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REBELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CARLISLE, PA.

TUMBICH & PARKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office with S. Hepburn, Jr.

East Main Street,
OARLISLE, PA.
Feb. 2.71-ly W. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW

D.R. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIET, From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, Office at the residence of his mother Tast Loutiler Street, three doors below Redford Orrillel, Penns. Dec. 8(1985).

Bats and Caps.

RESH ARRIVAL OF ALL THE NEW STYLES

HATS AND CAPS. The ABborther has just opened at No. 15 North-Hamber Exteet, a few doors North of the Carlisle. Denoist Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle. Silk Bats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Silk Bats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims, different colors, and every description of Soft flays now made.

The Dunkard and Old Fashloned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.

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GENTS, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S, HATS. nave also added to my Stock, notions of differ-ent kinds, consisting of LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS

Pencils, Thread, Sewing Silk, Umbrellas, &c.
PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND. Tive me a call, and examine my stock as I feel onfident of pleasing all, besides saving you mo-

JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hanover Street. HATS AND CAPSI DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP?

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ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleas uere in inviting his old friends and outcomers, and all new ones, to his spiendid cock just re-clived from New York and Philadelphia, con-sisting in part of fine SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS besides 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 Hats always on hand, and

HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER, He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats ud all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at he shortest notice (as he colors every week) and a the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of holes broads of TOBACCO AND CIGARS

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NOTIONS WHOLESALE AT CITY PRICES

constantly on hand such as
GLOVES, SUSPENDERS,
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BOWS,
SHIRT FRONTS, Cambric and Linen Handkerchiefs, Linen and Paper Collars and Cuffs,
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COYLE BROTHERS, No. 24 South Hanover street Harch 30, 1871—8m. Carlisle, Pa

L. STERNER & BRO., LIVERY AND SALE STABLE, BETWEEN HANOVER AND BEDFORF STS IN THE REAR OF BENTZ HOUSE, CARLISLE, PA.

Having fitted up the Stable with new Carriages, &c., I am prepared to furnian first-class tannouts, at reasonable rates. Parties taken to and from the spring.

April 2, 1897, -29

47th Dividend, Carlisle Deposit Bak,

The Board of Directors have this day declared a Dividend of five per cent for the past six months, on the Capital Stock, free from State and National Taxes, payable on demand.

May 4, 1871—3m

J. P. HAMSLER, Cunher:

Cunher:

TOR SALE OR RENT.—A good two-story Brick House, No. 63 East North street, Apply to HENRY BNYDER, or GEO, WETZEL, Carlisle, Pa.

Aprilly 1871—41

The American Bolunteer.

'O father!'

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

Medical.

NE MILLION OF LIVES SAVED. It is one of the remarkable facts of this remarkable age not merely that so many persons are the victims of dyspepsia or indigestion, but its willing victims. Now, we would not be understood to say that any one regards dyspepsia with favor, or feels disposed to rank it among the luxuries of life. Far from it. Those who have experienced its torments would scout such an idea. All dread it, and would gladly dispense with its unpleasant familiarities. Mark Tapley who was folly under all the trying circumstances; in which he was placed, never had an attenty of the summer of I really thought he meant to say Something to night besides good-by.

But it is not our intention to discant on the hor-rors of Dyspepsia. To describe them truthfully is simply an impossibility, but it is possibly to point out a remedy. We have said that dyspep-sia is perhaps the most universal of human dis-eases. This is emphatically the case in the United States. Whether this general preva-lence is due to the character of the food, the method of its preparation, or the hasty manner in which it is usually swallowed, is not our pro-vince to explain. The great fact with which we are called to deal is this: DYSPEPSIA PREVAILS

DYSPEPSIA PREVAILS
almost universally.

Nearly every other person you meet is a victim, an apparently willing one, for were this not the case, why so many ruiterers, when a certain, speedy and safe remedy is within the easy reach of all who desire to avail themselves of it? But the majority will not. Blinded by prejudice, or deterred by some other unexplained influence, they refuse to accept the relief profered them. They turn a deaf ear to the testimony of the thousands whose sufferings have been alleviated, and with strange infatuation, appear to cling with desperate determination to their ruthless tormentor. But says a dyspeptic: What is this remedy? to which we reply: This great alleviator of human suffering is almost as widely known as the English language. It has allayed the agonics of thousands, and is to-day carrying comfort and encouragement to thousands of others. This acknowledged panacea is none other than

Dr. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. Would you know more of the merits of this wonderful medicine than can be learned from the experience of others? Try fewouself, and when it has falled to fulfi the assurance of its efficacy given by the, proprietor, then abandon fatth in it.

first of all, that Hoofland's German Bitters is not a rum beverage.

They are not alcoholic in any sense of the term. They are composed wholly of the pure judice or vital principle of roots, This is not a mere assertion. The extracts from which they are compounded are prepared by one-of the ablest German chemists. Unlike any other Bittors in the market, they are wholly free from spirituous lingredients. The objections which hold with so much force against preparations of this class, namely—that a desire for infoxtacting drinks is stimulated by their use, are not valid in the cose of the German Bitters. So far from encouraging or inculating a taste or desire for inchristing heverages, it may be confidently asserted that their tendency is in a diametrically opposite direction. Their efforts can be ENNEFICIAL ONLY LET IT BE REMEMBERED,

BENEFICIAL ONLY
In all cases of the biliary system Hootland's German Bitters stand without an equal, acting promptly and vigorously upon the Liver, they remove its torpidity and cause healthful secretion of bile-thereby supplying the stomach with the most indispensable elements of sound digestion in proper proportions, They give tone to the komach-stimulating its functions, and enabling it to perform the duties as nature designed, it should do. They impart vigor and strength to the entire system, causing the patient to feel like another being—in fact, giving him a new lease of life.

