# The American Volunteer.

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# The American

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1871.

When winter, coming in its wrath, Piled high the drifting snow, Saie clustered round the cheerful hearth Safe clustered round the engerth neart We watched the firelight glow, Nor brighter seemed the ruddy flames Than did our hearts, the while A loving mother breathed our names, With sweet approving smile.

And still, when by our toll and care
We feel ourselves oppressed,
Our thoughts forever cluster there,
And there alone find rest. Bright promise of the rest above. Sweet shelter from the storm, Home hallowed by a mother's love, Hearth by that love made warm;

And when some little trouble weighed Upon the childish heart. Till from our brimming eyes it made The gushing teat-drops start; How quick, before the genial glow, We felt each sorrow cease, And back the crystal current flow.

Seems childhood's sweet employ, And even sweeter still appears Each well remembered Joy, Around the cheerful hearth at home, Where we in childhood sat; No other spot where'er we roam, Will ever be like that.

The clock struck three; a punctual Fate, Polly, shovel in hand, flung wide the door open. For hours had that mystic laboratory been at work unseen of mortal eye, and the fragrance compounded of spices, of sugar, of crusted loaf, of savory fowl, which now floated through and fited the kitchen, told the result. Far through the house spread the delicious whiff, and the stir and bustle overhead announced that some one there recognized the signal, and knew that baking was done.

done.

In and out traveled the busy shovel till the inner depth, where yet a red glow lingered, was reached, gave up its last treasure, and Polly, making a fan of her apron, before the table to inspect the result. There they were ranged in order due, the loaves brown and white, the rolls, the crackling pork and beans, the 'lection cake,' the difficult dainty, over whose precarious fortunes she had watched till midnight the two and twenty pies, gold, brown carious fortunes she had watched till midnight, the two and twenty pies, gold, brown and cranberry red, the toothsome mince and translucent apple, custard flecked with crimson, tarts open-mouthed and gaping for the friendly jam; and in the midst, its disk yellow earthen-ware towering above the rest, the hugo chicken pie, to whose composition had gone such wealth of cream, of celery, of fatted pull lets, as is not often met with outside the limits of the Purcell farm. With something of the feelings of a general at the thing of the feelings of a general at the forces, noticing here and there a specially crisp edging, and in her own mind ap-portioning this and that to uncle Nathan portioning this and that to uncie Nathan or Aunt Sapphira, and these to grace tomorrow's dinner; for 'to-morrow' was New England's special day—that 'great day of the feast'—in behalf of which governors are wont to make proclamation, and neighbors to vie in friendly zeal of housewifery and kind remembrance of those who have no portion of their own.

their own.

'Yes,' said Polly, half aloud, 'that will be best for the Bulger children, I guess. The crust is a little too brown, but they wont mind that, and it's so big. Then

An approaching footstep cut short the

They made a pleasant picture, that mother and daughter, as they stood side by side before the long ironing table. Mrs. Purcell was tall and erect, the very model of a farmer's wife. Strong, aweet, with face unfrurowed by the wheels of that light team, Care and Worry, who that light team, Care and Worry, who drive so heavily over female good looks nour country; and smile, undimmed and bright, it was easy to vision forth the tonny bride who, thirty years before, had passed through that door on her wedding morning, to be from thenceforth the joy and comfort of all within. And beside her stood the vision renewed in early youth, the same eyes of happy blue, the same dimpled checks, the same cathe same dimpled cheeks, the same ca the same dimpled cheeks, the same can pable hands; for Mrs. Purcell was a no-ted housewife, and Polly inherited the gift in full measure. It was with a little heart beat that she now watched her mother's critical survey, and the nod with which it concluded.

First-rate, dear. I never saw better 'First-rate, dear. I never saw better.
And what a lot of them! Some are to send away I suppose?'
'O yes, indeed; it would take us a month to eat them all. See, mother, these are the ones I picked for ourselves -for to-morrow and Sunday you know.
And the others are for different folksold Katy and Uncle Nat, and the Bulgers and so on. Don't you think I was
lucky in my loaf cake?

esides the Watsons and Jim? besides the Watsons and Jim?
'No ma'am—that is—yes,' began Polly, flushing and flustered. 'I mean, I didn't ask; but when Phil Raiston was here last summer he said he should drop in if he could, and I told him we'd be happy to see him. That was what I meant, mother?'

'O well,' said Mrs. Purcell, too intent 'O well,' said Mrs. Purcen, too intent upon the pies to detect the weak points of this lucid explanation, 'that there was so long ago that very likely he's forgot phabout it. But Philip is always wel-

at the gate under the pink sunset till the moon shy and silvery above the pink, and Mrs. Purcell's voice addressed them from an upper window upon the subject of 'damp,' 'trapesing,' to use language of the same authority, in wet grass of evenings to search out glow-worms—all these and similar pursuits had made it a time of enchantment. Phil was an old playmate and neighbor nobody thought much of their being together, but Polly thought a great deal. And the last day of all, when she supposed him gone, he had when she supposed him gone, he had stolen away half an hour before train

time, and surprised her in the cool well-room, her sleeves rolled up, her waist en-veloped in a white apron, making pies—

This roused her pride. Bad as it was to

brown, with edge so trimly, so exactly cut, and middle adorned with a wondrous cut, and middle adorned with a wendrous twirl of paste, embodying the initial 'P.' —a marvelous pie—a pie to make the mouth water, and put an appetite under the ribs of dyspepsia. Long and lovely did Polly gaze on this chef dæuvrc before committing it to the top-most shelf of the pantry, and then, rapidly restoring all to its pristine tidiaess, she fled up stalrs; for there was a bat to be trimmed, and housekeeper though she was. Polly

stairs; for there was a bat to be trimmed, and, housekeeper though she was, Polly was no less a girl-a girl of eighteen, and what was more, the prettiest girl of eighteen in Colasset. Something was due to this eminent position.

