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"GETTING BEADY." Getting ready for what! Why, a great many things
A tour to the Lake,
Or a trip to the Springs,
Getting ready for work,
And ready for play; Getting ready for somethin Each day!

Gotting ready for joy, For excitement and mirth-Getting ready to grasp
All the sunshine of earth;
Getting ready for pleasure Again and again.

Getting ready to drive Sharp bargains in trade; Getting ready for wealth By plans ably laid: Gett ng ready to win But never getting ready To lose!

Getting ready for home, For husband or wife— Getting ready for children, For honor and life; Getting ready for fame,

Miscellaneous.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF BONCHURCH Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, is a ploturesque village on the upper cliffs of Ventor. Here, some years since, lived a poor schoolmaster who rented a cottage of two reoms for a dwelling, and a barn for the school. He was self-educated in the common elements of knowledge, and had made the human heart his atudy; and it was his delight not merely to teach the mechanical parts of reading, writing and arithmetic, but also to influence the moral and intellectual powers of his children, and to strengthen, elevate and parity them. In this aim he had but one text book—the Gospel of the Great Teacher; and in this he learned one lesson especially—that 'it is good to seek to save that which is lost.'

Like all of his order, the master in his school had to contend with boys who

Like all of his order, the master in his school had to contend with boys who could not learn, and boys who would not. But the boy who gave him the most trouble could and did learn; only he was so intractable in his general conduct, and such an imp of mischief, that it was a ceaseless perplexity with the good master what ought to be done with him. The master had no worldly motive for reclaiming so difficult a charge, since he gained not a penny by it; and he felt a Christian yearning towards the lad who was an orphan and was not without promise of better things.

'Harry, Harry, look in my face sir!' exclaimed the master one day, in his very sternest tones.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH.

A lady who has suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple prompts. Her sympathy and gratitude prompts and gratitude prompts and gratitude prompts. ery sternest tones. Harry lifted up his bold, handsome Harry lifted up his bold, handsome and always dirty face, surrounded with a mesh of dark, curly hair, and made a comic grimace; but when his bright eye met that of the master, he glanced saide, as if something pained him.

'Harry Bonner, you were last night stealing neighbor Watson's apples.'

'Was I, master?'

His tone in mock innocence and simplicity excited sudden laughter in the

licity excited sudden laughter in the arcely check it.

You won wara: and I tell you Har.

You won wara: and I tell you Har.

You won wara: and I tell you Har. on in this way you will come to some

A sout leather strap was produced.

• Hold out your hand,' said the master. 'No, thank you.'
'Hold out your hand.'

The hand was held out very firmly, Harry winking hard; the strap descended, and then with an affected howl, ending in the laugh of a young savage, the culprit went back to his form—only to oulprit went back to his form—only to plan new offences.

I feel this is not the way to reclaim that boy, said the master, after school, to his sister, an invalid dependent upon him, who sat all day in an easy chair generally, engaged in knitting dapple gray worsted stockings; 'yet what else am I to do with him; he is excessively hardened, full of courage and cunning; I never met with a boy so precoclously wioked; everybody prophesies evil of his future life. He defles restraint. He has robbad every orchard within ten miles,

wicked; everybody prophesies evil of his future life. He defies restraint. He has robbed every orchard within ten miles, and really, I often fancy he does it out of mere love of adventure and perli." Yeur strap will do him no good, 's said the elster quietly.

'What then will?'

'Pattent kindness, and instruction and

Why, does he not know that I have 'Why, does he not know that I have almost paid his uncle, the blacksmith, to let him come to school; that I send him vegetables out of my garden every now and then to keep him in good humor?' 'Harry knows you are his only true friend, and thinks more of one gentle word from you than all of your blows with your strap. He has far too much violent usage at home.' 'That is true; you are right.' One afternoon Harry Bonner left his seat at the head of the high form, flung his book aside, and planted himself at the window, whence he enjoyed the view of the sea, and of a man-of-war that had approached near the shore, in order, as Harry had heard it rumored, that its crew of seamen for the French war might

crew of seamen for the French war might be recruited by forcibly impressing men

be recruited by foreign impressing their along the coast.

