## American Volunteer.

ED EVERY THURSDAY MOBNING TTON & KENNEDY. SOUTH MARKE SQUARE. Two Dollars per year 11 paid strictly Two Dollars and Fifty Cents 11 paid nths; after which Three D

## rofessional Cards.

MRICH. | WM. B. PARKER ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTOR

RELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY

TRMAN GOETZ. TORNEY AT LAW, NEWVILLE, PENN'A. Pensions and other claims attended t

7 R. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT Office in Wetzel's Building, opposite House, Carliele, Pa. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the the Court House, next door to the "Her-lies, Carlisle, Penna.

J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND

KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW

J. S. BENDER, Homeopathic

ATTORNEY AT LAW, is 2d Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 8 South or Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county, as. Bountles, Back Pay, &c., promptly ons by mail, will receive immediate

### Mats and Caps

psoriber has just opened at No. 15 North Street, a few doors North of the Cardisle and, one of the largest and best Stocks as the largest of the largest and set of the largest and set of the largest set of the largest set of the largest of the la

so added to my Stock, noti , consisting of AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS.

ILK AND CASSIMERE HATS. TS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. If the best arrangement for coloring Hats Linis of Woolen Goods, Overscoats, Sc., at reest holice (as he colors every week) and most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of

COUNTRYFURS he pays the highest cash prices for h

AVID STROHM, W. D. SPONSLER,

STORE. NO. 18. SOUTH HANOVER STREET.

nts: Our score consists in an annua and sof net Misses and Childrens' Leather Womens' Misses and Childrens' Leather Womens' Glove Kid, Turkey and French 1: Mens' and Boys' Calf, Buff and Kid. Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Congress; Mens' and Boys' Leating Gaiters and 1: Mens' and Boys' Leating Gaiters and 1: Mens' and Boys' Leating and Foreshoes; d Womens' Goat, Welf and Capate Sliplens', Boys' and Childrens' Fur and Saxts.

notto. Therefore, in Issuing our card, it and and look through our stock without under onligations to buy unless suited in and price. We shall always try to deal early one in a straight forward manner, e every customer a full equi valant for his We hope all will avail themselves of sit opportunity to call and see us.

8, 1869—iy

MANUFACTURERS OF

OOTS AND SHOES, NO, 5, EAST MAIN STREET. nmenced the manufacture of Boots e attention of the trade is invited BESOFTMENT OF CHILDRENS' BHOES MINSES AND CHILD adapted to the store and especially adapted to the the Reiall Trade. We shall at all times hand a complete assortment of all the OPULAR STYLES, by workmen of the greatest experience the hembers of the trade who may favor h their custom are assured that no effort part will be spared to furnish good goods

THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRIORS.
ders by mail shall receive the same attentiant buyers would in person, and distant less can rely on getting their goods on equal; good terms by sending their orders, as by only visually visually as a part of the control of the contro pril 22 1865—8m

# Anerican

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1869.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

ODD'S NERVINE DID IT.

New London, Cona, April 25, 1839.

REMEMBERSED FRIEND.—I thought it well to walt another week before writing, to see fil continued to 'improve, as I' have been doing for some time, under the treatment of the new medicine, and I am happy to tell you that I am getting better—even faster than when you were here. I commenced the use of DODD'S NER-VINE: without anybody advising me to it. When I began with it.-I could only walk from my bed to the chair. My trouble has been extreme pain. In the head, and has lasted over three years. All the medicine I have herebofore taken has failed to give any rollef. I am now able to go up and down stage, and daily impoving. I consider the NERVINE the best medicine I ever found, and shall continue its use, for I am confident of spirite 'ecovery, I have taken only three bottles; and would not be without it on any account.

The milk from well-filled udders flowing. I glanced beyond the barn-yard wall,

Then up got Katy-so by that I knew her milking done—and straightway
While my own heartwent pit-a-pat,
Came toward me through the open gateway.

Her eyes met mine as if by chance, Not knowing who it was, then shyly, Neath drooping lids withdrew their glance, Then back again to mine stole slyly.

Perhaps she gave me no reply, Perhaps it was the night's gray curtain. Slow-failing from the twilight air. Which left her answer so uncertain.

Grew hourse and loud in contradiction The katydids pronounced both ways;

But ere the moon was one hour olders I sat beneath its silvery rays
With Katy's head upon my shoulde

# Miscellaneous.

A wet, dismal night—a night when, tempted by the first warm day of Spring, people who had left off, fires looking dubiously at their polished grates, and shuddered as the rain beat heavily against the windows and the wind howled in the chimneys—a night when not a star was visible, when the gas lights flickered and fluttered in a misty, uncertain manner, and the payement was covered with a greasy agglutination of slime and mud—a night when sudden gusts took pedestrians almost off their feet, and sent the blinding drizzle into their faces till they could scarcely see their way; when umbrellas were a myth, and waterproofs a fond delusion; and a light fog, strongly suggestive of sore throats and rheumatism, lung over the marshy districts of London.

Three o'clock in the morning and on Waterloo Bridge—silence over the great city—the great dark hive that loomed so grimly against the leaden sky, while the busy brains of every restless man kept feverisk watches through the still small hours.

feverish watches through the still small

And a woman, weary and foot-sore, with garments that hardly protected her from the rain, a shawl so thin and ragged that it required all the strength left in her long, lean arms to prevent its being blown away, offered a silver three-pence to the tollman at the gate.