So, shut into her room, she sat adjusting the killing little feather on her new 'turban,' turning now and then to survey the effect in a morsal of looking glass, and by-and-by as the drifted gold began to gather round the sunset, a sound came on the wind—the distant shriek of a locomotive. The train had arrived at the

on the wind—the distant shriek of a lo-comotive. The train had arrived at the Junction, four miles away. Far above the woods she could see the dim blue smoke. Down went the new hat, and a lovely smile parted her lips. That shrick meant Phil; and I question if Beethov-en's finest sonata, could at that moment have seemed more musical—so true it is that at times we listen with an inward ear to which all sounds are melodious if they suggest the thing we love.

ear to which all sounds are melodious if they suggest the thing we love. Phil was come. The thought awoke with her next morning, and lent its spring to the many small businesses which ushered in the day. It was for him she rubbed the crimson apples till they shone, heaped the grape clusters so tastefully, and crowned the vases with chrysauthemums and gay leaves. The candles she inserted in the tall, plated branches, should brighten the room when he entered, the noble bickory logs should warm, the polished andirons please his he entered, the noble bickory logs should warm, the polished andirons please his eye. She lent her whole heart to the icing—Phil liked loaf cake. And if ever the spirit of Lady Mary Wortley's sentiment was carried out—if ever a room censed to be a room, a dinner a dinner—it was now, when transmuted by tender alchemy, the old farm house took on higher meaning, and Mrs. Purcell's nuts and apples became indeed 'the refreshments provided for a beloved one.'

All things in order at last, a merry party set off for church. Father, mother, brother James, his wife and child—first listallment of the family gathering—and, in the midst, our Polly. The sun

installment of the family gathering—and, in the midst, our Polly. The sun shone; crisp leaves rustled under foot; in all Colasset was no blither face than that crowned by the new turban, as our little maid took her seat in the gallery front row as one of the village choir. How everything seemed to smile! She loved the world; she loved the Governor for arranging this delightful day—this day which made so many neonle happy which made so many people happy-which brought Thil home

It was early. The melodeon was playing a low droning voluntary—the green curtains were half drawn—plenty of chance for the choir to peep and to whisper, a thing all choirs like to do. per, a thing all choirs like to do.

'I say, Polly, where did you get that
feather?' asked her neighbor. 'I only
wish somebody would give me one. It's
just elegant.'

'Mother bought it,' said Polly, her eye

'Who are you looking for? Your ma? There she is now. What a good looking woman James's wife is, isn't she?

'I suppose you've heard the news, Polly?' broke in another whisper from be-

hind, 'The news about Phil Ralston?'
'No. What do you mean?' with sudden "He came up last night, you know; and what do you think he brought with him, but a wife! The old folks didn't know a thing about it. Wasn't it a fine Thanks

thing about it. Wash't it a fine financegiving surprise?

'How did you hear?' asked Polly, faintly, with white lips.

'Steve saw them—our Steve you know.
He came in the same train, and there
was Phil getting out with his wife, and
the call Senire meeting them, and look—

was Phil getting out with his wife, and the old 'Squire meeting them, and looking so surprised; and Phil, said he, 'Father, I've got a new daughter to introduce to you.' And then some more in a low voice, which Steve couldn't hear; and the 'Squire he 'most cried, and he shook hands and said, 'You are welcome, my dear.' That was all Steve saw, for he had to come away; but Uncle Reuben was up to the 'Squire's in the evening, about a load of hay, and Phil's wife came In, and the 'Squire introduced wife came in, and the 'Squire introduced her: 'My son's wife,' he said, 'and he looked real pleased, for all he hadn' been told beforehand. Gracious been told beforehand. Gracious there they are! Look, Polly, just com ing in.

For a moment all swam before Polly's eyes. Then the mist cleared up again, and she saw 'Squire Raiston's white head passing up the aisle, followed by his sister, a dear old woman who lived with him and kept his house; then Phil, and by his side a lady. With unnatural fire in her blue eyes she scanned the stranger, noting the clear clive cheek, the grageful undulating walk, the gait, which, even in her inexperienced vision, seemed something rich and foreign. That, then, was Phil's wife, the woman he preferred to all others. And with a sudden power of hatred, Polly felt that she hated her.—All the sweet, even pulses of her nature seemed turned to bitterness and fire.

'She looks old for Phil, dosen't she?' whispered the other girl. For a moment all swam before Polly whispered the other girl.

She did, but how beautiful? And still She did, but how beautiful? And still, as the services went on, what a mockery it all seemed—the prayer in which she did not join, the sermon which spoke of people as thankful and happy! She rose with the others, she bent her head, and all the time something dangled in her ears the one phrase, 'Phil is married! Phil is married!' till it seemed as if she could not bear it. Long afterward, when she was happy again, that wretched morning would come back to her as visions of fever-to-returning-health; little things she was unconscious of noticing, things she was unconscious of noticing, a late canker worm walking up Mary Jane Oak's bonnet string; the scrap of newspaper left on Deacon Bunker's face from his morning shaving, and on which could be plainly read, 'Lost or Strayed,' with the after clew of 'heifer' just below.

time, and surprised her in the cool wellroom, her sleeves rolled up, her waist enveloped in a white apron, making ples—
all unconscious of his proximity. That
last visit stood in bold relief from others;
for lingering there outside the window—
words had been half said, half looked
which she never could forget, though, at
the time half 'frightened, she had pretended not to understand them. And at
last he took to teasing her about the pies,
as she daintly rolled the paste, and jarged the narrow strips foredging. Wouldn't
she make him one—all his own—at
Thanksgiving time, for instance, for he
was coming home then? O yes, he was
sure she would, though gave no promise;
he should come in the evening for it.—
And then the time came for him to go.—
And leaning through the window—Polly,
colored now as she thought of it—he hiad
softly kissed the little brown wrist and
departed, his last words being, 'If you love
me, Polly, don't forget the pie. I am
afraild it was too late for that 'if.'
For, dreadful as it seems, the Pollys of
real life do not always wait, as the books

departed, his last words being, 'If you love me, Polly, don't forget the pie. I am afraid it was too late for that 'if.'

