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TEST. From the Battmore College of Benta rgry. Office at the residence of his mother st Louther Street, three doors, below Bedford R. J. S. BENDER, Homosopathic

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eet the place.

## The American

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1869.

VOL. 56.--NO. 13.

Poefical.

BY STEPHEN MASSET. Oh, the rain, the beautiful rain, Falling alike on hill, dale, and plain! Over the turnip-tops, 'taters, and leeks— Over the butchers' carts, all full of meats-

Russing along,
Beautiful rain, coming down so strong!
Rubbing the paint off a lady's cheek,
Making her give an inwark shriek, Beautiful rain from the Heavens above— Come out of it quick, or you'll catch cold, love

Oh, the rain, the beautiful rain! Dashing against the window-pane, Coming down in its drenching fun— It soaks the pedestrians, overy one,

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Albotto, Inhaling Finit in the only remedy knowth in the control of the langer dissolves the tubercles, which are thrown in the cavities had, and a curve effected. Treatment by latter or in person can be lad only 52, 20, VAN HUMMELL, M. 25, 15 West 14th St., August 5, 1860—10m

August 5, 1869—8w

THIS IS NO HUMBUG.

A GENTS WANTED FOR

Aug. 26-4w.

Augr:26, 1869-1w.

U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Brame St., New York,

And even the ducks, with a quack and a 1 Dash into puddles from dasty ground, The people too, rush on to catch the train,

and get out of the damp of the "beautiful rain How the wild crowd goes swearing along, Because they have left their umbrellas at he Low the gay "Gree'n benders" like meteors by Disturbed to the skin! but, between you and I,

They ain't singing, A or swinging, Over dirty paut diagging the train, Over dirty pavemets souked with the rain Ruin so pure when it falls from the sky Right into big water-butts, by-and-by; and the young ones are wack'd for getting

r playing with boats in the horrible street Once I went out in the rain, and I fell-Fell like the rain drops—into a well; Fell to be cramped in my stomach, my feet; Fell to be cramped in my stomach, my feet; Fell several feet, till I lelt dend beat—

Bleeding, Swimming, Swimning,
Heaving a sigh,
(Only I couldn't be heard, by-the-by.)
I'd given my head for a morsel of bread,
For I feared my friends thought me "very dead,
Messrs, Mosses & Sons I thought of in vain,
For a waterproof coat to keep out the rain. Once I went to a Fair—in the beautiful rain, And made love to a girl, in a shady lane, And I kissed her—I did—and her name "Grace," And for it I got a slap in the face,

Father, Mother, Said I deserved it, as much as my fall! And I felt like some wretch that goes shiver! by, Or a very small sweep in a chimney high,

A Work descriptive of the Virtues and the Vices the Ansteries, Miscries, and Crimes of New York City If you wish to know how Fortunes are mide and lost in a day; how Strangers are swin-fuled by Shirpers; how Ministers and Merchants of the Ministers of the Minist For, all that was on or about mo 'twas plain, There was notable that had not been soaked b the rain! It is not at all strange that this beautiful rain plain, t is not at all strange when the night comes again t should rain quite as hard on my desperat

> Drying-alone, Quite too wet for prayer. Two weeks for That can't be heard in the splash of a crazy town Sone mad, in its joys at the rain coming down While 1 lie in a nightgown made of muslin d

Cozily tucked up in bed-out of the "benutifu Miscellaneous.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH.

A lady who has suffered for years from freafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple romedy. He sympathy and gratitude prompts her to send the receipts, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted.

Mrs. M. C. LEGGETT,

Aug. 25—iw. THE WEDDING GOOSE,

In those days the law of marriage was strict. Fourteen days public notice of an intention to commit matrimony was required; and the clergyman, or the justice, the effect that the said public notice had the effect that the said public notice had been given, was liable to a beavy penalty. Augustus Sebastian Walpole har long loved and adored Miss Mary Almira Al-lard; and it had for some months been fixed that they should be wed on Christmas evening; and bebastian looked out that his 'intention' was published in due season. He regarded it as a direct inc mentous affair, and he entered upon the relimmaries with much fear and tremb

ng. As Christmas drew near, preparation for the happy event were made. Mary would not be married at her own home; would not be married at her own home; and her step mother was very glad when she heard the decision; so it was arranged t at the ceremony should take place at Sebastian s, and Mary's youngs select Porty with over to keep her o lapany, and to help hei in the labor of preparation; for she was determined with her own hands to prepare the wedding least. Christmas, would come on Thursday. They were to be married at six o'clock in the evening, and after that the wedding he evening, and after that the wedding est was to be served.

