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Poetical

He asked me if I'd have him. And I plainly told him no;. He wanted whys and wherefores But I would not please him so. A woman need not—need she? Distress herself for life,

. He laughed-then frowned upon me And said I was too curt;
That wit was more than smartnessI was just a mite too pert. I said it was his duliness That my wit he could not see ;

He sald I'd better take him, I'd miss some other man, Then give the world to catch him Wnen he'd changed his bridal plan I said he needn't fear it-There was many a better match

He said I'd better marry-Life was not always May : Because the right one's missing

Miscellaneous.

When you hear how it was, some of you will pity her; others who know nothing of the terrible straits some of us are required to pass through will judge her relentlessly. I have nothing to say -I only tell her story.

She was twenty-eight years old-old enough surely to have got wisdom.

She had been a fashionable woman ever since she 'came out,' ten years before. Or, perhaps, I had better say nine hearted, innocent girl. She thought no

How beautiful these first love dream are! Laugh at them as we may, when we get older and learn a thing or two; about a first love which remains always in memory, but which never comes in second love, no matter how pure and true

forget quite readily, but for Helen, it was a serious thing. She entered into her engagement with Ross Vancover. with solemn earnestness, and after she had promised herselt to him she deemed it wrong to permit another man to touch the hand he had clasped. The lips he not do, and so the days went on and the had kissed were held sacred to him alone last week in November was slipping -she said to herself that no other man should ever kiss her. She sang only for him; she read the books he praised—in short, she made herself a slave to his caprices and gloried in the thraldom. Per-

was unstable as water. Selfish and cross grained, caring only for his own gratifiand sought a woman more like himself. He grew cold to Helen, and she, instead win him back by kindness and love .-Not until his engagement with Miss Flora Stuyvesant was announced did she dying. For months she hovered between life and death but railied at last, and rose from her sick bed a changed being. All tenderness and feeling were crushed out of her. If she had any heart left, she did not know it from any manifestation

She developed into a most skillful and unscrupulous flirt-a woman who delib erately laid her plans to win men' hearts, and then cruelly trampled on them and tried to think she was happy in doing so.

night, when no eye but that of the Crearelieving. And in her breast there rose youth and innocence fled forever.

years dying of consumption. Aunt Margaret was her father's sister, and when Mr. Clare died he left the whole of his property to her, except a yearly annuity to his daughter. At aunt Margaret's death, everything belonged to Helen, but until that she had only this yearly stipened. It was a rather peculiar willof affection between him and sister.

life she was leading, it was extremly

She ran in debt. Sparingly at firstbut urged on by the revelry of her fashionable friends, she grew bolder, and borrowed larger sums. At her aunt's death she would be possessed of a coo hundred thousand, and it seemed rather hard, she thought, that she should have to calculate the cost of a dress before pur dollar brooch before making up her mine if she could afford it.

Aunt Margaret might have helped her but she was a stern, uncompromisin woman who had long ago renounced the sins and vanities of this world, and be lieved in sack-cloth and ashes mos thoroughly. An error she could not for give. Heaven knows how she woulhave dealt with a sinner.

Helen never went to her-she would as soon have died as asked Aunt Marga ret to help her out of the difficulty he extravagance had led her into, and it is not at all likely that the lady would have done anything of the kind if she had

the selection of a creditor.

The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1872.

not understand how it was that she had money! It was lying there in his desk haggard face she turned upon him, arever consented to become George Le- idle, and a part of it would save her from

He was a flourishing broker; a man property and good standing financiallybut utterly destitute of moral principle. He was a widower, and when he first bethat she should be his wife. In his fierce, passionate way he loved her, and she suited well his idea of what a woman should be. She was beautiful, graceful, accomplished and sharp witted-just the sort of woman be wanted to preside over his cosy mansion, and queen it in soci-

He had never wanted anything in his life without obtaining it, consequently Helen's coldness only made him the more determined.

She was in debt to him about three thousand dollars. He began his game carefully, for he had suited the ground well, and knew just where to place his force. She could not pay him until her aunt's death, and the old lady, though she had been at the door of death for so long a time, seemed in no wise inclined to enter in thereat. The physician said er sunrise, and yet she lingered—and

seemed likely to. In the first place Legrange asked Helen if she could not pay him part of what she owed him. He was so sorry-indeed, nothing would have tempted him to mention it but sheer necessity.

Helen told him frankly that she had not the means. He must wait. After that he grew importune, and declared that unless he was paid by the first of December, he would go to Aunt Margaret and telling her the whole story, demand

As I said before, Helen would have died sooner than have her Aunt know of her indiscretion, and she humbled herself to ask mercy of the man she loathed. Was there no other way? Nothing hat she could do to induce him to wait?

