The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1871. VOL. 57.--NO. 34.

The American Volunteer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY

OFFICE--SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

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

Rates for Advertising.

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

JOB PRINTING.

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

Professional Cards.

UNITED STATES CLAIM AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY!
WM. B. BUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
In Franklin House, South Hanover Street Cumberland county, Penna.
Claims by mail, will receive immediate attention.
Special attention given to the selling or renting of Real Estate, in town or country. In all letters for answer, please enclose postage stamp.
Feb. 11, 1870—tf

JAMES H. GRAHAM, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 11 SOUTH HANOVER ST.,
CARLISLE, PA.
Office—Adjoining Judge Graham's.
March 11, 1870—tf

W. E. BELTZHOOVER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CARLISLE, PA.
Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Bentz's dry goods store.
Jan. 4, 1871.

SHUMRICH & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.
Feb. 2 1871—

M. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW
Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of "American Volunteer."
Jan. 11 1871

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at the residence of his mother on Pitt Street, three doors below Bedford St., Penna.
Jan. 11 1871.

Hats and Caps

FRESH ARRIVAL OF ALL THE NEW STYLES OF HATS AND CAPS.

The subscriber has just opened at No. 15 North Hanover Street, a few doors North of the Carlisle Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle. Hats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Trimmings, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made.
Blocking and Old Fashioned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.
A full assortment of MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S HATS.
Caps also added to my Stock, notions of different kinds, consisting of MEN'S AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS Gloves, Suspenders, Collars, Gloves, Pencils, Sewing Silk, Thread, Umbrellas, &c
CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND.
Please 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.
Nov. 17-70.

HATS AND CAPS!
IF YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP!
IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON
J. G. CALLIO,
NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET,
Where can be seen the finest assortment of
HATS AND CAPS
Ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in inviting his old friends and customers, as well as many new ones, to his splendid stock, just received from New York and Philadelphia, comprising 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 always on hand, and
HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.
He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats to match Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of brands of
CHEWING TOBACCO AND CIGARS
Always on hand. He desires to call the attention of persons who have
COUNTRY FURS
to his fact that he pays the highest cash prices for the same. Give him a call, at the above number, high Street, and he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.
Nov. 9, 1870.

Boots and Shoes.

GROHM & SPONSLER,
No. 12 South Hanover Street,
CARLISLE, PA.
Grateful for the patronage extended to them since they commenced their usual large and well selected STOCK OF SPRING STYLES of
BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR
MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN, LADIES' AND MISSES', GENTS' AND BOYS', YOUTHS' AND CHILDS',
Are unrivaled for comfort and beauty
TRUNKS AND VALISSES,
GENTLEMEN AND BOYS' HATS,
All of which will be sold at small profits. Call and examine our stock and get a full equivalents for your money.
Feb. 2 1870—1y

Plumbers, &c.

JAS. CAMPBELL. | W. E. HENWOOD
CAMPBELL & HENWOOD,
PLUMBERS,
GAS AND STEAM FITTERS,
No. 18 North Hanover St.
CARLISLE, PA.
BATHTUBS, WATER CLOSETS, WASH BASINS, HYDRANTS, LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS, CISTERN AND DEEP WELL PUMPS, GAS FIXTURES, SHADES AND GLOBES &c., &c.
Lead, Iron and Terra Cotta Pipe,
CHIMNEY TOPS AND FLUES,
All kinds of
BRASS WORK
Steam and Water constantly on hand.
WORK IN TOWN OR COUNTRY promptly attended to.
Immediate attention given to orders for repairs or work from a distance.
Having special advantages we are prepared to sell
COPPER WORK
All descriptions for Still Houses and other persons at home or at a distance.
COPPER PIPE
Bended to order either drawn or brazed.
Nov. 1, 70—1y

Dry Goods.

