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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in 2d Story of Inhon's Building, No. 3 South Ramover Street, Carlisle, Comberland county ons, bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly tions by mail, will receive immediate mentum Particular attention given to the selling or rent-gof Real Estate, in town or country. In all let-nof inquiry, please enclose postage stamp, July 11, 187—t1

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CARLISLE, PA. fice on South Hanover Street, opposit

W. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his time to the hitherts unoccupied room in the orth East corner of the Court House, Jun. 28, 1991–197

IT KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW

AMES H. GRAHAM, JR.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, NO.14 SOTUH HANOVER ST.,

SHRYOCK, Justice of the Office No 3, Irvin's Row, Carlis.e.

r. From the Baltimore College of De Office at the residence of his mo-ther Street, three doors below Bed

M. B. REYNOLDS, M. D. aduate of HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COL West Louther St., at residence of his

R. I. Y. REED, Homeopathic Phy-deinn, hus located in Carlisle, Office nex-er to St. Paul's Evangilical Church, Wes-gliber Street. Patients from a distance please

DOWARD SHILLING, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

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Wats and Caus ARESH SUMMER ARRIVAL

NEW STYLES

ΟF HATS AND CAPS. ns subscriber has just opened at No. 15 North weer Street, a few doors North of the Carlisle soil Hank, one of the largest and best Stocks (ATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle, ik Hals, Cassimere of fall styles and qualities, lifferent colors, and every descrip-Soft Hats now made.

Dunkard and Old Fashloned Brush, con-yon hand and made to order, all warrant-glys satisfaction.

d to give satisfaction.

A full assortment of

MEN'S,
BOY'S, AND
CHILDREN'S,
HATS,
have also added to my Stock, notions of differadies' and gentlemen's stockings

Pencils, Newing Silk, PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND. live me a call, and examine my stock as I fee addent of pleasing all, besides saving you mo JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hunover Street.

ATS 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. recan be seen the finest assortment of

HATS AND CAPS rought to Carlisle. He takes great pleas i inviting his old friends and customers il new ones, to his splendid stock just re I from New York and Philadelphia, con in part of fine

BILK AND CASSIMERE HATS, des au endiess variety of Hats and Caps o latest style, all of which he will sell at the a Cash Prices. Also, his own manufacture to always on hand, and HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. b has the best arrangement for coloring Hats all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcouts, &c., at shortest notice (as he colors overy week, and be most reasonable terms. Also, a fine loy of 'ce brands of

TOBACCO AND CIGARS COUNTRYFURS live him a call, at the above number, his ald hid, as he feels confident of giving entire so . us-

Boots and Shoes.

TROHM & SPONSLER.

No 18; South Hanover Street, CARLISLE, PA.

iankful for the patronage extended; them thore, do now announce their usual large & of SPRING BIYLES of

BOOTS AND SHOES

ADIES' AND MISSES',

GENTS' AND BOYS',

leh are unrivated for comfort and beauty

TRUNKS AND VALISSES, MEN AND BOYS' HATS, of which will be sold at small profits. Call and all and get a full equivalents for your µril, 12 1870—1▼

ANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF! le undersigned is always open for small fat, and will have no objection whitever to be administed for sheriff, it his Democratio friends is a common to stay at home and attend to his business of the will be a ministed for his business of the will be a ministed for his business of the will be a ministed for his business of the will be a ministed for the will be a few or the will be a f

The American Bounteer.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1870.

Dry Goods.

CHEAP DRY GOODS,

CHEAP DRY GOODS, AT THE

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

NEW STORE

D. A. SAWYER.

D. A. SAWYER,

Irvine's Corner. Irvine's Corner Bargains in

Bargains in

LAWNS, GRENADINES,

HERNANIS,

LACE POINTS,

SUMMER SHAWLS,

LACE CURTAINS,

PARASULS, FANS, &c.

Marsailles, LOOK AT THE PRICES

CALICOES, 6½, 8, 10, 12½, MUBLINS, 6½, 5, 10, 12½, GINGHAMS, 12½, 14, 15, 17, TICKINGS, 14, 18, 22, 25, heapest Pants Stuff heapest Cloths and Cass mers Cheapest Hosiery and Handk's, in Cheapest Notions, all kinds in Disc ESS GOODS, Cheapest DeLaines Cheapest Poplins Cheapest Alpaccas black & col'd Che-pest black & Faucy Silks Cheapest Japanese

WHITE GOODS.

Cheapest Piques Fig, striped Cheapest Maisuties Cheapest Percates Cheapest Chintzes Cheap at Emproducties & Lace A splendid article Pique 25 cts. All other foods in proportion. Come and examine for outselves. No trouble to show goods. Our notto its small profits and quick sales. T ese goods have been purchas d for each, at resem, gold prices, and we can self you new foods twenty-free pc cent, tees than they will

harge you for old goods at other stores.
D. A. SAWYER. June 2, 1870. DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!!

ATTRACTIVE SPECIALTIES

HARPER'S

PSPULAR DRY GOODS STORE

Pure market, and to be sold at correspondingly

DRESS GOODS, comprising all the novelties of the season

MOURNING AND

SECOND MOURNING GOODS, BLACK SILKS, BLACK SATIN TAMISES, in extra quality, Pure Mohairs, Brack Alpacca:

WHITE GOODS.