A bright fire was blazing in the little room rows and warm it looked comparations.

nence to the tollman at the gate.

A bright fire was blazing in the little room—cozy and warm it looked compared with the dreariness without; and the man as he held his cost tail tight up in his neck to shield him from the pleroing blast, looking askance at the wayfarer who had interrupted him.

He was used to these tramps; they would sleep in the recesses of the bridge on the warm summer nights—sy, and in the bitter winter, too; they swarmed on the water steps, where they lay huddled together, old, and young a loathsome hideous mass, he had grown quite accustomed to the tide of human misery that crept so closely to the dark silent river.—Did they think, those poor offcasts of humanity, that when life was too hard even for them to bear there, was rest beneath those cold, turbid waters a home somewhere below their Stygian obscurity?

He was wont to see all phases of sublunary wretcheduess and vice, yet something in this woman's flurried manner, her evident desire to be unnoticed, added to the lateness of the hour, caused him to look closely at her before delivering her change. She didn't seem exactly like a pauper; there were signs of delicacy, and better days in the white scared face, whose outline he could scarcely catche through the dark, wavy hair, which was pushed in such disorder beneath the faded formet.

He was a kind-hearted man, one who had gone through suffering himself.

'It is a bad night for you to be out in, my girl; a terrible had night.'

The woman drew her shawl tighter round her shivering form.

with a ghastly smile, 'I know that as well as you.'

'Take care you don't get blown off the bridge,' returned the man, 'there's wind enough to do it.'

'There's no such luck,' retorted she bitterly.' Death don't come to 'those who seek for it.'

'Well, it's a had lockout when one wants to seek it. I suppose you are going home?' This was a side hint.

The woman drew herself up.

'What's that to you?' she flared out.—

What business is it of yours where I'm going? Can't you c've me the mon y and let me go, and not keep me here in this villainous rain?'

'Well, you needn't be so sharp. Surely a fellow could ask a civil question without being snapped up like that. It ain't no matter to me where you go.'

'Then what did you ask for?' she retorted, impattently, taking the copperation, as if she regretted her rudeness, she said more gently: 'Yee, I'm going home, if that will satisfy you—such a home as it's. Good night, my old fellow.'

for him; the wind and the rain beat gry ppirits clamorous for entrance, and the wind and rain sent the poor wonder-er far on the bridge out of his sight.

cy gaye'a hideous stiape tell on his listen going out on the room door for her and then going out on the steps, stood for a moment gazing, in angry amazement, at the menty panes of glass that constituted the toll-house windows, as if he could see

was at least entitled to a hearing.

'Well Connie,' he said, 'let it be sp.
Go back into the library, and I will question him first myself.'

He told the footman to call the man inside and close the door. After a while Mr. Power came to his slster.

'I cannot make him out,' he said, in answer to her anxious glance. 'He tells me a rambling story about some girl he has picked out of the water, and whom he says, you know. You had bettersee him. Constance.'

'O yes, yes! Ask him to come in at once.'

He was an old gray haired man, whose garments betokened extreme poverty,

talking about?

'Have you forgotten her, William? the girl who was my companion when poor papa died.' 'Ah, I forgot; she left us just as you returned from abroad; but you must have heard me speak of 'Pauline Barry.' I loved her like a sister. She is all—dying; I must go to her at once.'

'You will do nothing of the sort,' retorted her brother. 'I shall not allow you to be so foolish.'

'I will—I must!' she said; and the little white teeth were set determinedly.

'And I will also if you will be so insane.'
No, no; you would only be in the way? she exclaimed, hurriedly. 'Do be sensible, darling? I am not afraid with Phillips.' Be quick; dear, and ring the bell; eyery moment may be too late.'
"And it will, Miss,' cried the man, respectfully, 'if we dosen't look sharp. My missis said as how she couldn't last long.' You are decidedly out of your mind, Constance,' said Mr. Power, when he saw she was determined; 'going off at this time of night to listen to the rhapsodies of a dying woman.'
Which is the most mad,' she murmered, flushing—'wasting God'sholy time in frivolous amusements, or soothing the last hours of the soul for whom He died?' Mr. Power shragged his shoulders, 'As you please? he cried; but I insist on your taking one of the men with you as well. I will send away the carriage; you had better have a cab, it will attract less attention.'

less attention. A short time afterward a cab drew up before a dingy-looking house in a narrow dirty, street running parallel with the river, on the south side of the Thames.

a whisper to her maid; 'there is no occasion for you to come inside.'
But master said, Miss.—' I am your mistress, 'replied Constance haughtliy; 'do as you are told?'
The girl shrunk back; to tell the truth, she was quite as ready to the as to fee

place as this.'
'I'm not a fraid,' said Constance, gent-

ond whisper,
'Ay, my girl; and I brought the lady
with me.
'That's right,' cried the woman.
And Constance found herself face to
face with a poorly-dressed but motherlylooking woman.

tears rolled down Constance's fair cheeks as she gazed on the altered features, the thin, wasted figure of one who when last she beheld was radiant with youth and health. Large drops of perspiration stood on her forehead; her nose was drawn and pinched, her eyes sunken, her lips livid and swollen with fever, her hair lay in a tangled mass around her haggard face, over which was gradually creeping that mysterious ashen grey—the bridal vell of death.

gled up the steps.

"Wins! are you Miss Power? It's you I want to see.!

Mr. Rowerdrew her angrily back.

