omething.' ''A ribbon or a collar, I suppose,' said "A ribbon or a colar, I suppose, sand
Mr Cady to himself, as he lay watching
the crimson glare of the October sunset;
while Tima, putting aside to v, tanglebushes and searching bits of rank and
swamp grass, was repeating to herself, ir
quick, nervous words;

'How could I lose it! Oh, how could
I be so careless!'

'You'll he sure to come, Mr. Medway

choly.'
The table was superbly spread—Mrs.

The table was superbly spread—Mrs. Lyman's dimers were always comme it faut—and through the sparkle of cut glass and transducent glow of painted china, you saw baskets and eperanes and pyramidal bouquets of magnificent hot-house flowers. As one of the Beau Brummels of the day said, 'It was like looking at a beautiful picture, to dine with Mrs. Lyman.' Lyman.'
The desert was in its first stages, when

The desert was in its first stages, when the pretty hostess leaned coaxingly across to Mr. Medway.

'Do try some of these little cranberry pares, Mr. Medway; I have just received a barrel of the most delightful cranberries, from my dear old unclo Signet, in Iowa.'

Bruce was idly sticking his fork into the little crimson circlets, quite unconscious of what he was eating.

'Yes they are very nice,' he said mechanically. And then he bent down to see what bit of extraneous white element was plinmering through the rubby trans-

see what bit of extraneous white element was glimmering through the rubby translucency.

Only a broken silver coin.

He took it out and looked at it, the familiar date and die, all unconscious of the buzz of voices and ring of idle laughter, all around him—looked at it with a vague superstitious thrill stealing all over his nature—and he could almost hear his soft pressure of the other half of this silver piece, for he still were it next to his heart. America.

Anterica.

—At a recent frontier ball a half breed belte appeared in a hosp-skirt, ornamented with fox tails, and waist of yellow than?

From my uncle Squire Signet, who

From Iowa, did you say, MEB. Layman?
From my uncle Squire Eignet, who lives in the far West.
What part of Iowa is that—that produces such a harvest of cramberries?
Datersville, I believe, near the Owasca river. And then the conversation branched off into some different channel. Bruce Medway had found out all that he wished to ascertain on that occ slou. Brace Medway had found out all that he wished to ascertain on that occ sion.

A token and a summons to him, wherever he might be!! Brace remembered the words he had spoken two years ago, and his loyal heart gave a great leap as the memory flooded it with warmth and brightness.

'Crapherries?-ves-I remember 'em 'Cranberries?—yes—I remember 'en' said oht Squire Signet, biting the end of his cedar pencii. "Crop was uncommon good this fil; old Cady's daughter trought them here to sell by the peck.'
To sell! Bruce began for the first time to appreciate the th'e of trouble that cldied around the serene little islet of Ernestine's heart.

'Where do they live—Mr. Caddy's family. I mean?"

where do they live—Mr. Caddy's family, I mean?"

"See it at ar' old blasted pine down in the holler? Well, just beyond there a road leads down past Cad's. Won't you stop a little longer?—Well, good eventn' Squire."

And Bruce Medway walked down through theorange twilight to where the skeleton arm of the blasted pine seemed to point to a light in a far-off window—walked to meet the dearest treasure of his heart!

Thorough the uncertained panes he condides the inty room all bright and ruddy with chery fire-light; the siender drooping figure sitting alone on the hearthstone, with its golden shine of hair and the thoughtful bend of the neck. And he opened the door softly and went to be an any be just in its

Sie put back her hair with both hands and looked at him as if she fancied her-self under the delusion of some spell-

Tina, my love, shall the old times return to us once more? Shall we be all the world to each other again?'

It was full thine o'clock by the silverstudded time piece of the stars, before Bruce Medway rose to take his departure. But tell me one thing, Bruce,' said

'But tell me one thing, Bruce,' said Ernestine, laying her hand lightly on his, he they stood protracting their loverlike adieu on the doorstone, by the frigid moonlight, 'what did you mean when you said I had summoned you?'

He drew a little box from his breast pocket, and smilingly held up a bit of silver.

'And I war its mate close to my heart, Time!' Tinn! Bruce—surely that is not my half of

the cold!

'It was your half, Tire.'
'And where did you find it?'
'One of these days I will tell you, dear not in a very romantle juxtaposition, however. You remember what I said to on when we divided the silver piece between us?

