The American Volunteer.

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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 21, 1870—tf

JAMES H. GRAHAM, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, NO. 14 SOUTH HANOVER ST., CARLISLE, PA. OFFICE—Adjoining Judge Graham's. March 31, 1870—tf

M. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CARLISLE, PA. Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Sanitz's dry goods store. Dec 1, 1865.

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

WM. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his office to the hitherto unoccupied room in the East corner of the Court House. Jan. 28, '69—1y

W. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of "American Volunteer." Dec 1 1866

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

Hats and Caps

FRESH ARRIVAL OF 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. Hats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Felts, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made. The Bunkard and Old Fashioned Brush, only on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.

A full assortment of MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S HATS, is also added to my Stock, notions of different kinds, consisting of

MEN'S AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS, Gloves, Suspenders, Collars, Pencils, Thread, Sewing Silk, Umbrellas, &c

CHOICE 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. Dec. 1, 1870.

HATS AND CAPS!

DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON J. G. CALLIO, NO. 20, 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 now ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of the SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS, 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 ever always on hand, and MEN'S 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 at the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of the best brands of TOBACCO AND CIGARS always on hand. He desires to call the attention of persons 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 sign of the Big Hat, and he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction. Dec. 1, 1870.

Boots and Shoes.

JOHN KOHM & JOHN SPONSLER, No. 13, North Hanover Street, CARLISLE, PA. Thankful for the patronage extended them heretofore, do now announce their usual large and well selected stock of SPRING STYLES of BOOTS AND SHOES FOR MEN, YOUTHS' AND BOYS', LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S, GENTS' AND YOUTHS' AND CHILDS', which are unrivaled for comfort and beauty. TRUNKS AND VALISSES, MEN AND BOYS' HATS, all of which will be sold at small profits. Call and examine stock and get a full equivalent for your money. Dec 1, 1870—1y

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, BROADWAY, (Between Bleecker and Amity Sts.,) NEW YORK. The largest Hotel in the United States, capable of accommodating fifteen hundred Guests. Just opened, and furnished in ELEGANT STYLE, Central location, airy apartments, and REASONABLE TERMS. H. LYMAN POWERS, Proprietor. Aug. 8, 1870—1y

AUCTION. Mr. F. A. HARRIS, formerly an Auctioneer of the city of Harrisburg, has been licensed a United States AUCTIONEER, for Cumberland county, and would take this method of informing his friends that he is prepared to CRY SALES, upon the most Reasonable terms. Having had considerable experience as an auctioneer, he prides himself upon giving entire satisfaction to all parties who may engage his services. Remember, my terms will be made as low as possible. All orders left at the FRANKLIN HOUSE, or at the REGISTER'S OFFICE, will be promptly attended to; or address, F. A. HARRIS, Sep. 8, 70—tf Carlisle, Pa.

L. STERNER'S STABLE FOR SALE AND VERY CHEAP. Situated 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 Horses at reasonable rates. Parties taken to or from the springs. April 25, 1867—2y

Dry Goods.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!! AT THE CHEAP DRY GOODS STORE, D. A. SAWYER, Opposite the Market House, Has just opened a large and well selected stock of FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS, embracing every variety of design and fabric. Black Silks, Colored Silks, Silk Poplins, French Poplins, Empress and Mixed Poplins, Wool Serges, Wool Reps, Velours, Victoria Plaids, Stuart and Rob Roy Plaids, Colored Poplins, Alpacas; A superior brand of Black Alpacas, which for weight, lustre, and price excels any other in the market.

DOMESTIC GOODS, MUSLINS, 6¼, 8, 10, 12½, 15. CALLICOES, 6¼, 8, 10, 12½. GINGHAMS, 12½, 14, 16. TICKINGS, 12½, 15, 18, 25. DELAINES, 15, 18, 20.

FLANNELS, FLANNELS, All the best makes at the lowest prices. BLANKET DEPARTMENT, A fresh stock of White and Colored in from the mills. Very cheap.

CLOAKING CLOTHS, Velveteens, Water Proof, $1.00 and upwards.

