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BRATTON & KENNEDY.

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Poetical.

LINES, TO KATE.

There's something in the name of Kate Which many will condemn; But listen now while I relate

The traits of some of th There's advo-Kate, a charming miss, She'd lead you in the paths of bliss,

There's dell-Kate' a modest name, And worthy of your love;

She's nice and beautiful in frame. As gentle as a dove,

Communi-Kate's intelligent. Her fruitful mind is ever bent, On telling what she knows

There's intri-Kate, she'd so obse For she is often very sure. To put your wits to rout

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn mind.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest, Much given to dispute; Her preying tongue can never rest,

There's dislo-Kate, quite in a fret, Who fails to gain her point

And sorely out of joint. Equivo-Kate no one will woo The thing would be absurd: She is too faithless and untrue,

You cannot take her word. There's vindi-Kate she's good and true. And strives with all her might

There's rustl-Kate, a country lass, Quite fond of rural scene; She likes to ramble through the grass, And through the evergreens

Of all the maidens you can find, There's none like edu-Kate; Because she elevates the mind

Miscellaneous.

JENNY IRVING;

The Little Milliner.

Ecorge Lenox was a clerk in the whole sale grocery store of Messrs. Moore & Reese in one of our Eastern cities. Geo 🔊 was an ambitious young man, had many bright hopes of the future, and was generally in good spirits, though sometimes the great highway of life seemed darkened and the star of hope shone feebly on his path. But George was honest, and Messrs Moore & Reese had long since come to the conclusion that he was just the clerk for them.

Some distance from Messrs. Moore & Reese's-away down street, a quarter of a mile, perhaps, and nearly opposite George's boarding place, was a milliner's shop-a real fancy shop with a handsome sign, large windows with splendid curtains on the inside, displaying a rich and heautiful array of those dear treasures that so delight the fair sex, viz: dear little bonnots, all styles, and trimmed in every imaginable way, with bright ribbons and taste by the fairy hands of blooming

maidens. Were not these attractions? Yes, George never passed the door of Madame Josephine Lavelle, from Paris, without casting a glance into the window or thro those beautiful plate glass doors.

George did so often, for he often passe on his way to and from his boarding house; but it was not for the sake of catching a sight of the bonnets or ribbons of Madame Josephine, for he could see them equally as fine in other millines hops in the neighborhood, but it was to steal a glance and get a good look as often as possible at Madame's little Jenny Irving, or 'Queen of Beauty,' as she was

Yes, Jenny Irving, the orphan or 'poo orphan,' as some termed her, was Madame Lavelle's favorite apprentice, and possessed the first love of George Lenox. She had caught a prize without angling

In our hero's estimation she was the most bewitching of maidens. Her tiny, but faultless form, golden hair, bright blue eyes, dimpled cheeks and dainty mouth offered attractions which he could not resist; and then her voice, so sweet and musical, was melody itself, and her almost baby hands, so fair, and soft; and her fairy feet that seemed scarcely to touch the ground on which she trod, actually charmed him and completed the conquest which Cupid-little knavehad so artfully planned and so success fully carried forward. After having secretly admired Jenny for months, George one day became acquainted with her-no matter how-though of course, in the same way that all young people get acquainted who are struck with each other's appearance—first, an introduction at some party or social gathering, with an 'I'm happy to make your acquaintance,' on the lady's part, and 'allow me to see you home,' on the gentleman's; then a moon light walk, with a great many silly, foolish remarks made on both sides, concludes the first day's ceremonies. Of course, this mode of proceeding soon makes fast friends.

George continued to attend to business closely, but his evenings were generally his own, and then, when Jenny was not busy, of course they had delightful

Jenny was not by any means without other admirers. Many a young man in the neighborhood would discommode himself much to accommodate her, and consider himself well paid if he could thus win a smile or 'thank you' from her

But George was her favorite lover, and he sedulously improved his opportunities until finally, it was whispered around, and pretty freely, too, that he and Jenny were engaged. Such reports slways spread like wildfire, and this one was not

long in reaching the ears of Mr. Moore,

one of his employers. Mr. Moore had a daughter who took quite a fancy to our friend, and he was aware of it, but could not reciprocate the compliment. Her father also knew it, and knew that George was a smart fellow, and would, as he often said, 'make a stir in the world.' He thought that George and his daughter would make a good match, and that the former would | 'she is trying to mistify me a little by |

American The

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1872.

sal. Therefore, soon after Mr. Moore first heard the foregoing report, he called George to one side and 'opened the case' o him, concluding by hinting at a part-

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. •

The old gentleman's proposal took George somewhat by surprise; but as a young man of principle, he felt in duty bound to give an immediate and decided

'I feel flattered by your preference,' said he in reply, and it is very gratifying to me to know that you hold me in such high esteem; but I cannot accede to your proposal-I am engaged to

'Well, sir, as you please,' said Mr. Moore, with a suddenly assumed sternness of demeanor, but you will lose much by your decision. Allow me to ask who your intended is?'