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!!
—AT—
HARPER'S
South Hanover St.,
NEW STOCK OF FALL GOODS,
I take pleasure in offering to my patrons and the public, a stock of
DRY GOODS,
complete in every branch, and not excelled in quality, beauty, and cheapness. I have now open a beautiful stock of
FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS,
comprising Black Silks, Black and Colored All-Wool Reps, Black and Colored All-Wool Poplins, Black and Colored Wool Delaines, Black and Colored Merinoes, Rich Plaid Poplins, Serges, Velours, Fine Tamise, Bombazines, Pure Mohairs, new brand of Double Warp Black Alpacas, for beauty of color, weight of texture, and price, it takes the lead of any Alpacas in the market.
Fashionable Shawls, in new styles of Stripes and Plaids.
Long and Square Thibet Shawls, all of which I offer exceedingly cheap.
BLANKETS,
White and Gray. Bargains guaranteed.
FLANNELS,
In every variety.
LADIES' CLOAKINGS—Black Beavers, Velveteens, White Corduroy, Opera Flannels, Plaids for Circulars
WATER-PROOF! WATER-PROOF!
House Furnishing Dry Goods, Table 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, Misses, Men and Boys.
Knitting Yarns, Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Persian Wool, and Balmoral Yarns, Hamburg, Edgings and Insertings, Thread Laces, Guipure Laces, Linen and Lace Collars, Kid Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Felt, Balmoral, and Hoop Skirts, Corsets, and a general variety of notions.
CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
Furs! Furs! Furs!
No hesitancy in saying that the prices will be as low as any in town.
All goods bought at the head of the market, for cash, and superior inducements will be offered at the Cheap Cash Store,
Cor. Hanover and Pomfret Sts.,
THOS. A. HARPER.
Oct. 20 70

NEW GOODS!
We have just returned from the city, with another very heavy stock of Goods, making our stock the largest ever held in Carlisle, by any other House. We have extra good and thick
BLACK SILKS, COLORED SILKS,
SILK POPLINS, of all shades.
SILK AND WOOL EPINGLINES
WOOL REPS,
WOOL PLAIDS,
ALPACCAS AND DELAINES
MOURNING GOODS,
of all kinds.
PLAIN AND FANCY SACKING FLANNELS,
WATER PROOFS AND CLOAKINGS,
CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
QUILTS AND COVERLETS,
Carpets and Oil-Cloths,
DOMESTIC GOODS
in great variety.
Shawls, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.
We have as a whole the most splendid assortment of Goods outside of the cities. We have the very best and most handsome
SASH RIBBONS,
in the town, all of which we are selling cheaper and at smaller profits than any other big store in the United States.
Give us a call and you will save a good deal of money in your purchases.
BENTZ & CO.
Nov. 10, 70.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
STOVE AND TINWARE STORE,
James McGonigal,
No. 83, South Hanover St.,
(Adjoining Blair & Sons' Grocery Store.)
CARLISLE, PA.
After an experience of over thirty years in the Stove and Tinware business, in Carlisle, the undersigned feels confident that his recommendation of Stoves has some weight with the community. He now offers the celebrated
EMPIRE GAS BURNER
which he feels satisfied is the best Base Burner in the market. It is handsome, throwing a cheerful light around the room; there are no clinkers even with the worst coal; the heat is reflected to the floor and strikes the feet instead of the face; the gas is entirely consumed; all dust is carried off by a back pipe; it has a ventilating damper by which rooms may be kept thoroughly ventilated; and it produces as great heat from as small a quantity of coal as any stove ever offered to the public.
He also offers the "COZY LIGHT" and the "BEACON LIGHT," both Base Burners, highly recommended by all who have used them. All these Base Burners are insured for three years, and if they do not work satisfactorily may be returned. Also the following well known
COOK STOVES:
NIMROD, IRONSIDES, FARMER, DIAMOND SLATE and others
These are all warranted and may be returned if unsatisfactory. Hundreds of them have been put up by me in this community, and their popularity is universal.
All these Stoves may been seen at my establishment and references can be given to parties using them.
SPOUTING AND ROOFING,
attended to in town or country.
Repairing done on short notice.
JAMES McGONIGAL,
Oct. 13, 70—6m No. 83, South Hanover St

J. L. STERNER & BRO.,
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
BETWEEN HANOVER AND BEDFORD ST
IN THE REAR OF BENTZ HOUSE.
CARLISLE, PA.
Having fitted up the Stable with new Carriages, &c., I am prepared to furnish first-class turn-outs at reasonable rates. Parties taken to and from the springs.
April 25, 1867.—2y

Poetical.

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

BY J. G. SAXE.

Beneath the hill you may see the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate;
And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry"—'twas all the same—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name,
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye;"
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And he was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back,
As thick as the miller and quite as long.

Always busy and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was little Jerry;
Who uttered well his standing jest.

"When will you grind my corn I say"
"Nay," quoth Jerry, "you needn't scold,
Just leave your grist for half a day,
And never fear but you'll be tolled."