'Yes,' he said, 'there was one thing, if he would be his wife, the debt was can-Helen started up in disgust, but he put the case plainly before her; and in

er desperation she promised him that if she could not pay the sum due by the first of December she would be his. Oh, how she detested herself for the promise! How she wished that she night die, and end it all before the fatal

The kiss he had pressed upon her had burnt like fire-she dashed the hand angrily against the panels of her carriage. as she rode home, as if it had committed

an offence against her. Oh, how long, and eagerly, and wearily, she thought over experiments for obtaining money! If her whole prospective fortune could have brought her three

She could doubtless have raised money on her property, with her Aunt's probable decease so near, but that she would away

Of all her friends there was not one to whom she could go. She sat down and thought them all over.

her heart that she might dare to go to Clyde Archibald, and confessing every-

thing, throw herself on his mercy. And who was he? A proud, gravefaced man of thirty-four or five, who carcely ever deigned to notice a silly coquette like her : but was a power in him. self, and his strength was always equal

His character was bright and spotles his name a synonym for all that was

He had a suit of rooms at Aunt Marga ret's; and he boarded at the American

Helen met him of necessity frequent y, but there was little sociality between them. He did not seem drawn to herand Helen was too proud to try her arts on a man like him. Once she had dreamed of him. She saw his dark eyes full of tenderness for her-she thought that his lips touched her cheek, and then she awoke in a thrill of ecstasy for which she was at a loss to account.

Mr. Archibald was not a society man and he had a few intimate friends. John Markley was his most trusted compan ion. Markley was his confidential clerk, the son of a poor widow and her whole lependence, and a nobler-hearted fellow there was not in the world. It was credit to Mr. Archibald that he loved and appreciated the young man.

Even when Helen sat in her room thinking of Mr. Archibald, he enteredhis chamber, just a few doors further down the corridor. The weather was warm for the season, and both her door ly what he was saying to young Markley, never dreaming what a terrible in the hall. significance his words would yet have for

*Rusiness calls me to Savannah, John I shall be absent for six weeks, probably. I leave everything in your hands. And, thousand dollars in the secret drawer of my desk. I have neglected investing it but shall attend to it on my return. Archibald, after some further conve-

estion of no moment to us, went away. but before he left he came into Helen's sitting-room. 'I have so few friends,' said he, 'that

'I am very sorry you are going,' she ourney.'

'I certainly shall—that is, if you are i earnest in expressing yourself regretful,' he said, hesitatingly, and held out his

She placed hers within it. 'Good-bye,' he said, softly, looking in o her eyes, 'good-bye, Holen.'

There were three days of grace yet and then she must redeem her promis to George LeGrange. 'He came to the house the day befor nd said that nothing should induc-

him to show her any pity. Either the noney or the sacrifice.' Suddenly, after he had left, after she knew whether she were in the body or

a fate worse than death. She could replace it long before he would return, for a consultation of physicians had decided that Aunt Margaret could live but a few days longer. The last fatal symptoms came acquainted with Helen, he decided | had appeared and there would be no more dallying with the destroyer.

Helen was in that state when the pow er of judging between right and wrong stop to ask if it is wrong to steal bread to stay the cravings of hunger; the convict when he flees from his prison cell does not question his conscience to tell him if his flight is right.

To get out of Legrange's power was al that Helen thought of. For that she would have sacrificed her hopes of heaven. Good help her.

She rose and listened. No sound in Archibald's room, and then she remem bered that Markley was away. He had taken advantage of his partner's ab sence to visit his mother. Stealing along the corridor, Heler

tried the door of the study. It was fast but her key fitted the door. She brough daily that she could not live until anoth- it, and with trembling hands put it into the lock. She entered the room-there lay the

keys of the desk in a box on the table. Markley had forgotten them. Surely tue devil was making it easy for her. the secret drawer. The package of bank

notes lay before her. With eyes burning like fire and cheeks blood-red with excitement, she counted out the notes until she held the sum which would secur her salvation from that man's nower . In her hand. She closed and locked the lesk and drawer, and fled like a guilty wretch to her chamber. If she had allowed herself one moment for reflection. she would have returned the money and submitted to her fate, but she took no time to think it over.

As quickly as possible she drove Legrange's office, paid the money, and eceived the papers which bound her-Legrange was angry and disappointed, and would have put her off on some pretext, but he saw that it would be dangerous to trifle with her in that mood, so

he was fain to do the square thing.
'The devil take her!' ejaculated be angrily, as she closed the door between him and her' .'I would have given a score of thousands for the privilege of taming that haughty spirit.' Helen went home in a delirium of ex-

itement. She gave herself not a moment for rest or thought. There was a ball that night, and she was thereplendidly attired—and never before half o radiantly beautiful. But she said and did the strangest things, and people whispered together, and wondered what made her eyes so bright and her cheeks so red, and all the women were jealous of her, and all the men went raving

But later in the evening, pale and haggard, and cold as ice, she staggered to her arriage, and fell helplessly down among

For on being led to a seat by Colonel Angler, the lion of the evening, with whom she had been dancing, she had seen Clyde Archibald at the upper end m talking with He had returned-for some reason he had not taken the journey he intended

taking—and she was lost! The theft would be discovered—it would be traced The theft! Yes, she was a thief-a felon in the eyes of the law.

