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CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1869.

VOI. 56. NO. 8.

WATCHING THE CLOUDS.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

I w stoll the fleeting clouds; Pirst they're snowy white, then golden, Then they're dark as uneral shrouds; Then they fly with the speed of an arrow, Then they float at a gentle pace; Then they re frowning, then rejoicin With sweet smiles upon their face.

One moment they seem like castles
That dot the distant blue sky;
Another, they seem like flames of light,
Reaching to worlds on high; Then they!re dark as rebel do Where the captive's life is run; Then they're plains of heavenly ether, Glided by the golden sun.

A storm in the West approaches;
The clouds are arrayed for first.
See! they're downing in the distance.
And their eyes with wrathful light.
Are sending forth their mager—
Are sleabing forth their shite;
And, in tones of deepest thunder,
They proclaim aloud their might.

Now, they're weeping above me And feel saddened for the earth; The tears they shed upon it.
Will bless the bright green turf;
And the flowers will raise their drooping head.
In joy to them above—
Will drink their precious drops, and sigh:

We drink thy tears in love But the storm files quickly o'er me. And I rejoice, with a nurmured prayer,
And I rejoice, with a nurmured prayer,
That the sky is office more joyous,
And no saddened clouds float there;
But the sun conless out it in its giory,
And guideli the colestial bloods, For they're risen from death and darkness And cast off their funeral shrouds.

As I slitat my business window,
I watch 11/6\* changing light;
First shadows appear in the distance,
As dark as the deepest night;
Theil God sendeth his love like sunshine
And It driveth laft from its our lears; As I situt my business window.

## Miscellaneous

THE WEDDING DRESS BY MARGUERITE A. POWER.

do that year's done with!

(Love ins forever!)

All March begun with.
April's endeavon;

May-wreaths that bound me

June needs must sever.

Now snow fall around me

Quenching June's fever.

(Love me forever!) "Ah, love me forever!" The poor

Ah, love me forever!" The poor soul closed the book that lay open on her knee; and; through tears, that made, the landscape swim, looked, out of the lattices by which she was sitting.

It was early autumn—autumn at the time it is sobered but not, yet saddened by the thought that winter is coming—From the casement, round which clustered heavy masses of odofous cleinatis, spread, in the foreground, allittle lovely garden, checkered with sufi and shade and, glowing flowers, among, which the brown bees roamed all through the bright hours, while beyond a broad, blue, distant landscape stretched itself away to the for horizon.

In the quelt room within all was hushed and still, as without; such a pretty room, so English, so peaceful, so homely yet with such a degree of excellence in its simple old fashioned arrangements, its pollshed oak furniture, its dark wainscoting, its Indian China cups and bowls, its wide fire place; with steel dog irons, its deep latticed windows—all belonged to a time gone by, and yet all were kept in a state of neatness and careful preservation that made them as fit for service.

vation, that made them as fit for service as on the day of their completion.

In 'a corner, the 'fall clock ticked its

in a corner, the tall clock ticked its over never, never, ever! drowsly; a blackbird sat still on his perch; a great tabby cat, that had long ago given over glaring at him, subdued; as it seemed; by the pessionless armorable. the passionless atmosphere of the place, lay withing with her payatudied under her; and the very files ceased to buzz and torment as they are wont to do in autumn, once they got within the stilly precincts of the room.

once they got within the stilly precinets of the room.

And outwardly quiet as the rest sat its mistress, looking out with unseeing eyes towards the horizon.

She was one of those women of whom we have little experience, but who our instinct tells us at a glance have survived a great sorrow that has altered their nature, and that is good because with them as their shadow, which they have learned to bear from sheer necessity, but which they have never accepted by got resigned to. She was not young nor handsome, though she might one have been so. Her, dress was dark, simple, strictly neat, and put on with that unconscious taste and care that marks a sense of innate propriety and refinement, totally apart from vanity or the desire to attract; and her smooth dark hair, marked here and there with a single thread of silver, was braided under her quiet white cap.

ed here and there with a single thread of silver, was braided under herquiet white cap.

