

TERMS—Two dollars per year. If paid strictly in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months after which Three Dollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

Poetical.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.

That certain little hypocrites are sometimes practiced upon each other by young ladies and gentlemen in the matrimonial mood is scarcely a matter of doubt; but the appended simple narrative of one of the devices by which an ardent maiden may be able to preserve an appearance of inviolable amability before her lover, although given in such a pleasant manner, will be read with interest by one "W. C. Q." in the Rochester Atlas—

ALMOST INCREDIBLE. When Jacob counted Mrs. Jane, A lass without a fault he thought her, And every evening, fair or rain, Alighted in three nonces upon her.

She's honest, true, and kind, said he, As she is pretty in her features; And if she'll only marry me, I'll be the happiest of creatures.

His parents, hearing how he crept, And noting his eager flattery, Said "son, be cautious, she won't do, For here she's such a prettier creature, Her family are not renowned For being quite as meek as Moses, And some who marry the same, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

No longer seeing room to doubt, That she was mild beyond expression, Jacob brought the question out, And she surrendered to his suit, In proper course the wedding came, With orange blooms and red and white, A visit soon to crown the same, And pretty cottage home thereafter.

But ah, alas, for Jacob's peace! He yet the honeymoon was over, His wife's temper broke the love-clover, From being gentle as an old, And shedding tears when he'd offend her, And with her into a fretful crew, As ugly as the witch of Endor.

As usual at the birth of change, And wondering how he had been blinded, The hapless man could not arrange The question of a divorce; Till at her father's house, one day He put the query quite explicit: "How did you talk to me that night?" Said she, "I'll show you, in the attic."

There they climbed the garret stairs, Till, standing under beams unnumbered, The lady showed, with mocking air, A central post, like a cross-tree; "You see it's nearly worn in twain, Or seems to be, with weight it's carried; But with my feet, it's never bent, A fortnight, just before we married!"

"Whenever you would tease me most, And then had gone, and left me boating, I used to come and gnaw that post, To keep myself from raging sorely; I knew you'd never know your mind, If I would show you how I do it!" Said Jacob, "that, my dear, was kind; But I wish some other way had been."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried, "In all the ways 'twere apt to try;" Out came a dozen tricks he'd tried, His own good nature he displayed, The more he tried, the more he tried, Instead of vexing him revealing, She only seemed as meek as Moses, No end of thorns among their toes."

The American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1872.

VOL. 58.—NO. 51.

with it? or whether the great Mr. Merchant took the eight or the nine o'clock train for the city; or rich Mr. Moneybags never gave his horse a single quart of oats—Sam was always sure to know particulars, and a great deal more besides.

But there was one thing, however, which puzzled him for several months past, and this was nothing more or less than the occupation of the Hollishead family, who had lately come to live in the Blackly house—the very one now before him.

They were not farmers, for the land which old Blackly had so carefully tilled had not known the spade since his death. They did no business in the city—did not do anything in town. Yes, Sam knew this place well, for many had been his prowlings round the little house, in vain attempts to discover the occupation of its inmates.

No wonder, then, that he hailed with delight this golden opportunity to obtain free admittance into the mysterious family.

His knock was answered by a plainly dressed woman, of more than middle age, whom Sam recognized as Mrs. Hollishead herself.

"I've lost my way in the storm, ma'am," he began. "Can I—"

"Oh, come in I come in!" exclaimed the woman, cordially. "It's an awful night, to be sure. Come right up to the window, which he opened, and seeing that the distance to the ground was not great, quietly swung himself out, and dropped in the soft snow beneath.

Scrambling to his feet he ran across the little clearing, and made for the door, saying, as he did so:

"I'll leave my gun till I come back with the constable! Ha! ha!"

And making the best speed possible in the storm, he at length reached Grundyville, just as the bell in the church steeple rang out ten.

Sam had formed his plans on the road, and an hour had scarce elapsed when a party of excited villagers, headed by Stickey and old Riggs, the constable, might have been seen riding, at a rapid rate as possible in the storm, toward the Blackly House.

"We'll take the whole lot of them," cried Sam, as they rode along. "Half the fine for the one who informs!"

"So they say," replied Riggs; "but, I say, Sam, you mustn't forget your friends who helped you catch 'em, when you got all that money?"

"Not I!" exclaimed the delighted Stickey. "You all know me, don't you, boys?"

