The American Volunteer.

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Dec. 2 1868—

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July 11, 1867—tf

F. E. BELTZHOOVER,
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☞ Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Beitz's dry goods store.
Dec. 1, 1865.

W M. 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. 1869

JAMES H. GRAHAM, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 14 SOTUH HANOVER ST.,
CARLISLE, PA.
OFFICE—Adjoining Judge Graham's.
March 31, 1870—tf

E. L. SHROYCK, 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
Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1 1865.—

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

EDWARD SHILLING, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
No. 26 East Pomfret Street,
CARLISLE.
Dr. Shilling was associated with Dr. Zitzer, in this place, for a year or so, and has been practicing in Dickinson township, for three years. All professional business promptly attended to.
April 7, 1870—3m

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, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made.
The Dunkard 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, Sewing Silk, Thread, 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 fine
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.

STROHM & SPONSLER,
No 13, South Hanover Street,
CARLISLE, PA.
Thankful for the patronage extended them heretofore, do now announce their usual large stock of SPRING STYLES of
BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR
LADIES' AND MISSES', GENTS' AND BOYS', YOUTHS' AND CHILDS',
which are unrivaled for comfort and beauty. Also
TRUNKS AND VALISSES,
MEN AND BOYS' HATS,
All of which will be sold at small profits. Call one and all and get a full equivalents for your money.
April 21, 1870—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
is 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 3.—7 0

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," "Treleshers," &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 these 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.
H. 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 7, 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

EGGS! EGGS!! EGGS!!!
From light Brahma fowls, pea 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—

AGENTS WANTED.—$100 to $300 per month—Clergymen, School Teachers Sons Young Men and Ladies wanted to Canvass for the New Book.
"OUR FATHER'S HOUSE," OR
The Unwritten Word.
By Daniel March, author of the popular 'Night Scenes.' This master in thought and language shows us untold riches and beauties in the Great House, with its Blooming flowers, Singing birds, Waving palms, Rolling clouds, Beautiful bow, Sacred Mountains, Delightful Rivers, Mighty Oceans, Thundering voices, Blazing heavens and vast universe with countless beings in millions of worlds, and reads to us in each the Unwritten Word. Rose-tinted paper, ornate engravings and superb binding. Send for circular, in which is a full description and universal commendations by the press, ministers and college professors in the strongest possible language.—ZIEGLER, McCURDY & CO., 16 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
April 21—4w

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN.
TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND NOW READY.
BY GEO. H. NAPHEYS, M. D.
The most remarkable success of the day. Is selling with unprecedented rapidity. It contains what every Man and Woman ought to know, and few do. It will save much suffering. As the only reputable work upon the single and married life, it is earnestly recommended by Prof. Wm. A. Hammond, Prest. Mark Hopkins, Rev. H'y Ward Beecher, Dr. Bushnell, Mrs. H. B. Gleason, M. D., H. N. Eastman, etc. Being easerly sought for, the Agents work is easy.—Send stamp for pamphlet etc., to GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher, 719 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.; 3 School Street, Boston, Mass.; 65 Nassau Street, New York.
April 21—4w

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., Pres't 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

Poetical.

THE CLEARING.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Ho! summer is coming!
The woodpecker, drumming,
Is waking the sentinels up;
The forges are blowing,
The anvils are glowing,
To fashion each flowery cup.

All flushing and paling,
Arbutus is trailing
Through shadow, and sunlight, and brake;
The ferns full of wonder.
Look up from their slumber,
And nod to the sedge on the lake.

The sweet, sleepy clover
Is just turning over—
She has heard of the merciless plough
The willow has spoken,
In words low and broken,
And chanted the story ere now.

Such a wise little bird
All the story had heard,
Of the pioneer's ploughing and sowing;
The shad was astir
With the chatter and whirr,
And the messengers here and there going.

The wood be to raized,
The meadow land grazed,
The stream to be serf to the miller;
The robber declared
She was frightfully scared,
She was sure a removal would kill her.

