# American Volunteer. HED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BATTON & KENNEDY SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

Two Dollars per year if paid strictly nths: after which Three Dollar til all arrearages are paid, unless of the Editor.

# Professional Carbs.

TED STATES CLAIM ESTATE AGENCY. WM. B. BUTLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, . Franklin House, South Hanover Street amberland county, Penna, lons by mail, will receive immediate attention given to the selling or rent state, in town or country. In all let ry, please euclose postage stamp.

BELTZHOOVER. TTORNEY-AT-LAW, CARLISLE, PA.

South Hanover Street, oppo RICH & PARKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

O. S. EMIG. ATTORNEŸ-AT-LAW. Office with S. Hepburn, Jr. East Main Street,

CARLISLE, PA. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW

GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DEN

Hats and Caps

ESH ARRIVAL OF ALL THE NEW STYLES

ATS AND CAPS. oriber has just opened at No. 15 North cet, a few doors North of the Carlisle it, one of the largest and best Stocks in CAPS ever offered in Carlisle. Cassimere of all styles and qualities, different colors, and every descriptats now made. Ket and and Old Fashioned Brush, conand and made to order, all warrantatisfaction. A full assortment of

GENTS, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S, HATS. o added to my Stock, notions of diffe AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS

Pencils, Sewing Silk. ME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND. call, and examine my stock as I feel pleasing all, besides saving you mo-

JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hanover Street, TS AND CAPS I OU WANT A NICE AT OR CAP? IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL OR J. G. CALLIO,

NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET. an be seen the finest assortment of HATS AND CAPS ight to Carlisle. He takes great pleas-inviting his old friends and customers, ew ones, to his splendid - ook just re-tom New York and Philadelphia, con-

SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS. s an endless variety of Hats and Caps of lest style, all of which he will sell at the 'Cuh Prices. Also, his own manufacture salways on hand, and S MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. the best arrangement for coloring Hatt mus of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at est notice (as he colors every week) and ost reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of

TOBACCO AND CIGARS on hand. He desires to call the attentio COUNTRYFURS

the pays the highest cash prices for the ima call, at the above number, his aid he feels confident of giving entire satis-

## Plumbers, &c. SCAMPBELL, | W. F. HENWOOD

MPBELL & HENWOOD, PLUMBERS.

S AND STEAM FITTERS,

0.18 North Hangver St. CARLISLE, PIA.

ATURS.
ATER CLOSETS,
WASH BASINS,
HYDRANTS,
LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS,
CISTERN AND DEEP WELL PUMPS,
GAS FIXTURES,
SHADES AND GLOBES &c., &c.

4 Iron and Terra Cotta Pipe.

HIMNEY TOPS and FLUES,

RASS WORK

am and Water constantly on hand.

RK IN TOWN OR COUNTRY premptly attended to, mmediate attention given to orders for alor work from a distance. as special advantages we are prepared to

COPPER WORK descriptions for Still Houses [and] other COPPER PIPE

hed to order either drawn or brazed. 

OTIONS WHOLESALE AT ITY PRICES. astantly on hand such as

S, SUSPENDERS, NECK TIES and BOWS

HOWS,
TFRONTS, Cambric and Linen HandkerLinen and Paper Collars and Cuffs,
higgs Braids, Boool Cotton, Walletts
Schattonary, Wrapping Paper and Paper
Drugs, Soaps and Perfamery, Shoe Black,
Folish, Indigo, Segars, &c., &c.,
COYLE BROTHERS,
No. 24 South Hanover street,
ch 30, 1871—6m. Carlisle, Pa.

L STERNER & BRO., VERY AND SALE SABLE WEEN HANOVER AND BEDFORE ST. THE REAR OF BENTZ HOUSE, CARLISLE, PA. am prepared to furnish first-class treasonable rates. Parties taken to

WORK, of every description, ex-

# The American Bolunteer.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1871.

VOL. 57.--NO. 48.

MAN MILLINERS.

The man who is au fait in the nomen

see, and tuings, and cherries, and those a picking the same; together with all and singular—the contents of the amplest fancy stores—such as pink silk, and blue; lavender silk, and light figured; short white silk, and red; black silk, white satin and black; French muslin, white satin and black; French muslin, white

satin and black; French muslin, white tarletan and pink; crimson velvet, black antique, brocade, black velvet, and light chene—let's see—where were we? Ah! the familiarity of Jenkins with all these things overcomes us like a summer cloud of tulle and tarletan, honiton and valen-

of this and taristan, nonton and valen-ciences, tinged with the rising sun, but which in the dawn have floated on and melted into one. Of course we don't un-derstand a word of what Jenkins says. No more do we understand a word of the Italian opera; but we shall not earn the contempt of Jenkins by refusing to ap-

after the party, and takes up the morning paper to find all ber outward charms inventoried therein! How horrlifed must she be to find that she went to the party dressed in an overskirt of tulle and a rose

n her hair! And what can save the clushes of Miss Fitzsimmons, who finds

glory, and Jenkins beatifies through a column without so much as alluding to

AMECDITE OF WERSTER.

'Done,' said Branch.

A correspondent of Rarper's Monthly

'Well,' said Tazwell, pointing to the opposite shore, 'isn't that one side of the river?'

'Well, isn't this the other side?'
'Yes.'
'Then, as you are here, are you not on the other side?'
'Why. I declare,' said poor Branch, 'so it is! But here comes Webster. I'll win back the hat from him.'
Webster had lagged behind, but now came up, and Branch accosted him:
'Webster, I'll bet you a ten dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river,'
'Done,'

'Yes,'
'Well, isn't that the other side!'
'Yes, but I am not on that side!'
Branch hung his head and submitted to the loss of the two hats as quietly as he

'Yes.'
'Well, Isn't this the other side?'

'Done.'
'Well, isn't this one side?'

could.

# Poetical.

GERMAN , MEDICINES

Medical.

