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Miscellancons.

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PPEALS FOR 1873! Monroe and Upper Allen townships, April 21; Mechanicsburg borough and Lower Allen township, April 22. East Pennsborough and Hampden townships and New Cumberland borough, April 23. Silver Spring and Middlesex townships, April 24. South Middleton and North Middleton townfinal April 25.

Frankiord and Mifflin townships and Newville horough, April 26.

Hopewell township Nowburg and Shippens-burg boroughs, April 23.

Shippensburg and Southampton townships,
April 29.

April 29.
Penn and Newton townships, April 30.
Dickinson and West Pennsborough town-Appears to be held for the annual changes in eassessments, on the above stated days, at the Commissioners' office, in the borough of arlisle, Pa.

DAVID DETERMENT. J. B. FLOYD, Clerk. 27mar 6t

FOR RENTI

TO MOTEL-KEEPERS The undersigned, being desirous of retiri "BENTZ HOUSE." in Carlisle, Pa., for rent. A favorable is ase will be given to any person who will purchas the furniture at a sacrifice. This HUTEL is FIRSP-CLASS, and the Furniture all nearly new, and has a large and constantly hereasely, and is worthy the above the constant of hotels with the c

VALNISHING-To the Public.-I of

Varnisher I will do work by the day or by the job, and visit the house of the person wishing my services, or take farniture to my own house, and fluish and return it. Having had long experience in the varnish basiness, I feel confident of my ability to give full satisfaction, JOS, S. ROTF, 2apl-3t No.35 South Hanover Street.

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The American Bounteer.

JOHN B. BRATTON.

Hoctical.

OASTLES IN THE AIR.

g by Joseph B. Kimball, the European Con pound Man. This world is but a bubble.
There's nothing here but wee.
Hardship, toil and trouble.
No matter where we go:
Do what we will, go where we may,
We're never free from care.
For, at the best, this world
Is but a castle in the air.

We are tossed upon the sea of life, Just like a little boat, Just like a little boat, Where some get anst upon the Rocks, and never get afloat; But still we'll do the best we cau, And never let despair Usurp the place between us And our castles in the air!

There's a name known o'er the world,
To Englishman most dear,
And well may they be proud of htm,
Their mative bard Shakespeare;
When first bis plays came on the stage,
They made the whole world stare,
And yet they were composed
While building castles in the air.

White biniting cistics in the int.
If you take the works of Shakespeare,
And study them well through,
You'll find each saying is so wise
Each sentiment so true
They make you feet with reading the
As you you feet with reading the
As the immortal Shakespeare,
Buit his castics in the air.

The Irish had their poet, too;
They loved him well. I'm sure;
I'm was a true born Irishman,
His name was Thomas Labore;
Of the troubles of this world,
We know he had his share,
But Moore was always happy,
Building castles in the air, He sang the rights of Ireland,

He sang against her wrong.
And many a patient heart
Still choristies his songs;
He bade the Irish heart rejoice.
And never more despair,
And for Ireland in the future
Built bright castles in the air! And yet there is another name,

To Scotchmen darrer still.

To Scotchmen darrer still.

An through each true Scottish heart

His name was thober flurin;

Yet he, too, had his care.

When but a simple shepherd,

Building castles in the air!

His home, a lowly ploughman's cot, Where strife was never seen; For happy and contented lived Robert with his Jean; Down by the banks o' bonny Doon, Near the town o' Ayr, Nature's poet, Robby Burns, Built casties in the air. And yet there is another Name Americans adore, A statesman in the time of peace, A llon when in war; With the storm on Bunker Hill, Or on the Delaware, His genius made his soldiors Build bright castles in the Ir.

And, in his country's darkest hour,
He bravely led the van,
And strove to make America
The best of any land;
Tho' he was not a poet born—
He planned with skill and care,
The tunnedtal Weshington

Miscellaneous.

COOING IN VAIN.

'I don't see why it would be wrong for me to know what is in that will." The speaker was a bright handsome girl of seventeen-Rena Crocker-the granddaughter of rich old Stephen Crocker, whose death a few days before had brought sorrow to few hearts .-Two grandchildren-Horace Warton and Rena-were his only relatives, and constituted his family. Horace was as mean of act and disposition as the old man himself. Rena was a beauty, and an amiable girl, when she chose. There certainly were intervals when pride ough and Cooke township, May 2. and disdain were her more marked characteristics, but Rena's eyes were her grand irresistibility. Talk of dia- only chance is to play for the fortune monds!-the flash and play of those vondrous living gems offered something infinitely more lustrously changable. It was, however, a brilliancy as restless, as little to be fathomed, as the vagaries of a jack-o'-lantern on the wall. Young as she was, Rena was a worldly-minded coquette to the very ore already. She had inherited all the disposition and qualities of her mother, celebrated beauty in her day. In other respects, Rena Crocker was decidedly a young lady of the period. Very certainly she belonged to her times in her resolution to get well married; that is to say, to some person of wealth and station-both together if possible, but the former preferable, and then to enjoy herself at the utmost swing of fashionable dissipation and

