The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1870. VOL. 57.---NO. 14.

The American Volunteer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY

OFFICE--SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per year if paid strictly in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months; after which Three Dollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the CASH. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING,

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

Professional Cards.

J. P. HUMRICH. | WM. B. PARKER.

HUMRICH & PARKER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

Dec. 2 1868—

UNITED STATES CLAIM AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY!

M. B. BUTLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office in 3d Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 3 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county Pa.,

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.

Feb. 11, 1867—tf

W. E. BELTZHOOVER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CARLISLE, PA.

Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Zeal's dry goods store.

Feb. 1, 1865.

M. L. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his office to the hitherto unoccupied room in the East corner of the Court House.

Dec. 8, '69—1y

M. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of "American Volunteer."

Feb. 1 1865

JAMES H. GRAHAM, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NO. 14 SOUTH HANOVER ST.,

CARLISLE, PA.

OFFICE—Adjoining Judge Graham's.

March 31, 1870—tf

W. L. SHRYOCK, Justice of the Peace. Office No 3, Irvin's Row, Carlisle.

Dec. 22, 1869—1y

GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST, *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother on Louther Street, three doors below Bedford, Penna.

Aug. 5 1865.

M. B. REYNOLDS, M. D.

Graduate of HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE, Philadelphia.

Office 21 West Louther St., at residence of his father, Carlisle.

Aug. 25, '70—3m*

W. Y. REED, Homeopathic Physician, has located in Carlisle. Office next door to St. Paul's Evangelical Church, West Street. Patients from a distance please take the forenoon.

Sept. 17, 1870—3m*

J. S. HIRONS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

FIFTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT, Cor. Library,

PHILADELPHIA.

Jan. 13, 1870—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 West Street*, a few doors North of the Carlisle Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle. Silks, Cassimeres of all styles and qualities, Felts, of different colors, and every description of Hats now made.

Sunkard 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, also added to my Stock, notions of different styles, consisting of

FANCY AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS

Suspenders, Gloves, Garters, Pencils, Thread, Sewing Silk, Umbrellas, &c.

THE SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND.

Please call, and examine my stock as I feel sure of pleasing all, besides saving you money.

JOHN A. KELLER, *Agent*, No. 15 North Hanover Street.

Dec. 1, 1869.

HATS AND CAPS!

IF YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? GO TO

IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON

J. G. CALLIO,

NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET,

Where can be seen the finest assortment of

HATS AND CAPS

ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in inviting his old friends and customers, and many others, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of fine

SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS,

an endless variety of Hats and Caps of every style, all of which he will sell at the *Lowest Cash Prices*. Also, his own manufacture always on hand, and

MADE TO MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and at most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of all brands of

SMOKING TOBACCO AND CIGARS

on hand. He desires to call the attention of those who have

COUNTRY FURS

to the fact that he pays the highest cash prices for the same. Give him a call, at the above number, his old stand, and he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.

Sept. 1, 1869

Boots and Shoes.

LOCHMAN & SPONSLER,

No. 13 South Hanover Street,

CARLISLE, PA.

Thankful for the patronage extended them during the past, would now announce their usual large and well selected stock of SPRING STYLES of

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR MEN AND BOYS', YOUNG MEN'S AND BOYS', YOUTHS' AND CHILDS',

all of which they will sell unrivaled for comfort and beauty

TRUNKS AND VALISSES,

MEN AND BOYS' HATS,

which they will sell at small profits. Call and examine their stock and get a full equivalents for your money.

March 30—1y

CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF!

Respectfully resigned is always open to small favors. He will have no objection whatever to be voted for Sheriff, if his Democratic friends think proper to nominate him. In the meantime, as it is his intention to stay at home and attend to his business, it will be impossible for him to see his friends in various parts of the county. He requests them all to call *at his shop*, on Louther street, Carlisle, where he is prepared to furnish the neatest fits in the shortest notice, of any establishment in the place. He is now working up the very best of goods at reduced prices. Extra heavy soles supplied to country friends who don't want to be bothered with candidates.

Aug. 18, 1870—3m. ADAM DYSERT.