"Really Constance, he said in a low more broken chairs, some wooden boxes tone, 'you are forgetting yourself. To a come out here before all these people—re ally—'.

"William' cried the girl, don't be cross; but Barnes tells me the man said it was a matter of life and death. It must be something very serious to bring him at this hour of the night.'

"Power though hasty in his temper, was a just and reasonable man; he saw plainly now the man was not intoxicated, and though he was annoyed at being disturbed at this unseasonable hour, he could not but acknowledge the fitness of the lissister's argument, and that the man was at least entitled to a hearing.

"Well Connie,' he said, 'let it be so,—at the him first myself.'

"Well Connie,' he said, 'let it be so,—at and close the door. After a while ht Mr. Power came to his sister."

"Well Connie,' he said, 'let it be so,—at and close the door. After a while ht Mr. Power came to his sister."

"We low though hasty in his temper, was a least entitled to a hearing.

"Well Connie,' he said, 'let it be so,—at and close the door. After a while ht Mr. Power came to his sister."

"I cannot make him out,' he said, in answer to her anxious glance. 'He tells me a rambling story about some girl' he will hear to grant that any trong God's where a could not be a could not be

"Of course he does," replied Constance

weeping. There are note so vite time, his mercy cannot reach, if they only repent."

"I think I have repented," murmured the girl. "If I had been spared, I would have led a different life. They told you, didn't they, I tried to drown myself? It was an awful sin; but I was driven mad. Yes, I am sorry now, Miss Constance.—They have been so kind to me here—the poor old mat and his wife. And they showed me how wicked and wrong I was for wishing to take my life, and I want to repent.—Hush! what is that?"

Constance listened, but heard nothing; she had been too much engrossed with the poor sufferer to heed extraneous notes. "It is nothing, dear."

"I thought I heard a step," murmured Pauline, speaking with difficulty, "O, this pain—If it would but cease."

She fell back exhausted, and Constance held a teacup containing a little cordial, to her lips; It revived her, and she opened her eyes once more.

ed her eyes once more. In her agitation and auxiety, the hood

of Constance's cloak had fallen back, and the sweet, fair face, with its halo of gold-en hair, was revealed to Pauline's view. "Take it all off," she said presently, "I want to see you as you are." With a blush at the strange request,

"You are very beautiful," she said at last, "more beautiful than ever. Miss-Power, I have ruined your life. Can you orgive me?" Constance

in her head, and laid her hand soothingly upon her.
"My poor Pauline," she cried, "what have I to forgive? If you could only be moved from here, perhaps you might get better, and she—"
But the girl laughed a very wild hoarse laugh.

And again she fell exhausted on the pillow.

Presently she spoke again, and the words she uttered caused Miss Power to start and tremble, while the blood rushed

to her face.
"You had a lover once—Captain Sta-"You had a lover once—capanily pleton?"
'Al, yes, you know—but what of him.
He never loved me, Pauline, and the sweet face was bowed in her jeweled fin-

dirty: street running parametriver, on the south side of the Thames, and a man, descending from the box, as slated, a welled and munited figure to alight.

'Walt for me here,' said Constance in 'Walt for me here,' said Constance in the scheme.'

'Walt for me here,' said there is no constance in the scheme.'

'O you sinful, wicked woman! moaned the wretched Constance, 'you know not the wretched Constance, 'you

Dolliet

ADVANTISHEM NI be inserted at Ten Unit per line for the first insertion, and five cent per line for each imbequent insertion. Quarterly half-yearly, and yearly advantsements in cred at a liberal reduction on the above rates. Advantsements ahould be accompanied by the Casif. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING. CARDS, HANDRILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other description of Joz and Carp Printing.

Companions in arms Twin babies
Sure cure for office seekers Since cures.

-What soup would cannibals prefer?
the broth of a boy.

-Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a
natural love for being squeezed.

—On the 29th ult., Mr. William Williams to Miss Lizzle Williams, both of Williamstown. 'For further particulars see small bills!'

-An editor in Maine is a great lover of geological pursuits, and a contemporary says he is the richest man in the State, because he has always a pocket full of

because he has always, a pocket full of rocks.

—A minister at a camp meeting said:

'If a lady with the blue hat, red hair and cross eyed, don't stop talking she will be pointed out to the congregation.

The printer who kissed his aw etheart, saying 'please exchange,' is believed not to have exceeded the liberty

What would you be, dearest,' said Walter to his aweetheart, 'if I was to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?' I should be stationary.'

Of all the devils under the skies, Devils wicked, and devils wise, Devils short, and devils tall, A pretty woman with laughing eyes, Is the greatest devil of them all.

—A gentleman, on hearing a lady praise the eyes of a certain minister, wrote the following: cannot praise the doctor's eyes, I never saw his glance divine.

For when he prays he shuts his eyes, And when he preaches he shuts mine. —A Quaker in Bloomington, Indiana, who observed his wife looking in at the kitchen door while he was embracing the servant girl, thus addressed her. Betsy, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family.

—A well known author hung up his stocking in jest last Christmas eve, and his wife, yery much in earnest, put a baby in: it; whereupon the author said: 'My dear, darn that stocking.'

—A batchelor uses the following mod-ification of a hackneyed phrase in con-graulating a newly married friend: 'I wish you much jaw.'

