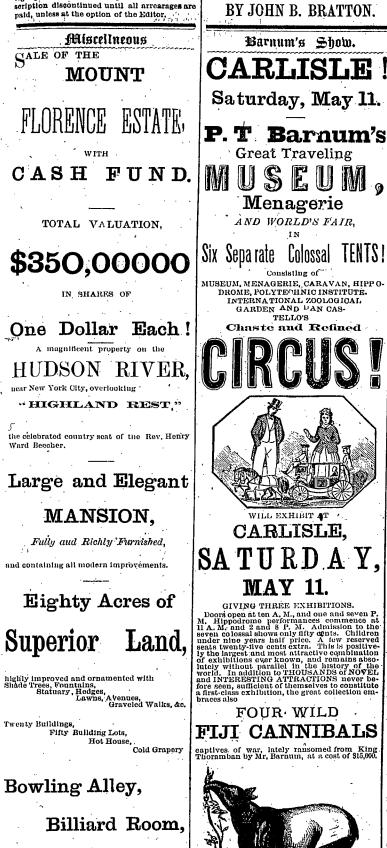
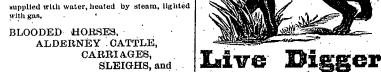
The American Volunteer

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

John B. Bratton.

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The American Volunteer.

Poetical.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Snowy pillows yet unpressed, See the forms of little children Kneeling white-robed for their rest, All in quict nursery chambers, Where the dusky shadows creep,

In the quiet nursery chamber,

Here the voices of the children

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain

Calmly shine the winter stars, But across the gilstening lowlands Slant the moonlight's sliver bars. In the slience and the darkness,

Darkness growing still more deep I listen to the little children

Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die,"--so pray the children, And the mother's head droops low, (One from out her fold is sleeping

, Deep beneath the winter's snow,) 'Take our souls," and past the case

Flits a gleam of crystal light.

Little souls that stand expectant

Listening at the gates of life,

Hearing far away the murmur

Of the tumult and the strife.

In your simple vesper prayer,

We, who fought beneath the bannet Meeting ranks of foeman there, Find a deeper, broader meaning

When your hands shall grasp this sta

Whose strong eyes can never sleep, In the warring of temptation, Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly

When, far down the purple distance, All the noise of battle dies; When the last night's solemn shadow

Settles down on you and me,

May the love that never faileth

Miscellaneous.

INSIDE THE DOOR,

Yes! the small brick house on the

corner did need something more than

the bay window which occupied nearly

the whole width of the building ; some-

thing more than the luxuriant wisteria

which wreathed and draped the win-

dow; something more than the pretty

iron balcony, and the exceeding neat-

ness suggested of the interior, to make

it the home it seemed to be to foot pas-

engers, who often found themselves

lingering as they approached the place,

enchanted by the scent of mignionette

that flourished in the grass plot, and by

which seemed to diffuse themselves like

a pleasant atmosphere, around the in-

But did the organist of St. Jame's

uspect it? How could she? Hurry-

ing past the house, on her way to music

sson and rehearsal, she often found

herself slackening her pace and taking

in the attractive scene, and going on-

Church, who lived three blocks beyond.

the lovely tints of the Wandering Jew.

ake our souls eternally.

Clears the smoke from out the skies.

Which to-day you grasp from far, When our deeds shall shape the conflict In this universal war-Pray to Him, the God of battles,

Like the trailing of His garm Walking evermore in light.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1872.

must be faithful to his club, though to | If his brain did not reel at this sudden, most unlooked for opening of a everything else unfaithful ! He even begins to suspect the pleas way of escape from debt and disaster, his wife's did. But she said quickly, ure which he knows his wife takes and always has taken, in his music. Does before he had time to rally from his he need to be reminded of the many amazement : timesshe has said to him that a single " My husband is surprised that you melody from him is worth more to her should think him capable of filling Mr. than the loud and splendid perform-Armitage's place, and no wonder. I am myself. And I think better of his ance of a well directed orchestrafeeding a more subtle need, and susvoice than he does."