SHAWLS, SHAWLS, Broche Shawls, Thibet Shawls, Striped Shawls, and Blanket Shawls. Prices away down.

NOTIONS IN ALL VARIETIES, Breakfast Shawls, Ladies' and Childrens' Merino Vests, Men's Merino Shirts, Wove Yarns, Zephyrs, Hosiery, Laces, Embroideries, Gloves, Jouvins Kid Gloves.

FURS! FURS! FURS! Fresh stock in from the manufacturers, less than city prices. A full line of Men's and Boys' Cassimers.—Suits made to order at lowest prices. We wish everybody to call and examine our cheap stock and get some of the bargains, as you can save 25 per cent. Oct. 15, 70. D. A. SAWYER.

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, Rom bazines, Tamise Cloth, Grenadines.

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

EMBROIDERIES, a full line of the 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, 181 March 30—70

LOW PRICES! LOW PRICES!! The exceedingly low prices of goods at the cheap Dry Goods Store, opposite Thudium's Hotel, are attracting the serious attention of buyers. All kinds of SUMMER GOODS are so low that persons in need of them have only to see to appreciate them. Having just returned from the East with a fine assortment of goods looking to the Fall trade, he is prepared to sell them at the smallest possible profits. Special bargains in CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES, All kinds of COTTON AND LINEN GOODS constantly on hand. PRINTS in great variety of styles. The best stock of SHAWLS in town. HOSIERY, WHITE GOODS, GLOVES, &c. NOTIONS of every description. CARPET CHAIN of all shades at the lowest figures. The most careful attention paid to all orders, by mail or otherwise. Call, see and be convinced at No. 93 North Hanover street, opposite Thudium's Hotel, Carlisle, Pa. Aug. 4, 1870—1y D. H. LACHEY.

HURRICANE PATENT LANTERN CO'Y., Office, 40 Barclay St., N. Y. (Up Stairs.) Offer to the public a Lantern combining safety and economy with elegance and usefulness.—It cannot explode; it gives a good light, and consumes less oil than any other; it is not disturbed by the highest wind, and if a glass is broken it is easily replaced by means of the screw. They are universally liked where they have been tried. Sep. 22, 70—3m

WANTED—Agents, ($20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the under-feed motion the "lock stitch" (alike on both sides,) and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address, JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. Sep. 22, 70—3m

AGENTS WANTED.—($225 a month by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE Co., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. Sep 25, 70—3m

McLANAHAN STONE & ISE'T have for sale every implement used on farm. May 12, 70—5m

FORTUNES offered to live men. Rare chance. Send stamp. Diamond K. Co., Wilmington, Del. Oct, 27, 70—3m

Stoves, Tinware, &c

ALL HAIL! ALL HAIL!! THE GLORY OF THE NIGHT IS THE MORNING GLORY STOVE. THE GREATEST STOVE FOR 1868. Walker & Claudy having just returned from New York and Philadelphia, where they have purchased the largest, latest and best assortment of PARLOR, COOKING AND HEATING STOVES ever brought to this place, have now on exhibition and for sale at their Store Rooms. NO. 18 WEST MAIN STREET, where they will always be pleased to see their old friends and many new ones, call and examine THE GREAT MORNING GLORY PARLOR STOVE AND HEATE —AND— THE CELEBRATED REGULATOR OR TARY TOP COOKING STOVE. THE BEST IN THE WORLD. THE MORNING GLORY is the most perfect parlor stove in use anywhere or everywhere. It is a Base Burner, and one fire will last all winter. It has siliceous doors all round and looks right and cheerful as an open gate. We respectfully refer to the following persons from among hundreds of others who have used it, as to its merits: James B. Weakley, Rev. J. Bons, W. B. Mullin, Robert S. Durland, Geo. Weiss, David Rhoads, Levi Trego, Samuel Greason, Weakley & Sadler, L. T. Greenfield, Samuel H. Gould, Jason W. Espy, Thos. Lee, Peter Spahr, Wm. F. Stuart, Jos. Galbraith, Hon. J. Stuart, Edward Fury, Serg't Irvin, Col. A. Noble, Mr. Mansfield, Sup't, Mt. Holly Paper Mill Co., Sam'l Kempton, Thos. Chamberlin, John Stuart, John T. Green, Henry L. Burkholder, Richard Woods, J. S. Woods, Maj. Woods. John M. Gregg. We have also a very large variety of Cook Stove of the very best, namely: NOBLE COOK, (Gas Burner,) COMBINATION (Gas Burner,) WM. PENN, EUREKA, WABASH, ELECTRIC, NIAGRA, all of which have given great satisfaction in to the purchasers. We have also large lot of TIN AND OTHER WARES, of our own manufacture TIN AND SHEET IRON, of all kinds constantly on hand. SPOUTING, ROOFING & JOBBING of all kinds done on short notice and substantially. In conclusion we invite our friends to call and examine our goods and save at least twenty per cent. WALKER & CLAUDY, NO. 18 WEST MAIN STREET, CARLISLE, PA. Oct. 8, 1869.