—Sambo in speaking of the happiness of married people, said: 'dat at'.' pends altogedder how dey enjoys demselves.' -The dearest spot on earth is home, the song being believed. Mr. Peggett says it's true—costs him twice as much as any other spot—ruins, in fact, a \$100 spot every month.

-A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country and asked, 'Who is the master of this house?'. 'I am, sir, replied the landlord; 'my wife has been dead about three weeks.'

show a little longer.

Dr. Hinchcliff, Bishop of Petersborough, had much ready wit, and was extremely apt at checking those who were fond of cavilling at the meaning of different texts of Scripture. On being asked one day what was to be understood by the expression the clothed himself with curses as with a garment in The clearest thing in the world, replied the doctor; the man had a had to a wearing.

—'The Editor of the Wisconsin Ban-ner says 'Wednesday's mall brought to us a letter addressed 'Rev.,' another the 'Hon.,' another 'Col.,' one 'Mr.,' and the last 'Esq.' On the way to dinner we ac-cidentally stepped on a woman's trail, and she addressed us thus: 'You brute.'

Like the generality of kings and con-querors, Frederick the Great had a most philosophic indifference to death—in oth-ers. In one of his battles, a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out, 'Why do you run away, you old black guards? Do you want to live forever?

-An absent minded-youth astonished the company during the lull in a conversation on Lallooning, by the following: Suppose it should happen that Mr. Green be carried away in his balloon so far from hence as to have to descend on some inhabited island, how it would surprise the natives!'

he hatyes!

—A little youngster, two and a half years, who had heard some complaint in the family about pegs in shoes hurting the feet, approached his mother the other day, with his fluger in his mother, and says! Mamma, me dot pegs tunming in my mout and day hurt me.' And sure enough the little fellow was cutting two or three nice teeth.

A Chicago reporter who attended a spring opening of a fashionable millinery, says of it: A cabbage leaf trimmed with three red peppers, and a dried oherry sells for \$35. It is called a jockey; has one great advantage—can be eaten as a salad when the season changes. One composed of three signs on a bit of pink-colored for was considered objact at \$55. casion for you to come inside."

In or you come inside."

You sinful, wicked woman!! moaned the wretched Constance, 'you know not I am your mistress, 'replied Constance, 'you know not haughtly; 'do as you are told?'

The girl shrunk back; to tell the truth, she was quite as ready to stop as to go, far prefering a chat with the footman to witnessing the death struggles of the poor; and he had bid me do it. I would have broken all; the had bid me do it. I would have head the had bid me do it. I would have nessing the death struggles of the poor; and he had bid me do it. I would have head the had bid me do it. I would have the same was prefering a chat with the footman to witnessing the death struggles of the poor; and would marry you if he same wretched streets to be found even in Belgrave.

The old man—Parker, he said his name was—opened the door by means of astring pulled through a hole. No need of bolts and bars there, except to keep the thisyes inside when justice demanded them.

Mind the step, my lady, 'he said, 'It's

# Misceltaneo us

taken only uncount. out it on any account. Very truly, Mrs. I. S. NUTE.

August 5, 1869—4w.

A GENTS WANTED FOR THE Abest Book of the period. WOMEN-OF NEW TORK: Or The Under World of the Great City: The most startling revelation of modern times, New York Society Unmasked, "The Aristocacy," Women of Pleasure, "Married Women," and all classes thoroughly ventilated. Ollinstrations. Address at once.
The New York Book Co., 165 Nassau St., New York.

ONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS.

DERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. We clip the following from the Providence Advertiser: "At this season of the year, when cholera, cholera morbus, dysentery, and other kindred complaints are sure to prevail, every-body should be liberally supplied with Perry Davis Vegetable Pain Killer. Persons leaving home, whether it be for a day's excursion or a trip to Europe, should be in a condition to place their hands on it at a moment's warning. Many diseases ligition to the summer monthe, which will prove fatal if not immediately checked, can be promptly cured by one or two doses of the Pain Killer. On more than one occasion have swe been relieved of threnes suffering by the timely use of the above named preparation. Sold by all druggists, grocers, and medicine depth water to the supplementations.

TED STATES CLAIM

ion. cular attention given to the selling or rent-keal Estate; in town or country. In all let-inquiry, please enclose postage stamp.

ESH SUMMER ARRIVAL OF ALL THE NEW STYLES ATS AND CAPS.

A full assortment of MEN'S. nil asso.... BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S, HATS outons of differ-

Pencils, Thread, Sewing Silk, Umbrellas, of IME SEGARS AND TOBACCO me a call, and examine my stock as I feel out of pleasing all, besides saving you mo-

TS AND CAPS! YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO. DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON J. G. CALLIO. NO. 29. WEST MAIN STREET, HATS AND CAPS

ught to Carlisle. He takes great pleas-nviting his old friends and oustomers, lew ones, to his splendid stock just re-rom New York and Philadelphia, con-l part of the k Asthma and Catarrh, cured by inhalation.

Abbott's: Inhaling: Fluid is: the only remedy
inown that operates on the lung—dissolves the
taberdes, which, are thrown off, the cavities
heal, and acture is effected. Treatment by letter
or in pan and be had only of
a yan Hummelle, M. D., is West 14th St.,
New York.
August 6, 1850—10m.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

Boots and Shoes.

JOHN W. STROHM, OT, SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT

AIS.

