John B. Bratton. OFFICE-SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

Dollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No sub scription discontinued until all arrearages ar paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

## Professional Cards

J. H. GRAHAM. I J. H. GRAHAM, Jr. J. H. GRAHAM & SON. Attorneys & Counsellors at law, No. 14 South Hanover St.,

No. 14 South Handward.

CARLISLE, PA.

How. J. H. Grandam, late President Judge of the Ninth Judicis! District, has resumed the practice of the law, and associated with him his son, I. H. Grandam, Jr. Will practice in the law of tumberland; Per y and Juniata Councourts of Cumberland; Per y and Per y

R. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW JARLISLE, PA.

Bontr's dry goods store.

TOS. RITNER, Attorney-at-Law,

NO. 8 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa. 33-All business promptly attended to. Cections a specialty.

170et72ly TAMES M. WEAKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office-No. 22 South Hanover St., Carlisle, Pa April 25, 1872-ly. JOSEPH G. VALE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DRSS. MARY L. HALL, Homosopa thic Physician and Medical Electrician office South Hanover street, Carlisle. All formale diseases skillfuly treated. Fatients at a distance can consult by mail.

June 6, 1872—Jy.

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DEN-Margery, Office at the residence of his mother Land Louther Surest, three doors below Begford DR. J. S. BENDER, M. D.

Has removed his office to the South West dor-ner of South Hanover and Pomfret Streets, di-rectly opposite the 2nd Presbyterian Church. Carlisle April 18-72-1f.

Regal Notices.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.— Notice is Refer by given to all persons interested, that the following accounts have been filed in this office by the accountants therein named, for aximination and confirmation, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county on Monday, December 16th, 1872. 1. The account of Sam'l Plank, Esq., Executor Anthony Baird, late of Monroe townshire consecutions.

rennsporo township, deceased.

3. The Administration account of the Executors of Hon. John Stuart, late of South Middleton township, deceased.

4. Account of D. S. Ker, Guardian of Jennie A. Woods, minor daughter of N. J., R. Woods, deceased. ceased.

5. Account of D.P.Tritt, Administrator of Miss Margaret Harper, late of the borough of New-ville, deceased.

ville, deceased.

6. Estate of Jos. J. Brahm, deceased. Account of John Jacobs, Executor of said deceased. or John Jacobs, Executor of said deceased.
7. First and final account of Ellas B. Eyster,
Guardian of Mary. Seavers.
8. First and final account of David S. Burkholder. Administrator of Wm. Roller, late of
Hopewell township, deceased. Oppower township, deceased.

9. The account of Jas. D. Bell'and Wm. Sense man, Administrators of J. W. Cornman, dec'd. as sattled by Wm. Senseman, surviving Administrator. 10. Thomas Wharton, dec'd., account of Jacob Eminger, Administrator of estate of Thomas Wharton, deceased.

Eminger, Adecased.

11. The account of Jno. Wargoner, Guardian of Jennie E. Klink, a minor child of Rev. C. M. Klink, late of the State of Ohio, deceased.

12. The account of James M'Candlish, Esq., Administrator of the estate of Jacob Ewoyr, late of the borough of Newylle, deceased. of the borough of Newville, deceased.

13. First and final account of Samuel Shally,
Administrator of Jesse V. Shally, dec'd. 14. The first and final account of Jino C. Elliott, executor of the last will and testament of Nausy i, Wengert, late of the borough of Newburg, umberland county, deceased.

land county, deceased.

16. First and partial account of Isate Wise and Sarah Hartman, Executors of the inst will and testament of Jacob Hartman, late of Middless township, deceased.

17. The first and final account of Abraham Hosteter, Administrator of Conrad Fostnaught, deceased.

18. The first and final account of Henry K.

18. The first and final account of Henry K.

Peffer, William G. Peffer and Adam F. Peffer.

Administrators of Adam Peffer, late of Dicking to the control, cumberland county, deceased.

Jos. NEELY.

16 November 1872—3t.

Register.

16 November 1572-3t.

IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cum-berland County. Elizabeth Booth, by her next friend Henry Weiker No. 53 Aug.T., 1872

Charles Booth. Alias Subpoen Sur Divorce. November 18th, 1872. Proof having been made that Charles Booth could not be found, notice is hereby given to the said Charles Booth & appear on the 18th day of January. At Elizabett Booth, by her next friend, Henry Welker, Sheriff Soffice, J. J.S. K. FOREMAN, Carliste, Nov. 16, 72.

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

A DMINISTANTA AND A COLOR OF THE ADMINISTANTA AND A COLOR OF THE ADMINISTANCE OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE ADM

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Actice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of George W. S. Welrich, late of North Middleton township, dee'd, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Carlisle. All persons knowing themselves indebited thereto, are requested to make payment immediately and those having claims will present them for settlement. CHAS. WEIRICH. Janvoit.

A SSIGNEE'S NOTICE.— Whereas, I sage Brenlzer, of Silver Spring township, Cumberland county, by a voluntary deed of assignment, bearing date October 91, 1872, conveyed to the undersigned all his property, real, personal and mixed, for the benefit of his creditors, Notice is hereby given to all persons indebtet to said party, to settle the same with the subscriber immediately, and those having claims will also present the same with thout delay, to Monroe township. OHRISTIAN GLEIM, Nov. 14, 1872-34.

A SSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Whereas John S: Ricker, of Silver Spring township, cumberland county, by a voluntary deed of assignment, hearing date October 23, larz, conveyed to the undersigned all his property, reallors, notice is hereby given to all persons in debted to said party, be settle the same with the cubarriber immediately, and those having slains will also present the same without delay, but the same with the cubarriber immediately, and those having the same with the same without delay. Middlesax township.

Middlesex township, November 7, 1872-3t R XECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the will of Mrs Mary Goodheart, late of West Pennsborough township, Ommberland county, have this day been issued to the undersigned Executor, residing in said township. All persons knowing themselves indebted are requested to make payment without delay; and those having claims will present them for settlement. JOHN GOODHEART, 2/oct72-61. Ex'r, of Mary Goodheart, dec'd

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

Antico is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of John Wert, late of North Elddleton township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same two All persons knowing themselves indebted thereto, are requested to make payment immediately and those having claims will present them for settlement. ABRAHAM WERT, Oct 31 1872-0t Admir.

DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. A Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration on the estate of Mrs. Eliza () Lehman, into 6 South Middleton township, dec'd, has been granted to Jacob C. Lehman, of said township, Persons indebted to the said Eliza C township, persons indebted to the said eliza of the said man, will make immediate payment and thoman will make immediate payment and

o having claims present them to JACOB C LEHMAN, Job Printing of every description not hurriedly, but artistically executed at this office. Give us a call.

## The American Bolunteer.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1872. BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

beautiful beloved.

to the bank for your master?'

'Two hours, ma'am.'

pretty clock on the bracket.

stoné blind.

close to her heart.

nd toast.

now-she called her maid.

She then closed the door.

nue, and the people in all the spleudor

fashionable, attire were passing hither

and thither, on foot and in carriace.

More than one stopped at the door of her

own house, but Mrs. Randolph took no

more heed of them than if she had been

Her eyes gazed into the crowd, until at

last the form of her messenger appeared.

She gave a little frightened start, the

color flushed in her face; she took the

bills from the man's hand, and when

once the door was shut, cried to herself

softly, while both hands clutched them

Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!

Two hours later, when the day was

turning into dusk—for it was winter

'Tell Marguerite to have dinner alone,'

he said. Mr. Randolph will not be

ome, and I want nothing at present.

At ten o'clock you may send some tea

Along the garden patch, in the gray

gloom, stole a figure wrapped in a coarse

ever buys or wears; but yet the figure

bore a remarkable resemblance to the in-

valid lady of the Randolph mission. Be-

hind the till box-hedge it crept, out at

the garden gate, through the long alley

that lay between the two tall rows of

with figing, footsteps, into another still

farther toward the East River, up a nar-

row lane which reaked with decaying

garbage, then paused, breathless, beside

Out of the darkness came another fig-

this one had no need of concealment.

She came forth from some shadowy re-

cess with a rolling gait, a negro woman

with a gay, vellow turbin and a shawl

tied under her arms, and the little tremb-

ling creature in the coarse shawl held

'Tell him,' said she, 'that is the last.'

come into a by-street back into the nar-

row lane, back into the garden gate be-

caught a glimpse of the tiny foot, the

father to see the grand costume, the siry.

sheemy, gossamer fabrics, the exquisite

his looks and voice, high

oried. "I was born in New York."

father is proud of your beauty.'

broke the silence of the house.

out toward her a small package.

an old wooden pumper

room.

the house.

ouses, into a by-street, down this street

'Yes, ma'am,' said Paul.

VOL 59-NO. 26.

Dagchy & Co's Advertisements. GENTS WANTE DI \$75 to \$2.50 PER A GENTS WANTED 1 575 to \$2.50 PER AMONTH, everywhere, male and femnie, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, feil, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superformanner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and warranted for five yenrs. We will pay \$1,00 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more clastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stich." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the oloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. Wa pay agents from \$75 to \$220 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice in a mount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., Boxon, Mass, Pattburgh, Pa.; Chicapo, Id., of St. Louis, No. 250 v/49.

THEAP FARMS! FREE HOMES! On the line of the UNION PACIFIC RAIL ROAD, 12,000,000 acres of the best Farming and Mineral Lands in America.
3,000000 Acres in Nebraska, in the Platte Valley now for sale,

Mild Climate, Fertile Soil. for Grain growing and Stock Raising unsurpassed by any in the United States.
Cheaper in price, more favorable terms given, and more convenient to market than can be found elsewhere.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ACTUAL SETTLERS. The best location for colonies—Soldiers enti-tled to a Homestand of 160 Acres. Send for the new Descriptive Pamphlet, with new maps, published in English, German, Swe-dish and Danish, malled free everywhers. Ad-dress, 28noysw Land Com'r U.P.R.K.Co.,Omaba., Neb.

DON'T BE DECEIVED BUT FOR coughs, bronchial difficulties, use only WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS. Worthless imitations are on the market but the only scientific preparation of Carboile Acid for Lung diseases is when chemically combined with other well known remedies, as in these rablets, and all parties are cautioned against sping any other. In all cases of irritation of the mucous men-orane these tablets should be freely used; their cleansing and healing properties are astonish-lor.