THEY PURIFY THE BLOOD. him a new lease of life.

THEY PURITY THE BLOOD.
cleansing the vital fluid of all huriful impurities and supplying them with the elements of genuine healthfulness. In a word, there is searcely a disease in which they cannot be safely and beneficially employed; but in that most generally prevalent distressing and dreaded sease, Dyspepsia.

THEY STAND UNRIVALED.
Now, there are certain classes of persons to

THEY STAND UNRIVALED.

Now, there are certain classes of persons to when extreme it ters are not only unpulatable, but, who find it impossible to take them without positive discomfort. For such Dr. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIO has been specially prepared. It is intended for use where a slight alchohol sidmulant is required in connection with the well-known Tonic properties of the pure German Bitters. This Tonic contains all the ingredients of the Bittert, but so flavored as to remove the extreme bitter, but so flavored as to remove the extreme bitter, but so flavored as to remove the only palatable, but combines, in modified form, all the virtues of the German Bitters. The solid extracts of some of Nature's choicest restoratives are held in solution by a spirituous agent of the purest

solution by a sufriture is agent of the purest of this property of the purest of the exhausted of its energies;

HOOPLAND'S TONIC acts with almost marvelous effect. It not only stimulates the fingging and wasting energies, but but some the permanent of the pure the purest of the pure the purest of the purest o It gives the invalid a new and stronger bold upon life, removes depression of spirits, and inspires cheerfuldess. It supplants the pain of disease with the ease and comfort of perfect lieuith. It gives strength to weakness, throws despondency to the winds, and starts the restored invalid upon a new and gladsome career. But Dr. Hoofing the benefactures to the human race are not confined benefactures to the human race are not confined benefactured. Or his invaluable Tonic. He has prepared another medicine, wolch is rapidly winning its way to popular favor because of its intrinsic merits. This is

y to popular in the price of th a perfect substitute for mercury, without any of mercury's evil qualities. These wonderfut Pills, which are intended to act upon the Liver, are mainly composed of Podophyllin, or the VITAL PRINCIPLE OF THE MANDRAKE ROOT.

Now we desire the reader to distinctly understand that this extract of the Mandrake is many times more powerful than the Mandrake itself. It is the medicinal virtues of this health-giving plant in a perfectly pure and highly concentrated form. Hence it is that two of the Poophylin Pilis constitute a full dose, while anywhere six to eight or a handful of other preparations of the Mandrake are required. The Phodophyllin ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER,

ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER, timulating its functions and causing it to make its biliary secretions in regular and proper unntities. The injurious results which invaribly follow the use of mercury is entirely voided by their use. But it is not upon the uyer only that their powers are exerted. The xtract of Mandrake contained in them is skilling the contained with the contained in them is skilling the contained with four other extracts, one of which acts upon the stomach, one upon the uper bowels, one upon the lower bowels, and one overtas any griping effect, thus producing a pill hat inflences the digestive and alimentary sysem, ir an equal and harmonious manner, and saction entirely free from nausea, voniting or t inniences and tharmonious manner, action entirely free from nausea, vointin ping pains common to all other purgativessessing these much destrable qualities dophyllin becomes invaluable as a very common to the common transfer of the common transfer of

FAMILY MEDICINE. ordinarily subject. The PODOPHYLLIN PILLS.

act upon the stomach and bowels, carrying off improper obstructions, while the Bitters or Tonic purify the blood, strengthen and invigorate the frame, give tone and appetite to the stomach, and thus build up the invalid anew. Dr. Hoofland, having provided internal remedies for diseases, has given the world one main, by for external application, in the wonderfupreparation known as

preparation known as

Dr. HOOFLAND'S GREEK OIL.

This Oil is a sovereign remedy for pains and aches of all kinds.

Rheunalism., Neuralgia, Toothache, Chilbians, Sprains, Burns, Pain in the Back and Loins, Ringworms, &c., all yield to its external application. The number of cures effected by it is astonishing and they are increasing every day. is astonishing and they are increasing every day.

Taken internally, it is a cure for Heart-burns, Kidney Diseases, Sick Headaches, Colic, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Colds, Asthma, &c.

The Greek Oil is composed entirely of healing gums and essential oils. The principal engredient is an oily substance, procured in the Southern part of Greece. Its effects as a destroyer of pain are trnly magical. Thousands have been benefitted by its use, and a trial by those who are skeptical will thoroughly convince them of its inestimable value. Be sent by express to any locality, upon application to the Principal Office, at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 Arch St., Philadelphia.

These remedies are for sale by druggists torekeepers, and medicine dealers everywhere

Chas. M. Evans.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

Poetical.

A BASHFUL LOVER. Ah, well! John came to-night, and stood And we two watched, between the trees, The glimmer of the moon and stars, John acted very strange, I think— I wish I knew the reason why;

John's coming here quite often now;
I'm sure I don't know why he shouldAlthough my sister Jenny says
It's talked about the neighborhood
That he is making loys to mehat he is making love to me-The strangest thing I ever heard; For If it's trae, how queer it is That John has never said a word.

Ah, well! I shouldn't care so much If John himself had told me so; For then he might have said it all, Upon his own account, you know, But he's so bashful, I believe, But he's so bashful, I bellove, He'd never dare to speak out plain; I hope he'il muster courage up; And try it, when he comes again,

I'm sure I've helped him all I could;
I've always met him at the bars,
And talked as any woman would That had a lover whom she liked. And waited, with her heart aglow, For him to break the subject first, And then how quick she'd let him know!

