The American Volunteer.

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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 1869—

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 Rhoads'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 SOTUH HANOVER ST.,
CARLISLE, PA.
OFFICE—Adjoining Judge Graham's.
March 31, 1870—tf

E. L. SHRYOCK, Justice of the Peace, Office No 3, Irvin's Row, Carlisle.
April 29, 1869—1y

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother East Louther street, three doors below Bedford Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1 1865.

WM. B. REYNOLDS, M. D.
Graduate of HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE, Philadelphia.
Office, 21 West Louther St., at residence of his mother, Carlisle.
June 9, 70—3m*

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 4, 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, *Thread,* Sewing Silk, *Umbrellas,* &c
PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND.
Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel confident of pleasing all, besides saving you money.
JOHN A. KELLER, *Agent,* No. 15 North Hanover Street.
May, 1869.

HATS AND CAPS!
DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP?
IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON
J. G. CALLIO,
NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET,
Wherein 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 of Hats always on hand, and
HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.
He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats of 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 of 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 and see and get a full equivalent for your money.
April, 12 1870—1y

CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF!
The undersigned is always open to small favors, and will have no objection whatever to be a candidate for Sheriff, if his Democratic friends think it to nominate him. In the meantime, as it is his custom to stay at home and attend to his own business, it will be impossible for him to call upon his friends in various parts of the county, and he requests them all to call *at his shop,* in East Louther street, Carlisle, where he is always prepared to furnish the neatest fits in *Boots and Shoes,* of any establishment in the county. He is now working up the very best of stock at reduced prices. Extra heavy soles supplied to our country friends who don't want to be pestered with candidates.
March 13, 1870—6m. ADAM DYSERT.

Dry Goods.

CHEAP DRY GOODS,

CHEAP DRY GOODS,

AT THE

NEW STORE,

D. A. SAWYER,

D. A. SAWYER,

Irvine's Corner. *Irvine's Corner.*

Bargains in
LAWNS,
GRENADINES,
HERNANIS,
BEREGES,
LACE POINTS,
SUMMER SHAWLS,
LACE CURTAINS,
PARASOLS, FANS, &c.

Piques, Marsailles,

LOOK AT THE PRICES.

CALICOES,	6¼,	8,	10,	12½,
MU LINS,	6¼,	8,	10,	12½,
GINGHAMS,	12½,	14,	15,	17,
TICKINGS,	14,	18,	22,	25,

Cheapest Pants Stuff	in the town
Cheapest Cloths and Cassimers	in the town
Cheapest Hosiery	in the town
Cheapest Gloves and Handk's,	in the town
Cheapest Notions, all kinds	in the town

DRESS GOODS,

Cheapest DeLaines	in the town
Cheapest Poplins	in the town
Cheapest Alpaccas black & col'd	in the town
Cheapest Black & Fancy Silks	in the town
Cheapest Japanese	in the town

WHITE GOODS,

Cheapest Piques Fig, striped	in the town.
Cheapest Marsailles	in the town.
Cheapest Percales	in the town.
Cheapest Chintzes	in the town.
Cheap st Embroideries & Laces	in the town.
Cheapest Collars & Cuffs	in the town
Cheapest Table Linen	in the town
Cheapest Napkins, &c.	in the town

A splendid article Pique 25 cts. All other goods in proportion. Come and examine for yourselves. No trouble to show goods. Our motto is small profits and quick sales.
Ti esgoods have been purchased for cash, at present gold prices, and we can sell you new goods twenty-five per cent. less than they will charge you for old goods at other stores.
D. A. SAWYER.
June 2, 1870.

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!!

ATTRACTIVE SPECIALTIES

AT

HARPER'S

POPULAR DRY GOODS STORE.

Purchased during the greatest depression in the market, and to be sold at correspondingly low prices.

DRESS GOODS,

comprising all the novelties of the season.

MOURNING AND

SECOND MOURNING GOODS,

BLACK SILKS, BLACK SATIN TAMISES, in extra quality. Pure Mohairs, Black Alpaccas (Specialty.)