Each poor little nest
Ev'ry bird loved the best,
Wavered down with the oak's dying quiver;
The mill burdened stream
Lost its holiday gleam
As it soberly went to the river.

The hill top was bare,
And sunshine could stare
As it would, in the low cabin peering;
For daisies were dead,
And tall wheat instead,
Laid gold on the pioneer's clearing.

Miscellaneous.

DELILAH.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

Sir Thomas Winton and I are fellow Directors of a company which will never, I fear, make the fortunes of either of us; but it pays its way—five per cent. on capital, the salaries of Secretary, clerks and porter, and the guinea fees of the Directors are always punctually forthcoming. Now, it is a singular fact, that however well off a man may be, a guinea always has an attraction for him; and Sir Thomas Winton, when in town, was very regular in his attendance at the Board.

The charms of general conversation are not unknown at these social business gatherings, and Sir Thomas and I often discuss our favorite topics. He is a sporting character; my hobby is the drama. If I open the conversation, I politely affect an interest in Derby prospects; mention the Middle Park sale of yearlings, or inquire tenderly after the Baronet's partridges and pheasants. If, on the other hand, it is Sir Thomas who takes the lead, he inquires what I think of the last new French adaptation put upon the London stage. And so a certain intimacy has sprung up between us.

'Are you anything of a shot, Mr. Chevers?' Sir Thomas asked me one day early in last July.

'I am very much out of practice,' I replied; 'but I used to be a fair average performer with the gun some years ago. When I get an odd day now, I am apt to be too anxious.'

'At any rate, you are fond of the sport?'

'Very.'

'Then you must come down to my place, and try your hand—will you?'

'You are very kind.'

'And if you like a day or two's hunting for a change, I will give you a mount.'

'Thank you; I shall be most happy.'

'You will not mind coming rather late in the season? We generally have a houseful of young people in November, and I keep one covey unbeaten for the occasion. And if we have a touch of frost, there will be some snipe.'

I thanked Sir Thomas Winton again, and thought no more of the matter.

Invitations of that kind are so very rife after luncheon—sherry being a heart-expanding fluid—and are so often forgotten, that I never expected to hear again of this one. I was quite surprised, therefore, when a kind letter from Sir Thomas came in November, reminding me of my promise to come and stay with him, and fixing the day.

So I went down to Winton, and found that Sir Thomas had a very good notion of fitting up a country-house. Every bed-room had a dressing room attached with a bath in it, and hot and cold water laid on; and a warm bath before dinner, after violent exercise, is one of the greatest luxuries in the Sybarite's list. Then the breakfast arrangements were capital; guests entered the room at any hour they pleased, rang the bell, and ordered what they liked, just as if they were at a hotel. But all this, which is common enough in large English country-houses does not give the idea of comfort I wish to convey, and which consisted in the ease and smoothness with which all the wheels of the household turned. There was no fuss or bother, or forced hospitality; but if you wanted anything, you got it at once, without trouble or delay.

But I am anticipating. I have only just reached the house at present. Sir Thomas Winton was a widower and his present family consisted of two daughters, somewhere between seventeen and thirty, and a son in the Lancers, now at home on leave. There were several guests besides myself: Captain Seymour, a brother officer of young Winton's with a suspected desire of forming another fraternal connection with him; 'Paddy O'Brian, of the Foreign office,' a sort of social Creighton; and others. Of the fairer visitors I need only mention one—Ada Dart; for what man of sound mind could notice any other girl when she was in the room? Well, Captain Seymour could do so, but then he was infatuated and not of sound mind—suffering from younger Miss Winton on the brain, in fact. It surprised me very much to see the beautiful Ada sail into the drawing room before dinner on the evening of my arrival. I had met her at a dinner party and three balls; I had attended her with graceful humility throughout the whole of a picnic, and her image rose before me rather more often than I liked. It is very unpleasant to be haunted by a face; to see it whenever you smoke a quiet solitary pipe; when you lean back and shut your eyes in a railway carriage; when you are trying to get to sleep at night. I really don't know which is worst—to have a beautiful woman or a tune running in your head.