Harry was engaged in easy contemplation of this prospect, when the master espied how he was using his time.

'What are you doing there, Harry Bonner? Where is your book? Have you learned your lesson?

'No.'

'No.'
'Then, sir, you shall learn a double lesson before dinner.'
'I like double lessons,' said Harry, fluging himself back in his place, and learning rapidly a long row of words and

filinging himself back in his place, and learning rapidly a long row of words and mannings.

Before dinner time had come, the double lesson was perfectly mastered, and hard sums got through—for sums and lessons were all play to him.

The master looked at him with feelings of pity, regret, and admiration.

'Oh, my boy,' said be. 'how can you throw away such abilities on mischief and wickedness?'

Harry colored up to the temples; his eyes flashed and moistened; he was going to make a passionate reply, but turned short round, and went out of the school whistling, with his hands thrust among the marbles and the whip cord in the pockets of his ragged corduroys. Beside the pond in the center of the village be stopped and looked jealously around. Seeing he was unobserved, he pulled out the marbles and top from his pocket and flung them into the water.

There,' said he, 'now' I shall 'give up nonsense and show the master and show everybody what I can do. I'm thirteen years old and shall soon be a man, and I must look out for myself, as the master says I am clever, and have got good abilities; I feel it—that I do!

He walked on, still talking with himself; presently he burst out:

'What does uncile hate me for, I should like to know? What harm have'I done him? Whyt's he always threshing me for? Why don't he let me alone?'

Again he went on, every now and then loltering to think.

'I wish,' said he, turning his pockets inside out, 'I only wish I had some money there.'

there.'
With this fresh wish on his lips, he

American

ever so little "

'Money!' she looked at him in surprise.

'What do you want with money?'

'Never you mind; only see, though, if I don't pay you back some day, and plenty of it. 'Aunt, can you give me a little money

A violent blow from behind sent the A violent clow from behind sent the boy reeling against the wall. There shod his savage uncle, with his flat doubled, and his face distorted with intoxication. 'I'll teach you to ask for money,' said he, and other blows and flerce abuse followed. The boy started forward into the cen-

the ooy stated forward into the centre of the room and gazed with steady boldness into the tyrant's face and said. 'You have done nobling but in use me since my father died. I have never done you any harm, and I shan't bear any The blacksmith caught up a heavy

Will you not?'
'No, I will not; so take care what you're about.'
'I'll break your spirit, or I'll break eve-

about."

'I'll break your spirit, or I'll break every bone in your body.'

'You won't do éither.'

'We'll try that.'

The blackemith rushed forward to grasp Harry by the collar, and Harry sprung to meet him with wild resistance. They stood foot to foot and hand to hand, wrestling for the mastery, when the dopropened, and the schoolmaster entered.—Instinctive reverence for the good man caused the blacksmith to pause, and the boy broke from him trembling violently, and now subdued to tears.

'I am sorry to see this,' said the master, 'what is the matter?'

The blacksmith muttered something, and his wife took the stick from his hand.

'They are always quarreling,' said she." What have I done!" exclaimed Harry, but it don't matter, master; I like you—you have been good to me and I shall think of it; but as for him—I hate him and despise him, and I have nothing to thank him for; and after this day! will never see his face again, nor eat of his bread.'

In an instant the lad was gone.

will never see his face again, nor eat of his bread.'

In an instant the lad was gone. Some hours after, the master returned home, and the first thing he did was to take his strap from the table and put it in the fire.

His sister smiled but said nothing.

Afterwards they conversed together respecting the poor boy, and the master expressed some uneasy apprehensions as he repeated Harry's words on going off.—Those apprehensions increased when it became known through the village that Harry Bonner was missing and could not be found.

At dark the villagers were traversing the road with lights—the old upper road, which viewed from the lower cliffs, appeared but as a lofty terrace out on the green mountain side.

peared but as a lofty terrace out on the green mountain side.

At that time the now flourishing town of Ventor had scarce begun to exist; only a few houses relieve the ploturespue wildness of the scenery, amid which the sounds of the villagers formed an exciting accompaniment to the dash of the waves among the numerous breakers and the fury of the equinoctial gale.