He might put her in prison if he chose and he was a just man—no doubt he would let the law take its course. She paced her chamber till day dawned, and then she remembered that she nust keep up appearance to the lastshuddering at the sight of the great cir-

white as death which last night had eeu red as roses. The sun rose-it was breakfast timeand she went down and passed through he farce of trying to eat.

On the anguish that Helen Clare endured! She wondered afterward how she sufferêd and yet lived. The terrible calm—this stillness of sus ense—she could not bear it! She must have excitement of some kind or she

She had an Arabian mare anddled which she had never yet mounted because it was deemed unsafe—but now she gloried in the prospect of danger. If the orse would only manage to throw her and break her neck, it would be the best thing that could happen. It would settle so much trouble and settle the whole affair much better than it could ever be settled otherwise.

She chose the most dangerous roadsshe goaded the mare to desperation, but at sundown she returned home safe. Mrs. Greer, the housekeeper, met he

'Such a strange thing has happened-Miss Helen, said she, 'Mr. Archibald did not have to go South after all, and when he went to his room this morning he found that three thousand dollars had cen stolen from his desk! And nobody but Mr. John (knew that it was there, an he had the keys! Strange that he should young man. But Mr. Archibald talks like a Christian about it. He says that he did wrong to leave it in that way, and that it was a great temptation to poor voung man.

The room swam before Helen's vision but she managed to answer Mrs. Greer mehow, and to escape to her room. A half-hour of stern self-communing of wild, passionate prayer to heaven for direction, and her resolution was taken. The innocent should not suffer for the guilty, She would go to Mr. Archibald

and give herself up. She took off her riding habit and their threw a wrapper around her. Her long, unbright hair had escaped from its fas enings and hung in a mass of half curling tresses over her shoulders. She did not stop to gather it up-in fact, she never thought of her appearance, and when a woman is sufficiently excited to forget her looks you may know that there

satumult within. She went direct to Mr. Archibald's study-entered without rapping, and had went herself half mad, and hardly closed and locked the door behind her .-Mr. Archibald sat before the fire, and out of it, a new thought leaped like rose when she entered to advance toward Looking back upon it now, she could lightning into her mind. Mr. Archibald's her, but something in the miserable,

She put her two hands on the back of the chair from which he had risen, and him the whole wretched story from beginning to end. She left nothing hid-Vancover, which had soured and warpis the least. The starving man does not | ed her whole nature, and then, step by step, she went on until he knew the secret workings of her heart better than she knew them herself. Not a word did

> chance for interruption. 'I ask for no mercy,' she said, in conusion, 'only for the time Aunt Margaret lives. It would embitter her last hours to know that the relative she has so long loved and trusted was a miserable crim inal. Only be slient until she is at rest, and then do with me as you will.' Archibald put out his hand and laid i

sent to no reprieve—I can give you none shall do with you as I do now.' And before she comprehended him he had drawn her into his arms and was issing her lev cheek.

'I love you,' he went on rapidly. 'It has been a long, long time since I knew how dear you were to me, but I saw you surrounded by crowds of admirers-most or them younger, hancsomer, more attractive, and I knew my chance would be small. But when you tell me that in this strait your impulses led you to come to me-that you longed to ask me to help you-I take courage. Helen, my love. tell me that I have misunderstood youtell me that you do love me!' She tried to free herself from his en

brace, but he held her fast. 'Sir,' said she, 'do you realize what you are saying? Do you remember that I am,

'I realize that you have been sorely tried, and that we are all liable to fall into error. And, Helen, a wife's faults are safe in the keeping of her husband Be mine, and I will teach you to forget that you ever lived until you came to me to be loved and cherished---He stopped suddenly, for he saw that she did not bear him-

Her cheek that rested against his was cold as death—and the parted lips he kissed were stirred by no breath. She lay

darkened chamber where Clyde Archibald watched the struggle between life and death.