"Ah, love me forever!" she repeated; compressing her lips over her teeth. Ill they became bloodless. "The last words I said to him the last night I ever looked on him. O, if I could see him once more tell him to his face, calmly, as I could now, what a hell he has made of my life; how he has the current of, my nature blasted all that was best, nourished that was worst in me, taken from me the love and trust in God and man. O, if I could do this, then I could die in peace, were it even by his hand. Peace!—for twenty sears! have been plains for the only peace. If an ever hore for the grave, and it will not come. Now I know, that till I have seen him, epoken to him; cursed him, I cannot even die.—But that thought is something to live for it is a fearful thing, a life without an object. No hope, no aim; no tamgible desire; good or bad; and twenty years of this existence have proved too much for me, strong as I thought myself. I do not pray. God does not listen to the prayers of such as I am; and indeed I have no thought to sak anything of Him. He has afflicted me too heavily; He has laid on me a hurden. He knew, was nick mile to bear. I was proud; yes, and He has smilten me just when the must be hell. Meanwhile there is on carth here must be hell.

"'There may be heaven, there must be hell Meanwhile there is on earth here—well!" Meanwhile there is on earth here—well?"

She got up, replaced the volume of poems on the sholf where it stood with secaral others, and itaking her knitting, began working with the outward placidity of one whom the habit of strong self-command for years thus enabled to perform the routine of tailly occupation with east sind full made the performance of the property of the points of the property of the performance of the property of the performance of the performance

belleved her to be a marvel of all buman perfection.

She was very pretty not without they erness, proud, wilful, headsfrong, though possessed of qualities that reasonable wholesome cultura would have unrufred into virtues. Her tale long were deep and should sale was generally utberlish, sincers, and should be was generally utberlish, sincers, and sale despoted of the first the colline was denied her. Every with gratified, every work and oat tolerated, if not applauded, and worst of all, pathals, she received that denier ous gree of admartant which calis into play a woman's vanity and love of display, which randers lien innit, for the exercise of simple duties, and leaves her mind as uncultivated as before, She acquired, in

cart a provincial locarding subsets and the subset of the mahners in preposterous carleatures, an oringes at the feet that contemptuously spurn it.

And thus two years of Esther's life passed after her return from school.

Durling this period she had various opportunities of marrying well, and settling in the position to which she was born; but such a destiny was, of all others, the one least suited to her ambition. The farmers' sons who sought her alliance had coarse hands taked agriculture, and coarse hands taked agriculture, and could not, any of them, sing Haynes Balley's ballads. She must have a gentleman, that is to say, a man who performed no manual employment to earn a livelihood! sind who was eminently gentled. Esther's notions of a gentleman going little beyond these limits. At the end of the two years she lound a gentleman such as her dreims had presented.

James Stowell was the son of a man who had begun life as a small attorney lin's country town, who had serajed together—no matter how—a certain capital, and who had linished by establishing himself as a money lending lawyer in London. The trade throve, and the elder Stowell, in order to secure a consideration that would insure a fresh supply of clients, adopted a style of vulgar laxury that, to a certain degree, collected himself to ideas, peculiarities, and weakness of those with whom he came in contact, James Stowell twisted and wheeled and wormed himself in the society of the youth of a class considerably above his own. Gaming, the turf, and other such amisble devices for the dispersion of money and credit, soon made very considerable breaches in the Stowell possessions, and led to an interview between the father and son, which terminated in the former assuring the latter, by no means politely, but very energetically, that the present debts of honor (so called) once paid, he, the son and helf, must contrive as he best could to live on a certain and not very liberal allowance.

Of course James Stowell had not the slightest notion of living on anything of

to live on a certain and not very liberal allowance.

Of course James Stowell had not the slightest notion of living on anything of the kind, and fresh debts were contracted, which Stowell senior resolutely declined to pay. The consequence was, that James found the atmosphere of London, Newmarket; and Goodwood, wholly unsuited to his constitution, for the time being at least, and that he considered the nir of Vorkahira (there is a good deal to be done there in horse dealing) likely to be of some service to him.

So to Yorkshire he went, and somehow fell in with Esther Eyre.

Time must have been very hard indeed, or the notion of marrying a farmer's daughter would have been the very last to have entered the head of our hero.

difference on his part that had hitherto escaped her.

She took off her wedding dress, and peaked it in a little trunk, query and stiently. All the other relies and tokens of this shattered love—they were neither costly nor many—she burnt with his few letters; and then she announced to her parents that she meant to leave the place for ever previous and tears have.