Piques in great variety and latest styles.-French Muslins, Nansocks, Cambrics, Eisho and Victoria Lawns, Tarletons, &c., &c. HOSIERY AND GLOVES in great variety.

Juipure Laces—best and cheapest stock win. Real Valenciennes, Phread Laces, ertings, Hamburg Embroideries and L

LINEN GOODS. inen for suits. Linen Ducks and Drills, Pillow Case Linens

White Holland for Blinds,
Table Linen's and Napkins White Spreads, &c., &c. BOYS' CASSIMERES AND MEN'S WEAR

newest styles, less than regular rates. SPECIAL NOTICE!

Opening of LLAMA LACE POINTS, LLAMA LACE SOCKS, BEDUULN MANTLES, SHETLAND SDAWLS THOS. A. HARPER.
Cor. of Hanover and Pomiret Sts.

GREAT COMMITION

DRY GOODS,

On account of the reduction in Gold, the Dr. Goods Merchants who understand their business and the certain signs of the three, have reduce the prices of their goods correspondingly. The scribers have just received from the ottles a large and full assortment of all kinds of

FOREIGN & STAPLE GOODS, which they will sell lower than they have don SILKS,

Wool De Laines, Alpacas, Poplins, Serges, Bom pazines, Tamise Cloth, Grenadines, FLANNELS OF ALL KINDS.

Plain and Fancy, Linen Table Diapers, Cottor io, Checks, Tickings, Ginghams, Counterpanes EMBROIDERIE thill line: White Goods in great variety.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS and a full stock of DOMESTIC GOODS, calleges, Muslins, by the piece or yard; Gra

CLOTUS, CASSIMERS, &c., CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS. gets. Window Shades, Matting MILINERY GOODS

of all kinds, including Ladies and Children lats and Sundowns, and the best assortment and best quality of fine fithbons in the county.— tid Glovos, (best antics) levelry, famey Goods and Notions in great variety. This MAMMOTH STOCK OF GOODS tne largest in this section of country, is offered a prices that defy composition, 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 rice assortment of Ladies' Under Clothin very handsomely stitched and trimmed a reasonable prices.
WOOL taken in exchange for goods.
BENTZ & CO. At the old Dry Goeds stand established Feb

Poetical.

RIPE WHEAT.

We bent to-day o'er a coffined form, And our tears fell softly nown;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown,

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands, From life's long labor at rest; And among the blossoms white and sweet,

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom Of a land where fall no tears.

The ripe wheat fold of toll and care. The patient waiting the trusting prayer, The garnered good of the years,

We know not what work her hands had for What rugged places her feet, What cross was her's, what blackutes of night We saw but the peace, the blossoms white, And the bunch of ripened wheat, As each goes up from the fiel is of earth,' Bearing the treasures of life, God looks for some gathered grain of good,

But waiting the reaper's knife. Then labor well that in death you go, Not only with blossoms sweet— Not bent with doubt, and burdened with fee And dead, dry busks of the wasted years— But laden with golden wheat

From the ripe harvest that shining stood.

Miscellancous.

CURIOUS DREAM,

CONTAINING A MORAL. Night before last I had a singula Night before last I had a singular dream. I seemed to be sitting on a door step, (in no particular city, perhups,) ruminating, and the time of night appeared to be about twelve or one o'clock. The weather was balmy and delicious.— There was no human sound in the air, not even a footstep. There was no sound of anything to emphasize the dead stillness, except the occasional hollow barking of a dog in the distance and the fainter answer of a further dog. Presently up the street I heard a bony clack-clacking, and guessed it was the castanets of a rerenading party. In a minute more a tall skeleton, hooded and half clad in a tattered, and mouldy shroud, whose shreds were flapping about the ribby lattice, work of its person, swung by me shieds were flapping about the ribby lattive work of its person, swung by me
with a stately pride, and disappeared in
the gray rhoom of the starlight. It had
a broken and worm eaten of fin on its
shoulder and a bundle of something in
its hand. I knew what the clack-clacking was, then—it was this party's joints
working together, and his elbows knocking against his sides as he walked. I
may say I was surprised. Before I could
collect my thoughts and enter upon any
speculations as to what this apparition
might por end, I heard another one coming—for I recognized his clack clack.—
He had two thirds of a coffin on his
shoulder, and some foot and head boards
under his arm. I mightily wanted to
peer, under his hood and speak to him,
but when he turned and smiled upon
me with his cavernous sockete and his
rejecting grin as he went by, I thought

ing the remnant of the shroud abou

ing the remnant of the shroud about him and leaning his jaw pensivery on his hand. Then he put his left toot on his knee and lell to scratching his ankle bone absently with a rusty nail which he got out at his coffee. got out of his coffin.
"What is too bad friend?" 'Oh, everything; everything. I almost wish I never had died.' most wish I never had died.'
You supprise me. Why do you say
this? Has anything gone wrong? What

is the matter?'
- 'Matter! Look at this shroud—rags. Look at this gravestone, all battered up Look at that disgraceful old coffin. Ai

a man's property going to ruin and de struction before his eyes and ask him if anything is wr. ng? Fire and brum-Calm yourself, calm yourself.' I said. 'It is too had—it is certainly too bad, but then I had not supposed that you would much mind such matters, situated as you

'Well, my dear sir, I do mind them. My pride is burt and my comfort is impaired—destroyed, I might say. I wil put it to you in such a way that you can compr-hend it, if you will let me,' said the poor skeleton, tilting the hood of his shroud back, as if he were clearing for as ion, and thus unconsciously giving hin sell a jaunty and lestive arr, very much at variance with the grave character of his position in life—so to speak;—and in prominent contrast with his distressful

mood.