Of course I was not in that absurd state which the ancients style 'enamored,' and the moderns 'spoony;' I am of my age, and despise romance. The man who loves any one but himself, or values anything more than hard cash, is an idiot, and I hope that I am free from such an extreme of weakness. But to a certain sort of attraction, or fancy, or admiration, I must plead guilty. Marriage is a state which is considered by many hard-headed, practical men to have its advantages, and it did occur to me that if I ever tested it, it would be rather pleasant to do so in partnership with Ada Dart.

I had no idea that she was acquainted with the Wintons, and her unexpected presence looked quite like a fatality. If ever, when expecting to find yourself in the midst of strangers, you have discovered a familiar face among them, you may remember what a pleasant revulsion it caused in your feelings, and how a mere acquaintanceship bore the look of intimate friendship by the contrast.

'What?' said I, 'do you know the Wintons?'

'Yes,' she replied, looking rather astonished at my tone; 'I have known them since I was quite a titty thing; Sarah Winton is my great ally.'

Her reply showed an absurdity and an undue assumption of intimacy in my exclamation which would have been very numbing to reflect upon in the presence of most ladies; but Ada Dart was like the sun; it was impossible to feel cold or numb when she was shining on you, and she always shone; I do not believe she ever snubbed a poor fellow in her life. She would laugh at him indeed on very slight provocation, but those who would have resented ridicule the soonest in any one else were never offended with Ada; no one ever frowned at her, or disliked her, or scolded her, or failed to pet and spoil her since she was first placed in the cradle, I believe.

And a ridiculous proverb asserts that beauty is only skin deep! For she was beautiful; even other beauties acknowledged that. All that they could do was to compare her with models of a totally distinct style, or to suggest that certain natural charms might be due to art. She was plump and white as a baby; each of her large hazel eyes had a distinct soul in it; where other mortals possessed knuckles she had dimples; her ear was a flower, her—but I dare not dwell on her charms, so pray try to imagine them. It is an impossibility, but never mind—try.

I could not remain long by her side; the room was full of strangers, with many of whom I had now to form acquaintance for the first time, even the ladies of the house being unknown to me. I was eventually paired off with a companion who was much interested in the Catholic revival, and evidently thought little of me after making the unfortunate discovery that I did not know what colored stole should be worn in ember weeks. My dinner was spoiled by a perpetual dread of speaking with levity of things she reverenced; and if I had not at last happily hit upon the safe course of violently abusing the Low Church party, I believe that I should have had an indigestion.

The place I coveted at the side of Ada Dart was filled by Paddy O'Brian, who had a wonderful and enviable power of showing politeness and apparent attention to the general company, while really attaching himself to a selected individual. I had met O'Brian at the same parties as Ada, but had never noticed any particular attentions on his part.—Now, however, he seemed to be establishing a flirtation in form, which was serious; for a man may go very far in a public hall-room with comparative impunity, but trifling in a country house is a very different matter.

Before the evening was over, I felt certain that I had no chance of 'walking over' for the prize, and also, that she was worth winning; for Paddy was not the man to court undowered beauty; indeed, he could not afford so romantic a proceeding.

When the ladies retired, the most of the men repaired to the billiard-room, where cigars and grog had been provided; but the majority were tired and went to bed early, leaving O'Brian and myself to finish a game.

'Well,' said he, as soon as we were alone, 'I suppose that you and I have been asked down here for the same thing.

'Oh, yes—the shooting, you mean I,' replied.

'Shooting! That's the polite way of paying us. They want us to help them with their private theatricals.'

'Oh, they are going to get up private *theatricals, are they?*'

'To be sure, or you would never have been asked to Winton Hall—nor I either, faith. I got it all out of Miss Dart.'