GRAND OPENING OF THE FALL CAMPAIGN. RHINESMITH & RUPP, No. 62 and 64 North Hanover Street, Tin and Sheet-Iron Workers, AND DEALERS IN Cook, Parlor, and every variety of HEATING STOVES. The subscribers, having recently erected a commodious store room, adjoining their old stand, affording increased facilities for business, are now prepared to furnish their patrons and the public generally with every article in their line, on the most accommodating terms. With a large and varied assortment, to which additions are constantly made, they feel confident that in quality and price they are ahead of all competition.

ALOR STOVES, COOK STOVES, OFFICE STOVES. This department of their stock is unexcelled for artistic design, superlorities, and simplicity of arrangement, amongwhich may be mentioned the SUNNY SIDE FIRE PLACE HEATER, SUNNY SIDE DOUBLE-OVEN COOK BARLEY SHEAF, NOBLE COOK, and NOVELTY PARLOR COOK STOVE, with a variety of other Cook Stoves well known for their excellence.

KITCHEN RANGES, of all kinds, including the celebrated NATIONAL RANGE.

BASE BURNERS, If you want an Ornamental Stove, If you want an Economical Stove, If you want a Powerful Heating Stove, If you want a Perpetual Fire Keeping Stove, call and examine our stock, where you will find the RIENTAL HOT BLAST, with reversible flue and oven. ORIENTAL PARLOR HEATER, for two or more rooms. SPEAR'S REVOLVING LIGHT AND MAGIC LIGHT BASE BURNERS, with a large assortment of PARLOR AND OFFICE STOVES. —ALSO— SHEET IRON AND TIN WARE, plain and Japanned, including Toilet Ware, Cash and Deed Boxes, Bread, Cake, and Sugar Boxes, Knives and Forks, Spoons of all kinds, Ladies, Lanterns, Coal Buckets, Enameled and Plain Hollow Ware, Wrought Iron Pans, Shovels and Tongs, Coal and Flour Sieves, Flat Irons, Brass Kettles, Fruit Jars, &c., &c., embracing a large and complete assortment to which we invite the attention of buyers. We are also prepared to furnish Pumps for Cisterns and Deep Wells, and have for sale the celebrated CUCUMBER WOOD PUMP, warranted genuine. Constantly on hand STOVE, BRICK AND REPAIRS FOR STOVES. ROOFING, SPOUTING, AND JOB WORK attended to promptly and on reasonable terms. Old Stoves taken in Exchange. Thankful for the patronage heretofore bestowed on us we are determined, by increased effort and merit a continuance of it, and respectfully invite the public to call and examine for themselves. RHINESMITH & RUPP, Nos. 62 and 64, North Hanover St., Carlisle, Penna

Poetical.

THE OLD MONK IN THE BELFRY.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

Hark! the mournful numbers rolling
Where the hooded monk is toiling,
Ever and anon his forehead
Bending o'er the hempen coil;
To and fro his shadow swinging
With the refrain he is ringing—
Ah! the weird refrain bringing
To an end all human toil.

Through the lvied loophole slender,
Like an aureole of splendor,
Poised amid those sounds abhorred
O'er the swaying cowl of serge,
Streams the day's departing glory,
Down the ample beard and hoary
Tinting with the chiming dirge.