'Proceed,' said I.

'I reside in the shameful old graveyard, a block or two above you here, in this street. There, now, I just expected that cartilage would let go! Third rib from the bottom, friend, hitch the end of got such a thing, about you, though a bit of silver wire is agreat deal pleasanter, and more durable and becoming, if one keeps is polished—to think of shredding out and going to pieces in this way, just on account of the indifference and neglect of one's posterity!—and the poor ghost grated his teeth in a way that gave me a wrench and a shiver—for the effect is mightily increased by the absence of outfling flesh and cuticle. 'I reside in tha oly. graveyard, and have for these thirty years; and I tell you things are changed since T first laid this old tred frame there; and turned over and stretched out for a long sleep, with a delicious sense upon me of being done with bother, and grief, and auxiety, and doubt, and fear, forever and ever, and listening with comfortable and increasing satisfaction to the sexton's work, from the startling clatter of his first spadeful on my Proceed, said I. with comfortable and increasing satisfac-tion to the sexton's work, from the start-ling cla ter of his first spadeful on my coffin till it dulled away to the faint pat-ting that shoped the roof of my new home—delicious? My! I wish you could try it to-night?' and out of my reverse deceased fetched me with a rattling slap with a bony hand.

'Yes, sir, thirty years ago I laid me down there, and was happy. For it was out in the country, then out in the breezy, flowery, grand old woods, and the hazy winds gossipped with the leaves, and the squirrels expered over us and around us, and the creeping things visited us, and the birds filled the tranquit editate with moste. Ah, it was worth around us, and the creeping things visited us, and the birds filled the tranquit solitude with music. Ah, it was worth ten years of a man's life to be dead then! Everything was pleasant. I was in a good neighborhood, for all the dead people that lived near me belonged to the best families in the city. Our posterity appeared to think the world of us. They kept our graves in the very best condition; the lences were always in faultiess repair, headtoards were kept painted or whitewashed, and were replaced with new ones as soon as they began to look insty or decayed; monuments were kept upright, railings intact and bright, the rosebushes and shrubbery trimmed, trained and free from blemish, the walks clean and smooth and graveled. But that day is gone by.

' GONE TO HIS JUST REWARD.' that day is gone by.
Our descendants have forgotten us.—

My grandson lives in a stately house built with money made by me, and I sleep in a neglected grave with invaling vermine that graw my shroud to fulfil their nests withat! I and friends that lithe it is with me founded and secured the grosperity of this fine city, and the stately house, bantling of our loves, leaves is to rot in a dilapidated cemetery which neighbors curse and strangers scoff attested to lithe fine city and the stately house, bantling of our loves, leaves is to rot in a dilapidated cemetery which neighbors curse and strangers scoff attested to lithe fine city and the stately distorted old skeleton you see the difference between the old time and this—for instance: Our grave are all caved in, now; our headboards have all caved in, now; our headboards have rotted and tumbled down, our ratines reel this way and that way, with one foot in the air, after a fashion of unfeemly levity; our monuments lean, art our gravestones bow their heads discounged;

together, and he always starts it off with a cheery screech, like raking a nail across a window pane. Hey, Jones! That is old Columbus Jones—shroud cost four hundred dollars—entire trouseau, including requirement, twenty-scores, hard-

root this way and the way, will not foot in the air, after a fashion of unjeanly levity; our monuments lean, and our gravestones bow their heads discongaged there be no ornaments any nucy, no roses nor shruts, nor graveled walks, nor anything that is a comfort to the eye, and even the paintless old board fences that did make a show of holding us sacred from companionship with beixts and the delienment of heed ess feet, has totlered till it overhangs the street, and only advertises the presence of our dismarch of the electronic street in the firm of the dismarch of the electronic street in the firm of the electronic street in the street street in the electronic street in the street street in the electronic street in the street street street in the street street in the electronic street in the street street street in the street street in the street stre to see how it is. While our descendants are living sumptuously on our money right around us in the city, we have to fight hard to keep sculi and bones together. Bless you there isn't a graye in our cemetery that doesn't leak—not one. Every time it rains in the night we have to climb out and foost in the trees—and sometimes we are wakened suddenly by the chilly water trickting down the backs of our necks. Then I tell you there is a general heaving up of old graves and kicking over of old monumens, and scampering of old skeletons for the trees. Bless me, if you had gone along there some such nights after twelve you might have seen as many as fifteen of us roosting on one limb, with our joints rattling drearily and the wind wheez ng through and happened to come along just before the dawn you'd have caught us baing out the graves and hanging our shrouds on the fence to dry. Why I had an elegant shroud stolen from there one morning—think a party by the name of Smith took it, that resides in a pichian ghosts upset things before they started.
They were almost riotous in their demonstrations of distaste. Hello, here are some of the Bledsoes, and if you will give me a lift with the tombstone I guess.

