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SHRYOCK. Justice of the e. Office No 8, Irvin's Row, Carlisle. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DEN

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

I. Y. REED. Homeopathic Phy-

WARD SHILLING, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, No. 28, East Pomfret Street, No. 28, EAST Pomfret Street, CARLISLE, hilling was associated with Dr. Zitzer, in ce, for a year or so, and has been practic-dictinson town 10 14 Years. All mand business pountly attended to. 7, 1870–310.

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ESH SUMMERARRIVAL OF ALL THE NEW STYLES ATS AND CAPS.

seriber has just opened at No. 15 North Stret, a few doors North of the Carlisle Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle. 18. Cassimere of all styles and qualities, as different colors, and every descripoff Hats now .nade, unkard and Old Fashioned Brush, con-m hand and made to order, all warrant A full assortment of MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN''

HATS. so added to my Stock, notions of differ-S' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS. Pencils, Sewing Silk. IME SEGARS AND TOBACCO JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hanover Street

TS AND CAPST YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON J. G. CALLIO. NO 29. WEST MAIN STREET. can be seen the finest assortment of HATS AND CAPS rought to Carlisle. He takes great plea haviding his old friends and customer law ones, to his splendld stock just re from New York and Philadelphia, con in part of fine ILK AND CASSIMERE HATS.

ATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. the best arrangement for coloring Hate TOBACCO AND CIGARS

n hand. He desires to call the atte COUNTRYFURS he pays the highest cash prices for his

Boots and Shoes.

ROHM & SPONSLER,

No 13, south Hanover Street, VARLISLE, PA,

fore, do now announce their usual large of SPRING STYLES of BOOTS AND SHOES

Oleg' AND MISSES', GENTS' AND BOYS',
SUUTHS' AND CHILDS',
a care unrivaled for comfort and beauty

TRUNKS AND VALISSES, MEN AND BOYS' HATS, ii, 12 1870—13

NUIDATE FOR SHERIFF! undersigned is always open for sman, fashed will have no objection who rever to be
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The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

CHEAP DRY GO

D. A. SAWYER.

Irvine's Corner

AT THE

LAWNS, Bargains in
GRENADINES,
HERNANIS,
BEREGES,
LACE FUINTS,
LACE CURTAINS,
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Piques.

Cheapest Pants Stuff Cheapest Cloths and Cassimers Cheapest, Hoslary

heapest Hostery heapest Gloves and Handk's, heapest Notions, all kinds

Cheapest Chinizes Cheapest Einbrolderies & Laces Cheapest Collars & Culfs Cheapest Table Linen Cheapest Napkins, &c.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.

Raise my pillow, husband; dearest—
Faint and fainter comes my breath;
And these shadows stealing slowly.
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me class your warm, strong hand,
Your's that ever has sustained me?
To the borders of this land.

Till I was a child, again. Dreams of girlhood and the moment When I stood your wife and bride How my heart thrilled with Love's triu In that hour of woman's pride.

Dreams of thee and all the earth-chords
Firmly twin-a wouthly nearon; the bitter, hurning arguish.

When I first knew that we must part.

It has passed-and God has promised All thy footsteps to attend;
He that's more than friend or brother, He'll be with you to the end. There's no shadow o'er the portals, Leading to my heavenly home-hrist has promised life immortal, And 'tis He that bids me come.

And its chilling bitlows swell: Thoul't thank heaven that I am spared !
Thoul't then feel that "all is well,"
Bring our boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep— But the're sleeping, do not wake them

Tell them often of their mother, Riss them for me when they wake, Lead them gently in life's path-way, Love them doubly for my sake. Clasp my hand still closer, darling, This, the last night of my life;"
Answer when you call me "wife;"
Fare thee well, my noble husband, Faint not 'neath the chast'ning rod. Throw your strong arm 'round her childre Keep them close to them—and God.

Cheapest Naphtins, &c. In the town

A splendid article Pique 25 ets. All other
goods in proportion. Come and examine for
yourselves. No trouble to show goods. Our
motor is small profits and quick sales.
These goods have been purchased for cash, at
presen, gold prices, and we can sell you new
goods twenty-live pe cent. less than they will
there you for old goods at other stores.

June 2. 1870.

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!! ATTRACTIVE SPECIALTIES

HARPER'S

PSPULAR DRY GOODS STORE . Pure used during the greatest depression in the market, and to be sold at correspondingly low prices.

DRESS GOODS. comprizing all the noveltirs of the season, MOURNING AND SECOND MOURNING GOODS.

BLACK SILKS, BLACK SATIN TAMISES, in extra quality. Pure Monairs, Black Aipaccas (Specialty.) WHITE GOODS.

Piques in great variety and latest styles.— French Muslins, Nansocks, 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. duen for suits. Linen Ducks and Drills, Pillow Case Linens White Holland for Blinds,

Table Linens and Napkins Doylle Towels, White Spreads, &c., &c

BOYS' CASSIMERES AND MEN'S WEAR lewest styles, less than regular rates.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Opening of
LLAMA LACE POINTS,
LLAMA LACE SOCKS,
BEDOUIN MANTLES,
SHETLAND SI'AWIS
THUS. A. HARPER.
June 23, 1871.