GETS EARN $200 A MONTH

Agents—Sam S. C. Abbott's last great work, the LIVES OF ALL THE PRESIDENTS. Agents—nearly fifty steel and wood engravings. Sells at sight. More agents wanted. Specimen sent free and terms. Franklin Publishing House, 721 Market St., Philadelphia Pa.

Aug. 18—4m

Dry Goods.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

D. A. SAWYER,

Irvine's Corner,

Opposite Market House.

Has just returned from the city with an entire new stock of

FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS,

All of which have been purchased for cash and will be sold on short profits.

We have everything kept in a

FIRST CLASS DRY GOOD STORE.

We have the advantage of a resident buyer in the city, who is able at all times to furnish us with bargains and watch the markets.

We wish everybody to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as you will be convinced what we have at the

CHEAP STORE,

and money can be saved in buying from us.

D. A. SAWYER.

Sep. 1, 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 TAMISE in extra quality. Pure Mohairs, Black Alpaca (Specialty.)

WHITE GOODS,

Piques in great variety and latest styles.—French Muslins, Nansooks, 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

in 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 prices of their goods correspondingly. The subscribers have just received from the cities a large and full assortment of all kinds of

FOREIGN & STAPLE GOODS,

which they will sell lower than they have done since 1861.

SILKS,

Wool De Laines, Alpacas, Poplins, Serges, Bombazines, Tamise Cloth, Grenadines.

FLANNELS OF ALL KINDS,

Plain and Fancy, Linen Table Diapers, Cotton do., Checks, Tickings, Ginghams, Counterpanes

EMBROIDERIES,

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. This

MAMMOTH STOCK OF GOODS

the largest in this section of country, is offered at prices that defy competition, and all we ask is a fair examination by good judges of goods to satisfy the public that this is the place to buy and save money.

LADIES' UNDER WEAR,

A nice assortment of Ladies' Under Clothing very handsomely stitched and trimmed at reasonable prices.

WOOL taken in exchange for goods.

BENTZ & CO.

At the old Dry Goods stand established February 1st, 1841.

March 30—70

J. L. STERNER'S

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE

BETWEEN HANOVER AND BEDFORD ST

IN THE REAR OF BENTZ HOUSE

CARLISLE, PA.

Having fitted up the Stable with new Carriages, &c., I am prepared to furnish first-class turn-outs at reasonable rates. Parties taken of and from the springs.

April 25, 1867—2y

A WORD TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Being a short and practical treatise on the nature, causes, and symptoms of pulmonary Consumption, Bronchitis and Asthma, and their prevention, treatment, and cure by inhalation. Sent by mail free.

Address Q. VANHUMMELL, M.D. 6, West Fourteenth Street, N. Y.

June 10, 1869—y

Poetical.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

There is a lesson inculcated in the following lines, which if taken into all our hearts would make this world brighter, more beautiful and happy, to the poor and unfortunate, for it is a lesson of charity. Many a sensitive soul would be spared bitter pangs, and many wandering ones reclaimed to lives of truth and goodness.—So in reading these lines, let us all remember how sublime a virtue is charity:

At home or away, in the alley or street,
Whenever I chanced in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes sadly, "'Tis some mother's child!"

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,
Be it women all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child!"

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made;
No matter what element cankered the Pearl;
Though tarnished and sullied, she's some mother's girl.

No matter how wayword his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin;
No matter how low is his standard of joy—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast,
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild;
For her sake deal gently with some "mother's child."

Miscellaneous.

[*From Once a Week.*]

THE TWO DIVERS.

A STORY OF PERIL.

I, Watts Brown, follow a very hazardous calling, or, at all events, one, in which, if you choose to face dangers for the sake of higher remuneration, perilous adventures are common enough. I am not too presumptuous when I say I am as brave as most men, naturally, and my sense of fear has been further blunted by a constant companionship with danger. The adventure I am about to narrate was horrible enough to me when I was a principal actor in it, and to this day an involuntary shudder of horror always accompanies the recollection of it.

