The American Volunteer.

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The American Volunteer.

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OFFICE--SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

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HUMRICH & PARKER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

Dec. 21, 1868—

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly collected.

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July 11, 1867—tf

F. E. BELTZHOOVER,

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CARLISLE, PA.

☞ Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Rentz's dry goods store.

Dec. 1, 1865.

WM. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his office to the hitherto unoccupied room in the North East corner of the Court House.

Jan. 28, '69—1y

W. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer."

Dec. 1, 1866

JAMES H. GRAHAM, JR.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NO. 14 SOUH HANOVER ST., CARLISLE, PA.

OFFICE—Adjoining Judge Graham's.

March 31, 1870—tf

E. L. SHRYOCK, Justice of the Peace. Office No 3, Irvin's Row, Carlisle.

April 29, 1869—1y

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother East Louther Street, three doors below Bedford street, Penna.

Dec. 1 1865.

DR. J. S. BENDER, Homœopathic Physician, Office No. 6, South Hanover st., formerly occupied by John Leo, Esq.

June 3, 1869—1y.

DR. I. Y. REED, Homeopathic Physician, has located in Carlisle. Office next door to St. Paul's Evangelical Church, West Louther Street. Patients from a distance please call in the forenoon.

March 17, 1870—6m*

WES. B. HIRONS, ATTORNEY AND *COUNSELOR AT LAW,*

FIFTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT, Cor. Library, PHILADELPHIA.

Oct 14, 1869—1y

ROBERT OWENS,

SLATE ROOFER.

AND DEALER IN SLATE

LANCASTER, PA.

All Work Guaranteed.

☞ Orders Left at this Office will receive prompt attention. October 14, 1869—1y.

Hats and Caps.

FRESH SUMMER ARRIVAL OF ALL THE *NEW STYLES* OF

HATS AND CAPS.

The subscriber has just opened at No. 15 *North Hanover Street*, a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.

Silk Hats, Cassimeres of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made.

The Dunbrard and Old Fashioned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.

A full assortment of

MEN'S, BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S HATS,

have also added to my Stock, notions of different kinds, consisting of

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS, *Neck Ties, Suspenders, Collars, Gloves, Pencils, Thread, Sewing Silk, Umbrellas, &c*

PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND.

Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel confident of pleasing all, besides saving you money.

JOHN A. KELLER, *Agent,* No. 15 North Hanover Street.

May, 1869.

HATS AND CAPS!

DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON

J. G. CALLIO,

NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET,

Where can be seen the finest assortment of

HATS AND CAPS

ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in inviting his old friends and customers, and all new ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of the

SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS,

besides an endless variety of Hats and Caps of the latest style, all of which he will sell at the *Lowest Cash Prices.* Also, his own manufacture Hats always on hand, and

HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats and all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of choice brands of

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

always on hand. He desires to call the attention to persons who have

COUNTRY FURS

to sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the same.

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

May 1869.

Boots and Shoes.

DAVID STROHM,
W. D. SPONSLER,
JOHN W. STROHM,

NEW AND POPULAR

BOOT, SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT STORE.

NO. 13, SOUTH HANOVER STREET, CARLISLE, PENN'A.

A few doors South of Inhoff's building.

We have just opened the largest and best stock

BOOTS AND SHOES

ever offered in Carlisle, and continue almost daily to receive such goods in our line as every body wants. Our stock consists in all kinds and varieties of

Womens', Misses and Childrens' strong Leather Shoes; Womens' Misses and Childrens' Lasting Gaiters; Womens' Glove Kid, Turkey red and French Morocco; Mens' and Boys' Calf, Buff and Kid Boots; Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Congress Gaiters; Mens' and Boys' Lasting Gaiters and Brogans; Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Oxford Ties; Gum Sandals, Buskins and Overshoes; Men and Womens' Goat, Welt and Carpet Slippers; Mens', Boys' and Childrens' Fur and Saxony Hats.