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One Autumn day the rumor came—
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then it was whispered mournfully,
The leech had come, and he was dead,
And all the neighbors flocked to see;
"Poor Little Jerry," was all they said.

They laid him in his earthly bed—
His miller's coat his only shroud—
"Dust to dust" the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Miscellaneous.

THE ROBBERY ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE EXPRESS MESSENGER'S STORY.

When my mate asked of me, last Christmas Eve, permission to remain with his family at the eastern end of our route, and not to make the tedious forty hours' journey towards the blue waters of the Pacific on which I was about to start, I had too much heart to refuse him. He—Joe Niel was his name—had a young bride and a young babe, and it was hard to separate them. True, our orders from the company were that both of us should always jointly make the trip, for we were carrying large quantities of greenbacks and national notes, for the payment of the Pacific railroad contractors; and of course there was no lack of robbers who were awaiting every chance to clean out our trunks, and perhaps ence.

Shortly before an express car had been entered on our line, and Bill Hughs, the messenger, beaten almost to death, and his valuable charge taken; and it was to guard against such future surprises that a mate had been given me; but Joe pleaded so hard to stay at home, and explained to me so clearly a little plan of his own, whereby I could make the trip in safety alone, that I gave in to his request, and hastened with him to set our little plan in motion.

Joe's brother, Ned, the engineer, was to run his engine for the first one hundred miles of my journey, and he was to help in the plan. You see Ned was courting a younger sister of Joe's wife, and so it all being almost in the family, he was willing to do a good deal to give Joe his Christmas at home. First we went to the railroad superintendent, and got his permission to take my through express car out of the train and substitute therefore a grain car. My car was one of these kind with a passage outside, and doors in each end besides those at the sides.

This made it easier of attack, should robbers get on the train, as the multitude of doors required a stricter guard against surprise, with an increase of danger.

The grain car had only two side doors, which locked from without, but had two grated windows for ventilators, one at each end, with wooden shutters on the inside to close them up tightly. Ned was to lock me in, and to hand the key to the next engineer that came on, with some private instructions.

Well at 7 o'clock on Christmas eve the train was ready to start. Our express superintendent was down to see us off, and noticed the changed car shut, supposing the other to be out of repair, said nothing. He watched me place the valuable packages I had received in my safe and iron chest, and then springing into the car warned both Joe and myself to be very careful, as he had news that mischief was intended before long. Joe was helping me in the car so as to appear before the superintendent to be going with me. Ned came and locked us in. Joe first kissing his wife, who was on the platform, good-bye, and pretending—lucky fellow—that he was so sorry he was going away at Christmas. As soon as the door was shut and locked Joe went through that on the other side, first thanking me again for befriending him, and then I heard him lock the other door with the key Ned had sent to him by his fireman. We were off in a few moments, and I had time to look around and arrange my traps to make the trip as comfortable as possible. There was no receiving or handing out of packages to be done till the next morning, when the new engineer would open my door. Ned would leave us about midnight, and till then, when he would look in upon me, I might make myself as happy or miserable as I chose.

In less than an hour after leaving I had slung a hammock I carried with me, and had turned in. The shutter over the forward ventilator—my car was next to the engine—I had closed down and fastened it with a wedge, to keep the wind from blowing it open. The rear ventilator I left open, the little six by six hole, guarded by three iron bars, giving me ventilation. Near this I had slung my hammock, and then, with my revolver in a box close at hand, and with the bell rope running just over my head, I surely was in safety, and so I dropped asleep.

How long I slept I could not tell before I awakened with a start as something passed over my mouth. It seemed like a mouse or a rat, but it left an overwhelming smell, a close, suffocating feeling, and before I could open my eyes to see clearly, or could come to my senses, I was again asleep. Again I awoke, this time completely, but with a fearful weight of oppression over my eyes. My head ached, and I strove to place my hand upon it. My hand would not obey my wish; I must be paralyzed; it seemed as if I was yet dreaming; I had no power over hand or limb. Another effort I would make to shake off this deadly feeling, but as I strove to turn in my hammock, or to lift myself, something could touches my forehead with a refreshing coolness, and a gruff voice bids me lie quiet. I turn my head with intense difficulty and pain, and I see a black-visaged man standing over me.—He repeats the injunction to be quiet. I trace his arm down towards my head, and see that it is a revolver, which is touching my forehead. In a half asleep, half foolish manner, I glance at the deadly instrument, and wonder what it cost, and whether it will shoot straight and into my brain should it be fired.—The effects of some drug are still working upon me and as I come more to life, as it were, I recognize the fumes of chloroform.