There was not a grown person at Dayton Corner who had not heard of Mary Allard's 'Smothered Goose.' Nobody else, since Mary's own mother died, could smother-rosst a goose like her. The process was not only a mystery, but so exact were the cullnary requirements, that lew could acquire the art. The poose cooked were the cummry requirements, that lew could acquire the art. The goose cooked in this way came upon the table brown, sweet, tender, excessively juicy and without a particle of that oily flavor which renders goose and duck so unpalutable to some. Of course smothered goose was to be the main dish of the feast; and that Mary might have a goose worthy of her skill, Sebustian had selected one several months before, from a flocit owned by a friend near the Centre, and this friend

weeks before it would be wanted, and give it extra food.

Wednesday came—the day before Christmas—and after dinner Schastian hitched old Dobbin to the sleigh, and made ready to start for the Centre, there o get his marriage certificate, his goose, nd various other articles too numerous o mentiou; one of which, bo wever, was gallon of good old Madeira. And let

vas to shut it away from its mates a few

e make a remark: ::
Mary had suggested that they must have some wine at the wedding. She was not herself in favor of its use; but what would folks think? Sebastian scratched his head and hesitated. · Plague take the tarnal stuff! he said; 'you know I've had too much of it in my days, Mary. I've sworn that I'd nev-er bring another drop into the house.' 'But only this time, Sebastian. You needn't drink it, you know; but only

hink what folks will say if we have no

"Idon't care what all the folks in creation say, only you, Molly; and seeing as you want it; it shall be had."

'Thank you, my love; and she kissed him, little thinking what a temptation she was throwing in his way.

Sebastian went to the village, which was called Dayton Centre, and the first thing he did was to wait upon the town clerk and get his certificate; 'It's lucky you came just as you did. Sebastian, 'said the clerk, as he handed over the certificate; 'for I am going to Tafishory to spend Christmas, and stop the week out. Yours is the only certificate I've got, and that was made out so long ago that I'd entirely forgotten it. I should have been off in half an hour, and my folks wouldn't have known anything about it. However, it's all right now.'

From the cerk's Sebastian went to his friend Burke's, and got his goose. And it was heafty a begitted and flushed ne. 'I don't care what all the folks in crea-

friend Burke's, and got his goose. And it was a beauty—all picked and finished off as smooth and as fair as a chicken. 'Tell Mary that I've cleaned it all out inside, said Mrs. Burke. 'Sho'll know my work; and when Susan Burke says a goose is clean, sne'll know it is clean. Lemons, sugar, spice, nuts, ralsins; and then came the last item on the list; one gallon of Madeira wine.

Sebastian tasted of it—tasted again— smacked his lips, and sipped again. 'Don't be afraid of it. That's the stuff tasted of it—tasted again—

best Sherry you evertasted, I ligive it to you.'

A man, full blooded and vigorous, who had tasted nothing stronger than coffee, for two years, could not contain a gill of old Madeira without feeling it in his brain very quickly. Sebastian walted not to be asked a second time to take the Sherry. He drank off fialfa tumbler full, and then entered into aspirited conversation. Mercy! how his tongue had loosened; and how liberal he felt! Of course he would have a gallon of the Sherry.

course he would have a gallon of the Sherry. Is old Sol Marshall going to be at your.

Got any brandy at home?" 'No.'
'By glory! you ought to have a quart
—say a bottle of it—just for old Sol. He'll
appreciate it. And then you'll want it
in the house, you know. I've got about
the best article of pale Martel that ever
crossed the water. The e, just put a drop
of water in that—not too much—don't
drawn it! Sebastian poured a very little water into

Nebastian poured a very little water into about half a gill of pure old brandy; and braving field it up to the light, and marked the oily waving of the bright topez tinted liquid, he poured it down his throat. It was good, capitat. He would have a bottle of it. Yes, 'put me up two bottles of it while you're about it. Thunder! a fellow isn't married only once!'