TRUNKS of all sizes and prices; Traveling Bags, Satchels and Valises, together with a fine lot of goods, which we will sell to suit the times, QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS is our motto. Therefore, in issuing our card, it is intended as a personal invitation to all in need to call and look through our stock without feeling under obligations to buy unless suited in quality and price. We shall always try to deal with every one in a straight forward manner, and give every customer a full equivalent for his money. We hope all will avail themselves of their first opportunity to call and see us.

STROHM & SPONSLER.

April 8, 1869—1y

FARMERS.—Their Sons, and others can make money rapidly, selling the NEW ILLUSTRATED FARMERS' MANUAL, edited by Geo. E. Waring, Jr., Practical Farmer and Author, and late Agricultural Engineer of N. Y. Central Park. The best book for Farmers ever issued.—All need it before planting. It is sound labor saving, money making book. Thousands have bought it, and thousands more want it. 15th Edition ready. Live Agents wanted. Profits large. A. H. HUBBARD, 499 Chestnut St. Phila.

March 17, 1870—4w

A WORD TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Being a short and practical treatise on the nature, causes, and symptoms of pulmonary Consumption, Bronchitis and Asthma, and their prevention, treatment, and cure by inhalation. Sent by mail, free.

Address O. VANHUMMELL, P. O. Box 4,632 West Fourteenth Street, N. Y.

June 10, 1869—1y

Miscellaneous.

GREAT COMMOTION IN

DRY GOODS,

On account of the reduction in Gold, the Dry Goods Merchants who understand their business and the certain signs of the times, have reduced the price of their goods correspondingly. The subscribers have just received from the cities a large and full assortment of all kinds of

FOREIGN & STAPLE GOODS,

which they will sell lower than they have done since 1861.

SILKS,

Wool De Laines, Alpacas, Poplins, Serges, Bombazines, Tamise Cloth, Grenadines.

FLANNELS OF ALL KINDS,

Plain and Fancy, Linen Table Diapers, Cotton do., Checks, Tickings, Ginghams, Counterpanes,

EMBROIDERIES,

a full line; White Goods in great variety,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS,

and a full stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS,

Calicoes, Muslins, by the piece or yard; Grain bags,

CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, &c.,

of all kinds and at the lowest prices.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

Druggets, Window Shades, Matting,

MILINERY GOODS

of all kinds, including Ladies and Childrens Hats and Sundowns, and the best assortment and best quality of fine Ribbons in the county.—Kid Gloves, (best make,) Jewelry, Fancy Goods and Notions in great variety. This

MAMMOTH STOCK OF GOODS

the largest in this section of country, is offered at prices that defy competition, and all we ask is a fair examination by good judges of goods to satisfy the public that this is the place to buy and save money.

LADIES' UNDER WEAR,

A nice assortment of Ladies' Under Clothing very handsomely stitched and trimmed at reasonable prices.

WOOL taken in exchange for goods.

BENTZ & CO.

At the old Dry Goods stand established February 1st, 1840.

March 31,—70

THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY!

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS,

More than 500,000 Persons bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

THEY ARE NOT A VILE FANCY DRINK

Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits, and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true medicine, made from the native Roots and Herbs of California free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to Directions, and remain long unwell.

$100 will be given for an incurable case, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poisons or other means, and the vital organs beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE, and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed.

In Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers this Bitters have no equal. For full directions read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French and Spanish.

J. WALKER, Proprietor, 32 Commerce St., N. Y.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists, and general Agents, San Francisco and Sacramento, California, and 32 and 34 Commerce St., New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

March 17, 1870—3m

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

FRYSINGER & WEISER,

CARPET STORE,

No. 23 East Main Steeet,

CARLISLE,

In the BENTZ HOTEL.

The largest and cheapest assortment of

CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,
MATTINGS,
WINDOW SHADES,
LOOKING GLASSES,

MAT AND CARPET CHAIN'S

always on hand. We are prepared to furnish purchasers with all grades of Carpets at the lowest rates.

FRYSINGER & WEISER.

March 17, 1870—3m

1870. 1870

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

RIBBONS,

MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS

ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

BONNET, TRIMMING & VELVET RIBBONS

Bonnet Silks, Satins and Velvets,

Blonds, Nets, Crapes, Ruches, Flowers, Feathers

ORNAMENTS,

STRAW BONNETS AND LADIES' HATS,

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED,

SHAKER HOODS, &c.

