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CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1870.

VOL. 56.--NO. 33.

## Medieal.

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Do the Druggists recommend Dr. Roback's Bitters to their customarus

After years of experience and trial they have been proven to be a sure cure for Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

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BALT, POTATOES, DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT, JOHN MEAL, BUCKWHEAT, FLOUR, FEED, and a full assortment of articles usually kept in ifirst-class Grocery store. Give him a call, and sutlafaction will be guaranteed. Oct. 10, 1868. JOHN HECKMAN.

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A MERICAN ALE.—The American Ale Brewery, formerly Gobhart's, has been expended by C.U. Faber, who is now ready to supply this justly celebrated brand of Ale to ticols, subones and Private Families, at low rates. Ale delivered in all parts of Cumberland, Adams or Percy counties.

Nv. 18, 1869—8m.\*

without drugs. For circulars, address L SAGE, Vinegar Works, Cromwell, Conn. Jan. 6, 1870–8W

This beautiful poem, by an American write all readers during the many rounds it has me all readers during the many rounds it has made of the newsnaper and magazine press the last ten years. To those who have lost intimate friends—and who has not?—some of the allu-sions are inexpressibly affecting. Many a mois-tened eye will follow the lines:

We saw not the angels who met him there, The gates of The City we could not see; Over the River, over the River, My brother stands ready to welcome me.

For none return from those quiet shores Who crossed with the Boatman cold and pale We hear the dip of the golden ears, We catch a gleam of the snowy sail, And in I they have passed from our heart-We cannot synder the vail apart That hides from our vision the gates of day; We only know that their bark no more ball sail with ours on life's stormy sea :

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for thogleam of the flapping sa hall hear the boat as it gains the strand. I shall pass from sight with the Boatman pa o the better shore of the spirit land t I shall know the loved who have gone befo

## Miscellaneous.

Ellen Lamprey and Clara Edgerton were walking slowly along a vineem-bowered path in Newport. The latter was moody and thoughtful, while the former was watchful of all that trauspired about her. By and by a gentleman entered the path not far in advance, and approached them. Ellen saw him but

entered the path not far in advance, and approached them—Ellen saw him, but Clara did not.

'Here—let us step into this arbor. Oh! what beautiful flowers. See!' And thus speaking Ellen Lamprey rather dragged than led her companion into the arbor.

The gentleman passed, and there was a cloud upon his brow. Some thing had evidently wrought unpleasantly upon his feelings. Ellen marked the fact, and an exultant expression flashed up into her face. She had accomplished her obviect.

ject.
The gentleman was Wallace Parker, a young man of good family, whose father had recently died intestate. The elder Parker had once been wealthy but a financial crash had swept away his fortune, and hurried himself to the grave. No Wallace had entered upon the practice of the Law, and was struggling hard to earn name and fame in his own right.

Weary and faint from hard study he had come down to Newport to rest and recu-perate; but he could not stay long, for

In happier days, when he had been prospective her to half a million, he had often met Clara Edgerton, and ha I learned to love her, though no words of love had ever been spoken. In fact, that they had been almost too young then to seri ously venture upon such a topic. But they were older now. Wallace was four and twenty, and Clara only five years younger. And now they had met again—he under the cloud of misfortune, while she held in her own right a furune greater than that which his father had lost.

have been backward in claiming her especial notice?

Ellen Lamprey had ro heart to love, but she fancied wallace Perker; she had penetration enough to see that he was a better man than were most of those to whom the ladies of fashion paid court, and, furthermore, she saw the possibilities he would surmount, and could look forward to the bright career that he was opening before him. She was a crafty girl, and calculating. She could not hope to entrap a wealthy lover who was young and handsome; so she meant to entrap Wallace Parker if she could.—She knew that there had been an intimacy between him and Clara in the other times, and she could plainly see that their hearts yearned toward each other still, however much the young lawyer himself may have been in the dark. She shad a game to play. She knew very well that Wallace had come out into the garden in the hope of meeting Clara. She had not only prevented the meeting, but she had made it appear to the gentleman that the lady had purposely avoided him.

'I declare!—there goes Wallace Parker—and he didn't even give us the honor of a salue! crief Ellen, after the young

He has no heart for anything but his 'And he will need to stick to his profession a long time before he can resume his old stand in society, suggested Eden. 'Yes-yes.' It was all Clara answered

'Yes—yes.' It was all Clara answered and she was again thoughtful.

That evening Ellen Lamprey met Wallace Parker upon the venanda, and he offered her his arm. He could do no less seeing that she had sought his side. Ellen adroitly led the conversation until it touched upon Clara Edgerton. 'By the way, Mr. Parker, I had always thought that you and Miss Edgerton were good friends.' I trust we are 'friends still,' returned the gentleman, in a low, hopeful tone. 'I had fhought so,' resumed the plotter, until she avoided you to day, in the garden, and I should not have thought so much of that if she had not, when we were alone, spoken—But I had better keep my own counsel.'

Wallace Parker was human, and he wished to know what Clara Edgerton

they are a cold and heartless set!'
'You do not mean that Miss Edgerton

is cold and heartless?"

