The American Volunteer.

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Professional Cards.

C. P. HUMRICH. | WM. B. PARKER.

HUMRICH & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.
Dec. 2 1868—

UNITED STATES CLAIM AND *REAL ESTATE AGENCY!*
M. B. BUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in 2d Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 3 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county Penna.
Pensions, bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly collected.
Applications by mail, will receive immediate attention.
Particular attention given to the selling or renting of Real Estate, in town or country. In all letters of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp.
July 11, 1867—tf

F. E. BELTZHOOVER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CARLISLE, PA.
☞ Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Bentz'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 SOUTH HANOVER ST.,
CARLISLE, PA.
OFFICE—Adjoining Judge Graham's.
March 31, 1870—1f

E. L. SHRYOCK, Justice of the Peace. Office No 3, Irvine's Row, Carlisle.
April 28, 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. J. Y. REED, Homœopathic 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—3m*

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 4, 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 11, 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 Soutl 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 on and all and get a full equivalent for your money.

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 prices 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

EMBROIDERIE

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 3.—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.

For 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

CARRIAGE BUILDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, AND REPAIRING

Done promptly and at reasonable rates.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, AND SPRING WAGONS,

Always on hand or made to order.

I will exchange CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, or SPRING WAGONS for Good HORSES.

Second Hand Wagons of all Kinds

Taken in exchange for work,

A. SENSEMAN,

Still at work, and invites all his old customers and the public in general to give him a call.

Remember the old established place, on Pitt street, north of the Railroad Depot, Carlisle.

A FIRST CLASS LIVERY

In connection with the above establishment.

H. K. PEFFER.
May 12, 70—1y

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—

THE NEW ARTICLE OF FOOD.—For twenty-five cents you can buy of your Druggist or Grocer a package of Sea Moss Farine manufactured from pure Irish Moss or Carrageen, which will make sixteen quarts of Blanc Mange, and a like quantity of Puddings, Custards, Creams, Charlotte Russe, &c., &c. It is by far the cheapest, healthiest and most delicious food in the world. BRAND SEA MOSS FARINE Co., 51 Park Place, N. Y.

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.

WATCH MOTHER!

Mother, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall!
Never count the moments lost,
Never count the time it costs—
Lest those little feet should stray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay,
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me the thankless task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of Light and Love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung
By the joyous happy child,
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis spoken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Savior's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart—
Keep, O! keep that young heart true,
Extirpating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripen for eternity.

Miscellaneous.

THE PAINTER OF ROTTERDAM.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

My father was a trader and distiller at Schiedam, on the Maas. Without being wealthy, we enjoyed the means of procuring every social comfort. We gave and received visits from a few old friends, we went occasionally to the theatre, and my father had his tulip garden and summer-house at a little distance from Schiedam—on the banks of the canal which connects the town with the river.

But my father and mother, whose only child I was, cherished one dream of ambition, in which, fortunately, my own taste led me to participate. They wanted me to become a painter.

'Let me but see a picture by Frantz Linden in the gallery at Rotterdam,' said my father, 'and I shall die happy.'

So at fourteen years of age I was removed from school, and placed in the classes of Messer Kesler, an artist living at Delft. Here I made such progress that by the time I had reached my nineteenth birthday, I was transferred to the *atelier* of Hans Van Roos, a descendant of the celebrated family of that name. Van Roos was not more than thirty-eight or forty years of age, and had already acquired considerable reputation as a painter of portraits and sacred subjects. There was an altar-piece of his in one of our finest churches; his works had occupied the place of honor for the last six years at our annual exhibition, and for portraiture he numbered among his patrons most of the wealthy merchants and burgomasters of the city. Indeed, there could be no question that my master was rapidly acquiring a fortune commensurate with his popularity.

Still he was not a cheerful man. It was whispered by the pupils that he had met with a disappointment in early life—that he had loved, been accepted, and on the eve of marriage had been rejected by the lady for a more wealthy suitor. He came from Freisland, in the north of Holland, when a very young man. He had always been the same gloomy, pallid, labor-loving citizen. He was sparing of domestic expenditure, and liberal to the poor. This every one could tell you, and no one knew more.