'Who will tell us what to do about scenery, dresses, and all the little details?' said Miss Winton, when the family took the stage fever badly last Summer. 'Don't you know some papa?'

'I have it!' cried Sir Thomas. 'One of our Directors is great on the drama; at least he talks of nothing else, and, though not a Solomon, that seems to be his speciality.'

'But is he presentable?' asked Julia Winton—Seymour's girl, you know.

'O yes,' replied Sir Thomas; 'he has paid up on his shares, and he aspirates his *h's*, and he has really very fine whiskers!'

'Shut up, O'Brian!' said I. 'Do not foist off your own impertinences upon the innocent. And what were you asked here for?'

'To act, of course. If it had not been for my success in Sir Lucius O'Trigger at Lady Sock's I might have gone hung before ever I'd have been a guest in this elegant establishment. Oh, there is no shirking the truth with me, boy; nobody does anything for nothing in this world.'

There was undoubtedly a sediment of truth at the bottom of this frothy cynicism of O'Brian's; for on the following day, the subject of private theatricals was quietly broached in my presence by the Misses Winton; and it soon became evident that their heads, and those of the majority of their guests, were running upon nothing else, so that even if the drama had not been my particular hobby, my sympathetic nature would probably have been carried away by the general excitement.

My theatrical tastes had never as yet led me to take a part in any performance, and, indeed, of the ladies and men forming the present company, Ada Dart and O'Brian were the only two who were not about to make their first appearance upon any stage. Of course, these experienced members took a prominent lead, besides necessarily drawn together in a confidential way which it was very unpleasant for me to witness. Jealousy and envy so stirred my bile that I was inclined to regret the good old days of dueling, when I might have picked a quarrel with my rival, and so had a chance of removing him from my path. But the way in which the odious Irishman knocked over the pheasants and rabbits, and a particular snapshot, fired from the hip, which was fatal to a woodcock, forced me to own that there was a deep truth in the ingenious assertion so constantly repeated in newspaper articles, that private combat is a 'cowardly practice.'

But I had my turn of being placed *en rapport* with the entrancing Ada. The fine old hall of Winton Park was to be our theatre, and it was my particular province to take the best advantage of the many natural facilities of the place; to arrange about the scenery; to find out what were the proper dresses for the plays we were to perform, and Ada Dart being the only person whose counsel was of real service in a case of difficulty, I was perpetually obliged to appeal to her. Dangerously intoxicating were these conferences, which, I confess, I prolonged most needlessly; indeed, I used sometimes to get up vexatious opposition to her wishes in order to give our discussion a matrimonial flavor. Heigh ho!

The plays selected were 'The Belle of Penzance,' followed by the farce of 'Eyes and Nose,' and the distribution of parts was a work for Job or Solomon, most of the company at first declaring their utter inability to take the simplest characters, and coming round gradually to demanding the principal roles. At our first general meeting, it really seemed doubtful whether it would be possible to cast the mildest and lightest of pieces in the British *repertoire*, but at the end of a fortnight, if 'Othello' could have been rewritten with three Moors, two Iagos, and four Desdemonas, our little company had stomach for them all.' When we came to actual trial, however, the powers of each performer got to be estimated by the others at somewhere about their right value, and we settled into our places accordingly.

I was cast for Fortescue, which was too prominent a part for my taste; for, besides that, on principle, I very much prefer that other people should amuse me to reversing that proceeding, I hated having so much to learn by heart.

That was another odd effect—we all seemed to have gone back to school. At every turn in the house and grounds, you would come upon a young lady or gentleman, with knitted brows, and eyes fixed on either earth or sky, muttering, 'I say, Chevers, just hear me my part, like a good fellow,' Captain Seymour would say. Then a young lady would make a similar request, and put her hands behind her back while repeating her task, from sheer force of association. Two to one, if, when playing at billiards, the striker, after using the long rest, said: 'Just give me my cue, please,' some one exclaimed: 'Hark, they come!' or 'But more of this anon;' or, 'We will speak further upon the matter.'