She is under the influence. She must be or she would not have spoken those 'Well, well,' said Elten with a light ngh, 'she is very soon to be under a w influence, she goes from here to be arried to Mr. Hapgood.' To Giles Hapgood?'

significantly. And a new triumph was in the sparkle of her eye when she saw Wallace Parker's lips curl with derision, and saw scorn and contempt in his every feature. During the forenoon of the following day Ellen Lamprey observed Clara Edgerton and Giles Hapgood, out in one of the footpaths, walking very co ily, arm-in-arm and apparently engaged in very earnest conversation. She hunted for Wallace Parker, and brought him out into the balcony that he might see it.—He did see it and his look plainly showed that he was unbappy; and Ellen Lamprey fancied that he looked to her for sympathy—that his heart was warning toward her as it shrank away from the love of Clara. She determined to loose no time.

ose no time. During the afternoon of that same day Ellen drew Clara out into the garden, and after a light run of by-play, she care-fully introduced the subject of Wallace Parker. 'He will not remain here much longer

'Tr actory !-- and on the part of Wal-lace Parker?'

'Yes: 'What do you mean, Ellen?'
'Since it has come to this, Clars, I will speak. I accepted Mr. Parker's proffered arm on the veranda last evening. We spoke of you. I had supposed that you were on the most friendly terms; but judge of my surprise, when he annunced to me, in direct and unqualified terms, that you were cold and heartless!'
'Did Wallace Parker say that?' The voice was startled and quivering.
'Yes—and I expostulated. But he persisted. He said you were throwing yourself away under the very worst of influence.

persisted. He said you were throwing yourself away under the very worst of influence.

'O, Ellen, I cannot believe that Mr. Parker spoke soberly.'
A brilliant idea struck the plotter.—She would make a bold move.

'My dear C ara,' she said, 'in order that you may know exactly how he can speak of you, suppose you hear him for yourself? If you will take your seat in this arbor this evening, I will lead Wallace Parker this way, and he shall speak of you as he pleases.'

At first Clara Edgerton refused to listen to the proposition; but after a time she surrendered. She did really wish to know if Wallace Parker disliked het.—The blow would be a cruel one; but she had better know the truth, even at the worst. So she finally said that she would be in the arbor at nine o'clook.

Ellen Lumprey had no doubt of her success. She had so far won upon Parker, that he was ready at any time to wait upon her at her bidding, and she felt

success. She had so far won upon Parker, that he was ready at any time to wait upon her at her bidding, and she felt sure, if she could lead him to the garden, that she could draw form blue bitter words against Clara. But one of her most potent weapons was to he wrenched from her without her knowledge.

That evening, as Wallace Parker had sauntered out upon the drive-way after tea he met Glies Hapgood, and the banker was muttering and cursing to himself.

'Eh! Hapgood! What on earth is the matter? Stocks down!'
'Down flat?' returned Hapgood, rally-

ng.
'Have you lost heavily?'
'I have lost heavily, and for all time.' 'I am sorry.'
Presently the banker looked up with s

rim smile,
'It isn't money, Parker. O, no,—not nuite so bau as that. I fancied this afternoon, that I had lost my heart; but I guess I shall find it again. You can sacred trust.'
'Then, my boy, I'll tell you frankly,—Clara Edgerton has refused my hand!'

Clara Engerton has refused my hand a 'Refused you?' 'Aye, and that isn't the worst of it.— When I asked her why she had allowed me to bask in the sunlight of her smiles; she fell to weeping, and begged me to forgive her. She said she sought it at the hands of a father! Egad! think of it! What a cut, eh?'

(But she was honest.'

But she was honest.'

'So she was, my boy. She had clung to me, taking shelter under my gray hairs—to that she might escape the persecution of attention from the hundred and one fulsome flatterers that hovered around her. This afternion I could have cursed her; but now I can only curse my own stupidity, while Is have come really to honor and respect the pure hearted girl who was willing to place so much confidence in Giles Happgood.' 'But she was honest.

good.

The approach of another party interrupted the conversation, and Wallace shortly after returned to the house, where Ellen Lambert met him upon the plazza. He would have avoided her, but she took his arm, and claimed him as she took his arm, and claimed him as her prisoner; and by and by she led him to the garden. Little dreamed she, as she prepared for the attacks what he heard within the hour.

When they had entered upon the flower fisnked avenue, Ellen spoke of Clara Edgerton. She spoke at first sympathizingly and lovingly—then pitingly—and then she gradually verged upon the condemnatory.

he condemnatory. The arbor was now not far distant, and

The arror was now not lar distant, and she must make a flual stroke. This she d d by speaking of Clara's approaching marriage with Mr. Hapgood, at the same time adroitly working in a repetition of the story she had before told of the lady's

the story she had before told of the lady's harsh treatment of himself

The arbor was reached, and Ellen stopped for her companion's reply. She felt sure it would be a bitter one.

Wallace, Parker took ber hand and looked down into her face. He had heard the words but they had not so much place in his mind as had other words which he had that evening heard, from the lips of Giles Hapgood.