A GENTS! IT SELLS QUICK AMONG A all classes. Old people, the middle-aged, hose who are just entering life, and youth of both sexes buy and read with the greatest profit MY INLLY FRIEND'S SECRET

. DIO LEWIS' last and best book. It is meeting with the greatest success: and here is MONEY IN IT. Send for our circulars, etc. which are sent free Geo, Maclean, Phila. 28nov4w

GENTS! A RARE CHANCE! We will pay all Agents \$40 per week in cash, who will engage with us at once. Everything furnished and expenses paid. Address. 28nor4w.

A. COULTER & CO.

PSYCHOMANCY, or SOUL CHARMING. How Pelther sox may fascinate and gain the love & infections of any person they choose instanty. This simple mental acquirement all can possess free, by mail, for 26c, together with a murriage guide, Egytlan Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladles, Wwedding Night Shirt, &c. A queer book. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Pubs., Phila. 28nov4w. WARREN RANGE

First premium Am. Int. 1871. Double Elevated Oven, Warming Closet, Broiling Door Fender Guard, Dumping and Shaking Grate, Direct Draft. FULLER, WARREN & CO., 23 Water Street, New York. THE best selling book in the market is THE STRUGGLES of Petroleum V. Nasby

It is illustrated by THOMAS NAST, the greatest of Acierican Artists, and contains and introduction by Hon. Charles Summer. Agument wanted for this and other popular books. Address I. N. Richardson & Co., Boston, Mass., and St. Louis, Mo. MONEY easily made with our stencil and key-check outfit. 45-Choulars Free. Stafford M'rg Co., 66 Fulton St., N. Y. 28noviw

OOK! FREE TO ALL! \$50 per week to Agents ncy we will send a copy of that "Wonder of ders," the ILLUSTRATED HORN OF

ations, and will be sent Free to all who may lite. Addresss I Garside, Paterson, N.J. 28n4v GENTS can not do better than secure as

THREE YEARS IN A MAN TRAP. TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM! Nearly 30,000 copies have been sold; and its oppularity is still on the increase. One single such has seid upwards of 1000 copies. Secure arritory at once. J. M. STODDARD & CO., Tublishers, Philadelphia.

GENTS WANTED for the LIGHT IN THE EAST. The most comprehensive and valuable religious work ever publishek; also, for our new illustrated family Bible, containing nearly 500 fine scripture illustrations, and Dr. Smith's complete firetionary of the Bible. Send for Prospectus & Circulars, and we vill show you what agents say of this, the best and cheapest Family Bible, and how fast they are selling it. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa 28 noviw

DIAMOND & RUBY

FURNACES. Powerful and Economical heaters.

JAMES A. LAWSON, Patentee. Fuller, War
in C Co., 236 Water St., N. Y. 24oct12w

A 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of 104 PIANOS, MELODIANS, and ORGANS, of sirst-class makers, including Waters' at very Low Prices for Cash, or part cash, and had auce in small monthly instalments, New 7-ce tave first-class Planos, modern improvements of \$2.75 cash. Now ready a Concerto Parlo Organ, the most ceautiful style and perfect ton ever made, all liustrated catalogues malled. Shee Music & Music Merchandise, 28 mover

SELF FEEDER B AS E.
TEWART URNER
IMPROVED, UNRIVALED and UNEQUALED
Burns any size of Coal
Fuller, Warren & Co., 238 Water street, N: Y.,
Hootilyw

GENTS WANTED.—Address, for the most

DISCOVERED. Dr. Livingstone in Africa-His Adventure. The tanley-Livingstone Expedition to Africa-Large octavy volume, just issued: Contains Todeits of the Wonderful Career of the Great Traveler, the Country, Animais, Natives, Hungi dee, Full account of this most interesting part of the glebe. Outfit sent for \$1; Address (UNION PUBLISHING CO., Obicago, Ills.; Philpd.; or Springfield, Mass.

TAKEE TO BOOK AGENTS. AN ELECANTLY BOUND CANVASSING BOOK.

An Elebanity Bulba warrasona Sociation to beat and cheapest Family Bible ever published, will be sent free of charge to any book agent. It contains neasly 500 fine Soriptore illustrations, and agents are meeting with unpprecedented success. Address, stating experience etc. & we will show you what our agents are daing, National Publishing Co, Phila Pa Slotter

TO FARMERS & STOCK Breeders 300,000 BOOKS & PICTURES GIVEN AWAY; CHEAP READING.

To introduce the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL to NEW READERS, we have put up 100,000 pickings, each acontaining three Journals, which we will send FREE to all who send stamp which we will send FREE to all who send stamp to my postage. Address, AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL, Parkesburg, Chestor county, Pa.

AFP. A-All who without as AGENTH, will receive a sept. Develop 10 to by a inch, \$50.00 PIO-TURE, of DEXTER TO A ROAD WAGON, by sending 25 cents to pay exponses of mailing. AGENTH MAKE \$5 to \$20 A DAY.

C-TO \$20 per day I Agents wanted ! Al process of working people, of either sex, young or old-make more money at work forus in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Furthering free. Address G. Stinsow & Co., Forthand, Maine. 123ept72—Iy

THE BOYS.

There come the boys! Oh dear, the noise, The whole house feels the racket! Behold the knee of Harry's pants, And weep o'er Bertie's Jacket!