The number of his pupils was limited to six. He kept us constantly at work, and scarcely permitted us to exchange a word with each other during the day. Standing there among us silently, with the light from above pouring down upon his pallid face, and becoming absorbed in the folds of his long, black dressing-gown, he looked almost like some stern old portrait himself. To tell the truth, we were all somewhat afraid of him.—Not that he assumed any undue authority; on the contrary, he was stately, silent, and frigidly polite; but his politeness had in it something oppressive, and we were all happier out of his presence. None of us resided under his roof. I had a second floor in a neighboring street, and two of my fellow-students occupied rooms in the same house. We used to meet at night in each other's chambers, and to make excursions to the exhibitions and theatres, and sometimes, on a summer's evening, we would hire a pleasure boat and row a mile or two down the river. We were merry enough then, and not quite so silent, I promise you, as in the gloomy studio.

In the meantime, I was anxious to glean every benefit from my master's instructions. I improved rapidly, and my paintings soon excelled those of the other five. My taste did not incline to sacred subjects, like that of Van Roos, but rather to the familiar rural scenes of Berghem and Paul Potter. It was my delight to wander about the rich pasture lands, to watch the amber sunset, the herds coming home to the dairy, the lazy winding mills scarcely ruffled by the passage of the public *treekshuyt* (canal boat). In depicting scenes of this nature,

"The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,"

I was singularly fortunate. My master never praised me by word or look, but when my father came up one day from Schiedam to visit me, he drew me aside, and in a voice audible to the rest, he told him that 'Messer Linden would do credit to the profession,' which so delighted the good distiller that he straightway took me out with him for the day, and having given me fifteen gold pieces as a testimony of his satisfaction, took me to dine with his friend, the Buorgmeister Von Gael. It was an eventful visit for me. Upon that evening I first fell in love.

Few people, I think, would at that time have denied the personal attractions of Gertrude Von Gael. Yet I do not know that it was her features so much as her soft voice and gentle, womanly grace that fascinated me.

Though so young, she performed the honors of her father's princely table with self-possession and good breeding. In the evening she sang some sweet German songs to her own simple accompaniment. We talked of books and poetry, and I found her well read in English, French and German literature. We spoke of art, and she displayed both judgment and enthusiasm.

As we took our leave at night, the burgomeister shook me by the hand, and told me to come often.

I fancied that Gertrude's blue eyes brightened when he said it, and I felt the color rush quickly to my brow as I bowed and thanked him.

'Franz,' said my father, when we were in the street, 'how old are you?'

'Just twenty-two, sir,' I replied, surprised at the question.

'You will not be dependent on your brush, my boy,' continued my father, as he leaned upon my arm and looked back at the lofty mansion we had just left. 'I have been neither wasteful nor unsuccessful, and it will be my pride to leave you a respectable income at my death.'

I inclined my head in silence, whilst I wondered what would come next.

'Burgomeister Von Gael is one of my oldest friends,' said my father.

'I have often heard you speak of him, sir,' I replied.

'And he is rich.'

'So I should suppose.'

'Gertrude will have a fine fortune,' said my father, as if thinking aloud.

I bowed once more, but this time rather nervously.

'Marry her, Franz.'

I dropped his arm and started back.

'Sir!' I faltered, 'I—I—marry the Fraulein Von Gael?'

'And pray, sir, why not?' said my father, curtly. He stopped short in his walk, and leaned both his hands upon the top of his walking stick.

I made no reply.

'Why not, sir,' repeated my father, very energetically. 'What could you wish for better? The young lady is handsome, good tempered, educated, rich. Now, Franz, if I thought you had been such a fool as to form any attachment without ——'

'Oh, sir, you do me injustice!' I cried. 'Indeed, I have done nothing of the kind. But do you think—do you think that she would have me?'