Some years ago a large vessel laden with a mixed cargo, was bound to New York from South America. Striking a sunken reef of the dangerous shore of Florida, she was wrecked, and very few of the passengers or seamen escaped. The owner, who was also Captain, was drowned. His heirs lived in New York. It appears the vessel had settled down in the ocean, having escaped the attack of any storm, so as might be supposed, her cargo would be pretty well recoverable, but it was a useless and foolish attempt to try to get anything from her in a lonely sea and on a dangerous coast. However, one of those men whom nature has formed for the out-of-the-way modes of getting money in this world, having obtained the consent of the heirs in New York, fitted out a large yacht, and promising money only on condition of success, I was prompted to hazard the spec—it agreed with my adventurous disposition, and I signed articles and shipped myself. After a deal of trouble we picked up another diver, a coarse brutal, drunken rascal, whose conduct as hereafter seen, will sufficiently justify these remarks. From the moment I had a kind of antipathy against the fellow, and shrank from his society as from some loathsome reptile. His profile was that of a baboon; his eyes peering from under his heavy brows, twinkled with a Satanic wickedness and seemed to be looking all ways at once; and when he laughed his satanic majesty himself might have envied his ugly grin. My employer shunned him, and would gladly have parted with him, but no other could be got to engage in such a foolhardy scheme.

Having got the diving bell and other apparatus on board, we at last set sail on this novel pursuit of lucre. The voyage was fine, and having nothing to do I enjoyed it very much, and was even softening toward my fellow diver when we reached that part of the coast of Florida where the sunken wreck lay, and where our fortunes were buried beneath the waves.

We were a considerable time discovering the wreck, but we found it at last, far down in the depths of the still blue sea, where troops of sharks were pursuing each other about and through it for want of better prey. No pleasant sight, I can assure you. My fellow diver gave them a fearful curse, and took an extra long pull at his brandy flask. As for myself, the affair seemed more dangerous than ever. The vessel would have to be moored above a bed of reefs, and if a storm were to arise, ill fate would catch us, for there is little mercy to be expected for a ship from the cruel and jagged coral. However I plucked up the very best courage; saying to myself, "my dear fellow, the more danger the more money." Jim Crow—that was my diver's name—gave utterance to a no wise pleasant catch about having been swindled, muttering at the end, "But I'll pay them off duced sharp or I'm not—" concluding his sentence very suspiciously, which did not tend to increase my confidence respecting his intentions

We pulled back to the ship, after placing a buoy to mark the spot. The two next days Jim Crow and I were busy in preparing our things for the attack on the sunken ship. The tide of my thoughts was checked to my work, but I still liked that Crow was in an evil mood. After about four days were spent the ship was anchored. The bell was swung for the plunge, and the Crow and I went below and dressed. My suspicions seemed now on the increase, and my readers may think that I was very fearful, but I provided myself with a long and sharp knife, which I stuck unobserved down my long leathern boot. Crow stuck one in his belt saying, with a rather diabolical laugh, 'I think it is better being prepared for water sharks,' and I almost think he added 'land sharks.' This opened my eyes a little, and some rather curious speculations flitted through my brain. He was a man to be feared, being hugley big and strong, and wicked withal.

With many such reflections I took my place in the bell, and amidst the hurrahs of the crew and the excitement of the master, we dipped into the sea. Common life has passed away, and, to a novice, a new world opens to his eyes, beneath the wave, and even to me the scene was fresh. The coral reefs, like grand architectural structures, covered with weeds and shells of the deep, every possible variety of color; the fish, large and small, darting about the water, and flying at the approach of the bell as before the sweep of the sharks, and even they grinned with their long jaws, and fled upon our approach. Down, down, down, till the light was dim, and then we struck the wreck. Armed with crowbars sharp at one end to repulse the sharks and other monsters of the deep, we planted our feet on the deck. Instantly we separated. Crow burst open the cabin door, and after a while I joined him. By this time he was in the cabin searching about. I watched him as well as I could all the while. Thus we spent our first journey, and after loading our bell, gave the signal and were hauled up on deck. The sailors crowded round us, gloating over the various things we had brought up; they also hauled on deck several things to which we had attached ropes. Thus our first day was passed. All were exulting, and the sailors cracked over the galley fire the possible price of money to each, and the master dreamed of a princely independence.