He seldom left her, and so it happene that when at last sense and life returned o Helen, his was the first face she saw. 'Heaven be thanked I' he cried, fervently, seeing the glance of intelligence in her eyes. 'Helen, dearest, speak to

She put one feeble arm around his 'Dear Clyde,' she whispered, faintly

[thought you'had forgiven me.' 'And you thought right. Helen, as oon as you can sit up you are going to be my wife. I will never let you go into the world again until I have you for my own. I should lose you, and—
'No, you could never lose me, because

you are my world,' she said, softly, and

les beneath her eyes, and the cheeks the dense pine forest, broken by clumps of leafless oak or hickory, and winding in and out as it followed the course of the river; on the the other, the wide, snowcovered plain. A mile yet before a house

could be reached, and in that time-Brave as he was, Mr. Vance shuddered. At twenty-eight there was so much of life before him. He had reached a point where fortune began to smile upon him : and for the past six months his leisur hours had been bright with vlowing airastles, which all had Rose Ardley for their day dream. For her sake it was that he had undertaken this perilous journey.

Faster, faster! This turn showed him the flerce gleaming eyes that repeated themselves until there seemed to be hundreds. Rays of lurid light flashed out: lolling scarlet tongues, that thirsted for a draught of blood, and a dainty morse f flesh. A mis-step, a half-hidden hilock of ice to trip the unwary traveler, a noment lost, and he would be in the power of these ravenous animals. No onder his pulses quivered, or that he shrank from so horrible a fate.

More than once he had gone up and down the river for pleasure. More than once there had been a gay party; girls in do it. We all thought him such a nice their pretty skating costumes; but sweet est of all was Rose, her golden curls blown about by the wind, her cheek brilliant, her purple eyes dilating with enjoyment. Bright and coquettieb was be, fond of teasing him until his patience was almost exhausted; but a sweet loving girl in the midst of it. At midummer she was to be his wife. He had extorted that promise from her, though ne would fain have taken her long before. And yet, only the other morning they had fallen into a trifling dispute about this very visit. She wanted to go up for this Thursday evening; he did not see

is way clear to do it conveniently. 'Thursday is pay day,' be had said, alluding to his work and workmen. I never can get away on Thursday nights until dark. My horse has fallen lame, too Rose I cannot ride him after to-day.' 'You once thought skating up the river a mere pastime,' replied Miss Ardley, and her tone was a trifle sharp and

'In the day time, and with company, That makes a difference.' 'Oh, very well; if you care so little t come, there's no more to be said.' And she turned away with an air of suberb

'Rose, it is not that. I can come up Friday, and stay until Monday.'

'But Thursday night is Eleanor's birthnight. I thought of the pleasure to her, yourself out, however.

Charles Vance was not a man likely to be canonized for either meekness or patience, and she was purposely trying him He felt vexed. 'I'll come if I can.' concluded Mr

his eyes wandered over the waste snow. 'Very well,' she gally said. 'I shall expect you, mind. Good-bye.' And she kissed to him the tips of her dainty fin-He strode down the path, unhitched

his horse with a jerk, and went riding ever the road, never once glancing back. ot the semi-quarrel.

evening came his resolve was broken, af-'I must skate up,' he said.' 'The night tained, and then Rose was wrought up

'Hope there'll be no wolves abroad Mr. Vance,' said the brawny Englishman, Hugh, one of his workmen and warm

ridiculing the notion of 'wolvee.' He started. The night, as he observed cold. Half his journey had been accomplished, when he heard a shrill, sharp cry echoing from the woods. Then tance. For a moment his blood curdled in his veins. What were these cries?-

Nearer came the cry; and nearer, as if the dreadful animals scented their victim. He glided over the ice like light-

Faster, faster! Turns that frightfully lengthened his journey, but gave him a moment's respite, for his pursuers were

with him? Oh, if she could but know. In imagination there red tongues seemed to touch him. One of them was stopped for an instant, and ther they came on faster. Charles Vance's limbs were weak, his pulse throbbing from exhaustion, his very brain reeled The flery eyes seemed to scorch him with their lurid glare, and now he could hear the rapid, expectant breath. So near safety, and—a despairing cry broke from his lips. Rose, Rose! Farewell to her.

to happiness, to all. Rose Ardley, the centre of a gay group of cousins and friends, was this self-same evening doing her utmost to be attractive. She was fascinating at all times and seasons; but when she used a little effort. ould make herself doubly so. She had forgiven Charles Vance a dozen times since that last angry morning. He would be sure to come early, she complacently told herself, and be duly penitent. After all. Charles Vance was a brave noble ellow. She thought she would not flirt one bit that night with anybody else. The guests all arrived. All but Mr. Vance. Rose wondered. Had he been really vexed, and was he staying away o punish her? Well, let him stay. She should not more or wear the willow .-

Lovelorn girls were always absurd. So Rose Ardley was the gayest of the gay. They had a quarrel; some of the older ones sat down to cards. Dr. Caltran, a deeply scientific man and great nesmerist, and three or four others, went into a discussion on that wonderful subelating certain remarkable incidents be given then. Who would become

adjourned to. The doctor had succeeded in sending her to sleep, when Rose look ed in. Her attention was immediately arrested, and she watched the experi ment with much eagerness.