GREAT COMMOTION

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 pice of their goods correspondingly. The sub-scribers have just received from the cities a large and full assortment of all kinds of

FOREIGN & STAPLE GOODS, SILKS.

Wool De Laines, Aipacas, Poplins, Serges, Bom pazines, Tamiso Cloth, Grenadines,

FLANNELS OF ALL KINDS. Plain and Fancy, Linen Table Diapers, Cotton lo., Checks, Tickings, Ginghams, Counterpanes ** EMBROIDERIE

a full line; White Goods in great variety, HOSIERY, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS DOMESTIC GOODS,

Calicoes, Muslins, by the piece or yard; Grain bugs, CLOTES, CASSIMERS, &c.,

Poetical.

I AM DYING. The following beautiful peom we copy from the Memphis Bulletin. It is rarely we find such contributions in the columns of a newspaper. It is sweetly, beautifully sad:

For your God and mine-our Father Then shall ever lead me on— While upon a throne eternal, Sits His loved and Holy Son;

O'er the past of joy and rain,

When life's trials wait around thee,

Miscellaneous.

From the Overland Monthly. THE STORY OF THE SECOND MATE.

I do not remember when it was that the I do not remember when it was that the second mate first began to show his demonstrative admiration for our pretty fellow-passenger. It was Dick Halliday who called my attention to it as a capital joke, while we were yet in the Mediterranean—a fortnight or so after we sailed from Leghorn. We two were leaning on the quarter deck, just before dusk, when Miss Ellis came on deck. "There's the candle,' said Dick, 'and presently you'lt see the moth.' In the course of the next dive minutes, Mr. Jones, our second mate. see the moth.' In the course of the next five minutes, Mr. Jones, our second mate, lounged over from the opposite side of the deck, and entered into an animated conversation with the young lady on the interesting topic of sharks. At least we judged so by her questions, which were put in such a clear, sweet voice that the wind, both to part with the musical tones, indiagraphs consider them. wind, but to part with the musical tones, indiscreetly carried them to within our hearing. 'He's a sort of death's head moth, in point of beauty,' continued my friend; 'but he's neither too ugly nor too old to suffer an uncomfortable singeing.' I had a half formed idea that I rather likes the second water. liked the second mate, and a very certain conviction that I particularly admired Mary Etilis. As I disliked to see the man nake a fool of himself, or the girl appear listreditable charatter of a co nn the very discreminate character of a co-quette. Dick's moth-and-candle theory annoyed me. I therefore took the liberty of totally disbelleving it, and should have continued to do so had not the evidence gradually become too plain to be mista-

There were four of us in the cabin—Dick, Miss Ellis, her father and myself. Why we had taken passage from Leghorn to New York in a slow-sailing, marble-laden ship, instead of returning home by a quicker and more fashionable route, does not pertain to the present story. As the only lady passenger, Miss Ellis naturally was the chief object of interest to my friend and myself. Her father was old, ill, and unable to play whist, and was consequently an extremely uninteresting fellow passenger. Fortunately he kept his room pretty closely, and we saw very little of him. But his daughter was the brightest and most bewitching little woman that ever made a long sea voyage not only endurable, but delightful. She was twenty-five, as she f.ar-kly confessed, and had spent the last three years in travelling with her invalid father. She was good tempered, never dull or dispirited, and though frank and bright in her manner, never transgressed the limits of midenly propriety. She was quite aware of the fact that she was extremely pretty, and she had an irresistible tendency towards innocent filtration. Had I been a younger man, or had Dick not possessed There were four of us in the cabinof the fact that she was extremely pretty, and she had an irresistible tendency towards innocent fliration. Had I been a younger man, or had Dick not possessed a wife and a quantity of children at home, one or both of us would certainly have rehearsed the world old drama of idle love, with Mary Ellis in the leading female role, as the critics would say. male role, as the critics would say.

As for Mr. Jones, he was the last man whom any one would have deemed capable of sentiment of any sort. He was old—for although he said he was only thirty-flar from the man of the said he was only thirty-flar from the said he was only thirtyfive, rough weather, and a wild, dissolute life had made him much older than his life had made him much older than his years. His complexion was nearly the color of mahogany when it is thoroughly olled, though it lacked the polished surface which is generally associated with the article in its manufactured state. His hair was grizzled and unkempt, and an ugly sear which stretched across his forehead—the memorial of a desperate fight with a native was recovered to the tree. with a Lutinous crew-added nothing to his beauty. Still his eyes were clear and piercing, and his features at hetic and manly. I suppose there are women who might possibly have fallen in love with

him. The Duchess Josiane most certainly would.