Smith took it, that resides in a pichim grave yard over yorder—I think so because the first time I ever saw him he hadn't anything on but a check shirt, and the last time I saw him, which was at a social gathering in the new cemetery, he was the but dressed corpse in the company—and it is a significant fact that he left when he saw me; and presently an old woman from here missed her coffin—she generally took it with her when she went anywhere, because she was jugive me a into with the tomostone I guess I will join company and jog along with them—mighty respectable old family, the Bledsoes, and used to always come out in six-horse hearses, and all that sort of thing fifty years age, when I walked these streets in daylight. Good-bye, friend, ton in dingity of the continuence of the control of the ground and in doing so norized that it bore the name of John Start of the grave stone down till it rested on the ground and in doing so norized that it bore the name of John Start of the date of his death. Deceased state wearing town by me and many any perspiration.

I an old woman from here missed her continuence here and his he generally took it with her when here the detacking again, and another one issued from the shadowy half-light. This one was hending under a heavy gravestone, and dragging a shabby coffin after him by a sting—

When he got to me i-ce gave me a steady look for a moment or two, and then rounded to and backed up to me, saying:

Ease this down for a fellow, will you?

I eased the grave stone down till it rested on the ground and in doing so noired that it bore the name of John shadow as the date of his death. Deceased state wearing down by me and wight his os frontis with his major maxillary—chirify frontis with his major maxillary

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been pr "I simply meant I had not had the non-for—for I would not deliberately speak discourteously of a friend of yours. You were saying that you were robbed—and it was a share, too—but it appears by what is left of the shroud you have on that it was a costly one in its day. How did—" ed wanderer an idea that had entered my head to publish an account of this curlous and very sorrowful exodus, but said also that I could not describe it truthfully, and just as it occurred, with-out seeming to trifle with a grave subject and exhibit an irreverance for the dead that would shock and distress their sur-

maybe, but not poetry.

MARK TWAIN.

A REVOLUTIONARY soldier was run ning for Congress, and his opponent was young man, who had "never been to

the wars," and it was the custom of the old Revolutionary to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he—
"Fellow-citizens: I have fought and

bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other

slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of Heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—"
Just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly intersted in his tale of sufferings, walked up a front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupted him with:

"Del you say you had fout the British

"Did you say you had fout the British and the Injung?"

"Did you say you slept on the ground.

while serving your country without any

"I did."
"Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?"
"I did," said the speaker, exultingly.
"Well, then." said the sovereign, as he gare a sigh of tearful emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow; for I'll be

lamed if you ain't done enough for your

'MRS. H.,' exclaimed a little urchin, or

nain, and said: 'Mother would be so thankful if you

Mrs. H., good-naturedly produced the

desired article, and as the boy started for

'Wal, yis,' replied the boy. I recket

A RED cheek is an ornament, but a red

·I did."

country.

dev lop among the decayed features and shriveled integuments of my guest's face and I was beginning to grow upeasy and listressed, when he told me he was only distressed, when he told me he was only working up a deep, sly smile, with a wink in it, to suggest that about the time he acquired his present garment a ghost in a neighboring cemetery missed one. This reassured me, but I begged him to confine himself to speech, thenceforth, because his facial expression was uncertain. them."
At that very moment a cock crowed, and the weird procession vanished and left not a shred or a bone behind. I awoke, and found myself lying with my head out of the bed and 'sagging' downwards considerably—a position favorable to dreaming dreams with morals in them, maybe, but not neetry.

was uncertain.

Even with the most elaborate care it was liable to miss fire. Smilling should especially be avoided. What he might to mestly consider a shining success was likely to strike me in a very different light. I said I liked to see a skeleton likely to strike me in a very differen light. I said I liked to see a skeleto cheerful; even decorously playful, but did not think smiting was a skeleton

best hold.
'Yes, friend,' said the poor skeleton 'the facts are just as I have given them to you. Two of these old graveyards—the one I resided in and one further on—have been deliberately neglected by our descendants of to day until there is no occupying them any longer. Aside from the esteological discomfort of it—and that is no light matter this rainy weather— the present state of things is ruinous to property. We have got to move or be content to see our effects washed away and utterly destroyed. Now, you will hardly believe it, but it is true, neverthehardly believe it, but it is true, neverine-less, that there isn't a single coffin in good repair among all my acquaintances— now that is an absolute fact. I do not re-fer to people who come in a pine box monatola on a corress warm, but I am fer to people who come in a pine box mounted ou an express wagon, but I am taking about your high toned silver mounted burial ease, monumental sort, that travel under plumes at the head of a procession and have choice of cemetery lots—I mean loks like the Jarvises, and the Bléithoes, and Burlings, and such. They are all about ruined. The most substantial people in our set, they were. And now look at them—utterly used up and poverty stricken. One of the Bledsens agitually traded his monument to a late barkeeper for some fresh shavings to put under his head. I tell you it speaks volumes, for there is nothing a corpse takes so much pride in as his monument. He loves to read the inscription; he comes after awhile to believe what it says, himself, and then you may see him sitting on the lence night after night enjoying it. Epitaphs are cheap, and they do a poor chap a great deal of good after he is dead, especially if he had hard luck white he was alive, I wish they were used more. Now I don't complain, but confidentially, I do think it was a little shabby in Ly descendants to give me nothing but this old sho of a grave nounted on an express wagon, but I am ilitle shabby in ين descendants to giv me nothing but this old slab of a grave lone—and a I the more that there