That's the idea, Schastian.'.

Ah! Tom! Charlie! Harry!—how are you old fellows?'

Ah! Tom! Charlle! Harry:—now are you old fellows?
'Jerusalem! Sebastian, is it you? Say, old chap, it's cowing off to-morrow!
'Yes.'
'Then you ought to do the handsome.'
'Of course I will. Come up—What'll

Sebastian's in his days of fun and frolic, and they were glad enough to find him in a social mood; for during the past two years they had enjoyed but little of his companionship. But he was pleased to meet them now. With the fire in his blood that set him on the road to frolic, they were the three of all others he would they were the three of all others he would have chosen for companionship at that

There is no need of enlarging here.—When Sebastian commenced to drink with his old cronies he was gone. He had a jolly good time, no doubt; but he was to carry little remembrance of it home with him.

About two cycleck on Christmes many

home with him.

About two o'clock on Christmas morning, Mary, who had been watching all night, saw old Dobbin turn into the yard, with the sleigh behind him; but she could see no Sebastian. Calling Polly, she ran down to the door. She did not stop for a lantern, for the moon was up and gave light enough. In the sleigh, flanked with demijohus, bottles, bundles, and goose, lay Sebastian. At first Mary grew faint with a great fear; but very soon she divined the truth. Was she incensed? No. Her first thought was—and she spoke it aloud—'It's all my fault, Polly! It's all my own fault, and not his. He didn't want to buy the wine, but I He didn't want to buy the wine, but l God spirit the.

They got Sebastian up, and got him into the house, he the while declaring:
'No, no, boys—(hic)—not anor'er drop!
I—(hic)—tell ye—(hic)—Molly'll cry! I'm
a—(hic)—cussed tool!—(hic). Oh, dear
Molly, (hic)wha' for'd ye (hic) want me
to get the (hic)dern'd stuff for? Oh! git
me home?'

Towards the middle of the forencon Sebastian awoke, and Mary was soon with him. He had said enough in his wunderings white she and Polly had been getting him to bed, to give her an understanding of the whole affair, and instead of blaming him, her first words vere of love and kindness. She acknowl-

were of love and kindness. She acknowledged that it was all her own fault, and that she had been sufficiently punished for persuading her lover to do that which he left he ought not to do.

So let us think no more about it, dear! ried Mary, with a Liss. But Sebastian was not willing to leave his Mary bear the burden of blame. He

his Mary bear the burden of blame. He claimed it for his to bear, and acknowledged his sin, and promised not to do it again. He looked into his pocket book, and found his money all gone—every dollar; but that wan't worth crying about. To be sure there had been something over a hundred dollars; but he could make that up in time; and he professed to hope that up in time; and he professed to hope the the lesson might be worth that to lim. He saw what he supposed to be the important paper justewhere he put it, and that was all right.

The day passed on: a cup of strang

The day passed on; a cup of strong coffee, and a little exercise in the open alv, very soon brought Sebas lan up to something like himself. The ples and the cake and the pudding were made, and the round government. something nice immeel. The pies and the cake and the pudding were made, and the royal goose was in process of smothering, and everything seemed in readiness for the grand event. Agustos Sebastian had donned his Agustus Scoustian and donned ins wooding garb, and having drawn a five dollar bill from a little reserve he chan-ced to have in his desk, he thought he would put it in the certificate, as he had been informed by Mary that that was the way it was done.

Come Sebastian dear—they are wait-In a minute love. Let me put the money in the—' money in the—'
He meant to say certificate, as he supposed he had taken the paper from his pocket hook; but upon opening he read—not, "Know all men by these presents:" but "Agustus S. Walpole, to B. F. Grantly Dr. to one gal. Madeira wine—"

&c. 'Heavens and earth?' Mary rushed into the room, and found her lover pale and trembling. He had lost his marriage certificate! They hunt-ed through every bit of clothing Sebas-tian had touched since the night before; tian had touched since the night before; and then they went out and looked through the sleigh; but the paper could not be found. They looked again and again—and looked once more—looked into possible, and impossible places. The old infinister was summoned, and the loss was explained to him. He knew they had been regularly published; and as soon as Mr. Harney came back from Taitsbury he would get a new certificate, dated back to agree with the old one. Of couldn't he—wouldn't he, for mercy's sake! marry them? Parson Bebee was a kind hearted, whole souled man; but he was unsweryingly conscientious. Not for the world would he violate the statue of his State.

