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NEWVILLE, PENN'A.

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Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the ar of the Court House, next door to the "Her-in Office, Carlisle, Penna.

W. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his who to the hitherto unoccupied from in the forth East corner of the Court House, Jan. 28, 769—1V

W KENNEDY, ATTOBNEY AT LAW

L. SHRYOCK, Justice of the pril 29, 1869-ly

R. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT; DEN-

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OF ALL THE NEW STYLES HATS AND CAPS.

The subsorber has just opened at No. 15 North Gawer Sreet, a few doors North of the Carlisle people Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks (HATS and UAPS ever offered in Carlisle, Silk Hats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Iff Brins, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made.

The Dunkard and Old Fashioned Brush, contantly on hand and made to order, all warrant-die give satisfactions.

BOY'S, AND
CHILDREN'S,
HATS,
We also added to my Stock, notions of differ-

kinds, consisting of DIES, AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS,

ewing Silk.

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Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel outdent of pleasing all besides saving you mo-

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Where can be seen the finest assortment of

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SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS.

HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. le has the best arrangement for coloring Hats dall kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, & a, a shortest outland to coloris every Week) and the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of olce brands of

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sune. Give him a call, at the above number, his old stand, as he feels confident of giving entire sauls-

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NEW AND POPULA

BOOT, SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT

NO. 13, SOUTH HANOVER STREET, CARLISLE, PENN'A. few doors South of Inhoff's building. We have just opened the largest and i

> BOOTS AND SHOES offered in Carlisle, and continue almost o receive such goods in our life as avery-ants. Our stock consists in all kinds and

Mean's Our stock consists in an annual summent, Massakand Childrens strong Leather 1; Womens Misses and Childrens I sating 3rt; Womens Misses and Childrens I sating 3rt; Womens and Boys' Cair Haff and Kid ; Mens' and Boys' Cair and Buff Congress 1; Mens' and Boys' Lasting Gatters and ans; Mens' and Boys' Caif and Buff. Oxford Chim Sandals, Huskins and Overshoes; and Womens' Goat, Welt and Carpét Silpi, Mens', Boys' and Childrens' Fur and Sax-Mass.

NKS of all sizes and prices; Traveling Saichels and Vallses, together with a fine

g, Satchels and Valles, together with a fine of goods, which we will solt to suit the times; UIOK SALES AND, M. ALIS-PROSTINS; "Comotto, Therefore, in testing our card, it intended as a persont invitation to sail ind to call and fook through our stock without ing under obligations to buy unless suited in lify and price. We shall always try to deal and solve through our stock without a very one in a straight forward manner, give every enstoned with a cultivalent for his lay. We hope all will avail themselves of lists opportunity to call and see us.

STROHM & SPONSLER.

THE CARLISLE SHOE COMPA

SHOE UPPERS FOR SALE.

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April 8, 1869-19

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ions by mail, will receive immediate

INITED STATES CLAIM

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1869. BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

The American

Polunteer.

Mi scellaneo us.

DODD'S NERVINE DID IT: RESEARCH DID IT:

New Idenois, Conn. April 28, 1829,
RESEARCH SEED, PHEND, PHEN

DERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

We clip the following from the Providence advertier: "At this season of the year, when cholers, cholers morbus, dysentery, and other kindred complaints are sure to prevail, everybody should be liberally supplied with Perry Davis' Vegetable Pair 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 incident to the Summer months, 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 we been relieved of intones suffering by the timely use of the above named preparation. Sold by all druggists, grocers, and medicine dealers.

A GENTS WANTED FOR THE VORE; or, The Under World of the Great City. The most startling revelation of modern times, New York Society Unmasked, "The Aristociacy," "Women of Pleasure," "Married Women," and all classes thoroughly ventilated, 50 illustrations, Address at once.

The New York Book Co., 145 Nassau St., New York.

August 5, 1859—8w

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS

heal, and a ourse is effected. Treatment by letter of in person dan be had only of Q. VAN HUMMELL, M. D., 15 West 14th St New York: ([August 5, 1860—10m

CANCERS, TUMORS, ULCERS.—
Prof. Kline of the Philadelphia University, is making astonishing ource of Cancer and all tumors by a new process. A Chemical Cancer Antidote, that removes the largest of cancers and tumors, without pain or use of the knite, without caustic, eating or burning medicines, and without the loss of a drop of blood. For particulars, call or address; P. H. KLINE, M. D., No. 831 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.
July 29, 1869—4w

Asthma and Catarrh, cured by inhalation, out's Inhaling Fluid is the only remedy with that operates on the lungs—dissolved the reces, which are thrown off, the caviles I and a one is effected. Treatment by letter

ealers. August 5, 1869—4w

THE BALLAD OF A BAKER,

A baker-man was Joë; And he was rugged, hearty, too, And had a long life leased, And all because he rose up with His early rising yeast.

To never cheat his customers
This man was early taught;
And yethis loaves were always light,
His pic crust rather short!

And he was gen'rous hearted, too, And he was gen to a near tea, to And kind unto the needy, And neat and tasty in his dress, Although his cakes were seedy.