But never mind, if eyes keep bright, And limbs grow straight and limber; We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark Than find unsound the timber! Now hear the tops and marbles roll!

The floors—on we betide them!
And I must watch the banisters. Look well as you descend the stairs.

The very chairs are tied in pairs.

And made to prance and caper;

What swords are whittled out of sticks What brave hats made of paper i The dinner bell peats loud and well, To tell the milkman's coming; And then the rush of "steam-car trains"

Sets all our ears a humming. How oft I say, " What shall I do To keep these children quiet?' If I could find a good recipe, I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys, And all their din and clatter, Is really quite a grave affair— No laughing, trifling matter.

Boys will be boys—but not for long; ... Ah could we bear about us This thought—how very soon our boys Will learn to do without us!

How soon, but talf and deep-voiced men Will gravely call us mother; Or we be stretching empty hands From this world to the other.

More gently we should chide the noise

Miscellaneous.

MRS. RANDOLPH'S SECRET.

A. TRUE STORY. BY HATTIE KYLE.

'Mother, you never loved me as moth re love their daughters.' The words were spoken bitterly. It was sad to see the beautiful young creature so moved by passionate wrath, sad to see the dark bright face, with its sweet playful expression, changed for one a de-

mon might have worn. They were a strange contrast, this mother and daughter-the woman feeble, delicate and pale; the girl, scarcely more than a child in years, but looking much older than she really was with dark, flashing eyes, rich, orimson lips, and a skin tinged with the grape bloom's

purple gray. Please do not speak so. Marguerite. said Mrs. Randolph, raising her languid head from the pillow of the lounge on which she was reclining, and glancing timidly toward the half open door thro which the sound of a man's tread, though leadened by soft carpets, could still be faintly heard.

'It's the bitter truth, and I've known it from my childhood,' cried the girl im-

'Marguerite, my love, do be sensible,only wish to see you married soon, for your own sake. A hundred things may happen to interrupt a long engagement.

'Such as what?' asked Marguerite.

'If I were to die, it would probably be out off still longer.' 'But you wont die, mother.' The girl's voice quivered, and she slid down upon an ottoman close by the invalid's side, and looked anxiously at her

pale, quivering eyelids. 'Perhaps not, dear, but I feel sure that it is best for your welfare. Be advised by me, even if your father opposes it at

first. Lee Noir is very much in earnest, and sure you are not averse.' At this moment a servant entered and announced Mr. Lee Noir, and Marguerite, with a bright smile and hightened color, sped to meet her lover. Then the footsteps in the next apartment grew near

and a gentleman entered, a florid man with broad shoulders, ample forehead, black curling hair and moustache, and a somewhat severe expression of counte-Lee Noir is in great haste to carry our et away, said this gentleman to Mrs. Randolph, who had risen at his appearnce, and seated herself in an easy chair.

But you must manage Marguerite. Helen, and not allow her to consent to anything hasty." The child is altogether oo young. Mrs. Randolph sighed and forced s laintiff smile which might have been aken for assent, but uttered not a word,

and after a few moment's pause, she said in a timid tone; which was habitual to her when addressing her husband : Bertrand, can you let me have a few

dollars to day? 'A few dollars? To be sure. Order that you want and send the bills to me. 'You are very kind,' said she, but I would like to bave it in cash, if it is ulte convenient-just a little,

What do you want? Cannot I get it for you?" said Mr. Randolph, inspecting his pocket book. You ought not to go out to-day. You must be careful of yourgelf. little wife. The little wife thus apostrophized,

flushed with pleasure, and stretched out one of the little slender hands to him. but either he did not see or did not heed but either he did not see or did not heed sped, for the cry had come from above,—the action, and drew it back with a Thore were doors opened in the hall be I have not anything about me, I be- uated, but Marguerite reached her moth-

lieve. Let me see—one, two, three, four first. Poor Mrs. Randolph! She lav on dollars-stop, here's a check filled out for the landing of the staircase, meaning twenty dollars. Will that do? 'Yes, yes,' said Mrs. Randolph, and above.

took it with trembling fingers: Her husband looked down with a little, impatient, half-contemptuous frown, for he was one of those strong, healthy men, who, through their very strength and cestain moral deficiencies, have no sympathy with physical weakness and unstrung nerves, and it was only in his wife's brightest and most cheerful moods that she ever received those smiles and kind words that were so precious in her estimation. So he turned on his heel and left her, and she buried her face in her hands and sighed.

me just a little,' she moaned.

faint. 'Oh, Bertrand! If you could only love For weeks she lay and moaned and wandered in delirium, crying that she lew bushels of meal, potatoes, beans, &c., quously, 'A little glycerine and a week ling, riding on his property to market, next morning,

And below, in the splendid drawing liad seen him, crying that Marguerite which he wished to dispose of; and, of kid gloving, and they'll be all right must be married, crying Betrand to love | borrowing a horse and wagon he picked oom, Percey Lea Noir poured his pas sionate protestations into the ear of his her if only a little. And then when, one to rise once more, her reason all restored, | in the morning, he entered the market The silver-tongued time-piece on the s blow fell upon the household, an irre-

bracket sounded two clear, ringing notes. Mrs. Randolph started to her feet. It was strange to see the change from languer to activity.