And moreover he explained that such a ceremony would be no marriage in law. Children borne of such marriage would be illegitimate; and all conderned would be liable to prosecution. No, he could, not! oot! One more last long search, and the

One more last long search, and the certificate was given up. The minister had been down and explained the whole matter to the waiting company; and they said, "Let us have our feast—let joy take the place of sadness—and at another time we will come to a quiet wedding."

The parson himself thought it would be too bad to disappoint the invited guests. 'Let's carve Mary's Wedding Goose—' 'Not a Wedding Goose,' grouned Sebastian.

'Taste of that, old fellow!' cried the storekeeper, holding up a tumbler half to her lover.
full of the clear, blushing liquid. That was before the days of the Maine Law It won't be for long that evil shall

It won't be for long that evil shall with us.'
Parson Bebee invoked the Divine blessing, and then seized the carving utensils and attacked the Smothered Goose, the royal savor of which had completely filled the house with its delicious smacked his lips, and sipped against smacked his lips, and sipped against the stuff of the puts life and vigor into a man.'

And Sebastian drank it down.

And Sebastian drank it down.

By glory, Walpole, you ought to have some of this old Sherry to go with it.—

Just try that. If you dont say that s the best Sherry you ever tasted, I'll give it to you.'

A man, full blooded and vigorous, who had tasted nothing stronger than coffee for two years, could not contain a gill of the stronger than coffee without feeling it in his then something interfered—there seemed to be a substance that did not belong the barson got the point of the

Oh! I thought Susan had cleaned it? gasped Mary, turning as red as fire, and then paling to an ashen hue.
'Hold on!' exciaimed the parson, who having purtially opened the extraneous substance with a knife and fork, now took it into his hand. 'You needn't be rat all alarmed, my dear child,' he went on, at the same time standing erect, and overhauling the thing in such a manner that those who were sitting could not see it.

'It is all right. The goose is all proper. Augustus Sebastian Walpole and Mary Almira Allard, I want you both to stand up. I can't do as I like to do, but I've thought that our Wedding Fenat would seem more like the real thing, if we only went through the form. Come -just to please us all—stand up. Stand up and take hold of hands and I'll just op and take hold of hands and I'll just show you how things ought to be done; for I declare I can't serve out this goose without just a little more than a single blessing.'

'Oh, yes! yes! do! do,' came from all parts of the long table.

On, yes: yes: do! do, came from all parts of the long table.

And without thinking—moving like machines—their sell-wills fairly crushed out—the twain arose and took each other by the hand, and the old paster went

Well—no—I think not,' replied the minister.

That then he showed them what he had found in the goose, to wit, Sebastian's money and marriage certificate.

Was there ever such a time? The old parson, the moment he ceased speaking, shot back his chair, and popped around the dark sisted the bride; and everybody else followed suit—she laughing and crying by turns, but at the time as happy as the could be.

And then, with the bright gleaming of great joy, and the blessed dreams of

And then, with the origin greating of great joy, and the blessed dreams of happy promise, making jubilant the feast, the assembled company set to work of testing the excellence of the fully commissioned and accredited Wedding

THE BOX TUNNEL. BY CHARLES READE.

The 10:15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed the duli, with teeth again, sized delicious A man could not see her nose for hor A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending gayish dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scotchistan that agreeably evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her, and there she sat, smooth, sung and delicious, with a book in her hand, and a soupcon of her wrist just visible us she held it.— Her opposite heigobor was what I call a

