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MES H. GRAHAM, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW. NO. 11 SOTUH HANOVER ST., CARLISLE, PA.

#### FFICE-Adjoining Judge Graham's, Sch 31, 1870-tf E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CARLISLE, PA. on South Hanover Street, opposite

UMRICH & PARKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Main Street, in Marion Hall, Car

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

R. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DEN-IST. From the Rallimare College of Dental 9. Office at the residence of his mother outher Street, three doors below Bedford

#### wais and Caps RESH ARRIVAL

NEW STYLES OF

HATS AND CAPS. subscriber has just opened at No. 15 North re Street, a few doors North of the Carlisle t flant, one of the largest and best Stocks (S and CAPS over offered in Carlisle, flats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, rins, different colors, and overy descrip-soft flats now made, bunkard and Old Fashioned Brush, con-companies of the colories, all warrantnction. full assortment of

A full assorbment of MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S, HATS, HATS, arealso added to my Stock, notions of differ-kinds, consisting of LES" AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS

Pencils, Sewing Silk. RIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND. e me a call, and examine my slock as I feel lent of pleasing all, besides saving you mo-JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hanover Street.

ATS AND CAPS I 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 brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleas-in inviting his old friends and customers, all new ones, to his splendid stock just re-ed from New York and Philadelphia, con-ing in part of line SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS,

HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER, chas the nest arrangement for coloring Hats all kinus of Wooden Goods, Overcoats, &c., at shortest notice (as he colors over week) and he most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of ce brands of TOBACCO AND CIGARS

n endless variety of Hats and Car

is on hand. He desires to call the attention room who have COUNTRYFURS , as he pays the highest cash prices for the him a call, at the above number, his sid as he feels confident of giving entire so as-

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CARLISLE, PA.

ankful for the patronage extended; them solore, do now announce their usual large R of SPRING STYLES of

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ADDES AND MISSES',
GENTS' AND BOYS',
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TRUNKS AND VALISSES, MEN AND BOYS' HATS, of which will be sold at small profits. Ideal and get a full equivalents for ;

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NEW YORK. Just opened, and furnished in ELEGANT STYLE, Central location, airy apartments, and

Proprietor.p. 8, 70-1y

## sed a United States AUCTIONEER,

and for Cumberland county, and would take stacthed of informing his friends that he is pared to CRY SALES, upon the most Rea-lable forms. ng had considerable experience as a beer, he prides himself upon giving en natisfaction to all parties who may engage Remember, my terms will be made a spossible. All orders left at the

REGISTER'S OFFICE. e promptly attended to; or address, 8, 70-tt F. A. HARRIS, Carlisle, Pa. ep. 8, 70-tr

L. STERNER & BRO., LIVERY AND SALE SABLE ETWEEN HANOVER AND BEDFORF ST. THE REAR OF BENTZ HOUSE

CARLISLE, PA. ges, &c., I am prepared to furnish first-class

outs at reasonable rates. Parties taken to

April 25, 1867-2y

om the springs.

ESLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

# Doile. The American

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

Dry Goods.

NEW GOODS!

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1870.

NEW GOODS!!

# CHEAP DRY GOODS STORE D. A. SAWYER,

AT THE

Opposite the Market House. Has just opened a large and well selected stoo FALL AND WINTER

embracing every variety of design and fabric.

# DOMESTIC GOODS,

FLANNELS, FLANNELS, All the best makes at the lowest prices BLANKET DEPARTMENT,

CLOAKING CLOTHS elveteens. Water Proof. \$1.00 and upwards.

troche Shawls, Thibet Shawls, Striped Shawls nd Blanket Shawls, Prices away down. NOTIONS IN ALL VARIETIES, Breakinst Shawls, Ludles and Chifdrens Merino Vests, Men's Merino Shirts, Wove Yarns, Zeph-ers, Hostery, Laces, Embroideries, Gloves, Jou-vins Kid Gloves.

Fresh stock in from the manufacturers, I than elly prices, A full line of Men's and Boys' Cassimers,—Salts made to order at lowest prices.

We will everybody to call and examine our cheap stock and get some of the bargains, as you can save E per cent.

D, A. SAWYER. DRY GOODS!! DEL GOODS:

#### HARPER'S

South Hanorer St.,

NEW STOCK OF FALL GOODS,

DRY GOODS;

comprising Black Silks, Black and Colored All-Wool Reps, Black and Colored All-Wool Poplins, Black and Colored Wool Delaines, Black and Colored Merinos, Rich Plaid Poplins, Serges, Vetours, Fine Tainise, Bombazines, Pure Mohairs, new brand of Double Waip Black Alpace, for beauty of color, w light of texture, and price, it takes the lead of any Alpacas in the market.

Fashionable Shawls, in new styles of Stilpes and Plaids.

Long and Square Thibet Shawls, all of which I offer exceedingly cheap.

BLANKETS. FLANNELS,

House Furnishing Dry Goods, Table 1 linens Napkins and White Goods, All the popular brands of Domestics, at prices to meet the lowest quotations. Merino Vests, Shirts, and Drawers, for Ladies, Wisses, Men and Boys.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES. Furs! Furs! Furs! No he sitancy in saying that the prices will be

as low as any in town.