She touched a bell-pull, and sum moned a servant man to her door. 'Paul,' said she, 'you have often chair and pointing with trembling finger Then take this check there for me and to the sheet before him, seemed to ask get it cashed. How long will it take

not frame the sounds, the meaning of the words before him. Well, do not be longer, she said, and Marguerite looked up in alarm. while the man was gone she sat at the Helen, Mr. Randolph said, after an ther effort tell me what this means; window and waited, looking alternately what the demands for money which you at the broad clean pavement and the never used, what the escapade at night The window overlooked Fifth Ave of which I learned too late, what terrible

apparition in this house.

The miserable wife looked him in the ace, her great blue eyes widening with terror.

'It has come at last,' she cried. Where are my letters? They lay beside her plate, as was the custom at the Randolph mansion. She turned them over, one, two, three, in the same ignorant, scrawling hand, those letters which she had not read because of her sickness. She shivered as she ouched them, then rose erect, and looked upon her lord and master with a new orn courage—the courage of a hunted

creature at bay. 'I have deceived you bitterly,' she said, and I know that you can never forgive me; but I will tell you all. Listen, husband ; listen, Marguerite. Four teen years ago, when I was in the South for our ailing infant's sake, Bertraud,

our daugher, died.\*
Her husband elenched his hands firmly together, and Marguerite gazed in wild alarm. It was plain she only

loubted her mother's saulty. 'Bertrand,' the wretched wife went on, 'our daughter died by my own careless act. I dared not tell you. I have always feared you until now, Bertrand, and I could not bear that you should suffer as I did, and I have suffered all the tortures of remorse, and the pain of having deceived you for all these miserable years, alone-alone. I sought child to adopt—one as nearly like my lost babe as it was possible to find-and Marguerite is that child.

Here the woman's breath failed her but, after a moment's pause, she went resolutely on. 🚟

ure—a woman, too; but it was plain that They told me she was utterly aban loned; but two years ago—Lask no pity, Bertrand; I am ready to die—two years ago, Marguerite's father came to me and claimed her. He had proofs undeniable that she was his child; that being left by his wife, who afterwards died, her child was left to the care of some poor people, who carried her to the city authorities.-The negro woman displayed her white (Don't Marguerite. Bertrand, just one teeth in a broad grin, thrust the package moment.) The man wanted money. He into her bosom and turned away. Then naunted me. He set his new wife--a nethe other went back the way she had gro woman, like his first-to follow me about. I could not tell you. Marguerite, it was for this I wanted you to marhind the high box-hedge, up the side ry soon, and now 1 have been ill, and staircase, into Mrs. Randolph's very the letters have been unanawered, and all is lost; they only want money, Ber-The servant man, Paul, spving the fleeting figure, watched it narrowly.

Then the woman sank trembling, cowering, utterly broken down, and Marguerite fled, shricking, from the

slender hand clutching the thick shawl. looked and nodded and formed his own conclusion. He was a wise fellow in his 'Too late to save her from disgrace, way, and he kept this little item of secret muttered the stricken man-' too late to knowledge to himself. It might be useful at some future time. At present his Southerner, and to him the tinge of place was a good one, and, he meant to dark blood would seem a deadly taint .--Woman! I curse you—curse you for When the maid brought the tea and your cowardice and your deception l' toast to Mrs. Randolph's room she found A few hours later, the woman who had her mistress suffering with nervous suffered such lingering agony, su ch at-

headache, white as snow and almost as ter punishment, lay dying. cold. She would have summoned the The trial that was to restore Marguerdoctor, but that lady forbade. However, ite to a loathsome, degraded home, never the need of medical aid became imperatook place, for the man who claimed her tive in the morring, and as days and would have yielded to anything for gold, weeks went by, Mrs. Randolph lay in a and Mr. Randolph, in the first hour afhalf helpless state, only rousing herself ter his wife's revelation found means to at times for a short excursion through silence his demands forever; but Marguerite paced the floor beside the death-Meanwhile, Perry Lee Noir's suit had bed, all the bright health and beauty prospered. Marguerite had yielded to gone from her face, her wild eyes glarpleadings; and already, with the ing, shredding paper after paper into signs of the invalid's recovery, prepararagments, till her path was strewn with tions for the wedding were in progress. them as with winter snow; and beside It was very late one evening, her love had just taken his departure, and Mar-guerite Randolph had summoned her

the stricken wife's couch the husband at in gloomy silence. Upon this desolate scene Percy Lee Noir arrived, He, too, had read the fatal paragraph. He glanced a moment

lace, the orange blossoms, the lucent at the frantic girl. pearls, and they became her beauty well. Marguerite, he cried, come back ! 'My little Southern daughter!' her It is nothing to me; utterly nothing; father said, with pride and pleasure in so you will let me take you to my

'I am not a Southern girl, papa,' she She heeded him no more than if he had been a stone. He pleaded and wept 'Yes, darling, but you caught the in vain. Southern beauty somehow. I never 'She is mad,' he cried. ' My Margucould understand it, for you were in the erite will never know me again. South but two years of your babyhood'. He snatched a pistol from his breast.