237 and 239 BALTIMORE STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Offer the largest Stock to be found in this Country, and unequalled in choice variety and cheapness, comprising the latest Parisian novelties.

Orders solicited, and prompt attention given.

Feb. 21, 1870—2m*

EGGS! EGGS!! EGGS!!!

From light Brahma fowls, pen combed, strictly pure from imported stock.

$2.00 PER DOZEN.

No order will be booked unless accompanied by the cash.

A few pairs for sale. $4.00 PER PAIR. A few

Half-Breed Italian Bees

for sale in movable comb hives—cheap. Address C. U. HOFFER, P. O. Box 147, Carlisle, Pa.

March 3, 1870—

THE MARY INSTITUTE.

CARLISLE, PENN'A.

A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The Ninth Annual Session will begin on Wednesday, September 1st. For circulars or any other information address

REV. WM. C. LEVERETT, M. A. Carlisle, Penn'a

April 22, 1869—1y

PFEIL & CO

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 10 NORTH WATER STREET,

Philadelphia.

Solicit consignments of all kinds of PRODUCE. Also, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c, &c.

Philadelphia References—N. C. Musselman, Esq., Prest'n Union Banking Co., Philadelphia; Messrs. Allen & Clifford, and Messrs. Henry Sloan & Son.

N. B.—Please send for Weekly Price Current free of charge.

March 10, 1870—6m

Miscellaneous.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

How long was it, do you ask, little Benny? Sixty-one years, if it was a day. It is now June. I was seventy-nine the tenth of last April; and that worst day of the Great Flood was on one other tenth of April, exactly sixty-one years before. It was my eighteenth birth-day, too; I remember it as well as anything else that happened. For that matter, I remember it all well enough; it's not very likely that I shall forget such a time as *that* was until the sods cover me. Come here to my knee, little Benny, and I'll tell you all about it.

The country was new then—not so new that the Indians or the wild animals troubled us much, for there were only a few of the Delawares very near us, and they were so much civilized that they cared for nothing but whiskey; and a stray wolf or catamount was all that troubled our pigs and chickens. When I say it was a new country, I mean that it was pretty much all woods, with very few settlements, and not many people in them. They were mostly along the banks of this river, for almost every one was lumbering or rafting; and that was what brought father here from Vermont. My mother died away up among the Green Mountains; and it always seemed to me as if he couldn't bear the old homestead after that. He grew very restless and uneasy; and one day he came home early in the afternoon, and said to me:

'Daughter, I have a chance to sell the place at a bargain. Shall I do it? This hasn't been much like home to me for two months. I think I'm wanting new scenes and new faces to blunt the grief I have for her that's left us. Shall we go to Pennsylvania, Bessy? I've a plan to go into the lumber trade; and maybap I'll make so much money in a year or two that we'll go to Philadelphia, and you'll be a fine lady the rest of your days. Shall we go, Bessy?'

Poor father! The dear, kind soul lived and died with the wish nearest his heart to make me a fine lady. I remember that he never saw it accomplished; but he did see me become a useful woman, and, I hope and trust, a good wife and mother. How that happened, Benny, is the story that I'm telling you now.

Look from the north window, there, boy; I'd come and look with you, but my rheumatism is bad to-day. No matter. Do you see that long point of land, at the up stream, that runs out into the water? Yes! well look a little closer at it. Farthest from the shore it spreads out into an acre of good, high land, but the narrow neck that joins that to the shore is commonly almost as low as the bed of the stream. There was a high enough stepping-stones across it now, that father laid there when we first came; and we used to walk dry-shod over them when the spring rains had raised the river. I remember but one solitary time when the water covered the stepping-stones as well as the neck of land, and that was the time of the great flood.