Iln and dawn the guinoctial gale.

Iln and dawn the face acquirities of the upper cliff, did the villagers continue moving with their lights long after midnight, for the parting threat of the boy had caused a general belief that he had committed some rash act—perhaps thrown himself over the cliffs, or into the sea.

the sea.
What else could have become of him? What else could have become of the had neither money nor food, nor clothes, nor friends, nor any hope of help of any kind that any one knew out of Bonchurch. One person hinted at gypsies, another at smugglers, and the bold, energetic character of the boy, made the energetic character of the boy, hade the master fancy it might be possible he had joined one or the other. But gypsies had not been seen in Bonchurch for many months, and the smugglers of that part of the island were well known to the respectively.

of the Island were well known to the test idents, and on good terms with them, and they denied any knowledge of the boy. Gradually the search ceased, except on the part of the schoolmaster, who walked in every direction, inquiring and exam-ining. But at last, he too, lost hope; and as he stood in Ventor Cave when a storas he stood in Ventor Cave when a stor-my night was darkening around, and the winds and waves raged in fearful unison, he felt a melancholly conviction that Harry Bonnier was lost forever.

Twenty years rolled away, and the dis-appearance of the boy was still a pro-found mystery.

The blacksmith had died of intemper-ance and no one lamented him. The

ance and no one lamented him. The schoolmaster's sister needed nothing more in this world. Most of Harry's schoolmates were dead, and of those who schoolmates were dead, and or those wind survived, scarcely any remained in the village. All was changed; but the schoolmaster lived in his humble cottage and kept school. But he was grown old, and solitary, and infirm; and so poor that he was almost reduced to a shadow

that he was almost reduced to a shadow with hard living.
In his best days he eked out his little income by cultivating a few vegetables and common fruit; and this was still his resource when he could hobble out on fine days into his patch of gardenground. His spirits had been unusually depressed by the decline of his strength, his poverty, his foriorn condition, and the memory of his sister, when at sunset one day he stood at his school room window, looking toward the sea. The lattice was open for the weather was warm, and his withered face felt refreshed by the breeze that played over it.

withered face felt refreshed by the breeze
that played over it.
But that which chiefly detained him
there, and held him in a kind of fascination, was the unusual appearance of a
ship of war, one of the most imposing
size, moored near Ventor. ship of war, one of the most imposing size, moored near Ventor.

The old man's memory was quickened by the spectacle, and he thought of Harry Bonner, who on the day of his disappearance had been detected by himwatching just such a vessel, while his neglected book was thrown aside on the form.

Gazing and musing the master stood while the shadows of twilight gathered over the scene; the maste and rigging of the chief object of his attention grew indistinct, darkness came quickly and with it a storm, which had been in preparation some hours.

The master hastily closed the lattice as a flash of lightning broke in upon his musings. He turned to leave the school-room and to enter his cottage; but what figure was that which, amidst the obscurity appeared seated on the identical spot on the chief form, where Harry Bonner sat when he learned with such surprising rapidity his double lesson, after watching the man-of-war from the window?

The schoolmaster had grown nervous

dow?
The schoolmaster had grown nervous and rather fauchful; and I know not what he immagined it might be; but his breath came quick and short for an instant and then he asked in a faint wolce, Who is there?' A manly voice replied, 'Only Harry

A manly voice replied, 'Only Harry Bonner.'
The lightning lit up the whole of the large dreary looking school-room, and revealed to the school master the figure of a naval officer on whose breast gilttered decorations of rank and honor.
Darkness instantly, succeeded, as the officer started from the form and grasped the hand of the master with a strong and scitated measure; then the two moved agitated pressure; then the two moved quickly and silently along the cottage while the thunder crashed overhead. The extlement of the mament confus-ed the faculties of the old man; and as

went into the dirty cottage of his uncleic.

It was a homestead that did anything but credit to its occupants. The floor was unswept, the hearth covered with coke and potato peelings; the remnants of a dinner of the, meanest kind were scattered over the table. The boy felt disagnet did not office over the table. The boy felt disagnet did not one incoherent words about Harry Bonner, and the ship and the double lessen; but when he beheld the officer oovered his face with his disengated hand and weep, his brain railied its disordered per to the schoolmaster's suffering sister, who ever looked so neat and clean.