"Fiddlestick !" said he. " Armitage taining a diviner life? He talks in a way that would make one suspect his does very well, but I know him; his range is limited." intention to atlack her soon on the ground of that one delight she has "Exactly," said the organist. "It found in him, which has remained unis. I don't dispute his voice, his exe-

uestionable cution, and all that, but his imperti-His wife understands these symptoms nence and presumption I will endure no longer. I have said that if we must vell enough to know that in thirty have congregational singing to-morrow, minutes, at furthest, he will somehow instead of a quartette, congregational have passed beyond her reach. Is it no singing we will have. But may I not and, sad conviction to be pressing on the heart of the woman? You know hope, sir, that you will come over and help me ?" low why I shook my head as I looked

Pierce Rogers still looked bewildered, at the pretty bay window and the outand Louisa doubtful. He could not side green and perfume. Anybody conceal his embarrassment and perplexwho knew the old Pharaohs intimately. in the days of their glory, would ity. Here was an opportunity, and the painful constiousness that he had not grieve, I am sure, if coursing over the teadiness of nerve and potence of will sands of modern Egypt, on a swift Arato make the most of it. To be a first bian charger, he came across the great rate singer in the choir of a first rate Pyramid stripped so bare of its external church might not be an ambition wor beauty. To-think of the hopes with thy of the man who, five or six years which that young woman set up house keeping in that little brick house, and ago, was thinking of himself as an ar chitect who, possibly, might some day the track by which these hopes were be regarded as the peer of Sir Christo. retiring, one by one! What is to be pher Wren, in the judgment of the wondered at, and admired, is the way world; but then had he not from that the good girl stands her ground and height of aspiring hope descended to tries to be agreeable, and to outrival the attune himself with Tom, Dick and gin barrel. 'Tis not her fault that her Harry, in dark places underground ? husband is where he is-without work And then how often had Armitage -drinking hard-at intervals, all too snubbed him in old times, when they brief, rallying again-hating himself, and sliding down to ruin. No, believe sang in the same glee club ; and in late years by entirely ceasing to recognize me, she has not to arraign and convict him! If-oh, if he could only feel so herself for all this misery. All at once, certain of himself as to dare close with as he is rising from the piano stool, a ring

that woman's proposal at once ! at the door bell. Who comes? They have so little company out there it is "Do come," she urged, perceiving his hesitation. "Come to-morrow! I really a question. Rogers hopes it is am sure you will not need a rehersal Dixon. Dixon and he are hale fellows even. But here, I have the music with well met, about once a week all night me which we are to sing. Let me try in the club room ! They listen ; is it your piano. I would so like to have a Dixon? She fearing, he hoping, that success right away, and show Mr. Arit is. But, if Dixon were out there, mitage the truth for once. Why, it both would feel it beyond fear or hope, would be little short of a miracle! he comes so valiantly when he does Don't you think I may ?" come. No, it is not Dixon's voice, but

She addressed Louisa now. Had she a woman's. Husband and wife look at each other. He means to escape while comprehended the situation of affairs in that little household ? his wife receives her company. She "Pray, Pierce," said Louisa, "try sees his purpose, and knows that he the music for the fun of the thing. Did will accomplish it. "Oh, Lord !" she says to herself. Will she be thinking you ever hear of anything so odd ?" She spoke in an undertone to her hussadly, an hour from now, when she sits alone, that but for this untimely call all band. She had enough confidence in

would have gone smoothly, Pierce, trial. If she had looked at him dismayperhaps, safely asleep by this time ? ed, or regretful, he would never have "I beg your pardon for intruding," made the effort, but now he got up and says a strange voice—and how is Rogers walked unsteadily to the piano. In that to get out of the room ? Here is a womoment the two women exchanged a man six feet in height, at least, who glance, and so they understood each looks as if she might, if she took the fancy to do it, go off, carrying the hus-"It seems ridiculous that I should

ward, felt refreshed by what she had band on one shoulder and the wife on attempt church music," said Pierce, sitperceived, and still more, perhaps, by the other. "I beg your pardon," she ting down at the instrument with an what had been suggested; for give the says again, "but I have come here in air that brought tears into his wife's