All goods bought at the head of the market, for eash, and superior inducements will be offered at the Cheap Cash Store, Cor. Hanover and Pomfret Sts.,

OW PRICES! LOW PRICES!! o exceedingly low prices of goods at the cheat y Goods Store, opposite Thudlum's Hotel, ar racting the serious attention of buyers. Al

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

· All kinds of COTTON AND LINEN GOODS

PRINTS in great variety of styles. The best stock of

SHAWLS

HOSIERY, WHITE GOODS, GLOVES, &c. NOTION'S

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. 99 North Hanover street, opposite Thudium's Ho-tel, Carliste, Pa. D. H. LACHEY. Aug. 4, 1870-ly

## URRICANE PATENT

LANTERN CO'Y.,

Offer to the public a Lantern combining safe y and economy with elegance and usefulness.-t cannot explode; it gives a good light, an economic less of them any other; it is not dis-Offer to the public a response 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

W ANTED-Agents, (\$20 per day) it sell the c-lebrated HOME SHUTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the under-feed make the 'lock side's,' indice on both sides,' and is fidely licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address, John's Chatok & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., Cheago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. Sep. 2, 70-3m.

A GENTS WANTED.—(\$225 a month by the AMERICAN ENTITTING MACHINE (C.), Hestion, Muss., or St. Louis, Mo. Sep 25, 76-3 in

Chance, Sand stamp, Diamor Winnington, Del. Oct, 27, 70—3m LORTUNES offered to live men. Rare

### Portical.

BY THE SEA Backward and forward, under the moon, Swings the tide, in its old-time way: Never too late and never too soon

And evening and morning make the day. Backward and forward, over the sands. And over the rocks to fall and flow; And this wave has touched the dead hands,
And that one has seen a face we know.

They have sped the good sbip on her way Or buried here from love and light; But here, as they sink at our feet to-day, Ah, who shall distinguish their voices arigi For their separate burdens of hope and fear

Are blending now in one solemn tone; And only this song of the waye I hear— "Forever and ever His will be done." Rackward and favorand to and fro Swings om life in its weary way; low at its ebb, and now at its flow; And evening and morning make the day. orrow and comfort, peace and strife, Pain and rejoicing, its moments know; How from the discords of such a life

Shall the clear music upward flow? Yet to the ear of God it swells, And to the blessed round the throne, Sweeter than chime of vesper bells— "Forever and ever His will be done,"

# Miscellaneous.

CASTA, DIVA-

Heigh ho! sighs Mr. Patron, 'what a forlorn thing it is to live alone!' and he drew his easy chair close to the five and ensconced himself therein, wrapping his tricolored dressing gown about him. 'I enscould diffusel therein, wrapping his tricolored dressing gown about him. 'I wish I were married! I know a lady— boards in the same house, too, and I be-lieve she'd have me, if I were to ask her. I mean the pretty music teacher. She is young, delicate and amiable; only there seems to be something melancholy about ier, as though she had known sorrow; her, as though she and known sofrow; besides, she is a widow. I like her, though, and I believe she likes me. I'll think this over. I have plenty of money, and nobody to spend it upon. Yes, I think I will ask pretty Madam Victor to marry

me.'
Rap, tap, tap.
'Come in !—who's there?'
'Please, sir, it's your clean clothes?'
'Clean clothes! and pray who are you,
you little cherub, and where do you come

'I am Laur tta, sir, and I live with I am Laur tra, sir, and I have with Bridget, who washes your clothes, and she sent me with a basket to-night. 'Yes, I should think she had, you little duckling; and the basket is bigger than yourself! Come and sit down in this chair by the fire and warm your toes-there now! I want to talk with you. Are you Bridget's child?'
'Oh no, sir,' and a look of care passed

ver the little tace.
'No, I thought not. Washerwomen's children don't have such eyes, nor such brond forcheads, nor such soft hair. Well, birdie, how came you with Bridget? Have you no parents?'
'I don't know, I only dream I have. Bridget lets me stay with her because I

can sing.'
'Sing! and what has that to do with it?'
'Oh, sir, I sing my songs in the great houses, and they give me sixpences, and I take them to Bridget.' 'Aha! you pay your board then?' Well, little Lauretta, will you sing for me

now?'
'Yes, indeed;' and the little one stands
up in the middle of the rug, and opening
her little rosebud mouth, she sings Casta Bless my stars, what a voice! I know something of music myself; at least enough to know that such a voice should

be a fortune to the one who possesses Little one, where did you learn that? 'Nurse that taught me.' 'Nurse? Who is nurse?'
'Nurse is dead!' (The dark eyes fill with ears, and the ruby lips are quivering.

Mr. Patron walks up and down the com. His curlosity is excited as well as

his pity.
'Please, sir, shall I leave my basket! Bridget will scold if I stay so long.'
'No, little one, I will carry the basket;
I am going home with you.'
'I's up five flights of stairs,' sir, and

here is no light in the passage—'
'All the more reason I should go with on. Now I am ready. Come, my little you. Now I am ready. Come, my fittle singer, you and I will be better acquaint ances before lo: g. Don't fall down these stone steps; keep hold of my hand; here we are in Broadway. Now where do we turn? down Prince street, hey! and now down Crosby. What, do you'live in this alley? Oh never fear, little Casta Diva, I had broad artists grounds while this little.

shall tread safely enough while this little houd leads me Ugh! how many more flights are there?—only two? Well, well, I can climb them if you can. So, is this he door?' 'Och, and is it you, sir, that would be fter coming to see a poor woman at this our? Will you be seated, sir?' said Brid-

et, wiping a wooden chair with her pron. Your shifts were not ironed to be uiting you, maybe?! 'Shirts all right, Bridget, I came to bring home your little girl, and to ask you something about her. She has been sing-ing to me. Will you tell me where she came from?" ame from ?'
'Ye takes a bit o' trouble for a lone bit

of a child, indeed, sir; but her story is not so very long. She lived with a furin woman in the room below, named Therwoman in the room below, named Theresa. The woman said she was waiting maid in Lauretta's family, in Italy some where, and while she was out with the child, then only two years old, for the sake of air, there came, a big row in the city, and the child's father was in the middle of it, and got kill; and when she reached the house all in a fight, sure it was all on fire, and the mother of it was gone, and never was she able to find her at all. So she kept the child and comes to America with it; for she heard tell how the streets were paved with gold; and creature took on so bad that I took her myself, only I'll be bringing her up different intirely; I'll tache her to earn her

bread at any rate; and so I sinds her out ivery day to sing to the great folks and makes her help me to carry around the clothes; and that is all, sir. The way very good in you Bridget, to take the little orphan. You have saved her from a sad fate. You will be rewarded, you may depend.