The passion for change and improvement that had silently been taking place in Harry's breast was momentarily becoming more developed. All at once he said to his aunt:

'Aunt, can you give me a little money the different still holding his hand with that ferrant grasp, gazed in his eyes by the did not he down the displaced for his every by ed some incoherent words about Harry Bonner, and the ship and the double lessen; bon; but when he beheld the officer covered his face with his disengated hand and weep, his brain railied its disordered per ceptions. He ignited a rush light that for any the did not he son; but when he beheld the officer covered his face with his disengated hand and weep, his brain railied its disordered per ceptions. He ignited a rush light that for all its head of the country hand and weep, his brain railied its disordered per ceptions. He ignited a rush light that for all the did he double lessen; but when he beheld the officer covered with his disengated hand and weep, his brain railied its disordered per ceptions. He ignited a rush light that for all the did he double lessen; but when he beheld the officer over the table.

The officer still holding his hand with that that disordered the son; but when he beheld the officer over the table.

The officer still holding his hand should the double lessen; but when he beheld the officer over the head weep, his brain railied its disordered ton; face, the master passed the light before those brown and scarred, yet handsome features, in whose strong working of feeling, if nothing clse, he recognized his long lost but unfortunate scholar.

The officer suddenly clasped the old man's hand. "My dear old master?" he exclaimed.

exclaimed.

The old man was too weak for the sudden surprise he put his haud to his brow gazed vacanily, gasped for breath and his lips moved without a sound.

The officer placed bim tenderly in the old wicket chair, in which the knitter of the dapple gray worsted stockings used to sit; then the old man grasped one of his arms, and looking up said mornfully, and shook his head: She is not here.

She said to the last Harry Bonner would be found some day; and now she is not here.

guided your wandering feet through paths so strange and difficult?

'I trust I am.' rejoined the officer with profound reverence, 'And does my uncle live yet?'
'He and your aunt died fifteen years

Harry Bonner, whatever has become o

You shall find I have, responded Harry, for whatever money can procure be yours from this Holl; My hear marke!!

Story of a Stage Driver.

He was driving to make a connection for the sake of a large load of passengers which he was carrying, and he broke down not far from the dwelling of an old curmudgeon. The driver went to borrow his lumber wagon to take his passengers on with. The man was absent from home, and his wife refused to lend the

You are perfectly right, madam, said the driver, but I must have it.'
'I shall take it and settle with your husband for it when he returns.'
He took it and brought it back in good order. When he came to settle for it the man found him full of anger, and thun-

After some expostulations, he said:
'I have come to settle with you for the

nounted his coach and rode of, his pa-sengers protesting against his yielding to such an exhorbitant demand. Two or three weeks afterward he found

I took it from you. Here is your \$50—1 can't keep it.'
It was with difficulty that he could be made to accept about \$3—a fair price for his wagon. When the neighbors heard this story, and looked at the affair from beginning to end, they said—
'Was not that the best way after all! Was it not beautiful?

of Jacob. The gorgeous panes of the wisest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever.—
Of the ancient arohitecture of the holy city, not one atone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethseda commands the pligrim's reverence to the present day.—The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its claterns and aqueducts remain tochallenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the wilderness has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freely in his rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged its holy colonades.

ades.
It may be that the city of New York will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save the mounds of crumbling brickwork; but the Hudson will continue to flow as it dess now. And if any work of art should still rise oace the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither palace or temple, but some vast reservoir. And if the light of any should still flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably, be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happpiness of his fellowmen rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the glory which outlives all other, and shines with undying lustre from generation to Hudson will continue to flow as it do with undying justre from generation to generation, imparting to its work some-thing of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing therefrom the ordinary monuments of historical tradition of

iere.

Dead, is she?'
Oh, yea!
There was a short slience, solemn and And why hast thou hidden thyself all these years,' asked the master.