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. of going back to the city next day. Basil Reed clambered over rocks and And the next day he went. He bad fallen trees, among which blackberry Cassie goddbye by the marle tree at the briars ran riot, flinging their long arms gate. 'The girl's face was white with the here and there and everywhere in wild pain of parting. Something in her eyes and rank luxuriance. It was tiresome told him, how much she dreaded to let work climbing the hill. But there was him go. a fine view from the top of it, they told 'You mustn't forget me, Cassie, little him, and being an artist, not from necesriend,' he said ; ' it has been a pleasant sity, but from choice, fine views were precisely what he was in search of ; and so he clambered on tearing his clothes and scratching his hands, until he reached the top, and sat down to rest and take

a look over the landscape. It was really a beautiful picture which pread itself out before his eyes. Below im was a charming little valley, through whose green, sunshine spangled mead ows a river ran singing on its way to the sea. Willows leaned down from the low banks to dip their lithe branches in the limpid waters. Farm houses were nest led here and there in clumps of guarled old apple trees, and lilac bushes grew beside the gateways, odorous now with bloom. Beyond the valley, mountains ifted their purple summits to the soft blue sky of summer time, shutting it in like a wall from the world outside. ' It is like Acadia,' he said. I'mus

nake a picture of it. He heard a crackling in the dry leaves of the last year's growth, and turned to see from whence the sound proceeded. A girl was coming towards him, un

conscious of any presence save her own. She had been gathering ferns and flow ers. and had wove herself a crown of trailing arbutus and feathery maiden's hair.

Basil Reed had! a keen eye for th beautiful, and he watched her intently. Her face was a beautiful one, fair, clear and oval, with tints of the wild rose in think what had got into the girl, she was the cheek, and stains of the strawberry on her lips which curved away from so chipper.' eeth like ivory. Her eyes were like a child's, deep blue and beautiful. Her hair rippled at its will over her shoulders and the delicate ferns wound themselves out and in among its meshes, where the sunshine seemed to have tangled itself 'She would make a beautiful picture, hought Basil. I wish I could sketch

her just as she looks now.' She sat down an a fallen tree and be gan sorting her ferns and flowers, and he opened his sketch book and began to knew she had loved him. sketch her. For half an hour he was busy ; stroke by stroke his pencil trans ferred the scene to paper, and wrought sorry for her.

out the features and form of that girl who imagined herself the sole occupant of the wild, lonely, beautiful spot-'There,' he exclaimed, as he added the last touch. 'I will work it into a picture some day, and call it the 'Nymph of the Woods,' or something like that,'

him, then, to wish him to make the So absorbed had he become in the finshing touches of the sketch that he had forgotten the presence of the girl. She sprang up as he spoke and started to run from the spot. Hearing her steps, he hastily recollected himself, and called to her not to frightened. She stopped at the sound of his voice,

eyes.

you draw it ?'

and he came toward her with his sketchbook. He held it out for her inspection. She took it shyly, and glanced over the

picture from it some time.'

country maiden on his.

ne where I can find it?'

rees. 'I wish she would.'

he did from the city.

hill together.

f she could.'

sketch. A pleased look came into her

'Oh, it's beautiful!' she cried. 'Did

'Yes, I drew it,' he answered. 'I am

glad you like it. J am going to paint a

In that way Basil Reed began his ac-

quaintance with Cassie Farley, An ac-

quaintance which developed at once into

an ardent admiration for the artist on

her part, and an interest in the ignorant

'T want to get board in some family

near by,' he said, as he rose and began to

escend the hill, after an hour had slip-

ped away in conversation. 'Can you tell

'Perhaps mother would-take you in,'

he said. 'That's our place,' pointing to

picturesque old farm house in a nest of

He smiled at her artlessness. It was

omething he was not used to, coming as

'I think I will go home with you and

see,' he said; and they went down the

Mrs. Farley decided to 'take the fellow

to board,' after much deliberation. She

'hated to be bothered.' she said. 'but

then one didn't make much difference

inyhow, and she liked to 'commodate

So Basil Reed became an inmate of the

Farley family, which consisted of Mrs.