Sidelong to that lonely mortal
Through the sanctuary portal,
Glimpses from the great cathedral
Steal upon his ravished sight;
Glimmering from the oriel painted
With angelic forms and sainted
Seen where incense clouds have fainted
Softly in the holy light.

Twinklings from the waxen tapers
Shining through those sacred vapors,
Silvery flames float like a bede-roll
Circle the celestial place;
Hyacinths to purple glooming,
Lilies virginal'y blooming,
Clustering in ambrosial grace

Pouring from the sells above him,
Soaring to the souls that love him,
Still the monotones of sorrow
Crown the monk's dejected head
With a nimbus of vibrations,
Like a thorn-wreath's emanations,
Earth's sunshine reverberations
Mourning for her holy dead.

Though dumb grief to weeping urges
Your grey ringer of the dirges,
Yet his trembling hand can borrow
Solace from the belfry rope,
Drawing forth those notes of wailing
That to heaven, like prayers prevailing,
Seem to rise, not unveiling,
Sounds whose echoes breathe of hope.

Lo! in the vast minister only—
Summoned to this labor lonely,
When the evening sun declining
Sheds a glory over all—
Tolls the monk, and toiling prayeth,
Though no whispered prayer he sayeth
To the God-his heart obeyeth,
Whom its life-long throbs recall.

Radiant shines the gorgeous building,
Day's departing beams are gilding,
Each minutest grace divining
In one glare divinely bright;
Loftiest trefoil, lowliest basement,
Paintliest mullion of rich casement,
Scatheless smiles through Times defacement,
Bathed in the celestial light.

Loud and clear the tongue of iron
That metallic thrills environ
In the ancient belfry swinging,
Where the echoes ebb and flow,
Make, with mystic power resounding,
Vocal all the fane surrounding,
As with clarion peal resounding
In the sundown's golden glow.

Hid from view, the inner splendor,
Save what glimpse the porch can render
To the silent Watcher ringing
Calmly on the checkered floor—
He, as with his eyes beholding,
See, from memory's shrines unfolding,
All the pillared pomp upholding
Groined roof fretted o'er and o'er.

Sees the arched clerestories pointed,
As with heavenly eyes anointed,
Filled with rainbow-dyes resplendent—
Gleamings from the bliss above;
Sees where, down the nave, in showers,
Scattered petals of sweet flowers
Trailed before the host s veiled powers
Blossom types of awe and love.

Hears, though hushed, the organ sounding
Forth its trumpet-clang astounding,
Dulcet treble notes attendant
On the pedals' thunderous bass:
Hears, in thought, the choral voices—
Till his very soul rejoices—
Lift the vibrant song that poises,
Eddying round the sacred place.

Yet, alone, the bell-note pealing
Sounds; till hark! from graveyard stealing
Softly through the chiming pauses
Of the solemn dirge he rings—
Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis,
Some fair choir angelic sings.—

Dying down in dim recession,
While the sorrowing procession,
Gathers round the tomb that encloses
These lamenting words to rise;
'Mid the vigil he is keeping,
See you not the old monk weeping,
Sobbing drops from heart front leaping,
Trembling, raining from his eyes.

(*The Bell Ceases.*)

Ah! for whom tears so wild?
Whisper close! Hear the truth!—
For the child of the child
Of the love of his youth.

Miscellaneous.

POLISHING THE WINDOWS.

Mrs. Whipple's daughters were the most stylish girls in the town. There were four of them, all handsome, and queenly and cultivated, with a little fortune of their own, which was left them two years before, and which they were to come into full possession of when they were twenty-one, but not a moment before.

Of course the young gentlemen of the village kept their eyes turned toward the Whipple family. If there was a ride, or a walk, or a party, or sociable, nothing could be done unless these four pretty maidens were concerned in it; much to the disgust of the rest of us, who had no special expectations, whatever might be our individual pretensions to good looks and culture.