Were sharper than his tarts.

And needs no further pufiln'. 'Tis said he was a tempr'ance man :

His frame grew bent and sore, And, like the cake he used to bake,

His head was frosted o'er.

HIS EPITAPH.

Beneath this crust of up-heaved earth, A well-bred baker lies;
And like the rolls he used to mould,

Miscellaneous.

In an elegantly furnished room in on In an elegative intrinsiculation in the of the handsomest mainstons of a far-famed city; two young girls were, as the younger of the two expressed it, 'killing time.' One was a fair, bright little creature, with an abundance of long sunny curls falling about her in alludirections. Her companion, a tall, beautiful girl of eighteen, was in every respect different from Blanche Barclay, the fair blonde whom we have portrayed. There was a quiet, thoughtful look resting on her beautiful features, and she started as though from a deep reverie, when her cousin exclaimed, 'I do believe it is about time to dress for the party, Florence!'

Florence Leslie made no reply for a moment or so; then she turned to Blanche with a beautiful smile as she said—'I am just plagued to death going to parties; 'at

ed in Blanche.

But Florence went on; 'People will admire my clothes, and I might as well be a brown stick. I happen to have a very plain drab dress with me, and I will wear that, and you must pass off as a poor cousin; you agree to do, don't you?'

'I see I will have to; but, Florence, it is too bad to think that you who are so wealthy, should pass for a dependent cousin.'

'I say, Billings, who's that young lady dressed in drab—she puts one in mind of a Quakeress; at least her dress does?' 'I dont know, exactly,' was the reply; 'but she came in with that charming little creature, Blanche Barclay; probably she is one peor relation, or Barclay's governess, perhaps.'

A handsome, noble young fellow, the

had heard the conversation, walked to wards their hostess and requested an introduction to Florence. She blushed slightly as she perceived the dark eyes of the stranger fixed on her, and secretly wondered what Clarence Raymond could see in her that made him seek an introduction.

o out this morning."
Thank you, Florence, returned Mrs.
Barday, 'I wish you would, and if you
so, I will feel quite easy about that mat-Florence felt quite fresh after her long

adam; and in another moment she ood before the door on which she rec-

next set with him.

you give to know?

Mr. Billings gave Florence one look and he knew all. Without one word the poor fellow shrunk out of sight.

Not many minutes had elapsed ere Florence found herself chatting gaily with Mr. Hertley. Florence found herself chatting gally with Mr. Hartley, 'Have you been in the city very long?' he inquired. 'Not very.' 'How far from liere to your home, Miss Tacilo?'

In another moment Florence stood alone, while her companion took one of the back streets towards his boarding ouse. Mr Raymond had recognized Florence

Florence returned to her own beautiful Florence returned to her own beautiful home, and as she sat one morning in her drawing-room Mr. Raymond was announced. The hours flew swiftly by, and when he rose to go, there was a happy smile on Florence's face, and as she extended both her hands to him at parting, there flashed on one of her tapering fingers her engagement ring; and as Clarence bent over and whispered some questions in her ear, she laughingly answered: Yes, Claience, yes, the heiress loves you just as well, and better, than the young lady in drab did.

In 1718 a French acadamician named Henrion endeavored to show a great de-crease in the height of men between the periods of the Creation and the Christian

author relates that in the time of Claudi-us Cosar there was a man, named Gab-boras, brought by that Emperor from Arabia to Rome, who was 9½ feet high, "the tallest man that has been seen in our times." But this giant was not so tall as Posio and Secundilla, in the reign of Augustus Cosar, whose bodies were preserved as curiosities in a museum in the Sallustian Gardens, and each of whom measured in length 10 feet 3 inch-es.

The Emperor Maximus (very much of a man) was 9 feet high, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet for a thumb-ring. His shoe was a foot longer than that of any other man, and his strength was so great that he could draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He generally ate forty pounds weight of flesh and drank six gallons of wine every day. Not at all a desirable or a profitable-guest for the "St. Nicholas," even at the current price of board; though not so tall as one of whom Josephus tells, viz: Eleazar, a Jew, who was phus tells, viz: Eleazar, a Jew, who was one of the hostages whom the King of Persia sent to Rome after a peace. This giant was over 10 feet high. But these are pigmies compared with him of whom Kircher writes (thought this is what a Nanker billegolier would descend the content of the conte Arthree writes (thought this is what a Yankee philosopher would denominate a whopper.) The skeleton of this giant was dug out of a stone sepulchie near Rome in the reign of the Emperor Henry II, and which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Relies who was said by Terrus, and Pallas, who was slain by Ternus, and was higher than the walls of the city!
The same author tells us that another skeleton was found near Palermo that must have belonged to a man 400 feet bigh.

high.

In times more modern (1613,) some masons digging near the ruins of a castle at Damphine in a field which by tradition had long been called "The Giant's Fleld," at the depth of 18 feet discovered a brick tomb 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet high, on which was a gray stone with the words "The utobachus Rex" cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire 35 feet long, 10 feet wide across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast to the back. His teeth were about the size of an ex's foot, and his shin-bone measured 4 feet in length.