'Miss Lamprey,' he said, slowly, and almost sternly 'you and I had better come to an understanding at once. I am willing to believe that you are mistaken. At all events, I will never believe that Miss Edgerton could willingly or intentionally speak ill of me until I can hear and judge for myself. When you first told me what she had—'

'Of Mr. Parker! In mercy's name!'
But Mr. Parker did not heed the interruption.

terruption.

What Clara had said of me, I was grieved; but I am sure you must have

grieved; but I am sure you must have misunderstood her.

Ellen Lamprey trembled like an aspen, and could not speak. Her companion continued:

'Never, while I can belp it, shall the bright vision of Chara Edgerton, as a pure and blessed spirit of light, be wrested from me. As God is my judge, I believe her to be incapable of deceit. But if she had faults, I do not wish to know them. I took her image into my soul years ago, and I wish to hold it there, enshrined in purity. Had not dire misfortune come upon me I would dare to go to her, and ask her it she despised me, but now—now—

'She can speak without the asking?'

her, and ask her it she despised me, but now—now—'

'She can speak without the asking?' sounded a voice from the arch of the arbor. 'O! Wallace—how bind you have been!—how blind! And all these years I have had no heart, no loye that was not your!'

not yours!

And Clara Edgerton advancing from the sheltering bower gaves her hand to Wallace Parker, and rested her head upon his bosom; while Lilen Lamprey, almost bereft of sense, shrank away to almost bereft of sense, shrank away to the house, her steps tottering and uncertain, like unto the steps of one who is drunken with much wine.

On the next morning wishout her breakfast, Elien Lamprey feft Newport. She could not bear to witness the happiness of the pir she had sought to put forever asunder, nor did she date to remain after the story of the ridiculous manner in which she had got caught in her own trap should have teaked out.

Scene: A crisp morning. Carriage with spinning wheels, whose spokes glistened like spilnters of the sun. Roan horses, flecked with foam, bending into the bit, their polished feet drumming the p vement in challenge to any horses that think they can go as fast. Two boys running to get on the back of the carriage. One of them, with a quio's spring, succeeds. The other leaps and falls, and falls on the part of the body where it is most appropriate to fall. No sooner has he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, 'Cut behind!' Human nature is the same in boy as in

sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out: Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers and platforms of the country 'Cut Behind!' There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run. They tread on each other. Push

ling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run. They jostle. They tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug! Those talk most against riches who cannot get them.—Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize and munts. Forthwith the air is full of cries: 'Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His mother was a washerwoman! I knew him when he blacked his own shoes! Pitch him off the back ratt of the golden chariot! Cut Behind! Cut Behind!

It is strange there should be any rivalries among ministers of religion, when there is so much room for all to work. But in some things they are much like other people. Like all other classes of men, they have one liver apiece, and here and there of them a spleen. In all cases the epigastric region is higher up than the hypogastric, save in the act of turning a somerset. Like others they eat three times a day, when they can get anything to eat. Besides this, it sometimes happens that we find them racing for some professional chair or pulpit.—They run well—neck and neck—while churches look on and wonder whether it will be 'Dexter' or the 'American Girl' Rowels plunge deeper, and fierce is the cry, 'Go long! Go long!'. The privilege of preaching the Gospel to the poor on five thousand dollars a year is enough to make a tight race anywhere. One only mounts the coveted place; and forthwith the cry goes up in consociations and synos.—'Unfit for the place! C o't't preach! Unsound in the faith! Now is your chance, oh, conferences and presbyteries, to Cut Behind!'

chance, oh, conferences and presbyteries to Cut Behind! to Cut Behind!"

A fair woman passes. We all admire beauty. He that says he don't LIES. A canting man, who told me he had no admiration for anything earthly, used instead of listening to the sermon, keep squinting over board the pew where sat Squire Brown's daughter. Whenever, God plants a rose in parterre on human cheek we must admire it, whether we will or not. While we are deciding whether we had better take the dablia, the dahlia takes us. A star does not ask

to marry a virago! In many eyes success is a crime. 'I' do not like you,' said the snowfike to the snow-bird. 'Because,' said the snowflake, 'you are going up and I am coming

in a store. He has small wages and a mother to take care of. For the years he arruggles to get into a higher place. The first of January comes, and the head of the commercial house looks round and the commercial house looks round and say, 'Trying to get up, are you? And by the time three more years have pareed, the boy sits right beside the o'd man, who hands over the reins, and says, 'Drive!' for the old merchant knew what would tickle the youngster. Jonathan Goodhue was a boy behind the counter; but his employer gave him a ride; and London, Canton and Calcutta heard the scratch of his pen. Lenox, Grinnell, and the Aspinwells have caried many young men on the high road

cirtinell, and the Aspinwells have carried many young men on the high road of prosperity.