compliment on it, it used to have on it, and I was proud when I first saw it, but by and by I noticed that whenever an old friend of mine came along he would hook his chin on the railing and pull a long face and read along down till the came to that, and then he would checkte to himself and walk off looking satisfied and comfortable. So I scratched it off to get rivof those fools. But a dead man always takes a deal of pride in his monoment. You'der goes half a dozen of the Jarvises, now, with the lamity monument the same series and some ment along; and Smithers and some hired spectres went by with his a while ago. Helio, Alggins, good bye old friend!

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLU-

Just at the close of the Revolutionary Just at the close of the Revolutionary War there was seen somewhere in one of the small towns of central Massachusetts a ragged and forlorn looking soldier coming up the dusty street. He looked about on the cornields tasseling for the harvest; on the rich bright patches of wheat for the sickle, and on the green potato field with curious eyes—so at least thought Mr. Towne, who was walking leisurely behind him, going home from the reaping to his supper. The latter was a stout farmer, dressed in home-made brown linen trowsers, without suspenders, vest or coat. The ragged: soldier stopped under the shade of a great sugar muple, and Mr. Towne, overtaking him,

nuple, and Mr. Towne, overtaking him, topped also.

'Home from the war?' he asked.

'Just out the British clutches,' replied 'Just out the British clutches, 'replied the man; 'I've been a prisioner for years.' He replied suddenly.
'Can you tell me who lives in the next house? Is it yours?'
'No,' replied Towne; Tompkins lives there. That house and barn used to belong to a contrade of yours, as I suppose his name was Jones, but he was shot at Bunker Hill, and his widow married again!'

again!'
The soldier leaned against a tree.—
'What kind of a man is he? I mean what kind of people are they there?—
Would they likely to let a poor soldier Would they likely to let a poor soldler have something to eat?

'If Tompkins is out, you'd be treated first rate there. Mrs. Tompkins is a nice woman, but he is the smallest cur that ever gnawed a bone. He is a terrible surly neighbor, and he leads her a dog's life. She missed it marrying that fellow but you see she had a bard time of it with the farm after ones went off soldlering, and when my son came back and said he was dead—he saw him bleeding to death on the battle field—she broke right down, and this Tompkins came along and got into work for her, and he laid himself out to do first rate. He somehow got on the blind side of us and when he offered himself to her, I advised our to have him, and I am sorry that I

when he offered himself to her, I advised our to have him, and I am sorry that I did it. You had better come home with one. I always have a bite for any poor fellow that's fought for his country.'

'Thank you kindly,' returned the solder, but Mrs. Tompkins is a distant—a sort of old accquaintance. The fact is I used know her husband, and guess I will call there.' call there.'
Mr. Towne watched him as he went to
the door and knocked and saw that he
was admitted by Mrs. Tompkins. 'Some
old sweetheart of hers, may be,' said Mr.
Towne, nodding to himself. He comes

too late, poor woman, she has a hard row to hoe now, then Mr. Towne went to supper, and we will go in with the solier. 'Could vou give a poor soldier a mouth Could you give a poor soldier a mouth-ful to eat?' he asked of the pale and ner-vons woman who opened the door.
'My husband does not allow me to give anything to travellers,' she said, 'but I always feel for the soldiers coming back, and I'll give you some supper, If you wont be long about it,' and she wiped her-eyes with her white and blue checked appon and set with alacity about provi-ding refreshments for the poor man, who had thrown binself into the neares chair with his head leaning on his breast, eemed too tired even to remove his hat

from his face.

'I am glad you have eat, and I would not hurry you for anything,' sne said in a frightened way, 'but you eat quick won't you? for I expect every moment he will be in.' he will be in.'

The man drew his chair to the table, keeping his hat on his head, as though he belonged to the Society of Friends, but that could not be, for the 'Friends' do not go to the wars. He ate heartily of the bread and butter and cold meat, and have hour he was about it!' of the bread and outter and cond meat,, and how long he was about it!'
Mrs. Tompkins fidgeted. 'Dear me,' she said to herself, 'If he only knew, he wouldn't be so cruel as to let Tompkins come in and catch him here.' 'She went and looked from the window uneasily, the the said to say a retail the window uneasily, the the said the way as taking of him meal.

but the soldier gave no token of his

iere.' Before the soldier could reply, footsteps were heard on the door stone of the back were heard on the door stone of the back door and a man entered. He stopped short, and looked at the soldier as a savage dog might look. Then he broke out in a tone between a savage growl and

viving friends. But this bland and state ly remnant of a former citizen leaned him har over my gate and whispered in my ear, and said:

"Do not let that disturb you. The coma roar.