"That's so," replied the others, "Sam's liberal, whatever else you may say of him."

At length they reached the clearing, and, facing the horses, the men stole cautiously up toward the light snow rendering their approach undetectable to those within.

Three roses, was as midnight, and weighed down Each with a load of snow, and crown, Dropped in a forlorn window in a town, The first a lover hid, it lay at rest, Like snow on snow, that night, on Beauty's breast.

The second rose, as vernal and fair, Shrank in the tangles of a baron's hair. The third, a widow, with now grief made wild, Shook in the top of her dead child.

Destiny. The little parmer, I am determined to be rid of her, Fanny."

"What has she done, Belle?" said Fanny Lormer, Belle's sister.

"Done?" exclaimed Belle. "Is it not too much for me to look calmly on, and Miss Dayne, a poor girl, attracting the attention which I thought my right?"

"Whose attention in particular, pray?"

"Why, Mr. St. John's, of course. He is the only one in our set whom I care for. Well, if he prefers Nina, I should have no objection of seeing you offener? I never meet you, or very seldom, and I am often at your uncle's."

"I shall be glad to have you for my friend, Mr. St. John," said Nina; "I do not have very many friends here, and she gave him her hand, as friends do when they part. He took her little hand in his, with a friendly grasp, and as he looked into her clear blue eyes, he felt that he would give much to win for himself the deep, deep love which lay hidden in their depths. As he left her, he resolved, that if it was God's will, Nina should some day become his wife.

Christmas drew near. Great preparations were made at Judge Lormer's for this happy time. Belle and Fanny said they would have the gayest party of the season on Christmas night. It was but a short time before that Belle had noticed that Nina came often into the parlor in the evening; that she seemed to grow more beautiful every day—and worst of all, that whenever she was talking to Mr. St. John and Nina came into the room, his attention, which she claimed, was totally polite—that his eyes would follow Nina's every movement. Supreme jealousy took his place in the heart of Belle from the moment she first observed this, and her thoughts found vent in the words with which our story opens. Her plans were, that she must in some way get Nina away from Melton, or Mr. St. John would be lost to her.

Now, Judge Lormer had an old aunt, who visited his family twice during the year. She was very rich, but lived in the most secluded manner in a little village, about fifty miles from Melton. Belle thought if she could contrive to send Nina to see this aunt, who had been a great fancy to Nina, she would then be entirely out of the way. She could have danced for joy, when, a few days before Christmas, Judge Lormer received a letter from Aunt Jane, saying that she felt very lonely and far from well, and that she would like to have the girls to stay a time with her?"

When this letter was read, the Judge looked around in the little circle, and before any one else spoke, Nina said:

"Dear uncle, let me go; you are so kind to me, I should like to do this for you; besides, Belle and Fanny want to be here so much now."

"Dear child," said Judge Lormer, "you want to be here, too, do you not?"

"Uncle," replied Nina, "that would give me pleasure, but I really desire to follow the great fancy of my heart. I never meet you, or very seldom, and I am often at your uncle's."

"Be it so, then; you are so like your mother, Nina," and the Judge's eyes grew dim, as he remembered the sweet sister of his youth.

Belle exclaimed, "What a good girl you are, my dear! These are the first words of praise that Belle had spoken to Nina, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. That day Nina started with her uncle to visit Aunt Jane.

Nina was not the only one who had made friends with the poor in Melton, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. That day Nina started with her uncle to visit Aunt Jane.

Nina was not the only one who had made friends with the poor in Melton, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. That day Nina started with her uncle to visit Aunt Jane.

"He is," replied the doctor. "He came into town about an hour ago, and looked as usual, the storm, saying he had discovered your printing counterfeits money?"

"I manufacture this hair restorer," answered the old man, "and put one of these imitation bills in each package as an advertisement. I thought when I bought this place, that I had found a quiet spot, where I could carry on my business without annoyance; but it seems I was mistaken."

"But you shall find yourself not mistaken," spoke the doctor. "No one shall interfere with you again Mr. Hollishead. It's all the fault of this meddling fellow here that you were disturbed to-night. Let's roll him in the snow boys!" he added, turning to the others; "I'll give him something for making fools of us."

"Good!" cried Riggs, very loudly, "and give him an extra roll to pay for my scalded leg, while you're about it!"

And, all sizing hold of the luckless Sam, they hurried him from the house. It was a sorry-looking figure that came into Stickey's dwelling, late that night, and a still sorer one that night had been seen, any day during the following week, with his head tied up, hovering over the kitchen fire.