Our little house was built on that high land out in the middle of the river—a two story frame affair, with two rooms down stairs and two up; and, after all, it took all the neighbors to raise the roof. It was an odd notion of father's in putting it there; he used to say that the day would come when he could sell off valuable water privileges around his acre. That day hasn't come yet, Benny; but sometimes, when I think of poor, dear father, and all his plans and schemes for me, and of what has happened, I really think that something like Providence put it into his heart to fancy that queer little corner out there in the river, and to build our house there. I am going to tell you what I mean right away.

After the little house was built and furnished, I stayed at home and kept it, and father took to the woods with the loggers. He led a hard enough life from that time on till he died; summer and winter he was at work with his men—sometimes at the logger's camp, then hauling the logs to the river and rafting them down to the bay, where he sold them to the contractor.

There were weeks when he wouldn't be home a day but Sunday; but when he was rafting I often heard his shout on the river, and could see him waving his hat from the raft as it went slowly down the stream with the current. I hope I was a good daughter in those days; I tried my best to do all I could for him. I kept the house neat and tidy, and mended his clothes; and regularly once a day I cooked a great mess which was taken up hot to the logger's camp in a great tin pail that was got from the city.

I was lonesome like often enough, for there were whole days that I did not see a human being to exchange a word with, but Ben Sample, who almost always came for the dinner. Heigh ho! It is long enough ago that I'm telling you of, and handsome Ben Sample was then hardly twenty-one. I don't know, my boy, but the lads are as handsome and sprightly and as good now as they were threescore years ago; if I say not, it may be because I see them through an old woman's eyes, and that I can't see the charm that I could once. However that is, I know I never saw so fine a lad, every way, as that one was. He was not over tall, nor yet short; he was of middling height, with broad shoulders and big hands, and was as strong as any two of them—so father said. He had curly chestnut hair, and red and white cheeks, like a girl, though sunburnt; and his eyes were great blue eyes, and his teeth shone so when he laughed (and that was often,) that anybody would have liked him. And then he was so honest and clever, and so kind and obliging, that before I had seen him many times I came to like him right well; and one day I happened to say to father that I thought Ben Sample was an excellent lad, and that I wished I could have more of his company. I never saw father look stern all of a sudden, as he did then; and I never heard him speak so stern, either.

'Better leave him to his place, Bessy,' he said, very quick and sharp like. 'He's naught but a poor lumberman, after all, and he's not likely to be aught else. So don't be tender with him, daughter; I bid you naught. If you've felt any too kind to him you must check it in time. Have little to say to him, daughter; it's your father's wish.'

Poor Ben! There had been no talk of love between us before this morning, and I do not know that I had thought of him at all as a lover; but by and by, after a few weeks more, when I had tried hard to obey my father's command and treat him coldly, he lingered one day over the great tin pail long enough to press my hand, and whisper bashfully—

'Dear Bessy!'

I snatched my hand away and looked hard at him, and told him that he must never say nor do that again. He left me, looking as grieved as I ever saw another mortal look; and when he was gone, I went out to the log seat by the river and cried as though my heart would break. I didn't know my feelings till then, but if Ben Sample could have seen me that half hour!

Ben did not come with the great pail after that; another man took his place, and things went on in the old lonely way all the rest of that winter and through the next spring. It was the first week of March, I think, of that year, that father brought young Mr. Cardle to the house. Young Mr. Cardle was the only son of old Jacob Cardle, the millionaire, who lived in Philadelphia, and was contracting with father for all his logs for years to come. The old man meant that young Jacob should succeed him in business in a few months; and he thought it would be an excellent thing to send him up into the logger's country for awhile, to get acquainted with the different kinds of lumber, and the processes of cutting it and getting it to market. Father thought it would be an excellent thing for himself to entertain him at the house while he remained; and so for the next five weeks they were regularly at home morning and nights, sleeping in the house and spending the day in the woods or on the river. But it wasn't hard to see that young Mr. Cardle grew tired of this very soon; and presently he began to come back to the house in the middle of the day, and fish or shoot in the neighborhood until night.

You'll want to know what kind of man he was. He was pale and slender; handsome enough for those that like such beauty as that in men; and rather foppish, with his diamond ring and his silky moustache. He was very polite, too, and he would talk and chatter as city folks can; but I never thought there was much heart or good feeling in anything he said or did. Yet he seemed to like me from the first, and poor father whispered to me ten times, if he did once:

'Play thy cards shrewdly, Bessy, and thou'lt catch him! He'll make thee a lady, girl, and a rich one!'