In a little time matters began to run smoothly, and we had our first rehearsal. By recalling to mind the different actors I had seen in my part, and endeavoring to imitate them, I succeeded better than I had anticipated, and gained considerable applause. 'But,' said O'Brian, 'you must shave, you know. The idea of Fortescue with those whiskers is too absurd.'

Now, my whiskers were black, pendent, and silky, and had cost me an infinity of trouble. It had taken five years of constant care and scientific training to bring them to their present state of perfection. Any one without experience in the matter would hardly credit the amount of time and labor, not to mention the mere money that I had expended upon them. Little soft brushes, delicate combs, bottles of a peculiar oil, more delicate than is ever used for the head, and called 'Brillantine,' were appropriated to their service. When I visited my hair-cutter, that artist would deliberate for at least five minutes before he could come to a definite conclusion upon the important point whether he should take the 'hends' off. When I took my walks abroad at Scarborough, and the breezes fluttered them over my shoulders, scornful indeed was the beauty whose eyes did not light up with admiration as she passed. Even envious men were unable to withhold their tribute of praise. 'Chevers, my boy,' observed Rivers, who has spent his own fortune, and is looking out for a wife's, 'my figure is twenty thousand; but, by gad, if I had your face-hair, I'd make it forty!'

You may judge of my feelings, then, when it was seriously proposed that I should shave. I repudiated the notion with a shuddering earnestness which seemed to amuse some of the company, and they all set to work to argue me out of my objection to the sacrifice.

'They will grow again,' said one Miss Winton.

'I am sure Cheevers' face would look better without them,' added the other.

'Yes; there is particularly a fine contour, which is completely hidden at present,' said O'Brian.

'How do you know that, Paddy?'

'Contour or not,' said I firmly, 'if you cannot put up with a whiskered Fortescue, some one else must take the part.' And to that resolution I stuck in spite of flattery, persuasion and satire, for three days. And I got it hot, too, at times.

First one and then another male visitor was tried in my part, and found wanting.

On the fourth morning, after breakfast, Ada Dart expressed a wish to learn how to play at billiards. O'Brian was not in the room, and I seized the opportunity of offering my services, which were accepted. She had been singularly reticent upon the razor question, a circumstance which led me to hope that she would not have seen the sacrifice expected from me without a pang; but now, while I was engaged in the too perilous occupation of teaching her to make a bridge, she then broached the subject.

'I am so sorry, Mr. Chevers,' said she, 'that you cannot take the part of Fortescue. You must change with Mr. O'Brian; that is the only way in which we can manage it, and even then that will spoil the play.'

'Is it quite necessary that Fortescue should be whiskerless?' I asked faintly.

'Why, judge for yourself; how would a powdered wig look with—them? The worst of it is,' she added, 'that when I undertook the—the part of Maria, it was with the supposition that you would be the Fortescue.'

Those who are unacquainted with 'The Belle of Penzance,' must be told that Fortescue is the lover of Maria, and several half complaining and half amorous scenes are enacted between them; knowing this, if they had heard how Ada hesitated, and seen how she blushed as she spoke, they would not wonder that my breath came short, and a singing arose in my ears. My left hand closed upon the fingers which were forming that bridge; my right arm stole around her form; I felt intoxicated by the magnetic halo which floated around her hair.

'Take care!' she said, 'I cannot make my stroke if you come so close.'

I knew there was such a thing as throwing away a race by making the running too early.

'His own b-b-ball in the exact centre,' and rather high,' I answered, 'and you—you would not like O'Bri—that is, any other fellow to, to—take that part, in fact.'

'I declare I won't answer you!' she cried. 'Of course, I know you, and never saw most of the others before, and such things make all the difference, you must know. To be kissed, even to make believe, by a man one has seen for the first time a week before, makes one feel nervous; but there!' Ecstacy! She classed O'Brian with the men 'she had only known for a week!' Then she had not noticed him in all those parties.

And she had noticed and remembered me!