There was another member of the Whipple family. This young lady was a niece of Mr. Whipple, the child of a favorite sister, who had been unfortunate, and who died not long after her marriage. The child was such a pale, puny creature, with such awkward, shy ways, that she grew, Cinderella like, in such domestic obscurity that none of us knew much of her until the event happened which I am about to relate.

Cousin Ned was always an eccentric genius. He had been traveling all over Europe, and was the author of "Letters from Paris," published in our paper, that were thought very brilliant, because they described the European fashions in a vivacious way, and cut us Americans up for trying to ape Eugenia, when we ought to have enough sense to know that styles of one country were illy adapted to the climate of another.

Cousin Ned was regarded as a great catch. All the Whipple girls were delighted when they heard of his intended return, and made me promise to bring him over as soon as he was at leisure. Indeed, they had been very attentive to me on his account, as I very well knew, and I was just fool enough to be patronized by them, although I knew they barely recognized me at Saratoga, when we met there one summer.

Among my letters that morning, I had found one from Ned. He had arrived in New York, and was only waiting, as he said, 'to purchase me the handsome silk, at Stewart's,' before coming to us.

As I knew there was to be a birthday party at the Whipple s, I ran over to show the letter, and beg them to allow me to telegraph to Ned to hasten, that he might be in season for the festivities.

We were all sitting in the back parlor, talking over our new dresses and trimmings, when Mrs. Whipple came in hastily.

'Now, girls, this won't do; some of you must polish the windows in front. Bridget is all out of sorts this morning. She says she will wash them, but she will not have time to rub them, and that unless some of you will help her, she will *quit*, and it will be just like her to do it. So if you know what is for your interest, do fly around and get her good-natured again?'

'Where's Said?' asked all the girls in a breath. Said was the orphan niece, and was expected to do everything that Bridget didn't.

'She's sick, with one of her terrible headaches,' Mrs. Whipple said, with an indignant toss of the head.

'Well, she always is sick, it seems to me,' Cecelia cried out, harshly.

'I've been expecting she would give out ever since my birthday party has been announced,' said Rose, spitefully.

'I should think you would be ashamed of yourself,' Mrs Whipple returned, as if there was a slight sense of justice left in her. 'She has worked like a dog ever since this party was talked of. Look at the piles of cakes she has made, and the creams and whips, to say nothing of the dresses and furbelows. I should think you might have some mercy on the child.'

'Well, I guess she can manage to polish these windows,' Rose said, laughingly. 'You don't think I'm going to stand up there for everybody to look at who goes by?'

'If you never do anything worse than polish windows, you never will have occasion to blush for yourself,' the mother said.

'Well, I should blush to be seen doing Bridget's work, and if she can not do it, then Said must.'

'Said! Said!' Rose screamed, at the foot of the stairs.

'Well,' answered a sweet, pleasant voice from above.

'Bridget wants somebody to polish the windows.'

There was a little pause, as if gathering strength to take up the cross.

'I'll come right down.'

Well, hurry up, they are all cross—Bridget and mother.'

'Yes, dear.'

Rose came back to where we were sitting, but, somehow, the beauty of her face had all disappeared.

Presently Said came in with a white handkerchief resting on her curls, like a dainty morning cap, and with a chamois skin in her hand.

I do not suppose I had looked at Said for two whole years as observantly as I looked at her then. Was it possible this was the sallow, peaked-faced girl that had been called 'Said?' Her form had rounded into the finest proportions. The blue eyes looked from under the long, silken lashes, with a depth of tenderness in them, such as one sees in the pictures of nuns grieving for the lost love of this world, and yearning for the sanctification of that to come. The pensive roundness of the smooth cheeks, and graceful curving of the red lips were perfect, and every motion was graceful and winning.

Said passed near me with timid recognition, blushing as if she expected no return to her salute.

I don't know what impulse made me rise, and put my arm around her neck, and kiss her, but the girls all burst out laughing when I did so, in such a sarcastic manner that Said slipped hastily away, but not until I had seen the tears in her beautiful eyes.

What made you kiss Said?' Rose asked, for by, when I was seated again.

'I could not help it,' I said; 'she is the prettiest creature I ever saw.'

Rose pouted.