Plot, in his 'Oxfordshire,' 1076, says that a skeleton 17 feet high was then to be seen in the town-hall at Lucerne. It had been found under an oak in Willisau, near the village of Reyden. He instances numerous gigantic bones which had been dug up in England, and adds 'It remains that, notwithstanding their extravagant magnitude, they must have been the bones of men or women; nor does anything hinder that but they may have been so, provided it be clearly made out that there have been men and women of proportionable stature in all ages of the world, down even to our own days.'

Old Cotton Mather held the belief that

of the world, down even to our own days.'
Old Cotton Mather held the belief that there had been in the antedlluvian world men of every prodigious stature, in consequence of the finding of bones and teeth of great size, which he judged to be human, in Albany. He describes one particular grinder weighing 47 pounds, and a broad, flat foretooth, four fingers in breadth; also a bone, supposed to be a thigh bone, 17 feet long, which, with others, crumbled to pieces as soon as it was exposed to the air. was exposed to the air.

Touching Warning.—On a quiet day, in leafy June, when bees and birds were all in tune, two lovers walked beneath the moon. The night was fair—so was the maid; they walked and talked beneath the shade, with none to harm or make affaid. Her name was Sue, and his was Jim; and he was fat and she was silm; he took to her and she to him. Says Jim to Sue, 'By all the snakes that squirm among the bush and brakes, I loveyou better'n buokwheat cakes.' Says Sue to Jim, 'Since you've begun it, and been and come and gone it, I like you next to a new bonnet.' Says Sue to Jim, 'Since you've bust I have always gais mistrusted.' Says Sue to Jim, 'Iwill be true; 'If you love meas I loveyou, no knife can cut our love in two.' Through thick and thin, for your true love count me in; I'll court no other gal ag'in.' Jim leaned to Sue; Sue leaned to Jim; 'his nose just touched her jocky brim; four lips met—went ahem! ahem! And then—and then—and then! O gals beware of men in June, and underneath the silver moon when frogs and crickets are in tune, lest you get your names in the maner soon.

Smith had just asked Mr. Thompson' Smith had just asked Mr. Thompson's daughter if she would give him a lift out tof bachelordom, and she had said 'Yes.' It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old gentleman's permission, so, as Smith said, the arrangements might be made to help the conjugal twiz.

sion, so, as smith said, the arrangements might be made to help the conjugal twig.

Smith said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Thompson's daughters, and his sisters, and his lady cousins, and his sisters, and his lady cousins, and the whole of his female relations, than ask old Thompson. But it had to be done, and so he sat down and studied out a speech which he was to disgorge at old Thompson the very first time he got a shy at him. So Smith dropped in on him one Sunday evening, when all the family had meandered around to meeting, and found him doing a sum in beer measure.

'How are you, Smith?' said old Thompson, as the former walked in white as a piece of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Smith was afraid to answer, cause he wisn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on lit while he had it there, or it would slip from him quicker than an oiled eel through an augur hole. So he blurted out—

hrough an augur hole. So he blurted

through an augur hole. So he blurted out—
'Mr. Thompson, sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of some five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise—
'Is that so, and keopin' it a secret all this time, while I thought you were tendin' store? Well, by George you're one of them now, ain't you?'
Smith had begun to think it all over again, to get the run of it.
'Mr. Thompson, sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you, that during the extended period of five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to secure a sufficient maintenance—'
'Sit down, Smith, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there holdin' your hat, like a blind beggar, with paralysis. I never have seen you behave yourself so queer in all my born days.'
Smith had been knocked out again, and so he had to wonder back again and take a fresh start.
'Mr. Thompson, sir: It may not be

Smith had been knocked out again, and so he had to wonder back again and take a fresh start.

'Mr. Thompson, sir: It may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—
'A which ance?' asked old Thompson; but Smith held on to the last' word, as if it was his only chance, and went on:
'In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock, and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt that it is not good for man to be alone; therefore I would—'
'Neither is it, Smith; I'm glad you dropped in. How's the old man?'
'Mr. Thompsen, sir,' said Smith, in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, it may, not be unknown to you that, during an extended period of a lonely man, I have been engaged to enter wedlock, and bestowed all my enterprise on one whom I could determine to be good for certain possessions—no, I mean—that is—that—Mr. Thompson, sir,' it may. Look here, Smith; you'd better lay down and take something warm—you ain't well.'
Smith swearing like a four year old colt, went in again.
'Mr. Thompson, sir: It may not be

Smith swearing like a four year old colt, went in again.
'Mr. Thompson, sir: It may not be lonely to you to prosecute me whom you a friend, for a commercial maintenance, but—but—eh—dang it—Mr. Thompson, sir: It—'
'Oh, Smith, you talk like a fool. I never seen a first-class idlot in the course of my whole life. What's the matter with you, anyhow?'
'Mr. Thompson, sir,' said—Smith, in an agony of bewilderment, 'it may not

an agony of bewilderment, 'it may hot be known that you prosecuted a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock for some five years, See here, Mr. Smith, you're drunk,