However, they were hard, and the notion therefore found admission. It was an idea that cost nothing to take into consideration; nothing better at present loomed in the horizon. He might try the thing cautiously, and if the hope of a more favorable or satisfactory denouncement presented itself, James Stowell was not the man to let any foolish considerations; and quixotic scruples, interfere in his arrangement of affairs.

So Esther Eyre's little fortune was soon, in imagination, stowed in the very empty pockets of our youthful adventurer; and to Esther himself, as the key of the coffer, anothing less, he began to pay assiduous court.

And so at last she had found the prince who was to free her from bondage! This

And so at last she had found the prince who was to free her from bondage! This perhaps was Esther's first thought. It may seem strange that the earliest impression of a girl of eighteen should be a selfist, and a worldly one. But I think most people who have carefully studied life; and forought their experience thereof, will have alsoovered the mistake, which

ille and brought their experience thereof, will have discovered the mistake which exists in supposing that it is ever in early youth that the most pure and innworldly and golden-age ideas are uppermost.

Early youth oraves pleasure, excitement, the enjoyments that, proceed from the lust of the eye, the gratification of the senses, as children prefer butterflies to nightingales; and all that tend to insure it these funcied treasures it grasps at eagorly. A few years later, the dormant soul awakes, and demands possessions of more solid worth. Tlearn that Love walking in the mire may be happier than indifference in a carriage—that a tete a tete a tete over the fire may possess charms such as the crowd in the ball-room never know—and that certain words of earnest heart-spoken prose may sound incomparably sweeter than the strains of all the prima domas in civilized Europe.

But in the meanwhile, before the woman's heart has awakened, it is apt to think complacently of being Mis. So and so, with a house of its own, and freedom to come and go, and dress itself, without mamma's dictation and papa's grumbling at its milliner's bills.

mamma's dictation and papa's grumbling at its milliner's bills.

The hour of waking is ever a critical one, and generally decides a woman's destiny, for it is not all women—far from it—who everdo come to the second birth, that of the lieart and soul. Those, the many, that are not destined to arrive thereat, possess, the same notions, somewhat hardened, somewhat more materiallized even, at the end of their career than at the beginning.

Esther began by admiring James isowell immensely and by being extremely, pleased and flattered by his marked attentions. Such a man was not often met. with in the society to which she longed, but in whose circle ishe felt herself degraded by moving; and vanity was the first sentiment awakened in her breast.

Soon this gave place to real and intense affection, into which she rushed with the headlong impetuosity that marked her character. Stowell saw his advantage at once, and, sure of her, for like miny women, proudly intractable in all other relations of life, she was ready to be made the slave of a lover, the began playing a game of fast and loose that

And this was the fire she had but by years, and the life she looked to leading, without change or break, or improvement or mitigation, till the day should came might it be far or near, that would call her away, she gave no thought ealf her away, she gave no thought whither.

Latterly, however, n'new thought had dawned upon her—a feverish desire, vague in form, intense, in degree to see her former lover, accuse him of his perficie, and relieve her long pent up concentrated suffering by pouring it out, not in the hope of gaining pity or sympathy, but as a relief to the bitter, burning harted and vengeance that devoured her.

For years she had heard nothing of him; she knew not if he were alive or dead; and had no possible means of communicating with him, or of obtaining information concerning him; but the passionate desire for this supreme decasion; worked in her a superstitions conviction that it would be brought about, and to it she looked daily with strengthening assurance. many women, proudly intractable in an oliter relations by illie, she was ready to be made, the slave of a lover—he began playing a game of fast and loose that bound, her yet more to him, from the insection of the tenure, and at the same time that saidered a whithdrawat on his part, should he deem it had last in his part, should he deem it had last in his part, should he deem it had last in his part, should he deem it had last in his part, should he deem it had last in his part, should he deem it had last in his steps ito that part of the bending his mind to proving so successful as ha hoped and duns becoming dangerously impatient, he finished by making up his mind to propose to the farmer's danghter. What has reply to the farmer's danghter. What has reply to the farmer's danghter. What has reply to the same as her own. Apart from his blind affection for his danghter, Mr. Eyre was a sufficiently shrewd and sensible man, and much of what he saw and heard of young Stowell; led him to mistrust his motives and himself, and to look on the notion of his becoming the husband of Esther with any thing but satisfaction.