'But, papa, your own eyes and hair are dark as can be,' she urged, She flew to him just as the fatal weapon was aimed, fell fainting on his bosom, Dark! Yes, but none of my family and the two lay dead in each others' ever looked like you, Marguerite. Your Then the wretched woman oried aloud

And he kissed her fondly, tenderly most piteously. How his poor little wife would have re-Bertrand l' let me die in your arms. joiceil in sygin glases! While his lips She is happier than I. She died in his were still pressed to her forehead, a cry and I have loved you better than my But the man only turned his head 'Mamma! mamma!' cried Marguerite

Witness the following which comes to

'You must know! (but we did not

know) 'that around and about the beau-

breaking from her father's embrace, and aside, and with a fluttering sigh, the rushing into the outer hall. There was weak, mistaken woman passed away, a a great well etair case, and up this she victim of her own weakness and error. An Old Story, but Good. low, where the servants' rooms were sit If any one believes that all the stories of the glorious old times of Jackson and Clay campaigns have been used up, he will find how easy it is to be mistaken.

gins:

and writhing and pointing beyond-'God help me! What shall I do?' she us from old Kentucky, by the way of

cried. And Marguerite raised her tenderly while Mr. Randolph who had reached the spot, bent down with a grave, concerned countenance and took her into his arms. He laid her in his own room, and est down beside her. Then both urged to tell her what had alled her. 'Oh, Bertrand I' she said, 'I saw-

thought I saw-I am ill. Help- save And she sank back in a dead, white

mers, who find in that city a ready market for the surplus product of the farms, and there they carry it to sell, and buy One of these farmers, a poor but industrious and fearless man, had a porker, a

bright Spring morning, she was allowed for town. Arriving at one or two o'clock house, and selecting a stall, he split the dressed pig into halves, and hung them Mr. Randolph sipping his coffee and on the stout books, and with a bag of

parusing his morning paper alternately, meal for a pillow, lay down to sleep till rose with a fearful cry, a cry such as morning. He slept soundly and late, some wild beast might utter, grew black and when he awoke the market people in the face, gasped and gurgled, threw were crowding in; and lol, one-half of his hands aloft and sank back into his his pig had been unhooked, and hooked. It was clean gone! He made known his loss, and raving and swearing, he with his wild eyes, for his tongue could drew the whole crowd about him. As he grew warm with his wrath he said: "I know the sort of man that stole tha

> Well, why not let it out, if you know, and we will help find him for you,' they cried out in reply. 'Yes, I know what sort of a man he was; he was a Clay man. 'As old Harry Clay lived within

mile of the market, and every man here was ready to go to the dean for him, this was a bold speech, to accuse a Clay man of stealing a pig in Lexington, and they closed on him to give him a sound thrashing, when one demanded of him what made him think so.

"Why, nobody but a Clay man would have done it: if he had been a Jackson man he would have gone the whole

This turned the tables. The humon of the robbed farmer was iresistable.-The Lexingtonians carried him off to coffee house to a hot breakfast and a morning apree; after drinking to the health of Henry Clay, they made up the loss, and sent him home rejoicing.

WINNING A LOVER.

BY,AMY,BANDOPPHeny, "Five dollars ! Oh, Bridget, I wish I

knew of any way by which I could earn five dollars." Our scene was no silk-lined boudior, no picturesqe wooded ravine fringed with ferns and musical with the ripple of moss-brown waters, but only an underground city kitchen, with a gloomy range of washtubs on one side, and a girl of seventeen, sat perched on the palatial mansions of Fifth Avenue itaforesaid tubs, swinging her pretty little feet to and fro, while a stout Irish. woman, with a basket on her arm,

stood opposite. 🖖 'You, Miss, dear !' echoed Bridget Maloney. But sure that's a different thing altogether.'

'We need money so badly,' said Minnie, soberly. And now that papa is little. Mamma mended point lace for Madame Cherie last week, and got a little. And Sarah advertised for a place. as a nursery governess, but no one answered the advertisement. I could teach, I think, but every place is filled and Mr. Russell says there are ten applicants at least to every vacancy.

"The pity of it! sighed sympathizing Bridget, When the likes of me gets more work than she can do. For there is a jintleman sent a dozen shirts last night to be done up, and it's mestif will 'How much do you have apiece?

Minnie eagerly asked. 'A shilling, Miss.' 'That would be twelve shillings-

dollar and a half,' said Minnie medita-

save her happiness. Her lover is a tively, 'Bridget, would you let me do them? 'You, Miss Minnie?' 'Do,' coaxed the girl. 'I know ! could. I did papa's last week, and he never knew they were not ironed by a regular laundress. I should so like to earn a little money all of my own.

> with a long sigh, I could do so many nice things, if only I had a little money. 'Well, I declare,' said honest Bridget

could buy mamma some wine, and

Sara a new winter dress, and-Oh,

rubbing her nose. And you Judge Akerly's daughter!' 'Won't you let me Bridget ?' Minnie had jumped off the wash-tub and come close to the good natured Irishwoman, with sparkling eyes, and cheeks deep dyed with the earnestness of her pleading. Please, I could come to your house this afternoon, and papa would think I was walking in the

'Sure you'd be kindly welcome, Miss. acceded Bridget. "Only—"

Away ran Minnie, in great glee, to make all necessary preparations for the

afternoon's work. 'I won't tell Sara,' she thought, 'nor mamma, because they'd be sure to cry and make a fuss over it. I'll just steal quietly away, after I have made the omelette for papa's lunch. Only, if Mr. Russell should call-' and the lovely face fell for a second—but perhaps he won't. Any way, this is one of the opportunities to help myself that I have sighed for so long, and it will only be throwing luck away to neglect it.'