When one came to scrutinize Jones spiritual as distinguished from Jones physical, it was still more difficult to understand how be could have the amazing self-conceit to imagine that Miss Ellis could regard him with anything but the barest toleration. He was a bold, quick, skillful sailor, a man born to command the refuse of humanity that man our merchant vessels. He was hard and cruel to the lazy and ignorant, and as a swearer, eclipsed any one whom I ever heard in to the lazy and ignorant, and as a swearer, eclipsed any one whom I ever heard in the devellsh intensity of his innumerable oaths. He was a totally illiterate man, and his want of knowledge of navigation made it impossible for him to rise above a subordinate station in the profession. His conversation had a certain spice of a heavy dealers and homely good salves but

jelly that for her amusement. What was more creditable to him, he never abused the men in her presence, and rarely swore while she was in hearing. More than once, at the warning touch of her hand upon his arm, he dropped his raised hand and suppressed the half-uttered onth he was about to launch at some unhappy fellow who had committed an unusually institution offers and the transfers irritating offense against the laws of good eamanship. The moth-and-candle business went on

for several weeks. Mary Ellis was, or affected to be, totally unconscious of the conquest she had made. Neither Dick nor myself felt at liberty to remonstrate with her in behalf of the peace of mind of the second mate. I did, however, venture medical process of the peace of the second mate. with her in behalf of the peace of mind of the second mate. I did, however, venture one day to warn Mr. Jones of the attention that his conduct had attracted. We had grown quite friendly by this time, and I fancled that the kindly interest I took in his welfare would rather flatter him than otherwise. He listened to what I had to say, with his hands thrust into his pockets and his gaze directed miles away towards the far distant horizon. 'And so, Mr. Jones,' I concluded, 'you must see that this sort of thing won't up. The ray is quine out of your sphere, and either don't suspect that you care particularly for her, or else abe is amusing herself at your expense.'

He turaed and looked at me silently, 'Mister,' said he, at last, slowly and reflectively, 'like enough you mean it all right. So I won't get mad about it. But you're making the biggest fool of yourself. Talking to me about your spears! Why, I'm a man, ain't I, and a white man, too? She's a woman, ain't she? What's yer spear got to do with my bein' perlite to the young woman? I expect she gets tired of your infernal jaw sometimes—I know I do, anyhow, and she don't mind listenen' to me a bit, for a healthy change. What I think of her ain't your business, n'r anybody else's; but I ain't going to let any man say that she's a playin' it on me. Now you've got your course, and that's enough. I don't ailow no interfer in from passengers, nor nobody.' And he walked away.

from pastengers, nor nobody.' And he walked away.

After this failure I tried him with no After this failure I tried him with no more advances. Gradually I became convinced that Miss Ellis was, in reality, a heartless coquette, who was amusing herself with a conquest so out of the ordinary way as to interest her from its very oddity. The conviction that she was actually copuble of this netty cruelty made tually capable of this petty cruelty made me necessarily reverse my opinion of her, and I censed to regard her with the warm admiration with which she had at first

Inspired merThe voyage grew dull and tiresome.
As it drew toward a close, I began to chafe at any full of the fair wind that had followed us nearly across the Atlantic, and to lose all patience at the first breath of an adverse breeze. I have not yet mentioned our gentral, for the simple street. tioned our captain, for the simple reason that he had hardly been seen by any one tioned our captain, for the simple reason that he had hardly been seen by any one of us since we had left Gibraltar. He was an ill tempered, ill mannered fellow, wl o disappeared in his cabin as soon as we were clear of the Straits, and entered upon a quiet course of refired drunkenners, in which he persevered throughout the voyage. The mate navigated the ship, and was in every way an intelligent and competent officer. I never dreamed that we were not proceeding on our course as rapidly as the ship could be sailed, until one day I saw the mate chalk certain figures on a board, and hold them up to the sight of a passing vessel. Her people immediately answered by displaying a series of totally different figures, the sight of which elicited a hearty oath from the mate, who said to Mr. Jones, 'I knew our chronometer was wrong, but when the old man is sober enough to talk he swears a blue streak if I say anything about it?

My newly awakened suspicions that

My newly awakened suspicious that we were not in the most enviable situation were unexpectedly verefied that very night. I had left unwell during the day, and, soon after dark, went to my state room which was in the house on deck, and lay down in my herth. Presently I heard voices from the deck, close to my room. Of course, I ought not to have permitted myself to hear—for listening is

not the proper term to apply to my involuntary share of the confidence which the second mate was bestowing upon Miss Ellis—but I could not easily help nyself.
They had evidently been talking some-

myself.

They had evidently been talking somewhere else, and had sheltered themselves beneath the lee of the house in order to continue their conversation unmolested. Mr. Jones was speaking when I first became aware of their close proximity to me.

'I'm agoin' to tell you this,' he said, because you are not like other women, that!'ll holler and raise Ned the minute they think there's any danger. You're have, if I know what's brave in a gal—and I ought to by this time. I want you I'm agoin' to tell you this,' he said, 'because you are not like other women, that'll holler and raise Ned the minute they think there's any danger. You're brave, if I know what's brave in a gal—and I ought to by this time. I want you not to say a word about this to yer father, or anybody, for it ain't my business to tell passengers anything; but the fact is, we may go ashore any time to-night, and I want you to be ready.'