'See here, Mr. Smith, you're drunk, and if you can't behave better than that you'd better leave; if you don't I'll chuck you out, or I'm a dutchman.'
'Mr. Thompson, sir,'said Smith, frantic with despair, it may not be unknown to you that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man, who is not good for a commercial maintenance—'
'The very deuce he isn't. Now you jist git up and git, or I'll knock what little brains out of you you've got left.'
With that, old Thompson took Smith and shot him into the street as if he'd run him against a locomotive, going out at the rate of forty miles an hour. Before old Thompson had time to shut the front door, Smith collected his legs and one thing and another that were lying around on the pavement arranged himself in a vertical position, and yelled out:
'Mr. Thompson, sir: It may, not he known to you'—which made the old man so wretched mad that he went out and set a built terrier on Smith before he had a chance to lift a brogan; and there was a selentific dog-fight, with odds in favor of the dog, for he had an awful hold for such a small animal.
Smith afterwards married the girl, and uch a small animal.

Smith afterwards married the girl, and lived happily about two months. At the end of that time he told a confidential friend that he would willingly take more translationary and more down. trouble and undergo a million more dog bites to get rid of her.

A TRUE AND TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend, some miles distant. 'Harry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you?' said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading smile. 'No, Mollie, I will not, you may trust me,' and she wrapped her infant in a soft blanket, and they descended. The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and a pleasant conversation begulied the way. 'Now don't you forget your promise,' whispered the young wife, as they passed up the steps. Poor thing; she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red. The party passed pleasantly; the time for departure drew near; the wife descended from the upper chamber to join-her husband. A pang shot through her heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated; he had broken his promise.—Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man broke into snatches of a song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed to her bleeding heart. 'Give me the baby, Mollie! I can't trust you, with him,' he said as they approached a dark and swollen stream. After some hesitation she resigned her first-born—her darling babe, closely wrapped in a great blanket—to his arms. Over the dark waters the no-A TRUE AND TOUCHING INCIDENT. -

"I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child, I once draw a cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the, village noticed me. I draw their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind

that time always does. It is a kind or way time has.
"I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist; but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, and I have a servant who—takes anything he can get his hands on." HIS MUSICAL IDEAS.

"I like music. I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder than I am.

"The other night some silver voiced young men came under my window and sang, 'Come where my love lies dreaming.' I didn't go. I didn't think that it would be correct.

"I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah; and I was ill; I was fearfully wasted. My face was hewn down to nothing, and my nose was so sharp I didn't dare to stick it into peoples' business—for fear it would stay there and I could never get it out. And in those dismal days a Morman lady—she was married, though hot so much as her husband, he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing, 'Sweet.

THE STEAMER ARIEL.

I went to California on the steamer el. This is the steamer Ariel. "Oblige me by calmly gazing on the steamer Ariel.

"Oblige me by calmly gazing on the steamer Ariel; and when you go to California besure and go on some othersteamer, because the Ariel isn't a very good

"This picture is a great work of art. It is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and they expired.

"The most celebrated artists of London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again.

"When I showed this picture in New York the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of this picture that they called for the artist—and when he appeared they threw brick-bats at him."

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

"Brigham Young has two hundred

I regret to say that efforts, were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in

Utah. "It was leap year when I was there. "It was leap year when I was there, and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day, and taking their soft white hands in mine, which made eighteen hands altogether, I found them in tears.

"And I said; 'why, is this? What is the reason of this thus ness? "They hove a sigh, seventeen sighs of different size.

"Then they said:

"Oh! soon thou wilt be gone away."
"I told them that when I got ready to leave a place. I wentestded.

"Tolo them that when I got ready to leave a place, I wentestded.
"They said: 'Doth not like us?'
"I said: "I doth, I doth,"
"I also said: "I hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child, my parents live far, far away."
"They then said: "Wilt not marry us?"

"I said "Oh! no! It cannot was."
"Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined, when they cried:
"Oh! cruel man! this is too much! too

"I told them it was on account of the nucliness that I declined. BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAMILY.

The last picture I have to show you represents Mr. Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large, and the clive branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. He is more a father than, any man I know. When at home—as you here see him—he ought to be very happy, with sixty wives to minister to his comfort, and twice sixty children to sooth his distracted mind. Ah! my friends, what is home without a family.?

RICHES HAVE WINGS. -Interesting

The Bathelor in Love. A bachelor in love loses a dimple or two, grows melancholy, reads poetry, and looks at the moon; is nervous about his necktie and his gloves; consults his aunt as to what kind of hat girls most admire; changes the style of his frequently, but is never satisfied.