There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. May such a kind man always have lars. May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in and a horse not too skittish. As he goes down the hill of life, may the breeching strap be strong enough to hold back the load. When he has riden to the end of the earthly road, he will have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that coal right it will neip him uninten and assist him out of the carriage. On that cool night it will be pleasent to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a life time, and feel that with it he never out behind at those who were struggling.

man, faithful woman, follows nim in his affliction; braves the changes of feeling, his temper embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtues is resigned patiently ministers to his wants even when her own are hard pressing; she weeps for him, tear for tear, in his distress, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should one light up his countenance in the midst of his suffering; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty, or compassion to be peret of love, duty, or compassion to be per-ormed. And at last, when life and sorrow come to an end, she follows him to thegrave with an ardor of affection which death itself cannot destroy.

'Have you a Bible?' 'Are you trying to be a Christian?'
He did not know what that meant;

'Is there one to attend?'

Napoleon hated much and bitterly. He hated Pichegrue, he hated Moreau, he i ated Toussaint L'Ouverture—the poor, hrave black man—he hated his brother Louis, he hated Madame de Stael, he hated Pitt, he hated the Queen of Prussia, he hated Sir George Cockburn, he hated Lord Bathburst, he hated Sir Hudnated Lord Bathhurst, he hated Sir Hou-son Lowe—not a very loveable man un-der any circumstances, it may be admit-ted; but still it was a little too bad of Napoleon to loathe the unhappy Gover-nor as he did as soon as he set eyes upon him, and after 1 is first interview with him, to send away untasted a cup of cof-fee dealuring the Govern res were looks

on obtainable—with the knowledge of having slaughtered a good many innocent men, and left many thousands of widows and orphans—with all this, and an ulcer eating away your stomach, it is rather hard not to be allowed to hate your neighbors with feverial flerceness. But the earlier harreds of Napoleon were fer less exceptle, and they were were far less excusable, and they were the worst of all hatreds—the little ones. the worst of all hatreds—the little ones. He was pettily jenlous of Moreau and Bernadotte. He was afraid of the shrewdness, and envious of the wit of Madame de Stael, and hated hef accordingly. His dislike of the patriot of St. Domingo was de Stael, and hated her accordingly. His dislike of the patriot of St. Domingo was as ludicrous as it was wicked, and, with infernal ingenuity, he caused the hotblooded negro, accustomed to swelter in the tropical sun, to be cooped up in a cold, damp casemate, there to have chills and rheumatism till he died. He hated his brother Louis pettily, miserably, because Louis was quiet, unambitious, and conscientious, and, caring nothing for his crown, was still determined to do his duty to his subjects after he had been on a throne. He hated Sir Sidney Smith, too, with a mean, personal hatred, be-

A FRANK CONFESSION. A farmer living in Oxford county, in the State of Maine, went down to a fown not a thousand miles from Portland, for not a thousand miles from Portland, for the purpose of purchasing a yoke of oxen, as he had been informed that there was a lot of very fire stock for sale by one of the wealthy land owners of the place.

Arriving in the best farming district of the Cumterland county town, our friend met a man driving an ox-team, of whom he inquired:

'Can you inform me where Mr. Wall lives?'

'There's a number of Walls live around here. Which one did you wish to find?'

here. Which one did you wish to find?' returned the stranger, who was a large, stautly huitt, keen-eyed man, habited in homespun, but bearing in his general appearance unmistakable tokens of ease and comfort so far as finances were concerned.

cerned. 'I don't know what his christian name 'i don't know what his christian name is.' pursued our friend; but he is the owner of some very fine oxen.' 'Well,' responded the stranger, 'they all own pretty fair oxen.' But the one I wish to find has oxen

' As for that, sir, I guess they'd any

a gentle pat upon the haunch of his nea ox, he said, 'To tell you the truth, sir, I guess they're a close-fleted set all around and I never heard that hone-ty run in the family. Isn't there something else?'
'Yes,' replied the searcher for oxen, desperately, they say he, hasboen caught in the act of robbing his own brother's

in the act of robbing his own brother's chicken coop.'
The stranger howed and smiled.
'I guess I'm the man! Come with me and I'll show you as fine a lot of cattle as you can find in the State; and if you know what oxen are, there's no danger of getting cheated.'

LIVING BY THE DAY.—I compare says John Newton, the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully untles the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry today, and then another which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's sack over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it. William Juy puts the same truth in another way. We may consider the year before us a desk containing three LIVING BY THE DAY. - I compare says to bear it. William Jay puts the same truth in another way. We may consider the year before us a desk containing three hundred and sixty five letters addressed us—one for every day, announcing its trials, and prescribing its employments, with an order to open daily no letter but the letter for the day. Now we may be strongly tempted to unseal before-hand some of the remainder. This, however, would only serve to emblarrass us, while would only serve to embarrass us, while we should violate the rule which our Owner and Master has laid down for us-'Take, therefore, no thought for the mor-row, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.'

A JAPANESE EXECUTION. - The officers scribed: When the prisoner who is to be cruci-

of the doomed man struck the point of his spear in very deliberately about two inches and just ander the ribs. Felt about awhile with it to ascertain that it was clear of all bones, and then with a powerful thrust upwards the head of the spear was sent through until it appeared on the top of the right shoulder. The man on the left side then did likewise. The victim, who was a mere boy, yelled fearfully. He had murdered his mother by stabbing her thirteen times. After the two spears had been thrust through him, a third man came forward with a spear and thrust it through the of the doomed man struck the point of with a spear and thrust it through the criminal just where he had stabled his mother. Thirteen times the spear went through his body, and the terrible per-formance ended.