'Miss Jenny Irving.' 'Miss Irving!' said Mr. Moore, with feigned astonishment, 'Miss Irving, a

penniless girl. 'Yes, sir, and an orphau,' was the quick 'Indeed, an orphan?' said Mr. Moore

well I pity her then, as I doall orphans but really George you are throwing your self away—you'll not get a cent by her. 'I know it, sir, and do not wish it,' re plied our hero, with spirit. 'I marry her for herself, not for her money. 'Very well, sir,' said Mr. Moore; an

turning away he soon left the room 'Ah, ah! my lad, in love with Madame Lavelle's queen, the little milliner,' said young Tom Moore, addressing George as the former came rushing into his father's store, one afternoon, soon after George's conversation with Mr. Moore. Ah, ah!

in love, eh?' 'Well, yes, I suppose I might as well own up first as last,' said George with a

'Of course you might,' said the former Well, man, what's her dower? 'Youth, beauty and a contented mind is her dower,' replied George, 'and that's

nough for me. 'Enough!—that support you, eh?' said Moore provokingly. 'No, but will make me happy,' said

'Happiness and poverty are two exact opposites, in my opinion,' replied Tom, and such as you will find hard work, I'm thinking, to reconcile to each other.

'I'll try it,' said George. 'Well, do, if you please,' replied Tom neeringly, and by and by report progress. I fancied that girlimyself, but I'm sure I can't marry a beggar. A wife you a little, I will solve the riddle.' vithout money is a poor prize in my esimation.'

'Jenny is no beggar,' was on George's lips, in reply but ere he had time to peak he was summoned to a customer. 'Jenny will show them her value yet,' said a low musical voice behind him, and turning, he saw Jenny, who had glided in noiselessly to bring him an invitation to a party which she had just received for him, holding another also in her hand, on which her own name was distinctly written.

She had unintentionally heard young Tom Moore's remark, and well undersaid, with usual emphasis, 'Jenny will her money; and that for this reason she w them her value vet.

But a few days elapsed ere the story ot around that George had been offered the hand of the rich Mr. Moore's daughter in marriage, and had declined it for

Some wondered at his choice, while others considered it one of true love and consequently one of wisdom. Time were away, and a year brought around the day fixed for George and

Jenny's wedding. One evening but a few days previous to the time appointed, they were conversing together at Jenny's aunt's, where she

'We shall be obliged to have a plain wedding, I suppose, my dear,' said George, 'and commence life in a snug way, for my income is not very large, you know. 'As you please, George,' was the reply; any way that is most agreeable to you and in which we can live the happiest But,' said she, with a light ringing laugh, 'are you not going to take me to

church in your carriage?' 'In a carriage, perhaps, said George, though probably not in my carriage, as I have not the pleasure of owning one. 'Just so,' said Jenny. 'Well then supoose I send mine after you.'

'Yours!-that would be a joke, for a milliner girl hardly out of her apprenticeship, to set up a carriage of her own and send off after her intended on the morning of her wedding.'

'Stranger things have happened.' eem possible, or at least probable, in our

ase. You were not born to a fortune, enny.
'Indeed!' replied Jenny; 'your remarks are not calculated to give me a very exlted opinion of my condition in life; but I will forgive my future husband this time, as he has not yet very closely investigated my personal history. Of one thing, however, I am certain, and that not marry me for my money, 'little begar,' as I am, or at least as Mr. Thomas Moore saw fit to designate me.

Nothing more was said about fortunes n store for him, somewhat startling and as unexpected as any event that could happen to any mortal.

On his bridal morning, as he was dressing at his boarding-house, an elegant carriage with a span of milk white door bell, and inquired for Mr. George

'What does this mean?' was George's first thought. 'I engaged a carriage, but not near as elegant a one as this. There's mething wrong here.

'You've made some mistake in the name,' said he to the driver. 'I think not, sir,' replied the driver.

'Then who sent you here?' said George. 'Miss Jenny Irving.' 'Miss Jenny! impossible.' 'Yes, sir, that's her name, and this is

her carriage and horses,' replied the dri-'Jenny Irving,' said George to himself, musingly and striving to unravel the

mystery-'What street does she live on? 'Rand Street, No. 39 sir.' "The same. Ah, dear girl,' thought he,

pense; for no doubt she pays for it out of her own hard earnings. Well, I will gratify her and take a ride down to her aunt's in her carriage, as the driver nership in case matters turned out favorcalls it. It is her's, I suppose, while she hires it.'