HOOFLAND'S

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

Hootland's German Bitters,

Hoofland's Greek

A Billers without Alcohol or Spirits of any kind.

Hoofland's German Bitters.

Is different from all others. It is composed of the pure juices or vital principle of Roots, Herbs, and Barks (or as medicinally termed, extracts), the worthless or inert portions of the ingredious not being used. Therefore, in one bottle of this Ettlers there is contained as much medicinal to the pure of the ingredious not being used. Therefore, in one bottle of this Ettlers there is contained as much medicinal to the pure of the pur

Hoofland's German Tonic

Was compounded for those not inclined to extreme bitters, and is intended for use in cases when some alcoholic stimulant is required in connection with the Tonic properties of the Hitters. Each bottle of the Tonic contains one bottle of the Bitters, combined with pure Santa Cruz Rum, and flavored in such a manner that the extreme bitterness of the Bitters is overcome, forming a preparation highly agreeable and pleasant to the palate, and containing the medicinal virtues of the Bitters. The price of the Tonic is \$150 per bottle, which many persons think too high. They must take into consideration that the stimulant used is guaranteed to be of a pure quality. A poor article could be ideration that the slimulant used is guaranteed obe of a pure quality. A poor article could be urnished at a cheaper price, but is it not better to pay a little more and have a good article? A needland preparation should contain none but he best ingredients, and they who expect to btain a cheap compound will most certainly be

They are the greatest known Remedies

For LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, NER
VOUS DEBILITY, JAUNDICE, DISEASE
OF THE KIDNEYS, ERUPTIONS OF
THE SKIN, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver,
Stomach, or IMPURITY OF
THE BLOOD.

Readhe following symptoms:

nation Figurage Inward Piles, Full-Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomness, Or Neusea, Heart-burn. Disgust for Food; Fulness or Weight, in the Stomach, Sour Eruciations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swinming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heat, Choking or Suifocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Websbefore the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Hedleincy of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits. All these indicate Disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs combined with impure blood. pure blood.

The use of the Bitters or Tonic will soon cause the above symptoms to disappear, and the patient will ecome well and heathy.

Dr. Hoofland's Greek Oil,

Lightning Cure for all kinds of Pains and Acne

APPLIED EXTERNALLY.—It will cure all kind of Pains and Aches, such as Rheumatism, Neu-raigia, Toothache. Chilblains, Sprains, Bruises Frost Bites, Headaches, Pains in the Back and Loins, Pains in the Joints or Limbs, Stings of Loins, Pains in the Joines of Limbs, Sangs of Insects, Ringworth, etc. TAKEN INTERNALLY.—It will cure Kidney Complaints Backaches, Sick Headache, Cholic Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum, Chole ra Morbus, Cramps and Pains in the Stomac Fever and Ague, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, etc.

Dr. Hoofland's Podophyllin,

OR SUBSTITUTE FOR MERCURY PILLS Two Pills a Dose.

The most Powerful, yet innocent Vegetable Catharit known.

It is not necessary to take a handful of these Pills to produce the desired effect; two of them not quickly and powerfulty, cleaneing the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels of all impurities. The principal ingredient is Podophyllin, or the Alcoholic Extract of Mandrake, which is by many times more Powerful, Acting, and Searching, than the Mandrake itself. Its peculiar action is upon the Liver, cleaning it speedily from all obstructions, with all the power of Mercury, yet free from the injurious results attached to the use of that mineral.

For all diseases, in which the use of a cathera ic is indicated, these Pills will give entire satisation in every case. They never fail.

In cases of Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and xtreme Costiveness, Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters or Tomic should be used in connection with the Pills. The tonic effect of the Bitters or Tonic builds up the system. The Bitters or Tonic on rifles the Blood, attengthens the nerves, regulates the Liver, and gives strength, energy, and warm of the control of the control

regulates the Liver, and gives strength, energy, and vigor.

Keep your Bowels active with the Pills, and the the system with Bitters or Tonic, and no disease can retain its hold, or ever assail you.

These medicines are sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicines averywhere.

Recollect that it is Dr. HOOFTAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES, that are so universally used and highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because to that he may say is just as good, because the makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by Express to any locality Donapplication to the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, At the GERMAN MEDIOINE STURE, 631 ARCH ST, PHILADELPHIA.

Chas. M. Evans.

Proprietor

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These remedys are for sale bydruggists, atore keepers and medicine dealers throughout the United Ssates, Canadas, South America and the West Indies.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS. Dont forge, the old folks, Love them more and more, As they, with unshrinking feet, Near the "shining shore." Let your words be tender.

Loving, soit and slow; Let their last days be the best They have known below! Don't forget poor father, With his falling sight With his locks once thick and brown Scanty now, and white;
Though he may be childish Still do you be kind-

Think of him as years ago.

With his master mind Don't forget dear mother. With her furrowed brow,
Once as fair, and smooth, and white
As the driven snow;
Are her steps uncertain? Is her hearing poor? Guide her gently till she stands

# Miscellaneous.

A FAMOUS DUEL.

BY RICHARD FENWICK, Two young people, as young people sometimes will even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, managed to separate their sweet selves from the cold and unsympathetic throng, and strolled forth languidly arm-in-arm, and calling for water tase disagrach the message under forth languidly arm-in-arm, and calling for water ices, disposed themselves under some trees, and by the dim light of Chinese lanterns, followed the prime impulse of their respective ages—20 and 25—and began to flirt.

Glances, sighs, soft tones on the part of the Maiden.

ne Maden. Byron, satire, and stuff and nonsense n the part of the Captain. The Maiden found the Captain hard to

nanage. In fact she totally failed to manage him as she had been accustomed to man-age the others of his sex who dwelt in her universe, and she therefore became

piqued.

'Captain, pray let us return.'