'Would anyone like to put any ques tions?' asked Dr. Caltran. Then ensued a silence. Eleanor Ardley

anything.' And Miss Rose acquiesced 'I don't know what to ask, or what ? vould most like to hear, she said with

a gay laugh, 'Ask about Charley. Ask what keeps him away. You can tease him well when you know that.' 'But-is there really any truth in it Dr. Caltran?' and Rose's deep eyes were

cases seem to enter a person's mind, and 'Many failures are recorded, and mistakes made, but I think they are due to our

imperfect knowledge of the science.-

Suppose you try, Miss Rose; no one car Onite a circle began to gather round -Miss Caltran appeared to be in a tranqui slumber; her tips were just parted; sug-

'Well,' said Rose, daringly.

doctor. 'Now think intently of the subject in which you wish her to feel inter-

ested, and then ask your question.' A thousand thoughts filled Rose Ard to have you among her guests. Don't put ley's brain in an instant, but that of Charles Vance was the most prominent What should she say ?' for delicacy seemed to hold her back on this subject

'Make haste,' cried Eleanor. 'What i Charley Vance doing? Has he gone to sleep and forgotten, to come here? O has he gone visiting elsewhere. Rose colored. 'I think I will not ask

--- ' but a chorus of eager voices inter rupted her. 'Play fair now, Rose. No backing out. 'Are you afraid?' It was her cousin Kate who asked this and the sarcastic tone would have rouse

Rose to any effort. In a strange flutter of nerve and brain she began 'Don't get excited,' said Dr. Caltrar miling cheeringly. Rose's mood was too uncertain at firs to sway Miss Caltran, (at least, so the doctor said;) she moved uneasily, and vainly essayed to speak. He approached

to a strange pitch. Some sudden presen iment concerning her lover filed he mind with apprehension. As if transla ting the young girl's emotion, Miss Cal-'Your friend is in great danger-great danger. He is flying as if for his lifeanswered Mr. Vance, laughingly, rather first this way, and then that way,' making a tortuous motion with her hand.-

lore any coherent answers could be ob

a sharp cry?' Rose turned deathly white in spite of her strongest efforts. 'Is he coming here?' she asked, scarce

'He is on the river-the ice-and some

ly knowing what she said. 'Oh, heavens! They are gaining on him fast. He goes like the wind, but they are too fleet. As Miss Caltran said this-and it must

be remarked that her words throughout

were labored and slow-she sighed deeply and evinced great agitation. Her oreath was long and painful. 'Now they are up with him-now! Oh. save him! save him! Hark to their 'Oh, by Heaven, what fools we are exclaimed Geo, Ardley, a light breaking

up on the river and been followed by a pack of wolves! One was killed a day or two ago, and several have been seen prowling round. Run for your lives, friends. Get something and come to his assistance. Rose stood spell-bound. For a momen

George thrust on his cap and coat, and slung his rifle over his shoulder. Two or three followed suit, and the rooms were in a whirl of confusion.

'Let me go too.' Rose almost shricked. 'My, child, there may be some mistake,' said Dr. Caltran, soothingly, alarmed at the consequences of his sister's vision. 'Do pray be calm;'

'No there is no mistake she answered hysterically. 'I told him to skate uphis horse was lame, I dared him to come Oh, merciful heavens, forgive me!' She was in a perfect agony of despair. in her brain. Her face that had been so brilliant a short time before, was now the picture of anguish. She could not him it was clearly her fault. How many times she had tormented him almost heyond endurance; been cool, capricious, laughed at his tenderness and his love. Arraigning her beart for judgment, she found it had been bitterly cruel to him, to the one man for whom she would give her life if occasion required. In the

stole out unseen. Along she sped like a shadowy wraith, and was on the river as soon as the men with their rifles. Hark! what was that? A sickening despairing cry—a wail of mortal agony

Rose recognized it for his voice-for the were close upon him now. Yes, the cry came from Charles Vance With that one despairing burst he gave up hope and turned upon his horrible oursuers, In the moonlight his eyes glared back to those flerce balls, and here was a deathly pause. The sudleness amazed the unreasoning brutes, but the foremost crouched to spring. A ball went whizzing by, so closely that Mr. Vance felt the hot air upon hi cheek. Then a yell ensued, ending with a howl of maddening pain. Another re-

port, another; footsteps, voices; yet he did not stir. 'Oh. Charles! Charles!' and the next nstant Rose lay senseless at his feet. At first he could not think, could no eak; the utter surprise and sense of deliverance overwhelmed him. He knelt lown on the ice, trembling in every limb, and the rest came thronging around. The discomfited enemy were retiring with savage cries, leaving two of their number dead behind them.