'Oh, that you knew me still better! Oh! that it was not make believe!' Let us rehearse our parts!'

'Where is the use,' she murmured, 'if you will not make a small sacrifice?' And she looked so deliciously shy and conscious that I cried in rapture, 'I'll do it!'

'What! part with these?' and she laid a finger more beautiful than Aurora's on one of my whiskers.

'Yes.'

'You must give me one as a memento. Get up; there's some one coming!'

It was Miss Winton and Captain Seymour, who came just in time to prevent a formal offer. I went off to my bed room, locked the door, opened out my dressing-case, took out scissors and razor and began the dreadful task.

Infatuated, mad that I was, I inserted the expanded points of the fatal shears, gave a convulsive clip; and in half a minute the carefully tended growth of years fell to the dressing table. I cannot bear to recall how I looked at that moment. As quickly as was possible I cut off the companion whisker, and then shaved my cheeks clean.

On my way down stairs I met Sir Thomas, who stopped, staired, and asked my name. He did not recognize me, and young Winton, who was always late, was breakfasting when I entered the morning room. He dropped a cup of hot coffee over his knees, and nearly choked.

Leaving him in his misery, I encountered a young lady visitor, who crammed her pocket handkerchief in her mouth and fled.

But it would be tedious to recount the effect I produced on each individual member of the household. All, even the faithless Ada, laughed at my appearance, except O'Brian, who looked upon my transformation from a purely dramatic point of view. Others were divided as to whether I most resembled a plucked fowl or a recently shorn sheep, but the veritable amateur said: 'Sure he will make an elegant Fortescue,' and struck to that view of the question.

The company soon got used to the alteration, and the dramatic business now went as smoothly as a hand passed over my cheeks. I had the intoxicating privilege, the tantalizing element which was tempered by hope, of making second, hand love to Ada in daily rehearsals, till at last the day of positive performance arrived.

We all knew our parts, but whether we acted them well or not it is difficult to judge; our audience was bound in common politeness to be pleased, and the flattering applause and profuse congratulations we received cannot be counted for much. At any rate, everybody seemed delighted and the whole affair was voted a success.

When a fete which has cost some time, thought and labor in the preparation is over, a heavy weariness and depression is apt to weigh upon the principal actors, and this I believe was the case with the majority of the company assembled at Winton Hall.

But I felt nothing of this. What were private theatricals or balls, past or future, to me? Means to an end, one end—Ada. How could my mind be cloudy if she smiled upon me? How feel depressed when such hopes elevated me?

On the morning following the performance I woke early with a determination to turn mimic courtship into earnest, and force a plain yes or no from her that very day. To lie in bed with such a prickle in the pillow was quite impossible, so I got up, dressed, and went for a walk. On passing through the garden on my way back to breakfast, I became aware that some one else was also in high spirits, for a well known voice behind me was singing 'Pigs in the Morning;' and on turning the corner of the path which brought me into a little open dell sacred to rhododendrons, I came upon O'Brian, with his hat stuck on the back of his head, executing a *pas seul* to a vocal accompaniment.

'Ah!' he cried, on seeing me, 'sure you have caught me making a fool of myself. But it is a 'good thing my mother's only son has done for me this fine morning. Congratulate me, my boy!'

'Certainly,' said I, feeling a little sickly. 'What on?'

'I am going to be married to the prettiest little angel that ever wore boots and had a nice little sum all at her own disposition into the bargain. Whoop!'

It was too true; he had stolen a march upon me. I left Winton two hours afterwards.

Thank you; yes, my whiskers are gradually recovering, and I expect to be able to walk out in daylight in another month or so. At present they are in the blackingbrush stage.

JOSH BILLINGS ON COURTIN.

I don't know ez I have enny business to say a word on this subject, as forty skore years have cum and gone since I've had any experience ez a luver; but dooty urges me to warn the yuth and I obey.

I don't 'spose the immortal guse that wunce saved Rome from destruckshun had enny idea of the importance of luv makin at the hour; still she kakled, and her name is handed down in history.