"PAPA," said Mr. Brown's youngest son the other day, "can I go to the circus." No; I was not brought up in that "What way were you brought up?"

"O, just the common way."
"O, just the common way."

Wabassa's Lake—An Indian History.

name, and had just been paid by the government quite a large amount of gold and silver, which they took to their camp, as was their cust m, undivided, held in charge by their chief "Wubassa," On arriving at their camp and spreading their gaily colored blankets out admiringly, together with their trinkets purchased at the station, some of the tribe, warmed more or less by fire water, demanded their portion of the gold. Disjutes arose as to the relative share of each Some claimed more than an equal share, claiming to have contributed more to the protection or general good, glory or dig-

sel from older men.

A truce was finally effected, and quiet once nore reigned throughout the camp, when the chief, regarding the gold as a cause of evil instead of a blessing, stole quietly out, carrying the pot of gold with

ELEGANCE DOES NOT MAKE A HOME.

— I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobler, or cooper, or king to sit on; never a home too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real love than for whole ship-loads of turniture and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers in the world could gather together.—

Theodore Parker. ELEGANCE DOES NOT MAKE A HOME

A GOOD MOTHER. - Sometimes matronly home body is indeed "Heaven's best gift to man." Dashiny ladies, whose mission it is to set the fashions. won!

A DOUBLE MAN.—All the stories told of the Stamese twins hardly equal this of the Scotch double man, of whom the following account is given by the Rerum Scotiarum Historia:

An urchin of six or seven years went into a barber-shop, in Racine, Wisconsin, and ordered the barber to cut his hair as close as shears would do tt. He was, asked if his mother ordered it that way. "No," said he, "but school commences next week, and we've got a school marm that pulls hair, and I'm bound to fix her this term you het?" this term, you bet i''

A young man recently sent a young lady residing in the vicinity of Portland a large corn broom as a wedding present, bearing the following inscription:

THE maddest man in Indiana lives at Patoka He told his wife he was going down the cellar to commit suicide, and did go down and fired a broadside into a pork barrel. His wife kept right on knitting, and after a while the man came up stairs swearing that she hadn't got any feeling. The woman felt awful tad when she found he had been fooling her.

A LEARNED doctor, referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a positive benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls and leaves all the wise ones to grow up

A LECTURER at Paterson, New Jersey, asked the audience in stentorian tones, "What did Moses say?" The answer came from an hundred throats at once, as follows: "Shoo, fly!"

A contemporary appals oyster eaters by describing the oyster as a "marine acephalous nothes of the lamelil-bran-chiate order of the genus ostrea,"

Rates for Advertising.

ADVECTISEMENTS will be inserted at Tea Cent per line for the first insertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quar-erly half-yearly, and yearly ndvertisements in-serted at a liberal reduction on the above rates ntil ordered out and charged accordingly.

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Gems of Literature.

A MAN of many parts -- a publisher. A SMART thing—a mustard plaster.

IF love is blind, how can there be any ove at first sight? WHAT is the difference between a pill and a hill? One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

Common scents musks, and night-"IF you beat me I'll call out the soliers," as the drum said.

WHAT is the form of an escaped parrot? A Polly gone.

EVERY man would rather be handome than good.

IT is an ill house when the hen is the

WHAT word contains all the letters? The alphabet. What tent would it be well if we could all dwell in? Con-tent.

When he shall be no mower.

Do you know any word that contains all the vowels? Unquesti nably. You can always find a sheet of water WHEN was St. Paul a pastry cook?

ectioner. THE most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when asked if she had been courting sleep.

Don't take too much interest in the

A YOUNG lady went to a photograph artist recently and wished him to take her picture, with an expression as if

composing a poem. A WITTY lady, being asked her opinion of mou-taches, replied: 'I always set my face against them.'

A PITTSBURGH man looked at a Chicago woman without his opera glass and has been sued for a breach of pro-

been demonstrated that the right man in the right place is the one who spends his evenings at home.

A HANDSOME girl at Utica went deranged the other day, because her parents wouldn't let her marry a fellow seven feet high and red head.

An old lady being in a store at Waterbury, Connecticut, recently sat down and reached out her half frozen feet to the Herring safe, remarking, "she always did like those air-tight stoves."

A Boston chemist advertises thus: "The gentleman who left his stomach for analysis, will please call and get it, together with the results." Moscow has the largest bells in the

box and discover strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake. We know of nothing that makes an ardent temperament feel more "knifey."

who never tantalized his wife "the way mother used to cook." A DANDY swell in New York is in a fix. His pants were made so tight for him that he can't get his boots on, and if he puts the boots on first, he can't get the pants on.