Farley and her ,daughter. Mr. Farley

had been dead for some years, and his

widow with an energy which few posess-

ed, carried on the farm, with hired help,

and 'made it nay,' she said, with a great

deal of pride in the assertion.

ve lines constitute a square Executors' and Adm'rs', No Auditor's Notices. Auditor's Notices, 30 Assignees' and similar Notices, 30 Yearly Cards, not exceeding six lines, 70 Announcements five cents per line, unless VOL. 58.---NO. 48 ted for by the year. usiness and Special Notices, 10 cents per Double column advertisements extra. day Basil Reed announced his intention

How tu Pick a Good Hoss.

Rates of Advertising.

First.-Let the color be a sorrel, a roan, a red, a gray, a white, a black, a blue, a green, a chestnut, a dapple, a spotted, a cream, a buckskin, or sum other good olor

Seckond.-Examin hiz ears; see that he haz got 2 ears and pound a tin pan cluss tu him, tu find out wether hiz hearin iz good. Awl hosses are dum, but a deff & dum hoss are not desirable.

Third.-Look well to hiz ize; see that he has got a pupil in hiz ize, and not tu larg a one neether ; hosses with tu larg pupils in their ize are nere sited, & kant see otes, and hav to wear grean goggels, and grean goggels, make a hoss look tu much like a trakt pedler.

Fourth .- Feal ov hiz neck with the insid ov yure wright hand; see that the spinal colum iz well fatted, and runs the hole lenth ov him from for tu aft-a hose without a good phatt spinel colum frum for tu aft aint woth-spekin sudden-

ant woth a well defined cuss. *Five.*—Put yure hand on hiz breat (this z allowable in the kase of quadriped); se ef hiz hart kan beat 70; squeaze hiz four legs tu see of he iz well mussled; lift up hiz befor feat & see if that iz enny froggs in them-froggs keep a hosses feet kool sweet just az thay du a well or a spring

> Siz.-Look well tu hiz shuze; see what lumber he wears, number eight iz about ight,

Seven .- Run yure hand along the di-And Summer came. Cassie made her viding ridge ov his boddy, from the top ov hiz whithers tu the kommensement little garden bright with bloom and ov hiz tale (or doorsill vertebray), and beauty. Her face was full of glad, eager pinch him, az you go along, tu see if he nose how tu kick expectancy. Her eyes shone like stars, She went about the house singing like a bird all day. Her mother 'couldn't

Eight.-Inwestigate hiz teeth; see if he int 14 years oald last May, with teeth filed down, & a six year oald black mark And one day Basil came. The stage burnt intu the top ov them with a hott stopped at the gate, and he alighted, and irun

with him a woman, young and beautiful. Ninc .-- Smell ov his breth tu see if he haint got sum glanders; look just back of hiz earz for signs of pole-evil; pinch him 'I told you I would come back,' he hiz earz for signs of pole evil; pinch him said, gayly,' I have brought some one on the top ov his whithers for phistoola, with me, Cassie; this is my wife. I want and look sharp at both shoulders four a sweany.

you to like each other for my sake.' Ten.-Hook him tu a waggon that ratels, drive him tu an Irishman and hiz o eagerly to this coming of the man she oved! Looking in her face, he read the wheelbarro, meat a rag murchant whith bow bels strung acrost the top ov hiz struggle which was torturing her, and cart, let an expres trane pas him 45 miles tu the our, wen he iz swetty heave a buf-falo robe over him to keep oph the kold, 'Poor child,' he thought, 'she knew so little of the ways of the world. I am

ride him with an umbrel highsted, and It was a hard and bitter lesson which lern hiz opynion ov these things. Cassie learned of the world's ways. That Eleven .-- Prospekt hiz wind, search night she sat beside her little window, and wondered if she was the same girl diligently for the heaves, ask if he iz a oarer, and dont be afraid tu phind out she had been that morning. She felt so if he iz a whistler . changed-so old-so weary of everything.