But John, he keeps a-coming still, Just as he has for twelve mor I've thought sometimes it looked as though I'd have to speak myself at last, I'm bound that he shall know the truth, And now, resolved. I cannot wait For him to find it out himself; And so, next time, I'll try my fate.

MOUTH TO EAR.

Nay, speak no ill, a kindiy word Can never leave a sting behind : And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard. Is far beneath a noble mind, For oft a better seed is sown By choosing thus a kinder plan; For if but little good we know Let's speak of all the good we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide Would fain another's faults efface, How can it please our human pride To prove humanity but base! No, let it reach a higher mode,

A nobler estimate of man; Be earnest in the search of good, And speak of all the best we can Then speak no ill, but intent be

To other's feeling as your own!
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known. For life is but a passing day, No lips can tell how brief the stay; Be earnest in the search of good And speak of all the good we may.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Ellis was a man of kind and tender feeling, but quick-tempered and impulsive. He had a son, ien years old, a bright, handsome, generous-hearted boy, who inherited his father's impulsive character: A quick-tempered father and a thoughtless, impulsive boy are apt to get into sharp collision at times, and so it was with Mr. Ellis and his little son. The father's commands were not always obeyed, and as the father had some strict notions in regard to obedience, punishments jarred amid the household harmo-

notions in regard to obscuence, punishments jarred amid the household harmonies rather more frequently than a wise regard to justice and humanity would have approved. The hasty temper and foregone conclusions of Mr. Ellis made his discipline oftener cruel than reformatory. A single instance will illustrate our meaning, and that is the story we wish to relate.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and Willie Ellis came out from his mother's hands, clad all in white linen, and looking as sweetand pure as innocence itself. The house stood only a short distance from the river, on the banks of which the boy was fond of sporting, and in the ooze of which he sometimes soiled his garments in a sad way, much to the

his garments in a sad way, much to the discomfort of himself and his mother.

'Willie,' said Mr. Ellis, as the boy passed out, 'where are you going?'
'Only to play,' answered the rogulah

'To play—where?' 'With Eddie Wheeler, down at his 'Did your mother say you might go

'Yes, sir.'
'Very well; all right then. But mind ne thing—you are not to go do. one thing—you are not to go down to the river. Yesterday you came home with your clothes soiled and wet. I won't have hat again. So remember what I've said "Not if Mr. Wheeler lets Eddie go?"
There was a half-pleading look in the young, bright face.
'No,' was the imperative answer; I've

'No," was the imperative answer; a vessaid don't go near the river, and if you disobey me I'll punish you severely.'.
Willie's step had lost some of its airy lightness when he moved on again.
'Mind that you don't forget!' called the father after him.

The boy heard, but did not look back or

The boy heard, but did not look back or make any response, which a little annoyed Mr. Ellis, who had grown very sensitive on the score of strict obedience.
'It wouldn't at all surprise me,' he said to himself, 'if he were to come home in an hour all covered with river mud. He is so thoughtless, or self willed—I hardly know which; but children must be made to obey. That's the discipline to enforce, at all hazzards; and if he disobeys me this time, he will have cause to remember it time, he will have cause to remember it time, he will have cause to remember it as long as he lives.'
Something had gone wrong with Mr. Ellis, and he was in a sterner mood than usual. Moods of mind, rather than a sense of justice, oftenest influence our conduct with reference to others. We act from a state of felling more frequently then from considerations of right.

ly than from considerations of right.

Mr. Ellis went away from home soon after and returned in an hour. As he stood at the door, and glanced around for a moment before entering, he saw Willie in a checking allot by we to the cities from head ment before entering, he saw Willie in a shocking plight, wet and a siled from bead to foot, slink through the garden gate.—
The boy noticed him, and was endeavoring to get into the house without being seen. But at the door where he hoped to enter unobserved, he encountered a stern and angry face. A few quick strides had brought his father there.

'So you have been to the river, after all that I said.'
The boy lifted a pale face and frightened eyes.

'Didn't I tell you not to go to the riv-A vice-like grip was already on his little arm.
'Yes, sir,' came through quivering

'Yes, sir,' came through quivering llps.
'And you went for ali!'
'But, father.....,'
'Not a word, sir, I told you not to go to the river, didn't I?'
'Eddie Wheeler...' The poor child tried to explain.
'I don't want to hear about Eddie Wheeler. He can't excuse your disobedience. Come, sir, we'll settle this business!' and he dragged the white-faced boy after him, up stairs to the garret, and taking down a rod, swung it in the air above his head. bove his head.
'O father! Don't! Let me tell you?'

A look, almost like despair, was in the boy's face. Mr. Ellis remembers it to this day; and will remember it to the day of his death.

'I don't wish to hear any excuses,' was realist at the lither red carriers. replied, as the lithe rod came down upon the shrinking child, with a stroke that made every nerve quiver with pain. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1871.

Once more the mild, appealing look, so full of agony, was lifted to the stern face above him, but lifted in vain. A second cruelstroke fell, and then a rain of strokes, cruelstroke fell, and then a rain of strokes, until the father's sense of pity, intruding between anger and unforgiving justice stayed his arm. He went down stairs, left the boy lying in the middle of the floor, as he had dropped from his handmotionless as if he were extinct. He met the pale suffering mother below—she loved the boy tenderly, and felt every smarting blow—but he passed her without a word. She had seen Willie as he encountered his father at the door, and understood the punishment. understood the punishment. Mr. Ellis went out into the porch to breathe the free air, and cool the sudden excitement under which he had been laboring. As he shut the door behind him, in a kind of instinctive effort to

separate himself from a painful scene, he stood face to face with Mr. Wheeler. A hand grasped his band in a quick, strong ressure.
'It was a brave act! He's a noble boy!