1a : • I have a plan for this poor child, which I have a plan for this poor or in, which will at once releive you of her charge and repay you for your goodness of heart. Good night, little one, I will come tomorrow. Dry your tears, fo, I will make you happy. Here, Bridget, is some money for you, and be sure you do not send her out to sing again. I have something but to for her to do.

Bridget dropped another courtesy, and her mouth opened wide, for she was all mystified and bewildered.

nce is that he smiles instead of sighing the did before.
'Ah, yes' he says, 'I see my way clear. COURTSHIP AND CLEANING HOUSE.

slowly up the garden path that led to his brother's house.

The mansion itself, however, was far from presenting the gala aspect which per vaded all nature, and our hero's countenance underwent a ludicrous transformation, as he eyed the yawning windows and wide open doors.

'By all the powers,' said he to himself, 'if Isabella isn't cleaning house again! Well, women are the most unaccountable creatures! I do believe they delight in turning things upside down, and making themselves and the rest of the world uncomfortable. What's the use of choaking people with dust and deluging 'em with comfortable. What's the use of chooking people with dust and deluging 'em with soap and water twice a year? However, let the dear enigms have their own way. I'm sure I'm the last person in the world to object!'

With these philosophical reflections yet in his mind, Mr. Mnyfield deftly threaded his way through a colony of whitewash pails and lime kettles that surrounded the freat door and outer whom the segme

the front door, and entered upon the scene of action. It was quite that from the shout with which the children greeted his appearance, that he was a general fa-

house!' cried Master Henry Augustus Mayfield, who was mounted astride of a doubled up feather bed, and castigating it fearfully with his mother's best silk par-

sol.
'Ain't it splendid, uncle Dick?' ex-ARIY It spientia, uno blek? Ex-cialmed Miss Julia, who was endeavoring to 'pry out' the principle of sound from a thirty dollar music box, by introducing a carving knife into its interior works, while Mrs. Mayfield, half distracted by calls from divers directi us, was totally unconscious of the mischief which was

won't ourn, and the wan wanters have not come this morning, and the parlor ceiling is balf unfinished, and you know that sewing society is to be here to-morrow night—and Dick, what shall I do?' 'Don't fret!' said Richard, soothingly.' I'll make the fire burn, or I'll know the reason why; and I can finish the ceiling for you!'

'Yes mc. Didn't I whiten my own room at college, when we boys had smoked it into the color of an old snuff box? And then I'll tack the carpet down, and see about putting those dislocated bed-

The Gred? Fiddlestick! Where's the refractory stove?

The very fire was not proof against Dick's sunny determination. It broke into a cheerful blaze the moment he attacked its citadel, and Isabel's face brightened simultaneously. The skill with which he next erected a scaffolding, and mounted thereon, with a panoply of white with only brighes was perfectly as wash pails and brushes, was perfectly as-

T suppose the workmen didn't leave

'I suppose the workmen didn't leave their wardrob's, when they went away last evening, Bell?' he asked, when he had scaled the rather perilous height. 'No,' said his sister-in-law, laughing. 'Then just hand up that old sheet—and a piece of the bed-cord yonder. Now, don't you admire my tout casemble.'
'Uncle Dick looks like a ghost,' said Master Henry'Angustus. Master Henry' Angustus:

'No hs don't - he looks like the old miller down at the Pond,' struck in Miss

of you is the most complimentary,' observed Richard, drily. 'Now, then, clear the track, every soul of you, and give me a chance!'
And he worked on, now breaking into a clear merry whistle, now pausing to survey his achievements, but oftenest of all relapsing into thought of the beauti-

ful young damsel at the nic-nic last night. 'She won't like me,' thought he, and

'Amy,' said Mrs. Brownfeigh, to he pretty young cousin, 'I wish you would ust run over to Mrs. Mayfield's with this

note. The children a have no one to send.' The children are at school, and 'Oh, no,' said Amy, while a fresh tinge suffused her delicate cheek. 'I don't want to encounter that superfine young

On, then I will take the mote, said Amy, issing, and looking round for her coquettish little gipsy hat.

'You are the strangest girl, Amy,' said her cousin. 'What can be the reason that you dislike Richard May field?' He is so handsome and so talented!'

'I don't lancy these merely ornament il people,' suid Amy, demurely, 'My usband must be of some use in the w rld!'
'How do you know but that Mr. Mayfield is?' field is?'
'Can't be possible,' said Amy, arehly shaking her curls. 'His hands are too

Mrs. John Mayfield's house was at 1 Mrs. John Mayneid's house was at hovery great distance, and as Amy was quite intimate with that lady, and understood the domestic saturnalla that was at present transpiring within her domains, she did not think it necessary to knock, but opened the door and walked in without corremons.

'What! is the carpet ready so s What! is the carpet ready so soon, Bell? I'm just through here, and I'll come and tack it down in one minute!'
Not receiving any answer, he threw down the brush and turned round. 'Miss Brownleigh!'
He had never looked so handsome in his hie—and that was not the first thought.

this respect—she was embarrassed, and He sprang laughingly, to the ground You must think I have a curious taste in costume,' said he archly, 'but the truth is that Isabel has been disappointed

in her work people, and my brother f away from home, so I am helping he

Half an hour ago Amy would have haughtily informed him that it was quite unnecessary for her to trouble him,—now she stood still and waited.