'I have been redeeming the past. I've been working my way from rags and infamy to this'—touching, with an air of dignity, his gold epaulette and the insignia that glittered on his breast—and I have been gathering this,' showing a full and heavy purse, 'to revenge myself to the stick and strap, and make thy latter days hanv.

and neavy purse; to revence myssif. to the stick and strap, and make thy latter days happy.

'The change seems wonderful to you, no doubt,' continued the officer, after an agitated pause, it is wonderful to myself, but it is to you I trace it. Your benevolent instructions, your patient endeavors to reclaim me, your observations on my wickedness, your encouraging praise of my abilities—all appealed to my heart and conselence, and stimulated and roused me to resolve on going to sea and trying to lead a new life. The sight of the man of war from the window and the last flogging I had from the blacksmith decided me. I ran down the cliffs. I told my tale to a boat's crew of the warship; I was taken on board as cabin boy. The ship sailed directly. I rose step by step. I have been in many battles, and here I am the commander of the vessel you were viewing when I entered the school-room and found my way to the old seat.

'And I hope,' said the master carnest-

seat.
'And I hope,' said the master earnest-ly, 'I hope,' my dear Harry you are thankful to that Providence that has

He and your aint died fixeen years ago."

'I am sorry for it. I should like to have talked with them of our past errors—theirs and mine. It would have gratified me to have done something for them and to have heard them retract some of their harsh words to me. How my heart warmed to the old village when I entered it just now. I could have embraced the mossy palings. I could have kneit down and kissed the very ground. But I was so impatient to see if you lived that I paused nowhere till I reached the school and found you gazing at my ship.'

'You have brought back the heart of Harry Bonner, whatever has become of

I once knew a man who, though not in waith, was once a stage driver, of whom will here relate an incident.

"I have come to settle with you for the wagon."
Well, you shall, said the man.
"What shall I pay you for the use of it an hour or two?"
You shall pay me \$50."
He made no objection to the charge, handed the man \$50, shook, hands with him in the best good nature, and then mounted his coach and rode off, his parameter water the goal nat his yielding to

this man hanging about his boarding place, and said to him,—
'Good morning, sir.'
Said the man, 'I come to see about hat wagon.'
'I thought I paid you for it. How That money has burned me ever since took it from you. Here is your \$50-1

The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest of monarous, with the cedar, and

oaths.

'Well then, mother,' said the little hopeful, 'there's a big oath in the newspapers—'By telegraph.'

The old lady gave it up, and the boy

more magnificence. MANURE is greatly injured by lying in the rain. It needs shelter as much

he stared at Mr. and Mrs. Holt. But he said nothing at that time. After dinner, however, he sought out Mr. Holt and bluntly asked his name. "Holt, sir, at your service." "And who do you think I am?" again asked the elderly personage. "Oh, you? You are 'old' Vanderbilt! I know you, and the horse I have held is Mountain Boy, an animal any man might be proud to draw a rein yer."

any man might be proud to draw a rein ver."

Instead of taking offence at the epithet "old," Mr. Vanderblit—for it was the Commodore—seemed to like it and he made some inquiries about Holt's antecedents, took a fancy to him, and peremptorily ordered the young man to make his appearance at his up-town effice on the ensuing forenoon at precisely il o'clock. Holt promised to obey, did so and had an interview of over an hour's duration with the millionare. What was done or said on that occasion no one has ever been able to learn. But a few days later Holt made his reappearance in Wall street and speculated strongly and successfully in a certain line of stocks known to be mostly controlled by Commodore cessfully in a certain line of stocks known to be mostly controlled by Commodore Vanderbitt. Se well did he work his card with the instruction undoubtedly obtained from the Commodore, that in a few weeks he cleared over \$100,000 in cash, which he deposited with a prominent banking house whose vaults are protected by burglar-proof locks, and who paid to week that no unauthoused persons the property of the control of the con

tamper with those safeguards. Two days ago Vanderbilt sent for Hoit again and said to him: said to him:

"Young man, I hear you have made some meney. I am glad to learn it. Now just take my advice a second time. Never put your foot in Wall street again. You are not suited for that atmosphere. Shun It as you would the devil. You've got enough. Keep what you have and be contented."