> So in jumped the hero and was soon a Jenny's door. 'How do you like my traveling establishment?' said she as George entered the

'Oh, first rate,' was the reply, it is splendid. I see you practice 'women's rights,' and hire your own carriage. Well there's no barm in that, it will answer admirably for to-day and then the owner will ave it I suppose.'

After their marriage at the church they returned to Jenny's aunt's and sat down to await the arrival of some friends whom they were going to treat to a few ylands

'Undoubtedly,' said Jenny with

prepared for the occasion. 'Why don't the driver take that car riage home?' 'Perhaps he is awaiting the order o

he owner,' replied Jenny.

'Its owner! where is he?' 'His name is George Lenox, and he ccupies the very place where you now sit,' said Jenny; 'is any further explanation necessary?'

'George Lenox? Not me?' said George fairly starting from his seat. 'Yes, you, was the reply. 'It was my carriage, and I have now made you the

owner of it.' Your carriage!-why, Jenny, you surprise me,' said George; 'how came you by such an expensive establishment?

'I bought it and paid my own money 'Bought it-and-paid-vour-own money-for it?' Said George, slowly and pausing slightly before each word as it

weighing their meaning, for he was pro foundly perplexed. 'Yes, my dear,' continued Jenny " was mine; it is now your's. You are its owner, and there it stands subject to your orders. If you wish, we will drive to our country house, just out of the city

'Country house just out of the city! believe you are crazy Jenny,' exclaime George.

'Well, then what do you mean?' said he. Explain yourself. There is some mystery that I don't understand. 'I know you don't understand it, dear,

said Jenny, 'and now I have mystified

And then Jenny, with sparkling eyes and in her happiest mood, told him how that her parents had died when she was quite young and left her penniless, and in the care of her aunt, who had adopted her, and that forty years before a wealthy uncle in England—her father's brotherhad died, leaving her his large property amounting to seventy-five thousand dol lars, and that as there was so much courting heiresses for their money, she had resolved to keep the matter a secret and pass among people as a dependant for support upon her own exertions from day to day, so that if she was wooed at stood its meaning of her when she all, it might be for herself, and not for

> and served apprentic 'Am I dreaming,' exclaimed George amazed at a revelation from Jenny's lips so astonishing and unexpected, and which increased; if possible, the esteem ne already had for her, who could conceive so noble a project and so effectually

'No, George, it is no dream, but pleasing reality. You know I said 'Jenny would show her value yet.' I then referred to my fortune. Of my value aside from that it is not for me to neak. And now, said she looking confidingly into the face of him whose love she prized higher than all treasures Jenny entrusts to you herself and her fortune without any fears for their future safe keeping.'

George's income was now amply sufficient for his and Jenny's wants, but beng one who abhored idleness, he in a ew days, opened a wholesale grocery in the city, and was soon engaged in an exensive and flourishing business.

BENEFITS OF LAUGHTER.-Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of body that does not feel some waveled from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively-probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified-it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the 'Yes, may be, but the thing does not body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times,-And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than the do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a affords me no little gratification; you did | torpid patient 'so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time, just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription—a pill, or an electrie or galvanic shock: and shall study then, but George had a sudden surprise the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each natient.

A LIVELY girl had a bashful lover whose name was Locke. She got out of nationce with him at last and in her anhorses, stopped before the door, and the ger declared that Shakespeare had not driver springing from his seat, rang the | said half as many things as he ought to about Shy Locke.

> An Illinois lover closes his letter to his lady sentimentally as follows: My best loved one, I chawed the postage stamp on your last letter all to thunder, because I knew you licked it on.

> MANY ladies have ruined the shape of their ears by wearing heavy, massive ear rings, which not only spoils the shape of the ear by elongating it, but also produces headache and pains in the face.

A MR. DAY wished to join the Knights Cemplar, but was rejected on the ground that the days never did and never can mix with the nights.

FASHIONABLE boot makers cannot always cure ladies' boots if they are bad; feel highly complimented at the propo- sending round a carriage at her own ex- but they heel them.

THE GIPSY'S GLASS.

Clasy Thorne was sitting by her toils! table skipping a novel, while her maid, Emma, brushed her long, thick, silky Some people said it was false, behair. cause there was so much of it; other Christians were certain it must have been dyed, seeing that it had the peculiar bright, golden tint which is so ofter due to art, but Emma knew better .-That exemplary girl took the same sort of pride in her mistress' hair that a good groom does in the coats of his master's horses, and was never tired of brushing

it. Fortunately, the young lady took an equal pleasure in her passive part of the performance, and so both were satisfied. When the spoiled beauty did not know what else to do, she went up to her room, took off her dress, and had her hair brushed; it was a lady-like substitute for smoking a pine. I wonder that Darwin has not in-

stanced the pleasure we feel in being stroked the right way, in favor of the last theory. I believe that Cissy was very near purring, especially in thundery weather, when her hair crackled like an experiment.