But why, please?' returned the immovable man of Mars; 'they are playing a waltz. You never dance that, you know. The thermometer is eighty degrees, if it is ten, in the hall, and there's your shadow, the monstrous Major lying in wait for you. I can see him from where I sit. It is either the glow of his ensuletts or It is either the glow of his epauletts or the morning sun, I am not sure which.'
The fair Maiden sat down again and pouted. She did it without a thought, and for a moment or two was oblivious of the meaning of her own act. But suddenly it backers her exercises and of the meaning of her own act. But such denly it broke upon her astonished sen-ses that she had surrendered to the wish-es of the captain for the fifth or sixth-time within twenty-four hours, a thing she had never been guilty of since the stern age of school mistress. She ques-tioned herself. Was it love? No. He tioned herself. Was it love? No. He was nice, had money, a grandfather, a position in life, and a mustache—but no; it could not be love. If it was she must endure it. She was not to be snapped out of the glorious atmosphere of beliedom—at twenty years—no, no, not she. But she must subdue the Capitain for the sake of her reputation. He must be taken down. Her rec :less thoughts reverted to a former conversation with the self-same Capitain, in which he arraigned a comrade for dueling. That comrade was the self same Major of whom he had just spoked disrespectfully.

the self same Major of Whom he had just spoked disrespectfully.

Here would be a rare novelty. A duel about her. They needn't hurt each other very much, of course; if they only 'pinked' their individual opponents, it wouldn't suit very well. A sword thrust through the forearm, which no true man would mind year, much would he so de-

through the forearm, which no true man would mind very much, would be so delightful. It would add so much to her already wide-spread fame, and then she would go further still and marry the victor; that would soothe him a hundred times over. She delicately and cheerfully laid her first parallel.

'Captain, please tell me, arn't you a fencer?

fencer?

'A little, a very little of a fencer.'

'Dear me, you always say 'a little,'
you play chess 'a little,"you ride!'a little,'
you sing 'a little,' you dance 'a little,'
you make negus 'a little,' and all the
wide world knows that you do every
thing in the most splendid way; and now
you fence 'a little.' No doubt you could
bring your man down at twelve paces
easily.'

bring your man down at twelve paces easily.'

You confuse swords and pistols, as you will be likely to confuse your humanities, it, you allow yourself to speak of 'bringing men down.' It doesn't come well from lips like yours.'

This was severe, and the Captain was not surprised to be instantly commanded to give his arm to lead the ruffiled Princes back to her congenial waltzers. He did so and retired to the garden again—in love.

It was no new state for him. The valorous Captain had fallen weeks before— though no one knew it, and he was just beginning to discover it himself. For her part, she was the most entrancing beginning to discover it himself. For her part, she was the most entrancing creature of the season, or any season.—
Money he did not care for, though he had a vague idea that she wanted for none; but it was the never dying sparkle of her bluck and spirit that consumed him.— she was nearly always brilliant, active, keen and alive to the present world, and she always dressed like a queen. The Captain loved taste and brilliancy, therefore he dreamed of the divine Maiden, the diamond dust of whose hair still powdered the sleeve of his coat.

She, for her part, rested her languid eyes upon the tall Major, who instantly fiew to her. He bowed and used his valiant heels to bring her flowers, her fan, her partners, for which he got smiles.— His military form swelled with pleasure, and he regarded no one else but the divine Maiden, and the divine Maiden regarded no one else but him.

arded no one else but him. She took his arm and walked to and ro.
'Ha!' whispered the Captain to himself, 'this is meant for me, as an offset to the confusion of humanities.' He laugh the confusion of humanities.' He laughed, and began to have a scorn and contempt for the Major, who smiled and chatted and was happy. The Captain foresaw that the morrow would bring his turn, and it surely did. He basked in the sunshine all the day. She was cool to the Major, who began to have a scorn and contempt for the favored man.

The loyely maiden had a bosom friend, a minor star in her galaxy, in whose ear she privately whispered her intentions. The Minor Star screamed with delight—but added with a serious look:

out added with a serious look :
But, my love, the Major is a fireeater.'
'Indeed, he is a brave fellow. But I am sure the Captain would also eat fire if he only had the chance. I'm infatua-

with him, and-my darling-I do hink that mountainous Major is a real nooby!'
Here she dandled her fan fingered

genious two there was fomented a plot-the explosion of which shook society to its foundations, and laid the marrying the explosion of which shook society to its foundations, and laid the marrying pluck of many a hardy man in ashes. In pursuance of it, the Major was again installed in the position of first waiting-maid and was regularly succeeded on the following day by the Captain, and, as a natural consequence, the two resolved that unyielding hate must eyer live be-tween them. Now, the Captain had two ways o

looking at the affair—first, with the cal-culating eye of a man of business, and second, with the eye of a society-man— tormented and angry at the insolence and airs of the sublime Major, who, when his star was in the ascendant, was an unendurable ass.

Matters grew black. Eyes, whispers and music did it. The face of the fair Maiden slipped out of the minds of the two men as a first consideration, and antago; ism and rivalry crept in. It got to the pitch of high words, angry looks and polite slurs, and courteous insults, and the Maiden, with her single Minor Star, increased to half a dozen Minor Stars, looked on with high delight for the catastrophe.

catastrophe.

It came, precipitated by a pair of horses. Neither the Captain nor the Major had his own and they were obliged to hire. The best at their disposal were those of a stable-keeper.

The Captain engaged them for the afternoon, but the Major took them in early morning, and drove with the fair Maiden, and kept her and the horses until the beasts were too tired for further use. The Captain grew irate. The Major laughed. Then the Captain grew satirical—his strong point—and then laughed. cal—his strong point—and then laughed, and the Major became furious in his

urn,
Beauty was in raptures. Such a high sense of honor! Such courage! What as splendid Captain! What an adorable

a splendid Captain! What an adorause Major!
The Major received a delicate note that evening, which threw him into a fever of anger and excitement
'My dear Major A——; Pray be careful, Captain Z—— is terribly enraged.
You may receive a challenge if he is not merciful. Yours in anxiety. Blank.'
'Merciful!' thundered the Major; 'merciful! By heavens!' And he sat down and dispatched a challenge within an hour.

nour. The Captain, smoking in his chamber, The Captain, smoking in his chainder, also received a note from the same messenger, and read it coolly. He then seized the boy by the collar, shut the door, and took down a cane, and by the further persuasion of money, the fact was developed that he came from the Maiden. 'Hum!' said the Captain; and fell into a deen reverse.

a deep reverie.