Where is he?
'I don't understand you,' said M₁. Ellis looking bewildered.
'Didn't he tell you?'
'Tell me what?'
'How he sprang into the river and saved my little Eddie's life?' 'I heard nothing of it.'
There was a choking sensation in Mr.
Ellis' throat—bis voice was faint and

There was a choking sensation in Mr. Ellis' throat—his voice was faint and husky.

And he didn't tell you! Brave, noble boy! He came over to play with Eddle; and Eddie wanted to go down to the river; but Willie said he couldn't go to the river. I heard Eddie coaxing him, but Willie was firm, because he said you had told him not to go. I was so pleased with his obedientspirit. Well, I lost sight of them after a little while; but, as I learn, Eddie would go down to the river, and your boy followed him, but kept'a distance from the water. Instead of climbing over the logs and barrels, or getting into the boats, he sat by himself a way oft.—Then, sir, my Eddle, in leaning over the river slipped and fell in; and your boy, instead of running away, half frightened out of his senses, as most children of his age would have done, sprang down to the wharf, and into the water after Eddie. I wonder they were not both drowned. It was only in God's mercy that they were saved. When the man who saw what had happened got to the place, and look-over the dock line the making of that an agricultural didn't require a d-d-dedeal of lie. At an agricultural dinner he entertained a countryman of more candor than courtesy by telling extraordinary stories; and when he paused, the man shouted, "Tell us some more of your 'tarnal lies.' He did not like the low retrained a countryman of more candor than courtesy by telling extraordinary stories; and when he paused, the man shouted, "Tell us some more of your 'tarnal lies.' He did not like the ball, and said it was neck or nothing with them. Being joked about the probability of his nose and chin—which had guarreling, he said he apprehended it himself, as a great many words had been passing between them. Being asked if the Schuylkili bridge would ask at the gate he would be tolled; adding that, at all events, it would be tried by its plem. It was not had been apprehended it himself, as a great many words had been passing between them. Being asked if the Schuylkili bridge would answer, he inform

saved. When the man who saw what had happened got to the place, and lookover the dock into the water, there was Willie, holding on to a ring in one of the logs with his right hand, and clinging to Eddie with his left. Such courage and presence of mind in a boy almost surpasses belief! Where is he? He ran off home as soon as the man lifted him from the water. I must thank him for this noble act.'

pended animation. Still the case puz-zled him. 'He may have been burt jumping from be whari,' suggested Mr. Wheeler. The doctor on this bint examined the

ody.
'What is this?' he asked as a long, purple stripe, lying across the back and shoulders, met his eyes. 'And this?' he added as he came upon another. Mr. Ellis turned his face away, sick at heart; he could not follow the doctor's yes. 'Hemay have been burt internally.' said

he doctor, drawing back the clothes, and neovering the fair body, that was marked with cruel lines. He was right in that, but the injury was

He was right in that, but the injury was deeper than he imagined. It was the boy's tender spirit which had been hurt.

'This will not last, doctor?'
The pale lips of Mr. Ellis quivered as he asked the question.

'I think not,' was the uncertain rep. It did not last. There came soon after signs of returning vitality. The neighbors went home—the doctor retired—and the father and mobber were lest alone with the brave-hearted boy, who had been wronged so cruelly. Mr. Ellis could not bear to look at him. He feit twice over, upon his own heart, the blows he had given. There was such rebuke in the pale face and shut eyes of the boy, who had not yet spoken, or recognized any one, that he yet spoken, or recognized any one, that he could not stay in the chamber. Every moment he looked to see the eyes open, and how could he meet their gaze.

Mr. Ellis had been away from the room for only a few minutes, when the hushed voice of his wife calling to him reached his eyes. He came to where she stood—

voice of his wife calling to him reached his ears. He came to where she stood—balf-way down the stairs.

'Has he recovered?' asked the father.

'Yes. He opened his eyes and looked all around the room, almost as soon as you went out. Then he shut them ugain, as if to think; and then looking up, after a little while, said, 'Where is father?' I told him you were down stairs, and he said, 'Won't you call him?'
Mr. Ellis went up to meet his child in a state of mental depression difficult to be Mr. Ellis went up to meet his child in a state of mental depression difficult to be conceived. He could have faced almost any imagined danger, with less of shrinking than be now felt in going into the presence of Willie. But there was no holding back. What did the boy want? What had he jo say? How would he receive him? These questions crowded and bewildered his mind. He pushed open the door softly and went in.

bewildered his mind. He pushed open the door softly and went in.
The boy's waiting ears had heard the almost noiseless feet approaching, and his eyes were upon the entrance. Mr. Ellis did not speak, but same over to the bed.
'O father! I didn't do wrong—I wasn't disobedient,' said Willie, making an effort to rise from his pillow, and speaking with eagerness. 'I tried to tell you, but yo u wouldn't hear—.'
He was going on, but his father caught him up, and, as he drew him tightly to his heart, answered 'I know it all, my brave, brave boy!'
Then Willie's arms found their way to his father's neck, and clung there

to his father's neck, and clung there tightly. His cheeks, when his head went back upon the pillow from which he had risen, were wet, but not with his own tears.
Could father or child ever forget that day? The child might; but the father—

never!
O hasty, impulsive, passionate father!
take warning in time. Be on your guard.
Hear before you strike. Punish not on
any hasty provocation. Take nothing for
granted. It is a sad, sad thing to bear
through life a memory like that which
burdens the heart of Mr. Ellis whenever
the thought goes backward into the irrevocable past.