MKS of all sizes and prices; Traveling Satchels and Vallses, together with a fine goods, which we will sell to suit the times, UK SALES AND, M. ALLS PROFITS, motto. Therebyer in Issuing our card, it

IE CARLISLE SHOE COMPA A GENTS WANTED FOR THE SEcret History of the Confederacy, by Edward A. Pollard. The excounting revelations and startling disclosures made in this work are creating the most intense desire to obtain it. The 'sever political intense political intense and the Hidden Mysteries, from "Behind the Seenes in Richmond," are thoroughly ventilized. Bend for the work. Address, "ATIONAL FUBLISHING CO. Philadelphia, Pa. July 29, 1899—4w

COPER DAY,—Agents wanted every-DAY where. Samples for two stamps. Ad-dress, BATES, HAINES & CO., Gleveland, Onio. July 29, 1869—49

MY FIRST PROPOSAL. Where, on the grass, the setting sun Before me cast my lengthened shadow. I struck a narrow path that ran By Loyell's farm, a crooked by-way

And ended on the dusty highway. It reached their barn-yard first of all, Then wandered through a wood hollow, And darted past an old stone-wall, As if inviting you to follow;

It climbed a hill where all the day It crossed a brook which flowed that way, Then slid beneath our barn's brown gabl A shorter cut it was that led

To our own homestend from the meadow, And so I followed it instead, And on before me went my sharlow. Then nearing Lovell's farm I lieard While, babbling, in the bright pails stirred

The sun dropped down from out the sky, And loft the west with rich gold laden; An awkward country lad was I, And Katy but a simple maiden.

With that last look my courage grey; I said—it may have been I swore it— She was the sweetest girl I knew. And told her how I loved her for it.

Then winding homeword, torn with doubt The tree-toads trilled their firm conviction patriarch frogs, with deep bass shout,

COING HOME.

Not a sound save the splash; splash of the river, as its wept under the cold stone arches, sucking and licking the piers with its fetid, thungry tongues; the distant rumble of a market wagon or a home re-turning cab; or, the chimes of the city churches, telling how time; was passing

my giri; a terriole oad night,
The woman drew her shawl tighter
round her shivering form.
You needn't tell me that, she replied
with a ghastly smile, 'I know that as

He sat down in his wooden arm chair beside the genjal fire. He could not rest, however, but started nervously as the north which howest louden around his little cabin, or a gound to which his fanoy gaye a hideous shape fell on his, listening car.

anything but the murky darkness, the bitter, cruel night.

'I wish I'd followed her,' he muttered to himself; 'I'm blest if I don't.'

But he couldn't run after every tramp that chose to go over, the bridge, he thought. With this reflection he endeavored to scothe the uneasy mind that would not allow him to be at peace.

And the woman or girl—for in spite of her squalor and misery she looked youthful, even now—sped swiitly on till she reached the middle of the bridge. There was no one to stay her; the recesses were all deserted; she was there in the darkness, the silence and the rain, as ionely as though she wera in an eastern desert. Alone in the very heart of London, mid-way between those two great masses of habitations that stretch on either side of the wonderful regal river. To her left, amidst the gaunt, tall houses, whose reflection made the waters blacker er still, towered St. Paul's Cathedral, England's heroes' mausoleum; while a small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well seated by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, well as small crowd of curious listeners, collected by the uproar, wel er still, towered St. Paul's Cathedral, England's heroes' mausoleum; while far above, far past the graceful bridges, with their avenues of twinkling lights, lay the old Abbey in the solemn shadows of its sanctuary, like a voice from the past, with the holiness of ages around it. There were lights in many a window yet, telling of those for whom there is no night—the sick, the dying and oppressed—telling of those to whom night brings no repose, no significance, but a season for harder work filched from the overexcited brain.

ntelling of those to whom night brings no repose, no significance, but a season for harder work filched from the over-excited brain.

The silence was all exterior. She knew well, vagrant as she was, that there are hundreds of dwellings in which night was the real day, during which men work and toil and fight, conquer and fall, in the great battle of life. She knew, God alone knows how bitterly, that Hell' held high carnival during those midnight hours, and that while the innocent and good elept the call sleep of the just, devils incarnate laughed over the ruin of immortal soils.

But all this was nothing new to her.—There was no hand, devil's or angel's stretched forth to help her in her fearful need. She stood for a moment on the parapet, her hands—those thin, attenuated hands—clenched tightly together.

There might be a better world she thought—there couldn't be a worse.—The God who made her would forgive her if she were doing wrong. And a wild scream mingled with the soughing wind; as the cold waters parted for a moment, and they went rippling, alashing on, over a broken heat.

A policeman heard that scream as he stood at the other end of the bridge, vainly endeavoring to, shield himself from the storm. He turned his bull's eye on, and looked up and down the road.—Some poor unfortunate he thought, engaged in a drunken brawl.—Best to let her fight it out herself; he would get ne good by interference.

A bargeman heard that scream as he he scoud close to his ear.

And the angels of God heard that scream as they hovered over the sinstained city, and they bore it upward on their snowy wings through unmeasurable space, through the golden floods of light, that far beyond all human thought irradiate the confines of eternal bliss, till it woke the echoes of unutterable love at the mercy gate of heaven.