He accepted the challenge of the Major and named swords, and stepped over personally to have an interview, in consequence of which they named rather a sonally to have an interview, in conseguence of which they name rather a singular place of meeting.

"We shall be alone, sir,' said the Captain. 'You may provide the surgeon, and we will go at four P. M., to morow.' The Major acceeded, and straightway be gan to brush up his rapter exercise, with the help of two brave dragoons. The Captain had some little arrangements to perfect, which he did quietly. He putsuaded an intimate friend to invite the Major and himself, to a picnic on the following day, on the grounds of an old estate some miles out of town. He told his friend the reason, gave his strict directions, and then went to the house himself and pitched open a long, darkened, unused, and unoccupied dhoing-room, with long, shuttered windows, as the place for his meeting with the Major on the morrow. He locked and botted all the doors—a mailed up all the windows, and left but one mode of egress or ingest the apartment.

He then returned, flirted desperately with the Majden, prostrated himself more deeply than before. Then he retired to smoke and to laugh, while the Malden and the companions grave a little more

smoke and to laugh, while the Malden and her companions grew a little more anxious at the curious stories floating about, and while the Major lunged and parried the livelong night before the

nirror. The next day the gallant four started on The next day the gallant four started on their picnic.

And at three by the clock, three more went secretly out by the rock way and reached the house.

The faithful friend whispered to the Captain that all was arranged, and the men went straight to the dining room.—They passed in and the Captain looked the door behind them, softly. It was somewhat dark, and the Captain threw open the shutters. The three ladies were present in a corner. They all wondered and demanded explanations. Said the Captain, promptly.

Captain, promptly. "The Major and myself have been in "The Major and myself have been induced to quarrel by a person now present. I wish this person now to see the
effects of her planning. No one can
leave. I have the only key in my pocket. Draw, Major!'

Bewilderment seized upon them, but
the Major knew his opponent and obeyed. A hundred thousand piercing screams

ed. A hundred thousand piercing screams arose to no effect.

The Captain was resolute.

They crossed and went at it. Both were angry, and both were good swordsmen. One of the Minor Stars fainted, but they kept on fiercely. The Major was unlucky and caughton the shoulder. They rested, and then went on. Another pink for the Major, and the blood flew pretty freely.

pink for the Major, and the blood new pretty freely.

They were besought to stop on all sides; both refused. Only the Maiden, of the three ladies, was cognizant of the combat. She was pale, rigid and calm.

The Major fared worse; the other shoulder suffered, and then his side. This ended him. He dropped his sword, and whispered quarter!

The Captain then approached the

ended him. He direpted his sword, and whispered quarter? The Captain then approached the Maiden, without his sword.

'Maiden, you have done a foolish thing. I have seen through it all. You were vain. I was weak. One of the instruments with which you tried to gratify your desire for mischief is badly hurt, the other leaved you, trusting you will make, better use in the future of your beauty, wit and heart.'

All this was gallant enough, and gallantly was it taken by the bright girl who heard. The Captain went away; but in a year back he came, and did the sensible thing, and by no means an unlucky one, by the lovely Maiden.

"QD IT, BOBTAIL I"

The following is an old story, familiar with the steamboatmen on the Oblo and the Mississippl, but good enough to be retold occasionally, if it is old:

A specimen of the genus 'Hossier,' was found by Captain , of the steamer — in the engine room of his boat, while lying in Louisville, one due morning. The captain inquired what he was doing there. ng. The captain inquired what he was loing there. 'Have you seen Captain Perry?' was the interrogative response.

'Don't know him, and can't tell what that has to do with your being in my engine room,' replied the captain, and can't.

Here, she daudled her fan, fingered her rings, looked complacently upon the folds of her dress, and calculated the additional importance which would accrue to her for producing passions in the minds of men which would rise to the minds of men which would rise to the mighting point.

The Captain had domineered over her, and the Captain must pay. She loved the Captain, and would marry the Captain, but the Captain must understand who he is getting. He must understand who he is getting to the captain had domineered over her, and the Captain Perry asked must to the captain and I want to a drink or I should not had of mind the wint to the captain and I went to the ball—Captain Perry was just getting the captain and I went to the captain had the mest nation one offered to bet that no one of those in the grave and drive a nail into the coffin. Mr. Calmel accepted the wager, only atipulating that he might have a lantern. He was accepted the wager, only atipulating that he might have a lantern. He was and the beat of with Nr. and the deed to the make the was the fix the might have a lantern. He was the the might have a lantern had accepted the wager, only atipulating that he might have a lantern. He was the was the he might have a lantern. He was t

'Easily, my love. You are not so expert as your best friend. Come and sit down.'

'She did; and between the lovely ingenious two there was fomented a plot—

I made. Says she, 'Young in have won my wager, and you'll find man, I reckon you'll go home with me.'

Politeness would not let me refuse, and let in the coffin; but, by Jove! the lady rose up, laid hold of me, and pulled me down before I could scramble out of a minute, when I heard considerable the grave.' Calmel stuck to his atory in of the grave. I had not been in the house me, down before I could scramble out of the grave. Calmel stuck to his story in spite of all the scoffing of his friends; and the mode, he wouldn't have kept up such a tremendous racket. By and by says a volce, Ef you don't open, I'll bust in the door. And so he did. I put on a hold a face, and says I, 'stranger, does the woman belong to you?' Says he, 'she does.' Then, 'said I, 'she's a lady I think, from what I have seen of her.