As if Tina ha forgotten one word or syllade of those old days.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The iron hand of time had swept away

The iron hand of time had swept away all those tokens of lang syne now. Mr Medway is a middle-ared, babl-headed member of society, and Mrs. Medway has white hairs mixed with the gotden brightness of her braids; but she keeps the worn bit of silver and its sweet associations still, and believes most firmly in the love and romance. SOMETHING OF A POSER.—A young sonvert got up in a church and was ma-ding his confession somewhat aft r 'this lort; "I have been very wicked, indeed

thave; I have obeated many persons, very many; I will restore four 'old'—when he was snappisally interrupted by an old lady, who said, 'well, I should think before you confess much you'd better marry Nancy Spriggins, as you agreed to!" A SLIGHT ERUPTION.—A person came almost breathless to Lord Thurlow, and exclaimed. "My lord, I bring tidings ed catanity to the nation?" "What has happened, man." said the astonish of Chancellor. "My lord, a tebellion has broken out." "Where? Where?" "In the Isle of man,' repeated the enraged Chancellor. ""A tempest in a teapot!"

UNKIND.—"Pray, sir," said Lady Wallace to David Hume, "I am often asked what age I am; what answer should I make?" Mr. Hume, immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning, said, Madam, when you are asked that question again, answer that you are not yet come to the years of discretion."

THURLOW AND PITT—When the Lord Chancelior Thursow was spposed to be on no friendly terms with the Minister (Mr. Pitt), a friend asked the latter how Thurlow drew with them? "I don't know," said the Premier, "how he draws, but he has not refused his oats A nine-year old authoress in Belfast, Me., has written the first of apter of a novel. Two of her characters are described as "twins, one five and the other six years old."

Rates for Advertising.

Adventmements will be inserted at Ten (entager line for the first insertion and five cent per line for each subsequent insertion. Quartically half-yearly, and yearly advertisements norted at a liberal reduction on the above rates, to the store that the subsection of the store rates, and the store in the short of the short and the second panel by the last. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be settled.

JOB PRINTING. Oxade, Handellis, Circulars, and every other rescription of Jos and Carto Printing execu-d in the neatest style and at low prices.

ODDS AND ENDS.

-A one-wheeled velocipeds. A wheel-

—Can a man who plays well on the herp make good music with a harpo in? —A telegraphic velocipede is mention-of that shall run o ra wire from New Or-seass to New York in an hour and a half.

—A story comes from Belgium of two oldlers who played a game of cards— ).e stalked his tire; lost, and hanged finiself in the morning. While a colored preacher was bap-sizing a convert at Augusta, Ga., the other day, one of the 'deacons' stole his boots.

—Prudent housekeepers should lay in a stock of sugars. The Cuban difficul-cy is running up the price of that sweet

—A correspondent, in describing a re-cent grand dress ball, says of a lady that sale looked sweetly in a plain white muchin dress tucked up to the waist." -The " ekal rights" population of Yucatan are fighting as usual, and shooting all prisoners taken. Mixed races are al-ways barbarous.

—A woman in Wisconsin says that when her husband is a little drunk she kicks him. She congrationtes hersel that she does the greater part of the kick-

—A subscriber writes that he takes no stock in the "New Woman's Club."—He says the "old woman's club" is enough for him, and frequently too much.

-You can judge of a man's religion very well by hearing his talk, but you can't judge of his piety by what he says, any more than you can judge of his amount of lines by the stick out of his collar and wristbands.

The German papers mention that four t-ou and emigrants recently passed through Hamburg and Bremen, within the sparse of three days, on their way for America.

—Queen Isabella still refuses to sign her , udication in layor of the Prince of the Asturias, but it is a bad sign for her that Pere Charet has quitted her service and gone to Rome.

-A good story is told of a German shoemaker who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial laterity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der poots ish not quite done, but der beel ish made out."

—It is the Boston Post which declares that "New York has become so wicked that they have been obliged to widen Hell Gate." The Post may be just in its inference, because the object of the widening is to make broader the road to Boston.—N. Y. Times.

—When a man starts out for a reformer, he lets his hair grow long. When a woman starts in the same business, she cuts hers off short. Does not this show a natural tendency on the part of these—the one to approach the character of a man, and the other that of a woman.

—A deceased chief justice once addressed a jury in the following model speech:

—" Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the witnesses on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and detendants are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

country paper, we recently noticed following:

"Mr. —, of Malvern, aged eighty three, passed peacefully away, on Tuesday evening last, from single blessedness to matrimonial bilss, after a short and sudden attack by Mrs —, a blooming widow of thirty-five."

feelings of the poor patient.

—In a certain family, not long since, a pair, of twins in de their appearance, and, as a matter of course, were shown to their little sister of four years. Now it so happe ed that whenever a rather prolific cat of the household had kittens, one of them, of course the pre tiest, was saved, and the rest drowned. When the twins were shown the child by the happy tather, little M. looked at them long and earnestly, and at length, putting ner little linger on the check of one of them, looked up, and said, with all the seriousness possible, "Papa, I think we'll save this one."