His countenance is as changeable as his necktie; now she has smiled, and he is radiant; now she has smiled, and he is radiant; now she has frowned, and le wears a furrowed brow, and looks in

he is radiant; now she has frowned, and he wears a furrowed brow, and looks in at the apothecary's windows and thinks of laudanum. He resolves to settle down, and limits himself as to cigars.—
If his laundress sends him home a bosom not quite perfect, it grieves him to the heart's core. He passes the most golden haired-damsel without a glance. He goes no more to see burlesques. His bouquets are anonymously sent to the object of his adoration. He is hourly afraid of revealing his condition of heart, but makes it manifest unconsolously to all beholders. Fiendish passions dwell in his breast. He hears that she has been at the opera with young Fiasco, and

all beholders. Frendish passions dwell in his breast. He hears that she has been at the opera with young Flasco, and wants to kill him. He says fiercely in society that he approves of duelling, and that, should he call a man out, he would aim at his heart.

When Vilkins asks him, "If Diana is not lovely?" he says, "Good Heavens no?" Only one is beautiful to him.

He would like very much to work hard and make a fortune, but he cannot do it. He horrifies his employer by entering as an item in the Ledger "1000 Angels." He is suddenly seen to clasp his brow at dinner time, to the horror of the waiter, who, believing him to be choking beats him on the back and offers him water. He goes surreptiously to so-called clairvoyants, who describe "a light completed young lady, sir, and her face turned your way, and your heart in her hand, if only you can get over the cross betwixt you."

He thinks the cross is young Fiasco, and grows dangerous.

and grows dangerous.
Suddenly you see the bachelor in love amazingly altered. He smiles, looks happy, eats comfortably, and nods to his old enemy Flasco. Then you may be sure that he has, somewhere in his bottom. som, a certain carte de visite, and that the original of the picture has blushing ly advised him to "ask Pa."

STIMULANT.—George D. Prentice has been a constant drinker for forty years. For ten years he has been a drinker of the lignum-vite order. Here is a temperance lecture by him, worth a score, at least, of the Good Templar exhortations and misrepresentations:

"There is a time when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which, apparently knows no waking; sleeps in its house of clay, and the windows are shut, the doors are hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of sickness, when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we want none of it. What shall raise the spirit? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses, through all the myriad thronged halls in the house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us with all his old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, love and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these miracles, and is a miracle itself, and is not atthe drugatore, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in miracle itself, and is not at the drug store whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged God is not a money changer we assure you. "Men have tried many things, but still

"Men have tried many things, outstill they sak for stimulant.

"Men try to bury the floating dead of their own souls in the wine oup, but the corpse rises. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again—and the pulses to playing music and the thoughts galloping, but the first clock runs down sconer, and an unnatural stimulant only leaves the house it filled with the wildest revel-ry, more silent, more sad, more deserted. "There is only onestimulant that never intoxicates, dury. Duty puts a clear sky over every man into which the skylark—

TO MAKE BLACKBERRY WINE -Mrs. Greenough, in the Maine Farmer, contributes the following receipe for making blackberry wine, which is just now about in season for using:

"There is no wine equal to blackber when when the proposition of the proposit "There is no wine equal to blackberry wine when properly made, in flavoor for medicinal purposes, and all persons who can conveniently do so,
should manufacture enough for their
own use every year, as it is invaluable
in sickness as a touic, and nothing is a
better remedy for the bowel complaint.
I therefore give the recipe for making

therefore give the recipe for making it: Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occa-sionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask; to every gallon add two pounds of sugar; cork tight and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use without further labor, that every family will highly appreciate and never do without afterwards if they can help it."

WALK WHEN YOU BEGIN.—When Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth commenced the practice of law, he lived in Bloomfield; and as his pecuniary means were not large, he wasaccustomed to come from his house to his office on foot. There was at the time a dashing merchantin the city—Mr. H.—who rode in a showy vehicle drawn by a pair of showy horses; and as he often rode to Bloomfield, he often met Mr. E. Meeting him one morning he reined up his team, Bloomfield, he often met Mr. E. Meeting him one morning he reined up his team, and saluted him with 'Good morning, for? why don't you ride? 'Because, was the reply, 'I have found that persons must walk at some period of their lives, and I choose to walk when I be-

gin.'

It would be well if all who are setting out in life were of this opinion; but they are not. Hence such numbers, determined to ride when they are young, are forced to walk when they are old. orced to walk when they are old.

A few years having elapsed, Mr. H
failed in business and was obliged to go
afoot; while Mr. E., ascending from
small beginnings, became Minister Plenipotlary to France, and rode in his coach.

Walk when you begin.

FAN FIRETATION.—Fan fast. I am Fan slow. I am engaged. Fan with right hand in front of face. ome on. Fan with left hand in front of face.

Open and shut. Kiss me. Open wide. Love. Open half. Friendship. Shut. Hate. Swinging the fan. Can I see you

Fan by left cheek. Yes.
Fan by left cheek. No.
To carry in the left hand. Desirous of getting acquainted.
Carry with handle to lips. I willdirt with you.

One night Geu. —— was on the line. He observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, he told his artiliery officer that a hole could be easily put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said: "Corporal, do you see that light?"

'Yes, sir! 'Yes, sir!'
'Put a hole through it.'