'Well. Emma, did you go to the fair ?' sked the brushee, laying down her 'Yes, miss, I did.'

'And what did you see ?'

'I saw a horsemanship, where they rode standing, and jumping through loops, wonderful!' 'And did you go on one of the roundbouts that is worked by a steam engine which plays an organ?'

'No, miss,' replied Emma, .eieadc 'Do you know, Emma I should like , if no one saw.

'Lor, miss, they are crowded with suc

low lot, they are. Low lots, as you call them, seem nave all the fun,' said Cissy with a half sigh. 'And what else did you see?' 'I went to a-fortune-teller.'

'No : in a tent ?' There were little tents about, but it vas a very vellow cart I went into: not in the fair exactly, but in the clump beore you come to it. She's wonderful! 'Is she, though? What did she say? Tell me,' cried the excited Cissy, who

was troubled with yearnings after the supernatural. 'She told me all sorts of things which she could not have known natural; a mole on my back; how long I have been in service-

'Yes, ves, but the future; did she say anything about that?' 'She did more miss; she showed It.

'No?' 'In a round glass; as true as I'm stand ing here. I saw him plain. Your future husband?

'As is to be ; yes, miss,' These two girls had been playmate when very little, and there was much more familiarity between them than is customary with mistress and maid. So Emma had to enter into all the mysterious details of the cabalistic ceremony. 'What fun!' cried Cissy, 'I should like

to go; I will go! The fortune-teller's caravan is not actually the fair, you say; and there will not be many people about

'I don't know; I'll do it first and ask them afterward, for fear they might object. We will go to-morrow morning, directly after breakfast, mind.

Mr. Thorne was a steward: I do not mean an official attached to a steam packet, in charge of a china shop full of white basins, but a manager of large estates in the country; a well-to-do man, who had a small property of his own which he farmed in the most intelligent and neatest style, on the outskirts of the market-town of Littlelum, Mrs. Thorne was plump, good-natured and lazy, ye somewhat proud and sensitive; she fancied the country families were patronizing, and she would not be patron

Cissy was their only child, and they thought much of her, honestly believing that there never was such another baby -child-maiden. Of course, the paragon was never sent to school, and the governesses were selected principally with reference to their power of appreciating her

Nevertheless she was very charming and had two lovers-I do not mean admirers, but two men who were ready to marry her, if she would but choose one of them. But she could not quite make up her mind which of the brace to se

'If the gipsy would only show me which I am to take, it would save me a world of trouble,' she said to herself, with a smile, 'but of course that is all nonsense. Yet, if she did, I vow that I would be guided by it.

One aspirant was Pendil Frogmore: anded proprietor in the neighborhood, very poor; for though his rent-roll was fair one. his debts were enormous; but very handsome, and well set up. Indeed, he had been in the blues. I don't mean bad spirits, but a man in armor, commanding men in armor, and his wife would be undoubtedly county.

Charles Wilson was the name of the other; he was a young London solicitor. who had just been taken into a good firm, and was now on a visit to his mother, an Indian Colonel's widow, who resided at Littlelum. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Thorne were good friends, and so all was smooth there. Mrs. Wilson had murmured, indeed, when she first saw her son's incli-

'Would she be a companion for you, Charles? would she be able to take an interest in the same things you did?' 'No, mother, that is just what I want. I should hate a wife that was as clever as myself. But how can you fall to see her merits? She is such a very nice little party!'

'Partie, Charlie, partie; how dreadfully bad your French accent is! I grant that she would not be a bad match for you, from a worldly point of view.' Frogmore was the most handsome Wilson the more pleasant. Really, if

fate would settle the matter for her, if

would save Cissy Thorne a world of So the pretty bone of contention thought, as she started with her maid Emma, for Littelum Hurst, at 9 A, M. for Mr. Thorne breakfasted early, and his daughter presided, Mrs. Thorne being a

sluggard. Not a drum was heard, not a pandean note, as they stepped briskly along; the gingerbread husbands were covered up from the dust; the merry o-rounds were still; the clown was mending his dress; the donkeys breakasted frugally on each other's manes;

the fire-eater was trying a diet of bacon, bread and garlie for a change. Business never commenced in the fair till afteroon. But Miss Thorne's visit was not to the fair. To the right, some five hundred yards from the common, there was clump of sparse trees, and sheltered beneath them stood one of those old yellow huts on wheels which act so vividly upon the imaginations of villiage chiland the adventuresses turned aside to ward it.