And so Minnie Akerly stole away at two o'clock, much to the displeasure of her elder sister Sara. 'I think she might have stayed to read to papa,' said she, 'instead of leav

ing it always to me.' 'My dear,' said conciliatory Mrs. Akerly, you must remember that she is very young, and needs more relaxation

'Relaxation!' If they could only have seen Minnie at that moment, with flushed cheeks and sleeves rolled up to the flair round shoulders, working as if her life depended on it, they might that had been washed and ironed by have taken a different view of matters, Louislana. Our entertaining friend beand things in general.

And the next day she went again, to iron the shirts she had washed so daint-

tiful city of Lexington, in the State of 'Sure, Miss, you're making them look Kentucky, for a distance of twelve or fiflike white satin,' cried the admiring teen miles, there lives, or did live, 20 Bridget. 'And it's yourself would make years ago, a great number of small fara dacent llvin' entirely, as a laundress so you would! Only it makes my heart ache to see the little white hands of finery and nick-nacks for their families. yours all blistered and burned with the irons, and parboiled with soapsuds. 'My hands!' said Minnie, contepmpt-

'Married!' said Eugene Russel, medi-

tatively. 'And why shouldn't I get married, Helena? Is not a man all the happier for uniting his fortune with some truly congenial soul?

Young ladies now-a-days are all so trashy and trivial, said Mr. Russel's mature, strong-minded sister, sewing diligently away on red flannel shirts for Most young ladies, I grafit you, ob-

erved Eugene. 'But not all, Helena.' 'And you are the very one to be im-posed upon and blinded,' said Miss Helena Russel, who had never yet left off regarding her young brotherlas a very small boy, who required admonishing and looking after in every respect. 'Now you are judging unfairly, Hele-

na. You never have seen Minnie Akerly. 'I've heard of her though,' said Helena Russel, dryly. 'She waltzes, and

sings, and plays croquet.' 'Is any of the three a capital crime. Helena?' laughingly demanded Eugene, 'Nonsense—you know that isn't what I mean. But it would be a great deal more to the point if she could sew on buttons and iron shirts.'

Perhaps she can, suggested Mr. Rus. "Is it likely?" contemptuously retort-

ed Miss Helena. Suppose we declare a truce upon the subject,' said her brother. 'It's quite plain that we never shall agree on it; and in the meantime, what do you say to going around with me to see Mrs. Maloney ?!

'Mrs. Muloney! Oh, the laundress. Yes, I suppose we ought to see her about the summer's washing. But is it ecessary for me to go myself? 'It would be better, I suppose.' And rather grudgingly, Miss Russel

went to put on her walking habiliments. 'A sad, disagreeable part of the city, to come to,' she said, elevating at the same time her skirts and patrician nose, as they wended their way to the region of tenement houses, groceries scantily furnished dresser on the other. and small thread and needle stores that And Minnie Akerly, a beautiful young stretched westward, not far from the

> 'Yet people live here, Helena.' Yes; and I suppose they like it. Why don't they go West? I'd send there, if I was government, whether they would or not.'

'Then 'tis fortunate that you are not government,' dryly observed Mr Russel. 'This is the number, I believe, ill, and has lost his office, we have so Halloo! my little man'—to a dirty faced urchin, paddling in the gutter-'does Mrs. Bridget Maloney live here?' Master Maloney pricked up his ears. 'It's my mother,' he said; 'an' it's in

the basement you'll find her.' And with a twist of his bristly head in the direction indicated, he dived once more into the gutter. Mr. Russel, with Miss Helena austerely by, tapped once at the door,

and there knockin' the door down. Och, an' I beg your pardon. I didn't know that it was the quality.' But Eugene Russel stood still in the doorway, his eyes glued to the scene

rose for a minute. 'Why am I ashamed?' she resolutely asked herself. 'Am I doing something' wrong? I won't be such a fool! And with this doughty resolution in

her mind, she glanced calmly, up, the pink shadows still glowing on her cheek. 'Good afternoon, "Mr. Russel," she said, calmly. And Eugene stammeringly intro-

judicially eyeing the whole scene. 'It's the gentleman a wantin' of his shirts, an' sure they're not done yet,' cried blundering Bridget. But they will be soon, said Minnie am on the last one now if Mi.

Russel will sit down and wait a few minutes." 'You, Miss Akerly, ironing my

that had been washed and ironed by the bride's fair hands.

'I could not be half so proud of it, least of could not be half so proud of it, least of could not be half so proud of it, least of it it were fashioned out of cloth of gold.'