Several days thus past over; we had broken into the cargo, and what we considered of value, and the sea had not damaged was hauled on deck, and the schooner became pretty well laden. I think it was about the last day of working, as we were down in the bell, that Crow again wended his way toward the cabin. By this time my suspicions regarding his evil intentions were quieted, yet there still lingered about him traces of obstinate sulkiness, so that I took very little notice of his operations, and I busied myself about different things in the hold of the vessel.

I think about half an hour must have passed by when I returned to the bell; and I was startled by the cunning wicked cast of Crow's countenance; he was shuffling something beneath his diver's clothes, as the last of it disappeared I guessed it was a bag, and the thought flashed across my mind—a bag of money. I quietly asked Crow what it was.

'Humph! nothing. What have you to do with it?' he growled.

My curiosity was further aroused by this answer.

'Well, you must tell me what it is,' I said, keeping myself as quiet as possible.

'The devil I will!' he shouted savagely.

'Then you shall be forced when we get on deck,' I said, resolutely.

'Ha! ha! forced!' Here he quietly drew a long knife.

Quick as thought mine was out too, for I always carried mine in my boot.

'I expected something of this,' I said.

He scowled heavily at me at the other side of the bell.

But nothing daunted, the ruffian cried, 'I will see you dead first.'

I knew his mighty strength, but I also knew my own agility and skill.

Crow said again, 'Tis a bag of gold I found in the cabin, and if you hold your jaw I shall give you a third.'

'Never shall I be dishonest,' after some deliberation, looking pale, I dared to say, but perfectly calm.

Let the reader imagine the scene in a bell forty feet under water. It would take at least twenty minutes to pull it up. A fierce fight, perhaps a deadly one, might be finished by then. Suspicion might be hushed; the body would be flung to the ravenous sharks which we sometimes had to combat with our sharp pointed crowbars; but our frightful gloomy appearance might have been enough to terrify the inhabitants of the deep.

We stood eyeing each other for some time—he for attack; I for resistance. I offered to pull the alarm bell, but he clutched it from me. I attempted nothing further.

After a few moments' pause he said, 'Will you take a few shares?'

'No!' was the firm answer.

'Perhaps it is not large enough?'

'All of it is too small.'

'You won't give in?' he said.

I expected something, and prepared myself.

'Never!' I replied, at length.

'Then to death!' he yelled, springing at me.

Quick as thought I caught his elevated arm, poised in the air, for a stab. I made a lunge at him, for my blood was roused at this fiendish attempt on my life. He parried it, but it caught him on the shoulder; however, he clutched my wrist, and there we were scowling at each other; the foam burst from his bloodless lips, and his passion-wrought face intimidated me more than his bloodthirsty strokes.

At last he made a forcible effort to free his arm, but I held it with all the strength of desperation. Amid curses and curses he struggled. Sometimes he was quiet, and the only sound was the hurried panting of our excited chests. At last I wrenched my hand from his, and stabbed him in the hand. His knife fell, but with a curse that rings yet in my ear he threw himself at me and grasped my body and arm in his gigantic clasp. I seized him by the throat. With the hug of a bear he tried to break my back; his strength seemed almost superhuman, he shifting off the bars of wood by a wriggle, we plunged into the sea beneath. Down, down we sank! No effort was made to lose the hold of either. Tighter and tighter we gripped, till we fell on the coral reef. Death itself seemed to me a trifle. Passion and hate seemed but the consummation of my heart. My strength was that of Hercules, under the influence of this demoniacal conflict.—But want of air stifled our efforts. As the fire began to flash before my eyes, and the dise of unconsciousness to creep over me, I released my hold. Crow also loosened his. I know little about this part; but being an excellent swimmer I struck out with all my force. The water whizzed by me. I was stifling, choking, dying. When I reached the surface, with a gasp of air I recovered, and was enabled to shriek, 'Help, help!' when I fainted. As a dream, floated before me—men, ropes, boat and rescue.

I awoke; but the pain, and dizziness, and confusion in my head defy all description. After a few hours I could rise, but still I was feeble. I inquired for Crow; he was in a delirium. They told me when the bell was brought up, he lay on the bars as dead, grasping the gold bag in his hands. They also told me that they but barely rescued me from a shark hovering near the schooner.