And this was the only hope and aim she had given to her existence. "And you shall see how the devil spends."
The fire God gave for other ends." The drowsy clock had slowly struck leven when Esther left the hushed and quiet little room to go to her bed room,
which adjoined it,
The white window cuttains had been
left open, and the moonbeams lay still

as their eyes met, and they recognized each other.

Like a vengful spectre Esther rose in her bed, her face ghastly, her teeth gleaming from between her stridined lips, livid circles round her glaring eyes.

"Then the time has come for our meeting!" she said. "Traitor, robber! truly you have worked out your destiny!" O, I have thirsted, or aved, yearned for this moment; and how it has come, I caunot find words to convey one-tentification of the hatred, the loathing I have for you? It was not enough that you had robbed my youth of love, hope, peace, home, happiness; that you, trod my pride under foot; that you made me a by-word in my own place; that you turned ever y wholesome feeling in me into venom; that you curred ever y wholesome feeling in me into venom; that you creaker, to steal my wretched substance! Yes, look at that dress!—my bridal dress!—such a wedding garment is fit, in sooth, to introduce me into heaven, is it not? "and she laughed a fearful laugh, sitting up in the hed with pointing finger.
"At all events," she went on, "you have now given me the means of exercising material vengeance on you. Yes my, loyer! yes, my betrethed! the country girl you, spurned did not die of love for your sweet sake. She had lived to speech as Stowell earling her threat.

whispered in his ear:

"Love me forever?"

The morrow came, and Esther was up and dressed in her bridgh attre, and prepared to start for the church. Shall I confess it? even then a little fouch of vanity, of conscious superiority over her somewhat awed and deeply-admiring brides malds, ever the find hist its place beside the deep love, the solemn sense of the duties of her new position, in her mind.

A letter was brought her, and she paled and started at the sight of the well-known hand,

"My dear Esther," it ran "matters, which it is impossible to explain at this moment, render it: indispensable for me to go to town by this morning's mall.—How unfortunate? I'll write as soon as I can; but I don't know when that may be. Keep up your spirits. Yours affectionately,

No date, no address given, no means of communication afforded, no hope held out, and for regret—"How unfortunate."

to—Wild, choking yell interrupted her speech, as Stowell, selzing her throat, forced her down on the bed, crushing the pillow over her head, till sound and movement had entirely ceased. Then he removed them, and saw the blackened visage with its startling eyeballs glaring up at him, but fixed and sightless.

A few weeks later, the county papers announced the execution of James Stowell, with an account of his career, for the wilful murder of Mrs. Esther Eyre, an elderly ladyof somewhat eccentric habits, who had long resided at Linley,—sulre, under an assumed name; the adoption of which county be accounted for by her general singularity of denortment, there helps nothing to con-

THE COLONEL'S "OLD ROAN."

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misuaderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms revived the latent flame, and Colonel Crickley having followed and wounded a fat buck one afternoon came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up! The incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other.

One evening Mr. Drake, the elder, was returning home with his "preket full of rocks," from Chicago, whether he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drakes house, he observed to his companion: "What a beautiful matk Colone! Crick-I have never been able to ascertain the ouse, he observed to his companion What a beautiful matk Colonel Crick-

hunter, glancing cantiously aroud hungain.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this time, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off, instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility'of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot." At that moment the Colonel himsel

V. for one pull."
"Say an X, and it's a bargain!"
Drake felt of his trifle, and clooked ld Roan.
"How much is the hoss worth?"

The Colonel pocketed the money, mut-The Colonel postered the money, mut-tering: "Hanged if I thought you'd take me up!"

With high glee the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, and stood up in his wagon, and drew'a close sight on old Roan. 'Sam Barston chuckled.' The Colonel put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

Colone put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred!

Drake stared at his rifle with a neeblack as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, boy?—Fus' time you ever sarved me quitesuch a trick, Iswan!".

And Drake logded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your nack o' shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" thundered Drake. "I can shoot."

"A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!"
Drake was livid.

"Look here, Colonel, I can't stand.

she felt the bitter mookery of every word in the very inmost recess of her soul; she knew at once that all was over forever, that there was nothing to be done or hoped for, or wondered at even; and in an instant there passed before her opened eyes a vision of thousand minute instances of heartlessness and indifference on his past that had hitherto

difference on his part that had hithert

place for ever. Prayers and tears hav-place for ever. Prayers and tears hav-ing failed to move her, she went, accom-panted by her mother, to an aunt in London, with whom she remained, visit-ed constantly by her parents till their-death, followed by that of her sole re-

bode alone in the world.

abode alone in the world.