For, dreadful as it seems, the Pollys of real life do not always wait, as the books say they should, until a declsive word has been spoken before yielding their hearts. Love comes unsought, unseen as the sun comes, or the dew; eyes ask, and looks ask. Prudence tugs feebly at the bolt, but her strength is weakness; open flies the door and Cupid takes possession for bliss or bale. Which, in our Polly's case it was to be, remains to be seen. She feared nothing, poor child!—
Phil loved her she was sure, and all the hopeful sky was bright with early dawn.

'If you love me.' The words so lightly spoken hung around her like a song, as she drew from its hidling place Phil's pie. Such a pie! Crisp as frost, foam white, except where heat had kissed it into brown, with edge so trimly, so exactly out and wildle addorned with a wondrous of the pie. I am afraid it was two delays of the density of the said to himself; that was it. Well, I'll go over this evening, at all events, and find out what it means.

Oh, what a miserable day it was! All the little, carefully prepared for pleasures were as so many goads and stings to poor Polly. The turkey choked, the children's mearing, at all events, and find out what it means.

Oh, what a miserable day it was! All the little, carefully prepared for pleasures were as so many goads and stings to poor Polly. The turkey choked, the children's and Uncle Jacob, Cousin Jane and her family, and the new baby. But for all her heartache the little maid was true to herself. Only Mrs. Purcell, with a mother's instinct, divined that something and under the vents, and find out what it means.

Oh, what a miserable day it was! All the little, carefully prepared for pleasures were as so many goads and stings to poor Polly. The turkey choked, the children's means.

Oh, what a miserable day it was! All the little, carefully prepared for pleasures were as so many goads and stings to po

which, barbed with inward misery, had a smart answer ready for all and each. At last the long dinner ended, amidst praises loud and high. The fire was replenished, the lamps lit, evening and a general romp set in. Amidst the bustle Polly could slip away for a moment unperceived. She has 'found a thing to do,' as Mr. Browning says.

Climbing a chair in the dark pantry, she fell about. Yes, there it was. Just so she had meant to come and lift it down for Phil. With tight set lips she carried the dish through the hall to the back door, where Jowler, a faithful beast of nondescript breed was wont to lie on a convenient door mat.

nondescript breed was wont to lie on a convenient door mat.

'Jowler, Jowler—poor fellow,' she said, 'here's something for you,' and she beld out to him Phil's pie.

Never was a dog awakened by dantier morsel. It was not a very heroic vengeance that, but somehow it suited-Polly's feelings, and there was a certain tragic quality in her manner as she stood looking on at the demolishment which would have struck an uninterested specwould have struck an uninterested spec-

"lecause you have no right to speak to me—to anybody—in that way any more, now that you are married." 'Eh!' ejaculated Philip; 'and who says I am married?'

'So this was the cause of Polly's tears. was the reason she turned her back this morning. Then Polly does care for me a little—a very little?'

'A very little,' responded Polly, with a faint gleam of mischief from under her wet lashes.

'Forgive me, Phil.'
Phil did not prove obdurate. Before long the face came out of its hiding place, and, leaning on his arm, Polly stood for a happy moment to look at the rising moon, and taste the consciousness of bliss. "Jowler" stretched himself luxuriantly, yawned, then leaning up, his paws on Pollyke shoulder he gaye one loud bark.

helter of the warm and lighted room nusand (whose mand is 1mt), that, is she should live balf a century, she should never, never make, or he ever taste, a pic one-half so perfect as that which he for feited by coming ten minutes too late one

A MIDDLING COLD NIGHT.—Not long since a man walked into one of the three stores in a Western town, and inquired of the proprietor if he had any more of the brandy like the last he got there, and was told that he had. 'Well,' continued the customer, who was from a mountain town, 'I want to tell you about the last pint you sold me. I went home that night and hung the bottle up by the fire place. It was a middling cold night, and when I got up in the morning, I found the bottle had dropped on the hearth and broke into a thousand pleces; but,' continued the mountaineer, with animation, 'the brandy was all right!—there it hung

### SO GOES THE WORLD.

Our varied days pass on and on Our hopesfade unfulfilled away And things which seem the life of life, Are taken from us day by day; And yet through all the busy streets The crowd of pleasure-seekers throng, The puppet's play the showman's call, And gossips chat the whole day long, And so the world goes on.

Holmter.

Our little dramas come to naught; Our lives may fail, our darling plan May crumble into nothingness, Our firmest castle fall to stand; And yet the children sing and dauce, The money-makers laugh and shout, The stars unmindful, sull shine bright

Unconscious that our light is out,

And so the world goes on. The house grows sad that once was gay, The dear ones seek their Blessed Home, And we may watch and walt in vain To hear their well-known footsteps come And yet the sunlight checks the floor,
And makes the summer shadows long,
The rose-buds at the casement bloom,
The bird pours forth his cheerful song,
And so the world goes on.

And God goes on, and with our woe, Weaves golden threads of Joy and peace, Guarding with His heart of hearts, Our days of pain, our days of ease— He marks them all—the seed, the sheaves, The danger's smile, the mourner's tears, And keeps them safe-His children all-Through all the great eternal years, And so, thank God, the world goes on.

HOW THE FOOL TRICKED THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Never heard of Redmond O'Hanlan, the Irish highway robber? Well, that's surprising. The English Turpins and French Duyals couldn't hold a candle to French Duvals couldn't hold a candle to the Irish highwayman. But for all his shrewdness he met his match once, and I'll tell you how it was.