It was a long walk under the spreading shadow of noble old apple trees, bending with their weight of crimson and russet. with their weight of crimson and russet

We believe it is one of woman's special and incontrovertible privileges to change her mind—therefore nobody was much astonished when, three months subsequently, there was a rumor of the 'engagement' of Mr. Mayfield and Miss Brownleigh! Still, however, Dick all ways declared that it was an insoluble mystery to him that when screenades and schottisches nostry and parformer had all schottisches, poetry and perfunes had all failed to win an entrance to the maidens heart, a white wash brush should have been the unromantic weapon which, at last, brought down the barricades!

#### Anecdote of Jefferson

A party, Mr. Jefferson, the President A party, Mr. Jefferson, the President among them, were out riding. A smart shower had fallen during the forenoon, and when they got back to Moore's Creek the water was running up to the saddle girths of a horse. An ordinary western looking man was sitting on the bank with a saddle in his hands. with a saddle in his hands. He waited until all the party had entered the stream but Mr. Jefferson, and then asked him for a ride across. To trein up to a store, suffer him to mount, ca croupe; and carry him to the opposite bank, was a matter of across. ank, was a matter of course. In a few oans, was a matter of course. In a few minutes the party in the rear, who had witnessed the affair overtook our besad-dled pedestrian, stretching away at a steady pace along the foot of Carter's mountain.

steady pace along the loot of Carter's mountian.

'I say!' quoth a junior, 'what made you let the young men pass and ask that gentleman carry you over the creek?'

'Well,' said Kentucky, in broad patois.'

'if you want to know, I'll tell you; I reekon a man carries yes or no in in his face—the young chan's face said no—the old 'un's said yes.'

'It isn't every man that would have the old 'un's said yes.'
'It isn't every man that would have asked the President of the United States for a ride behind him,' said the other, expecting, perhaps to blind the bold visage of Kentucky. If such was his object, owever, he was very much mistaken.
'You don't say that was Thomas Jeff' erson do you?' was the reply, and he immediately added, 'he's a \* \* \* fine fellow, any way.'
'That was the President,' was the re-

will say when I get back to Boone connty, and tell her I've rid behind old Jefferson? She'll say I voted for the

WAS ST. PAUL & BACHELOR:-It seems Was St. Paula Bachielou.—It seems to be a pretty general-impression, says a recent writer, that Paul was a bachelor, and many ladies of the present day have formed an opinion of him which is decidedly unfavorable. I believe and purpose to show, that Paul was actually a married man, and a strong advocate of 'Woman's Rights.' The Corinthian Church bad written to him for directions upon the sublice of matringry in a time upon the subject of matrimony in a time of great persecution, and under the circumstances he seems to think for the time being the unmarried had better remain so, Eusebius, Clement and other hist rian's, speak of Paul as a married man, and according to the best historical evidence according to the best historical evidence we can get, he was at the lime of writing this epistle a widower. And thus he remained true to his dead wife and admonshed other men who had lost their wives to pursue a similar course. If there is a woman in 'America who is partieularly average for her bushed to warry larly anxious for her husband to marry again after her death, we should like to see her. The apostle's 'advice to wives,' in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, seems in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, seems to be very offensive to some because he admonishes them to obedience. Husbands are very fond of quoting it. If there is but one text in the Bible with which they are acquained, it is that; but do you ever hear the twenty-fifth verse from masculine lips." Listen: 'Huston' to be the seem of the seems of from masculine has, Listen: 'Mus-bands love your wives cen as Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it.'— There, gentlemen, is your rule of con-duct—don't forget, and, by the way, how do you like it?' Where is there a great do you like it? Where is there a greater or love than this? and what an exalted opinion Paul must have had an exinted opinion Paul must have had of woman to deem her worthy of such affection! Rest assured that obedience will gladly follow a love like that. When men are houest, loyal and true—when they tenderly, love and shield server, the careful shield server. and shield even at the sacrifice of self, a that then woman will 'honor and obey,' without any objections or regrets.

TORTURING CRIMINALS IN CHINA.-China evidently believes that punishment should be deterrent rather than reformatory. The last mail from that country brings news of a Lendish case of torture inflicted upon a native of Foochow for the crime of kidnapping children. The poor wretch, we are-told, was exposed to the side of the street in a wooden cage of such a height that while his-head protrouded through the top he could just touch the bottom with his toes. His hands were tied behind him, and his ankles were chained together. On the first day of his imprisonment he was allowed to sit on a board placed across the cageat the proper height, but after the first 24 hours this was removed, and he was then only supported by his neck and toes.—Some of the crowd who surrounded him threw bits of broken bricks into the cage, and watched with jeers his ineffectual attempts to place them under his feet, to relieve the frightful strain upon his neck. His groanings met with no sympathy, and he was them and the man dear the first full free. brings news of a flendish case of torture relieve the trightful strain upon his neck. His groanings met with no sympathy, and he was deprived of all food. In this state he was left to die. Of course, the torture is long or short according to the vitality of the criminal. A week before this poor creature suffered, a notorious third had been subjected to the same torture, in the same place, and had lived six days in the care.

down the brush and turned round.

'Miss Brownleigh!'
He had never looked so handsome in his hie—and that was notthe first thought that rushed through Amy's mind, in the midst of all her embarrassment; for Dick had the advantage of the young lady in the had the advantage of the young lady in the midst of the community—who had the advantage of the young lady in the latter that pipe out of your mouth and think of this.

VOL. 57.--NO. 22.