'Try her, Franz,' said my father, good humoredly, as he resumed my arm. 'If I am not very much mistaken, the burgomeister would be as well pleased as myself. As for the fraulein—women are easily won.'

We had by this time reached the door of the inn where my father was to sleep for the night. As he left me his words were—

'Try her, Franz; try her.'

From this hour I was a constant visitor at the house of the Burgomeister Von Gael. It was a large, old fashioned mansion, built of red brick, and situated upon the famous line of houses known as the Boompjes.

In front lay the broad river, crowded with merchant vessels, from whose masts fluttered the flags of all the trading nations of the world. The trees, thick with foliage, lined the quays, and the sunlight flickered through the leaves upon the spacious drawing room of Gertrude Von Gael's home.

Here, night after night, when the studies of the day were over, I used to sit with her beside the open window, watching the busy crowd beneath, the rippling river, and the rising moon that tipped the masts and city spires with silver. Here we read together from the pages of our favorite poets, and counted the first pale stars that trembled into light.

It was a happy time. But there came at last a time still happier, when, one still evening, as we sat alone, conversing in unfrequent whispers, and listening to the beating of each other's hearts, I told Gertrude that I loved her, and she, in answer, laid her fair head upon my shoulder, with a sweet confidence, as if content so to rest forever.

Just as my father had predicted, the burgomeister readily sanctioned our betrothal, specifying but one condition, and this was that our marriage should not take place till I had attained my twenty-fifth birth day. It was a long time to wait, but I should by that time perhaps have made a name in my profession. I intended soon to send a picture to the annual exhibition, and who could tell what I might not do in three years to show Gertrude how dearly I loved her.

And so our happy youth rolled on, and the quaint old dial in Messer Von Gael's tulip garden told the passage of our golden hours.

In the meantime I worked seduously at my picture. I labored upon it all the winter, and when the spring came I sent it in, with no small anxiety as to its probable position upon the walls of the gallery. It was a view of one of the streets of Rotterdam.

There were the high old houses, with their gables and carved doorways, and the red sunlight glittering on the panes of the upper windows, the canal flowing through the centre of the street, the old white drawbridge, with a barge passing beneath, the green trees deep in the shadow, and the quivering passion of his lips Lawrence rising beyond the clear sky. When it was quite finished and about to be sent away, even Hans Van Roos nodded a cold encouragement, and said that it deserved a good position. He himself had prepared a painting this year, on a more ambitious scale and larger canvas than usual.

It was a sacred subject, and represented the Conversion of St. Paul. His pupils admired it warmly, and none more than myself.

We all pronounced it to be his master piece, and the artist was evidently of our opinion.

The day of exhibition came at last. I had scarcely slept the previous night, and the early morning found me, with a number of other students, waiting impatiently before the yet unopened door. When I arrived it wanted an hour to the time, but half the day seemed to elapse before we heard the heavy bolts give way inside, and then forced our way through the narrow barriers.

I had flown up the staircase and found myself in the first room, before I remembered that I should have purchased a catalogue at the door. I had no patience, however, to go back for it, so I strode round and round the room, looking eagerly for my picture. It was nowhere to be seen, and I passed on to the next. Here my search was equally unsuccessful.

'It must be in the third room,' said I to myself, 'where all the best works are hung. Well, if it be hung ever so high, in ever so dark a corner, it is, at all events, an honor to have a picture in the third room.'

But though I spoke so bravely, it was with a sinking heart I ventured in. I could not really hope for a good place among the magnates of the art, while in either of the other rooms there had been a possibility that it might receive a favorable position.

The house had formerly been the mansion of a merchant of enormous wealth, who had left it, with his valuable collection of paintings, to the State.

The third room had been his reception chamber, and the space over the magnificently carved chimney was assigned as the place of honor to the best painting.—The painter of this picture always received a costly prize, for which he was likewise indebted to the munificence of the founder. To this spot my eyes were naturally turned as I entered the door.

Was I dreaming? I stood still—I turned hot and cold by turns. I ran forward.—It was no illusion. There was my picture, my own picture in its modest little frame, installed in the chief place in the gallery.