Redmond was a fine, strapping, gentlemanly fellow, and a devoted admirer of the ladies—as where is the Irishman that is not?—and what is more, a friend to the poor, as you'll admit when I tell you that his demands for cash were only made of those persons who could afford to meet them, and he delighted in forcing contributions from those who had the names of being hard landlords to their tenants. There was one of this class whom Redmond never lost an opportunity of

Redmond never lost an opportunity of taxing—for that was the polite name he gave to his own robberies. Every quarter day, this gentleman or one of his servants—sometimes more than one—was wont to make a journey of six or seven miles to call for his rents; and as regular as clock work, there was Redmond O'Han-len with some stout companions to rob

on a handsome roan mare,
'God save you my man!' says the gen-'God save your honor!' replied Jerry.
'What's your name, my man?' says the gentleman.
'Jerry the Fool, and I'm not ashamed

of it. What's yours?'
The gentleman took no notice of this nuestion. After awhile he says:
"That's a fine animal, you are riding, erry.' 'Falth, and I'm glad your honor like: it,' says Jerry; 'but it isn't myself that'd care to take a lease of his life. But he'll serve my term anyway, for it's not in much of a hurry I am traveling—I have only been to the village beyond to collect he master's rents for him-

the master's rents for him.

'Surely he is not such a fool as to trust
you with that job?'

'Arrah, why not?' asked Jerry.

'Why, don't you know that Redmond
O'Hanlan's on the road?' 'Redmond O'Hanlan, is it?' says Jerry 'Ugh! That for Redmond O'Hanian!' says he, snapping his fingers. 'Faix, Jerry the Fool is a match for a dozen of the likes of him any day in the week, and Sunday in the bargain.'

and Sunday in the bargain.'

The stranger laughed, and they rode
on in silence, till they came to a very
lonely part of the road, when he drew a
brace of pistols, and told Jerry to hand
over all the money he had about him, or he'd try if he had any brains by sending a couple of bullets through his head.

'Mela-murther!' roared Jerry, in a tone of surprise and fright. 'You don't mean to say that your honor is Mr. Redmond O'Hanlan?'

Perhaps your honor wouldn't mind firing a shot through my old beaver.' O'Han-lan did so, laughing at the trick. 'And now another through the breast

And now another through the bless you.

Any coat, and Heaven will bless you.

This was done. 'Now just one in the
skirt of it, and good luck to your honor.'

But I've discharged both of my plistols,
and I don't want the trouble of loadingthem again for you. 'Faix I should dearly like a shot thro

the skirts; it would show that I fought desperately. Are you sure your honor hasn't another pistol in your pocket that you wouldn't mind firing for a poor boy's 'Confound it! To be sure I am. Hand 'Confound It? To be sure I am. Hand over your money, or I'll beat you to a jolly with my horse-whip.'
'Well,' says Jerry, after a good deal of fumbling. I suppose, considering the trouble I've had in collecting these rints.

your honor won't mind going over the hedge after them.'

And he threw over a sack, apparently well filled with coin. Half laughing and half angry, the highwayman—first aimnan angry, the nighwayman—life alming a blow a Jerry with his whip, which he avoided by ducking—dismounted, and climbed over the hedge and no sooner had he done so, than Jerry slipped off the old hack, and mounted O'Hanlan's horse.

horse.
Bad scran to you, Redmond O'Hanlan, he bawled. 'Didn't I tell you Jerry the Fool was a match for a dozen of you! It's Fool was a match for a dozen of you! It's a sack of brass buttons you've gone over the hedge after, you thief of the world!' And touching the fine mare with the spurs, he galloped off, singing at the top of his voice the fine old Irish melody, 'Go to the devil and shake yourself!' O'Hanlan could not pursue him on the hack, and the cute fool had made him discharge his pistols. There was nothing for it but to walk away, cursing his own stupidity, to walk away, cursing his own stupidity and ever after, if any one wanted to p voke him, they had only to ask h

THE DIGGER INDIANS.

they came there were no circus, and fa dess mule, horse meat and whiskey. He flocks into the Fourth of July and other celebrations; he luxuriates in them; contributes nothing to the expenses; he has no idea what they are intended for, neither does he seem to care; but the cream of their enjoyment is his. He is unnoticed and uncared for by the superior race, laboring under no ban like the negro or Chinaman, he is the appliest, the

oounds of corned meat.

'You are very stupid, Thomas,' said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. 'You are a little donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?'—"They feed them better and kick them less,' said the arch little urchin. In a squire's office, the other day, an

WHERE was I, ma,' said a little urchin to his mother, as he stood gazing at his drunken and prostrate father,—where was I when you married pa? Why did you not take me along? I could have picked out a better man than he is.'

Is it wrong for me to use rouge?' asked a homely spinster of her clergyman.—
'What do you use it for?' "fo—to—make
me handsome.' Well, madam, I guess
it will do no harm for you to use rouge, or you are homely enough even with it.

THE writer of an obituary notice of an

A LOVING father in Missouri sent his daughter to a seminary to be educated, and when she returned, accompanied by a city lover, and sat down to the piano, the old man astonished the lover by say ing she 'could everlastingly paw ivory and howl.' The young man fainted away.

so overcome with gratitude that she

A somool teacher asked a new boy 'who made the glorius universe?' but the boy couldn't tell; so the teacher got a rawhide and told the boy if he did not tell he would whip him. The boy looked at the whip and snivelled out, 'Please, sir, I did; but I won't do it again!'

THE Rochester Democrat is slightly

lina courts, the grand jury, as is now usually the case, was composed partly of negroes. After being 'charged' in the usual way by his honor, the jury retired to their room, when one of the white jurors ventured to ask a colored exceeding it he understood the charge of associate if he understood the charge of the judge. 'Golly,' exclaimed the aston-ished amendment, 'he don't charge us nuffin for dat, does he? I thought we was gwine to get pay.

small pox. In three days he was out, hunting for a lawyer who would bring suit for damages against somebody, because it was only an attack of erysipelas.