# A Hundred Miles an Hour-Exploits of Brunken Engineer.

The Tallahassee Scatinel relates the The Tallahausee Sentinel relates the fallowing incident:
The engineer of the rieggest the Joeksonville, Pensacola and Mobile Railroad going West on Wednesday morning last—a man named Drew—was so much under the influence of liquor by the time he reached Baldwin that the conductor, Mr. Tuten, did not consider it safe to allow him to proceed further, and therefore procured the services of another engineer, Drew, however, remaining on the engine.

When the train arrived at Sanderson the acting engineer left the engine for

the acting engineer left the engine for some purpose, when Drew, still drunk, cut loose from the train, and put out with the engine at lightning speed, leaving the engineer fireman, conductor, and all behind. As he neared Lake City, the section hands working on the road scattered pell-mell into the woods, frightened out of their wits at the tremendous aread the optime was rapping. The speed the engine was running. The

speed the engine was running. The agent at Lake City, when asked about it, said the engine was running about one hundred miles an hour, and there was a man aboard, but he was certainly crazy. Further west a gentleman saw the engine pass, but could discover no one on her, and said he was very much alarmed, but, presently he saw a hand go up, and then he knew there was some kind of a human on board. Drew thundered along at this dangerous speed until he reached Ellaville, where he came near colliding with an eastward bound freight train. The master machinist, Mr. Kennedy, The master machinist, Mr. Kennedy

happened to be here, and, ejecting the maniac engineer from the engine, took maniae engineer from the engine, took charge of it himself.

Fortunately for Mr. Tuten, he found another nigine at Sanderson, with which he came through to Ellaville. At or near Olustee the body of a man was discovered Other the tody of a man was accordent lylug in the track, but too late to prevent the train from passing over it and crush-ing it to pieces. The body proved to be that of Mr. Brannon, who, when last seen, was wending his way homeward with a sack of flour on his shoulder. The front of Draw's angles is call to have been of Drew's engine is said to have been covered with flour, and it is thought be envered with flour, and it is thought he must have run over Brannon, but how the body got back to the track in the po-sition it was when run over the second time, is a mystery not yet solved. Drew was promptly discharged by the officials here, and has left for parts to us un-

'KISS ME, MAMMA.'—'KISS me, mam-na, before I sleep.' How simple a boon, cet how soothing to the little supplicant s that soft, centle kiss! The little head Is that soft, centle kiss! The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, and the rosy lip is reveling in the bright and sunny dream of innocence. Yes, kiss it, mamma, for that good-night kiss will linger in the memory when the giver lies mouldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss hus cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has bee: the bacon light to illuminate his desolate heart; for, remember, life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disslumbering, with no marring care to dis-turb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lips will become dewy again and fevered lips will become dewy again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love—a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones erethey sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

A Boy's Love for "Strings."—A medical gentleman once told us of an Incide t that occurred during the performance of a medical operation that will

ion of his valuables? A Russian Dance,-They have a sin gular kind of dance conducted on the greens of the country villages in Russia. Phe dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune; a youth pulls off his cap, and challenges his girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent; the youth advances there are a very called bendle schief. vances, takes a corner of the handkerchief in his hand, and leads his lassic round in his hand, and leads his lassic found-and round. No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids, the girl moves heavily by herself, going round, and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same ad key and measure; and the prize of nerit in this "circling," as the dance is

WET HIS SHIRT,-A bashful and rather verdant young man from near Vincennes, attended a ball in that place vincetines, attended a ball in that place recontly, in company with the idel of his heart.\(^{\)}\) After the donee had progressed for sometime, the young man from the rural district saw the one most dear to him sitting alone in one corner of the room, and concluded he would step over and have a special chat with his ladypowerful warm, my shirt's wet, ain't yours? The lady wilted.

A FEW Sundays ago, as Mr. Beecher was about commencing his sermon, a stout, fatherly looking man was endeavoring to niake his way through the crowd, to get within better hearing distance of the distinguished orator. At the moment Mr. Beecher's voice rang out the words of the text: 'Who art thou?'—'Who art thou?' again cried the dramatance. ie preacher. The stout party thinking himself in the wrong, perhaps by pressing forward and believing himself personally addressed startled the brethren and nonplussed their reverend chieftain, by sedately redying:

INDIAN TRADITION .- It is a standing state he was left to die. Of course, the torture is long or short according to the vitality of the criminal. A week before this poor creature suffered, a notorious thief had been subjected to the same torture, in the same place, and had lived six days in the cage.

An exchange says a lazy boy will make a lazy man as sure as a crooked sapling will make a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune to keep up appearances? The mass of thioves, criminals and pangres have come to what they have, by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—who radition of the Niugara Indians, shared

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#### Odds and Ends.

"THE weigh of the world." Short he's a-bed. man not a man? When

An unpleasant sort of arithmetic. Division among families. THE nation which produces the most WHAT should clergymen preach about?

A same is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is dawn without its dew?

IT has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever get up? Of course it does in dew time

A MISERABLE wretch of an old bache-lor observes that he looks under the mariage head for the noose of the weak.

ry propose to become preachers. Here-ofore they have only been lecturers. THE young lady who fell dead-in love with a young gentleman—immediately revived on being asked to name the day. A MAN lost in the capital of Rhode

THE nerve which never relaxes-the eye which never blanches—the thought which never wanders—those are the mas-ters of victory.

'WOULDN'T you call this the calf of a leg?' asked Bob, pointing to one of his nether limbs. 'No,' replied Pat—'I should say it was the leg of a calf.' THE entire assets of a New York bank-

Brown, speaking to Robinson of Jones the other day, said, 'His virtues may be summed up in a single line.' 'Certainly,' replied Jones,' 'If there is a noose at the free end.' THE forms of good breeding, have been

Ir is said that four boxes govern the world—the cartridge box, the ballot box. the jury box, and the band box. True Gruega smart child a pack ov cards and spellih book, and he will learn to play good game ov hi lo jack long before he in spell a word ov two sillables.