At the age of thirty, she came, a grave, staid middle aged woman, to settle in the cottage where I have first described her; and here, under the maiden name of her mother and aunt—for she had cast aside her own with every other vestige of the past, except the wedding dress, fading and yellowing in the trunk—she resided with a little servant-maid; shunning all society, all companionship, without a frieud or an interest in the wide world, and finding in the monotonous routine

till daylight. And this was the life she had led for

portment, there being nothing to conceal in her perfectly tranquil and blame

ey's old Roan is over yonder! "Hang it?" muttered old Drake, "so

society, all companionship, without a friend or an interest in the wide world, and finding in the monotonous routine of her every-day employments, performed only for herself, varied with a little desultory reading, sometimes of good books, sometimes of bad ones, a very insufficient resource against the wearing bitterness of her spirit.

Truly "it is not good for man to be alone," when the solitude is peopled only by such phantoms as those that crowd around Esther's hearth; and worst of all it is for human creature to abdicate the duties, hopes, labors and sympathies that God in his mercy gives to every one of us, however barren his lot.

"We'all grow better or worse as we go on in life, softer or harder. Esther Eyre got worse and harder.

Of all the relies of the past, Esther had reserved but one—her wedding dress—It seemed strange that among the souvenirs connected with that past, that which of all others was calculated the most to recall the agonizing pain and mortification of her life should be the sole one to be preserved. But it was done with that very intention it is!"

The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rife with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old Roan so easy!"
"Shoot," suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.
"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter ground cantingly arout him. recall the agonizing pain and mortification of her life should be the sole one to
be preserved. But it was done with that
very intention.

As she took it off on the day which
was be have been her bridal one, she
made a silent vow to keep it preciously
as a memorial of that suffering, and the
hatred to which it had given rise, so that
if ever a day came when the recollection
of what she had undergone should soften
in her heart, a look at it should steel her
again. In the little black trunk, in
which her hands had that day placed it,
it now lay; and often—not that there
was any need to revive the cankering bitterness of her soul—she would, when
alone, unlock the box and gaze at the
poor, crushed, yellow garment, once so
fresh and pure, and muse and bitterly
philosophize over it. This was generally
at night; for her nights were often
sleepless, and when the vexed spirit refused to let the body rest, she would rise
from her bed, open the trunk, look long
at its contents; then closing it, and restoring the key to its usual place under
her pillow, return to her weary couch to
brood over her wrongs and sufferings
till daylight.

And this was the life she had led for hunter, glancing cantiously aroud him

At that moment the Colone Interest stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake;
"Well, why don't you shoot?"
The old man stammered in confusion:
"That you, Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said I'll give a

Drake was livid.

'Look here, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

'Never mind, the horse can," succred the Colonel. "I'll risk you.".

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill. other ten dollar bill"Here!" he growled, "I am bound to
have another shot, any way."
"Crack away," cried the Colonel, pock-

man. "Toon't want to near any news; get away, or I shall knock one of you down."

"But; father, it's such a trick!"

"Blast you and your tricks!"

"Played off on the Colone!!"

"On the Colone! !!' cried the old man, beginning to be intercited. "Gad, if you've played the Colone! a trick; let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I this afternoon, went out for deer—"

"Hang the deer—come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed hanged away at the Colone!'s old Roan; shot him dean!"

"By the Lord Harry, Jed, did you shoot the Colone!'s hoss?"

"Isvil! devil!" groaned the "I then," in Jense his father; "Jim and I propped the hoss up, and ted his head back with a cord, and left him stand under the trees, exactly as if he was alive. Ha! ha! fancy the Colone! going to catch him! ho! ho! wasn't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell upon his. breast. He felt of his empty pocket-book, and looked at his broken rife. Then, in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys—

"Yes, boys, it'se beed shooting at that dead horse for half an hour at ten dollars a shot!"