A CITIZEN of a Western State who was boasting that in his town there wasn't either a doctor, a lawyer, or a clergyman, and only one rum seller. How many inhabitants are there altogether? asked a bystander. 'Well,' was the reply, 'there is only my family and brother Jake's, and Jake is the rum seller. Jake is the rum seller. MARRIAGEABLE young ladies are rejoicing because next year will be leap year, and they will then have an opportunity to make their backward lovers

It way as a punser that Judge Peters was most widely known, great as was his reputation in more important respects. Men love to laugh, and he who induces them to do so is much surer of a kindly place in their recollection than any mover of their other emotions. There can be no doubt that the sign which Peters hung from his office window on beginning his professional causer 'Ricland Peters Atfrom his office window on beginning his professional career, 'Richard Peters, Attorney at Law. Business done here at half price: 'N B. Half done'—a capital sign, by the way, for all half price places—had the effect of tickling more fees out of passing pockets than could have been secured by more serious means. Peters was colleagued on the bench with Justice Washington of the Supreme Court—a onjet, severe man; of whom he used to say that brother—Washington was the strict judge, while he was the District strict judge, while he was the District Judge. Justice Washington was in the habit of delivering the opinions of the court, and was, moreover, noted for a very vigorous appetite—two facts which often caused his associate to call him the mouth

caused his associate to call him the mouth piece of the court. A superlative spinner of navalyarns, on returning from a cruise, assured a festive assemblage, of whom the judge was one, that he had encountered a soap island, which he elaborately described. When he had finished, the judge blandly requested to be informed if the making of that island didn't require a d-d deal of lie. At an agricultural dinner he entertained a countryman of more candor than courtey by telling

a glass cover to it, because he said the gunners would pepper it with shot if left unprotected, and everybody would see through his plan. The project, however, languished, and when one of his neigh-

tempted with a dull are to point the pins. As he was backing away, unconscious of observation, he heard a laugh behind him, and on looking round he beheld Coi, Guerney, and some of his officers making merry at his efforts. The Colonel commanded a regiment of loafers, whose repute was such that they were denominated the Babes of Grace. 'Why, judge,' said the Colonel, 'you have an axe that wants a new edge.' 'True,' said Peters, 'and you have a regiment which would willingly steal it.' To some one whose patriotism was more a matter of interest thau principle, and who laughed at him hau principle, and who laughed at him for the rustiness of a coat he was wearing, he explained the cause thereof by saying that his coat looked weather beaten from his never turning it. Once, when the judge was standing near Lafayette, a young military officer, in addressing the latter, exclaimed, 'Sir, although we were not born to partake of your revolutionary to the desired of the standard of the not born to partake of your revolutionary hardships, yet should our country be attacked we will not fail to tread in the shoes of our forefathers.' 'No, no, sir,' interrupted the judge, 'that you can't do, for they fought barefooted.' An old Col. Forest coming up to the General, fell upon his neck and began to blubber — Peters whispered to the unfortunate victim that there were many kinds of trees in our forests, and that this one was a weeping willow. 'Why don't you buy land in North Carolina?' asked a friend of the judge. 'I'd rather buy it in the

I and in North Carolina? asked a friend of the judge. 'I'd rather buy it in the moon,' was the reply, for then I might sometimes see my purchase'—a reply not altogether in harmony with Macauley's dictum, that an acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia.—From Lippincott's Magazine. A TOUGH STORY.—An Ohlo traveler is telling the following story at Dayton. Her name is Prairie Ward. She says she has walked all the way from San Francisco to Dayton; that she is fortynine years of age; that her father's name was Armstrong; and that he was a Wyandot half breed. Her mother, she says, was a daughter of Russell Bigelow, the Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary. In 1825, when living near Columbus, Ohio, she was stolen by Comanohe Indians, and carried to the recent Territory of Nebraska, where, at the age of thirteen, she was married to David Ward, a half-breed, by whom she became the mother of eleven children. Ward afterwards joined the army, and she stayed with the tribe. They murdered the children, ate their flesh, and danced in their blood.—She afterward escaped, taking the long A Tough Story.—An Ohlo traveler is She afterward escaped, taking the long walk, above mentioned, and is in Ohio to find out her relations, having an aunt living in Bellefontaine.

NOT ABOVE THE SNOW LINE. - A new-Not Above the Snow Line.—A new-ly maried man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and, when there, induced her to attempt the ascent of one of the high peaks. The lady, who at home, had never ascended higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the borrors of the passage. The husband her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The husband walks by her side, expostulating with her fears. He spoke in soft, honeymoon whispers, but the refraction of the air was such that every word was audible. 'You told me, Leonora, that you always felt huppy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?' 'Yes, Charles dear, I did,' replied she, sobbing hysterically, 'but I never meant above the snow line!'

Modesty is the greatest charm in the

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty, Just gentle enough to be sweet Just saucy enough to be witty, Just dainty enough to be neat. Just tall enough to be graceful, Just slight enough for a fay,

Just dress enough to be tasteful

Just merry enough to be gay

Just tears enough to be tender Your heart thro' their cadence made glad Just meek enough for submission, ; Just bold enough to be brave, fust pride enough for ambition, Just thoughtful enough to be grave

A tongue that can talk without barming, Just mischlef enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption, Sarcasm to answer a fool, Cool contempt enough shown for assu Proper dignity always the rule. Flights of fair fancy ethereal, Devotion to science full paid, Stuff of the sort of material

That really good housewives are made. Generous enough and kind-hearted. Pure as the angels above— Oh, from her may I never be parted, For such is the maiden I love.

and babits of this people, who were as distinct from the general-population of New England as are the inhabitants of Algiers, from whose pirates this community received its nickname.