Her opposite neigobor was what I call a agond style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those sub-hasal pig-talls on which soup is suspended like a dew on a shrub, it was short, thick and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang to him, he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his tace, jostling mine and other people's who have none—in a word, he was wnat one oftener hears of, than meets—a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow officer; they noustache, but not a very repulsive one: was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow officer; they were talking about what it is far better not to do—women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast ever and amon a furitive glance at his fair vis-a-vis and lowered his voice.— She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At hat the two soldiers came down to a whisper, (the truth must be told,) the one who got own Slough, and was lost to posterity

bet ten sounds to three, that he who was going down with us to Bath and immor-tality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. 'Done, done!' Now I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in praised should have left hingself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation, 'but nobedy is wise at all hours,' not even when the clock is striking five and twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptations of the contraction tion—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twylford one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Dolignan fell on it like a tiger and returned it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on this occasion. At Reading, the Marlbordugh of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day, he bought a Times and Punch; the latter full of steel pen thrusts and wood cuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflamed humbug or other punctured by Punch. ion-ten to three.

benuty deigned to laugh at some inflamed Nubug or other punctured by Panch.—Now laughing together thaws our human ice: long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon who so devoted as Captain Dolignan—he handed them out—he souped them—he brandled and cochinealed one, and he brandled and burnt sugared the other; on their return to the carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I the beauty would have been the desorter, the average one would have stayed with us, till would have stayed with us, till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our silce of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downrevolve it ever so often; alight face downward on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragoon—so Venus remained in tete a-tete with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how empressee, how expressive he becomes; such was Dolignan after Swindon, and to do the dog justice, he got handsome and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching creem—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer and domurer; presently

became demurer and domurer; presently our captain looked out of the window and laughed; this elected an enquiring look from Miss Haythorn. We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel.

'Not a Wedding Goose, groaned Sebastian.

'Well, we'll call it so. Come, cheer up.
Many a storm worse than this has blown dver without harm to anybody.

The great old sitting room was ablaze with a score of lamps, and when Sebastian and Mary had taken their seats together at the table—sitting in the centre of the long side, opposite the old minister—and when they found how truly kind and considerate their friends were, they

dark; after the tunnel the lady said.

dark; after the tunnel the lary said, 'George, how absurd of you to sainte me golog through the tunnel. 'I did no such thing.' 'You didn't?' 'No! why? because somehow I thought you did!' Here Captain Dolignan laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel. Miss, Haythorn—ah! Dolignan—What is the matter?

Miss Haythorn—I am frightened. Dolignan (moving to her side)—Pray do not be alarmed; I am near you. Miss Haythorne—You are near mevery near me, indeed, Captain Dolignan. Dolignan—You know my name! Miss. Haythorn—I heard you mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place.

Bolunteer.

Dolignan—I could be content to spend ours here, reassuring you, my ady.

Dolignan—Pweep! (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means.) Miss Haythorn—Ee! Ee! Ee! Friend—What is the matter? Miss Haythorn—Open the door!

the door was shut and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer with all the insolence I can command at present, 'Hit boys as big as yourself;' bigger perhaps, such as Sophocies, Euripedes and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorne's scream lost most of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same

forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itmoment; and fictitious grief makes it-self heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is sup-posed to distinguish the perfect gentle-

And without thinking—moving like machines—their self-wits fairly crushed out—the twain arose and took each other by the hand, and the old pastor went through the marriage servi; e, with such unction that old Deacon Allard, Mary's nucle eqclaimed:

'Aln't that ere a little too much like the real thing, parson?'

'Well—no—I think not,' replied the minister.

'Asad then he showed them what he had found in the goose, to wit, Sebastian's money and marriage certificate.

Was there ever such a time? The old parson, the inoment he ceased speaking shot back his chair, and popped around and kissed the bride; and everybody else followed sult—she laughing and crying, by turns, but at the time as happy as she could be.

And then, with the bright gleaming of great joy, and the blessed dreams of happy promise, making jubilant the feast, the assembled company set to work of testing the excellence of the fully commissioned and accredited Wedding Goose.

his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man lose his own life for the same thing.

That is nothing; continued the Major but unfortunately he deserved to lose

At this, blood mounted to the younger man's temples; and his senior added, I mean to say he was thirty-five; you, I resume, are twenty-one!

Twenty-five.'
'Twenty-five.'
'That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?'
'If you will advise me.'
White the 23 that he may think you have lost the bet.'
'That is hard when I won it.'