VERY queer that a bit of dust will nearly put out the eye of a young man, when he may have a whole young lady in it and see better than ever.

nay go, but he runs on forever. An American editor cautions his tall readers against kissing short women, as the habit has rendered him exceedingly round shouldered.

tamily I'm in.' THERE is sald to be an organization of blood thirsty young females in Ohio, the object of which is to intimidate the young men to discontinue the habit of waxing

moustaches. They tickle so!

living near him that had a mile of daughters; the name of the family was Furlong, and there were eight of them. 'REMEMBER who you are talking to, sir,' said an indignant parent to a fac

Hoop once said that there was a family

may save nine; but he never seems to be entirely sewn up. Birds of a feather flock together; yet in a flock bed you will not find a feather at all. A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Chi-

na, says: This country is rapidly undergoing the process of civilization. Beer is made at Shanghae, a whisky distillery is going up at Canton; and the first hanging came off in that city with great cclat.'

In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. 'Oh, yes,' replied the sallor; 'if it blows as bard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'-clock at night.' The chaplain, terrified

GREAT crimes ruin comparatively few It is the little meanness, selfishness and impurities that do the work of death on most men; and these things murch not to the sound of drum and fife. They steal with muffled trend, as the foe steals on the sleeping sentinel.

A GENTLEMAN, whose nose had become distinctly colored with the red wine he was wont to imbibe, said one day to his little son at the table: 'You must eat

A MINISTER out West vouches to the A MINISTER out West voicines to the Independent for the truth of the following: 'A Kansas girl was standing hand in hand with her lover, eyes and mouth agape, watching the incoming of the first train on a new railroad. 'The locomotive was quiet until it came, into the depot; but when the whistle blew, as the engine was stonging the cirl burst out with the was stopping, the girl burst out with the exclamation, 'Why, la! she cum plum in fore she bellered! A FOREIGNER, who heard of the Yankee propensity for bragging, thought he would beat the natives at their own little

game. Seeing some very large water-melons on a market woman's stand, he exclaimed, 'What! don't you raise larger apples than these in Amer.c.?' The apples than these in America? The quick witted woman immediately replied: 'Anybody might know you're a foreigner—them's gooseberries!' WE have it from the ladies, that if there

A LITTLE ragged urchin, being in the streets the other day, was asked by a lady who filled his basket, if his parents were

the lady.
'On, no, I haven't neither,' said the lad, 'for me and dad keep five boarders; he does the housework, and I do the

12 1870-13

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UCTION. Mr. F. A. HARRIS.

laving fitted up the Stable with new Carri

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I take pleasure in offering to my patrons and he public, a stock of

complete in every branch, and not excelled in quality, beauty, and cheapness. I have now open a beautiful stock of FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS.

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are so low that persons in need of them have of by to see to a parelate them. Having just to turned from the East with a fine assortment of goods tooking to the Fail trade, he is prepared to sell them at the smallest possible profits. Spe-cial bargains in

the streets were paved with gold; and when she come and found unry gold nor food but for working, she had to go to work as well as we poor creatures do; and she took to washing in the one toom down stairs; but never a bit would she let this child do for itself, but waited on it like a slave, and only taught it to sing.
'as its mother did before it,' she said; and

ed, you may depend.

Bridget taised her eyebrows and dropped a courtesy, while Casta Diva, as Mr. Patron ther and ever since has called her, hid her face in the bed, and sobbed to hear her story related. The kind gentleman looked at her tenderly, and thereful.

An hour later and Mr. Patron is again seated in his easy chair before his bright coal fire, with his dressing gown once more folded about him. The only difference in the beautiful than the same of the coal fire with his dressing gown once more folded about him.

I can now, without hesitation, call upon Madam Victor in her room, to interest her about my little Casta Diva. I will tell her the story, and engage her to cul-tivete the voice of my little protege. I will see her to-macrow morning, and perhaps she will accompany me to Bridget's ledging. Not a very romantic walk to invite the hidy of my heart to share, but then the circumstances are peculiar.'

'Now I think of it, I must engage of my handlady the little bedroom next to my inholarly the little bedroom next to mue. I am delermined to adopt this singing cherub as my own. I will change her mane to Casta Diva Patron. It sounds musical, and she is music itself. If sweet Madam Victor only sees in her what I do, we shall be an amazingly happy family. I declare I feel like a husband out father already. I shall find what I to, we shall be an armanage of approximately. I declare I feel like a husband and father already. I shall find enough to do with my croney after all.'

And so he goes to bed and dreams of his fature joys until he fairly laughs aloud in his sleep.

Now it is morning; and if you will put your head out of the door you can see

Now it is morning; and if you will put your head out of the door you can see him going along the hall. He stops at No. 6—knocks gently; but the rich toned piano, touched by a thrilling hand does not allow so love-like a tap to be heard. This time he knocks louder; the music stops and the door is opened by a beautiful woman, who smilingly invites him to enter. Well, I don't wonder he fell in love with her! They close the door. Let you and I go peep in at the keyhole, and hear what they say; I'll never tell—will you? Hank! Well, after all, I can't tell wint they said now, because I promised what they said now, because I promised I wouldn't; but Mr. Patron has staid in there a great while and he didn't as there a great while and he didn't as her to sing or play once all the time. Now the door opens again, and they come out together; he in his overcoat and hat, she in her clouk and velyet bon-net. He looks very much excited and she

looks pale and treinbles so she can hard!

speak. She takes his offered arm, goes down stairs and out the street door. I do believe they are going to Bridget's. And so they were.