Holt now shuns Wall street as he

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE .- Retweet

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.—Between Kenosha and Milwaukee, an agent of the Traveller's Insurance Company entered the car, and having issued tlokets to several passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, as it afterward proved, was very deaf.

'Madam, would you like to insure against accidents?' inquired the agent, at the same time exhibiting his tlokets. 'I got my ticket down to Kenosha,' she said. 'I am going to Oshkosh to visit my daughter, who's married up there, and has just got a baby.'

The agent raised his voice a little. Would you'like to insure your life against accidents?'

'She's been married two years and a half, and that's the first child—its a gal.' Agent, still lorder.

Agent, still lorder.
'I am an Insurance Agent, madam; den't you want to insure your life against accidents?' gainst accidents?'

'She's got along, first rate, and is doing as well as could be expected.'

Agent, at the top of his voice.

'I'm an insurance agent, madam; can't I insure your life against accidents?'

'Oh, didn't understand you,' said the old lady. 'No' her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosh.'

JACKSON'S PORTER.—When Gen. Jackson was President, Jimmy O'Neal, the porter, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which were offensive to the fastidiousness of Col. Donelson, and caused his dismissal on an average about once a week. But on an appeal to the higher courts, the verdict was invaribly reversed by the good nature of the old gentleman. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offence, and was summoned before the highest tribunal at once. The General, after stating the details of the misdeed, observed:

"Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints, but in this act you have gone beyond my power of endurance." caused his dismissal on an average about

of endurance."
"And do you believe the story?" asked "And do you believe see see."
Jimmy.
"Certainly," answered the General. "I
have just heard it from two Senator's."
"Faith," replied Jimmy, "if I believe
all that twenty Senators said about you,
it's little I'd think you fit to be Presient."
"O, pahaw! Jimmy," concluded the President, "clear out and go on duty, but he more careful hereafter." Jimmy remained with his kind heart-

ed patron, not only to the close of his Presidential term, but accompanied him to the Hermitage, and was with him to the day of his death. instructed in morals by his mother. The old lady told him that all such terms as 'by golly!' 'by gingo!' 'by thunder!' etc., were only minced caths, and but little better than any other profanity.— In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix 'by'—all such were onths.

The candles you sold me last night vere very bad, said suett to a tallow-handler.

"Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for Yes, sir; do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then burn no onger."
"You surprise me; what, sir, did they go out?"
"No, sir, no; they burned shorter."

Volunteer.

and they ain's no better than the rest of folks. I rather think if I was a baby I'd ask the Lord to send me where I wouldn't grow any bigger, and then I'd have nothing to do but to lie on my back and chew my toes, and have folks say I was the darlingest, cunningest little creature they ever laid eyes on.

THE EFFECTS OF HIGH-HEELED BOOTS
AND SHOES.—What stupid ninies some persons will persist in making themselves by continuing to wear boots and shoes which give them pain every moment and which hinder their easy and graceful movements. It is, indeed, true, as the Scientific American affirms, this silly fashion must be creating a rich harvest for the corn doctors; it is sure to result in a greater or less degree of personal deformity. Especially may the latter consequences be expected in the case of young children.

When the heel is raised, as the prevalent oustom, the bones of the thigh, pelvis and leg, as well as the foot, are thrown into an abnormal position; and while the bones maintain their plasticity, the effect of such unnatural tension is sure to be perpetuated in the shape of crooked shins, bundy legs, elephantine toe-joints and a cramped, ungraceful gait.

Let us hone that before the evils shall THE EFFECTS OF HIGH-HEELED BOOTS

gait.