Do it all for that sir.'
Let the disbelievers in humon preceptibility know that this dragoon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit, with violent reluctance; and this was his first damper. A week after these events, he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady, equal in personal attrac-'Do it all for that sir. vain for a lady, equal in personal attrac-tions to the idea he had formed of George Dollgnan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look; 'It can't be! 'Yes, it is!' Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name!) but what an appthental.

that he knew her hame!) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a peahen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautitid and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—aud he, alone, must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing, but having began with kissing it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on-all around, but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would be him. see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assidulty assiduous; she smited on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smited on him.—
Dolignan was surprised at his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured; who was this man?' and what right had he to go on so?' He had never kissed her, I suppose, said Dolly, Dolignan could not prove it, but he feit that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Hawthorn, and hattel all the ugly spacessful born, and hated all the ugly successful He spent a lortnight trying to find out who his beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: A lawyor's clerk paid him a little visit and commenced a little action against him in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term duy's name, however, was at last revealed by this untoward incident, from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same day, our crest-fallen her; lay in wait at her door—and many a successibility of the same day. lay in walt at her door—and many a succeeding day, without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the parade. Dolignan did the same, met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in hereyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment, for all this she walked and walked, till all other promenaders were tired and gone then her culprit summoned resolution, and taking oif his hat, with a voice tremulous for the first time, besought permission to address her. She stopped, blusned, and neither acknowledged nor discowned his acquaintance. He blushes, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, how liftle she knew how up punished, how liftle she knew how un-nappy he was, and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the dis-grace of a man, who was already morti-fied enough by the loss of her acquaint-ance. She asked an explanation; he told her of the action that had been com-menced in her name; she gently shring-ged her shoulders and said, 'How stupul they are!' Emboidened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

votion followed her even to church, where the dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polic nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

nor smoke—the two capital accounts.

It is one.

He made an acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not

oh him, when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly proputiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy captain straightway began doing quarter-deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return, he announced with a total change of voice, 'It was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose.' My un alongside as soon as he chose.' My eader had devined the truth; this nauti-

reader had devined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our beroine.

As he was taking leave, Dollgnan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness which encouraged him; that consciousness deepened into confusion—she tried to laugh, and cried instead, and then she smiled again; when she kissed her hand at the door it was 'George' and 'Marlan,' Instead of 'Captain' this and 'Miss' the other. A reasonable time after Marian, instead of Captain' this and 'Miss' the other. A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays), these two were very happy; they were once more upon the railrond, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before adole tree and other trees and the constant of the co fore—duck-like and delicious; all bright, except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently from her long eye-

'Marian,' said George, 'married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you; no—'
'Yes! yes!'
'Well, then, you remember the Box Tunnel.' (This was the first allusion he had ventured to it) I am ashamed to

annel. (This was the first aliusion he had ventured to it.) I am ashamed to say I had £3 to £10 with White I would kiss one of you two ladies; and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within. I know that, George; I overheard you, was the demure reply. "Oh! you overheard ma? impossible?"
And did you not hear me whisper to
my companion? I made a bet with her?
"You made a bet! how singular! What

was it?'
'Only a pair of gloves, George.'
'Yes, I know; but what about it?'
'That if you did, you should be my
husband, dearest.'
'Oh, but stay; then you could not have

Oh, but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why, dearest then you brought that action against me?

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

'I was afraid you were forgetting me! George, you will never forgive me!'

Sweet angel! why, here is the Box Tunnel! Tunnel! Now, reader—fie! no! no such thing! Now, reader—fie! no! no such thing! You can't expect to be induiged in this way every time we come to a dark place. Besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people. No such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!

FOILED BY A WOMAN.

A Leaf From The Diary Of An Old 'Madaine, it is my duty to arrest you!'
'You dare not!'

The lips were white with passion rather than fear, and the lady stood before me like a lioness at bay. Even then I could not help but note the splendid beauty of this grand lady. Tall and slender, eyes black and flashing—almost luid now—the spectacle she presented, standing there in the middle of the apartment, was more the apparance of a queen than a bursted. the appearance of a queen than a hunted criminal.

'I must a replied. 'I do not doubt

'I must,', I sreplied." 'I do not doubt your innocence. Looking into your face, it is strange that any one could couple it with guilt; but I am constrained to do my duty, Madame, however inimical it may be to my feelings. 'Will you allow me to change my dress!' she said, in a tone almost pleasant.