And there, too, was the official card stuck in the corner, with the words, 'Prize Painting' printed upon it in a shining gold frame. I ran down the stairs and bought a catalogue, that my eyes might be gladdened by a confirmation of this joy. And there sure enough was printed at the commencement, 'Annual Prize Painting—View in Rotterdam—No. 127—Franz Linden.'

I could have wept for joy. I was never tired looking at my picture. I walked from one side to the other, I retreated, I advanced closer to it, I looked at it in every possible light, and forgot all but my happiness.

'A very charming picture,' said a voice at my elbow.

It was an elderly gentleman, with gold spectacles and an umbrella.

I colored up and said falteringly:

'Do you think so?'

'I do, sir,' said the old gentleman. 'I am an amateur. I am very fond of pictures. I presume that you are also an admirer of art?'

I bowed.

'Very nice little painting, indeed—very nice,' he continued, as he wiped his spectacles and adjusted them with an air of a connoisseur. 'Waters very limpid, colors pure, sky transparent, perspective admirable. I'll buy it.'

'Will you,' I exclaimed joyfully. 'O, thank you, sir.'

'Oh,' said the gentleman, turning suddenly upon me and smiling kindly, 'so you are the artist, are you? Happy to make your acquaintance, Messer Linden. You are a very young man to paint such a picture as that. I congratulate you, and—I'll buy it.'

So we exchanged cards, shook hands, and became the best friends in the world. I was burning with impatience to see Gertrude and tell her the good fortune, but my new patron took my arm and said that he must take the tour of the rooms in my company, so I was forced to comply.

We stopped before a large painting that occupied the next best position to my own. It was my master's work, the Conversion of St. Paul, and while I was telling him of my studies in the *atelier* of the painter, a man started from before us and glided away, but not before I had seen and recognized the pale countenance of Van Roos.

There was something in the expression of his face that shocked me—something that stopped my breath and made me shudder. What it was—I scarcely knew; but the glare of his dark eyes and the quivering passion of his lips haunted me for the rest of the day, and came back again in my dreams.

I said nothing of it to Gertrude that afternoon, but it had effectually sobered my exultation. I dreaded next day to return to the studio; but to my surprise my master received me as he never had received me before. He advanced and extended his hand to me.

'Welcome, Franz Linden,' he said, smiling. 'I am proud to call you my pupil.'

The hand was cold, the voice was harsh, the smile was passionless. My companions crowded round and congratulated me, and in the warm tones of their young, cheerful voices, and the close pressure of their friendly hands, I forgot all that had troubled me in the manner of Van Roos.

Not long after this event Gertrude's father desired to have her portrait painted to console him for her absence, he said, when I should be so wicked as to take her away from him. I recommended my old master, whose tutelage I had recently left, and Van Roos was summoned to fill a task that I would gladly have performed had it been in my power to do so. But portraiture was not in my line. I could paint a sleek, spotted milch cow or a drove of sheep far better than the fair skin or the golden curls of my Gertrude.

She could not endure the artist from the first. In vain I reasoned with her—all was of no use, and she used to say at the end of every such conversation, that she wished the portrait was finished, and that she could no more help disliking him than—than she could help loving me. And so our arguments always ended with a kiss.

But this portrait took a long time.—Van Roos was in general a rapid painter, yet Gertrude's likeness progressed at a very slow pace, and like Penelope's web, seemed never to be completed.

One morning I happened to be in the room—a rare event at that time, for I was hard at work upon my new masterpiece, and I was struck by the change that had come over my late master—he was no longer the same man. There was a light in his eye and a vibration in his voice that I had never observed before, and when he rose to take leave there was a studied courtesy in his bow and manner that took me quite by surprise.

Still, I never suspected the truth, and still the poor portrait was as far as it ever was from being finished.

It all came out at last, and one morning Hans Van Roos made a formal offer of his hand and heart.

Of course he was refused.