-A sheriff's officer was once asked to —A sheriff's officer was once asked to a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at it shouse he saw the Quaker's wire, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husba at was at home, said he was, at the same time requested him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when the fair Quakeress caming into the room, he reminded her on her promise that he might see her husband. Nay friend; I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not see they looks; therefore, he avoided the and looks therefore, he avoided the another path."

# Poetical.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting, And our hearts, though light and gay, Still, like pleasant drums, are besting

Such examples, that another, Wasting time in idle sport, Seeing, shall take heart and court

Miscellaueon's.

It was a raw, desolate November day. A discontented will demylatined among the trees. There was a glimmer of fadel gold on the dead leaves drifting by the casement. The sun hay upon the floor beneath the windows, in pale squares, like mountight in its pallid gleam; a vine fretted at its fastenings. The solemn-moan of the tempest gathering in the murky East, sounded through the air, and swelled among the free tops.

On the porch where the crimeen leaves of the woodbin hudded, Schuyler Latour sat, playing wonderful melodies on a violin, melodies that were dirges. The pale face, shaded by long brown curls, the sad blue eyes uplifted now, never wore a joyful expression. Itl, and possessing a painful deformity of person, he was delicate by mold, and over sensitive, rately moving in the presence of strangers, jest some one, ill-bied and un refined, might ridicule, the lameness that was the ban of his life.

He loved my brother, George Forbes, and chore to him termanums.

refined, might ridicule, the lameness that was the ban of his life.

He loved my brother, George Forbes, and ching to him termacionally. To none other he confided his gifefs—to none other gave the affection of a soul warped toward the world by many reverses.

I looked at him from my covert, and saw tears on his thin cheeks. The old Cremona uttered a long dismal wail, and then the young man's head feil upon this comforter of his soul. His arms went about it, and his frame quivered with some shock of emotion.

There was a bostle down at the gate, and Robert, the coachman, came up to say that his master and his wife had reached the station.

I told him todrive down for them, and prepare to meet my only brother, and the stanger sister he woul bring.

It was dark, and the fire burned redly in the roamy fireplace of the comfortable of detine parlor, sending shafes of muddy flame into the he orts of the sulky shadows buouting the recess, holding the piano; and the niches, sacred to the pertaits of my parents, long since gone ir mearth. The wind had risen to a gale, and howled down the long avenue, tossing like it is not the long avenue, tossing like of deal of the presence of the comfortable of the wind had risen to a gale, and earth. The wind had risen to a gale, and howled down the long avenue, tossing like of Latour at a window. He seemearth. The wind had risen to a gale, and howled down the long avenue, tossing like of Latour at a window. He seemearth. The wind had risen to a gale, and howled down the long avenue, tossing like of Latour at a window. He seemearth with the long avenue, tossing like of Latour at a window. He seemearth was the long avenue, tossing like of Latour at a window. He seemearth was the best oned.

le once said to me;
I apprehend sorrow for us all in the inture."
There was an expression in the bazle eyes, as though their gaze indeed peneritated the shadowy realm awaiting mortals, and evoked the wors' hat have left the

ing!
She removed her hat, and the glossy black tresses, disheveled by the ride through the augmenting storm, fell writhing, and swaying to the rhythm of

clutched his chair for supports, regarded her companion.

I thought he was about to faint, and arose to go to him, when G orge said:

"Mrs. Forbes, you are a wonderful player, but I don't like the din."

Then Manfred came to her husband, pretending to pout at the doubful complaint, and Latour begging to be excused, bade us good-nig t, and went, with his slow, halting step, from the room.

It was a day or two after that we all stood in the dining had. We had left the table, and I handed the keys of the closets and pant es to Manfred, saying:

"It is but proper! should resign my place. I do so now."

"You shine m your present vocation," she replied, with that sarcastic intomation that so much annoyed me. "I have other subjects than housewifery tolengross my attention."

"Writing of such and storm drifting swiftly downward. Through the automation swiftly downward. Through the automation is swiftly downward. Through the automating swiftly downward. Through the automation is wiftly downward. Through awith protein the doorway. He looked ill and ghastly, and downward. The looked ill and ghastly, and downward. The looked ill and ghastly. Through the automation is wiftle downward. The swiftly downward. The wenting gloom I saw my brother in the doorway. He looked ill and ghastly, and downwards they alwayed about and staggered as he ad vanced to niv side.

He fell, rather than sat down, and thrust and staggered as he ad vanced to niv side.