WHITE GOODS,

Piques in great variety and latest styles.—French Muslins, Nainsooks, Cambrics, Bishop and Victoria Lawns, Tarletons, &c., &c.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES in great variety.

Guipure Laces—best and cheapest stock in town. Real Valenciennes. Thread Laces, Insertings, Hamburg Embroideries and Lace Collars.

LINEN GOODS,

Linen for suits,	Linen Ducks and Drills,
Pillow Case Linens,	Linen Sheetings,
White Holland for Blinds,	Table Linens and Napkins,
Doylie Towels,	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,
BEDOUIN MANTLES,
SHETLAND SHAWLS
THOS. A. HARPER.
Cor. of Hanover and Pomfret Sts.
June 23, 1870.

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

EMBROIDERIE

a full line; White Goods in great variety,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS

and a full stock

DOMESTIC GOODS,

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

CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, &c.,

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. Thus

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, 181
March 30—70

Poetical.

DEAD.

"She is dead!' they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with tender touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace.

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere.

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breaths as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the starely, and the beautiful dead.

He lit his lamp, and took his key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; but she would not smile.
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips, and breast without breath!
Is there no voice? no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See now; I will listen with soul not ear;
What was the secret of dying dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its record, dear?
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out to what a wisdom love is?

"O, perfect dead! O, dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen, as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears up on my brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death hath laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid,

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! Oh, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know, that though dead, I never died."

Miscellaneous.

A MIRROR.

ONE IN WHICH MANY PERSONS MAY SEE THEMSELVES REFLECTED.

'Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents.'

Kate Landman spoke very carefully, for she knew that her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her look.

'What do you want seventy-five cents for?' asked Albert.

'I want to get some braid for my new dress.'

'I thought you had all the material on hand for that.'

'So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson both have a trimming of braid up on theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and it certainly adds much to the beauty of a dress.'

'Plague take these women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and thing-a-majigs cost more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money, when once a woman thinks of a new dress.'

'I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can.'

'It is funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it I suppose you must.'

And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted out the seventy-five cents; but he gave it grudgingly; and when he put the wallet back into his pocket he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say that he would not take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer door, on his way to his work, he found the weather so threatening that he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon re-entering the sitting room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act, and asked what it meant.

'Good gracious!' cried the husband, 'I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?'

'I was not crying at what you said, Albert,' replied Kate tremulously; 'but you were so reluctant to grant me the favor. I was thinking how hard I had to work; I am tied to the house; how many little things I have to perplex me—then to think—'

'Pshaw!—what do you want to be foolish for?'

And away started Albert Landman a second time, but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall he was met by his daughter Lizzie, a bright-eyed rosy-cheeked girl of ten years.

'O, papa, give me fifteen cents?'

'What?'

'O, I want fifteen cents. Do please give it to me.'

'What in the world do you want with it? Are they changing school books again?'

'No; I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one, and so has Mary Ruck and Sarah Ellen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?'

'Nonsense! If you want a hoop go and get one of some old barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trudge about the streets.'

'Please, papa.'

'No, I told you.'

The bright blue eyes filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips.

This was in the morning. At noon when he came home to his dinner, there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even his little Lizzie, usually gay and lighthsome, was sad and silent.

But these things could not last long in that household, for the husband and wife really loved each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came to his supper, Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there, the husband might have fancied that he had done nothing wrong, and that the cloud had been nothing but the exhalation of a domestic ferment, for which no one was particularly responsible, and might have banished the convictions that women's fashions were a nuisance and a humbug, as well as a frightful draft ubon a husband's pockets.

After tea, Albert did a few chores around the house and then light a cigar and walked out. He had gone but a short distance when he had met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop, which she had taken from a dilapidated flour barrel, while with her left she was rubbing her red, swollen eyes. She was in deep grief, and was sobbing painfully. He stopped his child and asked what was the matter.

She answered, as well as her sobs would let her, that the other girls had laughed at her, and made fun of her old hoop. They had nice, pretty hoops, while her's was ugly and homely.