And stranger things have happened, I know, than my marrying him would have been; surely affairs were rapidly drifting towards it, and I had almost succeeded in crushing the thought of Ben Sample out of my heart, and playing the part that my father wished me to play to young Mr. Cardle (for I never could have persuaded myself to love him,) when that fatal Tenth of April came that brought my eighteenth birthday and the Great Flood together.

The river had been rising slowly for a week before it, and there had been much rain with us. We heard reports of tremendous rains in the mountains two hundred miles north of us, which lasted for days and days; and the river continued to rise steadily and slowly, though up to that day it was not over the stepping-stones across the neck.

On the morning of the tenth the rain came down at first steadily, and Mr. Cardle thought he would not leave the house. Father went over to the camp just after breakfast, saying that he would return as usual toward night; and so we two spent the day alone together. I tried to talk with him and interest him, but he was restive and uneasy, and half the time was idly turning over leaves or drumming with his fingers on the window-panes.

It was about the middle of the afternoon, when I was wondering what I should do next, (and thinking a little of poor Ben Sample, I believe,) that Mr. Cardle turned short around to me and said, very abruptly:

'I'm going back to the city to-morrow, Bessy. I want to know if I can come back here in three months—that'll be the middle of July—and make you my wife?'

I looked straight at him and said not a word, but oh, my boy, how I did think of Ben!

'I'm rich enough for both of us, and to spare,' he went on; 'and you're everything I want in a wife. You know you're handsome, Bessy, and I suppose you are good. Will you marry me when I come again?'

I never thought of myself or my own feelings; I put all thoughts of Ben out of my head, remembering my father, and said 'Yes'—nothing more. I don't know whether Mr. Cardle would have kissed me or not; he had no chance; for hardly had I spoken that word when there was a knock at the door, and I opened it to admit—Ben Sample himself!

We were all three of us rather ill at ease for a moment. Mr. Cardle knew Ben, I suppose, and must have heard something about his old feelings for me; for he stepped back to the window and frowned, never speaking or nodding to Ben, who stood there with his hat twirling in his hands, awkward and abashed. He only found his tongue when I asked him to sit down, then he said:

'Nay, I can't stop. I only came to bring your father's message that he won't be home to-night. The rise in the river has broken loose the great raft up at Logan's Ford, that was to be floated down to-morrow, and he's gone up with all hands to moor it. He can't be here to-night.'

That was awkward news for me. I had never thought of staying in that lonely place without father; and it was little consolation to think of Mr. Cardle as a protector. Just as I had a question on my tongue, Ben spoke again:

'You don't know how fast the river is rising,' he said. 'Out on the stones the water is almost to the tops of my boot, and seems to be rising higher.'

'Do you think there is any danger in staying here to-night?' I asked, in some alarm.

'Maybe not,' he answered doubtfully, 'but I never knew the river to be so high before.'

'Ben, Ben, what shall I do?' I took no notice at all of Mr. Cardle, and felt no safety except from the presence of Ben. 'Didn't father send any other word?'

'None at all.'

'And won't you stay?'

'After what has happened, Bessy? I shouldn't think you'd wish it.'

Then he must have seen how grieved and sorry I looked, and how alarmed I felt, for he added, right away—

'Yes, I will stay, Bessy, if you wish it, though I trust and believe there's no danger.'

I thanked him with a look, and before I could say anything more, Mr. Cardle spoke.

'Do you think there's any danger of the river upsetting the house?' he asked.

'It surely will if it rises high enough,' Ben replied. 'Hark! hear that!'

Generally, when the door was open, we could hear a faint ripple of the current, but it now had a hoarse, loud sound that was new to me. Ben looked dubious as he heard it.

'I don't like that,' he said. 'Let me go out and see.'

He was not gone three minutes, and he came back with his face full of trouble.