I am sorry to say that Sam's adventure with the counterfeits did him little good, for he was soon seen again hanging round his old haunt, the village school; a bad habit, for all time to come, his old reputation—the meddler of Grundyville!

EDUCATING GIRLS—Educating girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary as instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and it is the household surroundings which effect most largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she understands how to set a table, if she knows how to wash and to dress, how beds should be swept, how furniture should be dusted, how the clothes should be repaired, and turned, and altered, and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage, and understands the laying out of provisions, how to make them go farthest, and last, but not least, to the social respectability, neatness, and efficiency and usefulness in whatever position may be allotted to them.

It may be safe to say that not one girl in ten of our large towns and cities enters into married life who has learned to bake, to do, to mend, to sew, to wash, to clean, to iron, to make a carpet, or to cut and fit and make her own dress. How much the perfect knowledge of these things bears upon the thrift, the comfort and health of families, may be conjectured, but not calculated by figures. It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a gentleman by attending a kitchen to every school in the nation, and have lessons daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table; and how to purchase them in the market; the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, an increase of comfort, and higher health in every family in the land.

A WIFE'S POWER.—The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, courage and strength; but his heart is not adamant, and his will is not iron. No condition is hopeless to man where his wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intellectual man with a whole heart, he needs his moral forces in the conflicts of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of comfort. There his soul renews its strength and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and trouble of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, selfishness, jealousy or gloom, or is assailed by complaints and ceases, hope vanishes and sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who, if their hearts are not so conflicted or trials of life, for such is woman's power.

DOMESTICATED BUFFALO S.—Some experiments have been tried crossing the buffaloes with domestic cattle, and the result is highly satisfactory. A breed of animals being produced, which retains many of the valuable properties of both breeds. The animals are large and strong, the chief objection to them being that ordinary fences stop them for a moment, and that they love the water so much that they will swim and swim for it when it is full of floating logs. We have heard of a cow and calf whose love for athletic exercises was such that they would jump from a bank ten feet high into deep water, when there was an easy path close at hand. These peculiarities are drawbacks to introduction of buffalo blood into the veins of family pets; but on the other hand, when properly cared for, these animals make most delicious beef, and their hides, when soft tanned, are as much superior to the buffalo robe of commerce as wool is to shoddy. The writer saw the pool of the cow mentioned above. It was much larger than any buffalo robe which he ever saw before, and was covered with a mat of soft curly hair—there being none of the long shabby hair ordinarily seen.

"He is," replied the doctor. "He came into town about an hour ago, and looked as usual, the storm, saying he had discovered your printing counterfeits money?"

"I manufacture this hair restorer," answered the old man, "and put one of these imitation bills in each package as an advertisement. I thought when I bought this place, that I had found a quiet spot, where I could carry on my business without annoyance; but it seems I was mistaken."

"But you shall find yourself not mistaken," spoke the doctor. "No one shall interfere with you again Mr. Hollishead. It's all the fault of this meddling fellow here that you were disturbed to-night. Let's roll him in the snow boys!" he added, turning to the others; "I'll give him something for making fools of us."

"Good!" cried Riggs, very loudly, "and give him an extra roll to pay for my scalded leg, while you're about it!"

And, all sizing hold of the luckless Sam, they hurried him from the house. It was a sorry-looking figure that came into Stickey's dwelling, late that night, and a still sorer one that night had been seen, any day during the following week, with his head tied up, hovering over the kitchen fire.

I am sorry to say that Sam's adventure with the counterfeits did him little good, for he was soon seen again hanging round his old haunt, the village school; a bad habit, for all time to come, his old reputation—the meddler of Grundyville!

EDUCATING GIRLS—Educating girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary as instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and it is the household surroundings which effect most largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she understands how to set a table, if she knows how to wash and to dress, how beds should be swept, how furniture should be dusted, how the clothes should be repaired, and turned, and altered, and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage, and understands the laying out of provisions, how to make them go farthest, and last, but not least, to the social respectability, neatness, and efficiency and usefulness in whatever position may be allotted to them.

It may be safe to say that not one girl in ten of our large towns and cities enters into married life who has learned to bake, to do, to mend, to sew, to wash, to clean, to iron, to make a carpet, or to cut and fit and make her own dress. How much the perfect knowledge of these things bears upon the thrift, the comfort and health of families, may be conjectured, but not calculated by figures. It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a gentleman by attending a kitchen to every school in the nation, and have lessons daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table; and how to purchase them in the market; the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, an increase of comfort, and higher health in every family in the land.