'Will you allow me to change my dress!' she said, in a tone almost pleasant. The hard lines around the mouth had relaxed, and the passionate glow on the face gave way to a pleasant smile.
'Certainly; I will walt for you here.'
'I wish, also, to send a messanger for a friend; will you permit him to pass?'
'Certainly.'
This was my first interview with Eugenia ornille. I had seen her for months, the leader of our gayest and most fashionable coolety. In her splendid mansion she dispensed the most profuse and one

tonable collety. In her splendid mansion she dispensed the most profuse and elegant hospitality.

A. Spanish lady—a widow she had represented herself—and had been resident here almost a year. No one eyer suspected her of being aught than what she seemed, until ope day I was ordered to arrest here as a markeyers.

as a murderess.
It was now alleged, said Mr. F., that

this young beauty was no other than the woman who had poisoned her husband in Havana, and fled with all his wealth. An immense reward was offered for her apprehension, and the circumstances that apprehension, and the circumstances that had come to our knowledge pointed her out beyond all doubt as the person we were in search of. Yet the person who recognized her the evening before at the theatre advised us to be careful lest she should escape us. I laughed at the idea. Mr. I. and myself were surely sufficient to arrest a lady. We were old enough in the ways of cunning to deleat any such attempt. When the lady left me I stepped to the window, and said to Mr. I., who was waiting at the door: who was waiting at the door: 'The lady desires to send a messenger The lady desires to send a messenger for a friend; suffer him to pass.'
Almost the same instant, the door of the apartment the lady had entered opened, and a youth—apparently a mulatto boy—came out and passed hurriedly through the room into the hall, and from

last I grew impatient, and knocked at the door. 'Madame, I can wait no longer.'
There was no reply. I knocked repeatedly, and at last determined to force an entrance. Strange fears harrassed me; I began to suspect, I know not what. It took but a moment to drive in the door, and, once in the apartment, the mystery was revealed. The robes of the lady lay upon the floor, and scattered ever the room were suits of boys' wearing apparel, similar to that worn by the mulatto boy. On the trole was a cosmetic that would stain the skin to a light delicate brown.

I was folled for a surety; the lady had

'She did not know!'

'She must now bid him adleu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with ner. Her manner was graphous. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, 10-lignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode, His de-

Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Cent per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction off the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the CABH. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued

JOB PRINTING UARDS, HANDRILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other description of JoB and CARD Printing.

board? He had a long white beard, and hair that fell on his shoulders.

'Yes.'
'Well, there's something curious about

'Well, there's something curious about him.'

'Why, sir, when he got into my carriage he was a mulatto boy, and when he got out he was an old man.'

I will not repeat the expression I used then—it was neither refined nor polite—for I knew the vessel would be far out to sea before she could be overtaken. I was folled by a woman. Nor could I help rejoicing, now that the chase was over, that she had escaped.

Innocent or guilty, there was a charm about her none could resist. The spell of her wondrous beauty affected all who approached her. It lingers in my memory yet; and I could not have the stain of her blood upon my conscience.

A Quaint Idea.

For downright ignorance and utter ob-liviousness of all things theological the following cannot be beaten. One can dis-cover nothing on the part of the hero vorging upon implety; for he was evi-lently as honest and sincere as could be. denly as honest and sincere as could be. After a weary tramp through a long lay of unbroken forest an agent of the American Bible Society, late in the evening came out upon a small ciciring wherein stood a substantial log cabin, with good yards and outhouses. A rap upon the door brought a middle-aged, stout-framed matron to view, who when she saw the stranger, invited him to come in and make himself comfortable. Later in the evening our colporteur found the family all assembled. The host was a stout, swart pioneer, of about five-and lorry

all assembled. The host was a stout, swart pioneer, of about five-and botty genial and frank, and as warm-hearted and free as man can be. The good wife was a fit companion; and the six children ranging in age from ten to two-and-twenty, were evidently used and willing to the bearing of their share of toil.

After supper the traveler gratified the curiosity of his host, by informing him of his business; but the back woodsman was not enlightened. A Bible Society was something of which he had never heard, and he had very little idea of its use or object. In the course of conversation the conjorteur learned that his host had beenborn on the frontier, and that during his whole life he never visited what might be called a civilized settlement. He was iterally a primitive man, and as unused. be called a civilized settlement. He was literally a primitive man, and as unused—to the ways of enlightened society as a new point bace. The cultivated his land and shot game in the forest.