'The water is within twenty feet of the door,' he said. 'I don't suppose I could wade from here to the bank. We must leave here at once, and when you're safe, I'll come back and save some of the things. If the water gains like this, all the door will be under in an hour.'

He went out again; I knew what for. The west foundation wall of the house was next the river, and father always kept a skiff tied there. I understood from what Ben said, that he meant to bring the skiff round to the front and take us to the shore. I was putting on my hood and shawl when he came back. His face was as pale as ashes, and he never noticed me at first, but looked all round the room and into father's chamber.

'Where's that fellow Cardle?' he asked.

I had not noticed that he was gone: he had been standing by the window just before Ben went out the last time.

'I thought it,' Ben cried, and his face looked half sorry, half mad. 'Bessy, do you know what has happened? The skiff is gone! and that man with it.'

I looked terrified into his face, and then followed him to the door and looked out with him. It was almost night, but what there was of daylight left showed us a mad, white-capped torrent of water, rushing through the channel between us and the shore—so near to us that we could have stepped off the lower step into it, and roaring and whirling in a manner that was fearful to see. The rain had ceased, and I didn't then see how the river could rise so; but I understood it afterward, when they told me that it was all owing to a sudden thaw up in the mountains that had melted the snow in the gorges and poured hundreds of new streams into the river all at once. We looked a moment, and then came back into the room. I was afraid, I suppose; but not so much as I thought at first. Somehow I felt a sense of security with Ben Sample there, that robbed the situation of all the terrors it would have had without him. I hardly thought of Jacob Cardle, and how mean and heartless he was to abandon us so and deprive us of the means of safety, when Ben wanted to save us altogether. 'Ben will save me,' was all I could think of; and I suppose I repeated the words to myself a hundred times. Once I must have spoken them aloud, for he said—

'I will, Bessy—God willing. I will pray for strength that I may.'

He knelt there on the floor and prayed—and I knelt beside him and took one of his hands in both of mine. When we arose we heard the first low washing of the water against the east side of the house, mingled with the louder rushing and brawling of the torrent beyond.—When it grew so dark that I could not see Ben's face, I lit a candle; and we sat there together in silence, holding his hand. My heart was too full for speech, and Ben said nothing but a word of comfort now and then.

'There's nothing for us to do but stay here and hope for the best,' he told me once. And then added, 'While there's life there's hope; and when there's none, I'll not leave, Bessy.'

Dear, noble Ben! I wanted to throw myself on his breast and tell him my secret, but something prevented—I don't know what—and I only pressed the hand that I held.

There was no slackening to the river; it rose higher and higher every moment, and by ten o'clock the water was over the floor when we stood up. Then Ben and carried the trunks and the things I could most for up stairs; and then we took to the second story. Here we stayed for two hours more, I listening all the time for the sound of oars and voices, for I hoped that father would come and take us off. Midnight came, and I grew impatient, and complainingly asked Ben if he could tell why father did not come and rescue us.

'I'm afraid I can, Bessey,' he answered with a grave face. 'The great raft went down the river two hours ago; I heard the voices of men shouting, and I don't doubt your father is carried away with the rest. But don't be afraid; they're all safe, I hope, and they'll get to shore when morning comes.'

I couldn't help crying when he told me that, and I nestled up to him as if I had been a child, and he put his strong arm around me. It was not long after this that we felt the house settling and tipping, and not much longer when it careened half-way over, and was whirled away into the river, by the current that had been undermining the foundation. That was an awful hour my lad! Ben held one hand around me, and with the other hand grasped the window sill, while he braced his feet in the corner of the room; and the rising and falling of the poor wreck under us, as the heavy current swept us along, gave me at first the feeling that we were going straight to the bottom. The wind moaned outside, the water beat against the planks, and the beams cracked and gaped as though the poor old house was falling apart. Long before daylight we both saw it was settling down deeper and deeper into the water, which rose over the upper floor; and when Ben had succeeded in knocking out the skuttle, he dragged me out on the roof—how, I don't know. I only know that he did it, and but for him my drowned body would have floated there in that old wrecked house when the morning came.