I THINK I have seen you before, sir, said one gentleman to another. "Are you of Owen Smith?" "Oh yes," replied the other, "I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and

owin' everybody." WHEN an ill-natured fellow was trying to pick a quarrel with a peaceable man, the latter said: "I never had a fuss except with one man; he was buried at four o'clock; it is now half-

"What a fine head your boy has," said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block; ain't you sonny?" "I guess so; my teacher said I was a young blockhead."

"ALAS!" said a moralizing bachelor, within earsbot of a witty young lady of the company, "this world is at best but a gloonly prison." "Yes," sighed the m reliess minx, "especially to the poor creature doomed to solitary confinement."

A STORY is told of a young lady A STORY IS fold of a young may teacher at a Sunday school, who a few Sundays ago asked a youngster what matrimony was. He mistook the question for purgatory, and promptly answered: "A place or state of punishment in this life, where souls suffer for a cheet time before they go to began." short time before they go to heaven.

THE Albany Times prints the following advertisement: "Whereas, my new hat was taken from a rack in a barner shop, on Broadway, last evening, and an oid one left in its place, now this is to give notice that if my hat is not returned to me, before sundown to describe the state of the state o turned to me, before sundown to-day with the cost of this publication, I will

who kept a sausage shop, and owing him a grudge ran into his storeone day, as he was serving several customers, with an immense dead cat, which he suddenly deposited on the counter,

busy now, we'll settle another t.me," and he wis off in a twinkling. The customers, aghast soon fo lowed him, leaving their sausage behind.

Orders Left at this Office will receive attention. October 14, 1869-19.

1 VOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? 1FSO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON

she pays the highest cash prices for . he

Boots and Shoes. VID STROHM. W. D. SPONSLER, NEW AND POPULAR OT, SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT

offered in Carlisle, and continue o receive such goods in our line a rants. Our stock consists in all ki

HN DORNER, MERCHANT TAILOR

CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
C'ASSIMERES,
C'ASSIMERES,
C'Extraction of the country of the

NO. 13, SOUTH HANOVER STREET,

of all sizes and prices; Traveling els and Values, together with a fix which we wan selected with a three states and Alles AND, M ALLS PROFITS.

O. Therefore, in issuing our card, it is a reasonal invitation to all in and look through our stock without so congathous to buy unless suited in price. We shall always try to dee one in a straight forward manner ey outsomer a full equivalant for in a hope all will avait themselves of Photunity to call and see us.

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ALL AND WINTER GOODS,

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AMERICAN MANUFACTURES
AMERICAN MANUFACTURES

KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAV L. SHRYOUK Justice of the care. Office No 3, Irvin's Row, Carlisie.

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BERT OWENS, SLATE ROOFER. LANCASTER, PA. All Work Guaranteed.

Hats and Caps ESH SUM MERARRIVAL ATS AND CAPS. scriber has just opened at No. 15 North freet, a few doors North of the Carlisie ink, one of the largest and best Stocks and OAF3 ever offered in Carlisle, s. Cussimere of all styles and qualities, s. different colors, and every descrip-

of Hats now made, mkard and Old Fashioned Brush, con-hand and made to order, all warrant-estisaction. AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS,

RIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND. ea call, and examine my stock as I fee of pleasing ail, besides saving you mo JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hunover Street.

J. G. CALLIO. NO. 20, WEST MAIN STRLET HATS AND CAPS ught to Carlisle. He takes great plea inviting his old friends and custome nvilug his old friends and customers new ones to his splendid stock just re-from New York and Philadelphia, con-nuartoffine in part of tine
ill K AND CASSIMERE HATS,
au endless variety of Hats and Caps
est style, all of which he will soft at t
Oak Prices. Also, his own manufacti

salways on hand, and ATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. TOBACCO AND CIGARS is on hand. He desires to call the attent sons who have COUNTRYFURS

JOHN W. STROHM,

CARLISLE, PENN'A.
doors South of inhoft's building,
ave just opened the largest and best sto BOOTS AND SHOES Misses and Childrens' strong Leathe

duest text ire and of all shades. Dirner being himself if practical cutter o periones, is prepared to warmut peries d property.

Because

They know the ingredients of which they are Why

Bcause

 $\mathbf{Why}$ 

Bcause fter eleven years' experience and trial the sales two increased each and every year, and thous-adds of 'etters [unsolutieu] of the remarkable tres they have performed bear witness. Kead eletters in Local Column of Cures by these

CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, SATINETTS, JEA-S, FLANNELS, TICKINGS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, MUSLINS.

DRESS GOODS, ilks, Merinoes, Repps, Delaines, Alpa oburgs, Plaids and Stripes.

Towels, Yarns, Linen and Cotton Table Diapers, CLOAKINGS, low prices and fine HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS and CUFFS,

Oil Cloths, Druggets, Blinds, Coverlets, Quiits Hoop and Balmoral Skirts, SHAWLS,

woor. BENTZ & CO. ROCERIES, &c. The subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Carlisle and viemity that he has purhased the Grocery Store of D. V. Keeny, No. 8 outh Hannver Stret, Carlisle, where he will carry on the Grocery Bosiness as usual. His assembler is writed, and consists in part of QUEENSWARE, GLASSWEE, STONE and EARTHEN WARE, CEDAR and WILLOW WARE

GL.