Next day we set sail, and arrived not long after in New York. Two hundred pounds was my fee, but the master gave me fifty more for my honest resistance. Crow was still bad in his head. They put him into an hospital. I called three months after, and he had gone to the backwoods of the Fair West.

AN ENGLISH BABY SHOW.—An enterprising itinerant auctioneer determined upon introducing a novelty, and created a sensation amongst the poor mothers in the locality by holding a baby show.—There were several prizes, and presently the door of the caravan leading on to the stage from which the auctioneer disposes of his wares, was opened, and the mammas came forward in single file with their cherubs in their arms and formed a row in front of the assemblage. The only difficulty that arose was as to who should judge. Three men near to the caravan mounted the rostrum, amidst some merriment, which was increased tenfold, as, commencing at one end of the row, one of them took the babies in rotation in his arms, and raised them up and down as though the job was one to which he was not at all unaccustomed. This appeared as though the decision was to be according to weight, and, one young woman was present with twins, the suggestion was made that they should both be taken into account when the result was being arrived at. Some of the babes presented a rather sickly appearance, and did not seem at all to relish their position. After a good deal of careful examination the decision of the judges and of the crowd generally was given in favor of a plump little infant, whose parents rejoice in the name of Winterbottom. Another prize was given to the child that was dressed in the neatest manner. It was freely bandied about that a show of young women would be a not unnatural sequence.

SIGNS.—When you see the sun before you get out of bed, it is a sign that you wouldn't do for a farmer.

When you see a boy throwing stones on the streets and speaking impudently to old people, it is a sign that his parents don't care much for him.

When you see a girl throwing kisses and winking at the boys as they pass her window, it is a sign that she is too young to be out of sight of her maternal relative.

When you see young gentlemen and ladies whispering, and giggling, and writing notes in church, it is a sign that the man who teaches good manners omitted to give them a call when he came along the last time.

A KNOWING HORSE.

During the early settlement of Wisconsin—or the wilderness part of it, at least—I was frequently employed by correspondents from abroad to search out certain sections of land and report as to their value, timber, quality of soil, etc. In discharging this duty, I usually went on horseback, using a favorite old family horse. To find the particular section described, I would first find a surveyor's 'blazed line,' and follow it up until I found a 'corner post,' where I could find the 'corner tree' marked with the number of the township, range and section of which the post was the boundary; then, by a glance at the map, I could tell at once the distance and direction of the section I was in search of, and would follow the blazed lines accordingly. On one occasion, a dismal, foggy day, I had gone a longer distance from home than usual, and into a part of the wilderness that was strange to me. After making the survey, the fog came on so very thick that I dare not take my usual course of returning by a direct route, without regard to the angles of the surveyor, but started on a blazed line leading nearest to the required direction. Before going far I came to a bog or marsh, which was impassable on horseback, and I was forced to go round it. After I had got on the opposite side, I could not find the line again, and, after searching some little time, I gave it up, and threw the reins upon the neck of the horse, and bade him go home; preferring to trust to his instinct to find the way, rather than to my judgment as to the proper direction to be taken. We had not gone many rods before I noticed the blazed trees for which I had been looking, and my curiosity was at once excited to know whether the horse really noticed the faint marks on the trees, and was guided by them. Accordingly I left the reins perfectly free, and was soon satisfied beyond doubt that such was the fact, for, on coming to a fallen tree or other obstruction, he would go round it, return to the line, and follow it without mistake; in fact he seemed to find the line more readily than I could myself. Afterward, I tested him time and again. It made no difference whether the direction was to or from home. If the direction was from home, on coming to a corner post, he would make a stop, as if to inquire whether to keep straight on, or turn to the right or left. This was only one of many knowing traits displayed by him. But, notwithstanding the old fellow was so docile and knowing, I could never persuade him to let me shoot game from his back; and after a few attempts, I was forced to give it up. He would not even let me mount him with the gun in my hand, or allow it to be handed to me after I had mounted. He appeared to have a horror of fire-arms, perhaps he had noticed the result of their use on the game, and was afraid of some time getting a shot himself. With another horse I tried an experiment that I should never had thought of, except for the intelligence, if not reasoning power, displayed by an old favorite. I had bought a horse in Milwaukee—a jet black, and perfect beauty of a horse, which was said to have been caught from a drove of wild horses on the Texas prairies. He was gentle and docile enough while in hand, but once loose, there was no such thing as catching him again by any of the ordinary means used for catching horses. In fact, the man from whom I purchased him, after chasing him for days with relays of horses from his livery stable, had been obliged at last to 'crease' him, in order to catch him, *i. e.* to shoot him through the top of the neck, just above the neck-bone, temporarily paralyzing him, without dangerous permanent injury. This to be successfully performed, requires a good marksman, for if the ball struck an inch too low, the shot would be fatal. After I had been his owner some six or eight months, he got loose in the fall of the year and took to the woods near by. I used to see him often, but he would never let me approach anywhere near him. After snow fell in the winter, and food became scarce in the woods, he could occasionally be seen in the evening near the stable, and I used to leave the door open until bed-time, and sometimes as late as two o'clock at night, and place a measure of oats and salt within tempting distance inside the stable, in hopes that he would go in, but he was not to be entrapped in that way. At last I began to cast about for the reason why he would not venture to enter the stable while the door stood invitingly open and no person in sight, and I came to the conclusion that the horse reasoned after this manner: 'As long as the lights are burning in the house, people are stirring about, and I am liable to surprise, after the lights are out, there is no more stir for the night, and if the door was left open, I might venture in with safety.' Taking it for granted that I had solved the problem correctly, I laid my plans accordingly. Attaching one end of a rope to the handle of the stable door, I passed the other end through the window of the house, which commanded a view of the situation, and at the usual hour, for retiring, I had the lights put out, and everything kept quiet, the result was as I had hoped, rather than expected. The lights had not been out more than ten or fifteen minutes, before the horse cautiously entered the stable. The trap was sprung, and we had him safe. How this affected his reasoning faculties I can't tell, but he must evidently have considered himself taken in. That the horse would not have gone into the stable had the lights been left burning, I do not pretend to say, I give the facts as they occurred. But I am satisfied, from more than thirty years close observation, that the horse observes and makes a (mental) note of a great deal more than is generally supposed.