And I don't know much about the rest of how that dreadful night passed. Ben sat upon the ridgepole, and held me on by main strength; and in the cold and darkness I believe I slept; certainly I forgot where I was for a long time, and forgot I was cold too. But then I didn't know, until I woke up at broad daylight, that Ben had taken his coat off and put it around my shoulders. The house had sunk so low that one of the eaves was tipped clear out of the water, and the other was three feet under. We were drifting slowly down the centre of the stream; the shore was almost a mile off on either side, and there was not a sail nor a sign of help in sight. I looked at Ben perfectly hopeless and calm in my despair, and he looked back with hope and courage.

'There's one hope yet, Bessy,' he said, cheerily; and his finger pointed to an object floating ten rods behind us—an object the sight of which filled my heart with gratitude to God, that He had heard and had answered our prayers. It was my father's skiff, with the oars lying in the bottom of it, following along in our tracks as if to save us from destruction. I understood at once how it was; Jacob Cardle had drawn it up on the shore after deserting us, and the rise of the flood had carried it out; and falling into the strong current of the neck, which set towards the middle of the stream, it had followed us all night. Ben looked wistfully at it, and measured with his eye the distance to it. The roof to which we clung was alternately sinking and swaying, and the water sucked and edied ominously around it.

'This old thing can't swim many minutes longer,' he said. 'Can you hold on here alone, Bessy, while I swim out to the skiff and bring it to you?' He did not wait for me to reply, but lifted me to the place where he had sat, and showed me how to grasp the bare rafter, where the boards had been strained off. When he had done this, he stopped, just as he was going to let himself into the water, and looking at me with a tender, mournful look that I can never forget—no, not if I should live to be twice fourscore—he said—

'You'll be safe in ten minutes, I hope; may God speed me, for your sake! Yet if anything should happen to either of us, that we shouldn't meet again in this world, I must tell you now, Bessy, that nobody has loved you as I have—that nobody loves you now as I do. Believe me, dear, for it is true.'

'I know it, Ben—I know it!' I sobbed; and I put my face up to his. He bent over and kissed me, with such a look of mighty surprise and overwhelming joy as I don't believe any man ever had before; and crying out, 'Hold hard, Bessy—hold fast, girl!' he jumped into the river and struck out for the skiff.

I did not tell him when he left that my hands were cold, almost numb; and I held tight to the rafter, and watched him while the pain in my hands and arms was distressing me sorely. I saw him reach the skiff, and balance himself, and labor carefully over its side to get in without overturning it; and when he had accomplished this my strength was almost gone. My hands were giving, slipping: I made one last spasmodic effort to retain my hold, and shouted wildly to Ben. I heard the splash of oars, and his loud, cheery voice encouraging me; darkness overtook me as my hands slipped their grasp. Clutching at the shingles, I slid downward, down, but not to my watery grave. The skiff shot past me. Ben Sample's arm snatched me from my peril, and I lay safely in the bottom of the boat, while his stout arms rowed me toward the shore.

'Look there,' he exclaimed; and I looked my last at the poor old house.—The roof heaved and settled, the waters washed up over it, and it sank in a wild whirlpool that sucked it down.

That was the last of our danger. We got to the shore and found a house; and before night we had a chance to take a schooner up the river. In a day or two father came up with most of his men; and such a meeting as we had! The raft had been carried off by the flood, as Ben thought, and two of the men had perished by drowning. And when I told him the true story of our night in the house afloat, he took Ben by the hand, with tears in his eyes, and begged his pardon for thinking that anybody could be better than such a brave, noble fellow as he had proved himself.

'And especially that cowardly sneak, Cardle,' father added, with a savage slap of his hand on his knees. 'Plague take me! what a fool I would be, sometimes, if I had my own way.'

As for Jacob Cardle, I never heard a syllable more of him. I never wanted to. I am not sorry that I met him, for he served to show me the difference between Ben Sample and the little creatures the world of fashion and wealth calls men.

Well-a-day! It's many a long year since then; it's many a long year that I lived as the happy wife of that same Ben Sample, and it's not many since God took him before me. How old are you little Benny? Nine, indeed! Then he died just nine years ago; you were named for him, boy, for you were born the morning that he died. He was your own grand-father, little Ben; and I can give you no better wish than you may be as brave, as strong and as good a man as was he.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The History of Steam.