Iwelve.-Be shu re he aint a krib-biter aint balky, aint a weaver, and dont pull at the halter.

we know how they wrench the heart, and make every string quiver in exqui-In Washington city, recently, a genial site torture. It is so hard to wake m oung gentleman, unwilling to omit-refrom our dreaming to find thatour dream ognition of an acquaintance at a weding was nothing but a dream.-Saturday ling reception, caught sight of a graywhiskered and rather stately person, and being satisfied by inquiry of his inden-

HATS.-There is considerable character tity, immediately edged along to his side. manner in which a person wears 'Good evening,' said he, extending his a hat. You sometimes meet a person hand with cordiality. 'I am delighted to whose hat has a knowing tip, just the see you! I believe we haven't metsince least bit suggestive of the careless, cheerwe parted in Mexico.' ful disposition of the wearer. It seems 'I really fear,' said the gray-whiskered as if he has tipped it back so that all the magnate, 'that you have me at an advanworld may see his jolly, good-natured tage.' face, and understand that he is at peace 'Why, you don't recollect? But then with all the world. You meet another of I was very much younger,' said the otha different type. He pulls his hat low er, when I was with my father in Mexidown over his brows, and seems to be continually taking the measure of his 'And, to tell the truth,' said the other boots. You feel at once that he is not entleman, 'my remembrances of ever the sort of a man with whom you can exhaving been in Mexico are very indischange confidence. Here comes another, tinct. and this kind always wears a 'stove pipe,'

summer to me, and among its pleasanter nemories is your friendship.' 'Oh, I won't forget you,' she said, imply; but he knew she meant what she said.

'I shall come back next summer,' he said, holding her hand in his for a moment; 'I shall get tired of the city again, and the memory of your pinks and roses will prove irresistible, and-you will see me back again.'

Her eyes lighted up radiantly. He vas coming back again, 'Well, good by, and-don't forget me. And he was gone.

Gone! but he had left such a sweet promise behind him. He would come again. Amid her loneliness, that tho't was like a ray of sunshine. Cassie got to thinking, by-and-by, only of the time when the man she loved would come back to her. It was always of next summer that she dreamed. That was to be

Something made Cassie shive.

'Oh, I loved him so !' she sobbed. 'I

God pity her and us! We have some

of us had just such lessons to learn, and

and set evenly upon the summit of the

eranium, as if an inch to the right or

left would destroy their equilibrium. Be

careful of such men; put them in band

er hat which has seen its better days.

long since departed, and from the worn

and shabby band to the napless crown it

speaks of the days which are gone. Per-

haps the wearer of that hat was the life

wearers. Hats which have long passed

the season of their usefulness are gener-

and looked at with disgust.

and soul of our young folks parties-thè

oved him so !'

Evening Post.

the golden summer of her life. The winter ended and the spring came ov watter. and violets blossomed on the hills, and

urbutus made bright the shady nooks.-And-'Summer is near,' she said, 'and when summer is here, he will come.'



at a meeting to be held in the city of New York,

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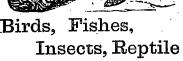
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Chambr'g May 10. Harrisburg May 13. | tec's' Club? Foor architect, whose own foundation seems to be tumbling in, he "I, madame?"

woman a single thread of beauty, and the greatest distress." Pierce Rogers, in her hand it was equivalent to a clue hearing himself actually called upon as to all desired delight. The only diffi- the champion of weakness, begins to culty with her was, that she never look grave and to feel himself equal to found time to follow its leading farthe occasion.