'What is it all?' began Mr. Vance. 'Icannot imagine-'Do not try.' interrupted Geo. Ardley. 'It is the strangest thing that ever happened. Can you walk home? I'll see to Rose.' And he picked her up as though

she had been a baby. They went home slowly; Mr. Vance' strength was all but exhausted. Angry mutterings followed them from afar; but When the water boils drop them in, and there was no real danger now. Rose, reviving consciousness, struggled away rom her cousin's protection.

'Let me walk-I am quite well now

she said, with a touch of her old imperi ousness. And she got to Mr. Vance's 'Oh, Charles! I have been so selfis nd cruel! Will you ever forgive me.?! Charles' answer was to take her arm within his, and press it to his side. She

ed to save me. But still I do not under stand how or why you should all have 'Oh, Charles, it is the strangest tale .-

You will hardly believe it—you, who have laughed at—' 'Dou't spoil the story, Rose,' said Geo Ardley from behind. We'll have it all out when we get home.

Was Dr. Caltran surprised when h heard of the strange escape, and saw the 'Place your hand in hers,' directed the rescued man? He made no sign. Miss f tartar; four cups sifted flourRates for Advertising.

dvertisements should be seen DASH. When sent without any length of the for publication, they will be conti-ered out and energed accordingly.

CARDS, MANDRILLS, OFFCULARS, and every of or description of Joh and Card Printing.

Ods and Ends.

WANT of decency is want of sense. KINDNESS is stronger than the sword OIL and truth will get uppermost a

contempt.

DEAL gently with those who stray iraw them back by love and persua

home?

dent than impudence is to be cour-

by an affidavit handed in by a discard

'FIGURES won't lie.' Won't they i Does a fashionable woman's figure tell

TRUE practical philosophy makes the most of little pleasures, and the worst of everything:

WHEN a wife reigns it seems natural that she should storm, too. She does

the daughters of Eve. No matter how prosperous their business may be, whalers and lard makers

always have trying times.

Bedford belies. The codfish enjoy it. An affected Illinois father advertises for his runaway daughter, promising, her lover \$2,50 if he will send her home

MANKIND are very odd creatures .-One half censure what they practice and the other half practice what they

nasters of victory. stop boiling. Eat with cream and sugar,

> tax on their hands. 'said a gentleman. 'O, horrible!' exclaimed an elderly lady, 'what a blessing we have nails or

> beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors and retrieve your affairs than a month's moaning. AN Englishman about to be hanged for murdering his shrewish wife, sor-

ed me to the 'altar,' am engaged for the next three dances. 'Ah-it is-it's, beg your pardon, miss; you are sitting on my hat!'

one of her pupils, 1 you have been a

GERTY, my dear,' said a teacher to

and sorter not but I reckon it is more sorter not than sorter. A Long Island farmer has sued his wife lor a divorce because, after coming to New York and listening to a lecture on free love, she insisted upon hailing every man who passed the house and

'Well, Sam, there is one feller courtin'

iunno ; guess I mout-take-thirty-five dollars!' 'I'll give you five.' 'Well. you may have him; I won't stand on thirty dollars—in a mule trade. Two French women were asked: 'If' you were compelled to marry Urbain. Assi or Ferri, which of the communists

him;' the other: the youngest, that I might make him suffer the longest, IT is common to speak of those whom flirt has jilted as her victims? This is a grave error. Her real victim is the man whom she accepts. A happy simile runs thus: 'A coquette is a rose

the thorns remaining for her future A ROCHESTER girl, in a note making ndignant complaint because a man spit tobacco juice on her silk dress in the street, says: 'Never while men chew tobacco, will I go to the polls to vote. This country may go to ruin be-

THERE is a very stout old lady who rides a good deal in the Cincinnati street cars, and for whom, no matter how crowded they may be, the passengers always find a seat. Her persuasiveness never fails. Her method is to bustle in and prepare to sit down on the passenger's laps. The hint is

THE PROPOSITION

BY MARY WALSINGHAM.

To light a bridal candle, When I had one to "catch,"

PUSHED TO THE WALL. Helen Clare was in sore trouble.

years before, for the first year that she was in society she was a sweet, pure wicked thought-she put confidence in life, and the world; and so she believed Ross Vancover, when he told her, and swore to be true through time and eter-

Some girls love lightly and easily, and

did, for it made Ross Vancover false. His nature was a false, fickle one. He cation, he soon wearled of Helen's purity, of scorning him as he desired, tried to