Said took the steps and mounted boldly. As she stood there with the lace drapery falling around her, with her beautifully moulded arms moving over the glass, I thought what a pity it was that Cousin Ned could not see her, for it would be exactly the kind of picture to take his fancy.

Just then some one entered the front gate, and came along the gravel walk.

'B'ess me!' Rose cried, springing to her feet; 'there is a stranger,' and away she ran to arrange her toilette.

Cecelia simply tucked her pretty foot on the cushion, and opened a book in the most graceful way imaginable.

'Do get down, Said,' gasped Mat; but Said went on polishing, as if she had not heard.

Mat went to the piano and struck a plaintive chord, just as I recognized the voice of Cousin Ned.

Such a time as we had then! Rose was recalled, and came down in a silk dress, and was so surprised, and so delighted, and it was so fortunate he had come in season for the party. There was no end to the rapturous exclamations.

Mrs. Whipple had somehow taken off the working gown she had been wearing all the morning, and came sailing forward in a handsome wrapper. She kissed him on both cheeks, in such a motherly way, and then, after a time, made him try her raspberry shrub and walked him all over the premises to see the improvements that had been made since he went to Europe.

Ned was in his manners a gentleman, and listened as if she were telling him what he was most eager to know, but every once in a while his eyes glanced to ward the front window, where Said was polishing, without a word of apology, on an attempt to leave her work. When the glasses were cleaned, and she had gone from the room, Ned asked:

'Allow me to inquire how it happens Mrs. Whipple, that you are fortunate in having beautiful servants as well as elegant daughters? Must everything be beautiful that comes within your pleasant circle?'

Mrs. Whipple laughed, and the girl laughed, but no one said, *the young lady is our relative*, and so Ned still supposed that Said was a house-servant.

When we were passing down the walk to go home, and while Mrs. Whipple and her daughters were still at the hall-door, we came near Said, who was standing among the rose bushes, culling buds for vases.

'Said,' I asked, 'may I introduce you to my Cousin Ned? You have not forgotten each other, I trust?'

Said blushed the color of the roses she held in her hand, but with perfectly lady-like grace, saluted him.

Ned was embarrassed—any one could see that—but he did find words to say he certainly had not recognized her as he came in. He stopped to select a bud from the fragrant mass, when Rose cried out, from the hall steps.

'If you are ready Said, we will arrange the flowers.'

A little tremor passed over the beautiful lips, but she bade us a pleasant good-morning, and went in.

'In what capacity does that young lady serve in her aunt's family?' Ned asked, after he had swept off innumerable dandelion blossoms with his cane.

'It would be difficult to say. She seems to be as much a maid-of-all-work as anything.'

Ned was absent-minded from that day forth. I wore the gorgeous silk he had brought me from Stewart's but no one knew better than I, how dowdy I looked beside Said in her cool, white muslin, looped up with moss rose buds.

As none seemed to notice her, all being absorbed in their admiration of the Misses Whipple, Cousin Ned took her upon his arm, and I am afraid, would not have left her the whole evening, had not Mrs. Whipple summoned her to take round the tea. I wish you could have seen Ned's face then, it flashed all over.

The long and short of the story is, Said became my cousin, and we are as fond of each other as if we were sisters.

At first the Whipples were very indignant, but when Ned discovered that Mr. Whipple had made Said an heir equally with his daughters, and refused to allow his wife to receive a penny of the money they became very patronizing and kind.

As Ned was amply able to buy the Whipples all out, and then have money, to lend them he cared very little for their likes or dislikes. Said is as happy as the days are long, and blesses the hour when she was called upon to polish the windows.

We do not suppose that every young person who polishes windows will see her lover come up the gravel walk but no sensible girl should be ashamed to be seen doing anything that is useful and domestic, since no one whose opinion is desirable will think less of her for being thus employed.

ODDITIES IN JOURNALISM.

A temperance editor in drawing attenion to an article against the use of ardent spirits in one of his papers, says: 'For the effect of intemperance, see our inside.'

A Western editor who found a case of homeopathic medicines has set up as a doctor and offers to physic or bleed at the usual rates—ten cents a line first insertion.