'But, as kindly as was possible, dear Franz,' she said, when she told me in the evening, 'because he is your friend, and because he seemed so feel it so deeply. And you don't know how dreadfully pale he turned, and how he tried to restrain his tears. I pitied him, Franz—indeed, I was sorry.'

And the gentle creature could scarce keep from weeping herself, as she told me that we should not see Van Roos for some months after this disclosure.

At last I met him in front of the State House, and, to my surprise, for the second time in his life he extended his hand.

'A good day to you, Messer Linden,' said he; 'I hear that you are on the high road to fortune.'

'I have been very fortunate, Messer Van Roos,' I replied, taking the proffered hand; 'but I shall never forget that I owe my present efficiency to the hours spent in your *atelier*.'

A peculiar expression flitted over his face.

'If I thought that,' he said hastily, 'I—I should esteem myself particularly happy.'

'There was so odd a difference in the way in which he uttered the beginning and end of this sentence—so much hurry and passion in the first half, such a deliberate politeness in the last, that I startled and looked him full in the face. He was as smiling and impenetrable as a marble statue.

'I, too have been fortunate,' he said, after a moment's pause. 'Have you seen the new church lately built at the east end of the Haring vliet?'

I replied that I observed it in passing but I had not been inside.

'I have been intrusted,' he said, after a moment's pause, 'with the superintendence of the interior decorations. My "Conversion of St. Paul" is purchased for the altar-piece, and I am now engaged in painting a series of frescoes upon the ceiling. Will you come in some day and give me your opinion upon them?'

I professed myself much flattered, and appointed to meet him in the church on the following morning.

He was waiting for me at the door, when I arrived, with a heavy key in his hand. We passed in, and he turned the key in the lock.

'I always secure myself against intruders,' he said, smiling. 'People will come into the church if I leave the doors unfastened, and I do not choose to carry on my art like a sign painter, in the presence of every blockhead who chooses to stand and stare at me.'

It was surprising in what a disagreeable manner this man would show his teeth when he smiled.

The church was a handsome building in that Italian style which imitates the antique, and prefers magnificence to the dignified sanctity of the Gothic order.—A row of elegant Corinthian columns supported the roof at each side of the nave, gilding and decorative cornices were lavished in every direction.

The gorgeous altar-piece already occupied its appointed station, and a little to the left of the railed space, where the communion table was to be placed, a scaffold was erected, that seemed from where I stood to almost come in contact with the roof, and above which I observed the yet unfinished sketch of a masterly conception.

Three or four more, already completed, were stationed at regular intervals, and some others were merely in charcoal upon their intended sites.

'Will you not come up with me?' asked the painter, when I had expressed my admiration sufficiently, 'or are you afraid of turning giddy?'

I felt somewhat disinclined to impose the trial on my nerves, but still more inclined to accept it; but I followed him from flight to flight of the frail structure without daring to look down.

At last we reached the summit, and, as I had supposed, there was hardly room enough for the artist to assume a sitting posture, and he had to paint while lying on his back.

I had no fancy to extend myself on this lofty couch, so I only lifted my head above the level of his flooring, looked at the fresco, and descended immediately to the flight below, where I waited till he joined me.

'How dangerous it must be,' said I, shuddering, 'to let yourself down from this abominable perch.'

'I used to think so,' he replied, 'but I am now quite accustomed to it. Fancy,' said he, approaching the edge of the scaffolding, 'fancy falling from here into the church below.'

'Horrible!' cried I.

'I wonder how high it is from the level of the pavement,' continued Van Roos, musingly; 180 feet, I dare say, perhaps 200.'

I drew back, giddy at the thought.

'No man could survive such a fall,' said the painter, still looking over, 'the thickest skull would be dashed to atoms down there.'

'Pray, come away,' said I, hastily, 'my head swims at the idea.'

'Does it,' said he, turning suddenly upon me with the voice and eye of a fiend. Does it?' Fool!' he cried as he seized me around the body in his iron grasp, 'fool, to trust yourself here with me—me, whom you have wronged, whose life you have blasted; me, whom you have crossed in love and in fame.—Down, wretch, down? I've vowed to have your blood, and now my time has come.'