Let us hope that before the evils shall be greatly multiplied, fickle fashion may remove the cause, and give us something more sensible and endurable than these blescrews, which are giving us the hob-blescribest blescribest proven and which bots and shoes be made to fit the feet; and not attempt to adjust them to the nnnatural form of many fashionable hoots

A little darkey was recently found 263° A little darkey was recently found sitting on the steps of a fashionable house, crying pitifully. 'What's de matter wid you?' asked a colored woman.—'Dar's matter 'nuff-drouble all ober the house. Fadder am drunk—mudder am from home wid de close—Sis broke de looking-glass wid de broemstick—de baby got her eyes full ob kyan pepper, and little Ned Anthony put de mustard on his hair for goose-grease. I put sait in my tea for white sugar, and it made me sick. De dog lioked Ned's face, and got his mouth full ob mustard and lies under de bed a howlin'. De kitten got her head in de milk-pot, and I cut her head off to save de pitcher, and den I had to break de pitcher to get de head out; and de way I'll get licked when mudder comes home for setting de bed afire will be a sin.'

gor A clergyman in Vermont, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might do some damage, resolved to shovel it off. He therefore ascended the roof, having taken the precaution to fasten his waist to one end of a rope, the other end of which he gave to his wife.—But fearing still for his safety, he said: "My dear, tie the end round your waist." No somer had she done this than off went the snow, minister and all, and up went the wife. Thus, on one side of the barn the astenished clergyman hung, while the other side hung his wife, high and dry, dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment a gentleman luckly passed by, and delivered them from their passed by, and delivered them from the

An Essay on Dogs.—Josh Billings favors the world with an essay on dogs. "Dogs in the lump," says Joshua, "are very useful, but they are not always profitable. The new foundlin dog is useful to save children from drowin; but you have got to have a pond of water and children runnis about kareless, or else the dog hain't profitable. There ain't nothing made boarding a Newfoundlin dog. Ratteariers are useful to ketch rats; but the rats ain't profitable after you have ketched them. The shepherd dog is useful tew drive sheep; but if you have to go and buy a flock of they, and pay more than they are wurth, jist to keep the dog bizzy, the dog ain't much profitable—not much. Lap dogs are very useful; but if you don't hold them in your lap awi the time they ain't profitable at awl. The coach dog is one of the most useful dogs I know ov; but you have got to have a coach (and they ain't always pleasant,) or you can't realize from the dog.

Thus we see that, while dogs are genally useful; there are times when they are not generally profitable."

WHAT noise is that?" asked a storr parient who had just come into a room pext to the parlor, were two fond lover were. Silence like death.

next to the parlor, were two fond lovers were. Silence like death.
"I say, Julia, what noise was that?"
"Si-r-Sir?"
"Whot are you doing there?"
"N-o-t-h-i-n-g, Sir!"
"Who are you kissing there?"
"Only-only William, sir; his mother's dead, you know—and—and I thought it would'nt be wrong to kiss him for her you know, sir!"
"Humph!" and the old gentleman took his leave, doubtless thinking how fortunate the deceased lady was to be so affectionately remembered.

pg "Do you think, doctor," asked an anxious mother, "that it would improve little Johany's health to take him to the springs and let him try the water?" I haven't a doubt of it madam."

octor."
Any springs, madam, where you can find plenty of soap." per Paper coffins have been added to be new and useful articles made of pa-

Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Competition of the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction on the above with Advertisements about be accompanied by Cask. When sent without any length of sine specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged secondarity.

JOB PRINTING. CIARDS, HAMBRILLS, ORBUVIARS, and every other description of Joh and Card Printing.

When a rooster crows he crows all

ver. Error will slip thru a crack, while truth will get stuck in a door way.

The man who has just found out he kant afford to burn green wood has taken his fust lesson in ekonomy.

There is only one thing that kan beat truth, and that is he who always speaks

It is hard work at fust sight, tew see the wisdum of a rattle snaik bite, but there are thousands ov folks who never think ov their sins until they are bit by

think ov their sins until they are bit by a rattie snaik.

Thare is a grate deal ov humin natur in a crab; if you don't pick them up in the right way yu will discover it.

I think now if i had all the money that iz due me, i would invest it in a saw-mill and then 'let her rip.'

Take the humbugg out ov this world and you wont hav much left tew do bizziness with.

Faith and ourlosity are the gin cocktails ov suckcess.

Advertising iz sed to be a certain means ov suckcess; some folks are so impressed with this truth, that it sticks out ov their tombstone.

There iz this difference between ignorance and error, ignorance is stone blind and error is near alghbed; ignorance stands still and error only moves to run agin a post.