A Western editor, in chronicling the death of a prominent citizen, says: 'It was a great blow to the family, which consisted of his son-in-law and a few boarders.'

Reporters are often unconsciously satirical. A morning paper says in an obituary: 'Mr.——was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation—he had been recently married.'

The editor of the Hancock (Ky.,) *Messenger*, in a farewell address, in his expiring journal, regrets that he 'has not had the pleasure of writing the obituary of several or the miserable skinflints of the town.' This is the bitterness of impecuniosity.

Sunday being a balmy day, the styles were brought out. The most richly dressed lady we saw was the wife of a man who has owed this office thirteen dollars for nearly three years. He says he cannot raise the money, and we believe him. —*Danbury News.*

An editor makes the following inducements to subscribe: 'All new subscribers will receive six ounces assorted seeds; also all old subscribers who resubscribe, and all old subscribers.'

The English papers protest against the unintelligible Anglo-Indian papers. The *Indian Mail*, for instance, has this bold item: 'Mr. H. afterwards went out for a walk and threw himself down a khud. The khansamah at the dawk bungalow promptly got a jampan and sent him to Kalka. On his way he expired.

The following alleged 'valedictory' of a North Carolina editor in suggestive of a rough old law which existed (if it does not now) before the war in the Old North State: 'Through executive clemency we are permitted to bid our friends a formal farewell. The sheriff awaits us in the front office. Delinquent subscribers you have a great deal to answer for!'

A brother editor wants an almanac that will tell him when 'next month' expires. The cause of this 'want,' the editor says, is because he has a number of accounts, the payment of which was promised next month, and as the promises were made in February last, he wants the almanac to ascertain when he may expect the fulfillment of said promises, you know. We should like one of these almanacs.

'The publishers of this paper wish it distinctly understood that they do not necessarily subscribe to all the sentiments which may be expressed in the communications of their correspondents; and particularly do they wish it to be understood that they do not hold themselves responsible for the 'poetry' which may from time to time appear in the obituary department of that paper. It is invariably paid for at the rate of ten cents a line, and some of it is considered cheap at that price by those whose vocation compels them to read it.' So says an exchange.

DR. LIVINGSTONE is not yet given up by his friends. The Rev. Robert Moffatt the veteran missionary in South Africa, stated lately in an address which he delivered in Manchester, England, that he entertained no fear of the safety of Dr. Livingstone. The doctor is married to Mr. Moffatt's daughter. Sir Roderick Murchison is still hopeful respecting Livingstone, and we believe that others who are competent to judge in this matter are not inclined to despond. A London correspondent of some African experience writes as follows:

'Many people believe that this great traveler is dead, because he has not been heard from for a long time. But they should try and realize the distance from Lake Tanganoika to the coast, a distance which is not to be measured only by miles. Letters arrive only by accident, so to speak, from that part of the world; and the reports of the cholera epidemic at Zanzibar would certainly reach the interior, and perhaps prevent the native traders from paying their usual visit to the coast. Thus even supposing that Dr. Livingstone had sent a letter to the lake by some friendly postman, it would not be difficult to explain how it had miscarried. But his last letter indicated that he was about to set off on a new journey, and if he has gone into some country which is not traversed by Arabs or other commercial travelers he might find it difficult, even impossible, to send a letter down to the lake whence he started.—People expect to hear of Livingstone's arrival on the coast; but he did not in his last letter express any intention of returning to the coast. There is, indeed, some reason to fear that when his goods come to an end (I fear the past tense must be used), he might suffer privations. But there are Arabs in the country, and Arabs are hospitable, though negroes are not. Besides, the Africans give explorers credit for inexhaustible wealth, and it is probable enough that a negro chief would, in the event of a white man's goods being spent, offer him board and lodging till a fresh supply should arrive. But in such a case the traveler would be detained till the bill was paid.

AMERICAN WONDERS—The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-fourths of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of 175 feet.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the known world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe.

The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over two thousand acres.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long, and 1,000 feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm 80 feet in width and 250 feet in depth, and at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit.