'Hey-day Molly, a pretty piece of business! What have I told you, time and again, madam? You'll find you had better mind your master, and you, you lazy, thieving vagabond, let me see you clear out of my house and off my land a creat deal outlier than you came on the munity that can stand such grave yards as those we are emigrating from can stand anything a body can say about the mg ected and forsaken dead that lie in them." great deal quicker than you came on the

reat near queser than you came on the premises!

'Your house! and your land!' exclaimed the soldier, starting up suddenly, erect tall and dashing off his hat with a quick flery gesture. His eyes flashed like lightning, and his lips quivered with indignation as he confronted the astonished Tompkins. The latter was afraid of him, and his wife gave a sudden shriek when the soldier first started to his feet and flung of his het, and had sunk trembling and half fainting in a chair, for she recognized him.

'You hain't any business to interfere between me and my wife,' said Tompkins, cowed by the attitude of the soldier.

lier. 'Your wife!' exclaimed the soldier

with the very concentration of contempt expressed in his voice, and pointing to him with an indignant finger. Who are you? asked Tompkins with an air of effrontery.

'I am Harry Jones, since you asked,' replied the soldier, 'the owner of this house and land, which you will leave this very hour! as for Molly,' softenic g his tone as he turned to the woman now sobbing hysterically, 'she shall choose between us.'

between us.'
'O Harry!' sobbed she, while Tomp kinsstood dumb with astonishment, 'take with a step he was at her side, holding her in his arms. What do you mean, treating this poor child so? Do you think because she had no earthly protector, that there was not a God in heaven against

you?' No man who is cruel to a woman is over truly brave, and Tompkins slunk away like a beaten spaniel. The next day had not passed away before everybody in the town knew that Harry Jones had come home alive anwell to secure his much enduring, patient wife from a worse constraint than that of British prison, but what they all said, and what Harry said, and what Molly felt, I must leave you to imagine, fo

running into a near neighbor's house, 'mother wanted me to ask, would ye please lend 'er yer candle-molds?' here the legend ends. please lend 'or yer candle-molds?'
The molds were given him, and he ran home. In a lew minutes he returned with this query:
'Mother wants to know if ye'd be kind enough to lend 'er some wickin'?'
The wicking was measured off, and heagain departed. But he soon appeared each and said. A LITTLE darkey was recently found sitting on the stoop of a fashionable house crying pityful. "What's de matter wid you?" asked a colored woman. "De matters 'nuff-double trouble all ober de house. Fader am drunk-mudder am gone wid cloze-siss broke de lookin'-glass wid de broomstick-de baby hab got her eyes full ob cyan pepper, and Pete Wood put the mustard on he hair for goose grease. I put sait in my tea for de white sugar-wat mudder bus when and a little taller ye'd be so kind as to de White augur-wat induder has when the Professor Hunnibal comes to see her; and that made me sea-sick. De dog licked Pete's face, and got his mouf full ob mustard and lies under de bed a howlin. De kitten got her hed in de milk put and I cut her hed off to save de pitchur, and the first start and the first start and start for the save designed. the door, she said:
'Wouldn't your mother like to have me come over and mold the candles for her?' she'd like it fust rate' cos she didn't un-derstand it very well; but she don't like to be troublin' her neighbors, so she den I had to breake de pitchur to get d

head out, and de way I'h get licked when mudder cums hum, for settin' de bed afire, will be a sin." Unbleached domestics-Negro serVOL. 57.--NO. 5.

The following incident was related by member of the Buttimore bar who a member of the Battimore par, who at the time of its occurrence was but recent-ly admitted to practice. The truth of the statement may be depended on, and even the conversation introduced I give, I think, nearly word for word as reported

At the period referred to there were several single storied houses on the east side of St. Paul street, between Lexington and Saratoga streets each of which contained about two rooms. They were rather massive—according to present ideas—constructed of brick, but have been for a long time displaced by tall and been for a long time displaced by tall and stately buildings. One of these single storled houses was occupied by my informant. The front apartment was used as a law office, the rear as a sleeping

room.

One calm and clear moonlight night when the snow lay deep on the city streets and roofs, Mr.—was making preparations to retire to bed, when his front door bell was rung. He aroused his negro servant boy, who was nodding on his stool by the chimney corner, and sent him to open the door to his late visitor. or. The boy almost immediately returned

alone. He said nobody was at the door; but that a gentleman was standing in the snow in the widdle of the street, talking to himself and tossing his arms -now went to the front door

himself. When he opened it he found one who was evidently a gentlemen—he would see that by moonlight—standing on would see that by moonlight—standing on the pavement facing him.

'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'I owe you an apology for disturbing you at an hour so unreasonable. But the fact is, some thoughts have come into my mind which I wish to commit to paper, and seeing a light in your back window (the house stod on the corner of an alley,) and considering it a matter of course that a lawyer's office is supplied with stationary I took the liberty of ringing your bell.'