'Go ashore to-night!' she cried, joyfully.

fully. Oh, that is too good! Why, I thought we were a hundred miles from land. 'You don't git my meanin,' he replied.
'What I mean to say is this: The mate's chronometer is all wrong. He and I have suspicioned it for a week back, and to-day we got the longitude from the bark you was a lookin' at, and if they was right, we're close on the coast.' right, we're close on the const.'

And what of that? Shan't we get home all the quicker? she asked, gally.

Don't ye understand? he answered.

The old man—the captain, I mean—is gettin' sober, and he's told the mate net

gettin' sober, and he's told the mate not to change his course, or to take a rag off her. First we know we'll run slap on to Hattena beach, and if it comes on to blow—and it's a goin' to sure—we'll go to pieces so quick that the old man won't get a chance to get drunk again.'

'Do you mean that we are in danger?' she asked in a lower tone.

'Yes, I do; but don't you get frightened. Mebbee we'll get through the night; but if we don't, and anything does happen, come straight to me. I'll be on deck, and I'll lay down my life for you, Miss Mary, God knows!' God knows!'

God knows!?

She asked him quickly: 'Why do you mind what the captain says, if he is not sober? Why don't you and Mr. Caswell (the mate) do what you think best?!

He laughed grimly. 'I've been to sea, Miss—man and boy—for twenty years, and I never went agin' my superior officers' orders. The old man says to drive ber, and that's the end of it. And if he drives her ashore it's his own lookout. drives her ashore, it's his own lookout; and if it wasn't for you I wish he would. When he loses a ship or two, mebbe his owners will get sober men to navigate for 'em.'

'I'm not afraid, Mr. Jones,' answered the girl. 'If we are wrecked I will do just as you tell me. You can't think how I thank you for telling me the truth.' Mr. Jones was quiet for a moment, and I heard her dress rustle, as though she turned to go.

upon, and shawls to wrap around her I have known him to keep a sailor in the distribution of sea weed and stray floating bits of sea weed and stray affair of me. I ain't such a fool as to this. There's never a man among all the lot you've knowd that could begin to love you as I do. For God's sake, don't look afraid of me. I aln't such a fool as to think that you could ever keer a straw for me, but I can't help teilin you how true and honest I love you. I'd die happy for you, Miss Mary, even if I knowd you'd never think of me ngain. I never meant to tell you this, and I'll never say another word about it. But, my God'l' when I think of how I love you, and how there's fifty thousand Atlantic oceans between us, I get wild. I've thought of it some nights, Miss Mary, till I couldn't hear it any longer. I've just jumped fored and gone to lickin' the saliors to keep from golu' crazy, and...'

and—'Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones,' came the sharp can of the captain, cutting short the poor fellow's confession.

'Ay; ay, sir!' be answered, and went to meet his sober, but by no means sane commander. 'Why haven't you got the to' gallants'is set, sir? Didn't I tell you have her all abold cover.

or galants: aset, sir? Didn't I tell you to give her all she'd carry?'

"The fore to gallant-yard's a little sprung, and I wasn't sure of its bearin' the sail, he ans vered.

"Setthe fore and mizzon-to'-gallants'ls?' said Mr. Jones.

"I'll do the thinking for this ship. Mr.

the captain; don't you start a sheet until I give you the word."

The top gallant sails were sheeted home and the sails hoisted. The wind which had been blowing strongly all day, I had freshened as the sun set and was now blowing a stiff gale from the eastward.—

The ship staggered and plunged under her press of canvas. The captain walked the deck with a guick nervous step. Ha ner press of canvas. The captain walked the deck with a qulck, nervous step. He was intensely irritable, from the effects of his prolonged debauch, and, though quite sober, was goaded by his unstruing nerves into a reckless impatience that found relief only in the excitement of driving his ship to the uttermost of her capabilities. I listened with uneasiness to the bowling of the stind distributed by capabilities. I listened with unensiness to the howling of the wind through the rigging, and debated the question whether to go to sleep and so forget the danger we were in, or to go on deck and make myself uncomfortable by watching for it.e danger which I apprehended. My decision was quickened by a sudden order from the captain. Mr. Jones, set the main royal.

main royal."

'Set the main royal, sir?' repeated the astonished second make, in a doubtful tone. Set the main royal, sir. Do you hear, roared the Captain. 'Loose all three of them, and set them instantly. If you don't know how to sail a ship with a fair wind, I'll show you.'

Mr. Jones besitated no longer. In a few moments the royals were spread to

few moments the royals were spread to the gale; but before the yards were trimmed I was on deck. Miss Ellis had disappeared, and the second mate was evidently averse to conversation. I noticed that a man lingered tear the mizzen-rigging after the rest of he watch had gone forward. So, too, did the Captain, who walked abruptly to the sailor and demanded to know what he

sailor and demanded to know what he was waiting for.