The best specimens of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for orphans', Philadelphia.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, in New York. Its length is 40½ miles, and it cost $12,500,000.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually and appear to be inexhaustible.—*American Engineer.*

AN exchange has an article on the Republican outlook.' If certain members of that party had their deserts the outlook would be between the gates of the Penitentiary.

A CAT STORY.

Down in Tuckahoe, there is a man of the name of Simpson, who has a flat roof on his house covered with tin. The roof got to leaking badly a few weeks ago, and it happened to occur to Mr. Simpson that it would be a good thing to cover the whole surface with the material out of which concrete pavements are made, "so as to make her all tight and nice," said Simpson. A man was accordingly engaged, and he covered the tin with concrete to the depth of three or four inches. The curse of Tuckahoe is cats. In warm weather millions of them assemble and hold ratification meetings and rehearsals and General Synods out in the back yards and on the roofs. In Tuckahoe, last July, the heat was unusually intense, and Mr. Simpson was exceedingly annoyed by the animated discussions of cats in the neighborhood. The more he "shooed" them and flung old boots at them, the more they yelled. Night after night it continued to grow more terrific, and day after day Mrs. Simpson observed that the mysterious caterwauling continued during all the hours of daylight. Simpson hadn't a boot-jack or a blacking brush or a rolling pin or a cologne bottle left to throw at them. At last, one moonlight night, the uproar got to be so outrageous that Simpson arose from his bed and determined to ascertain what in the thunder all this growling meant anyhow! It appeared to him that the noise came from the top of the house. He went up into the garret and put his head out of the trap door. There he found one hundred and ninety-six cats stuck fast, knee deep, in the concrete, which had been softened by the heat. Some of them had been there four days. The minute they caught sight of Simpson, the whole one hundred and ninety-six doubled up their spines, ruffled their back hair, snaked their tails, and gave one wild, unearthly howl, which shocked Simpson's nerves so much that he dropped the trap door and fell down the step ladder on the head of Mrs. Simpson, who was standing below, dressed in a thing with a frill on it, and armed with a painted fan and a bed slat, determined to protect Simpson to the death! The next day the concrete was removed, and the cats were dug out. But you ought to have been present when Simpson interviewed the concrete man! There were only four rounds, and then Simpson got up off the man's prostrate body in order to let him go and hunt for some good hair restorative and put a fresh oyster on his eyes.

A down-east girl being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover who had the misfortune to have but one leg, replied: 'Pooh, I wouldn't have a man with two legs, they are too common!'

'ADVERSITY,' says a western preacher, 'takes us up short and sets us down hard, and when it's done with us we feel as contented as a boy that's been spanked and set away to cool.'

ACCORDING to a Western paper a young lady in that town 'appears as fresh and buoyant as the budding rose after passing through the dew-gilded sieve of a fragrant dawn.' May be so; you can't always tell.

R. R. BUTLER has been re-nominated for Congress in East Tennessee. With his friends at home running him for Congress, and the Pension Bureau at Washington running him for the penitentiary, there is no telling where the devil he will land.

THE parish of Lemington Ill., was disturbed Sunday before last by the arrival of the pastor, when the sexton rose in his seat with awful solemnity and said: 'There has been a duplex arrival of the mail. Our worthy shepherd has two little lambs added to his flock. Twins, brethren, twins. 'Let us pray.'

'WELL David,' said a poor but worthy citizen to one of the State street magnates, 'the world has prospered with you, and they say you are immensely rich?' 'Well,' replied David, 'perhaps it is true, but we cannot take our gold with us when we go.' 'It would melt if you did,' was the quick retort.

AN intelligent youth, recently engaged in a commercial office, made out a bill for 'fourty' barrels of flour. His employer called his attention to the error in the spelling of forty. 'Sure enough,' replied the promising clerk, 'I left out the *ah*.'

'I hope you will be able to support me,' said a young lady, while walking out one day with her intended, during a slippery state of the pavement. 'Why yes,' said the somewhat hesitating swain, 'with some little assistance from your father!' There was some confusion and a profound silence when the lovers' colloquy had ended.

OUR friend Guzzler, whose eyesight is failing him, was recommended to try glasses for its improv