Good Mr. Patron walks slowly down with the sweet lady, for she has every reason to tremble; she believes she is Lauretta's mamma; for she has been tell-ing her friend how her husband was kill-ed in a mob one dreadful day, because he was a great politician, and when they burned his bousethey took her and threw whole year, and only made her enained a whole year, and only made her escape when, during terrible troubles in Italy, the prison doors were inharred to all. She had sought trantically for her child, but in vain; and believing that both Lauretts and her many groups are supplied in the retta and her nurse were crushed in the same mob that killed her husband, she

voice.

Madam Victor believes that Lauretta her child, because their stories are so strangely alike. Five years have passed since she had left Italy; but she knows her eyes will not deceive her. Her baby's features are indelibly engraved upon her heart.

Her kind friend supports her up the live flights of stairs, and then she stops to take breath and nerve herself for either intense happiness or heavy disappoint They are about to enter the room whe

came to America to try to earn her liveli-hood among hospitable strangers by her fine musical education and uncommon

They are about to enter the room when a little voice greets her ear singing, with a wonderful power and expression, an Italian melody, whice the lady herself used to sing in her own sunny land. She stops and grasps the arm of her friend. 'Oh, wait,' she whispers; 'let me try,' and with great effort, she continues and completes the unfinished strain in a voice that angels might not exceed. He opens the door. He opens the door.
Lauretta stands in the centre of the roon alone, pale, and agitated; her great eyes dilated with emotion long repressed. Her mother's voice has reached a spot in her heart which vibrates on her memory like Madam Victor sinks upon a chair and gazes long and earnestly upon the motonless figure; then she suddenly stretches out her arms and whispers 'Come

Lauretta slowly advances; and when Lauretta slowly invances; and when she is close to the beautiful lady, she nestles her head upon her bosom and draws a long, deep sigh.
"Tell me your whole name, sweet one,"
'Lauretta Victor.'
The lady presses the little form still closer.

'Darling, I am your mother,'
'I know it,' sighs the child,
'You know it, my angel?'
'Yes,' I have seen you in, my dreams and always called, you 'mother,' and when you sang just now it brought it all back.' Good Mr. Patron went to the window ınd wiped his eyes, -Once again we see him sitting in his Once again we see him sitting in his easy chair before the bright coal fire. By his side sits a beautiful young lady; one hand lies in his and the other is tenderly stroking his hair; but her eyes rest upon a little fairy who sits at the piano, sitent-ly dreaming over some of Handel's, mu-sic, which her 'papa' has brought home to her.

The lady is his wife. The fairy is his Casta Diva. 'Hogs, I've Gor You Now!'-Some years ago, an eccentric genius, Hunt, used to give temperance lectures. One night be announced that he would lectire in Easton. Now, temperance was nre in Easton. Now, temperance was not in favor among the male portion, of that burg. The women, however, were all in for the 'pledge,' and consequently on Hant's first night not a man showed himself at the hall. The benches were pretty well filled with women, though, and Hunt cemmenced; but instead of and Hint commenced; but instead of temperance, he put them through on the vanities of thess, etc. 'They wore great stuffed feather sleeves then. They (the sleeves) caught it, then their tight lacing, and so thro' the whole catalogue of fe-male follies; not a word about temper-

ance. And the ladies went home hop-ping mad told their husbands about it and voted old Hunt down to the lowest notch. He had announced that he would leet-The mad announced that he would letter ure at the same place the next night.—
Long before the time appointed they commenced to come, and when Hunt hobbled down the nisle, the building was comfortably well filled with men. The old fellow looked about, shuckled and the looked about, shuckled and the looked the looked about, shuckled and the looked the muttered, 'Hogs, I've got you now!'— The audience started. 'Aha, hogs, I've got you now!'
After the crowd had got quiet a little, the lecturer arose and said:

'Friends, you wanted to know what I meant by saying, 'Hogs, I've got you now,' and I'll tell you. Out West, the hogs run wild; and when folks get out of meat they catch a young pig, put a strap under his body and hitch him to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely, Of course he squeals and raises a runnus when all the old hogs gather ar und to see what the matter, and they then shoot them at leisure. Last night I hung a pig up; I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out to night to see the fun, and I'll roast you; and so he did, hich ing into their favorite vice with a relish and gusto that can only be appreciated the lecturer arose and said :

and gusto that can only be appreciated by one who has heard Old King Alco by one who has heard Old King hol' put through during '46 or '47. Good Sense. - The great trouble among American youth is the lack of applica-tion and thoroughness in what they un-dertake. Anything that cannot be learned with superficial study, is given the go by for something less tedious and irk-some. Study and labor are looked at some. Study and labor are looked a from a wrong standpoint; and as a con sequence, the cierkship ranks are full o unemployed and half-starved young men and the professions are overflowing with mediocrity, while good mechanics find plenty of work at living prices. The evil work at a trade do it in so careles a manual three professions are the strong to complete the description of the profession o

ner that they are not competent to do

the work they promise to do.

BY HELDN CORDERT GRAVES

It was the most golden and glorious of September days. The vell of blue haze-ninging like a canopy over the distant fills, seemed absolutely to quiver in the adiant glow of the autumn sunshine, and the grapes, whose amethystine clusters blushed through the trellis of clinging leaves, grew deeper in color and more bloomy, as if they had stolen the imperial dye of a thousand purple sunsets and brilliant dawns, as the sun mounted higher and higher, in the cloudless dome of housand. No freegood calling huns with f heaven. No frescoed ceiling, hung with of heaven. No frescoed ceiling, nung with je weled pendants, was ever more beauti-ful than this arbor of grape-leaves, where the light and shadow danced in fittular besques with every moving wind—and so thought Richard Mayfield, as he came slowly up the garden path that led to his brother's house.

vor te. 'Hallo, uncle Dick, we're cleaning

unconscious of the mischief which was being wrought.