In the morning, after having partaken of a substantial breakfast of venison and coarse wheat break, the colporteur asked his host if he was the possessor of a Bible.

ble.

'I reckon,' was the answer.

'Because,' pursued the visitor, ''if you had none,' would esteem it a privilege to make you a present of one. But you say you have one?'

'Waal—now let me see—I dono, stranger. We did have some. I reckon 'twas some Bible.'

I'non this the colporteur said he should

some Bible.'
Upon this the colporteur said he should like to leave the family in possesion of a Bible—he would do it for the sake of the children. And he took from his portmanteau a very pretty edition of the Society's Bible.

'Betty,' said the host to his eldest daughter. 'do you go into the loft an' fetchdown that yer Bible.'

Betty want up the ledder and soon recommended.

down that yer Bible. Betty went up the ladder, and soon returned, bearing in her hand about a dozen soiled and crumpled leaves of an old quarto Bible, with one calf-bound cover attached. The back woodsman took the fragment and slowly counted the leeves. expression, and said:

'Stranger, seein' as you've made the offer, I don't keer of I do take one o' them yer Bibles. I'd no idee we was so near out!'

A Two-Cent Dog.

Yesterday afternoon a two-cent dog sprang from an alley, closely followed by a five cent brick. Rounding the corner at right angles, he came in contact with the fact of Putch woons. he feet of a Dutch woman, who wa the ret of a Dutch woman, who was carrying a jug of molasses in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. The sudden collision of the dog with her lower extremittes threw her from her feet, and she sat down upon the basket of eggs, at the same time breaking the jug of molasses upon the pavement. A young gentleman, carpet-bag in hand, anxious to each the train was superiorized to the train was superiorized to the train. tleman, carpet-bag in hand, anxious to catch the train, was running close behind, and stepping on the fragments of the jug and its contents sat down on the chest of the Dutch woman, who said 'Mine Got.' The young man said something about mad dog, but in the excitement said it back wards. In the meantime the dog had run against the feet of a team of horses, attached to a load of potatoes, and they taking fright, started for home. The end-board being out, they unloaded the potatoes along the street as they went. Crossing the railroad track, the wagon caught in the rails and tore one of them from its place. A freight train coming from its place. A freight train coming along a few moments latter was thrown from the track, smashing up a dozen cars and killing thirty or forty hogs. The horses on reaching home ran through the barn-yard and overturned a mik-pail and contents, which another two-cent dog licked up. One of the horses having broken his leg, was killed this morning, and the other is crippled for life. It is now a mooted question whether the man who threw the brick at the two-cent day, or the way who was it as cent dog, or the man who owns it, is responsible for the chapter of accidents which followed. Some think they do.—

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT, A corre

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT,— A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Frankfort-on-the-Main, relates the following: Little American school girls, are much beloved in the German schools, especially if they happen to possess loving dispositions themselves. A few weeks ago the writer saw the corpse of a pretty eight-year old American girl who had been confined to her, bed by disease for nearly nine months, duing the whole of which time her former teachers and fellow-scholars hatto boy—eame out and passed hurrically through the room into the hall, and from thence into the street. It was, no doubt, the messinger, I thought, and I picked up abook and commenced reading. Nearly an hour passed, and still the lady did not make her appearance, nor did the boy return. The friend she had sent for must live at some distance, I thought or the lady is unusually carettal about her toilet; and so another hour went by. At last I grew impatient, and knocked at the door. 'Madame, I can wait no longer.' There was no reply. I knocked repeatedly, and at last determined to force an entrance. Strange fears harrassed me; I began to suspect, I know not what. It took but a moment to drive in the door, and, once in the apartment, the mystery was revealed. The robes of the lady lay upon the floor, and scattered ever the room were suits of boys' wearing apparel, similar to that worn by the ministed boy. It was folled for a surety; the lady had escaped in the disguise of a messenger. I should have detected the use; I felt humilitated, and determined to redress my error. I knew she would not remain in the city an Leslant longer than she could get away. Thurried to her bankers, but found that she had drawn the amount due her an hour before.

'A mulatto boy. It was made payable