It sickens me even now to recall that horrible struggle. At the first word I had sprung back and seized a beam over my head. He strove to tear it from me. He foamed at the mouth; the veins rose like knots in his forehead; and still, though I felt my fingers strained and my wrists cruelly lacerated, still I held on with the terrible energy of one who struggles for his dear life.

It lasted a long time—at least it seemed long to me, and the scaffolding rocked beneath our feet. At length I saw his strength failing. Suddenly I loosed my hold and threw my whole weight against him. He staggered, he shrieked, he fell.

I dropped upon my face in mute horror. An age of silence seemed to elapse, and the cold dew stood upon my brow.—Presently I heard a dull sound far below. I crawled to the edge of the scaffolding and looked down.

A shapeless mass was lying on the marble pavements, and all around the place was red with blood.

I think about an hour must have elapsed before I could summon courage to descend. When at length I reached the level ground, I turned my face from what was so near my feet, and tottered to the door.

With trembling hands and misty eyes I unlocked it and rushed into the street.

It was many months before I recovered from the brain fever brought on by that terrible day. My ravings, I have been told, were fearful; and had any doubts existed in the minds of men as to which of us two had been the guilty one, those ravings were alone sufficient to establish my innocence. A man in a delirious fever is pretty sure to speak the truth.

By the time I was able to leave my chamber, Gertrude had also grown pale and spiritless, and unlike her former self. Rotterdam was insupportable to me. I found myself a hero of romance—a lion—a thing to be stared at wherever I went; all of which only served to shatter my nerves still more.

In short, change of scene and air was recommended for us both; so we thought we could not do better than marry and take a wedding tour for the sake of our healths. And I assure you, reader, it did us both a great deal of good.

Puss in Boots.

The youngest of a family of sons inherited only a tom-cat, who, noticing his master's sadness, spoke kindly to him, and assured him that he could provide plenty for both of them to eat, if his master would give him a dress, boots, and a sack.

Puss was provided with what was needed, and dressed himself and went to a rabbit warren, where he arranged a trap with his sack and some cabbage leaves. He hid himself behind a tree, and in a short time secured a fine rabbit.

Rabbits were a favorite dish with the king. Puss therefore presented himself before his Majesty, takes the liberty of presenting to your Majesty this fine rabbit.' The king, was pleased, and sent his compliments to the 'Marquis of Carabas,' as puss called his master.

The marquis went in to bathe one day, when puss hid his master's clothes, and as the king's carriage came along he called aloud for help, and his majesty ordered his servant to provide the marquis with some fine clothes from the royal wardrobe.

Clothed in royal apparel the marquis was invited to ride with the king. The route home was over an estate belonging to an ogre and enchanter. Puss hurried along in advance of the royal train, and paid his respects to the lord of the castle—the ogre.

Puss became friendly with the enchanter, and inquired if he really could change himself into an animal. The ogre replied by immediately changing himself into a lion, at which puss was much frightened.

Puss inquired if he could change into a little animal, such as a mouse or a rat, as she was afraid of a lion. The chanter, without thinking, became a rat, and puss devoured him at once.

When the king drove past the castle, puss begged them to 'enter the castle of the Marquis of Carabas.' The king accepted, and was so charmed with the goos qualities and riches of the marquis, that he gave him his daughter, the princess, in marriage.

Puss having kept his promise to his master, was highly honored for it, and lives the life of a gentleman of leisure, only hunting rats and mice when it pleases his fancy.