'Never mind,' said Albert, patting the little one upon the head (for the child's grief touched him;) perhaps we'll have a new hoop sometime.'

'Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's got one left—oh such a pretty one!'

The sobbing had ceased, as the child caught her father's hand eagerly.

'Not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll think of it.'

Sobbing again, the child moved on towards home, dragging the old hoop after her.

At one of the stores, Albert Landman met some of his friends.

'Hello, Albert! What's up?'

'Nothing in particular.'

'What do you say to a game of billiards, Albert?'

'Good, I'm in for that.'

And away went Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked billiards, it was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no rough scuffs on his premises.

They had played four games. Albert had won two, and his opponent had won two.

'That's two and two,' cried Tom Piper. 'What do you say to playing them off, Albert?'

'All right, go in,' said Albert full of animation.

So they played the fifth game, and he who lost was to pay for the five games. It was an exciting contest. Both made capital runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by three points; and with a little laugh went up to settle the bill. Five games, twenty cents a game—just one dollar. Not much for such sport; and he paid out the money with a grace, and never once seemed to feel that he could not afford it.

'Have a cigar!' said Tom.

'Yes.'

They lighted their cigars, and then sauntered down the hall to watch others play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table on which some of his friends were playing, and close by stood two gentlemen, strangers to him, one of whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.

'It is a healthy pastime,' said he who had been making the explanation; 'and certainly it is one which has no evil tendency.'

Albert heard the remarks very plainly and he had a curiosity to hear what the other, who seemed to be unacquainted with billiards, would say.

'I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment, and which is free from the attendant of gaming, is of self an evil,' remarked the second gentleman. 'Such things are only evil so far as they stimulate men beyond the bounds of healthy recreation.'

'That result can scarcely follow such a game,' said the first speaker.

But the other shook his head.

'You are wrong here. The result can follow in two ways: First, it can lead men away from their business; it can lead men to spend money, who have not money to spend. You will understand me. I would not cry down the game of billiards, for if I understood it I should certainly try you a game now; but whenever I visit a place of this kind I am led to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness of humanity as developed in our sex. For instance ob-erve that young man who is just settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say from his manner, and from the fact that he felt it his duty to go home at this hour, that he has a wife and children. I see by his face that he is kind hearted and generous, and I should judge that he means to do as near right as he can. He has been beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some two hours' duration. If you observe you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! But how do you suppose it is in the young man's home? Suppose his wife had come to him this morning and asked him for a dollar to spend for some trifling thing, some household ornaments, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person—and suppose his little child had put in a plea for forty cents to buy a paper and picture books with what do you think he would have answered? Of fifty men just like him, would not forty and fifty have decared that they had not money to spare for any such purpose? And moreover, they would have said so, feeling that they were telling the truth. Am I not right?'

'Upon my soul,' responded the man who understood billiards, 'You speak to the point. I know that young man who has just paid his bill, and you have not misjudged him a single particular. And what is more, I happen to have a fact at hand to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an excellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to take it, for it had become a genial companion in leisure moments, but he could not afford it. The club rate was one dollar and fifty cents a year.'

'Aye, and so it goes,' said the other gentleman. 'Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had her paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year—for what? And how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands when they ask for trifling sums of money, and how grudgingly the mite is handed over when it is given! What perfect floods of joy that dollar and forty cents might have poured upon the children of that unsuccessful billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where the money all goes.'

They had finished at the nearest table. The two gentlemen moved on, and Albert Landman arose from his seat and left the house. Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the same grouping ideas. That very morning his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heart-sick because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzie had crept away to her home almost broken-hearted for the want of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed. And yet the sum of both their wants amounted to not as much he had paid away that evening for billiard playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home he stopped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and prettiest hoop to be found, with driving stick painted red, white and blue, and in the morning, when he beheld his child's delight, and had received her grateful, happy kiss, the question came to his mind: which was the best and happiest result, this or the five games of billiards? The hoop had cost thirty cents. He could play two games of billiards less, and be the absolute gainer of ten cents by the pleasant operation.