PERSONAL HABITS OF THE SIAMESE

BY MARK TWAIN

1 do not wish to write of the personal 1 do not wish to write of the personal habits of these strange creatures solely, but also of certain curious details of various kinds concerning them, which, belonging and the concerning them, which, belonging the concerning them, which have profit with a somethow. Let us heed it; let us profit with the concerning them, which have profit with the concerning them, which have profit with the concerning them, which have been morals; one of the other. No matter, it is somehow. Let us heed it; let us profit with the concerning them, which have been morals; one of the other. No matter, it is somehow. Let us heed it; let us profit with the concerning them, which have profit with the concerning them, which have profit with the concerning them. There is a moral in these solemn warming in the solemn warmi

and affectionate in disposition, and have clung to each other with singular fidelity the following in Merry's Museum; "A throughouts long and eventful life. Even naturalist says: 'Last summer, while in my park,' I observed a green woodpecker panious; and it was noticed that they always seemed to prefer each other's soil fore me, look around to see if he was observed and then life down and simulate nearly atways played together; and, so a constomed was their mother to this peculiarity, that, whenever both of them chanced to be lost, she usually hunted for one of them—satisfied that when she found that one, she would find his brother somewhere in the immediate neighbor-

somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. And yet these creatures were
ignorant and unlettered—barbarians
who knew not the light of philosophy and
science. Whata withering rebuke is this
to our boasted civilization, with its
quarrelings, its wrangllogs, and its separations of brothers!

As men, the twins have not always
lived in perfect accord; but, still, there
has always been a bond between them
which made them unwilling to go away
from each other and dwell apart. They
have even occupied the same house, as a
general thing, and it is believed that they
have never failed to even sleep together
on any hight since they were born. How
surely do the habits of a lifetime become
a second nature to us! The twins always surely do the habits of a lifetime become a second nature to us! The twins always go to bed at the same time; but, Chang usually gets up about an hour before his brother. By an understanding between themselves, Chang does all the in-door work and Eng runs all the errands. This is because Eng likes to go out; Chang's habits are sedentary. However, Chang always goes along. Eng is a Baptist, but Chang is a Roman Catholic; still, by please his brother, Chang consented to be baptized at the same time that Eng was; on condition that it should not "count." his brother, Chang consented to be baptized at the same time that Eng was, on condition that it should not 'count."
During the war they were strong partisans, and both foughtgallantly all through the great-struggle—Eng on the Union side and Chang on the Confederate. They took then other prisoner at Seven Oaks, but the proofs of capthre were so evenly balanced in favor of each that a general army court had to be assembled to deternine which one was properly the captor and which the captive. The jury was unable to agree for a long time; but the vexed question was finally decided by agreeing to consider them both prisoners, and exchanging them. At one time Chang was convicted of disobedience of orders, and sentenced to ten days in the guardhouse; but Eng, in spite of all arguments, felt obliged to share his imprisonment, notwithstanding he himself was entirely innocent; and so, to save the blameless brother from suffering, they had to discharge both from custody—the just reward of faithulness.

Upon one occasion the brothers fell out about something, and Chang knocked Eng down, and then tripped and fell on him, where upon both clinched and began to beat and gouge each other without mercy. The bysanders interferred and tried to separate them, but they could not do it, and so allowed them to fight to out. In the end both were disabled, and were carried to the hospital on one and the same shutter.

Their ancient habit of going always together has its drawbacks when they reached man's mestate and entered upon the luxury of courting. Both fellin love with the same girl. Each tried to steal clandestine interviews with her, but at the critical moment the other. but at the critical moment the other but at the critical moment the other, would always turn up. By-and-by Eng saw with distraction that Chang had would the girl's affections; and from that day forth he had to bear with the agony of being a witness to all their dainty billing and cooing. But with a maguanimity that didd him infinite oredit, he succumbed to his fate; and gave countenance and appropriate to a state of thing cumbed to his fate; and gave countenance and encouragement; to a state of things that bade fair to sunder his generous heart-strings. He sat from seven every evening until two in the morning listching to the fond i foolishness of the two lovers, and to the concussion of hundreds of squandered kisses—for the privilege of sharing only one of which he would have given his right hand. But he sat patiently, and waited, and gaped, and yawned and stretched, and longed for two o'clock to come: And he took long walks with the lovers on moonlight evenings—sometimes traversing ten miles, notwithstanding he was usually suffering from rheumatism. He is an inveterates moker;

CARIS, T. INDBILLS, CERCOLARS, SOC STOPY OU

description of Jon and Cann Printing.

but he could not smoke on these occa-sions, because the young lady was pain-fully sensitive to the smill of!!obseco. Eng cordially wanted them married; and

done with it; but although Chang often asked the momentous question, the young lady could not gather; sufficient; courage to answer it while. Eng. was, by. However, on one occasion, after having walked some sixteen miles, and sat up till meanly daylight. Eng dropped asleep, frem sheer exhaustion, and then the question was asked and answered. The lovers were married. All, acquainted with the circumstances applauded the noble brother in law. His unwayoring faithfulliess was the theme of every tongue. He had stayed by them all through their long and arduous courtship; and when, at last, they were married, he lifted his hands above their heads, and said, with impressive unction, Biess ye, my children, I will never desert ye!" and he kept his word. Magnanimity like, this is all too rare in this cold world.