HOW COUNTERFEIT NOTES ARE MADE.—A party of men, say from three to a dozen, get together and hold frequent meetings, and act according to a plan laid down. One or two will find out some copperplate printer in the employ of the bank note company—in fact all such printers are known by the party. These men will manage to meet one of the printers in the evening, get acquainted, drink, and have a good time generally with him, and so proceed for a few evenings. Then they offer from $50 to $150 to procure a certain kind of impression. This impression is made in this wise: The printer will take the impression upon tin foil from the plate from which he is printing, which can be done in a moment. Thus you see every line and the size is obtained correctly. From this tin foil an electrotype plate is made.

They then get some plate printer that can be found about the city, have a good time with him, and engage him at twenty dollars a day to do the printing. By this plan thousands of copies are struck off which defy detection, except in the quality of the paper, which will slightly differ from the genuine. The place of manufacture is generally some distance from New York, like Staten Island, Flatbush, or sometimes Baxter street, or similar localities in that city. It is a strange fact in every case where a party of this kind exists that every member lacks confidence in his associates. Every move made by one is narrowly watched by the others of the party. It would be death to an informant or spy that did not look well to himself.

BEAUTIFUL MYTH.—In eastern poetry they tell of a wondrous tree, upon which grew golden apples and silver bells, and every time a breeze went by and shook the fragrant branches, a shower of these golden apples fell, and the living bells chimed and tinkled forth their airy refreshments. On the gospel tree there grow sweet blossoms and bells more melodious than those which mingled with the pomegranates on Aaron's vestment—holy feeling, heaven-taught; and when the Holy Spirit breathes upon the evangelized so there are a shaking down of mellow fruits, and the flow of healthy music whose gentle tones and joyous echoing are wafted through all the recesses of the soul.

Sweet Revenge.