Emma went first on the steps and tapped with the bright brass knocker: the door opened immediately, and a woman of the mystic race appeared-young handsome as a Spaniard, though her splendid black hair was rather coarse, it you come to examine it closely. Emm drew back to let her mistress enter first. .'Walk in, my pretty lady,' said the

gipsy; 'don't be afeared, I am quite

alone here. Although the fun of the fair did not mmence till late in the day, it was evident that custom came betimes to the sybil, for traces of night disorder had disappeared from the miniature interior. clean; obviously prepared for visitors.— The small apartment was still further reduced by a curtain, which ran on brass rings along a rod, enclosing a portion of

The gipsy examined Cissy's hand, and began making shots-centres through

nest; bull's eves, some. 'You are an only child, and your ather and mother would give you gold o eat, if you wanted it; when a child you were in great peril from a dog.' A ot more to the same effect, couched in vague language, but very correct. Cleay began to be very sorry that she had come. 'There's two gentlemen as is very sweet upon you, my pretty lady,' continued the unpoetle sibyl; 'if you marry one you will be unhappy all your life, but if you take the other you will be lucky, and live to be eighty and ride in our carriage and pair all the time." The idea of this very protracted drive rather amused Cissy, and that revived

her courage. After all, the woman might have made inquiries about her or he chance of her coming. 'And how am I to know which of hese gentlemen to choose?' she asked. in a bantering tone.

'Ah, that I cannot tell, my lady: but you can look in the Magic Glass for yourself, and see if it shows you aught.' have that, so a compromise was effected: the maid was blindfolded. Then the gipsy drew slides across the window on either side, producing a deep twilight .--Indeed, it was more like ground-glass than an ordinary mirror; ground-glass with a feeble light behind it. Presently the surface became covered with ill-defined, shifting shadows, which gathered so thickly as to obscure the whole of it; nd then it gradually bloored and a ho and shoulders grew upon it; it cleared a little more and revealed—the undoubted face of Charles Wilson. Cissy stood aghast in awe-struck terror before the supernatural intimation, when suddenly as she gazed the face before her became

scream and fainted. Fresh air and cold water soon brought her to; she left the gipsy and started

homeward. 'You see'd him, miss?' Icmma. 'Yes; and I'll never marry any one else, if I die an old maid. But, oh! tal ever received, being encouraged in our what can that dreadful expression on his face foretell? I feel that some dread-

ful calamity will happen some day !' one consulation; fate and Cissy's secret hit it off nicely. Girls are queer things. and she had hardly known that she preferred Charley Wilson as she did.

In due time he offered and was accept-

off for their honeymoon to the Lake of One evening Charles Wilson rowed his bride out in a very clumsy boat. 'How serious you are, Cissums!' he said, finding her less chatty than usual.

'Did that brave-looking beggar frighten you? Because, his frowsy head shall be punched if he did? 'Oh, no: oh don't offend him!' cried the young wife. 'I am sure he has got

what the Italians call the Evil Eye. --Has-he?---Well-never-mind;--the Americans have invented a potion which counteracts the effect.' 'Yes, when we return I will get that

gentleman from New York, stopping at the hotel, to concect us an eye-opener that will make it all right.' 'Oh, do i' cried Mrs. Wilson; and he husband paddled on. 'I say, Cissums,' he said presently resting on his cars, 'don't think that I

am finding fault because you have not got any faults, so far that would be absurd; but are not you rather supersti-'And if I am I have a right to be,' said

'Ah : eny particular experience?' and he wormed out of her the whole story. 'I am sorry I told you,' she cried when he burst out laughing; 'you don't be-

lieve it! You had better call me a story teller at once.' 'Believe it, my dear! I am ready to swear to it. You did not see my ghost, though; you were looking at me. I was in a terrible confined position, and that thief of a gipsy was so long about her preliminaries that I got a horrible cramp in my right calf, and made a face which I thought would betray me.'

The bride burst out crying. 'And you bribed my maid; and laid a plot with a common gipsy to deceive me; and nearly frightened me to death; and were laughing at me all the time-Oh!' she sobbed. 'All's fair in love,' said Wilson, sleep

ishly. 'It was unworthy of you!' she continued; 'you have married me under false pretences. I shall never feel the same toward you; I will never forgive

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

BY CAPTAIN MORTONS.

Polunteer.