'You are very welcome,' said the lawyer. 'Walk ig sir.'

yer. 'Walk it sir.'
The stranger followed him into the inner apartment, where a bright coal fire was burning in the grate. The manner of his guest was so impressive of intellect that Mr. ————offered a bed; but the visitor only asked the use of a chair, table, and writing materials. So the negro boy lay down upon his pallet on the floor, and the young lawyer retired to his bed, leaving the stranger bending over the table.

When Mr. ——awakened in the morning by a tranger history and the morning his attention, his constants.

When Mr.—awakened in the morning his strange visitor was sitting in a chair, with his head upon the table, asleep. The motion made by the young lawyer on awakening aroused the stranger. The latter seemed at once to be wide awake. He arose from his seat. thanked his host for his hospitality, and gracefully apologized for his intrusion on the previous night. He was then about to leave the room. he previous night. He was then about o leave the room.
'You are forgetting your manuscript,'

says the young lawyer, pointing to some pieces of paper on the table.

'I have a copy of what I have composed,' said the stranger, 'and leave the original with you as some acknowledgement of your kindness under circumstances so

trying.'
The stranger left. The lawyer did not the stranger ien. The lawyer data not know until a long time afterward, when the "Song of the Bells'—of which he still has the original—had been published and become fanous, that his singular visitor was Edgar A. Poe.

Napoleon and his Professed Mission If the alleged plot for the assassination of Louis Napoleon is not, as supposed by some, a mere invention of the Government for political effect, it is the fourth attempt of the kind which has been made upon his life. The first of these occurred in 1852, when, as Prince President, he was marked through Morsellas on a but the soldier gave no token of his meal coming to an end.

'Now he is pouring vinegar on the cold cabbage and potatoes. I can't ask him to take those away in his hand. O, dear how slow he is! hasn't the man any teeth? At first she said mildly, 'I am very sorry to hurry you sir, but could you not let me spread some bread and butter, and cut some slices of meat to take away with you. My husband will use very dusive language to you if he finds you here.'

I triumphal journey. An infernal machine was constructed, consisting of a hundred was constructed, consisting of a hundred was constructed. The port of the street with certain death to all sweep the street with certain death to all you a fine as soon as the President with not let me spread some bread and butter, and cut some slices of meat to take away with you. My husband will use very dusive language to you if he finds you here.' day, must have been terrific; but it is one of the most amiable characteristics of such conspirators to consider it better that ninety innocent persons than that one whom they considered guilty should

one whom they considered guilty should secupe. Fortunately, the plan was dis-covered by the vigilance of the police, on the day before the President passed before that window.

The second attempt was made upon The second attempt was made upon the Emperor's return to France from his visit to England in 1855. On the 28th of April a main-named Pianori, who does not seem to have had accomplices, approached very near the Emperor while ne was riding on horseback in the environs of Paris, the Empress accompanying him in a carriage. The assassin fired twice at his intended victim with a resultance of the consideration twice at his intendent victim with a revolver, one shot grazing the Emperor's hat. The criminal was instantly seized and afterwards executed. The Senate, in a body, called upon the Emperor with their congratulations for his escape. In

nis reply he said: "So long as I shall not have accomplished my mission, I neur no danger."

The third attempt was made by the The third attempt was made by the Italian revolutionist Orsini and his accomplices, who, as the Emperor and Empress, on the 14th of January, 1858, were approaching the opera in their carriage, a dense crowd being around, threw under the carriage several bombs of terrific powder. A large number were killed and more wounded by the avaleshor ed and more wounded by the explosion but the Emperor and Empress escaped untirely unharmed. Here again was displayed the recklessness of innocen-life peculiar to these extremists in their plots, as well as the tungling execution which kills its friends and lets its ene-

mies escale.
In view of these and the result of the atest attempt at his assassination the Emperor, it is presumed, still considers its "mission? unfilled. He appears lowever, in his measures for establishing arliamentary governments and perpet proach of the inevitable end, but with the determination to be "master of the situation" to the full extent of the hu-man capacity to the last moment of his own "recorded time." nating his dynasty, to recognize the proach of the inevitable end, but w

ONE'S MOTHER.-Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear though stamped upon our intant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the mos person and capacite of receiving the most profound impressions; and all the after leelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our willulatess may lead us far from the object of our fidal love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled headstrong, and angry at her counsels of opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her-virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amid her tears. Round that idea, as we have said the mind clings with lond affection; and even when the earliest period of our statements and the mind clings with lond affection; and even when the earliest period of our and even when the earliest period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beautier, and virtues, which we doubt not that she

JOSH BILLINGS says? 'Mackeral in-habit the sea generally; but those which inhabit the grocery atwart tast to me as though, they had been fatted on sait.— They want a great deal of freshenting before they're caten,' and also atterwards. It I kin have pienty of magkeral fur break tast, I can generally make the other two means out of water.

Rates for Advertising.

Afventishments will be inserted at Ten Cent per line for the first insertion, and five cens per line for each subsequent insertion. Quar Advertisements should be accompanied by the Cash. When sent without any length of tim specified for publication, they will be continued untilordered out and cuarged accordingly.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every cther description of Job and CARD Printing.

Who dally toddles all about,

Then laughed to see cook Biddy stev? You little rogue, we know 'twas you

Who was it let the chickens out

Who nips ma's "postes" in the bud? Who blacks his shoes with yellow mud? Who made the bath-room all one flood?