It is well known that during the revolutionary wars in Northern Italy, in 1848 and 1849, the Austrian commanders caused a number of aristocratic ladies who had participated in some patriotic demonstration, to be brutally whipped by Croatic soldiers in front of the jails, and in the presence of large crowds of spectators. Thus in Brescius the Countess of Ferrari, a young married lady of twenty-five, who had collected money for the revolutionary volunteers, was placed before a military commission of Austrian officers, and by direction of Lieutenant Field Marshal Neipperg, sentenced to receive fifty strokes with the verges. On the same afternoon she was led on the Place d'Armes, and after having being stripped almost naked, tied to a bench, she received her punishment at the hands of two stalwart Croats, who were armed with formidable bunches of birch rods.—Every stroke of them must have been intensely painful, but the countess did not utter a sound of complaint. At the twenty-fifth stroke, however, she fainted, and when her executioners had inflicted the full number of strokes on her senseless body, she was carried back in an almost lifeless condition to her cell, and thrown on a bundle of straw. She never fully recovered from the terrible castigation, and died a few months afterwards. This is only one case out of many. The fathers, husbands, brothers and sons of these martyred Italian ladies formed, in the year 1850, a secret league for the purpose of meting out punishment to the brutal Austrian commanders who had ordered their mothers, wives and sisters to be chastised in this cruel manner. They resolved to bide their time, and to pick off the Austrians whenever an opportunity to do so presented itself. Two years ago great excitement was created in Austria by the assassination of an Austrian General, in Illyria, by a young Italian nobleman, who thus avenged his mother, who had been terribly flogged, by order of the general. The avenger succeeded in making his escape, and the Austrian government did not take pains to obtain his extradition from the Italian authorities. The other day a similar tragedy took place in the neighborhood of Laybach, where Neipperg, the principal actor in the cruel scene which was narrated above, owned a country seat. On the 24th of April, a well dressed young stranger presented himself at the chateau and told the servant who opened the door to him, that he desired to see Count Neipperg. 'The Count is in the garden.—Shall I call him, asked the servant. 'No,' replied the young stranger, 'take me to the garden and I shall see his Excellency there.' The servant conducted him to the garden, in rather a remote part of which they met Neipperg, who was promenading with his daughter, a young lady of twenty-two. The stranger, addressing Neipperg, said to him: 'I am Count Ferrari. What did you do to my mother?' Neipperg looked at him in surprise. The next moment Count Ferrari plunged a knife into his breast, and despite the frantic attempts of the young Countess Neipperg, succeeded in making his escape.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.—Everybody orders the best breakfast his purse or credit will allow him, and as by noon (when breakfast is served) appetite has been sharpened by three, four or five hours of fasting, superadded to the Lethean hours of torpor the bed claims, the substantial breakfast not only soon disappears, but many a bottle of wine, and many a half cup of coffee, followed by thimblefuls of brandy or liquor. Breakfast ended, they pace the Boulevards, or go up and down the Avenue des Champs Elysees, perambulate the public gardens, fill the museums, all of which are open on Sundays, or choke the railway's suburban trains.

Nobody knows fatigue on Sunday in Paris, so when night comes an excellent dinner is detached, (which the majority of shop-keepers eat at some restaurant, that their omnibus servant, who does all work, from emptying the offal-box to lending a hand to the wife when dressing, may, like her master, gad about town,) they go to the theatre. The play is the piece in vogue; or, if the latter be in the gloss of novelty, a half dozen pieces are given. Sunday audiences prefer quantity to quality. 'Actors play rapidly and carelessly. 'Isn't the house filled?' 'Only with shop-keepers.' I have noticed a difference of forty minutes in the time taken to play a five act piece at the French Comedy in the presence of the Emperor, and in the presence of a Sunday audience.

SOME one beautifully says that Saturday night makes people human, sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a clash, the iron doored vaults come to with a will, click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, oh! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him; the world is all shut out. Shut in, rather. Here are his treasures, after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book, save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank. Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed! but, above all true-eyed. Get a little home—no matter how little; a sofa to hold two, or two and a-half, and get the two or two and a-half in it, of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank Heaven, and take courage.