"Pray be seated," says the lady of else, times over, she had discovered the house; and what can the gentleman heaven upon earth. of the house do but sit down with the The outside of the house suggested to careful deliberation of a man whom noher no end of interior beauty. Somebody is to suspect of inability to rise. times, in passing, she heard a violin, or sit, or go where and when he pleases. sometimes a piano, sometimes a voice The stranger, though not a pretty wothat, as she declared. electrified her_it man-and. in fact, she is quite the was so genuinely sweet, rich, and so reverse—has, nevertheless, made an unworn. So that, turning the corner impression, and Pierce is a gentleman, wearied and rasped to impatience, the if not perfectly sober. mere sight of that small abode was a

"I have been waiting outside," she refreshment. She hailed it as a pilgrim hails the green spot in the desert-and, action as well as his glance, "hoping alas! not seldom the mirage also. Within the little Bird's Nest, as the often in passing this house. I have organist, with more poetical feelings waited ten minutes, I suppose, till I than originality, was wont privately to was afraid I might be arrested as a vadesignate the house (she had some grant, and, as I was not rewarded for secret sources of comfort, this hard my patience, I etermined to put on a worked creature, which were not for bold face and ring the door bell-I every ear), within this little Bird's don't exactly know how to go on. May Nest, on a sultry June evening, behind I tell you what I want, as if you were the bay window, and the wisteria and a couple of friends ?" honeysuckle, Wandering Jew and mig-

"Do, I beg," said Louisa, and her nionette, stood a desperate hearted wo usband politely seconded the entreaty, man, with as playful and composed a though not under the devout conviccountenance as some of the martyrs. let tion his wife felt that there was a godus believe, have shown ere now on their send. If that woman would only say way to the faggot. something interesting she might stay This woman is thirty-five, perhaps,

and talk for hours in welcome; indeed, but she looks older. Find her up stairs the longer the story the better. Would any hour of the long day, when she is that she might even prove, to have the gift of Scheherazade! alone with her sad thoughts for compa-

ny, and you shall see a woman who is "I am the organist of St. Jame's looking towards the future with dis-Church," the stranger began, " besides tracting fears, but who, in the effort to a music teacher.'

withstand their drift and pressure, is " Indeed !" said Pierce, but he stopp foretasting all the bitterness of disaped there, though it was evident to his pointed age. She has now bright ribwife that he was interested, and she bons in her hair and around her neck, smiled-oh, how interestedly she did and, by gas light, she looks almost smile upon the organist, who, like an happy, almost young. At the piano angel, had condescended to visit her sits her husband. And now the story abode

"I have had a hard time with the It is Saturday evening, and what is church music," continued this angel .-she doing if not endeavoring, by every "Everybody who knows anything artifice, to keep at home the half drunabout the church knows that, so I am ken man who sits in the piano stool !not telling tales out of school.' The So she has persuaded him to the piane, music committee have, finally, put the and he has been singing, and they have choir entirely into my hands, and I talked now for at least an hour about shall have good music from it some their favorite compositions, and discusstime. But I have been obliged to take ed, as critics, one work and another, an extraordinary step. I have dismissand in their judgments they have ed the tenor singer this evening, and agreed with each other so constantly as everything at present looks like chaos to make the conversation tiresome .--to the choir, not to me." But the talk is proving too much of a "The tenor of St. Jame's choir is the

good thing to the husband; evidently hest in the city." said Pierce, almost ie is wearled of it. He has allowed sobered by his surprise. imself to be persuaded into playing " I know that." and singing a good deal and into much "He has sung there ten years to my

talking, but during the last half hour certain knowledge." ie has betrayed increasing restlessness, "Yes, and made everybody believe

and begins to speak at last with undisthat he was more necessary to the welruised impatience. An indfferent ligfare of the church than the minister ener might almost say, in the blunt who serves and the gospel which is speech of indifference, that he was preached there. All things must come getting cross and quarrelsome, and to an end, and I have dismissed him." "I heard he had a salary equal to the awfully disagreeable. Is he becoming

suspicious of his poor Louisa? Does she design to keep him at home when rector's," said Pierce. " I don't doubt it. He is like an inshe knows very well about his Saturday

stitution, always ready to be endowed. night ongagement to go to the Archi- No end to his receptivity. Well, sir,

ves. "No, I do assure you,' said the delighted organist. "You remember how easy it used to

be about five years ago, and how pleasant it was," said Louisa, ner voice full of reminescence. "That was very different," beanswered.