Perhaps she was, but in the silence of tor was upon her, she paced her chamber, frequently until day dawn, weeping tears that scalded and seared instead of ever a wild longing of the sweetness of She had no relatives but an auntmiddle aged woman, who had been for

but Mr. Clare was a singular person, and there had been always a very strong tie The whole thing fretted Helen exceed ingly. It looked as if her father lacked confidence in her, and besides, in the

it takes but little of my time to say asing, or to look timidly at a twenty

Helen had been most unfortunate in

'Good Heaven, Miss Clare,' he exlaimed. 'what has happened? without pausing for thought, she told den. She told him, the episode with Ross

he utter during the narrative-indeed, she spoke so rapidly that there was no

n her shoulder. 'Helen,' said he hoarsely, 'I will con-

in the eye of the law, a felon?

in nis arms a dead weight. Weeks and weeks rolled on, and Helen Clare was conscious of nothing that nassed. Her Aunt Margaret died and was buried, but no sound of it could penetrate to the deafened ear in that

this was their betrothal. CHASED BY WOLVES. It was a race for life. Following hard non the fleet skater were a troop of wolves isfleet. Charles Vance beard their breath ing, the short impatient snuffs, the regular patter of sharp feet upon the ice like click. The scene lay in Canada. The moon sailed through drifting clouds, now partially obscured, then bursting forth in

ance shortly. His tone was cold, and

Perverse Rose Ardley was privately peeping after him, rather enjoying than 'I'll not go; she shall not get me there on Thursday evening,' he answered to himself in his approvance. But ere Thursday

is clear and frosty.' admirers, the other morning. You'd better take a pistol. 'I'll trust to luck and my good skates.

was clear and frosty; very bright and thing follows him fast. Hark, do you hear another, as in answer, and one at a dis-Ah what-what but the wolves?

ning, his strides quickened by the first click he heard from his pursuers. At first, as rapidly as possible, in a straight line; for not a second was to be lost. Every nerve and limb was straightened to its utmost tension. A mile, perhaps; and if cries! he had to double—a horrible flash of despair almost paralyzed him. That was certain death. Why had he been so on him. 'I see it all. Vance has skated beedless as to disregard sage Hugh's warning? But he had never seen a wolf during his sojourn in the Canadian

by this means thrown off their track, and were some time in recovering their speed. The moon shone out brightly Every tree seemed outlined against the sky with painful distinctness; here a gnarled old oak, that had been riven with some flerce bolt; there a clump of evergreens, that mocked him in their security. And now the river widened Hardly a week before, he and Rose Ardley had enjoyed a gay frolic of skating on this very spot. Was she still vexed

lect-clairvoyance. The doctor had been when it was proposed that a test should subject. No one appeared inclined at first, bu Miss Caltran finally acquiesced, and took her seat in a chair in a small room they

'Rose will. Rose is always ready for

luminous with some feeling akin to cur 'It is true that the medium can in many

suspect you of collusion.' gesting her white, even teeth, which were very handsome.

broke down with a sob. 'Hush, my darling! God has interpos-

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Caltran, the clairvovante, was herself then, save for an intense, dull headache They had gained on me so fast, that it eems as if I could not have held out a minute longer,' said Mr. Vance to the doctor. 'Beside the short distance on the river, there was the dark walk up to the

louse, and my courage was utterly giving way." Rose burst into tears. 'Charles, as long as I live, I will never-be capricious again,' she whispered; 'no, not ever when I am your wife; I will try to be a blessing to you instead of a trouble.'

And he kissed the sweet lips for their fond confession. Bo it all ended well. But the wonderful escape of George Vance from the peril of the wolves is talked of in Canada

to this day.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES. RAISED CONNECTICUT DOUGHNUTS .-Heat a pint of milk just lukewarm and etir into it a small cup of melted lard and sifted flour, till it is a thick batter add a small cup of domestic yeast, and keep it warm till the batter is light, then work into it four beaten eggs, two cups of sugar rolled free from lumps, a teaspoonful of sait and two of cinnamon.-When the whole is well mixed, knead in wheat flour till about as stiff as biscuit dough. Set it where it will keep warm, till of a spongy lightness, then roll the dough out half an inch thick, en i out it into cakes. Let them remain

till light then fry them in hot lard.

A FIRST RATE PUDDING .- Into one quart of sweet milk put one pint of fine bread crumbs, butter the size of an egg, the well-beaten yolks of five eggs; sweet en and flavor as for custard: mix the whole well together. While the above is baking, beat the white of five eggs to a stiff froth, and add a teacup of powdered sugar; pour it over the hot pudding, return to the oven and bake to a delicate brown. Some prefer a layer of jelly, or canned peaches or other fruits over the pudding before the frosting is added. It is not only delicious, but light and di-MINCE-PIE WITHOUT MEAT,-Take

wo quarts of finely chopped apples; cut

in small pieces half a pound of butter

one quart of sweet cider, if you have it;