In the year 1852 I, with three others, who were officers on the good steamship Winfield Scott, then lying at the wharf, at San Francisco, became imbued, as many others before us had been, with the pre vading gold fever. Resigning our positions in the good ship, we started for the amous gold mines of 'Carson Creek.' Our journey was accomplished on foot, we carrying our loads of provisions on our backs-the sun in the middle of the day terribly hot. The nights being cold, we would build a fire, and, wrapping our blankets around us, 'put us in our little beds,' and then compose ourselves to sleep, soon to be awakened by the dismal bark of the thousand cayotes, bears, and other 'insects' that would quickly surround us. A brand from the fire would cause them to scamper off in a hurry,

shaking the ground as they went. Pursuing our course in the daytime ur only guide through the forests being the innumerable 'sardine boxes' that literally paved the way and constantly i dread of meeting the noted cut-throat and robber, 'San Joaquin,' and his band, who were then roaming round the coun try, the terror of all miners, we finally at sunset of the ninth day, reached Car son's Creek, and took up our quarters is a deserted log cabin, standing apart some distance from any other. Building a fire and sending up to the store in the miners camp, on the hill, for some beef, we soon felt as if we were capable of meeting San Joaquin, bears, or 'any other man.'

On looking round in our room of the cabin, we discovered a platform raised about three feet from the ground (there being no floor), which evidently had been used as a bedstead, and three of us took our blankets and laid down to get some sleep, myself in the middle: the fourth one, whose name was Jack Davis, having been wise enough to bring his hemmock along with him, hung it high up in the rafters. Some time during the middle of the night, the fire baving gone out, we were awakened by Jack Davis yelling-'Jump up, fellers, jump up! There's a grizzly,' under the bed. He will soon

'The intelligence of our dangerous position for a time paralized us, and neither of us possessing the requisite amont of courage to get up, we soon became engaged with each other in a desperate strug gle for the middle of the bed, but I, being he strongest, managed to hold my own. Meanwhile Jack Davis, from his comparative secure position, half up on the rafters; yelled incessantly for us to get up and attack the bear-calling us cowards, sojers, and threatening to come down and lick us, bear and all, which brilliant performance he had no idea of attempting The gipsy said that Emma should My two bedfellows, falling in their atleave the caravan; but Cissy would not | tempt to get the middle of the bed, agreed with me to jump for the door, which we

But now another difficulty presented itself; no one knew how to open it. Our situation becoming desperate, we turned to face the animal, and from under the bed two large red eyes glared on us, while from the rafters came the consoling yells from Jack-'Now he's coming, look out! You're

which last advice every mother's son of us would then and there have gladiy consented to act upon. Another struggle now ensued between us three, as to which should be in front, suddenly convulsed with an expression or rather who should be behind, when of terrible agony. She uttered a little they finally succeeded in thrusting me in front, and at the same time the animal sprang out, striking me in the breast and face, knocking me down, and in my falling taking the other with me. Each one thinking he had hold of the animal while on the ground we gave one another the most unmerciful nounding that any mor-

blast vou, vou're 'soiers!' Go home!

good work by Davis veiling to us: 'Give it to him, boys! Now you've got him! until, after exhaustion, we found out our mistake, the animal having escaped through a large hole in the bottom of the door that we had not observed be

Striking a light, we presented a forlorn and ragged appearance, and concluded ed; and they were married, and went we were not much at mining life, if that which we had just passed through was specimen. Our thoughts were distorted by Davis asking us, where the hear was and if we had killed him. We made no reply, bot mentally swore that we would be even with him. The opportunity pre sented itself sooner than expected. In the morning we were invited by some of the miners to come to their camp and

give them the latest news from home.-We started in the evening, leaving Jack behind, as he preferred to sleep in his Relating our terrible combat, it cam out that instead of a bear it was a noon old dog that slept there every night, which accounted for the hole in the door. Our mortification at the absurdity of the whole affair was intense, and the miners laughed heartily. At midnight they accompanied us home, and reaching the hill that overlooked the creek where the cabin stood, it occurred to us that now was the time to get even with Jack. Firing our revolvers, throwing large stones on the roof, and velling like demons, 'San Joaquin!', San Joaquin!' we rushed down the hill only to see poor Jack come out in his shirt, jump the creek and bolt like shot up Bear's Hill, on the other side of the valley. Through the tangled underbush he went, his nether garment streaming out behind, and he was soon lost to

the gloom. Awaking in the morning, we saw the face of Jack peering through the door and such a face we had never seen before Scared is no name for it. The very life eemed frightened out of him. 'Fellers,' said Jack, has he gone?