'Mr Jones ordered me to stand by the halyards, sir, answered the man.
'Go forward!' yelled the Captain. 'Mr. Jones, I want you to understand that when I'm on deck I can sail this ship without any interference. Let me see any more of it and I'll put you in trons for mutiny: hv—!'

any more of it and I'll put you in irons for mutiny; by—!"
Poor Mr. Jones gave no answer. Himself the most intolerant and cruel of disciplinarious, he did not resent the rating of his commander. When that amiable officer turned away, his subordinate passed over to the other side of the deck, and leaned silently against the bulwarks. An hour passed away. It was a starless night, and to the danger of running ashore was added the other affairer as a possible collision with some passing vessel. I thought of this and was about to pick my way forward, to satisfy myself that the look-out was not asleep, when the second mate suddenly placed his nand to his ear and bent forward, as though listening intently. In another moment a sharp, piercing cry rang from the fore-castle—'Breakers ahead!'

asmap, piereing cry rang from the fore-castle-"Breakers ahead!"

'Let go yer royal and to gallant hal-yards, fore and aft!' roared the second mate. 'Stand by yer topsail halyard.— Man the port braces, some of you; and stand by to slack the starboard braces.— Call all hands. 'Bout ship!'

But, while the light sails were yet futtering in the case such before the

the full force of the wave, and, as soon as the deck was clear of water. Mr. Jones made his way over to my side and suid, 'Go helow and bring the gal forward to the forecastle. Steady, now; and don't get yourself overboard.'

By narrowly water in general properturity. By narrowly water lug our opportunity, Dick, Miss Ellis, her father and myself managed to gain the forecastle. Mr.

Jones, bare headed, and with his coat off, was busily superintending the cutting away of the masts and the clearing of the wreck, which was thuniping against the side with dangerous violence. Relieved from the weight of the top-hammer, the ship rose somewhat and days per, the ship rose somewhat, and drove further in upon the sand. The seas bearded us less frequently, but the ship pounded on the beach with a violence which placed her in imminent danger of heaking up. neaking up.
When he had done what he could for momentary safety, Mr. Jones called the crew and said: 'If any of you want to try the beat, you can do it. I shan't.—
You can't be no more use here, but it's

the safest place for you. However, if y want to take the boat, I won't stand in your way.'
'We'll take the bont, Mr. Jones,' replied one of the men. 'Sh'll go to pieces
in half an hour, and you'd better come with us.'
'Not I,' returned the second mate, 'I

don't take no boating excursions in this weather. Wear away the boat if you want to, and good luck to you.' And then turning to the passengers, he continued; 'If you take my advice, you'll stop aboard. She'll last some time yet, but them fellows in the boat 'Il be swamped in ten minutes.' swamped in ten minutes.' 'We stay with you,' said Mary, walking

up to Mr. Jones, and placing her little hand in his rough, brown paw. That settled the question for her and the rest of us,

The men cleared away a leaky boat
that lay bottom upward on the house
amid ships, and, casting off, vanished in
the darkness. Mr. Jones told us to keep where we were, while he went aft for a

We watched him carefully working We watched him carefully working his way aft to the wheel-house, which was still standing. Presently he came in sight again, carrying a life buoy. We knew for whom it was intended.

But just as he had passed beyond the line of danger, he was struck by a mighty wave that tore him from his hold and danded him grainst the struck of the

We took the ship's lantern, which was Just at the slings of the yard.

'I hope you fellows knows what to do if they gits a line aboard?' he asked, doubtfully.

We assured him that we did. Then slence fell upon us, as we sat waiting for doubt.

silence fell upon us, as we sat waiting for death, or the dawn.

We were huddled together under the lee of the bulwarks. The old gentleman said never a word, but from the frequent movement of his lips, was doubtless praying for our safety. Dick, who was the coolest of men, filled and lighted his pipe, confidently expressing his conviction that the ship would hold together until daylight. Mary wes ellent every

brow of the second mate. Did her tenderness spring from remorse at having won his love; or was it possible that she really cared for him? Who shall know the mysteries of a woman's heart?

Hours had passed, when Mr. Jones suddenly opened his eyes and asked, 'Has anybody seen anything of the boat yet?' I looked over the side, and, by a singular coincidence, caught sight of a boat drifting by us, bottom upward. The second mate actually laughed. 'I knowed's aid he, 'I told 'em the boat coincidence' in the second mate actually laughed. 'I knowed's aid he, 'I told 'em the boat coincident' live in that see. 'Anim' you mu gone with them fellows it a' been all day.'

ever was before.'
The tears fell again, and the sweet girl bent over and touched her pure lips to the forehead of the dying man.
A bright smile softened his stern, worn face. 'May God Almighty pay you for your goodness.' he whispered huskily. I don't know where I am a goin' to, but if ever you come there, you'll let me look at you sometimes, won't you? I'll never bother you, but I could not bear to have you cut me.'

have you cut me.'

A duil report came floating from the invisible shore. A dull report came floating from the invisible shore.