if not, use water; half a pint of brandy,

or good whisky; one pound of raisins,

stemmed and washed: one teaspoonful

sait, cinnamon and nutmeg; sugar to suit the taste. Let it stand in a stone jar over night; just before baking add half a pint of rich sweet cream. The above quantity will make seven piesthe room swam round; stars appeared to STEAMED PUDDING.-Two eggs, two teacups of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, flour enough to make it quite thick, or it will be heavy. Beat this smooth. Add cherries, raspberries currants, or any dried fruit you may

have. Steam two hours, taking care

that the water is kept over the pudding

or bag all the time, and that it does not

hard sauce, or any liquid sauce you may QUAKING PLUM PUDDING .- Take slices of light bread appead thin with but The horrible vision her cousin George's ter, and lay in a nudding dish layers of words conjured up made a more vivid one this bread and raisins, till within an inch of the top. Add five eggs, well beaten, and a quart of milk, and pour over the pudding; salt and spice to taste. Bake it twenty or twenty-five minutes, and eat with liquid sauce. Before using the raisins boll them in a little water and put it all in.

SEA FOAM PIE.-Take a lemon, grate

the peel, squeeze the pulp and juice into a bowl (be sure to remove every seed), to which add a teacupful of white sugar, confusion and crowd she passed quietly one of new milk or water, a teaspoonful up stairs, got her shawl and hood, and of corn starch, and the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, pour this mixture into a nice paste crust and bake slowly. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and when the pie is just done, pour it over just to stiffen, not brown. FLOUR.-In buying flour, always look

at the color. If it is white with a slight

straw color tint in it, buy it; but refuse

tif it is a blueish white, or has small

plack specks in it. Then wet a little of

t, and knead it between the fingers, and

it works sticky, it is poor. Try it again by squeezing some of it in your hand. If it retains the shape given it by the band, it is a good sign. SILVER CAKE AND GOLD CAKE.-One oup white sugar, half cup butter, whites of gve well beaten eggs, quarter teaspoon ful soda dissolved in half teacupful milk, three quarters teaspoonful cream tartar mixed with two cups of flour. Flavor with extract of bitter almonds. The

yolks of these five eggs, and the same

ngredients, make good cake.

OYSTER TOAST .- Bruise one anchovy ine in a morter; take twenty oysters; cut off their beards and chop them small. Mix the anchovy and chopped oysters in make them of a good consistency; add a little cayenne pepper; spread them when quite hot, on a round of hot, wellbuttered toast, cut as for anchovy toast

To Boil Potatoes.-Put the pot on

first with sufficient water. Wash the po-

tatoes twice to be sure they are clean .-

cook over a brisk fire till done: then

pour off the water, uncever them, and set on the stove a minute or two before taking out. OYSTER SAUCE. - When your oysters are pened take care of all the liquor, and give them one boll in it. Then take the oysters out and put to the liquor two or three blades of mace; add to it some melted butter, and some good cream; put in

oysters, and give them a boil.

eggs, one cup starch dissolved in one cup of sweet milk, salt, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mixed in three cups flour; flavor with lemon. CUP BAKE .- Two cups of sugar; one of butter; beat to a cream; four eggs; half cup sweet milk ; salt ; nutmeg ; one

teaspoonful soda: two teaspoonfuls cream

STARCH CAKE.-Three cups white su-

gar, one cup butter, whites of twelve

JOB PRINTING.

Promise little and do much.

SIN and sorrow are inseparable,

Pride that dines on vanity sups of

It is better to forget ones misfortunes

Who pays the highest price for a The woman who marries for

A DETROIT wedding was 'postponed'

WHY are young ladies partial to sunet and twilight? Because they are

WHY is it vulgar to use a wooden platter for the loaf?-Why, of course ecause it is so under-bred. SLIDING down hill on a codfish is the winter amusement of the New

THE world has grown dark to ϵ Newark girl who kissed her coachman? by mistake for her lover the other

eye which never blanches, the though: which never wanders—these are the THE best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is to have in her

countenance mildness, in her speech

wisdom, and in her behaviour modes

THE nerves which never relaxes, the

An hour's industry will do more to

rowfully remarked on the gallows: 'I' ed her to the halter and now she has Young gent: 'Might I ask you, miss -ah-' Miss: 'Very sorry, sir; but 1

very good little girl to-day.' 'Yes'm, couldn't help being good; I had a stiff neck,' said Gerty, with perfect se-A young Hoosier once said to a Hoosieress: 'Sal, is there anybody courtin' you now?' And sal replied t

inviting him to have a talk. 'HELLO dar, you darkey, what you ax for dat old blind mule, hey?' 'Well, I

would you take? One replied: 'The eldest, that I might be the sooner rid of from whom every lover plucks a leaf-

fore I will have my clothes spoiled or even jeopardized.