( TEAS,
COFFFEES,
SYRUPS,
SYRUPS,
FANCY SOAPS,
ROPES,
TOBACCO,
FISH.
OILS,
ALTERS,
SEGARS,
SALT,
POTA,
TH

CHEAP COAL! CHEAP COAL! HICKORY SWAMP COAL

And to other points of the road, he will delive the addinger deducting the expense in freights. The above rates will be subject to the rise or fail of prices, each month at the mines.

Office con. Main and Pitt Sis., Carlisle, Pa. Dec. 23, 1869. 0.000 Agents wanted for the Priest and Nun. This most exciting and

VINEGAR.-How made in ten hour

# Poefical.

OVER THE RIVER

Over the river they beston to me,
Loved ones who've passed to the other side;
The gleams of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide. There's one with ringlets of sanny gold, And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue; He crossed in the twilight grey and cold, And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

Over the River the Boatman pale Carried another—the household pet;

Her bright curls waved in the gentle gale; Darling Minnie, I see her yet! She crossed on her bos And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the sliver sands, And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the other side, Where all the ransomed and angels be; Over the River, the mystic River.

Yet somehow I hope, on the unseen shore, They watch and beckon and walt for me.

CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP.

ost. Is it a wonder that a hundred men, young and old, paid especial court to lara Edgerton? And is it a wonder that a man like Wallace Parker, should have been backward in claiming her es-

-and he didn't even give us the honor fasalute! cried Ellen, after the young nan had passed. Clara started, and looked up, and pres-

wished to know what Clara Edgerton had said of him. At length with much apparent reluctance, Ellen told him,— 'She said you had no heart. 'What! Did Clara Edgerton say that?

'Yes. And she said you would have to stick to your protession a long time before you could regain the position you had lost in society.

'Oh! I had not thought that of her!

her own trap should have reaked out.

In the joyous event which fegitimately grew out from all this, Giles Hapgood
did binself influite credit and honor.
He demanded and received the privilege
of acting as groomsman at the wedding,

BY REV. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A political office rolls past. A multi-tude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of all the nun ber reaches that for which be runs. No sconer does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how

whether we had better take the dahlia, the dahlia takes us. A star does not ask the astronomer to admire it; but just winks at him and he surrenders with all his telescopes. The fair woman in society has many satelites. The boys all run for this prize. One of them, not having read enough novelsto learn that ugilness is more desirable than beauty, wins her. The cry is up: 'She paints! Locks well! but she knows it! Good shape! but wonder what is the price of cotton! Won't she make him stand around! Practically worth more than black eyes! Fool, to marry a virago!

We have to state that the man in the We have to state that the man in the carriage on the crisp morning, though he had a long lash whip, with which he could have made the climbing boy yell most listily, did not cut behind! He was an old man; in the corner of his mouth a smile, which was always ready to play as a kitten that watches for some one with a string to offer the slightest inducement. He heard the shout in the rear, and said: 'Good morning, my son. That is right; climb over and sit beside me. Here are the reins; take hold and drive. I was a boy maself once, and I drive. I was a boy myself once, and I know what tickles youngsters.'

Thank God, there are so many in the world that never 'cut behind,' but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. Here is a young mun, clerk in a giver. He has small ways, and a

SHE NEVER LEAVES HIM.-Look at SHE NEVER LEAVES HIM.—Look at the career of man as he passes through the world; a man visited by misfortune! How often is he left by his ledlow-men to sink under the weight of affliction unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forvets him, another abandons him, and a third betrays him; but women, faithful woman, follows nim in his silection; brayes the charges of feetlers.

THE COMMON WAY .- A Western corespondent gives the following incident f one of his missionary tours on the Vestern borders of Minnesota. Meeting youngster of twelve, we asked him: Do you'go to Sunday school?'

the driver of the carriage, 'Cut behind!'
Human nature is the same in boy as in
man. All running to gain the vehicle of
success. Some are \*pry, and gain that
for which they strive. Others are slow,
and tumble down: they who fall crying
out against those who mount, 'Cut behind!'

A political office rolls past. A mu'tiyour wife and criftd, of stering on a rock, or shivering in a leaky bungalow, with your coat out at elbows, mutton at two-and-eleven pene a pound, and no salid oll obtainable—with the knowledge of

on a throne. He hated Sir Sidney Smith, too, with a mean, personal batted, because he drove him from before St. Jean d'Acre. He hated Duois, because he would not pen fawning lines in his praise; and Admiral Brueys—whom he would have struck with a horsewhip, at Boulogne, had not the Admiral laid his hand on his sword—because Brueys, as a sailor, knew his duty better than he.

I suppose there is not, among Englishmen, a greater fanatic lin hero worshipper of Napoleon the Great, than I am. If there can be demigods—if Hercules was one, so, too; was Bonaparte. But I can not be blind to the fact, immeasurably great as was my hero, he condescended to hate in a very mean and pairty manner. But are there not spots on the sun?

'em sell if they could get their price.'
But.' exclaimed the Oxford county
man, the Mr. Wall I wish to find is quite wealthy.'