A small country delegation is not expected to require what a fashionable hurch must have, whether or no. Now, I must say, madame, I wonder that you lismissed Armitage.' He leaned agains the piano as he spoke, and looked as if prepared to enter into a long argument.

"I don't," she replied, with spirit. Just you help me to prove what I know says, taking the seat indicated by his is the fact, that there are voices, not many, perhaps, but one or two, at least. to hear the voice which I have heard so quite equal to his in quality and cultivation."

How well that was said, while she had her back to him, and was drawing off her gloves and arranging her music and, apparently, as far from an intent to flatter him into her service as the sun is from such intent when he makes the way-side flower blush into its best eauty.

Well, now-was the battle fought, the ictory won, because inext day one-half of the worshippers in St. James did not know whence came the "superb tenor who sang instead of Mr. Armitage? Be cause Pierce Rogers stayed at home that Saturday night and became sober, and really seemed to forget his engagement a the club?

Who will believe it that knows anything of human flesh and blood ? Monday night Louisa mightas well have undertaken to control Niagara as Pierce

l'asil Reed discovered that there was and for three days that "superb tenor" not much similarity of tastes between was speechless as the dead. Nevertheless mother and daughter. Mrs. Farley was a born 'calculator' as the phrase goes in His owner, a big, fat Irishman, hearing he has never, since his first Sunday, lost the country ; one who liked to work for the hubbub, ran out of the house near by, a service in the church where first-class the sake of the money it brought in -- | and caught his pig by the ears, endeavormusic is a foremost necessity ; and I am She cared little for the higher things of ing to pull him through the hole before certain that as my friend the organist never did a braver thing than to dismiss life. Books and flowers never 'bothered Mr. Armitage, so also she never performher.'

ed an act for which all Christians wor .Cassie had a mind and taste for other shipping in St. James's have so great things than the life of work and schemcause to rejoice, as that which led a falling drudgery. She liked to read, to tend ing man in among them to exalt "the her flowers, to dream. She knew noth-Lord's song" in what was, to him, "; ing of the world outside the hills, save strange land," indeed. what she had learned from books. It If you had not this woman to help you,

was like a fairy land to her imagination. Louisa, I would cry aloud to Christen-Coming directly from this world of dom for prayers in your behalf. But I which she knew so little, it is not to be remember that "he prayeth best who wondered at that Basil Reed impressed lovest best;" so ten to one you and the her with a sense of superiority to the organist will give back to the world yet men and women she knew. He was edif not a Sir Christopher Wren, a man ucated, cultivated and fascinating. In short, he was her ideal, and she loved

> Let me do Basil Reed justice, and say side of the fence. that I do not think he tried to win her love. He pitied her, and tried to make

DON'T GET DRUNK IN WISCONSIN. her life more pleasant. He could feel The Wisconsin Legislature, just adjournlightful confections which a family can how barten it was, and he tried to put a ed, closed its labors by an unique liquor little sunshine in it, by giving her his law. Section four provides that 'it shall be unlawful within this State for any friendship. Oh those summer days. They were s person to become intoxicated.' The of-

sweet, so dangerously sweet to Cassie .-She thought he loved her. His voice was tender and soft, his face gentle and kind. She could not know that he was always as deferential to other women as he was to her. He had an intrinsic galpuddings, pies, &c. For this purpose it lantry in his nature that womanhood should be chopped very fine. No better called into action. or cheaper flavoring can be furnished to But the summer of Cassie's love, like

all other summers, ended at last; and one l'intoxicated in his own house.