Two other black-visaged men are busily sorting out my valuables, and are throwing all dangerous bonds and papers into one corner of the car, while they are placing in bags the currency and notes. The man watching me speaks, and says: 'No 1, he is come too.' No. 1 comes close and looks at me; he also is black-visaged, made so, I now see, by a crape veil or mask. Without speaking, he returns to his work of sorting the money. Having nothing else to do, I looked more closely at myself. Small, thin cords, which cut deeply into my flesh, are tied around my wrists and ankles, while others tie me tightly to the hammock. I must indeed, have been far gone in sleep, and deeply drugged, to have allowed this. The robbers evidently mean me no harm, but how can I face the company after this robbery? How account for the absence of Joe, without bringing about his immediate dismissal? As for myself, it will be the old story. The papers will say I was a willing confederate, and submitted to being tied and robbed. I shall be imprisoned, perhaps for life. My poor wife and children will be worse than fatherless.

No. 1, who is hard at work yet with his companion, opening the bundle and sorting out their contents here for the first time speaks. 'We're nearing the hog tunnel, No. 2,' he says in a light lisping voice. Even in my half stupor I know that voice. If it is whom I think it is his left arm is slightly crooked, the palm of the hand turned nearly outwards. As he moves into the light of the solitary lamp to glance at some bonds I, plainly see the turned hand.—'Bill Lane,' I call, 'won't you free my hands? this cord hurts me.' With a horrible oath he springs forward: 'You've sealed your doom,' he says; 'you must die now.' I pleaded for life, for he has cast aside the crape and I see the devil in his eye. Bill used to be on our run as messenger, but a robbery occurred of which he was suspected of assisting in, or at least of allowing himself to be robbed, and was discharged.

But I pleaded in vain. The conspirators confer among themselves for a few moments, and then my hammock is unhooked and thrown upon the floor, and I rolled up in it, and into an incredible small space. The bundle is then tied up tightly, and one of the robbers tries its weight. I am slight of form, and he can easily lift the living bundle up, and throw it on his shoulder. How can they get me from the car? How they got in is as yet a mystery to me. The doors are locked on the outside, and could not be broken open with the train at full speed from without. As I lie upon the floor, nearly suffocated and in fearful pain from my cramped position and the tightness of the ropes, Bill hisses in my ear, 'We are going to throw you over the Rocky Run.'

Even death in the form of being cast a living bundle from the cars into the waters of the run, which we cross in a short time at an immense height, is preferable to the agony I am enduring. I think I prayed with all my soul then. I have prayed before going into battle, when expecting to be wrecked at sea, and at other times when my life was in imminent danger, but never prayed as I did that night for all my soul. Then there was a chance of escape, here there was none. My senses quickened with the agony of the moments, were wonderfully acute, or else I was already an delirium. I thought I heard voices at the forward ventilator. I thought I heard him say 'Watch close and shoot if there is danger.' Of course it was fancy, for the train was going at full speed, and must be at his post on the engine.

Next I heard cautious footsteps on the roof of my car—probably, if anybody, it was a brakeman going over the car to the engine for his lunch can, which was there keeping hot, I lay still praying a few moments longer, then more footsteps are plainly heard on the roof. This time I was sure there were two or three persons. Ah, I forgot, no doubt, they were confederates watching outside while the three within did the plundering. All of a sudden the bell pull overhead rattled as if energetically pulled; the engine whistled brakes, and I felt every brake on the train was being put down to a purpose.

The robbers consulted for a moment, and then one said, 'It is nothing, they are stopping for a hot journal perhaps.—Bill sprung to me and pressing his revolver hard against my body, hissed, 'if they call for you, say all right.' Before I could reply, a rasping noise was heard, followed by the report of a pistol, and the fall of some heavy body across my already over-taxed frame. I fainted.

When I came too Ned was chafing my hands, and half a dozen were rubbing my swollen and chafed limbs, while brandy was being placed on my lips.—Ned was almost hysterical when I came too, but the craziest of all was little Jack, the wood passer of the engine, who kept shouting, 'I shot him, I shot him,' till some one knocked him down to make him quiet.