Wait until she is at her tollet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew but one who had common sense about her. Wife will ask who that one is. You, with a sigh, reply; 'Ah! never mind.' Wife will ask you why you did not marry her.—You say, abstractedly: 'Ah! why, indeed?' The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow. time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

Odds and Ends. MARY CARY says that if husbands generally knew what their wives though of them, suicide would be a more common

Rates for Adles.

per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements in cried at a liberal reduction on the above rates Advertisements should be accompanied by the

Casu. When sent without any length of time

pecified for publication, they will be continued intilordered out and enniged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING. UARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every oil er description of Jos and Card Printing.

MEDICAL authority says sunstroke may be avoided by carrying certain things in the hat. Almost anything damp will do; but it should never be a brick.

AN Illinois wedding recently had to be postponed because the groom did not ap-pear. The weeping bride is said to have touchingly remarked, 'He always was that way! that way.

THE cat that serenaded a literary lady the other night has not been able to be out since; and the lady is minus one boot, one flower pot, a patent inkstand and a new chignon.

'Boy,' said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, 'what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?' 'Humph,' returned the boy, what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?' An old lady in Georgia who saw a lo-

can old lady in Georgia who saw a lo-comotive for the first time recently, look ed at it curiously for a while, and then, as it came puffing along, inquired anx-iously what 'pushed the darned thing along?'

WHEN a man is unable to tell the time

by his watch, because there are two hands, and he doesn't know 'which to believe,' it is a tolerably sure sign that he has partaken of more refreshments than his nature requires.: A BALMY fellow bragging that he could carry a barrel of pork without difficulty, was suddenly put to his trumps when told that he was frequently seen staggering under a load of less than 175

attoring was examining a surety touch ing his qualifications as bondsman. 'You have properly you say?' 'Yes,' 'Did your wife bring you anything?' 'Yes.' 'What?' 'Three children, sir.'

A METHODIST conference in Iowa, decided the other day 'that the movement now being made to enfranchise women is both wise and just, the genius of our gevernment, the rights of woman, and the good of society, alike requiring it.

A MAN in Danbury, Conn. uses whiskey to destroy the worms on his currant busites. The theory is that the worm becomes drunk, gets to fooling around, and finally falls off, and either breaks its neck outright, or cripples itself so that life becomes a burden.

estimable lady says that the bereaved husband was 'hardly able to bear the de-mise of his wife.' Imagine his disgust on reading in print that the bereaved husband was 'hardly able to wear the hemise of his wife.

A CONTEMPORARY prints this item: "A Chicago man presented his wife with a block of wood as a token of admiration. the received it on the fore-head, and was

fainted away. The generous husband has also given twenty-five dollars to the police justice.'

MRS. H., a young mother, was exhib-MRS. II., a young mother, was exhibiting with considerable pride to a number of admiring friends her first baby.—Finally approaching little Dan, a boy of five years, the happy parent said, 'Dan is not this a dear little baby?' Dan hesitatated a moment, turned up his eyes, and answered, 'Yes, but it's bald-headed.'

areastic on a railroad line in that vicinity It says that a gentleman took a train a few days since, on what is termed the huckleberry road, running between Avon and Mount Morris. After the train started from Avon he discovered that he had lett a valuable dog behind, but on arriving at Mount Morris the lost dog was found sitting at the station awaiting the arrival of his master. RECENTLY, in one of the North Caro-

A HARTFORD man was taken sick a few days ago. His physician said it was a case of measles, and gave him medicine. The next day, dissatisfied, he sent for doctor number two. He said it was typhoid fever, and he gave him medicine. The third day, still discontented, he called doctor number three. He sent him to the hospital, declaring it was a case of small pox. In three days he was out.

LOVE THAT IS BEAUTIFUL AND MOST RARE TO FIND.—A lady recently called upon an old man who had just lost his wife, with whom he had lived for forty years. She found him sitting with folded hands in his louely room, and while engaged in conversation her eyes rested upon something bright and soft which lay on his pillow. With a tremor in his voice on its photo. With attempt him who he said: 'Ah, madame, it is only my dear wife's old wrapper. You may think me childish, but at night I put the sleeves around my neck, and it comforts me.—Could human love find a more affecting

# BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

# Medical. ONE MILLION OF LIVES SAVED

NE MILLION OF LIVES BAVED

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 lis willing victims. Now, we would not be understood to say that any one regards dyspepsia with favor, or of the control of t

A CONFIRMED DYSPEPTIC. A CONFIRMED DYSPEPTIC.

But it is not our intention to discant on the horrors of Dyspepsia. To describe them truthfully
is simply an impossibility, but it is possibly to
point out a remed we have said that dyspepsia specification of the properties of the prope

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Would you know more of the merits of this wonderful medicine than ean be learned from the experience of others? Try its yourself, and when it has failed to fulfil the assurance of its efficacy given by the proprietor, then abandon faith in it.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED,

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

They are not alcoholic in any sense of the time. They are not alcoholic in any sense of the time. They are not alcoholic in any sense of the time. They are not alcoholic in any sense of the time. They are not alcoholic in any sense of the time. They are not alcoholic in the prepared by one of the ablest German chemists. Unlike any other Bitters in the market, they are wholly free from spirituous ingredients, The objections which hold with so much force ag- inst preparations of this class, namely—that ac' iroto intoxicating drinks is stimulated by the use, are not valid in the case of the German Lets. So far from encouraging or inculating it taste or destruction of bit of the control of

cleansing the vital fluid of all hurtful impur les and supplying them with the elements grutine healthulness. In a word, there caredly a disease in which they cannot be derived a disease in which they cannot be nost generally prevalent distressing and dread

safely and beneficially exployed; but in that
most generally prevalent distressing and dreaded diseases. If Yes SPAND UNRIVALED.
Now, there are certain classes of persons to
where extreme itters are not only unpalatable, 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 alchobol stimulant is required in connection with the well-known Tonio
Properties of the pure German Bitters. This
Tonic contains all the ingredients of the Bitter,
but so flavored as to remove the extract politics.
This preparation is not contract but to
soft the German Bitters. The solid extracts of
sometimes, in modifications are held
into the properties of the pure of the German Bitters. The
solid extracts of
sometimes of the German Bitters are held
intitly in cases of languor or excessive debiling where the system appears to have become
exhausted of its enengies,
even the letters of the contract of the contract of the general substances of the German Bitters. The
exhausted of its enengies,
even the letters are pears to have become

or his invaluable Tonic. He has prepared another medicine, woich is rapidly winning its way to popular favor because of its intrinsic merits. This is

HOOFLAND'S PODOPHYLLIN PILLS.