Here we give a condensed history of steam. About 280 years before Christ, Hiero, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power. Six hundred years later, Anthemius, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leathern tube which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled under the caldrons, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of steam recorded. In 1543, Blasco D. Garay tried a steamboat of 210 tons with tolerable success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garay. In 1650, the first railroad was worked at Newcastle on Tyne. The first idea of a steam engine in England was in the Marquis of Winchester's 'History of Inventions,' 1663. In 1710, Newcomen made the first steam engine. In 1718, patents were granted to Savery for the first application of the steam engine in England. In 1764, James Watt made the first perfect steam engine in England. In 1736, Jonathan Hulls set forth the idea of steam navigation. In 1778, Thomas Paine first proposed this application in America. In 1785, William Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde Canal. In 1793, Ramsey propelled a boat by steam to New York. In 1783, John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware. In 1792, Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

A Beautiful Love Story.

The Count de Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families of France, became engaged after a long courtship to a lady, his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed, which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopol; so he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched to the battle field. During the Count's absence, it happened that his beautiful affianced had the small-pox; and after hovering between life and death, she recovered, but found her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed, in her case, the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in strict seclusion. A year passed away, when one day the Count, immediately on his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed, and solicited an interview. This was very naturally refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, very closely muffled in a veil. At the sound of her voice, the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but, stepping aside, she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrow, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features, as, raising his hand above, he exclaimed, "It is God's work! I am blind!" It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, a cannon ball passed so close to his eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him forever of sight. It is unnecessary to say that their marriage was shortly after solemnized. It is said that, at this day, may be often seen at the Emperor's receptions, an officer leaning upon the arm of a veiled lady, and they seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music.

'SINE DIEZ'—In a Western State, a political party had for twenty years been in the habit of holding its nominating convention at the house of Mr. H. Recently, he happened, for the first time, to be in when they had finished their business, and heard a little delegate move, 'this convention adjourn sine die!'

'Sine die,' said Mr. H., to a person standing near; 'where's that?'

'Why, that's away in the northern part of the county,' said his neighbor.

'Hold on, if you please, Mr. Chairman,' said the landlord, with great emphasis and earnestness—'hold on, sir; I'd like to be heard on that question. I have kept a public house now for more than twenty years. I am a poor man. I have always belonged to the party, and never split in my life. This is the most central location in the county, and it's where we've always met. I've never had nor asked for an office, and have worked day and night for the party; and now I think, sir, it is contemptible to go and adjourn this convention way up to sine die!'

AT New Albany a lover was refused permission to see his Sarah Jane, and was watched by the old folks and a bull-dog. Now, what did he do but go the house armed with another dog, set the two to fighting, and while the old people were betting on their dog, he just took the girl out the back door, and before the fight was over he had her all married as snug as possible. Tally one for the Hoosier.

CANINE FIDELITY.

A French merchant having some money due him in a neighboring village, set out on horse-back, accompanied by his dog, in order to recover it. Having settled the business, he set out for his residence with the bag of money tied before him. The dog seemed to partake of his master's satisfaction.

After riding some miles the merchant alighted to rest in the shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog, perceiving the forgetfulness of his master, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along.

He then ran back to his master, and, by whining, barking and howling, seemed to endeavor to remind him of his mistake. The merchant did not understand his language, but the faithful creature persevered in his efforts, and trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in deep thought as he rode along, and wholly forgetful of his bag of money, began to think the dog was mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook he turned to see if the dog would drink; but the faithful animal, too intent on its master's business to think of itself, continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

'Mercy!' cried the afflicted merchant, 'it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad; what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! But there is no time to loose; I, myself, may become the victim, if I spare him.'

With these words he took a pistol from his pocket, and, with trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded and weltering in his blood; still endeavoring to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude.

The merchant could not bear the sight. He spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear.

Still, however, the money never entered his mind, he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection that he had prevented