'Diek, I am so puzzled and annoyed,' she said. 'Here is John called to the city by a pressing law suit, and the whole house upside down!

'I thought that was what you ladies liked,' said Diek, perching himself upon the top of the dining table, and rescuing a shell basket from the destructive grasp of the smallest Mayfield of all.

'And my cook has gone, and the frewon't burn, and the wall whitners have not come this morning, and, the parlor

Buth Dick, you must be too tired after dancing until twolve o'clock at the pic-nic last night.'

Me Gred? Fiddlestick! Where's the

ure, rather pale complexion aristocrati-cally small feet and hands, conveyed the idea of one who was adapted only to Broadway pavements and glittering ball-

'Upon my word, I don't know which

who had been so studiously cold and reserved toward him. can't, for the life of me tell why. Well, as I said before, women are unaccountable concerns!

'Nonsense, he isn't there—he is staying with Harry Franklin.'
'Oh, then I will take the note,' said

small for anything but lemon colored kid gloves!'
'I'll wager a new bonnet, Alice, that he never did anything more laborious than to carry a box of segars, in his life!

Miss Brownleigh laughed, and Amy passed out of the vine whether Mr. Richard Mayfield had been very much vexed because she had refused to dance with him the evening before.

ceremony.

There stood Dick, the apex of a pyramidal scaffolding of boards, his fine broadcoth raiment obscured by a lime-splashed sheet which was girded around his waist by a ponderous knot of rope, and his black curls overshadowed by a coarse old straw hat, working away as if for dear life. His back was toward the door, and supposing the step to be that of his sisterin-law, he said, gayly, without turning his head:

away from home, so I am helping her clean house! "I did not know—I thought you had no taste—' stammered Amy, unconsciously speaking out her thoughts. "You supposed that I was nothing more than an ornamental piece of furniture?—Ask Isabel about that, said Dick, half piqued, half smiling. "But can I be of any use to you now?". "I had a note from my cousin, for Mrs. Mayfield,' said Amy, still speaking scarce above a breath." say the search said famy, said spearing scarce above a breath.

'She has gone down to the farther orchard,' said Dick. 'It is some distance, and not a very straight path. If you will wait until I remove a little of this line, I shall be happy to escort you down there.

with their weight of crimson and russet fruit and through meadows ankle deep in-purple and bloom, and nodding plumes of golden red, yet, for all that, Amy was quite surprised when Mrs Mayfield came in sight, carrying a little basket of rose-cheeked peaches from a pet tree beond. We believe it is one of woman's special

manne of a medical operation that will sponse.

Kentucky looked up and looked around, the locality well known to travelers at once carrying conviction in bls mind. He appeared to be in a brown study for a monent, the massive features then relaxed, he burst into a loud fit of laughter, and thus he spoke:

'What do you suppose my wife, Polly, will say when I get back to Boone c understanding the properties of value gathered by the youthful connoiseour. withered by the voutbful connaisseur. After the compi-tion of the operation, a medical man, who was assisting the operator, inquired of the latter—how did you know that boy had what you asked for; when you called for a cord?" He replied that the house of the latter when you called for a cord?" -'Did you ever know a boy that had no string in his pocket among the collec

ralled, is given by the spectators to the lassic who, in all that summer revelry, has never spoken and never smiled!

and have a special chat with his lady-love. All well so far, but the bashful fel-low was at a loss for something to sav; he fidgeted about and was sweating pro-fusely, having just left the dance, and besides the room was quite warm. Final-ly, taking hold of his witted collar, he commenced the conversation thus: "It's

T'm a pig merchant from Chicago, sir. I hope you ain t mad. There ain't nary chair or else I'd a sot down. Plymouth Church didn't recover its erenity for ten minutes.

About tifteen minutes

'Poor Lucinda took that circumstance very much to heart.' Did she indeed! The dear girl! I wish I was that cir-Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquilty of mind. . Twenty married women in this coun

Island consoled himself by remembering that the ways of Providence are past find-

upt were nine children. The creditors lid the handsome thing, and let him seep every one of them.

properly compared to the cotton and other soft materials placed between china wases, to prevent collision.

TRAIN is indifferent as to who leaves the hall while he is speaking. Like Ten-nyson's Brook, men may come and men

LADY—'Before I engage you, I should like to know what your religion is.' Cook—'Oh, ma'am, I 'always feels it my daty to be of the same religion as the

 'I so your father.' who's to blame for that,' said the young impertinence; "taint me." OLD SAWS WITH NEW HANDLES. Beauty is skin deep; but Nature did not on that account hide it: A stitch in time

'So there's another rupture at Mount Vooiferous,' said Mrs. Partington, as she put down the paper, and put up her specs; the paper tells us about the burning lather running down the mountain; but it don't tell how it got fire.'

An ill-humored English wife, abusing her husband on account of his mercenary disposition, told him that if she was dead, he would marry the dowl's oldest daughter, if he could get auything by it. 'Phat is true,' replied the husban'l, 'but the worst of it is, in England, one can't marry two sisters.'

bread, my boy; bread makes your cheeks red.' The little boy replied: 'Father, what lots of bread you must have snuffed

door bell ring, and in anticipation of cal-lers, drop broom and duster, run to the glass and put on a clean collar and apron, give an extra touch to their hair, and go to the door, to be greeted with: "Do you want to buy enuy potatoes, to-day, mum?" or, "hev ye any old clothes to give away?"

living. 'Only dad, ma'am,' said the boy. "Then you have enough in your basket to feed the family for some time,' said