HOOFIAND'S POIDERY HILLS.

a perfect substitute for mercury, without any of mercury's evil qualifies.

These wonderfair Fills, which are intended to act upon the Liver, are mainly composed of Podophyllih, or the

VITAL PRINCIPLE OF THE MANDRAKE ROOT.

ROOT.

Now we desire the reader to distinctly under stand that this extract of the Mandruke is may times more powerful that the Mandruke itself I is the medicinal virtues of this health-giving plant in a perfectly pure and highly concentrated form. Hence it is that two of 'the Podophylin Pills constitute a full dose, while anywher six to eight or a handful of other preparation of the Mandrake are required. The Phodophylin

ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER,

ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER, thimulating its function and causing it to make its biling its function and causing it to make its biling secretions in regular and proper quantities. The injurious results which invariably follow the use of mercury is entirely avoided by their use. But it is not upon the Liver only that their powers are exerted. The extract of Mandrake contained in them is skill ally combined with four other extracts, one of which acts upon the stomach, one upon the uppercents any griping effect, thus producing the uppercents and griping pains causing the second of the uppercent of the producing of griping pains come to all other purgatives.

Tossessing these much destrable qualities, the Podophyllin becomes live 'nable as a

FAMILY ME CINE.

GEO. S. EMIG. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 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 suiterers, 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 induce, they refuse to accept the relief profesed them. They turn a deaf ear to the testimony of the thousands whose sufferings have been alieviated, and with strange infatuation, appear to oling with desperate determination to thermalism of the summary of the CARLISLE, PA.

Wats and Cavs PRESH ARRIVAL

A full assortment of

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

exhausted of its enemers.

HOOI-LAND'S TONIC

acts with almost marvelous effect. It not only stimulates the flagging and wasting energies, but invigorates and permanetly strengthems its action upon the Liver and Stomach thorough' perhaps less prompt than the Bitters, when the same quantity is taken is mone the less certain. Indigestion, Field readily to its potent influence. It gives the invalid a new and stroager hold upon life, removes depression of spirits, and inspires cheerfuldess. It supplies the pain of disease with the ease and comfort of perfect health. It gives strength to weakness, throws despondency to the winds, and slarts the restored invalid upon a new and gladsome career. But Dr. Hoofmand's benefactions to the human race are not confined to his celebrated

GERMAN BITTERS.

or his invaluable Tonic. He has prepared allows. aiways on hand. He desires to call the attent to persons who have

# Plumbers, &c. 4 4 4 4 4 4 4

PLUMBERS.

No. 18 North Hanover St., CARLISLE, PA.

Lead, Iron and Terra Cotta Pipe

act upon the stomach and bowels, carrying off improper obstructions, while the Bitters of Tonle purify the blood, strengthen and invigorate the frame, give tone and appetite to the stomach, and thus build up the invalid anew. Dr. Hoofinnd, having provided internal remedles for diseases, has given the world one main, by for external application, in the wonderfu preparation known as This. HOOF-LAND'S GREEK OIL.

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

Kiteumatism. Neuralcia, Toothache, Chilbhains, Sprains, Burns, Pain in the Back and Loins, Ringworms, do., all yield to its external application. The numer of cures effected by it is astonishing and they are increasing every day. BRASS WORK or Steam and Water constantly on hand WORK IN TOWN OR COUNTRY

Bep. 1, 70—1v is astonishing and they are increasing every day.

Tuken internally, it is a cure for Heart-burns, Kidnoy Diseases, Slok Headaches, Colic, Dysentery, Cholora Morbus, Oranps, Pans in the stomach, Colids, Ashima, &c.

The Greek Oil is composed entirely of healing gums and essential oils. The principal engredient is an oily substance, procu ed in the Southern part of Greece. Its effects as a destroyer opain are truly magical. Thousands have been effitted by its use, and a tril by those who its inestimable waith to souther the substantial of the control of the Color of the German Medicine Store, No. 631 Arch St. Philadelphia. NOTIONS WHOLESALE AT CITY PRICES.

L. STERNER & BRO., LIVERY AND SALE STABLE, BETWEEN HANOVER AND BEDFORD STE

Having fitted up the Stable with new Carri-aces, 4c., I am prepared to furnish first-class urn-outs, at reasonable rates. Parties taken to ind from the springs. April 25, 1867.—29

Chas. M. Evans.

ET These remedies are for sale by druggist

# Poetical. AROUND THE HEARTH.

BY GEORGE HOWLAND, Whatever be our earthly lot, Wherever we may roam, Still to our hearts the brightest spot Is round the hearth at home;

The home where we received our birth,
The hearth by which we sat,'
No other spot on all the earth,
Will ever be like that.

When wearled with our eager chase Through many a tangled path, How sweet the dear accustomed place, To talk around the hearth:

Though wildly roared the storm without What recked we of the cold, What place for any fear or doubt, Within the loving fold?

To flood our hearts with peace And brighter with the passing years

# Miscellaneous.

POLLY'S PIES.

An approaching footstep cut short the soliloquy, and, blushing rosy red, she caught up one special pie, and hurried it into the table drawer. Next moment her mother entered.

'Well, Polly, done?'