'Excuse the question,' said the young man, rather desperately; 'are you not Si Edward Thornton ?' 'By no means. I am Judge Poland, of

⁷ermont. 'A thousand pardons l' and the discom

boxes; tie them up tightly; label them 'first class to be kept in lavender,' and litted youth moved away. put them carefully away. Here is anoth-

But a few nights afterward, at another reception, his eye was similarly caught. but is now at its worst. Its glory has and the edge of his mortification having been worn off, he could smile at his mistake, and he accordingly made his way once more to the side of a gentleman with gray mutton-chop whiskers, and after a word or two on the weather and the scene, he suddenly said :

great catch-the model young man; but now worse faded and worn than his That was an awkward thing of me the shapeless tile. Poor fellow ! 'Whiskey othernight, when I took you for old did it.' You meet other hats as different Thornton." in shape and quality as the habits of the

'And who do you take me for now. may I ask ?' said his companion. 'Why-why,' said the embarrassed

young man of society—'you told me you vere Judge Poland, of Vermont.'

'On the contrary, my name is Thorn-IT WAS DONE - Piggy got into a large ton,' was the rather annihilating reyard where he did not belong, and trying to get out again, he stuck fast under sponse: and the young man to this day a high board fence, and there began to calls it a case of diabolic quality.

kick and squeal in the good old way .-A GIRL of sharp wits in a western city discovered recently that her lover was about to take another girl to a ball. Sife thereupon bribed his hackman to permit the trespass was detected. But this treather to/take the reins at the proper moment, and instead of taking the pair to ment had no effect but to make the pig yell the more. An old ram in the vard, the ballroom, she took them several hearing the noise, and seeing piggy's miles out of town to a deuse wood, where hindlegs and tail flourishing away in a she left them exposed to a pelting rainmenacing manner, accepted what he storm-the young lady in a low-necked thought was a challenge, and lowering muslin dress, and kid slippers, and her his head, charged with all his might.escort in full party toggery and thin He struck his mark squarely and fairly, boots. Their situation was not comfortaand the pig shot through the hole like a ble, they found shelter in a neighboring pork cannon ball, and striking his masfarm-house, where there happened to be ter full in the breast, knocked him flat on an accommodating minister, and the two his back. The only person who witness being lovingly disposed by reason of

ed the closing scene was just entering their misadventures, were married. The other young woman now sits in sackcloth the yard, and not being aware how many actors were engaged in it, was very much and ashes, brouding over her misadvensurprised to hear what he supposed to be tures the pig, swearing in Irish on the othe

HORACE WALPOLE describes a scene as having taken place in Queen Anne's tiring room which actually occurred in that of Queen Caroline, wife of George II. who dressed and transacted her morning worship at the same time she, and her nymphs being in one room while the Chaplin, was alone in the next. Occasionally the maids closed the door, when

fence is punished from one day to two months with a contingent imprisonment Whiston, the Chaptain ceased to pray, at the discretion of the court. Any per and meditated on the mysteries proceedson found drunk may be taken in charge ing within. This nettled the Queen, by any good Samaritan until sober, at who one morning finding that he had which time the little bill for expenses not proceeded with his devotions while with a fee of S2 per diem, must be paid. the door had been closed, angrily asked Under this law, which will not work at why he stopped. Whiston replied : 'I all, a man is liable to arrest who becomes stopped because I do not choose to whistle the word of God through a key-hole.'

who has repaired his own foundations, and gone on with the erection of at least one notable structure. DOMESTIC CONFECTION .- This is the senson for oranges. The peel of the fruit, preserved in sugar, is one of the most deuse, mr superior to the extracts sold in the shops. The peel should of course be perfectly clean, and should be cut in long

a household.

thin strips. Stew in water till all the bitterness is extracted. Throw away the water and stow away for half an hour in a thick syrup made of a pound of sugar to one of peel, with just water enough .-Put away, in a cool place, for flavoring