A WIFE'S POWER.—The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, courage and strength; but his heart is not adamant, and his will is not iron. No condition is hopeless to man where his wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intellectual man with a whole heart, he needs his moral forces in the conflicts of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of comfort. There his soul renews its strength and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and trouble of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, selfishness, jealousy or gloom, or is assailed by complaints and ceases, hope vanishes and sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who, if their hearts are not so conflicted or trials of life, for such is woman's power.

DOMESTICATED BUFFALO S.—Some experiments have been tried crossing the buffaloes with domestic cattle, and the result is highly satisfactory. A breed of animals being produced, which retains many of the valuable properties of both breeds. The animals are large and strong, the chief objection to them being that ordinary fences stop them for a moment, and that they love the water so much that they will swim and swim for it when it is full of floating logs. We have heard of a cow and calf whose love for athletic exercises was such that they would jump from a bank ten feet high into deep water, when there was an easy path close at hand. These peculiarities are drawbacks to introduction of buffalo blood into the veins of family pets; but on the other hand, when properly cared for, these animals make most delicious beef, and their hides, when soft tanned, are as much superior to the buffalo robe of commerce as wool is to shoddy. The writer saw the pool of the cow mentioned above. It was much larger than any buffalo robe which he ever saw before, and was covered with a mat of soft curly hair—there being none of the long shabby hair ordinarily seen.

take the trouble to go with her, when she had heard Belle say that very morning, that Mr. St. John was coming up to drive with them, and she wondered what her cousin would think if she knew what had detained him.

They had a merry time, and Mr. St. John told Nina that the hour he spent on the ice was the happiest he had passed in a long time. She could not help being still more surprised at this, and wondered if the hours which were passed with her cousins were not happier ones.

When they returned toward her uncle's, Nina said with a little smile, "Mr. St. John, I expect you will think very strange of me, but you will excuse me now; I must stop at a house which we are just coming to."

He did not see any house where a young lady like Nina would be likely to call; only a small tenement house. And still she said she must stop at a house which we are just coming to."

"I shall be glad to have you for my friend, Mr. St. John," said Nina; "I do not have very many friends here, and she gave him her hand, as friends do when they part. He took her little hand in his, with a friendly grasp, and as he looked into her clear blue eyes, he felt that he would give much to win for himself the deep, deep love which lay hidden in their depths. As he left her, he resolved, that if it was God's will, Nina should some day become his wife.

Christmas drew near. Great preparations were made at Judge Lormer's for this happy time. Belle and Fanny said they would have the gayest party of the season on Christmas night. It was but a short time before that Belle had noticed that Nina came often into the parlor in the evening; that she seemed to grow more beautiful every day—and worst of all, that whenever she was talking to Mr. St. John and Nina came into the room, his attention, which she claimed, was totally polite—that his eyes would follow Nina's every movement. Supreme jealousy took his place in the heart of Belle from the moment she first observed this, and her thoughts found vent in the words with which our story opens. Her plans were, that she must in some way get Nina away from Melton, or Mr. St. John would be lost to her.

Now, Judge Lormer had an old aunt, who visited his family twice during the year. She was very rich, but lived in the most secluded manner in a little village, about fifty miles from Melton. Belle thought if she could contrive to send Nina to see this aunt, who had been a great fancy to Nina, she would then be entirely out of the way. She could have danced for joy, when, a few days before Christmas, Judge Lormer received a letter from Aunt Jane, saying that she felt very lonely and far from well, and that she would like to have the girls to stay a time with her?"

When this letter was read, the Judge looked around in the little circle, and before any one else spoke, Nina said:

"Dear uncle, let me go; you are so kind to me, I should like to do this for you; besides, Belle and Fanny want to be here so much now."

"Dear child," said Judge Lormer, "you want to be here, too, do you not?"

"Uncle," replied Nina, "that would give me pleasure, but I really desire to follow the great fancy of my heart. I never meet you, or very seldom, and I am often at your uncle's."

"Be it so, then; you are so like your mother, Nina," and the Judge's eyes grew dim, as he remembered the sweet sister of his youth.