Then it all came out. The robbers had been concealed on the rear of my car, and had watched me through the grating. On my going to sleep, a slender stick, with a sponge soaked in chloroform at one end, had been placed under my nose, rousing me for a moment but to send me into a deeper sleep. Then with a fine saw a portion of the end of the car had been removed, through which they crept, and then closed it behind them. Ned after a while though he would have a look at me, so crawling over his engine he essayed to open the ventilated shutter and peep through.—Finding it fast he looked through the bell-rope hole, which happened to be a large one, and taking in matters at a glance, he had called little Jack to him, and handing his revolver had given him the message I had heard. Then crossing the car he had obtained the services of the conductor, brakesmen and some willing passengers, and having surrounded as far as they could a fast-moving car, he had pulled the bell and so signalled the fireman to stop. When Jack saw Bill point his revolver at me he thought he was going to shoot me, so forcing the ventilating shutter open he brought him with a well aimed bullet, killing him instantly. We took the other two to a town on our route where justice was done them. They got thirty years free board. As for Ned, the express folks were vexed at first, but as I had suffered so much and pleaded hard for both him and myself, we kept our old places and still do. Christmas day I spent in bed and also a few days afterwards getting well, but they brought my wife and family to me and we didn't fare so badly after all.

DON'T STAND STILL.—If you do you will be run over. Motion, action, progress; these are the words which now fill the vaults of heaven with their stirring demands, and make human hearts pulsate with a strong bound. Advance or stand aside, do not block up the way and hidder the career of others; there is too much to do now to allow of inaction anywhere or in any one. There is something for all to do; the world is becoming more and more known; wider in magnitude—closer in interest—more loving and more eventful than of old.—Not in deeds of daring; not in the ensanguined field; not in chains and terrors; not in blood, and tears, and gloom, but in the leaning, vivifying, exhilerating impulses of a better soul. Reader—are you doing your part of this work.

A LEGEND OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

No hero except Solomon, perhaps, has so many wonderful adventures credited to him by the professional story-teller of the East as Alexander the Great. One of these, which I am told is also to be found in the literature of the Hebrews, is not only entertaining but possesses some deep and graceful morals.

During the unprofitable march of Alexander in India he came to a lovely oasis watered by a clear running stream. The great king stretched his weary limbs on its banks and ordered from the scanty stock of provisions a few dried salted fishes for his repast. Clear water, served in a golden goblet, replaced the choice Lesbian in which the great king so often indulged. But how astonished was the conqueror when an accountably delicious odor and taste pervaded the water from this running stream! 'Surely,' said Alexander, 'a river so full of rich properties must take its rise in a happy land. Let us explore its sources.'' After a fatiguing journey on foot in quest of the head-waters of the stream, the king at last came to what seemed an immense enclosure the walls of which were of great height. He was re-assured by finding a pair of colossal gates right before him. Knocking loudly at the postern he demanded entrance. A voice from the interior answered, 'Thou canst not enter here; this is Paradise, and the gates are the gates of the Lord.'

'I am,' answered Alexander proudly, 'the conqueror of the earth; why do you hesitate to open the gates for me?'

'Here,' said the voice,' no conqueror is acknowledged except he who can conquer his own desires. Art thou fit Alexander, to enter?'

The great conqueror felt that if admittance to Paradise depended upon this law he had no chance to effect an entrance.—'Give me,' said Alexander to the voice which spoke to him, 'some token at least, so that I may show the world that I have been to the very gates of Paradise, where until now no mortal was.'

A small port-hole was opened, and from it Alexander received a portion of a human skull. 'Take this,' said the voice within; 'a single look upon it may teach thee more wisdom than thou hast received from all thy masters and philosophers.'

Alexander contemptuously took the gift, and wended his way to his tent. Throwing it down in disgust, he said,' 'And this is the present that is given to the conqueror of the world; truly, a paltry present from such a source as Paradise.'

'Great king,' said a sage who was present, 'to me this gift possesses a secret meaning. Pray, put it into one scale, and fill the other with the finest gold.'

The king ordered it to be done, and lo! the piece of human bone outweighed the filled up scale of gold.

'This is a wonder,' said the king.

Larger scales were brought, heaps of gold were placed in one, and the human fragment of the skull in the other, yet the bone outweighed them all.

The sage then ordered the skull to be covered with earth, and behold it only weighed its own specific gravity.

'How remarkable is this,' said Alexander, 'can you give me a solution?'