Ekonomy is a saving bank, into which men drop pennys, and get dollars in re-

America that i kno ov, iz the one who haz got the most money, and the other who wants the least; and the last one iz the happlest ov the two.

Ceremony iz the necessity of phools; good breeding iz the luxury of the wise. Tew be agreeable iz simply tew be easily pleased—if this iz so, how easy and pleasant it iz tew be agreeable.

He whom the good praise and the wicked hate ought tew be satisfied with his reputashun.

wicked hate ought tew be satisfied with his reputashun.

There iz menny who wont know anything but what they kan prove—this akounts for the little they know. Most ov them hav found out sumhow that they kant serve God and mammon too, and so they serve mammon.

Excentricitys, most ov them, are mere vanity; banish the excentrick man into a wilderness and he soon bekums as natural as a tudstool. A pure heart is like a looking glass; it keeps no secrets, and dispenses no flattery.

Achierful old man, or old woman, is like the sunny side ov a wood-shed, in the last ov winter.

Avarice is like a graveyard; it takes all that it kan git, and gives nothing back.

Paint a humming bird; sucking honey from a flower, and yu have got a very good picture of love, trieing tew liv upon buty.

The best invest I kno ov iz charity; you git yure principal back immediately, and draw a dividend every time you think ov it.

draw a dividend every time you think ov it.

Everything on this earth is bought and sold, except air and water, and they would be if a kind Creator had not made the supply too grate for the demand.

Politeness looks well to me in every man, except an undertaker.

'Familiarity breeds kontempt.' This only applies tew men, not tew hot buckwheat slap-kakes, well buttered and sagared.

A man's reputashun is something like his coat; there is certain kemikats that will take the stains and grease apots out ov it, but it alwuz has a second-handed kind ov look and generally smells strong of the kemikals.

We are happy in this world just in proporeshun as we make others happy—I stand reddy tew het fifty dollars on this and reddy tew bet fifty dollars on this

on you pants dirty

The miser and glutton, two facetious
buzzards—one hides hiz store and the
other stores hiz hide.

Oredit iz like chastity—they soth ov
em kan stand temptashun better than
they have suspiced.

TRAVELING ON THE ERIE CANAL.—
"Hallo, there, Captain!" said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, "what do you charge for passage?" Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the captain.

"Wall, I guess I'll take passage, Capting, seeing as how I am kinder gin out, walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board, as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down, and began demolishing the "fixins," to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleaned the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his

the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deek, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it Capting, from here to where I got on board?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents; but inever mind, Capting, I won't be small; here's five cents, whice pays my fare to here, I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder rested cout."

Walker went to a dutch tailor and had his measure taken for a pair of pant-loons. He gave direction to have them made large and full. Walker is a large made large and full. Walker is a large and heavy man, and likes his clothes loose, and when he came to try on the unmentionables, found they stuck tight to his legs; whereat he thus remonstrated: "I told you to make these pants full." After some objurgatory expressions of a profane nature, the tailer ended the controversy by declaring, "I dink dese pants is full enough, if dey was any fuller dey would split."

A Good Shor.—A gentleman remark-ing in a tavern that he had shot a hawk at ninety yards with No 6 shot, another

at finety yards with No 6 shot, another replied—
"Must have a good gun, but Unsle Dave here has one that beats it."
"Ah!" said the first, "how far will it kill a hawk with No 6 shot?"
"I don't use shot or ball either," answered Uncle Dave, himself."
"Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?"
"I shoot sait altogether. I kill my game so far with my gun that the game would spile before I could get it."

A Western traveller, having secured half a bed, in order to prevent encroachments, buckled a spur on his heel before retiring. His unfortunate eleeping partner, after several thrusts of the sharp reminder, roared out: Say stranger, if you are a gentleman, you ought at least to out your toe-nails?"

ing on Grant's name as follows: GRANT

There is only one thing that can beat truth, and that is he who always speaks

Faith and curiosity are the gin coek-Editors are advised to avoid Canada. A 'mania' for prommelling them prevails.

Potraits of Secretary Fish's children are said to be sardines—little fishes done in oil.

Why is an oyster like a horse? Because it can't climb a tree.