'Who?' we replied. 'San Joaquin.' 'No: we hadn't seen anything of him. 'Jack, where have you been?' 'Fellers, I had an awful time last

ground and fought them as long as I could, and hurt some of them badly.'
'Well, yes, Jack; but what were you running up the hill so for?' running up the hill so for?'
'I was trying to catch the last one that
escaped,' said Jack.
At this we could hold in no longer,
and laughed till our sides ached; It finally came to Jack's mind that he had

been sold, and knowing the lies we had detected him in, he raved like mad, and

night. The band was here. I stood my

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HOUSEHOLD RECIPES. BEEF STEWED WITH OYSTERS .- Cut some tender beef into small pieces, and season with pepper and salt: slice some onions and add to it, with water enough it the stewpan to make a gravy. Let it stew slowly till the beef is thoroughly cooked, then add some pieces of butterrolled in flour, enough to make a rich gravy. Cold beef may be cooked in the same way, but the onions must then be cooked before adding them to the meat. Add more water if it dries too fast, but

let it be boiling when poured in. SPANISH STEAK.—Cut some onions very fine and put into a frying pan with plenty of butter, boiling hot. When fried quite tender, push to the pack of the pan. Season a tender loin of beef with pepper and salt, put it on the pan and cook till done. Put the oniohs over it and pour in the pan sufficient boiling water to make a rich gravy. Let all stew five minutes and

MUFFINS.—Three pints of milk; three or four eggs; small teacup of veast: piece of butter, size of an egg, melted in a little milk; tablespoon of salt; add sifted flour till as thick as buckwheat batter; eight or ten hours' rising; cook either in muffin rings, placed on a griddle, or pour directly on griddle in thin cakes. Powdered sugar and ground cinnamon served with cakes improve them.

MUTTON Sour .- A neck of mutton, veighing five or six pounds, three large carrots, three large turnips, two large onions, a bunch of sweet herbs; salt and pepper to taste; a sprig of parsley, three quarts of water. Lay the ingredients in a covered pan before the fire, and let them remain there one day, stirring occasionally. The next day put the whole into a stewpan, and place it on a brisk fire. As soon as it boils, take the pan off the fire, and put it on one side to simmer until the meat is done. When ready for use take out the meat, dish it with the carrots and turnips; strain the soup, let t cool, skim off the fat, season it, and thicken it with a spoonful of arrow-roof dissolved in cold water. Simmer for five minutes before serving.

WHY SOUP IS WHOLESOME.-Physiologically, soup has great value for those who to hurry to and from their meals, as it allows an interval of comparative rest to the fainting stomach before the more substantial beef and mutton is attacked. rest before solid food being as important as rest after it. Let a hungry and weary nerchant or lawyer rush in medias rusplunge boldly into roast beef, and what s the result? The defeat is often as preipitate as was the attack. When the ody is weary the stomach must be identified with it, and cannot therefore stand the shock of some ill-masticated, halfnound weight of beef. But if a small plateful of light soup be gently insinuated into the system, nourishment will soon be introduced, and strength will follow to receive more substantial material.—Scientific American.

TO BAKE A LARGE FISH WHOLE -Cut off the head, and split the fish down nearly to the tail; prepare a nice dressing of bread, butter, pepper and salt, moistened with a little water. Fill the fish with this dressing, and bind it together with fine cotton, cord or tape, so as to confine it: the bindings may be three inches apart; lay the fish on a grate or a bake pan or a dripping pan, and pour round it a little water and melted butter Baste frequently. A good sized fish will bake in an hour Serve with the gravy of the fish, drawn butter or oyster sauce.

HAIR brushes are best cleaned by washing them in saleratus or soda water, which removes all the olly coating. The alkali, of course, unites with the oil to

form soap, which aids in the cleaning. RHODE ISLAND BROWN BREAD .- One quart Indian meal, one pint rye flour, a small cup of molasses, one teaspoonful each of saleratus and salt, with hot water,

thin it enough to pour; bake three hours GLAZING FOR LINEN .-- Add a tenspoonful of salt, and one of finely scraped white soap to a pint of starch.

USEFUL REMEDIES. CHEST AFFECTIONS.—In the treatnent of chest affections, great attention is now rightly given to the choice of climate: and upon this as well as upon many other points to which we have een unable to allude, we could have wished to enlarge, but we have already overstepped our proper limits, and w would conclude as we began-that cough is a sympton that calls for investigation, and not a disease to be dealt with in a spirit of routine. It is too valuable a servant to be silenced and disregarded; better that our slumbers should be disturbed than that the enemy lruking at our gates should entrench himself in the citadel; let us not poison the watchdog, but be grateful for the bark which discloses the foe and prepares us to fight him.