Once sounded it with orders How many more things, who can tell? Mischef. Who now lies sleeping on the floor.

box, possibly infants may get to be criers

AFTER a wedding it was formerly a custom to drink houey dissolved in water, for twenty days—a moon's age.—Hence the oligin of honeymoon. A REPORTER dressed himself in wo-

man's clothing and reported Mrs. Stanton's New York lecture for women only. A GENTLEMAN who has been struck by

a young lady's beauty has determined to foll with injunction and 'kiss the rod that smote-him.'

will, sail a metaphysician to an Irishman. 'By jabbers!' said Pat, 'I had a brother that went to jail, and I knew it was greatly against his will.'

GEORGE, do you know Mr. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his door step and is going to adopt him! 'Yes, pap be will be Mr. Jones' step son won't he?'

A CLERGYMAN, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, re-

'does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?' 'I s'pose he does,' was the rejoinder; 'he gives me a lickin' every day, and says I merits two.' A GENTLEMAN from the 'rooral dees-trick' lately went into one of our fashionable restaurants and asked for dinner.

THE following is an exact copy of a sign over a 'Refreshing saloon' in Al-

I Ard oil.

nd she couldn't get any consolation out

ing his purchase to a bosom friend on the sidewalk,— "Two cocoanuts for ten cents! that will make me sick to-morrow, and 1 won't ave to go to school.'

THE lady principal of a school, in her advertisement, mentioned her lady assis-tant, and the reputation which she bears; but the printer left out the word 'which,' so the advertisement went forth com-

North Carolia. These are colored boys, joined together after the manner of Eng and Chang. They were born in Columbus county, are in good health, and are intelligent. They are about 18

better calculated to Judge of pork than my poor husband was. He knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up with them from his childhood. A wao, reading in one of Brigham Young's manifestoes that 'the great resources of Utah are her women,' exclaimed: '11 is very evident that the Prophet is disposed to husband his resources.'

wice the ground to go over. THERE'S a moral taught by the follow-

A CITIZEN who has been improving his residence, says he 'has erected a double-barreled pizarinctum in front of it.' He ought to add a 'miranda' and a o ne can sit on the 'miranda

A FEW days since a little ragged urchin was sent by a tradesman to collect a small bill. He began in his usual way, becoming more and more importunate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, be said to him :—
'You need not dun me so sharply; I

O! you say you are lonely-without me, that you sigh for one glauce of my eye; you're blarueying always about me—O! why don't you to papa apply? You men are so very deceiving: I can't believe aught that you say; your love I will only believe in when my jointure is made out of the "Phile trush shout eyes vide."

Gems of Literature.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

Who in the saucepan dropped life shoe.

Upon the garden just laid out, Then cheered the "scratchers" with a shout

Who is it, to explore the well, Once sounded it with dinner bell?

With cherry lips and pinafore And face besineared with cherry gore

LAST week Henry W. Barber was married to Miss Hannah D. Beard. It is presumed that the parties will be blessed with lots of little 'shavers.' A voice comes from Washington Ter-

ritory saying, 'send us wivesi' And thousand unhappy benedicts respond.—'Take ours!' 'No man can do anything against his

A TIPSY sailor spent some time in examining a cane-hottomed chair, and then said: 'Dang my buttons, but it was a cute fel'ow that twisted that cane around

marked that she could not find another his equal. 'I don't know about that,' remarked the sobbing fair one; 'but I'll 'SAM,' said one little urchin to another,

The waiter handed him the bill of fare when he 'reckoned he'd rather eat be fore reading.'

Pittsburgh has a pious did lady under arrest for stealing a large illustrated oible. She said her's was too fine print. SAID a youngster in high glee, display-

Two men in Cheyenne got to shooting at each other, and the local paper says of one of them; 'His soul instantaneously dropped its humanity.' It is mean for a paper to break right off so in an interesting story. We want to know if he died.

NORTH CAROLINA has another pair of

years old. 'No man ' says Mrs. Partington, 'was

'BARBER,' said a farmer to his tonswre 'BARBER,' said a larmer to his tonswise 'now com's cheap, you ought to shave for half price.' Cau't Mr. Jones,' said the man of razors. 'I ought really to charge more, for when corn's down, far-mers make such long faces that I have

ing conversation, which needs to be learned by many father's. Said a little lour year old: 'Mother, father wout be in heaven with us, will he?' 'Why my child?' 'Because he can't leave the and see his little 'ancestors' playing on

am not going to run away, said the boy scratching his head; but my master is, and he wants the money.

out of late. This trash about eyes, voice, out of late. This trash about eyes, voice, and glances, may do for a miss in her teems; but he who to me makes advances must talk of his bank-stock and means. You beg me to go galivanfing, to meet you at foot of the lane—with a kiss, too! why, man, you're ranting! do you think that I am wholly insane? When you woo a young lady of sense, Sir, don't whine about sorrow and tears; it's a inatter of dollars and cents, Sir; no tale of romance interferes. O! poverty is not of romance interferes. O! poverty is not at all tunny (my style I will never conceal), if I can't get a husband with money, O! I'll live and die Nora O'Neil.