'With that, he came right at me with a Bowle knife in one hand, and a pistol in the other, and, being a little pressed for room, I jumped through the window, leaving the greater part of my coat tail. As I was streaking it down town, with the fragments fluttering in the breeze, I m ta friend—I know he was a friend by res the remark he made. He said, 'Go it, MATRIMONY UNDER OIFTGULTIES.

the remark he made. He said, 'Go it, bobtail, he's gaining on you.' And that's the way I happened to be in your engine room. I'm a good swimmer, Captain; but do excuse me, if you please, from taking to the water again.'

MARK TWAIN ON JUVENILE PUBILISTS. 'Yes, I've had a good many fights in my time,' said old John Parky, tenderly manipulating his dismantled nose, 'and it's kind of queer too, for when I was a boy, the old man was always telling menetter. He was a good man and bated. it's kind of queer too, for when I was a boy, the old man was always telling me better. He was a good man and hated fighting. When I would come home with my nose bleeding, or with my face scratched up, he used to call me out in the woodshed, and in a sorrowful and discouraged way, say, 'so Jhonny, you've had another fight, hey? How many times have I got to tell ye how disgraceful and wicked it is for boys to fight? It was only yesterday that I talked to you an hour about the sin of fighting, and here you you've been at it again. Who was It with this time? With Tommy Kelly, hey? 'Don't you know any better than to fight a boy that welghs twenty pounds more than you do, besides being two years older? Aln't you got a spark of sense about ye? I can see plainly that you are determined to break your poor father's heart by your reckless conduct. What alls your finger? Tommy bit it! Drat the little fool! Didn't ye know enough to keep your finger out of his mouth? Was trying to yerk his cheek off, hey? Won't you never learn to quit foolin 'round a boy's mouth with yer fingers? Your bound to disgrace us all by such wretched behavior. You're determined never to be nobody. Did you ever hear of Isaac Watts—that wrote 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite!'—sticking his fingers in a boy's mouth to get 'em bit, like a fool? I'm clean discouraged with ye, Why didn't ye go for his nose the way Jonathan Edwards, and George Washington, and Daniel Webs'er used to do, when they was boys? Couldn't 'cause he had ye down! That's a purty story to tell me. It does beat all that you can't learn how Socrates and Wm. Penn used to gouge when they was longer in tel-

ing as the old man was, but somehow he

### never could break me from it. CRUSHED TO DEATH IN A CATHEDRAL CLOCK.

The hell-ringer in the old cathedral of Wurtzburg has perished under very sin-gular circumstances. The church has a splendid clock, with ponderous and com-plicated works, and a pendulum of pro-portionate length vibrates to and fro with a dull 'thud.' Recently, the clock needed pricated works, and a pendulum of proportionate length vibrates to and fro with a dull 'thud.' Recontly, the clock needed cleaning, and the ringer was deputed to superintend the work, though he ruefully endeavored to be excused from the task. It seems that he never willingly went to the belfry, from certain unpleasant associations. About twenty years ago he had killed his predecessor in office, accusing him of carrying on a criminal intrigue with his wife. When brought to trial, he escaped the gallows, owing to a deficiency of legal proof.

The patronage of one of the canons had then procured him the appointment vacant through the death of his victim; hence, it is said, rose his superstitious dread in connection with the belfry, and which was supposed to be haunted by the morning when the clock was to be cleaned, it suddenly stopped, and the bell-ringer was nowhere to be found. A workman from the town was sent for, and, on ascending the tower, he was horrified to find the pendulum and lower works dripping with blood; and upon searching further, the body of the ringer was found entangled in the works, most frightfully mangled and crushed. One supposition is, that he committed suicide by climbing up the pendulum, and then pitching himself into the middle of the machinery of the clock.

But the wonder-loving gossips of the place, with a thorough German propensity for the horrible, declare that the guilty man, upon reaching the gloomy chamber wherein the works revolve, was horror struck by the apparition of his murdered predecesor sitting astride of the great balance-wheel of the clock, and had then been drawn into the works by a species of horrible and irresistible fascination, similar to that which the rattle-

had then been drawn into the works by a species of horrible and irresistible fascination, similar to that which the rattlesnake is said to exercise over its prey.—
There sat the spectre, rubbing his goary hands with hideous glee as the victim was slowly drawn in among the cogged wheels and ratchets of the machinery. An agonized yell, a crushing of bones, and all was still.

A BHOST STORY. Lord Brougham told the following ghost story on his father :

ghost story on his father:

On all such subjects my father was very skeptical. He was fond of telling a story in which he had been an actor, and, as he used to say, in which his unbelleving obstinacy had been the means of demolishing what would have been a very pretty ghost story. He had been dinling in Dean's Yard, Westminster, with a party of young men, one of whom was his most intimate friend, Mr. Calmei. There was some talk about the death of a his most intimate friend, Mr. Calmei. There was some talk about the death of a Mrs. Nightingale, who had recently died under some melancholy circumstrnees, and had been buried in the abbey. Some one offered to bet that no one of those present would go down in the grave and drive a nail into the coffin. Mir. Calmel accepted the wager, only stipulating that he might have a lantern. He was accordingly let into the cathedral by a door out of the cloisters, and there he was left to himself.

The party, after waiting an hour or

## MATRIMONY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

parts of the world, and gives a signut of the youth she wishes to capture, so that he may know how to ride in order to distance his competitors. She is better mounted than any of her pursuers, and can generally manage things so that she mounted than any of her pursuers, and can generally manage things so that she can be picked up by the youth she has selected. But if a fellow that she considers a flat is likely to overtake her, she digs the spurs into her horse and leaves the entire crowd. The race is then declared "off," and another day is set for the trial of speed. Sometimes, when her papa wants to get rid of the girl at all hazards, he puts her on a horse that could not outrun a turtle, and thus makes it certain that somebody will capture her.