A few mornings after this, as Albert rose from the breakfast table he detected an uneasy, wistful look upon his wife's face.

'Kate, what is it?'

'Albert could you spare me a half dollar this morning?'

And out came the wallet, and the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile.

'What! Tears at that? Was it possible she had been so little used to such scenes on his part that so simple an act of loving kindness thus affected her.

How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert Landman carried with him that morning to his shop.

A very simple lesson, is it not? But how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed to the lesson!

Bread Upon the Waters—An Affecting Story.

'Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?'

'Chestnuts! No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carlessly down on the upturned face whose large, brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own.

'What do I want with chestnuts?'

'But, please sir, buy em,' pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. 'No body seems to care or them, and—and—'

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively.

'Are you very much in want of the money?'

'Indeed, sir, we are,' sobbed the child; mother sent me out, and—

'Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heart-broken way,' said Ralph, smoothing her hair down with careless gentleness.

'I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a quarter for you, if that will do you any good.'

He did not stay to here the delighted incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth—

'That cut off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care though; the brown eyed object did cry as if it had'nt a friend in the world Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond!'

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark eyed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down the street with quick, elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between tall ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden stair case to a room where a pale, neat looking woman with large brown eyes like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine, that temporarily supplied the place of the fire.

'Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon?'

'Oh, mother, mother! see,' ejaculated the breathless child, 'a gentleman gave me a whole quarter. Only think, mother, a whole quarter!'

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his tiny silver gift diffused around it in the poor widow's poverty stricken home, he would have urged still less the temporary privation of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

* * * * * * * *

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory as if pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver piece.

* * * * * * * *

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the black December night—the fire was glowing cheerily in the well-filled grate, and the dinner table in a glitter with cut glass, rare china and polished silver, was only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

'What can it be that detains papa?' said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled watch. 'Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance!'

'There's a man with him in the study, mamma—come on business,' said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

'I'll call him again,' said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door.

But, as she opened it, the brilliant gas light fell full on the face of an humble looking man, in worn and threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

'Charles,' said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, 'who is that man, and what does he want?'

'His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant messengership in the bank.'

'And will you?'

'I don't know, Mary, I must think about it.'

'Charles, give him the situation.'

'Why, my love?'

'Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything.'

'And I will keep my word, Mary,' said the lover husband, with an affectionate kiss. 'I'll write the fellow a note this evening. I believe I've got his address about me somewhere.'

An hour or two latter, when Bobbie, Frank and Eugene were snugly tucked in bed in the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was so interested in the fate of a man whom she had not seen for twenty years.

'That's right, my little wife,' replied her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded, 'never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most.

* * * * * * * *

Ralph Moore was sitting in his poor lodging beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous bank director Charles Audley.

'Good news, Bertha!' he exclaimed as he read the brief words. 'We shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation.'

'You have dropped something from the note, Ralph,' said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper on the floor.

Moore stopped to recover the estray. It was a fifty dollar bill neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written: 'In grateful remembrance of a silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl over twenty years ago.'

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread on the waters, and after many days it had returned to him.

A GENTLEMAN in New Orleans was agreeably surprised the other day to find a plump turkey served up for dinner, and enquired of his servant how it was obtained. 'Why, sir,' replied Sambo, 'dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights, so dis morning I seize him for de rent ob de fence.'

A JURYMAN was asked whether he had been charged by the judge. 'Well,' said he, 'the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and stares over the crowd gave us a lecture, but I don't know whether he charged anything or not.'

THE best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to your child, a good example; to yourself; respect, to all men, charity.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

1. The man who is jealous of every little attenshun which you get from some other fellow, you will find, after yu are married tew him, he luvs himself more than he duz yu, and what you took for solissitude yu will discover, has changed into indifference. Jealousy isn't a harte disease, it iz a liver complaint.

2. A mustach iz not indispensible; it iz only a little more hair, and iz a good deal like moss and other excrescences—often duz the best sile that won't raze anything else. Don't forgit that these things which yu admire in a fellow before marriage, yu will probably hev to admire, in a husband after, and a mustash will be a very weak diet after a time.