'Great king,' answered the sage, 'this fragment of a human skull is that part which in life encas d the eye. The human eye, although hemmed in, is nevertheless insatiable and unlimited in vision. The more it possesses the more does it desire. The treasures of the earth fail to satisfy its continual longings. But when once descended to the grave, and covered with its mother earth, it finds a limits for all its once boundless wishes. Learn, O great king, wisdom! Of what avail will thy conquests and riches be when thine eyes are covered with dust and thou sleepest in the grave, here there was none. My senses quickened with the agony of the moments, were wonderfully acute, or else I was already an delirium. I thought I heard voices at the forward ventilator. I thought I heard him say 'Watch close and shoot if there is danger.' Of course it was fancy, for the train was going at full speed, and must be at his post on the engine.

Next I heard cautious footsteps on the roof of my car—probably, if anybody, it was a brakeman going over the car to the engine for his lunch can, which was there keeping hot, I lay still praying a few moments longer, then more footsteps are plainly heard on the roof. This time I was sure there were two or three persons. Ah, I forgot, no doubt, they were confederates watching outside while the three within did the plundering. All of a sudden the bell pull overhead rattled as if energetically pulled; the engine whistled brakes, and I felt every brake on the train was being put down to a purpose.

The robbers consulted for a moment, and then one said, 'It is nothing, they are stopping for a hot journal perhaps.—Bill sprung to me and pressing his revolver hard against my body, hissed, 'if they call for you, say all right.' Before I could reply, a rasping noise was heard, followed by the report of a pistol, and the fall of some heavy body across my already over-taxed frame. I fainted.

When I came too Ned was chafing my hands, and half a dozen were rubbing my swollen and chafed limbs, while brandy was being placed on my lips.—Ned was almost hysterical when I came too, but the craziest of all was little Jack, the wood passer of the engine, who kept shouting, 'I shot him, I shot him,' till some one knocked him down to make him quiet.

Then it all came out. The robbers had been concealed on the rear of my car, and had watched me through the grating. On my going to sleep, a slender stick, with a sponge soaked in chloroform at one end, had been placed under my nose, rousing me for a moment but to send me into a deeper sleep. Then with a fine saw a portion of the end of the car had been removed, through which they crept, and then closed it behind them. Ned after a while though he would have a look at me, so crawling over his engine he essayed to open the ventilated shutter and peep through.—Finding it fast he looked through the bell-rope hole, which happened to be a large one, and taking in matters at a glance, he had called little Jack to him, and handing his revolver had given him the message I had heard. Then crossing the car he had obtained the services of the conductor, brakesmen and some willing passengers, and having surrounded as far as they could a fast-moving car, he had pulled the bell and so signalled the fireman to stop. When Jack saw Bill point his revolver at me he thought he was going to shoot me, so forcing the ventilating shutter open he brought him with a well aimed bullet, killing him instantly. We took the other two to a town on our route where justice was done them. They got thirty years free board. As for Ned, the express folks were vexed at first, but as I had suffered so much and pleaded hard for both him and myself, we kept our old places and still do. Christmas day I spent in bed and also a few days afterwards getting well, but they brought my wife and family to me and we didn't fare so badly after all.

DON'T STAND STILL.—If you do you will be run over. Motion, action, progress; these are the words which now fill the vaults of heaven with their stirring demands, and make human hearts pulsate with a strong bound. Advance or stand aside, do not block up the way and hidder the career of others; there is too much to do now to allow of inaction anywhere or in any one. There is something for all to do; the world is becoming more and more known; wider in magnitude—closer in interest—more loving and more eventful than of old.—Not in deeds of daring; not in the ensanguined field; not in chains and terrors; not in blood, and tears, and gloom, but in the leaning, vivifying, exhilerating impulses of a better soul. Reader—are you doing your part of this work.

gant marry the son of the other, and the treasure be given as a dowry.'

The villagers thanked the king and left rejoicing.

Alexander who had listened to this strange suit and to the king's decision, could not conceal his astonishment.

'Has my decision failed to obtain your approbation,' demanded the native king of Alexander. 'How would you, in your own country, in a case like this, have decided?'

'In my country,' said Alexander, the autocrat and conqueror speaking in every word, 'a treasure found in the bowels of the earth, no matter who the owner of the surface may be, belongs to the king; and I would put to instant death any subject of mine who, finding a treasure, should dare to conceal or fail to deliver it to the authorities within the day.'

The native king, much astonished, and looking at Alexander attentively, at last said: 'Pray tell me, great conqueror, does the sun shine in your country?'

'Certainly,' said Alexander.