A fortnight later and another night in London—a soft, balmy, spring night, when myriades of giltering stars lighted the Heavens with their beauty, and shone down upon the sleeping earth of an ever-watchful Providence

finest thoroughfares of virtuous London—a night when the clubs at the West End were all illuminated, and handsome, dissolute men stood on the steps, er at the windows, discussing the last new opera, or the characters of their female friends—when in the alleys and corners of the old metropelis small thieves with children's bodies, and old, cunting faces piled their unlawful trade, and from plied their unlawful trade, and from out the meretricious splendor of the gin palaces, that like enchanted manicious in the Arabian Nights seemed doubly dazing amid the dinginess around, rose discordant voices while hellish laughter mingled with the pure air.

There were lights in one of the large houses in Belgrave Square; a carriage and pair stood before the door, and in one of the splendidly furnished drawing rooms within sat a young girl dressed for a ball, fastening the buttons of her tiny gloyes. She was very fair—fair with the pale Saxon beauty so distinctive of our race; a delicate, aristocratic face, large dreamy eyes, and lustrous wavy

of our race; a delicate, aristocratic face, large dreamy eyes, and lustrous ways hair, falling over the white, shimmering silken robes like golden sunshine on the snow-clad Alps.

Beautiful exceedingly,' she seemed; and so the fine tall man thought—her brother evidently, by the likewess between them—as he entered the room, and stood for a moment gazing at her.

He smiled approvingly as, taking up her fan and boquet, she advanced to meet him; and then a shadow of something like anxiety fell over his face. It was gone, however, in an instant.

was gone, however, in an instant.
I am afraid we shall be late, Constance; it is nearly twelve now; and Ludy, Churchhill begged us to come Lady Churchhill begged us to come early.'

All am ready, William,' she replied;
but there is plenty of time. We shall be weary enough before it is over.' And she shrugged her shoulders with a charming gesture of indifference.

No revel is complete without its queen,' replied her brother, gallantly,—'Your adorers will have been fuming themselves to death for the last two hours, fearing you would not come.'

'It will do them good,' she replied with a light laugh; 'they may learn wisdom in time.'

'And Sir Richard?' questioned her

'And Sir Richard?' questioned her brother, looking earnestly into her smilng face. She crimsoned—a, flush of anger, not She crimsoned—a; flush of anger, not of love, and turned emphatically away.

'Sir Richard may wait forever. He has had his answer alrendy.'
Her brother bit his lips.

'I think you are foolish. Constance—
Sir Richard loves you, and would make you avery good match.'

'Constance twined her hands around her hyndrady arm, with term terminal arm. er brother's arm, with tears trembling

her brother's arm, with tears trembling in her eyes.

I shall never marry, William, never. Please don't ask me, dear. I am very happy here with you.

He stopped and kissed the piteous face that was turned so timidly up to his.

There! Don't spoil your pretty eyes, he oried: 'some one will induce you to change that resolution, I hope.'

He drew her hand within his arm, and led her down the broad staircase into the hall where a powdered footman to the half where a powdered footman stood with wraps upon his arm, ready to see them into the carriage.

The street door was partly open, and an altercation and rough voices speaking sharply caused the gentleman to hesitat what is the meaning of this distur-pance, Barnes?' he asked.

It is a man, sir, as is himpertinent, and will not go away; and John is makng him."
What does the fellow want? What

He says he wants to see Miss Power

"To see me?' exclaimed Constance, while her brother frowned,
'To see Miss Power? What insufferable insolence! And at this time of night, too."
'He is most howdedous, sir, and says her knowed the ways downlar out and he knowed she was coming out, and would stop till she did.

Constance, my love, said Mr. Power, you had better step into the library. I will settle this affair.

He opened the room door for her, and then going out on the steps stood for a

you imprisoned.'
Prison me if you will,' orled the man earnestly; 'but let me speak one word to the young lady, sir, for the love of heav-

the young lady, sir, for the love of heaven.' The man is drunk,' muttered Mr. Power to himself, 'mad or drunk.'
The old fellow caught the last word.
'No, I ain't drunk, yer honor,' he cried, 'I earn an honest livelihood, and that's more than every flunkey can say,' and he glanced indignantly at the footman, who still kept by his side. 'I'm in my sober senses, and I know what I want. I want to see Miss Power.
'It is one of those beggarly paupers Constance is so fond of,' thought Mr. Power. 'This is the fruit of ladies going about visiting the sick—a precious piece of business to be sure. If you will promise to go away quietly, I will let you off,' he commenced, but at that moment a hand was placed on his arm, and a soft voice questioned:

you want to see her alive.?

Constance opened in profound astonishment, which increased to a look of intense horror as she read the contents.

'I am dying, dying fast,' it is said, 'but I cannot go until I have 'told you what is on my mind. Please don't refuse, but come as quickly as you can. The whole happiness of your future life depends on your seeing.'

PAULINE BARR.

'O my poor Paulinel' exclaimed Miss Power. 'The girl that left me suddenly, four years ago. Where is she, my good man? I will go at once.'

'She's in my house, me lady, close by the water side. She had been drowned herself, and I picked her up, and me and my missis has minded her ever since; they'd have taken her to prison if we'd peached, oh her, Miss, you know, and she's so quiet and good; and the doctors has been so very good to us, and given us a but of money, and—'

'Yes, 'yes,' interrupted the trembling girl, 'you shall tell me all about it as we go.'

'Nonsense. Constance?' exclaimed Mr.

Nonsense, Constance?" exclaimed Mr. Power. 'Who is this Pauline you are talking about?'

the white teeth were set determinedly, and strange defiance flashed in the violet eyes. 'I will be too late in the morning.' You will go, and in these trappings!' and he pointed contemptously to the clouds of lace that floated around her fairy clouds of lace that floated around her fairy form, the pearls and opals gleaming on her fair white neck and arms, and in the tresses of her amber hair.