3. If husbands could be took on trial, as Irish cooks are, tew thirds ov them would probably be returned, but there don't seem to be enny law for this.—Therefore, girls, yu will see that after yu git a man yu have got to keep him, even if you do lose on him. Consequently, if you have got enny cold victuals in the house, try him on them, once in a while, during the season, and if he swallers them well, and sez he will take some more, he is a man who, when blue Mondays cum, will wash well.

4. Don't marry a pheller who is always a telling how his mother duz things. It is as hard tew suit these men az it is to wean a young one.

5. If a young man kan beat you playing on the pianer, and kan't hear a fish horn playing in their street without a back somerset on account of the musick that iz in him, I say ship him; he might answer tew tend the babe, but if you put him to hoeing out the garden, you will find that you will have to du it yourself. A man whose heft lies in music (and not very hefty in that) ain't no better for a husband than a sedlitz powder, but if he luves to listen while yu sing some gentle ballad, you will find him mellow and so soft. But don't marry ennybody for gist one virtue any quicker than yu would flap a man for only gist one fault.

6. It is one of the most tuffest things for a female tew be an old maid successfully. A great menny has tried it and made a bad job of it. Everybody seems to look on old maids just as they do on dried yarbs—in the garret, handy for sickness, and therefore girls, it ain't a mistake that you should be willing to swop yourself oph, with sum true fellow for a true husband. The swop iz a good one, but don't swop for enny man who iz respectable just because his father iz. Yu had better be an old maid for 4 thousand years, and then join the Shakers, than tew buy repentance at this price. No woman ever made this trade who didn't get either a phool, or a mean cuss for a husband.

7. In digging down into this subject I find the digging grows harder the further I get. It is much easier to inform you who not to marry, than who tew, for the reason there iz more ov them.

I don't think you will foller my advice if I give it; and therefore I will keep it, for I look on advice as I do on castor ile—a mean dose to give and a mean dose to take.

But I must say one thing, girls don't spile. If you can find a bright-eyed, healthy and well-ballasted boy, who looks upon poverty ez sassy ez a child looks upon wealth, who had rather set down on the curbstone in front of the 5th avenue hotel and eat a ham sandwich than go inside and run in debt for his dinner and toothpick—I that is armed with that kind of pluck that mistakes defeet for victory, my advice iz to take him body and sole—snare him at once for he iz a stray trout, of a breed very scarse in our waters.

Take him, I say, and bild onto him as hornets bild onto a tree.

The Needle Gun.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* gives this description of the Prussian needle gun, which will probably play an important part in the coming battles of Europe.

1. The range of the needle gun is 1200 to 1400 yards.

2. The movements of loading are performed with the right hand as follows: an upward stroke with the palm of the right hand against the chamber knob opens the breech, the cartridge is inserted into the cavity of the barrel, a push forward and a downward stroke of the chamber knob with the right hand closes the breech, and another push on the needle chamber (with its spiral springs,) completes the loading, and the rifle is ready for 'Fire.' During the movement the gun is held with the left hand at a 'ready.'

3. The gun is never loaded or reloaded while at 'aim,' simply because it is impossible to do so.

4. The powder is not ignited at the rear end of the cartridge, but next to the ball, where the igniting matter is placed in a kind of socket of papier mache, and this is what gives more power to the ball, the powder burning from the front to the rear.

5. The cartridge is made up—ball in front, ball socket with igniting matter, powder. The shape of the ball resembles the shape of a cucumber, and is called long lead (*lang blei.*)

6 The recoil of the gun is felt only when it becomes very much heated, and the air chamber filled with the refuse of powder. When clean no recoil is felt at all.

7. In case the needle should bend or break or otherwise become useless, a new one can be inserted in less than five seconds. Each soldier carries an extra supply of about six needles.

It is not so much the superiority of the needle gun over other breech loaders which has secured and in all probability will in the present strugle secure success to the Prussian army, as it is the thourough education of each individual soldier and his familiarity with his weapon.