A GOOD story is told of old Johnny McGill, who resided during the war in East Tennessee. Guerillas representing both parties kept it so warm in that forsaken region that it was dangerous to belong to either side. McGill had in trying to ride both horses, got several blackjackings from first the rebels and then the Yankees. As all the guerillas dressed alike, he made several mistakes in trying to pass for either Union or Southern, as he thought would suit the crowd. At last he was overtaken by a party whose politics he couldn't even guess at, and the following dialogue ensued: 'Sir, are you a Union man?'

'No,' responded McGill.

'Are you a rebel, then?'

'No, sir, I'm not a rebel, either.'

'Then what in the devil's name are you?' roared the captain.

'Well, sir,' hesitated McGill, 'to tell you the real truth, I'm—nothing—and but d——d little of that.'

A CALIFORNIA DOSE.—The wife of a California farmer being sick, her physician ordered some powder largely composed of opium, and directed her husband to administer the weight of a quarter eagle at a dose. In the morning, when the doctor returned the patient was dead, and evidently of poison.

'Unhappy man,' said the doctor, where is the powder I gave you?'

'I gave it to her. Here is the empty box.'

'You forgot my prescription then.'

'No, doctor. I put the two dollars and a half in one scale and the powder in the other.'

'Was it gold?'

'No: I did not have the gold, so I made up the amount in silver.'

Two little girls were heard discussing the war in Europe. They were divided in opinion as to the result, one contending that Prussia would whip, and the other asserting with equal confidence that France would be the victor. At last the champion of Prussia settled the question by unanswerable argument.—'I know,' said she, 'that the Dutchmen will whip. My pa is a Frenchman and my ma is a Dutchman. They fight every night, and ma always whips.'

How to Dress Well.

It is the duty of all, young and old, to make their person, as far as practicable, agreeable to those with whom they are thrown in contact. By this, we mean, they should not offend by singularity or slovenliness. If you are a man, let nobody tell by your appearance what trade you follow. You dress your person, not your business. Be careful, ladies, to mould the fashion of the times to your own personal peculiarities. Fashion is to be the servant, not your master; therefore, never dress in the extreme of fashion; and only adopt it as far as is convenient with your face and figure. That which will not suit one person becomes another; and for all to follow the same model is obviously absurd. The exercise of a little judgment on your part will enable you to adopt as much of the prevailing style in your dress to show that you are acquainted with the fashion, and without sacrificing your personal appearance to a scrupulous conformity to its laws. The best possible impression you can make by your dress is to make no impression at all, but so to harmonize its material and shape with your own figure that it becomes part of you; and people without recollecting how you were clothed, will remember that you looked well and were dressed becomingly.

It may be said that attention to dress is dangerous. We think not. Habitually gantly-dressed people are seldom dressed well. We meet multitudes of people who are dressed in every imaginable style. Here is one in the best of broad cloth, and the costliest of jewelry, but who looks exceedingly vulgar; here another habited plainly, but in good taste. Showy and flaring clothes argue mental poverty in the wearer. The secret of being well-dressed is to exercise judgment and good sense; it invariably requires more care than cash. Instead of making a young man or woman extravagant, it saves half the money it would cost to clothe them in vulgar and pretending style which so many now-a-days adopt.

A CASE of more than ordinary interest to farmers was tried in the court in Norristown, Montgomery county, last week. Mr. John Kennedy, a highly respected and well known citizen of Upper Merion township, was arrested by the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Mr. K. is a well known cattle dealer, and has been in the habit of muzzling the cows' calves for from twenty to twenty-four hours previous to the sale, for the purpose of "bagging" or swelling of the cow's udders, and this the society claimed to be cruelty to animals. The Commonwealth presented but a single witness—the agent of the society—to support the charge, when Mr. K. brought forward a number of persons who had purchased cows, who swore to the contrary. This being the first case of the kind that has ever been tried in our State, much interest was manifested in the result, and as it is a common custom for farmers and dealers in cattle to let their cows go unmilked for a period of twenty to thirty hours for the purpose of swelling their udders previous to sales, so that buyers might notice any imperfections about the udder or teats, if such imperfections existed, as it is impossible otherwise. The case created great excitement, and occupied several days in trial. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty and county pay the costs.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.—There is an act making appropriations for the support of the army for the present year, approved July 15, the 25th section of which reads as follows