'I will cover them all over with my large waterproof cloak;' she said entreatingly. 'No one will recognize me, and Phillips can go with me.

'Ahd I will also, if you will be so insane.'

not often the likes of you come to such a 'I'm not a fraid,' said Constance, gently; as she spoke and trembled, and her heart sank at the impenetrable darkness before her.

The noise they make had evidently been heard, for a door opened, and a woman came cautiously down the stairs, carrying a sweating candle in a broken candlestick.

'Is that you, Jim?' she called, in a loud whisper.

face with a poorly-dressed but motherly-looking woman.

'How is she?' was her first question.

'Yery badly, Miss, very badly. She's been and dropped into a doze; but they say she can't last till morn. She's been asking for you, Miss, all night long.' b

Up two flights of creaking, rickety stairs and they stopped at a door in the back part of the house, which the woman opened, and holding the light above her head, suffered Coustance to pass through first. A dirty blanket thrown over an old clothes line served as a screen to prevent the drafts that whistled through the crevices of the door from reaching the bed, on which lay the palld face of the dying woman, breathing heavily. The tears rolled down Constance's fair cheeks as she gazed on the altered features, the

hand was placed on his arm, and a soft voice questioned:
Vibrat is the matter, William?
At the door stood Constance, in her sweet eyes turned wonderingly on the spectacle before her.
With a cry of joy the old man struggled up the steps.
O'Miss! are you Miss Power? It's the matter will be a blessing when the Lord is pleased to take her. Will you sit down, Miss?
She wiped a chair for her visitor, and then, leaving the candle on the table near, stole quietly out of the room.
Constance looked around, and shuddered. Bare boards, a broken table

weeping. "There are none so vile that his mercy cannot reach, if they only re-

with a outsile to estange request, and yet not liking to refuse a dying wo-man, Miss Power untled the clasp, and let the cloak fall to her feet. Pauline gazed at her for awhile in si-lence, excitement working in her fea-

laugh.
"I am dying," she cried, "dying, fast;
I only hope I shall live long enough to tell you all. Take away your hand, it burns me; I cannot bear..."

ers, 'He did, Constance Power, he loved 'He did, Constance Power, he loved you dearly; he wrote letter after letter, and—I destroyed them.'

With a wild cry of anguish Constance started to her feet. 'O, Pauline!' she exclaimed, 'how could you be so crue!?'

Because he tempted me—he, Sir Richard Ashford, the man I loved, who swore he would make me his wife—fool that I was to believe him—tempted me with false oaths and deceltful romises to destroy Captain Stapleton's letters. He told me that he hated him, that he wanted to ruin him with you, and I lent myself to

VOL. 56. -- NO. 9. own terrible sorrow.
O Victor! she murmured, O my dear lost love! And I sent you away, sent you to India to die!'

Forgive, forgive, moaned the dying

woman.
I cannot forgive you. You have ru-ined my life. God may forgive you, but cannot.'
They were bitter words; but they were young from a young heart's terrible ago-

Pauline lay motionless; she had fainted; Constance thought she was dying, and fung herself by the side of the bed.

'O Pauline, Pauline!' she cried 'I did not know what I was saying. It was very hard, it was very cruel, but I forgive—yes; I forgive.

She rubbed her hands, those hands which had so ruthlessly destroyed her happiness; she wiped the death-sweat off the pallid brow, sobbing as if her heart would break.

At last Pauline spoke again. 'Say it again,' she murmured; I want to hear you again,' she murmured; I want to hear yo say it again.

'Can I be obstinate when my Lord for-gives?' ryplied Constance. 'O Pauline! It is His pardon you must seek, not mine.'

A faint smile stole over the dying wo-man's face. Home—I am going home, she muttered; 'there is rest for the wea-ry, peace for evermore!'
Again a long and painful silence. Her breath grew shorter every moment. Con-stance kielt down beside the bed to

stance knelt down beside the bed to pray
'Captain Victor, murmured Pauline,
'has come back. I saw him—that—that evening at the club.'
Constance clasped her hands, 'What was that you said?' she cried wildly, 'He has come back!'
'Yes it is true, quite true.'
'Too late, too late!' walled the girl burying her face in her hands, 'He believed me false; he will never—!
With a vloent effort Pauline ralsed herself from the pillow. 'I did what I could,' she said faintly, 'I wrote to him; too—I had told him all—I could not die unless—for—forgiven.' unless—for—forgiven.

'And he is here!' exclatmed a manly, voice, as the tall form of the stranger emerged from behind the screen and clasped the trembling Constance in his arms.

"And he is here!" exclaimed a manly, voice, as the tall form of the stranger emerged from behind the screen and clasped the trembling Constance in his arms.

O Constance, my darling! How could leave to be the constance in his ed at old lidy, as she removed her spectacles and laid down her paper, it thought so,' she gontlined, for the last thread I see my blindness and folly now. Can you forget it?

She lay in his arms. The sudden joy had taken away all power of speech; her soft hair swept his face, the hair he covered with passionafe kisses.

Victor! Victor!' she murmined ht last, her eyes meeting his in their pure, shimmering, silken robes—the man for whom a new existence had begun in a dingy and rusty garret beside the slimy

O'yes, yes! Ask him to come in at once.'