Belle exclaimed, "What a good girl you are, my dear! These are the first words of praise that Belle had spoken to Nina, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. That day Nina started with her uncle to visit Aunt Jane.

Nina was not the only one who had made friends with the poor in Melton, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. That day Nina started with her uncle to visit Aunt Jane.

Nina was not the only one who had made friends with the poor in Melton, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. That day Nina started with her uncle to visit Aunt Jane.

Nina was not the only one who had made friends with the poor in Melton, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. That day Nina started with her uncle to visit Aunt Jane.

Nina was not the only one who had made friends with the poor in Melton, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. That day Nina started with her uncle to visit Aunt Jane.

Nina was not the only one who had made friends with the poor in Melton, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. That day Nina started with her uncle to visit Aunt Jane.

wished for a visit from him. So that very afternoon saw him on his way to Clifton, and the next morning he surprised his friends, who received him with the old-time love.

"Really I am glad to have you here, Norton, but did not suppose that I could attract you at this time of the year."

"My dear Danby, you know I am candid, so to tell the truth I have come to Clifton to see another friend, who is visiting here."

"Ah, ha! lady, perhaps."

"You are right, and can tell me if there is, near you, a lady related to Judge Lormer?"

"That I can, my dear boy; but have you come to visit her? She is old enough to be your grandmother."

"I intend to visit her house, but not particularly to see her."

"Ah, well, I will not pry into your secret further, but direct you. And still you receive the knowledge he desired, and left his friend with a merry adieu.

He walked down the street, and as he drew near to the house to which he had been directed, he wondered what Nina would say when she saw him. He was admitted by a servant, and waited impatiently for Nina's appearance. Soon a light step came along the hall, and the next moment Nina stood before him. She had been surprised to learn that a gentleman wished to see her, and she thought her uncle had forgotten something; but the servant would have known the Judge.

When she saw Mr. St. John, she uttered a cry, and sprang forward; but the next instant remembered, and stopped, while the color flashed into her face. It told him all, at that he was beloved—his said "all right" with such an inspiring, deferential smile that he could not comprehend what the fellow meant.

When I reached my bed room, in pushing the door I accidentally blew out the light, and found myself in the dark—so intensely dark that I could not see a step before me. I groped for my clothes, and under the dark, so I sat down upon the bed, and began to dress myself of my clothing.

In moving my hand carelessly over the bed it suddenly came in contact with a solid body, which felt most singularly like human being. In the next moment my hand was grasped by two smooth, soft hands, and the feet felt the tips of my fingers pressed against the delicate, rapturous lips.

What did it mean? Could it be a ghost in my bed or a burglar? Or was it a young lady? When I thought of the latter possibility, my limbs trembled in terror, and I was about to light the lamp again, before I could do so, however, a sweet voice spoke to me.

"Brown," said the voice, "who don't you come to bed? Here I have been waiting for the last half hour."

I understood what was the matter now, and I determined to have some fun. "Go to sleep my dear, and don't bother me," said I. "It will come to bed when I am ready."

In a moment there came a piercing scream from the bed, loud enough to have missed the shingles from the roof. It had the effect of bringing the landlord into my room with all his boarders trooping at his heels.

What was my dismay, when a light was brought, to discover a beautiful lady sitting bolt upright in bed, and attired in a snowy white garment.

"What do you mean sir by entering my bed chamber?" asked the lady in a severe tone of voice.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns for advertising rates per line, including categories like 'Per Line per Week', 'Per Line per Month', and 'Per Line per Year'.

Twelve lines constitute a square. For Execution of Notices, \$1.00. For Auditor's Notices, 75 cts. For Yearly Cards, not exceeding 25 lines, 75 cts. For Cards, not exceeding 10 lines, 50 cts. For Business and Special Notices, 10 cents per line. Double column advertisements extra.

tion; are these youngsters more of my offspring?"

"Oh, no, papa," answered the young lady; "these are Carrie's, your oldest grandchildren's children. They are your grandchildren."

"For heaven's sake, stop there," I shouted; "you have made me a grandfather, but be good enough not to go any farther with my descendants."

"The truth must be told," said the young lady with a rosy smile; "you know your oldest son is named John."

"Well, since you say so, we will call him John."

"John has a married daughter, who has lately had—"

"I knew what was coming, so I jumped up and seized my hat while she concluded."

"A handsome little boy—so you are a great grandfather," continued the young lady.

Like Macbeth, I would "hear no more," but rushed from the room as if