I haven't enny more idee than that guse that my words will be enny effect espeshully to that portion of the human race called luvers.

Wun might as well try to stop a locomotive under full hedway by presentin his kote tale in the kowkatcher as to make a pare of benited luvurs believe they ain't rite.

Courtin' like sailin' is delightful bizness where yu have an open see the wind in yur favur, and you are boulin' on tord the port of matrimony 7ty five nots an our.

In courtin, however, their is sometime wuser storms to wether than even sailing, for yu may be prompt ov; hed winds and heavy sees in the shape of stern parints; hid'n rocks and reefs in the form of other luvurs, with some chance of being druv onto a lee shore by the gal herself. Yet under ordinary circumstances a luver will be de beer of time fetch pore, if he is konstant on his guard against dangers with one eie to the stairboard and the other on his big kumpass.

A great menny luvurs begin wrong; they think that if they wunce get pinted for the gurl's hart, it is enuff; so they hist up anker, crowd on sale, and the fust thing they kno they are into the breakers, or way out to set under jury masts, with the consolin reflecshun that the cruise is up.

If the gurl is an orphan, and willin, or if she is of age, with twenty 5 thousand in her own rite, it is safe, kompel her at wunce.

But onless yu have made up your mind to support yurself, partly, at least, never undertake this mode ov attack onto pess than the abuv sum.

I hev cum to the konklusion, after 7ty-nine years of careful study, that is better to run away with a twenty-five thousand gal than tu try to live on luv and a stern parents kusses exklusively.

To be successful in courtin, then, the luver must turn to navigate his bark into the gul's; and let me tell yu, sighin youth, yu have got to 'cramp up' on navigation to do this.

Aftur a luvyr wunce gits over these obstrueshuns into smooth water and fair winds, he can sail into married life like a streak of litenin' down a chestnut tree.

Don't O, mellow yuth, fall in luv with the paint and the gilt on the outside of yur purse, but learn whether she is seeworthy, and if she is, get her papers, sign the bill of laden, and launch out in life, a happy cuss.

Adieu!

What Sleep Will Cure.

The cry for rest has always been much louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will cure insanity. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly that variety known as nervous dyspepsia. It will relieve the hunger and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypocondria. It will cure the blues. It will cure the headache. It will cure the heartache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who carry grave responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well is one which, if broken up for any length of time, is not easily regained. Often a severe illness, treated by powerful drugs, so deranges the nervous system that sleep is never so sweet after it. Or, perhaps, a long-continued watchfulness produces the same effect; or hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular system, or coffee and whiskey drinking, and tobacco using. To break up the habit are required:

1. A clean bed.
2. Sufficient exercise to produce weariness, and pleasant occupation.
3. Good air, and not too warm a room.
4. Freedom from too much care.
5. A clean stomach.
6. A clear conscience.
7. Avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it, sadly imperfect.—*Herald of Health.*

A LITTLE boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister, entered, and said: 'My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day.' 'I am drawing meeting houses, father,' was the prompt reply.

AN elderly gentleman, returning home one Sunday night from church, began to extol the merits of the sermon to his son. Said he: 'Jack, I have heard one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gate of heaven.' 'Why didn't you dodge in?' replied Jack; 'you will never have another such a chance.'

From the Little Corporal.

BOYS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The head master at this school,* for many years, was one Jonah Thompson, a tall, portly man, with a decided military air, in spite of his drab coat and breeches, and broad-brimmed hat. He used to march his boys to week day meeting in a long line of two-by-two. In their play-hours, these perverse lads managed to manufacture a complete set of wooden guns, and to furnish themselves with several small flags. These they secreted in a closet in the academy hall, and took them up as they passed out on the first meeting day. Their grave master stalked before them, as was his custom, never looking back, so was quite unconscious of the warlike parade made by his school, and of both the laughter and horror it created.

It must have been a droll sight,