luxury for the remainder of her exisence 'I don't see how it would be any harm,' continued Rena, 'as I wouldn't do anything but read it, and there is no knowing how it might be tampered with by that rascally cousin of mine before it is read next Saturday. I imagine to me, but there is no telling what no-

tion the old fool may have got into his

Rena was alone in her chamber. To think was to act with her. She knew that a will drawn up and signed by the old man a year before his death was in | en stake. the dingy old library. She had often seen it, and wondered what were the ontents so closely sealed from her eyes. It was dusk, and she stole along through their dreary hall, she half relented, and finally paused on the very threshold of the room she was seeking. Then, shiding herself for her weakness she stole in, got the key of her grandfather's desk, and opened the drawer.

There lay the will sealed, as she had 'But I'm no better off than before, the muttered : '1 can't open it."

It was no use to peep into its foldsonly detached words could be seen .-But Rena was not inclined to be baffled in her curiosity. And she was as fertile in her resources as the wiliest of her sex. Lighting a gas jet, she warmed \ 'I'm progressing tremendously, the large wax seal; then with the thought Horace; 'to-morrow I wil blade of a pocket knife, she carefully loosened it. It was done; the docu ment lay open before her! Her eyes

rapidly devoured its contents, and her heeks paled with anger. 'The miserable old dotard!' she The cause of her displeasure was the unpleasant and surprising fact that her randfather had not left her a solitary cent. Every particle of his ample fortune went to Horace Warton. Her first motive was to destroy the will; but a second thought detained her-she feared | they discussed the practical details.

the consequences of such an act. Again slightly heating the seal, she reaffixed it in its place, replaced the will in the drawer, and went back to her room. After the first gust of rage had subsided, she sat down to quietly think the matter over. There seemed to be

but one way to retain any portion of

the property, and that was by marry-

ing her cousin Horace. She hated him heartily, but her vanity had always told her that he admired her. She knew her beauty, and overestimated its effects upon her stolid cousin. But five days remain before the opening of the will,' she mused'; 'before that time I must lure Horace into

an offer of marriage.' About the time that Rena was gaining her surreptitious knowledge of the will, her rich cousin Horace was seeking after precisely the same information. Betaking himself to the office of Barman Nesbit, the lawyer who had been intrusted with the legal business of his grandfather, he found that gentleman alone. 'He knew something of the lawyer's character and at once proeeded to business.

'You drew up my grandfather's will, did you not?' he asked.

'Yes. 'How long ago?' 'About six months. He had prepared one a year ago, but this makes an entirely different disposition of the prop-

'And what is that disposition ?' The lawyer smiled. 'I have no right to tell you,' he

'But you would tell me if sufficient easons were advanced?' 'If the reasons are

enough, yes.' 'Would two hundred dollars convince you ?'

'Five hundred?' 'Yes.'

Horace counted out the sum from his pocket-book, which he had filled exactly for this contingency, and the lawyer took it carefully counted it, and ransferred it to his own pocket. 'Now,' he said, 'you may prepare

yourself for the worst possible news .-You are, by this will, cut off from every Iollar of your grandfather's estate.' 'You are certain of this?' 'Of course I am : I drew the will and sw it signed. The previous will left all to you, but your grandfather was

whimsical. There came a change in his feelings, caused by some real or fancied misconduct of yours, and so he left all to your cousin Rena. Horace was angry; he cursed his dead relative roundly, until the lawyer

reminded him that his curses were useless. 'But what can I do but curse?' he

'I'll tell you, the will is to be read on Saturday-five days from this. In the meantime ask Rena to marry you.' But she wouldn't do it she hates

'It's your only chance, and it is worth 'Couldn't you destroy the last will?'

'No; it is not in my possession. The old man had it among his papers somewhere; and, besides, there were two honest witnesses. Has your cousin a lover ?'

'No. I think not.' 'Then, believe me, your best and

'Well,' said Horace, with, very little hope in his tone, 'it's a mighty dim chance, but I'll try it,' and went away, That afternoon the cousins met in the parlor. Each greeted the other with a cordiality long unknown in their cousinly intercourse. They even chatted pleasantly, congratulating themselves upon the manner in which they were opening the game.

'You must be quite oppressed with the gloom in this old house, said Horace, as he was about to go, 'and I think ride might do you good. I will be pleased to take you this afternoon, if you would do me the honor.

'Nothing would please me better,' replied the beauty, with a winning

The ride was had. Each of the plotters endeavored to be agreeable. Horace was bland and attentive. Rena sat distractingly close to him, was as amiable as a woman knows how to be when she tries, and used her matchless eyes with killing effect. They dined on the road, and returned in the evening; and grandfather left the bulk of his property. When they parted for the night, Rena allowed Horace for the first time in her life, to kiss her.