'There's the gun,' cried Mr. Jones.' They see our light ashore, and they'll have a surf boat hiere before long. Goodbye Miss Mary. You'll make it all right for me up aloft, I know. Tell 'em you kissed me when I was dyin,' They won't be hard on me if they know that. Make somebody take the mate's log book ashore. He was all right; but—the the lubber that wrecked this ship with a fair wind. Let me look at your eyes once. My God! how I have loved—'And the second mate was dead.

CHEERFULNESS .- Our great American CHEBREUNESS.—Our great American humorist, Josh Billings, manages to season his frivolties with a great deal of poetry and good sound sense 'in the rough,' which we do not always get from more pretentious writers. One of his recent sayings is, 'Whize men go thru this world as boys go to bed in the dark, whistling to shorten the distance.' There winstring to snorten the distance. There are embraced in this, less than a score of words, good sense, poetry, religion, and that dim outeropping of humor which shows that it is entirety unalloyed from other metals. There would be much more sunshine in this world if we our salves did not obstruct the results. selves did not obstruct the rays tha selves did not obstruct the rays that would enliven our hearts and homes. We are constituted too much as our houses are—with a dark green blind on every window; which is kept closed far too much of the time. Keep the blind open—much consists in being ready to receive the sun. It will come from behind the sun much quicker. And that cold east wind? Suppose it does blow raw and chilling, giving almost every bone a premonitory twang of rheumatism? So much the more need of cheerfulness. It the win't blows the sea-fog around and above us, hiding the sun'a rays from us. above us, hiding the sun's rays from us above us, hiding the sun's rays from us, we can have a sun of our own by simply concentrating the rays of cheerfulness around us, and building a fire of its warmth in our hearts. If we are always showing a disposition to borrow trouble and are ever anticipating even worse luck than comes along occasionally, we shall find plenty of it to come at the bidding; but the exorcism of cheerfulness converts even the foggiest east wind into a refresh-ing breeze from Eurus; and even paints

rainbows on its outposts, and speaks, in whispers of faith, of the glory

on the sunny side of the darkest cloud

THE LABORING MAN. -On our home ward way at noon and evening, we frequently see a niechanic or laborer with the marks of toil upon his person or his the marks of toil upon his person or his garments, walking with nanly tread toward the litt's spot where are sheltered his loved ones. The poor exquisite, whose dainty nose turns up at the mere mention of a mechanic's name, and who would faint outright were his velvet paw to feel the iron pressure of one of these stalwart heroes of the world's workshop, could not think love an impact of a noor marks friends and acquaintances one who is brave enough to defend our good name from the venom of the slanderer—yet so long as the good woman of the house and her little child extend to us a loving welcome, we need not despair.

VOL. 57.--NO. 12.

Grief of Spotted Tall over the Death of It will be remembered that during Spotted Tail's visit to the East, his beloved 'Wawonaissa' elokened and died He reached the Whetstone Agency, the headquarters of his tribe, two days after she was buried and immediately had the remains disinterred. A correspondent says it was a painful sight to see the pro-found and bitter grief which took posses-sion of the chief as he looked upon the dead face of her he had loved so truly and so well.

Over the usually stoical features of the stern warrior, great tears coursed like a torrent, while his broad breast shook and torrent, while his broad breast shook and heaved with its great agony. He caught the inanimate form in his brawny arms, calling her by all the endearing names with which he had been wont to awake the lovelight in her dark eyes in days gone, while he rained hot, passionate kisses upon the dusky marble of her dear, dead face. At the time the gentleman from whom we derive our information left Whetstone, Spotted Tall was giving expression to his grief in a manner necuexpression to his griefin a manner expression to his grief in a manner peculiar to his people. All the presents and trinkels of every sort which he had received while on his Eastern journey he buried, affirming that they were but medicined and the way responsible out the death of his wife. Many on thest

The second mate actually laughed. 'I burled, affirming that they were 'bad medicinal and the second with them fellows it a' been all day with you by this time.'

He relansed sgain into silence, and apparent insepsibility. When next he spoke his mind was eyidently wandering. 'I tell you,' he suddently cried, in a voice that startled us with its wild insanity, 'that chronometer's wrong, and we'll be ashore before morning. And it that pretty young 'creetur's drowned, I'll drown the old man myself, so help me to be fore morning. And it had been to the night passed slowly on. The wind gradually luled, and the sea perceptibly went down. 'Daylight will soon be here,' cried Dick, 'we shall be saved yet.'

The night passed slowly on. The wind gradually luled, and the sea perceptibly went down. 'Daylight will soon be here,' cried Dick, 'we shall be saved yet.'

Mr. Jones raised his head and looked out into the night. The calm and responsible to the night. The calm and responsible to the ship. The sea's going down, and you're as safe as if you was ashore.' 'We won't go ashore without you, Mr. Jones,' said Mary. 'I will norse you day and night until you are well.'

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'We won't go ashore without you, Mr. Jones,' said Mary. 'I will norse you day and night until you are well.'