'Yes,' mother. Come and look at them.'

lucky in my loaf cake?"
'Indeed you, were, and it's a trying cake, too. Suppose you frost a couple of the loaves for to-morrow evening, and put the rest away in the tin. You must be sure and wrap them up well. Did you ask anybody to come in the evening hesides the Watsons and Jim?

all-about it. But Philip is always welcome anyhow.'
Polly said nothing. In her secret soul
she did not believe Phil had forgotten.
How distinctly she remembered about
that promise! All through the short
vacation, so vaguely alluded to as 'in the
summer,' they had been together, Phil
and she, gardening at the rate of a mignonette seed to twenty minutes' conversation; 'botanizing' (Heaven save the
mark! Polly hardly knew the difference
between a pistil and a pistol); dawding
at the gate under the pluk sunset till the
moon shy and silvery above the pink,

tator as infinitely comic. As the last crumb vanished, however—the last twirl of the "P—a different mood asserted itself. She put her head in childish fashself. She put her head in childish fashion against the door, and, with the empty pie-plate in her hand, began to cry—a silent, miserable crying, with a little dumb moan running through it like a child's. It was just then that somebody passing up the walk came upon her—somebody who, in his haste had come 'cross corners' and leaped the garden fence in his way. A tall, brown-haired fellow, with merry, kind eyes, in which wonderment shown as he took in the astonishing speciale. spectacle.
'Hallo!' he began; why it's—bless my

"Halfo!" he began; why it's—bless my soul! Polly! Why, Polly—what is the matter, dear.?"

At the sound of the voice, Polly started, as if stung. She gave a little scream; then recollecting herself, would have dashed past him into the house, but a strong hand held her back.

'What is the meaning of this?' said Phil. 'You here, and crying on Thanksgiving night—the night when we were going to be so happy! Tell me what it is, Polly darling! Can't I help you? Aren't you glad to see me?'

'Philip Ralston!' said Polly, too furious to weigh her words, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

'Why?' 'Why?'
'Why? you ask me that? Because'—
'Why? you ask me that? Because'—

I am married?'
Polly, with dilating eyes, perused his face. She could not speak.
'I'm not married!' went on Phil, whoever says so: 'And I can't imagine how ever says so: 'And I can't imagine how such a thing got about. And that you should'—he stopped.

'The lady in church,' gasped Polly.
'Well! what about her?' said Phil, sharply. 'That was Will's wife—my brother Will, you know, or rather you don't know, for you were a little girl when he went to South America. It seems he ran away with a heauty and heiress, and the letters they wrote never reached us; and the first thing I knew, there they were in New York, and poor

reached us; and the first thing I knew, there they were in New York, and poor Will miserably knocked up by the voyage, and a pistol-ball one of her relations sent after him. So I didn't let father know, for fear of worrying him; and when Will got better, we all came up together. That's the story, Polly; but I did think you trusted me a little.'

'Oh, I did, I do; and I was miserable, Phil.' went on tensing Phil, availing himself, manlike, of the opportunity; and that was the reason she turned her back this

Enough to put confidence in my word when I assure her that I shall now never marry—never—unless somebody I know, marry—never—unless some body i know, some body who has proved very faithfess, and hurt me not a little to day, should learn to believe me, and to like me well enough!—squeezing a little brown hand as he apoke—to take me for a husband herself? What do you say, dear?' for the pretty rosy face had vanished into the sleeve of his coat, and for all questioning no answer could be won but a little, sweet, half gurgling, half sobbing, 'Forgive me, Phil.'

Phil did not prove obdurate. Before

yawned, then leading up, in place of Polly's shoulder, he gave one loud bark, of benediction, perhaps, or may be self-congratulation that this consummation, devoutly to be wished, did not happen sooner, to the detriment of his dinner. A moment, then Phil drew Polly into the shelter of the warm and lighted room, and the door was shut.

There is another 'young Mrs. Ralston' now, whose pastry is said by the good house wives in the neighborhood to 'beat all, and whose dainty ways are very like our Polly's; but she always assures her husband (whose name is Phil.) that, if she should live helf a contrave she should

Thanksgiving. And he says-But it is no matter what he says.

with the after clew of 'helfer' just below.
She remembered the exact position in which Phil stood as he held the hymn-book open for his—wife. Once he half turned and glanced at the gallery. That was too much; Polly drew tight the green curtain and looked no more.

A CYNICAL lady, rather inclined to dilrt, says most men are like a cold—very easy caught, but very difficult to get rid of.

A LITTLE girl in Union county being asked, 'Who was put into the lion's den?' replied 'I don't know, I didn't go to that of.

The condition of the Digger Indian has been improved by the white occupation. He has more horse meat and more stale beef; he lives in framed cabins instead of wig wams; he carries a rifle or a shot gun in place of a bow and arrows; the bucks affect in dress a sort of Mexican-American and Indian dandyism; the squaws, in hoops and calico, approximate dimly to the fashion. In many cases his house is furnished with stoves, chairs and bedstead; he pays no taxes; society imposes on him no burdens or duties; he has no legitimate business; his faithful squaw pans out a few bits per-day from some crevice in the ledge; or totters from the market with an immense funnelshaped basket, full of abandoned beef and shin-bones, while he, unburdened, follows after; no infection of woman's rights has yet reached this tribe. Occasionally he murders a friend; but the American law does not descend to his sphere, and looks on such transactions in the same light as when one mule kicks another to death. The largest settlement is near Jamestown, consisting of some twenty or thirty houses and wigwams in an irregular huddle on a mound shaped elevation near the road. Here, on a plazza in front of the town, during the hottest of the day, may be seen the bare-headed squaws, sitting in semjeticles, gossipping over the last circus. A circus is the Digger's chief glory. It is for this he blesses the advent of the Americans. Before they came there were no circus, and far ess mule, horse meat and whiskey. He

gro or Chinaman, he is the supplest, the healthiest, freest, most independent man in America. His head, uncovered to the sun, bears a black mane thicker than that of a horse; he lives and lives, and becomes more and more shrivelled, and drier and drier; but still he lives, until a hundred, and a hundred and ten, or an hundred and twenty, or a hundred and fifty; no one knows how long; for his undoctored vitals are so tough and strong that they keep to their work until the