There is yet another part of the world where a young man must take his bride from a houseful of old women, who are armed with whips, and have their fingernalis specially sharpened for the occasion. They surround the bride, and fight the individual who wants to take her away. He may push them aside, but he must not introduce the practice of the prize ring, and allow their faces to come in contact with his fists. Frequently he emerges from the fray with his clothes pretty well torn from his body, while his face and his whole skin have so many marks of whips and finger-nails as to resemble a piece of calleo of a fancy pattern. For the sake of the timid youth of the United States; it is to be hoped that this marriage ceremony will not become fashionable here.

A friend of mine, who once lived in Iowa, used to tell a story of a wedding that he witnessed, where the ceremony was performed on the same couple three times in one night. He was wandering through Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota, on a search for timber lands, and was accompanied by a backwoods adventurer named Preston. Near the line between Iowa and Minnesota they stopped a few weeks at the house of a settler named Jenkins. The latter had a buxom determine the supplementation of the publication of a face of a settler named Jenkins. The latter had a buxom determine the supplementation of a search for timber lands, and was accompa

ped a few weeks at the house of a settler named Jenkins. The latter had a buxom daughter, and was well off for a back-woodsman, and the situation appeared decidedly favorable to Preston. So he decidedly tavorable to Freston. So he courted the daughter, and was polite to the parents; the result was, that a wedding was arranged, and all the neighbors for ten miles ground were invited.

Jenkins was a liberal provider, and weddings were not very frequent in his family. He laid in halt a barrel of whiskey, and his wife and daughter cooked account for a small army, as that nobody

key, and his wife and daughter cooked enough for a small army, so that nobody should go away hungry. There was a preacher in the neighborhood, who had arrived there recently, and he was invited to unite the pair. He tied the knot, and was rewarded by Preston, who made a moss of the affair by dropping a couple of silver dollars into the punch bowl while trying to hand them to the parson. The bride's arm was called into requisition to life out the cash, which she did with all the skill of a native of Long Island fishing for "Blue Points" with a pair of oyster tongs. nair of ovster tongs.

Mrs. Preston had been taken there by the Mis. Freston and over taker there by the bridesmaids half an hour earlier, and as soon as the couple had disappeared there was a fresh ass' uit upon the whiskey. It leaked out in the course of the eyeu. It leaked out in the course of the evening that the parson was not an ordained preacher, but only one of those ministerial fledgings who have been "licensed to exhort." When old Jenkins heard the rumor, he went for the exhorter and extracted from him the horrible fact that he' was not really authorized to unite couples in hely matrimony, but he had officiated on this occasion because he had thought it was all right and that pandy

thought it was all right, and that nobody would know the difference. Jenkins flew around like a boy with a bumble bee the leg of his trousers; he kicked the unhappy exhorter out of doors, and went up the ladder like a monkey climbing s vindow-blind.

drawl out that he wouldn't get up, and that if his respected father-in-law did not clear out and mind his business he would get his nose busted.

Jenkins explained the situation, and the cause over the property of the property of the contract of the cont Jenkins explained the situation, and the couple arose. In a few minutes they came down the ladder, both looking very sheepish, and the bride blushing like a red wagon. There was a justice of the peace in the party, and he performed the ceremony, which, unfortunately for Mr. Preston, took his only remaining silver.

Preston, took his only remaining silver dollar. There were more drinks, and then the couple again ascended the ladder to their bridal apartments. Preston muttered, as he climbed the adder, that if he ever found that parson he would hurt his face, so that his friends could not idently him without a magnifying glass.

Of course the party down stairs, who were making a night of it, talked over the peculiarities of the wedding, and their talk developed the fact that the justice of the peace lived in Iowa; wille the house of Jenkins was in Minnesota. Jenkins was informed of the situation, and away he went once more for the ladder. He he went once more for the ladder. He was louder in his tones than before, and

his first words met a prompt answer from Preston,

'Now, look here, old man,' said Preston, as he bounded out of bed, 'there's been fooling enough around this yere ladder to night, and if you don't GIT I'll bust yer head.'

He ploked up a cow-hide boot as he spoke, and advanced menacingly. A shrill voice from the bed urged him not to hurt 'na.'

shrill voice from the bed urged him not to hurt 'pa.'

'Don't shoot, denti' said Jenkins, as he retreated down the ladder, till his head was level with the garret floor. There he paused and explained the new state of affairs to the enraged bridegroom, who stood over him with the boot uplifted, and ready for a blow.

Preston accepted the explanation, and the result was that the couple rose and dressed and descended the ladder. Then, with Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, and all of the guests who were sober enough to stand, they walked half a mile down the road to the Iowa line, and entered the Badger State. There the Justice again united them. 'And this time,' says he, as he concluded the ceremony, 'you are married sartin, sure it.'

DURING the entire war but one act of sacrliege was committed on the tonib of Washington. One soldier, wishing to connect his name with that of the illusconnect his name with that of the inus-trious dead, etched his ignoble initials on the sareopeagus of Washington by means of some sharp instrument which he in-troduced through the grating. With this single exception, every one who

The man who is au fait in the nomenclature of women's wear, in these days, is to be envied—by dry goods' clerks.—Jenkins is our especial wonder. Etherial oreature, whose habitation is a cloud of commingled white tuile and pink tarletan, lined with pearl and edged with valencinues! From his gill tongue dripsentences. drooped with pink roses and spangled with gold and diamonds. He moves in, and respires, an atmosphere of lavender trimmings, heavy with odors of moves in, and respires, an atmosphere of lavender trimmings, heavy with odors of blue, pink, yellow, white, and searlet flowers. When we reflect upon the multitude of articles which go to make up a lady's wardrobe, the glibness with which Jenkins speaks of tunics, overskirts and overdresses, capes, etc. etc., fills us with awe, and inspires us with admiration. His familiarity with ornaments of pearly of gold and diamonds; of aigrette pink feathers; Maltese lace; golden leaves; wreaths; crimson flowers; roces and posles, and tulips, and cherries, and birds a picking the same; together with all and

There is a part of the world (in Central Asia) where marriages are made on horse-back: A day is set when the young men who are in want of wives assemble, and who are in want of wives assemble, and the young lady who is to be disposed of is there with a good horse. She has her preferences, as young ladies do in other parts of the world, and gives a signal to contempt of Jenkins by refusing to applicate, all the same.