They had intermeried so that all their native trait had become intensified in the course of a few generations, and nearly one half the whole population was named Eaton. They were not looked upon with much respect, it can be imagined, by their neightfors, and the boys and the ruder portion of our folks, were in the habit of taunting the Algerines for the purpose of hearing their uncouth replies and the curlous dialect which they used. The way to their settlement, is as we said, not on the line of travel, but on a by-road leading to the marshes and the sea shore, where there is no thoroughfare, so that probably there are not 100 persons in this city who have visited this curious settlement of Byfield. It is three miles from the main village of Seabrook, and about the same distance from Salisbury, and they knew even less of this people than we did here, since Newburyport was the place where they come to trade and where they bought \$10 worth of rum to \$1 of any other kind of provisions. The dialect, habits, manners and whole life of this people was worthy of the pen of Dickens, but a sad blot on New England civilization. Rum, interbreeding and being cut off from association with the outside world, even through the medium of books and papers, had developed a wonderfully barbarous state of society in the midst of civilization.

Four years ago a young man of a good deal of pluck and energy was studying for the ministry, and while pursuing his studies it was suggested to him that a man of his qualities could do a good work among the Algerines. It would require courage and tact, just the qualities which Rev. Wm. A. Rand possessed. He went to Byfield, and in these four years he has accomplished a work such as is in the power of few missionaries to perform in the course of a long life. He has brought about a complete revolution in that part HOW SETH HAWKINS WON HIS BRIDE. Seth Hawkins was as fine a specime of manhood as could be seen—tall, broad-shouldered, well proportioned, with eyes of the deepest blue, light hair, a ruddy countenance, which betokened a famili-arity with out-door occupation. Suffice it to say, he was a farmer, and well-to-do in this world's goods, but afflicted with a disease called bashfulness: He was deeply in love with a pretty, sparkling, reguish-eyed lass, whom we shall call Sally T—.

Seth could talk politics, farming, and upon all the topics of the day, when not in Sally's company; but when he become seated in her presence, his courage left him, and he left the talking to be done

by Sally, answering only in monosyila bies.
The latter guessed how matters stood with him, and in a spirit of mischief she increased his embarrassment by several little remarks, which almost drove him to distraction, and made him think his to distraction, and made him think his case hopeless.

He had courted Sally for a long time, but had never found sufficient courage to know his fate.

One pleasant Sunday evening he again sallied forth, determined to learn the worst, and to ask the maid to be his. He could hose think fleared hose throughts and the sallied for the sallied for the sallied fleared hose throughts and the sallied fleared fleared fleared for the sallied fleared fl

That may be, sir; and you may add that you are a highly hospitable man, for you keep open house.\(^1\) An ex-deputyatiorney general continued from custom to use the technical phrases of the public prosecutor, and apologized for the same. Yes, yes,\(^1\) said the judge,\(^1\) you are like the clapper of a bell, that keeps wagging after it has done sounding.\(^1\)

When Peters accompanied the expedition against the insurgents in 1794, as stated above, he and Hamilton, then the Secretary of the Treasury, undertook to pitch a tent, and while Hamilton was awkwardly digging the ditch, Peters at tempted with a dull axe to point the pins. As he was hacking away, unconscious of hot fire.

At the moment of its disappearance, Sally, who had been watching affairs on the sly, burst into a loud peal of merry laughter, and rushed into the room slam, which caused the old lady to look up with astonishment, and Seth to selze his hat and rush from the house, towards home, as fast as his legs could carry him, and in anything but a happy frame of mind.

mind.
Sally soon made her appearance again, and her mother remonstrated with her upon her unchristian-like conduct on a Sabbath evening.
Sally bore it with as much composure as possible, but said nothing to the old lady of the cause of her mirth.
Pretty soon the old lady made preparations for bed, and soon began to search for her night-gown; but failing to find it, came out of the bed room, saying:

'Sally, where is my night dress? I left it somewhere, and I can't tell for the life of me, where.

of me, where.'
'Why, Seth Hawkins wore it home. she replied.
'What!' wore it home?' Amid tears and laughter, Miss Sally explained the events of the evening to her mother.

The next afternoon a boy rapped at the

door, and presented a package for Miss Sally, which she soon opened, and found the unlucky night dress, nicely washed and ironed, with the following words written on a bit of paper, in pencil: 'I am much obliged to you for the use of it.—SETH.' of it.—SETH.'
The next day they met: he found his bashfulness had disappeared, and before leaving Sally, he had gained her consent to be his own little wife.'
Years have elapsed since that eventful night, but Seth is never weary of telling his children how he won their mother through the old lady's night dress. of it.-Seth.

through the old lady's night dress.