He was an old gray haired man, whose garments betokened extreme poverty, but whose face looked honest and sincere, despite the flush that excitement had given it.

'Are you Miss Power—Miss Constance. You shall tell me all about it by and by. Power?' he exclaimed hurriedly, without waiting for her to speak.

'Yes, I am Constance Power; what can I do for you?'

'O', then if you be her, I was to give your ladyship this bit of a letter,' taking a dirty sorap of paper from his pocket; and you?'

Constance was terrible affected, her than they forget the woman to whom the arm that they forget the woman to whom all its sin, was slipping fast with a smile on her lips they had never worn in life, and a light and peace on the poor, pale face that never could be taken away.

How often have I thought about you, dear Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

'Yes, I' will tell you all,'' replied Pauline, and wondered why you left us for my so well and the w I can let you have as good a horse as there is in the city, sir, said. Jerry; but you are a stranger to me, and I must have some—some—

Phames. So absorbed were they in each other

ave some—some—'
'Seourity, you want, eh?'
'Exactly,'
'Very well,' said the well-dressed genleman, 'what do you call your horse 'Six hundred dollars—the one I will let you have.'
"Then suppose I leave with you that amount?"
"That will do, sir.' 'That will do, sir.'
'All right.' Bring out the horse!
The horse and buggy were soon at the stranger's service, and having looked them over he remarked to Jerry.
'I think! am safe enough to take that

dead about three weeks.

'I think I am safe enough to take that horse at six hundred.'

'Every dollar is there, sir; and you'll say so when you draw the lines on the food.'

The well-dressed gentleman took from his pocket, book a five hundred and a one hundred dollar greenback, which he passed over to the stable keeper, after which he jumped in and drove off.

At night the well-dressed gentleman took from his pocket, book a five hundred and a one hundred dollar greenback, which he passed over to the stable keeper, after which he jumped in and drove off.

At night the girls to total depravity, replied that she thought of the doct ine of the very good doctrine if men would only live up to it.

Eliza Emery warns all the girls to the South and West to look out for ther gay, deceiving, run-away husband. David. She says that he has cruelly left that he was going southwest to preach universal salvation and marry a Hoosier.

'Ah-nold lady being asked by her minister what she thought of the doct ine of the very good doctrine if men would only live up to it.

Eliza Emery warns all the girls to the South and West to look out for ther gay, deceiving, run-away husband. David. She says that he has cruelly left that he was going southwest to preach universal salvation and marry a Hoosier.

Eliza thinks he may be easily known, and to prove it says: 'David has a scar on his nose where I coratched it.'

when I took it. We want these things all done straight, you know,—no after claps.' Jerry was pleased with the well dress Jerry was pleased with the west gress, ed gentleman's manners. He went out; and, after due examination, pronounced the horse as good as ever.

'Worth as much as it was when I took it, isn't it?'

'Certainly.'

All right. You may give me that six-bundred it you please.'

All right. You may give me that sixhundred if you please.

They stepped back into the office where Jerry passed over the two greenbacks. The W. D. G. put them into his pocket-book; buttoned his coat; gave his hat a brush; and said:

'Good evening, sir.'
'Hold on!' oried Jerry...'You havn't paid me for the use of the horse, sir.'

'Paid?—use?—use of what horse?' returned the well-dressed gentlema", in surprise,

turned the well-dressed gentleman, in surprise,

'Why—the horse you've been using all day!' answered Jerry, emphatically. Bless you, my dear man, said the W. D. G., with an affable sibile, I have been driving my own horse. I bought the horse, burgy, and harness of you this morning, at your own price; and you have now pronounced them worth as much as I paid for them, and have hought them, in turn, of me. Really, sir, it is a legitimate transaction. If you don't think so, you can consult some legal friend. Good evening, sir,'
And the well dressed gentleman went away, leaving our venerable stable-keeper sorely puzzled over this new problemi Jerry had flattered himself that he was thoroughly posted in all sorts of equine thoroughly posted in all sorts of equi mysteries; but, certainly this was tirely a new idea.—N. Y. Ledger.

who came into Chicago one day, and, after wandering about for a while, looking at the public buildings and other improvements, got into a chat with one of the inhabitants, in the course of which lie mentioned to him that he had once had a chance to buy all the ground that the city was built upon for a pair of old boots. 'And why didn't you buy it?' Well, I hadn't the boots just then,' was the old man's calm reply.

ODDE AND WEDE

—According to Artemus Ward there are two things for which we are never quite prepared—namely, twins.

—'Not guilty,' said an Omaha jury, 'but if the prisoner is smart he will leave the territory before night.' He left. -'I won't pay for steaks as tough as these,' said an angry boarder; 'no law can compel me—they're not legal tender.'

-A Western editor thinks if the proper. way of spelling the is 'though,' and be 'beau,' the proper way of spelling potatoes might be poughteightaux.' —Tom asked an old sten percent what he wanted to accumulate so much money for. Says he, 'you can't take it with you when you die, and if you could it would melt.'

of the press.

What part of scripture would two ladies failf! when klesing each other?

Doing unto others what they would that men should do unto them.

conundrum ever perpetrated : Why is a dog's tail like an old man? Because it is infirm.

-This world is all a fleeting show, said a sheriff to a culprit on the gallows. Yes, was the Prompt reply: 'but if you have no objections, I'd rather see the show a little longer.