The needle gun was first used in Prussia in 1848 and in 1849, in Baden and Schelswig, and not having been deemed effective without an entire change of tactics, and especially of skirmish instruction, was almost condemned.

The Prussian army has but one calibre for all small arms, so that infantry or sharp shooters can be supplied with cartridges from any cavalry, pistol or cartridge wagons.

DAY AND NIGHT IN SWEDEN.—The peculiarities of the day and night in Sweden strike the traveler very forcibly, after being accustomed to the temperate zone. In June the sun goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes around the earth toward the North Pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia where on the 21st of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only on one night. The sun reaches the horizon; you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude 72 deg., the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about 25 deg. above the horizon at midnight. In the winter the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks; then it comes, and remains for ten or fifteen minutes, after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens.

'HERE, Alfred, is an apple; divide it politely with your little sister.' 'How shall I divide it politely, mamma?' 'Give the large part to the other person, my child.' Alfred handed the apple to his little sister, saying: 'Here, sis, you divide it yourself.'

Points of Etiquette.

Don't fidget with the hands or feet. Let alone the watch chain and necktie. Quiet ease, without stiffness indicates gentle breeding.

Don't speak of persons, with whom you are only slightly acquainted, by their first name.

It is unladylike to stand with the hands on the hips or the arms folded.

Irritability is a breach of good morals as well as good manners. General courtesy we owe to all.

Be punctual. It is always annoying to be kept waiting and often a serious detriment to one's business.

"Answer a civil question pleasantly and kindly, even if you are in a hurry.

Jokes are dangerous things, to be used like gunpowder, with extreme caution.

If possible, always be at a station a few minutes before the cars start. Getting abroad a train while it is in motion is not favorable to bodily safety, nor to that calmness of mind which leads us to act wisely.

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course they did not reserve one.

Should you purchase your ticket at the office a small saving is the result, besides avoiding the hinderence of making change which many conductors dislike to do.

Have your ticket in your hand. Conductors havn't always time to wait till the portmonie, pocket and traveling bag are searched, before receiving it. We once saw a lady, when the conductor demanded her ticket, dive to the lowermost depth of her traveling bag, where she clutched something frantically, and in blind haste, handed the waiting official a fine tooth comb, supposing it to be her ticket, which she afterwards found in the folds of her garments.

When a car is crowded don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss, even amid the confusion and bustle in a public conveyance. If an open window proves uncomfortable to another you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly.

When the postmaster hands your mail to you don't ask him if 'that is all.'

When he says there is no mail for you don't reply tartly 'there ought to be,' nor ask him to look again.

If you have a box, don't stand drumming on it till the postmaster hands you the contents. Such manifestations of impatience are unpleasant, especially if he is waiting on somebody else.

Finally, at all times and in all places, 'Whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do you even so to them,' for these simple words are the basis of all true courtesy.

Didn't Catch the Train

The most difficult thing, says a cynical old bach, in the world for a woman to do is to get ready to go anywhere. And there is nothing a woman will resent quicker or more fiercely than an intimation that she may possibly miss the train. Our friends, Brayfogle, gives us an instance of this. Mr. Brayfogle was supposed to take the ten o'clock train on the Bee line, to visit some relative in an interior town. Having suffered on previous occasions from injudicious suggestions, Bray thought for once he would let things take their own course. So he sipped his coffee and ate his eggs on toast, while madame curled and powdered and danced attendance on the looking glass and tied her hair on the back of her head.

Then Bray sat by the stove an hour reading the morning paper, while the madame still continued to get ready. At last, just as he had reached the final paragraph, madame tied her bonnet strings under her chin, took one long, lingering, loving look at the image reflected in the glass, and announced:

'Well, my dear, I'm ready.'

'Ready for what?' asked Bray, in well affected astonishment.

'To go to the depot, to be sure,' said Mrs. Brayfogle, tartly.

'Oh!' said Bray, 'I'd forgotten. Well, madame,' continued he, looking at his watch, that train has been gone thirteen minutes. Just keep on your things, and you'll be ready for the train to-mor