By-and-by Eng fell in love with his sister-in-law's sister; and married, her, and since that day they, have all lived together, night and day, in an exceeding sociability which is buching and beautity ful to behold, and is a something to rebuke our divilization.

The sympathy existing between those two brothers is so close and so refined that the feelings, the impulses, the emotions of the one are instain, experienced by the other. When one feels pain the other sick; when one feels pain the other sicks free. We have already seen with what happy facility they both fell in love with the same girl. Now Chang is bitterly opposed 'we all forms of intemperance, our principle' but Eng is the reverse; for while these men's feetings and emotions are so closely wedded, their reasoning facultes are unfettered; their reasoning faculties are unfettered; their reasoning faculties are unfettered; their reasoning faculties are unfettered; their shows his usefulness in his favorite field of effort. As sure as he is to head a great temperance, the office

to see him shake hands with the pump and try to wind his watch with his night

death, by stretching himself, motionless, and hanging his tongue out as far as pos-sible. He had selected a place near an ant hill. The auts, thinking him dead, would cover his tongue to devour him.— When it was black with ants, he would when it was black with and, he would swallow them and repeat the trick, until his maw could hold no more." We would be glad to know the name of the naturalist who has seen this wonderful thing—not because we doubt, but be-cause, as the children say, we want to be old the story "for sure."

Hydrophobia.—A remedy for this horrible disease is stated to have been used with great success for fifty years by a German forester. The method is as follows: The wound must be immediately washed with warm vinegar or tepid water, and then carefully dried; a few drops of sulphuric acid must then be poured into the place, and the action of the poison, it is asserted, will be neutralized. The principle of the cure, would seem to depend upon the cautery of the acid, as a substitute for the hot iron, but the severity of the remedy renders it the severity of the remedy renders it highly dangerous, except in cases of ex-tremity like that of hydrophobia. The pain of the add upon healthy tissue is intense.

WALNUT CATSUP.—Thoroughly bruise one hundred and twenty young walnuts; put to them three-quarters of a pound of fine salt and a quart of vinegar; stir them every day for a fortnight then strain; squeeze the liquor from them through a cloth; add to this one ounce of whole black pepper, forty cloves, half an ounce of nutmeg bruised, half an ounce of ginger and a few blades of mace. Boil the whole for half an hour; strain and bottle it for use.

A certain fashionable book publisher of New-York recently, while enjoying, an airing behind a span of high steppers in Central Park one afternoon last week, in Central Park one afternoon last week, overtook an author of his who was quietly logging along in a modest buggy, and remarked locosely, as he passed the latter, "You'll excuse me getting ahead of you?" "Dou't mention it. Publishers generally do get ahead of their authors!" was the quiek retort.

NEURALGIA.—An exchange says a gentleman of Troy has discovered that lemon juice is a sure cure for that very lemon juice is a sure cure for that very common complaint, neuralgia. He says that the juice of one lemon aday, taken in water, will cure the most obstinate cases. No sugar should be used, as it has a tendency to counteract the benfits of the lemon juice, Those who are troubled with neuralgia should give thi simple remedy a trial.

APPLE FLITTERS.—Make a batter, not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs and flour to bring it to a right consistence. Pare and core a dozen apples, and chop them to about the size of small peas, and mix them well in the batter. Fry them in lard, as you would doughnuts. For trimmings use powdered white sugar.

COCOANUT CAKE. Take two bounds of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound and three-quarters of flour, ten eggs, two grated cocoanuts, one out of milk, and the milk of the gocoanuts; and half a teaspoonfull of soda last thing.—
This makes two loaves.

A man on his death-bed in Hull, England, confessed to the murder of his mother thirty-three years ago.

To ascertain the weight of a horse put your toe under his foot