Jake Johnson's Mule.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about the mule. He, the animal could kick higher, hit ha rder, on the slightest provocation, and act ugliefs, than any mule on record. One morn, and gold the next day, with a quiet than any mule on record. One morn, and didn't get back until six o'clock next morning.

year, 10 0010 0018 0012 0016 001 005 0016 00 Twelvo lines constitutés adparé. For Excentors' and Adm'rs'. Notices 2 0 For Auditors' Notices, 2 0 For Assignees' and similar Notices. 8 00 For Yearly Carls, not exceeding six lines, 7 00 For Another on the continue in lines and the lin Business and Special Staticts' Meet

Take met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs weakness hy in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him

accordingly: "How are you, Jim? Fine morning," "Hearty squire," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you have. Will he do to bet on?" "Bet on? Guess he will that I tell you, Jim Boggs, he is the best mule in this country. I paid five hundred dollars for him." "Great smach! is that so?" ejaculated Jim. "Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I'm taking him down for betting. purposes. I'll bet he can kick a fly off from any man, without hurting him." Now, look here, squire," said Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'il bet you on that myself," "Jim, there is no use, do not bet; I do not want to win your money." "Do not be alarmed, squire; I will take such bets as them every time." "Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake-say five dollars."

" All right, squire, your my man.-But who will he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you add I, you try it." "No," said Johnson, "T have to be by the mule's head to order him." "Oh, yass," said Jim. "Then him." "Oh, yass," said Jim. "Then probably I am the man. Well I will do it; but you are to bet ten against my five, if I risk it." "All right," quoth the squire, "now here is a fly on your shoulder; stand still." And Johnson adjusted the mule. "Whist, Jerve," said he. The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a pird, and alighted on all fours in a muddy ditch bang up against a rail-fence. Rising in a towering rage he exclaimed: "Yes, that is smart!" I knew the darned mule couldn't do it. You had all that put up. I would not be kicked like that again for fifty dollars."You can just fork over them are stakes for it, anyhow." "Not so fast, Jim, Jervey did just what I said he could, that is, kick a fly off a man without hurting him. You see the mule is not injured by the operation. "However, if you are not satisfied, we will try it again as often as you wish." The deuce take you!" growled Jim, "I'd rather have a barn fall on me than try it sigain.— Keep the stakes but don't say anything about it." And Boggs trullged on in bitterness of sout, murthuring to himself: "Sold by thunder, and kicked by a mule."

A Mother-in-law's Fast Ride.

Joe S. is the fortunate possessor of a mother in law, and what he probably thought more of among his horses was one known as Quaker. Now Quaker was a good roader, and could and would jerk a wagon with two in it in 2:51 on the road, and the harder he was pulled in and the more he was yelled at the faster he meant to go. In fact, when a competing horse ranged alongtwice, three times, before Mrs. Malon side, and a strong pull was taken, acney's fine contralto voice shouted out: companied with yells, he thought he 'Come in, whoever you be, an' don't must do his level best on trotting, and when the county fair was held where Master Joe then lived, he had old Quaker bitched up to a 130 pounds three-quarter scated wagon, and as he was getting in, mother-in-law wished that met their gaze—Minnie Akerly, in to go with him. He informed her that a buff called dress and white apron, ironing diligently away, with a pile of the lower end of the village, (about snowy shirts on her left hand, and a at the lower end of the village, (about basket of sprinkled linen on her right. a, mile,) and if she was in a hirry to And Minnie herself colored like 'red alone, and then cramped the wagon for her a wittance; and with head drooping and slouching gait, old Quaker walked slong, taking the ill-assorted assorted pair to the town clerkle office. Now, be it known, Joe dearly loves fun, and will have it as often as possible, while mother in-law is a rigid, old ashioned, aky blue Baptist, undoubtedly very good, but unfortunately bossessed with the idea that todaughtis to sin. It so happened that every team at that time was going to the fair grounds, duced her to his sister, who had stood or else was walking; so Quaker had no chance to '" Beard up," but just as they arrived at the office of the town clerk. S. saw Jack Barnes coming on his way to the fair. Now, Jack's mare has the reputation of being four or five seconds faster than old Quaker in Tol furn Quaker around, jump out, and ddvise The You, Miss Akerly, ironing my shirts?

Guaker around, jump out, and ddvise mother in-law to drive slow going the shirts?

Guaker around, jump out, and ddvise mother in-law to drive slow going the shirts?

Guaker around, jump out, and ddvise mother in-law to drive slow going the shirts?

Guaker around, jump out, and ddvise mother in-law to drive slow going the shirts?

Guaker around, jump out, and ddvise mother in-law to drive slow going the home, was put a month of indirect the home of the mother in-law to drive slow going the home, was put a month of indirect in he told him he would tange alongside Quaker at speed, and applie to the applie to the applie to the sale he she she sale in the component of the other house and a half in her pocket, the most triumphant little capitalist you ever beheld.

If don't think Mr. Russel was very much shocked,' she said to herself; 'for he said he would keep my secret from papa, and promised to call this event; ground then holding up his hand dolisterat months afterward, whien lengens at some the other would tange alongside Quaker at speed, and just along the stepper and promised to early the stepper and promised to early the stepper and promised to early the second of the very shi rise produced to the second of the very shi rise that had been washed and ironed by the bride's fair hands.

Toold not be half so proud of it, 'line along on to the lines, learny the second of the very shi rise that had been washed and ironed by the bride's fair hands.

Toold not be half so proud of it, 'line along the product of the stepper and promised to early the second of the very shi rise that had been washed and ironed by the bride's fair hands. mother-in-law to drive slow going