However, we are not so sure that this Jenkins is a man of taste; that he comprehends the proprieties of life, in other words. Fancy the astonishment of Miss De Vere, who awakes at noon of the day in her hair! And what can save the blushes of Miss Fitzsimmons, who finds herself reported as appearing in publicin a honiton lace cap and diamonds! And then, what impudence is this which advertises Mrs. General Fusee and the six Misses Fusee!—as much as to write Mrs. General Fusee down fifty, when everybody knows that she is everywhere taken for the younger sister of her eldest daughter! Were Jenkins not so well booked in dry goods and Jewelry, we should likely be tempted to ask him what he means by Mrs. General, Mrs. Colonel, Mrs. Judge, Mrs. General, Mrs. Colonel, Mrs. Judge, Mrs. Commodore, and Mrs. Captain?—He nowhere speaks of Mrs. John Smith, Esq., Mrs. Assessor Jones, or Mrs. Collector Levies. Yet the wives of those officials were present on the same grand occasion—Here is invidiousness; here is favoritism for you. Much as we revere Jenkins' learning, we don't think much of him as an impartial historian. He is too general. He omits all mention of paniers and French heels; of chignons and switches. Is this public to go-down ignorant of the existence of these necessaries of life? This is an age in which one woman's bair is another woman's glory, and Jenkins beatifies through a column without so much as alluding to

pair of cyster tongs.

For the invited guests the serious business of the evening began with the supper that followed the wedding ceremony.

Preston took his full share of punch and straight whiskey before retiring to the bridal chamber, which was reached by a ladder through the floor of the garret.

West Preston had been taken there by the

'Here you, git up! GIT UP!' he shouted; 'you ain't married at all. Git up this minute. Git rightup and come down quick!

THE BRIDE.—She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she dared impart every embryo tho't and feeling the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is lossened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed, The voice of Preston was now heard to every hope and action is to be changed, and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of reunited love she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of the happiness to come. Then wee to the man who can blight such fair hopes, who can, cowardlike, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.-If the covers of sofas and chairs are dirty they may be cleaned without being removed, may be cleaned without being removed, by first washing them over with a flannel, then, before they are dry, sponge them over with a strong solution of salt and water, in which a small quantity of gall has been mixed. The windows of the room should be opened so as to secure a perfect drying, and the colors and the freshness of the articles will in this way he restored.

the freshness of the articles will in this way be restored.

Floor cloths may be cleaned with a mixture of magnesia, only milk warm, followed by warm water, in the same manner that carpets are cleansed. They should be rubbed with dry flannel until nearly dried, then wet over with a sponge dipped in milk, and immediately dried and rubbed with a flannel till the polish is restored. This is the process much to be preferred to that of rubbing the cloth with wax, which leaves it atioky and liable to retain dust and dirt for a long time. Very hot water should never be used in cleaning floor cloths, as it brings off the paint.

They tell a good story of an old fashloned miser. He was never known to
haveanything in the line of new apparel
but once; then he was going on a distant
journey, and had to purchase a new pair
of boots. The stage left before day, and
so he got ready and went to the hotel to
stop for the night. Among a whole row
of boots, in the morning, he could not
find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones; he hunted and
hunted in vain. The stage was ready,
and so he looked carefully round to see
that he was not observed, put on a nice
pair that fitted him, called the waiter and
told him the circumstancee, giving him told him the circumstancee, giving him ten shillings for the owner. The owner this single exception, every one who ten shillings for the owner. The owner has visited the spot has treated it with never called! The miser bought his own

## 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. Quar-erly half-yearly and yearly advertisements inorted at allberal 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 pecified for publication, they will be continued intilordered out and contract accordingly;

JOB PRINTING. CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other er description of Jon and CARD Printing.

## For the Volunteer. Mr. HOLLY AND PAPERTOWN THIRTY YEARS AGO. A REMINISCENCE.-No. 2.

I now return to a brief history and to a description of Mt. Holly, as it suas.— Here, George Ege, for many years a resident of Carlisle, was elected and ser-Here, George Ege, for many years a resident of Carlisie, was elected and served as a Justice of the Pedice, and long since dead, once flourished and here carried on the iron bosiness more than half a century ago, contemporaneously with his brother Michael at Spring Forge and his brother Peter at Pine Grove.—Forges and furnaces, with many thousands of acres of land, were, it is said, the inherited estate of these enteprising brothers. Here was erected a furnace and forge; iron ore abounded lnexhaustibly of a superior quality and very conveniently, with valuable water power; gave the business superior advantages.—The large tracts of cleared off timber, and, the numerous old coal beds in the mountains attested, that once Mt. Holly was a scene of active, business life and prosperity. But, a said change came. The furnace and forge were now crumbling into decay, and most of the many houses, log and stone, erected when the 'works' were in full blast, were falling peacemeal.

This highly valuable property was now lowed by the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Phila, and their Agent, L. G. Branderberry, Attorney at Law, a resident of Carlisle, could exercise no control over the lawlessness that prevailed. Foreible possession was taken of the remaining houses; the field and garden fences and the timber were burned for firewood and, frequently, the timber was cut down and hauled off and none den fences and the timber were burned for firewood, and, frequently, the timber was cut down and hauled off and none knew the transgressors. Agrarianism was carried out on a small scale, though somewhat modified. Mt. Holly was held in 'common'. When one moved out of a house another moved in; blacks and whites mutually and sociably exchanged, paid no rent, for seldom any was demanded, and were, for the time being, to all intents, the lords of the soil. 'Mooving day' insted all the year—coming and going all the time, at all seasons.