A MAN SHOOTS HIMSELF WHILE
DEMONSTRATING HOWMR. VALLANDIGHAM KILLED HIMSELF.—A messenger arrived in great haste at Hamilton, today, about 1 o'clock, for medicinal and surgical assistance stating that a German farm laborer, whose name our reporter could not ascertain, had shot himself in the side with a pistol, and that he was in a dying condition. He said the accident occurred at the residence of Wat Carr, about three miles east of Hamilton, Ohio. Mr. Carr was doing some harvesting, and the hands, about noon, were sitting on the porch at their leisure just after dinner. The man who shot himself had a pistol belonging to some one, and flourishing it around in a careless manner, when one of the boys remarked him to be careful or he would shoot himself.—He replied by saying that he would show them how Vallandigham shot himself, and immediately proceeded to illustrate the manner in which the pistol was held, with the hammer raised and half out of his pocket. In an instant the weapon was disenarged, and the contents lodging in the bowels of the careless demonstrator. He fell as one dead. His companions pleked him up, and carried him into the house, the crimson tide flowing in torrents from the wound. A courier was immediately despatched to Hamilton, who obtained Drs. McNeely and Beauchamp. When our reporter left Hamilton no advices had been received concerning the probable fate of the unfortunate man.—Cincinnati (O.)] Gazette, June 29.

So!-A New Jersey inventor has fixed upon a way of dressing linen thread to imitate natural hair so perfectly that it is almost impossible to detect it as artificial. When our ladies have their heads shod with this material, no matter what the color may be, they will all be flaxen-haired. Rates for Advertising.

per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quar-terly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inerted at a liberal reduction on the above rates Advertisements should be accompanied by the CARL. When sent without any length of time specified for publication they will be continued

CARDS, HANDBILLS, OFRODEARS, and every oth r description of JoB and CARD Printing.

here. He's nearly gone, now."

Yes, I'll go back to the house and order breakfast. Our shots have spoiled further sport for this morning. I'll have things ready by the time you get back."

And without waiting for any remonstrance Tim walked off.

I got in the skiff, shoved out, reached a duck (who appeared, as I advance; to have his head entirely shot off,) picked it up, and found that—it was a decoy!—

My remarks to Tim, upon rejoinig him at the hotel, I have upon reflection concluded to omit.

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HEATHEN IN NEW ENGLAND.

[From the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.]

A few days ago there was a settlement in Seabrook, the inhabitants of which were known in this vicinity as Algerines. Although but five miles from Newburyport, this people, living off from the main road by themselves, were but little above the condition of savages. They had

above the condition of savages. They had no schools, no church, no morals, no culture. They gained their subsistence, by fishing in summer and shoemaking in winter, and their fuel for the latter season they got by hook and crook—generally they-hooked it. The money earned, more than was needed except for the poorest and most meagre subsistence, was spent in this city for rum, and the people were a byword of ignorance and degradation in this whole region. Many amusing stories are told of the language and habits of this geople, who were as distinct from the general-population of Algiers, from whose pirates this commu-

lies, or saved for their support in sickness and old age.
Not only does Mr. Rand exercise the pastoral office, but he has a commission as a magistrate, and has borne the sword not in vain. He has constable appointed for his district, and quells the disturbances of the peace, although there is much less need of his interference in this capacity than there was before he had introdoctrinated the people with the blessings of temperance and decency. The missionaries to Borrioboola Gha might work for a lifetime without seeing the

missionaries to Borrioboola Gha might work for a lifetime without seeing the fruits of their labors as this young man has in the four short years he has been engaged in them. He does not propose to stop in the good work, but will continue his labors, which would not be overpald with the largest salary given to any clergyman in the country, although he receives from the Home Missionary Society but three hundred and fifty dollars a year, with what his people con-

lars a year, with what his people con-tribute, which at first was little or noth-

HOW I SHOT MY FIRST DUCK, AND WHAT SORE

In the morning, when the light was about the color of a grey cat in a cellar, Tim roused me up, and we sallied forth. We marched sliently along the shore, "looking sharp" through the reeds, Tim constantly whispering me to "keep my eyesskinned." The gun felt very heavy, and in that peculiar light looked about fifteen feet long. On we strode, my pulse going like that of a volunteer at Buena Vista. Suddenly says Tim, softly—

"Ah, there's a chance, by Jove! Now,

"Eh, chance, where, at what?"
"Eh, chance, where, at what?"
"Tim put his finger on his lips, and making me crouch down, pointed through the reeds. In a minute, sure enough, I saw a duck gracefully bobbing up and down, about fifty yards off, more or less. The came awfully excited.

"Let, let me shoot him, Tim?"
"Certainly; crack away."
I knelt down; my fingers trembled like those of a surgeon at his first operation. The duck looked about the size of a turkey-gobbler to my distorted vision. It was a fearful moment. However, I recovered myself by a resolute effort, brought the gun up to a long, murderous aim, my fingers pressed the trigger—whang! I beheld the sky, and fourteen hundred thousand stars perpendicularly

whang! I beheld the sky, and fourteen hundred thousand stars perpendicularly before me. Upon examination I found this phenomenon was occasioned by my horizontal position on my back, combined with the concussion of the shot.

"You've hit him," cried Tim; "He's wounded." Quick, quick, take my gun, while I load yours."

I looked at my weapon. I fired both barrels at once. I looked at the duck; he was bobbing up and down violently.—Considerably bewildered, I, however, selzed Tim's gun, resumed my position, took another deadly aim and fired.

"Tother barrel? quick, or he's off!" cried Tim.

Bang!
"By George, you've missed him! He's
—no he can't fly! See him spin round;
Here, give him one more. Mind, aim
carefully. Now!"
Bang! fizzz! bang! I saw the sky,
and one thousand more planets than before. When I arose, that diabolical duck
was still 'there, spinning around more
merrily than ever.

was still there, spinning aloual merrily than ever.
"Tim," said I, "that duck is remarkably tenacious of life."
"Ye-yes. The fact is, ducks are generally, especially canvass-backs; they are called so on account of the thickness of their skin. I am convinced that's a canvass-back."

canvass-back."
"Tim," said I, "I'll take the skiff and shove out there and get him. You wait

became awfully excited.
"Let, let me shoot him, Tim?"