'Yursin' won't do me no good, Miss Mary,' he answered, 'You needn't take meashore. I'd a great sight rather be hove overboard as soon as the breath's Mary. 'I won't do me no good, Miss Mary,' he whispered in a faint yolce, 'I'm agoin' now. Just let me hold your hand, if you don't mind.'

Dick and I did not, venture to approach nearer to the awful presence of Death.

'I'm dyin' miss, but I'm glad of it.— I couldn't have lived without the sight bent over and touched her pure lips to the forehand of 'the during man.'

The learn fell again, and the sweet girl bent over and touched her pure lips to the forehand of the during man.'

The learn fell agai

THE PARISIANS AND THEIR GERMAN BEER.—A Paris letter says: A terrible piece of news for thirsty Paris is just announced. The numerous cafes supplied with Bock beer by the great house of Dreher& Co., Vienna, exhibit in their windows a placard stating that in consequence of the war no beer is to be had by the usual railways, that the stock is out, and that their numerous customers must be good enough to wait for the compleand that their numerous customers must be good enough to wait for the comple-tion of arrangements set on foot for bring-ing German beer to Paris by way of Switz orland and Italy. It is only in the best houses that this momentary scarcity will be felt. By far the greater part of the soi-disant bocks consumed in Paris are manu-factured in this city or the environsfactured in this city or the environs. There is an enormous brewery of "Vienna" beer at Pantin, the suburb made famous by the Tropmann murders. I believe the interests of this brewery have

neve the interests of this brewery have rather suffered by the notoriety of its existence. But for Tropmann its product would have passed off as true "lock" more easily than they do now. But, although the Paris brewers cannot produce beer so good as those of Munich and Vicinity of the product the state of the product of the paris brewers cannot produce beer so good as those of Munich and Vicinity of the parish the parish the parish that the product of the product of the parish the parish the parish that the parish the parish the parish the parish that the parish the parish the parish that the parish that the parish the parish that nna, or even as the "bocks" of Strasburg their efforts to rival the genuine article have very much improved the average of the beer brewed in Paris. Some years ago Paris beer was a vileflatulent, saponaceous deception. Now a very palatable, refreshing and not unwholesome preparation of realt and possibly without the same property. tion of malt, and possibly of hons, though believe other bitters are more com in ly used, is a very general drink. The French cannot understand the beer as a concomitant to a repast. With their meals they must have wine. But in the evening, among the better classes, far more beer is drunk in Paris than in London.

How Females Should Kiss.—Hard-y any two females kiss allke. There is a much variety in the manner of doing t as in the races and manners of the sex Some delicate little creatures merely give a slight brush of the lip. This is a sad aggravation. We seem about to have a good time but actually get nothing. Others go into it like a hungry man into benefits and aggravation and account of the seemal of th Others go into it like a hungry man into beefsteak, and seem to chew up our countenances. This is disgusting and drives away a delicate lover. Others struggle like hens burying themselves in the dirt. This is won by great exertions and is not worth the trouble it costs. Now, we are in favor of a certain shyness, when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long; and when the fair one gives it, let her administer it with warmth and energy. Let there be a soul in it. If she close her eyes, and sigh deeply immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to 'Slobber' a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle, deep but delicate. There as a numming bird runs his bill fino a honeysuckle, deep but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have had the memory of one we received in our youth, which has lasted us forty years; and we believe it will be the last thing we will think of when we die. ody remarks that that man

vhen we die. hould be fed on two-lips the rest

HENRY CLAY.—In his day it was the habit of the polite world of the capital, dressed in their gayest, to repair to the Senate Chamber, to listen to him whenever he spoke. Clay was everybody's pet. No man had ever such admiration sinds. heroes of the world's workshop, could not think love an inmate of a poor man's cottage. But should he, as we do every day, see groups of bright faced children, their countenances radiant with joy, rush out on the side-walk, and run with distended aims to welcome papa, he would change his opinion. A child's love is the crown of a good man's life, and he whose children is ever waiting to give a welcome kiss, cannot be wholly bad. Though we may be placed in the most humble circumstances—though there cannot be found in all the circle of our friends and acquaintances one who is brave enough to defend our good name from the venom of the slanderer—yet so a pinch gracefully between his finger and thumb, return to his desk, and put it with such ineffable distinction to his nostrils, the whole audience was ready to burst into applause? With any other man, that would have been ridiculous. But Clay would have been ridiculous. But Clay would have been ridiculous.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,
Drugges, Window Shade. Matting'
MILINERY GOODS
of this including Lealies and Collidroma false and Section for country, the Great and Southern false and Section of Country, the Great and Southern fals and Section of Country, the Great and Southern false and Section of Country, the Great and Southern false and Section of Country, the Great and Southern false and Section of Country, the Great and Southern false and Section of Country the Great and Southern false and Section of Country the Great and Southern false and Section of Country the Great and Southern false and Section of Country the Great and Southern false and Section of Country the

Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL be inserted at Ten Cont orly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements in-serted at a liberal reduction on the above rates Advertisements should be accompanied by the Casu. When sent without any length of time pecified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

UARDS, HANDRILLS, CIRCULARS, and every reception of Job and Card Printing.