The corporal sighted the gun, and, then all was ready, he looked up and General, that's the moon.'
'Don't care a darn; put a hole through

it anyway.'.

Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Cent pecified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly,

JOB PRINTING. CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other description of Joh and Card Printing.

Odds and Ends.

:-If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents worth of flour, how much will it take to raise another barrel?

—Girls sometimes put their lips out poutingly because they are angry, and sometimes because they are disposed to meet you half-way.

-'Oh,' said a little girl who had been to the show 'I've seen the elephant, and he walks backwards and eats with his

—Some one has said that 'It is sweet to have friends you can trust,' but we have found it to be a good bit sweeter to have friends that will trust you.

—'I say, Jim, don't you think Glazier has a benign countenance?' 'Very, indeed,' was the reply, 'a regular 7 by 9 countenance.'

-'My dear sir.' said a candidate ac costing a sturdy wag on the day of election, 'I'm very glad to see you.' 'You needn't be,' replied the wag; 'I've vo-

—A gentleman popped the question. The lady in a frightened manner said, 'You scare me, sir.' The centleman remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, 'Scare me again.'

-A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give the meaning with a sentence in which it is used, answered: F.e.r.m.e.n.t, a verb signifying to work, —I love to ferment in the garden!

—A red nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits.

'Aye sir,' replied he, looking him full in the face, 'I see too much evidence before me to doubt that.'

—A lady having bought sausages of a couple of boys overheard them disputing

couple or boys overhead them displiting about the money:

'Give me half on't,' says one.
'No I won't,' says the other.
'Now that ain't fair, you know 'laint,
To', for half the pup was mine.'

—A young lady being asked by a fem-inine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied 'No; but some of my friends have favored me -Paddy s'description of a fiddle is as

size of a goose; he turned it over on its back and rubbed its belly with a stick, and och! St. Patrick! how it did squale! -An individual whose patronymic was

-A soldier was going off the field too

hastily, when the provost guard cried—
'Halt !'
'Can't.'
'Wounded ?'

What's the matter?' 'I am scared, ond want to go to the ear to-rally!'

"Is my face dirty?" remarked a young lady to her aunt, while seated at the dinner table on a steamer running from Cairo to New Orleans.
"Dirty! No. Why.do you ask?"
"Because that insulting wafter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes round he ρuts another one before me."

—A very fat lady getting into an open omnibus heard a gentleman remark, "Omnibuses were not made for ele-phants." To this she replied: "Sir, judging from the specie I see, omnibuses are like Noah's Ark, intended to carry

—A man who was to mean to advertise arm land he wanted to sell, says the farm land he wanted to sell, says the Brekeley Union, put a written notice in one of the hotels the other day. A man who was inquiring of a small farm, was referred to the written notice. He replied: "I can't buy land at a fair price of any man who does his advertising in that way. He'll steal the fence, the pumphandle and the barn doors before he gives

—Little Susic pouring over a book in which angels are represented as winged beings, suddenly exclaimed, with vehe-mence: 'Mamma. I don't want to be an angel,

Grace Greenwood tells a story illustrating a new method of curing those who are inclined to suicide. The father of a family, after two attempts to make away with himself, at length succeeded in shooting himself, through the heart. His widow, an energetic, sensible woman perceived that her eldest daughter was inclined to follow the footsteps of her father, even unto death. The mother watched her daughter narrowly, and one day found her soon after she had awung herself off from an old chest in the garret. She cut her down and tenderly brought her too. Then, taking the knotted halter, she vigorously laid it over her shoulders, saying: 'I'll put a stop to this suiciding. I'm not going to have it run in our family, I'll have you understand.' This treatment was successful in checking the mental disease.

"A little mouse ran up the stairs.

To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers."

He was sent to his seat. Talking of legal witticisms (and

Talking of legal wittleisms (and, perhaps, the proportion of wit to talk is less in law than in anything place) a story of the late Thad. Stephens beats any other. While Thad, was a young lawyer he once had a case before a very bad tempered judge of an obscure Pennsylvania court. Under what he considered a very erroneous ruling, it was decided against him, whereupon he threw down his books and picked up his hat in a high state of indignation, and was about to leave the court room, scattering imprecations all around him. The judge straightened himself to his full height, assumed an air of offended majesty, and asked Thad, if he meant to "express his contempt of this court." Thad turned to him very deferentially, made a respectful bow, and replied, in felgued amazement: "Express my contempt for the court! No, sir! I am trying to conceal it, your honor," adding, as he turned to leave, "but it's d—d hard to do it."