NEBRASKA. Nebraska is almost exclusively a prairie state, with no dense forests, nor vast bodies of timber requiring the toil of a lifetime to remove in order to open a farm. Her beautiful valleys and undulated

farm. Her beautiful valleys and undulating plains are ready at once for the plow,
and to award the first labors of the husbandman with abundant crops, yet there
is no scarcity of timber for immediate
use. Along the margin of nearly every
stream, on the bluffs and in the ravines
more or less timber is found, often expanding into extensive groves. Among the
settlements where the fires are kept out,
trees spring up spontaneously and grow
with great rapidity.

Large tracts which but a few years
since contained not a single shrub, have
thus become thickly covered with a
thrifty growth of young timber. The
soil of Nebraska is of great depth and inexhaustible fertility; the bottom lands
are level but well-drained, are composed
of a rich alluvial deposit from three to are level but well-drained, are composed of a rich alluvial deposit from three to seven feet in depth. It is light and friable, of easy culture, and may be ploughed to any depth required. From the absence of hard pan and other impervious substance, it possesses the singular property of resisting both unusual wet and continued drouth, so that a failure of cops. From either is an unheard of event. The heat of Summer is tempered by the prairie winds and nights are coal and The heat of Summer is tempered by the prairie winds, and nights are cool and comfortable. The Autumns are like a long Indian Summer, extending into the latter part of December. The Winters are short, dry and invigorating, with but little snow. Cold weather seldom lasts beyond three months, with frequent intervals of mild, pleasant days. The roads in winter are usually hard, smooth and excellent. Nebraska is preminently a wheat growing state. Its soil and climate appear most admirably adapted to the production of this cereal. Average yield, 25 to 30 bushels exceeding that of any other state. Corn averages from 50 to 75 bushels to the acro. Fault, apples, pears, peaches, plumbs, cherries, grapes, currants, berries, &c., have been sufficiently tested to prove that they can be easily and profitably grown: It has been fully demonstrated that Nebraska is destined to take high rank as a fruit growing State.

THE PROPERTY AND THE WEALTH OF STATESMEN. Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library, and given for it five times it's value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from the door.

Madison saved money, and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid \$30,000 for them.

James Mouroe, the sixth President of the United States, died in New York, so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of one of his friends. They remain in a cemetery in School street, but no monument marks the spot where they repose.

the spot where they repose.
John Quincy Adams left some \$150,000, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of method and religious character of the people, but in their physical well-being. When he went among them, there was hardly anything in the shape of a dwelling house other than ten feet shantles, such as would serve for the temporary dwellings of railroad hands, and under his Influence most of the people have now comportable residences. The money foruerly spent for rum is now devoted to the comforts and conveniences for the families, or saved for their support in sickness and old age. ly looked out for his own interest. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics, His party shook the bush and he caught the bird. Daniel Webstersquandered a million in his life time, the product of his profes-sional and political speculations. He sional and pointeat speculations. Are illed, leaving his property to his children and his debts to his friends. The for-mer sold for less than \$20,000—the latter

exceeded \$250,000.

Henry Clay left a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded \$100,000. He was a prudent manager and a scrupulously honest man. James K. Polk left about \$150,000, \$50, 000 of which he saved from his Presidenout of which he saved from his Fresiden-dy of four years.

John Tyler left \$50,000. Before he reached the Presidency he was bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means and then married a rich wife.

then married a rich wife.

Zachery Taylor left \$150,000.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and seeps his money in a strong box. It will not be swallowed up in speculation nor expended in vice. squandered in vice, Ex-President Pierce saved some \$50,000

rom his term of service. THE THREE JOLLY HUSBANDS

Three jolly husbands out in the country, by the name of Tim Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one on returning home should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should, the next morning, pay the bill. They then separated for the night; engaging to meet the next morning and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill. The next morning, Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his apperance. Walker began first: You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimmering of light, I came near walking accidently into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of next morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at setting up solate, said to me sarcastically: 'Bill, do put your foot in the batter.' Just as you say, Maggy,' said I, 'and without the least hesitation, I put my foot into the pot of batter, and went to bed.' Next, Joe Brown told his story: 'My wffe had already retired in our usual sleeping room which addone the kitchen and the door Three jolly husbands out in the counpot of batter, and went to bed. Next, Joe Brown told his story: 'My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping room which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate you know, perfectly, I made a dreadful clattering among the furniture, and my wife, in no pleasant tone, bawled out: Do break the porridge pot.' No sooner said than done, I selzed hold of the tail of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it in a hundred pleces. After this exploit I retired to rest and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains.' It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself which he did with a very long face as follows: 'My wife kaye' me the most unlucky command in the world, for I was blundering up stairs in the dark when she oried out: Do break your neck, do Tim.' I'll be cussed if I do, Kate,' said I, as I gathered myself up, 'I'll sponer pay the bill, and so landlord here is the cash for you andth's is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars at the command of my wife.'

i.IT is not true that some of the bes base ball players, unable to get exercise enough at their favorite game, have ap-plied for a job on the contempisted Mir-

-Madison Wilson, son of L. M. Wilson, President of the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, was shot and instantly killed in an encounter with Braxton Bragg, jr., a nephew of Gen. Bragg, at Mobile, on Saturday.

A Young man on the atreet, being lazy, was asked if he took it from his father. I think not, said the disrespectful son; 'father's got all the laziness he eyer had!'