Gems of Literature.

BLARNEY.

It love is an innocent thing, my dear, My heart then is innocent, too, For sure it contains the divil a thing, But love for an angel-that's you An' all of the day It's the whole of my lay,

This love I am bearing for you. This love it so fills up my heart, my dear,
Sure there's room for naught else to creep in;
So it's not from the good of myself you see,
That my heart is kept free from all sin,
For while thinking of you

It's no evil I do. So my heart is kept free from all sin. Then you are a talisman true, my dear, To drive from me evil away; And as charms of the kind are usually worn Round the neck, do you mind, every day. 'Twould be well, do n't you see,

For you ever to be Round my neck, like a charm, every day. A QUICK TRIP-to trip on an orange

Money is hard to get-But easy to A bar to further progress-A misquito

CAN a little girl weeping be called a This weather is getting a trifle monoto-

THE most difficult thing to remember-Poor Relief-being relieved of one's

SUN-DRY matters are to be found every-THE swiftest arm of the military ser-

AN Iowa man aptiy advertises: "Kero ene and coffins." PEOPLE who go to the theatre to laugh are often seen in tiels. WHEN you get a stitch in your side-

To have a bang up time—be present at a steamboat explosion. DYEING FOR LOVE-Coloring your noustache to please a woman. THE beacherites at the sea sides are not all of Henry Ward's style. Corn is quoted in the market as 'steady,' but now about the corned?

A clock may go on tick, but it is sure to meet its engagements on time BECAUSE a man sings bass, he should not be pronounced a low character. You're a man of figure, as the mathematician said to the dancing master.

THE most desirable receptions for this EACH wooden leg is but a proof that the giories of war have an artificial end. WHEN a man gets so low that he will

MAY not the sun be arrested as an in-uendiary, since it is burning up every-A child is the beginning of what he will

e; an old man the remains of what he Why is an address on board a ship like bracelet? Because it is a deck oration decoration.) "You are too no ling by half," as John Benjamin said to Hannah Maria, when

she refused him. WHEN did Nosh go into the wine businesss? He made port about forty days, after the deluge began. METEOROLOGICAL QUERY-When is he worst weather for rate and mice.

When it rains cats and dogs. Quite out of season—for a lady to present a gentleman with the mitten at the present tropical period. WHY does the minister have mor

The fellow who attempted to "cloak his sin." found that he couldn't begin to get a garment large enough. Louis Napoleon wishes to identify himself with the "Marselllaise" in order to be considered as the national him.

A constant reader writes to ascertain if the cold shoulder so often given to poor dependents is baked or roasted. IT doesn't follow because a man is after a cobbler that he wants his boots tapped. The tap may be in another direction. THE latest hair restorer out is that of a thief, who stole a quantity of wigs and afterwards returned them to the owner. Over ten thousand "first bales" of cot-

ton have arrived in New Orleans. Some plantations don't raise anything but first Good.—A Fifth avenue lady, grown suddenly rich, salled for Europe the other day, for the purpose, as she avowed it, of having the portraits of her three children

CINCINNATI has base ball on the brain. CINCINNATI has base but on the brain. Recently a President of one of her base ball clubs resigned, and a Cincinnati paper says his resignation at such a crisis as this is to be regarded as a national calamity. mity.

Such is the habit of borrowing money in Chicago, that the Michigan Central Railroad have two large painted signs in their depot, as follows: Caution to passengers—do not lend your money to stran-The conduct of the husband who beats his wife beats anything; but that of a man who slams the door in the face of

his wife's relations bangs all. THE editor of a Missouri paper asks his readers to excuse the looks of his paper, as he is in bed from the effects of a fight with a delinquent subscriber. A Norwegian father and mother, with

twenty-one children, lately arrived at Sheyboygan, Wis. The rest of the family is expected by the next steamer. Why are sheep the most dissipated animals? Because they gamble in their youth, spend most of their days on the turf, the best of them are black-legs, and they are sure to be fleeced at last. THE worst yet: An exchange got off

the following horrible connucrum:— 'Why is an empty champagne bottle like an orphan? Because it has lost its pop. 'THE counsel,' said a learned judge,
- will do well to pluck some of the feathers out of the wings of his imagination,
and stick them into the tail of his judg-

WHATEVER exception may be taken to some of the details of dresses of the ladie it cannot justly be said that there is any thing low about their heels.

THE Sublime Porte has taken the step to the ridiculous, in establishing a new fire department in Constantinople; now that there's scarcely anything left to burn. A TRADESMAN, having sunk his shop a couple of feet, announces that, in con-sequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold considerably lower than for-

A WOMAN lecturer says that woman's sphere is bounded north by her husband, on the east by her buby, on the south by her mother-in-law, and on the west by a maiden aunt.

merly.

THE Detroit Free Press says: 'Senator Reportion is still hanging around Wash-Brownlow is still hanging around Washington.' Very likely: but it is not the sort of hanging we should like to see him