THE WRONG MAN POULTICED.—At a famous and fashionable watering place, a gentleman one night was suddenly seized in bed with an excruciating pain in the stomach, which neither brandy, No 6, or any other remedy could remove. His wife, after trying a number of things in vain, and having exhausted all her stock of remedies, left her husband's bedside for the purpose of getting a warm application. Guided on her return by a light shining in a chamber, and which she supposed was the one just left, she softly entered, and was not a little surprised to find her patient apparently in a deep slumber. However, thinking he might be still suffering, she gently raised the bed-clothes, &c., and laid the scalding poultice upon a stomach—but not the stomach of her husband, which no sooner touched the body of the person than he, greatly alarmed, and writhing under the torture of the burning application, shouted: 'Hallo! hallo! what in the name of heaven and earth are you about?' then, with one spring from his bed, he made for the door, and rushing down stairs, declared, in a frenzy of excitement, that some one had poured a shovel full of hot coals upon him. The woman, overcome with excitement and alarm, gave frantic screams which brought her husband hurriedly in from the next room to her rescue. The husband was so much excited, and also so much amused with the singular mistake and the ridiculous position of his better half, that he forgot all his pains; but early the next morning he, his wife and trunks, left for parts unknown. The poulticed gentleman still retains the handkerchief—a beautiful linen fabric, with the lady's name upon it, which he considers of rare value.

THE 'Truelove' is the name of the oldest vessel now afloat. She was built in Philadelphia in 1764, and is consequently 106 *years old.* The vessel was built originally for the merchant trade, but during the Revolution was used as a privateer. She was captured by a British war vessel in 1780, and was purchased from the British Government by parties in Hull, England, from which port she now hails. Since 1867 she has been employed in carrying ice from Norway to the English market. She is said to be in as good a condition as ever, and still hard at work.

HERE is a *pointed* paragraph for types: "* of my existence, give me an ——," said a printer to his sweetheart. She immediately made a —— at him, and planted her fist between his I's, nearly putting a ‖ to his existence. "Such an outrage," was the † of Faust, looking ††'s at her, "is probably without a ‖ in this § of the country, and is a good subject for a ¶."

NEURALGIA.

The certain cure of neuralgia is found in judicious eating and exercise; and not only so, a permanent cure cannot be effected in any other way, while these are always efficient.

In neuralgia the blood is always too thick, impure and in excess; and as diet and exercise combine to render these conditions, some rules in relation to them are desirable. These will be adapted to sedentary persons, to those who live indoors generally, such as women, students, bookkeepers, and the like.

It is rather better to eat thrice a day, morning, noon, and night; that is, as soon after sunrise as practicable, for the breakfast; dinner about 1 o'clock; supper before sundown.

Eat nothing whatever between meals.

Breakfast, a single cup of coffee, or tea; some cold bread and butter, with a dish of berries or stewed fruit in the summer time, and nothing else; in winter, meat, fish, or poultry, or, in their stead, a couple of soft boiled eggs.

Supper should be made of cold bread and butter, and a cup of warm drink of some kind, and nothing else.

Dinner the same as breakfast, adding one vegetable, and some fruit, raw or stewed, as a dessert, and nothing else. A different kind of vegetable may be taken every day for variety; the kind of meat may be changed at each meal.

The object in the specification above made is to discourage variety at meals, because it is this which tempts all to eat too much. Persons at times have felt at the table that they had eaten enough; but on seeing a very inviting dish unexpectedly brought in, a good meal has been eaten of this last variety. The general and hurtful error is that too great a variety is spread on our tables, not only occasioning trouble of preparation and a great loss, but also a positive injury. In the temptation of the appetite. The reader may try it upon himself on any two days. A dinner of one vegetable, one kind of meat and bread; at dinner the next day, let a great variety be presented; he will eat double the amount at this repast, with this remarkable difference: an hour after the first meal, he will be entirely comfortable, will feel as if he had eaten quite enough; an hour after the latter, there will be decided discomfort, a fullness, a feeling as if some kind of relief was desirable, and in too many cases a resort to the decanter, with a vain hope of a riddance in some way. It cannot be denied that the first step toward intemperate habits has been taken in using liquors to remove the unpleasant consequences of over-eating. A very great aid overcoming a habit of too heavy eating will be found in sitting down to a table with only three varieties of food.—*Dr. Hall.*

A WESTERN MARRIAGE.—A far western marriage ceremony, thirty years before the Pacific Railro