'How strange?' said the native king, musingly. 'Does it rain in your country?' he asked again.

'Certainly,' replied Alexander.

'Wonderful!' murmured the native prince. 'Have you any domestic animals in your land?'

'Of course we have,' answered Alexander.'

'Ha!' cried the native prince, relieved, 'it is for the sake of these poor animals that a good and wise Providence allows the blessed sun to shine and the rain to fall upon your fields; for surely you and your people, O great king, do not deserve these blessings.'

An Exciting Scene.

PANTHER HUNTING IN KENTUCKY.

A panther hunt took place in Kentucky last week. The appearance of wild animals near the town of Rushville alarmed the people of the place, and Messrs. Morrison and Sefferies and others organized a 'hunt.' They killed three miles from town, a huge male panther, measuring eight feet four inches from the end of the nose to the tip of his tail, and weighing considerably over 200 pounds, though apparently poor in flesh. His teeth were white, almost as snow, and his claws strong and sharp.—He was comparatively young, and was full competent to master a half-grown bullock at least. The beast was killed near the residence of Mr. Burgher. The country around is very broken, and the citizens say they have frequently heard this panther during the past few months giving vent to unearthly screams. Two little sons of Mr Burgher, hearing the dogs bark upon the side of the ridge, supposed a squirrel had been 'treed,' and taking the gun, went up to shoot it. In a few minutes they returned, very much frightened, and declared there was an elephant up the tree, and begged their father and Messrs. Morrison and T. B. Harrison, who happened to be present, to go with them and see it. Having reached the point, they found, not an elephant, but a huge panther, resting quietly in the forks of a tree, some twenty feet from the ground. They did not approach very near, but holding a hurried consultation, Mr. Morrison started immediately to town for men and guns, while Mr. Harrison galloped off across the country for that veteran hunter, Mr. Willis Loving, leaving Burgher, his sons, and the dogs to keep watch over his panthership. During their absence the panther kept quiet, occasionally giving utterance to a kind of purr, raising himself up, brandishing his tail, and looking down with a contemptuous air upon the assembled spectators. Reinforcements arrived, and assuming positions at various points, four of them fired at once into the left shoulder, reserving the remaining barrel for an emergency.—Luckily, however, the shots were effectual, and with a dull, heavy thud, the panther fell to the ground. His last expiring effort being to knock one of the dogs about fifteen feet with his right arm.

DO YOU WANT TO LIVE LONG?—If you do, go and get married, and stand not on the order of your going. Dr Hall, in one of his "Health Tracts," gives the following reasons why marriage is favorable to health: Bachelors are always in a state of unrest; they feel unsettled. If indoors after supper, there is a sense of solitariness, including a sadness, if not actual melancholy, with all its depressing influences; and many, many hours in the course of the year are spent in gloomy inactivity, which is adverse to a good digestion and a vigorous and healthy circulation. His own chamber or house being so uninviting, the bachelor is inclined to seek diversion outside in suppers with friends, to clubs, which are introductories of intemperance and licentiousness, or those more unblushing associations which, under the cover of darkness, lead to the speedy ruin of health and morals, and when these are gone, the way downward is an easy one." Now that this point is settled, here is another recommendation worth taking to heart. Dr. Dio Lewis says: "Every person of remarkable longevity, whose habits I have studied retired to rest at an early hour. He may have transgressed other laws of health—for example, he may have used spirits and tobacco moderately; but I have heard of no long liver who habitually sat up till a late hour, and I may add that among them all I have never read of a large eater.

Eat right and sleep right, and you have the two fundamental conditions of health and long life. Establish these two sources of life as fixed habits, and if you get drunk once a month and smoke five cigars a day, you may, notwithstanding, live a long life in the enjoyment of good health. But sit up in a furnace-heated room till 11 o'clock, and eat the quantity and quality of food consumed by people who believe in a short life and a merry one, and you may rest assured that the yearly trip to the mountains, a month's guzzle of Saratoga waters, and the attentions of a fashionable doctor—all put together—will fail to save you from early wrinkles, early loss of sight, premature gray hair, and a short life.

Then do you ask me how you can reach 85 in the enjoyment of all your faculties?

I reply, go to bed at 9 o'clock, and eat twice a day a moderate quantity of plain food."