He fell, rather than sat down, and thrust and staggered as he ad va

Distracting, auxious weeks tollowed—George, raving in delirium through long, dreadful days, called upon his wife and friend, beseeching and entreating them to return so pheously, that I wept, mingling my tears with his, as I laid my bead down upon his pillow, and smoothed the brow throbbing with pain. At last he vanquished death and, I sincerely believe, all earthly animosities.

He had become bowed, and worn, and Distracting, auxious weeks tollowed

common dress fluttering through interstices of the gray shrubbery.

Yn noble, true-hearted brother! my weak, infatoated friend! I went about my work depressed, and apprehensive of what? A something monstrous and usly, like all shadows. I could not shake off the clammy hands that pressed, cold and heavy at my heart. Had Latour forgotton his own divination? The prophessy over-shadowed me. Was its prescient voice dumb to him now? The evenings were all much like the first. I think it graffied George to perceive the intimacy that sprung up between his wife and friend.

The one he loved ardently, steadfastly, as is in such natures to love; for the other, entertained the purest friendship. He had no æsthetic tastes. For art in moste, in painting and poetry, he had no preference. He liked heavy literature, philosophy, science and history.—He was thorough in reading and labor.—He was king in his own realm of mind; governor of his in-pulses and feelings.—Thus Manfred, willy, enchanting, league. I believe, with evil shades, wrought out through the long winter evenings Latour's vaticination. Warning, I felt,

Touch of the Subline.-I rise, Mr.

and as ed, hurriedly:

"Can you tie a knot for me?"

"Yes," said Brother B.—, "I guess so; when do you want it done!

"Well, right away," was the reply;
"is it lawful, though, here in the high-Oh yes; this is as good a place as any

His eyes were at once fixed on the ghast ly object, which seemed wholly to en ly object, which seemed whenly to puross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated by the sight, and addressed him in a manner to officer his spirits. "Oh," said the Marquis, with columness, but severity, "I am only puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of lording sever came to be here."

A clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance, by the name of Cobb, replied, "I don't known you, sir," "My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was half seas over. "Ah, sir," replied the clergyman, "you have so much of the corn on you that I did not see the cobb."

"Give the Devil his due," is an adage that every one repeats. If the old chap was to get what was due him, there wouldn't te enough radicals left to make a decent turn-out at a township meeting.

Polunteer.47.

'Only up to the cranberry swamp, there. It isn't dark yet. I have los

'How comid loss it! Oh, now courselist is so careless!'
But the search was all in vain, and the chill (willight sent her home, dispirited and unsuccessful. And Ernestine Cadacried herself to sleep that night, just be cause she had lost the bryken silver coin.

'You'll be sure to come, Mr. Medway.'
I want to introduce the successful author
to my friends. You are to be my lion.—
You will come?'
Certainly, I will come if you wish it.'
Bruce Medway went dreamily on hisway, and Mrs. Lyman whispered to out
of her fashiomable friends, that 'she was
quite sure Mr. Medway had been crossed
in love—he was so deliciously melancholy.'

ing.

-Huggins has demonstrated that Sirius is miving away from the earth at the rate of 41 miles per second. A triumph of the spectroscope. By and by we shall know where all the stars are go-

-Young ladies afflicted with those annoyances known as treckles, will find a specific in a sm di quantity of horse-radistic grated into a teacop full of sour milk. The application should be made upon retiring to bed at night.

—A physician walking with a friend of his, said to him: "Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left; she knows me and casts on me a look of hedgenation. Lattended her husband—" "Ah! I unde stand; you mave had the misfortune to disputch him." "On the contrary," replied the Doctor," I saved him."

-Suspicious character at midnight-— Suspicious character at manight—
"Phize, sur, wad ye tell a decent body
the tolune?" Trave'er (drawing a bowle)
—"I left my clock at home, Paddy, but
here's the long hand, if that will be any
service to you."

—A gentleman who greatly disliked the custom of giving fees to servants, provided himself with some farthings, and on leaving the next party he attended, presented one to the footman as he stood at the door. "I beg your pardon, Sir." said Johnny, "but you have made a mistake" "Oh no," said the gentleman I never give less?

'There was brevity, saire, and point, almost unparalleled. A great man was that chief justice. -Among the obituary notices of a country paper, we recently noticed the

ing widow of Unity-five."

—Two, very eminent French physicians, Drs. Monneret and Grizoffe, were at the sleft hed of a patient. During the diagnosis they commenced quarreling about his clause. "I say it is typhoid fever," exemined one of them. "And I know it not." replied the other. Unable to convince his colleague, Dr. Monneret finally exclaimed. "All right, then the post-mortem examination. I sm sure, will show that I was right." Pascy the feelings of the poor patient.