GENTS WANTED FOR THE SE A GENTS WANTED FULL THE SEARCH or the History of the Confederacy, by Edward A. Pollard. The accounting revications and strategy discounting revications and strategy description of the management of the transfer of confederate leaders, with the Hidden Mustrice, from "Bellind the Seenes in Bloom Mustrice, from "Bellind the Seenes in Bloom mond," are thoroughly tentificiated. Send for Circulars and see but "forms, and a full description of the work. Address. BOOTS AND SHOES, NO. 5, EAST MAIN STREET. CARLIBLE, PENN'A. Having commenced the manufacture of Boots and Shoes, the attention of the trade is invited to have assortment of HLDRENS BHOES, 18 1807 and capacity adapted to the he work. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. Philadelphia, Ps. wants of the Retail Trade. We shall at all time have on hand a complete assortment of all the July 29, 1869-4w POPULAR STYLES, made by Workmen of the greatest experience as a standard of the greatest experience with their custom are assured that no effor an our part will be spared to furnish good good THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
Orders by mail shall receive the same along that

Poetical.

Joe Brown he was a baker-man,

With him none dared to bandy jokes,

And while I say his skill was great In getting up a mussin, His pastry filled the mouths of all,

If so, I can't tell why
He mixed with wheat and cornmeal, too,
A trifle of the rye! When age at last o'ertook the man.

And when he died all mourned his loss, With no sectarism bias, For he had been a friend to all, A good man and a pie-ous.

We hope at last he'll rise

with a beautiful simile as side said—if an ijust plagued to death going to parties; lat home it seemed to me I did nothing else, and every place it is the same old story. Now, Florence, that is too bad,' chimed in Blanche.

cousin.'
'Oh, it will be nice; come let us dress
I long to don my drab.'

had heard the conversation, walked to

Not noticing the elevated noses of numerous belies, who wondered that the great lion of the season could waste a minute talking to such a poorly dressed young lady. Mr. Raymond seated himself beside Florence with the question—

'Are you enjoying yourself this evening, Miss Leslie?"

'Yes, very much.' was the quiet reply.

Miss Leslie? Yes, very much, was the quiet reply. 'Are you fond of dancing, and it so, may I have the pleasure of your company for the set that is just forming?' were his next questions. 'As to your first question,' Florence answered, 'I am rather fond of it, but as regards the second, I beg you will excuse me, as I have determined not to dance this evening.'

me, as I have determined Int. to dance this evening.

From talking of the party they soon verged on one thing and another, until Clarence thought he had found a most agreeable friend; and as he left her that evening, he determined to call on Miss Barday the following evening.

The morning after the party, the coustins were again in their sitting room, but this time chatting on the pleasures of the previous evening, when Blanche's mother entered the room, saying:

previous evening, when Blanche's mother entered the room, saying:

'Blanche, you will have to hurry and go down to your papa's office-rooms with a very important message he forgot this morning; I have ordered the carriage for you.

Blanche rose from her easy position with a sigh of regret, but Florence exclaimed: 'Let me go, aunt; I would like a walk, so you need not send a carriage, and my cousin does not feel inclined to go out this morning.'

Florence felt quite fresh after her long walk, as she reached the immense buildings in which was situated her uncle's office. She walked briskly down the long entrance hall, and having ascended a pair of stairs as her aunt directed, she found herself face to face with a couple of young men who were chatting together. Not knowing whether to turn to the right or to the left, she politely inquired if they could direct her to Mr. Barcky's office.

The gentlemen, who were none other than Billings and Hartley, scanned Florence for a moment, when the former gentleman, supposing her to be some poor client, raised his hat in mock courtesy; and inquired: How much would you give to know? While his other companion said that if she wanted to know how far it was he could inform her, it was as far again as half.

Poor Florence, if she had raised her thick veil, they might have seen the indignant scorn that flashed from her brilliant eyes, but ere the last speaker had finished she was hurrying on.

A quick step sounded behind her, and in a gentlematly, polite voice, she heard Clarence. Raymond exclaim: 'This way madam;' and in another moment she stood before the door on which she recentred her uncle's name.

stood below the decision of the conjugated her uncle's name.

She only bowed her thanks to the gentleman and then rushed into her uncle's Blanche was very indiguant when Florence informed her of what the young gents had said to her. She vowed she would let them know pretty quickly who it was they insulted. But Florence said she had a better idea than that, and it was to appear at a party.
they were going to the next evening in
her real character.
The following evening Mr. Barclay
felt a glow of pride as he entered Mrs.
Armatager's well filled drawing-room with his daughter and niegs. Both were so beautiful, yet so unlike; and, dozens passed towards the hostess to inquire who the beautiful stranger was; for Florence Leslie presented quite; a different aspect dressed in the height of fashion, and she was suddenly transformed from the plainest dressed young lady to the most elegantly attired one there.

Foremost among the group for an introduction were our former acquaintances Mr. Billings and his friend Hartley.

With a most polite bow and gracious smile, she recognized her introduction to Billings, who immediately asked if she would do him the honor of dancing the next set with him.

next set with him.

There was a haughty look about her beautiful lips for a moment, and then in silvery accents and with a peculiar emphasis, she returned, 'How much would be the beautiful the work of the state of

'Just as far again as half, Mr. Hartley.

Mr Raymond had recognized Florence the moment she entered, but now stood aloof from the reigning belle. As soon as she got the opportunity she went towards him with the question—'Have you forgotten methics evening?'