'Yes, well I reckon there ain't any of 'em very bad off,' repille the other, with nod. 'My Mr. Wall.' continued our friend. hesitatingly, 'has been represented to me as being a very close-fisted man, and not scrupulously honest in all his transactions."
With a curious twinkle of the eye, and

when the phisoner who is to be study field had been placed on his back, on a stout wooden cross prepared for the occa-sion, he was securely lashed thereto, but not ualled. Then the sentence was read, and two stout men, with long spears, came forward. The one on the right side

the county of Montealm, State of Michigan, is a small lake now known as Wabassa's Lake. It is a handsome attle sheet of water, with a fine shore free from swamps or brush, and affording a pleasant resort to the lovers of piscatorial sports. There is a romantic yet truthful history connected with it, which sounds more like an Indian tradition of centuries ago than an actual occurrence of fifty years since. While on an excursion, a few days ago, I gathered the following story, and its truthfulness has since been vouched for by other early settlers:

A tribe of Indians was then encamped on the shore of this lake near its outlet, a small but beautiful stream of the same name, and had just been paid by the government quite a large amount of gold

protection or general good, glory or dig-nity of the tribe. High words were about to be followed by bloodshed, when their chief demanded silence, and pro-posed to them to wait till the morrow should cool their excited brains, and they

bears it said of a good wife and mother that "she's a regular home body." The phrase is simple, but what a world of en-nobling qualities it indicates, and what

tollowing account is given by the Rerum Scotiarum Historia: 'During the reign of James III., of Scotland, and at his court, there lived a men double above the wrist and single below that region. The King caused him to be carefully brought up. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of music, the two heads learned several languages, they debated togethe, and the two upper halves occasionally fought. They lived generally, however, in the greatest barmony. When the lower part of the body was tickled, the two individuals feit it together, but when, on the other hand, each individual was touched, one alone felt the fact. This monstrous being died at the age of 28 years. One of the bodies died several days before the other.

"This trifling gift accept from me; Its use I'll recommend,--In sunshine use the brushy part, In storms the other end!"

"You bachelors ought to be taxed,' said a lady to a resolute evader of the matrimonial nonse. "I agree with you, madam," was the reply; "bachelorism' is a great luxury.

Our correspondent writes: About three miles from the village of Greenville, in the county of Montcalm. State of Michi-

him, and entering a cance, padded quick-ly and noiselessly to the centre of the lake, where he consigned the pot of gold to the deep waters of the lake.

In the morning he did not deny what he had done, but was in the midst of a he had done, but was in the midst of a speech, telling them of their folly in being, like the pale faces, slaves to gold, when, with a loud whoop, the entire band set upon him, murdering him, and mutilating his body in a horrible manner. His grave is still shown, and many have seen his son return to the grave, within the last twenty years, to moutinoverit. Greedy hands have often searched for the lost gold, but to no purpose, for the waters are many hundreds of feet in depth, strange as it may seem for so small a lake—a mere pond. But the story is often told of the "Pot of Gold in Wabassa's Lake."—Detroit Free Vress. oassa's Lake."-Detroit Free Press.

a universe of frivolities it excludes. The matronly nome body is indeed "Heaven's best gift to man." Dashiny ladies, whose mission it is to set the fashions, won't you look in upon your gentle sister as the sits in her well-ordered nursery making the children happy with her presence? Note how she adjusts their little difficulties, and admonishes, encourages, instructs, or amuses them, as the case may require. Do you think any nursemaid could produce such harmony in that little choic? Is she not an enchantress? Verily, yes, and her charms are "love stronger than death," for those sweet young faces, where you may see her smiles and frowns (though she seldom has occasion to frown,) reflect in glee and sorrow, like sunlight and cloud shadow in a quiet pool. What she is, she will teach her daughter to be; and blessed are the sons that have such a mother.

When he went to fill a pie (Philippi.) Miss Jinglesby says the best way to get a sweet husband is to marry a con-

"JAKE, lend me ten dollars till I sell my dorg." Jake replied soothingly and sympathetically, "O, Jim, I wouldn't sell him!"

"My son," said a tutor of doubtful morality, but severe a peet, putting his hand on a boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," was the reply.

Some of the strong minded women demounce matrimony, because they say there is something childish in it. AFTER much investigation it has

WIVES are often foolish enough to sit up for their husbands, but you hear of few husbands who have the patience to sit up for their wives.

other one hundred and fifty-one thou sand pounds. PLEASANT to open your wife's jewel

A LADY complaining that her husband was dead to fushionable amusements, he replied: "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense." LVE was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mamma; and Adam was the only man

A CANADIAN postmaster had a keg of damaged powder, and to see if it was good for anything he threw a lump into the fire place. It cost his widow \$250 to put a new roof on the post office.

past three.

A HUSBAND advertises thus: "My wife Maria has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, any body can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely 1711 pay her'n."

forward to the wife of the person who took it, the letter found concealed in the lining of the old one. A WAG, having a dispute with a man

saying:
"This makes nineteen; as you are