MARK TWAIN'S NAG.—I have a horse by the name of Jerico. He is a mare. I have seen some remarkable horses before, but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a horse that would shy, and he fills the bill. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If it is correct, I have the most spirited horse on earth. He shies at everything he comes to with the utmost partiality. He appears to have a mortal dread of telegraph poles especially; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road, because, as it now is, I never fall off twice on the same side of the road. If I fell always on the same side it would get monotonous after a while. The creature shied at everything he saw today except a haystack. He walked up to that with an intrepidity and recklessness that was astonishing, and it would fill any one with admiration to see how he preserved his self-possession in the presence of a barley sack. This dare devil bravery will be the death-bed of this horse some day. He is not particularly fast, but I think he will bring me through the Holy Land. He has only one fault. His tail has been chopped off, or else he has set down on it too hard, some time or other and has to fight flies with his heel. This is all very well, but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his hind foot, it is too much of vanity. He is going to get himself into trouble that way some day. He reaches around and bites my legs, too. I do not care particularly for this—only I do not like to see a horse too sociable.

MARK TWAIN'S WAR MAP.

The *Buffalo Express* has a wonderful war map, drawn and engraved by Mark Twain, with explanations by the artist. Appended are some recommendations which the work has received.

TO THE READER:

The idea of this map is not original with me, but is borrowed from the *Tribune* and the other great metropolitan journals.

I claim no other merit for this production (if I may so call it) than that it is accurate. The main blemish of the city paper maps, of which it is an imitation, is that in them more attention is paid to artistic picturesqueness than geographical reliability.

Inasmuch as this is the first time I ever tried to engrave and draft a map, or attempt anything in the line of art at all, the commendations the work has received and the admiration it has excited among the people, have been very grateful to my feelings. And it is touching to reflect that by far the best enthusiastic of these praises have come from people who know nothing at all about art

By an unimportant oversight I have engraved the map so it reads wrong end first, except to left hand people. I forgot that in order to make it right in print it should be drawn and engraved upside down. However, let the student who desires to contemplate the map stand on his head or hold it before her looking-glass. That will bring it right.

The readers will comprehend at a glance that the piece of river with the 'High Bridge' over it got left out to one side by reason of a slip of the graining tool which rendered it necessary to change the entire course of the river Rhine or else spoil the map. After having spent two days in digging and gouging at the map, I would have changed the course of the Atlantic Ocean before I would have lost so much work.

I never had so much trouble with anything in my life as I did with this map. I had heaps of little fortifications scattered all around Paris, at first, but every now and then my instruments would slip and fetch away whole lines of batteries and leave the vicinity as clean as if the Prussians had been there.

The reader will find it well to frame this map for future reference, so that it may aid in extending popular intelligence and dispelling the wide spread ignorance of the day.

MARK TWAIN.

OFFICIAL COMMENDATIONS.

'It is the only map of the kind I ever saw. GRANT.'

'It places the situation in an entirely new light. BISMARK.'

'I cannot look upon it without shedding tears. BRIGHAM YOUNG.'

'It is very nice, large print. NAPOLEON.'

'My wife was for years afflicted with freckles, and though everything was done for her relief that could be done, all was in vain. But, sir, since the first glance at your map, they have entirely left her. She has nothing but convulsions now. J. SMITH.'

'If I had this map I could have got out of Metz without any trouble. BAZAINE.'

'I have seen a great many maps in my time, but none that this one reminds me of. TROCHU.'

'It is but fair to say that in some respects it is a truly remarkable map. W. T. SHERMAN.'

'I said to my son Frederick William, 'if you could only make a map like that, I would be perfectly willing to sue you.'' WILLIAM III.'

THE OLD WOMAN.—Once it was 'Mother,' and it was 'Mother, put up my dinner,' and her loving hands would spread the butter, and sew on the great patch, heart brimming with affection for the little curly pate that made her so many steps and more distracted her with his boisterous mirth. Now, she is 'the old woman,' but she did not think it would come to that. She looked on through the future years and saw her boy to manhood grown; and he stood transfigured in the light of her own beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he—honored in the world—and the staff of her declining years. Aye, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil—that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of despair. She only knew how she loved the child, and felt that amidst the mists of age his love would beat her gently through its infirmities to the dark hall leading to the life beyond. But the son has forgotten the mother's ministrations now. Adrift from the moorings of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless—and 'mother' has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is 'the old woman,' wrinkled, gray, lame and blind.

SCIENCE OF POWDER.—If it be true that rain comes after a battle, says a scientific gentleman, it seems not impossible that we have here the germs of a great discovery in natural science, that will at some future time add vastly to our control over in