EPIDEMICS.—According , to Doctor Ransome, bronchitis and catarrh are most common in winter, and diarrhea in summer; rheumatic fever, although rather more frequent in winter than in summer, may come on at any time, but is commonest in autumn. That scarlating is never entirely absent, and usually is most prevalent in autumn, Measles is essentially a disease of winter and spring. Whooping-cough, too. is, on the whole, more prevalent in cold than warm weather. Typhus fever is rare during the frost of winter, and the number of cases is low in early summer.

CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.- The following is said to be a certain cure for fever and ague: Take one tablespoonful of common chalk, pulverized, and one wine glass of vinegar. Stir briskly, and drink while in an effervescence, when the first effect of the chill is felt. Get into bed and wrap well in flannels. When if we had all indulged him in a fight, which we respectfully declined.

Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTIREMENTS Will bo inserted at Ten ('er terly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements in ents should be ac CASH. Whensent without any length of time tilordered out and charged accordingly

JOB PRINTING. CARDS, HANDBILLS, OFFICULARS, and every off r description of Job and CARD Printing.

Odds and Ends.

A LITTLE WIFE. I wish I had a little wife 'And let no one come nigh her I'd spend my days in happiness, I'd vegetate in clover, and when I died, I'd shut my cycs.

Lay down and roll right over. HERE is the most dog-goned affeconate poetry that we have ever seen : When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair, Oh! don't I wish that I were there When her fairy fingers pat his head.
Oh! don't I wish 'twas me instead; When Sally's arms his neck imprison, Oh I don't I wish my neck was his 'n; When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,

Oh! don't I wish that I was those ? FUNNY-that "square" dances are

oming round again. WHEN is a young lady "like a

whale?" When she's pouting. A WESTERN editor reports money close," but not close enough to reach. Twins, like misfortunes, never come

HONEY bees are winged merchants They cell their honey.

Ir has been said that pantaloons obained on credit are breeches of trust. Woman's silence, although it is less requent, signifies much more than

You feel the sensation from a lady's boot heel (present style) when she steps

on your foot accidentally. THE height of impudence-taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella

BECAUSE top dressing is good for

fields, it does not follow that it is good

Dr. LIVINGSTONE has died so many imes these last few years that people are beginning to call him Dr. Dying-

An enthusiastic editor, speaking of a new prima donna, says: "Her voice is soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop shop pantaloons.' Why should potatoes grow better

than any other vegetable? Because they have got eyes to see what they are doing. "My lord," said the foreman of an rish Jury, when giving in the verdict, we find the man who stole the horse

not guilty."

since.

of an excess in New York. Five hunters to one duck is the average in Oswego county, and then the duck gets way about half the time. A Young man in our town being harged with laziness, was asked if he

took it from his father. "I think not?

said the disrespectful son, "father's got

Duck hunting is carried to somewhat

all the lazine-s he ever had. An old stager was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold-water army," which he did, promising not to touch a drop of anything except in sickness. He has never been wel

"PAPA," said, a little boy to his paent. " ar^ not sailors very small men? "No, my dear," answered the father. "Pray, what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" Because," replied the young idea,

smartly, "I read the other day of a

sailor going to sleep in his watch." Some one says that the lion and the lamb may lie down together in this world, but when the lion gets up it will be hard work to find the lamb.

A swell wishing to make himself

interesting, asked, "Maria, what do

you suppose I was a hundred year-"Just what you are now, nothing at all," was the prompt reply. TRYING to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles .--

You may know what you are doing,

Josh Billingssays in his "Lecter:"

but nobody else does.

Rats came originally from Norway, and nobody would have cared if they would have originally stayed there. A lady friend remarks that they still show their gnawaway origin, A LADY had a favorite lap dog which she called Perchance. "A singular name," says somebody, " for a beautiful pet, madame. Where did you find it?"

"Oh," drawled she, "it was named

from Byron's dog. You remember

where he says, ' Perchance my dog may

THE story of a lazy school boy who spelled Andrew Jackson, "&ru Jaxon" has been equalled by a student, who wished to mark half a dozen new shirts. He marked the first one "John Jones'

and the rest "do." BREAKFAST AND DINNER,-A penniless young lawyer asked a millionaire for his daughter's hand. "I shall give my child a hundeed thousand lollars on her wedding day," answered the merchant. "It is a pretty little sum, enough to buy breakfasts for the family. Now will you have the kindness to tell me how you propose to furnish the dinners?"

"Oh, for that matter," returned the unabashed youth, "those you have breakfasted so well will not need any GUEST-" How came this dead fly in

my soup?" Waiter-" In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came to its death. Perhaps it had not taken food for a long time. dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it, contracted an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have a very weak constitution, for when I served the soup it was daneing merrily on the surface. Perhansand the idea presents itself only at this moment-it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this remaining fast in his throat, caused a choking at the windpipe. This is the only reason I can give for the death of the