### mumified carcass—San Francisco Call. MARRIED WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

A Mr. Thomas Cooper, an Englishman, has published an account of his travels in Thitet, which he visited disguised as a Chinaman. Among his stories is the

that they keep to their work until the last drop of blood is fairly dried out of his

to call for his rents; and as regular as clock work, there was Redmond O'Hanlan, with some stout companions, to rob the collector as he returned home. Every means was used to elude him, but to no purpose; he had spies everywhere, and tried to get the exact information which he wanted in advance. So one quarter day, when the gentleman's servants asked him about going for the rents, he swore at O'Hanlan, and said he did not set the use of collecting money to hand over to him.

Now this gentleman had on his estate a boy called "Jerry the Fool," who had the run of the house, and made fun for himself, and when he heard what the master said, he immediately asked to be allowed to go after the rents for once, and declared that he would know the way to bring them safe home. Of course he was only laughed at; but when he represented that no harm could come from trying, as he couldn't do-worse than all those when had gone before him, the master agreed to humor him. Upon that, Jerry made some preparations as were necessary, chose the worst horse in the stable—an old horse, half blind, and three quarters hame—and started on his enterprise,—those the worst horse in the stable—an old horse, half blind, and three quarters hame—and started on his enterprise,—those the worst horse in the stable—an old horse, half blind, and three quarters hame—and started on his enterprise,—and started homewards. Towards the evening, as he was quietly jogging along on the old hack, and was just entering a long lane with high hedges on each side, a tall, fine-looking man rode up to him on a handsome roan mare.

God save you my man!' says the gentium. God save you my man!' replied Jerry.

The meaning the fielden as a dissolution of the martiage. On his way back he was joined by a Thibetan dame, about thirty, years old, who said she had come to him with the consent of him at the run of the house, and mand fine the run of the house, the consent of her husband, to supply her daughter's place. We can well imagine

Mr. Cooper's surprise at meeting with this novel proposal on the part of his mother-in-law. A MAD JUDGE.—A judge in Western Pennsylvania went to the river to bathe the other morning, and while he was the other morning, and while he was swimming about, some abandoned scoundrel stole all his clothes, except his high hat and umbrella. We won't try to tell how mad the judge was, because, altho' the English language his copious enough, its most efficient and vigorous adjectives are entirely unequal to the expression of certain degrees of emotion. But he stayed in the water about four hours, experi-menting with the different kinds of inprecations, and endeavoring to select two or three of the sturdiest objurgations for application to the thief. At last he came out, and after mounting the high bat, he opened the umbrella and tried to cover his retreat up the street toward his own house. It appeared to the judge that all house. It appeared to the judge that all the female pupils of the boarding schools and one Woman's Rights Convention, were out promenading that day; and the judge had an awful time going through the Zonave drill with the umbrella.—When he reached home he heard that the thief had been captured; and the judge is now engaged in writing out his charge to the jury in advance of the trial. Those who have seen the rough draft say it is the most picturesque law paper ever it is the most picturesque law paper ever

drawn up in that county. 'I do, indeed. So hand over, my man, and look sharp about it.'

'But faix, its kilt intirely by the master I'll be if I go home without the rents.'

'What's that to me?' said O'Hanlan.

'Anyhow,' says Jerry, 'I must show them that I had a murdering fight for it. Perhaps your honor wouldn't mind firing and being then estimated at \$1,250,000. well known diamond became part of the spoil of the Anglo Indian army, on the conquest and annexation of the Punjant, and being then estimated at \$1,250,000, there was great joy over such a prize.—Without at all consulting the army, Lord Gough and Sir Charles Napier, who were in command, audaclously presented the great diamond to Queen Victoria in the name of the combatants. It was not the general's right to rob the army by bestowing the greatest of the spoils of war upon the Queen, nor ought she to have accepted it without seeing that the poor soldiers had been paid for it. From that time the Indian army have not received a shilling for the capture of the diamond, and Victoria has retained the gem as her and Victoria has retained the gem as her own personal property, instead of placing it among the crown jewels belonging to the British nation."

PUTTY AND PAINT.-However much PUTTY AND PAINT.—However much these two articles may be used to hide deficiencies and cover up faults by the dishonest tradesman, in the hands of the farmer they may be made to do excellent service. Possibly the wagon, the plows and harrows, that have been in active employment during the summer, have had their seams or cracks opened by the sun's heat. Now is the time to stop those seams or cracks with putty and a touch eams or cracks with putty and a touch seams or cracks with putty and a touch of paint, before the fall rains soak in and commence to rot the wood. Repeated swelling and shrinking do serious injury to all wooden implements, and now, that they are well shrunk, is the time to look after them and prevent the swelling which will occur if damp or wet is allowed to penetrate. Forks, shovels, axes, and all tools with wooden handles should be rubbed with linseed oil while dry.—
They will have their elasticity preserved. They will have their elasticity preserved and their durability and appearance improved thereby.

THE Davenport, Iowa, printers seized a circus and menageric the other day for not paying its bills, and now each editor is the happy owner of a Swine-oupalas, or Giasticutus, or a Hippopota-tiemise, or an Alaskan Sea Lion. When subscribers rage and a man comes in and wants to know 'who wrote that article," the editor unchains his menagerie, and the insulted fellow has a

# VOL. 58.--NO. 12.

The condition of the Digger Indian has

'I SAY, Jones, that's a shocking bad hat of yours. Why do you wear such a hideous thing?' 'Because, my dear fellow, Mrs. Jones declares she will not go out of the house with me till I get a better no.

HOW TO QUARREL WITH A WIFE .-