Mooving day lasted all the year—coming and going all the time, at all seasons. Destruction of houses, of fences and of improvements was mournfully apparent. No business, no work, all was then as quiet as the grave. A gloom rested as a pall on Mt. Holly.

Independently of the roving population, which, judging from its appearance and habits of drunkenness, indicated, that the benign influence of civilization had wholly departed, yet some few respectable families still resided here. Aunt Polly Smith, the noted ploneer of Methodism lived here in her humble log dwelling, and here reared a large, respectable family. here reared a large, respectable family.— Some of her descendants still reside at Some of her descendants still reside at Papertown and one of her sons, with his large family, resides some five miles from this city, on his own farm, secured by hard labor. McKinney Smith, none more popular in Lycoming Co. and none more generally known here is that son. Thomas Haycock then and still a resident; John McElwee and family. This completes the list of respectable families. I will now give a history of Papertown, as it was, reserving full particulars for future reminiscences. There were only three houses on the right or west side of the turnpike to Matthew Moore's resithree houses on the right or west side of the turnpike to Matthew Moore's residence, now occupied by Mr. David Guyer, as a hotel; two of them one story log and all very small. Jacob Hatz's shoe shop was kept in one of late years, and last summer was still standing, a memento of Papertown cabin residences. These houses were occupied, respectively, by Rebecca Dougherty; John Sibbet and his estimable, plous old lady, grand parents of L. T. Greenfield, merchant of Carlisle. Mr. Sibbet was a very industrious old of L. T. Greenfield, merchant of Carlisics. Mr. Sibbet was a very industricys oldman, by trade a shoemaker, and both he and his hady were my cherished acquaintances. George Lynch and his good old lady occupied the two-story log house, nearly opposite Rupley's tavern. In my next they will be favorably noticed.—These then residents are all dead.

On the procedure of contraduction to the turns. On the opposite or cast side of the turn-pike, there were but nine houses to the tavern, a small stone house, then kept y that noted personnge, Peter McLaugh-lin; whether living or dead I know not and few care to know. The occupants, Mr. W. B. Mullin, of precious memory, his beloved wife and their children.—Then Charles H. was a lad of some eleven years, and one of my brightest pupils, while Wm. and Foster were younger, and, Marietta, the estimable wife of Rev. W. H. Keith, was then a little girl of brilliant talents. Wm. Barbour and his plous, old lady lived in a small log house, nearly in front of the Paper Mill and their son Robert, a class mate of C. H. Mullin, who died. young Wm. Barbour's wife was an exclient. and few care to know. The occupants, Paper Mill and their son Robert, a class mate of C. H. Mullin, who died., young... Wm. Barbour's wife was an excllent Methodist, and, the class of only ten members, the maximum number in Papertown and vicinity; met for a time in this humble one-story log building... The next was Wm. A. Linthurst and family. Linthurst was for a time partner of Mr. R. Given in the distillery business, then a young, active, business man, a splendid clerk and accountant... Next was Mrs. Filey, the esteemed motherinlaw of Mr. Edward Weakley of Dickinson Twp.: 'tall Wm. Barbour', as he was called, and his also esteemed wife and Stephen Cook and family (strangers) occupied the double brick; W. L. Laird the frame house, next door to Mr. S. Rupley. Here Wm. lost his esteemed wife and excellent neighbor; Andrew Comry and family now of Frankford Tp. occupied the house in which Rupley now resides, and, the writer two rooms up stairs. Here, with sadness, record the loss of our first born Oct. 4, 1841, by being soalded, which added to the intensity of my affliction—a sweet child of nearly loss of our first born Oct. 4, 1841, by being scalded, which added to the intensity of my affliction—a sweet child of nearly two years; and, lastly, Wm. Windemaker lived in the small one-story, old log house now owned by Samuel Schriver—

house now owned by Samuel Schriver—
Itstill stands to keep in remembrance
Papertown, as it was on that side of the
road. Some four or five of the above
heads of families still survive.

The Paper mill, rented by Wm. B.
Mullin of McClures' heirs was burned
down. The Papermaking business had
previously been carried on by his highlyesteemed father, Samson Mullin. After
the fire, the eite and property adjoining
was purchased by Wm. and a new mill
erected. Given's Woolen Factory, at the
entrance to the Gap (afterwards converterected. Given's Woolen Factory, at the entrance to the Gap (afterwards converted into a papermill and burnt) was leased by Messre. E. F. Haskel, W. R. Moore and Peter Matson and the business was profitably carried on by them. Mr. Haskel is a brother of Mrs. Simon Fiske, a gentleman and was an honor to Papertown society and a christian; W. R. Moore removed and Peter Maison for a long time, was afterwords in the employ of F. Gardner of Carlisle, an excellent man and greatly respected for his many virtues, and all resided in Mr. Givin's houses, creeted for the employees. houses, erected for the employees. W. Miles.

Williamsport April, 27 '71.

THE LASSO. This is a lavorite weapon with the rangers of the prairies in South America, who handle it with singular dexterity. In the early days of the war in Paraguay, a company of Southern Brazilians captured one of the enemy's steamboats with lassos! They concealed themselves in the matto or thick brushes, on the bank of the river, where they knew the vessel must come close to the knew the vessel must come close to the shore, and when it was within their reach, a party of them threw ropes around the figure-head and every available projection; while the others with their irrarms, drove the Paraguayans from making any resistance, till the lasso party hauled the prize to the land, and the Brazilians took possession of it. Another singular, weapon, of these rangers is a lasso of a different kind from those generally known: by the name—one having erally known: by the name—one having: three leaden balls or other heavy mate three leaden balls or other heavy material attached to the main cord by three lesser throngs. One of the balls they grasp in the hand, and swing the other two a few times over the head to give them velocity and aim, and then sling them with such force and precision that they wrap round the legs of any animal they are pursuing, in such a manner as to hamper it, till they come alongside.