'No, The the reply, 'but to-night you were surrounded by such a brilliant crowd that I thought you would forget me,'

'No, indeed,' was the warm rejoinder, 'I never forget my friends.'
Florence returned to her own beautiful

crease in the neight of men between the periods of the Creation and the Christian era. Adam, he says, was 123 feet 9 inches high, Eve, 118 feet 9 inches; Noah 27 feet; Abraham, 20 feet; Moses, 13 feet.—The allegation about Adam is moderate compared with that made by early Rabbinical writers, who affirm that his head overtopped the atmosphere, and that he touched the Arotic Pole with one hand and the Antarctic with the other. Traditionary memorials of the primeval giants still exist in Palestine in the form of graves of enormous dimensions; as the grave of Abel near Damascus, which is 30 feet long; that of Sath about the same size; and that of Noah, in Lebanon, which is 70 yards in length.

Pliny says that by an earthquake in Crete a mountain was opened, and in it was discovered a skeleton standing upright, 46 cubits long, which was supposed to be that of Orion or Otus. The same author relates that in the time of Claudius Cassar there was a man, named Gabborse brought by that Tempare from

The Emperor Maximus (very much

nigh. In times more modern (1613,) some ma

are in tune, lest you get your names in the paper soon.

A book has recently been published containing the lecture delivered by the lamented Artemus in England with such success. It is made up of the disconnected sketches of his travels, each sketch being illustrated with a representation of the particular scene described, with footlights to show up the picture. The sketches embrace Views of Mormondom, the Route Across the Plains, Salt Lake City, the Mormon Theatre, Brigham Young's Police, Encounter with the Indians, the Prairies on Fire, etc., with foot-notes and explanatory remarks, which add to the humor of the narative. As our readers are not so familiar with the English Lecture as with his witticisms in this country we select a few of the best:

HIS ARTISTIC CAREER.

me.
"Time passed on. It always does, by
the way. You may possibly have noticed
that time always does. It is a kind of

"I like music. I can't sing. As a sing-

used to sing a ballad commencing, 'Sweet bird, do not fly away,' and I told her I wouldne'. She played the accordion di-vinely—accordionly I praised her."

THE PICTURE OF THE GREAT DESERT.

"Brigham Young has two hundred wives. Just think of that. Oblige me by thinking of that. Then he has eighty actual wives and he is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. So we may say he has two hundred wives. He lives not wisely, but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

"I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there." there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in one family— unless you're very fond of excitement."

the time of departure drew mear; the wife descended from the upper chamber to join-her husband. A pang shot through her heart as she met him, for he was increased her heart as she met him, for he was increased in the drunken man broke into snatches of a song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her bate pressed to her bleeding heart. 'Give me the baby, Molliel I can't trust you, with him,' he said as they approached a dark and a swollen stream. After some hesitation she resigned her first-born—her darling babe, elsely wrapped in a great blanket—to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steeds safely bore them; and when they safely reached the bank the mother asked for herchild. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms; but when she clasped it in her arms to have streat blanket, and the drunken tathers knew it not. A wild shriek from the mother arroused him, and he turned arms in bibbe was there! It had sliped from the blanket, and the drunken tathers are no babe was there! It had sliped from the blanket, and the drunken tathers are no babe was there! It had sliped from the blanket, and the drunken tathers are no babe was there! It had sliped from the blanket, and the drunken tathers are one moment above the dark waters the mother arroused him, and he turned around just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark with the entered into possession after the set one more wisk with the care and the worth of the window and add to be the last employed in the bed carefully on the bottom of a wine glass; then take a quart of water and throw it, out of the window and add from the one of the window and add to tarefully on the bottom of a wine glass; then take a quart of water and throw it, out of the window and add from the value of the window and add to be a state. There was no whisky to that in the glass. Taste to see if strong enough. If so, add more whisk

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follows: "It was the shape of a turker and the

Silence, when about to give evidence in a civil case, was told to state his name.—
'Silence!' he roared out with rather stentorian lungs, and was nearly being committed for contempt of court before the mystery of the seeming impertinence was cleared up.

-One day Piron visited Voltaire, who One day Piron Visited Voltaire, who was not at home. To Bully him he wrote upon his door, "Old rogue." Two days after he met the author of the Henriade. "I went to see you," said he with a cunning look, "and did not find you." "I knew it," replied Voltaire; "you left your name upon the door."

up possession.'

Mamma, I don't want to be an angel, and I need not, need I?'
Why, Susle?' questioned her mother.
'I don't want to leave off all my pretty clothes, and wear fedders like a hen.' Grace Greenwood tells a story illus-

—A little urchin seven or eight years old, in one of our schools where a Miss Blodgett was teacher, composed the following and wrote it on his slate at prayer time, to the great amusement of the

boys:

The teacher discovered the rhyme, and called out the culprit. For a punishment she gave him his choice, to make anothsne gave him histonice, to make another thinking and thinking, and scratching his head till his time was nearly out, and the teacher was lifting the rod in a threatening manner, at the last moment he exclaimed— "Here I stand before Miss Blodgett; She's going to strike, and I'm going to dodge it."