The great change in their demeanor towards each other should have aroused mutual suspicion, but it didn't. They were blinded by the glitter of the gold-

During the next day Horace remain d nearly all day in the house, and in the society of his cousin. He proposed going to the theatre in the evening, but Rena urged the impropriety of so doing. Their grandfather's recent death would make it highly improper in the

eyes of their friends. 'But we can go to Brooklyn,' suggested Horace; 'nobody will know us

To which the heauty assented, and Horace kissed her. She didn't resen his impudence: on the contrary, her

lips clung to his in a gentle, thrilling rejoinder. They went to the theatre, grew cor fidential and loving, and supplemented their good-night-kisses with a hug.

propose to her.' 'I'm bringing him around famously, thought Rena: 'he will come to the

point in a day or two.' And come to the point he did on the following Friday-the day before the opening of the will. He swore undving love for her; she affected surprise was sufficiently coy for appearances but confessed an ardent passion for hin -both lies found believing ears. After a large amount of hugging and kissing. which an occasion like this demands

'I am impatient for the happy event,' he said squeezing her hand. 'And so am I,' she replied, returning the pressure gently.

'But grandfather's recent death'-Bother grandfather,' pouted Rena. 'Couldn't we manage it somehow?' He feared for his chance when she learned that he was penniless,

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1873.

'We can try.' She was only anxious to have it settled before he discovered her poverty 'I'll tell you, Rena,' he said, as i struck by a new idea, 'we might get married privately, and keep it a secret until a becoming amount of time has elapsed.'

'As you please, dear Horace.' 'When shall we have the ceremony performed? 'As soon as possible—that is, I mean as soon as you desire it.'

'To-morrow morning?' 'Yes.' Two happier people than the cousing didn't go to bed that night. Each was self-congratulatory and triumphant. In the morning they went in a carriage to a minister unknown to either

and were married. 'Why its one o'clock!' said Horace. as they re-entered the carriage. 'We have just time enough to go to the surrogate's office and have grandfather's will read.

They arrived there to find several lawyers and the executors assembled. One of the latter was speaking. He held some documents in his hand.

'Here are three wills, the first, leaving his property to Horace Warton, was made about a year ago. The second, dated six months later, leaves the estate to Rena Crocker. The third and last dated three months ago, leaves all to charitable institutions. Of course, only the last is valid-the others are of

no consequence.' Rage and a blank amazement filled the faces of the plotting cousins; but they could do nothing. They rode disconsolately home in the carriage. They unburdened themselves of their real sentiments toward each other. They expressed the most cordial hatred for each other. And they unanimously agreed to regard the marriage ceremo nv as null and void.

DIAMOND OUT DIAMOND,

In the village of —, lived a man who had once been a judge of the county, and well known all over it by the name of Judge ---. He kept a store and a sawmill, and was always sure to have the best of the bargain on his side, by which he had gained ample fortune, and some did not hesitate to call him the biggest rascal in the world.

He was very conceited withal, and used to brag of his business capacity whenever anyone was near to listen. One rainy day as quite a number was seated around the stove, he began, as usual, to tell of his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression : "Nobody has ever cheated me, nor

they can't neither." "Judge," said an old man of the company, I've cheated you more than you ever did me."

"How so?" said the Judge. "If you'll promise you won't go to law about it nor do anything, I'll tell you or else I won't; you are too much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear," cried half a dozen voices at once. treat in the bargain if you have."

"Well, do you remember the wagon you robbed me of?" "I never robbed you of a wagon; only got the best of the bargain," said the judge.

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—" "You never did," interrupted the cute iudee.

"Yes, I did; and interest too."

"How so?" thundered the enraged "Well, you see, judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole off your pile down by the

mill the night before and the next day I sold it to you. "The next night I drew it back home and sold it to you the next day; and so kept on till you had bought your own

og of me twenty-seven times.' "That's a lie!" exclaimed the infuriated judge, running to his books and examining his log account. "You never sold me twenty-seven

logs of the same measurement." "I know it," said the vender in logs; "by drawing it back and forth the end wore off, and as it wore I kept cutting the end off until it was only ten feet long-just fourteen feet shorter than it was when I first brought it-and when it got so short I drew it home and worked it up into shingles, and I concluded I had got the worth of my wagon back, and stowed away in my pock et-hook.

The exclamation of the judge wa drowned in the shout of the bystanders. and the log-drawer found the door

HOMELY WOMEN .- We like homely women. We do not carry the peculiarly ty far enough to include the hideous or positively ugly, for since beauty and money are the only capital the world will recognize in women, they are more a chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain women. We never saw one that was not modest, unassuming and sweet-tem pered, and have seldom came across one who was not virtuous and had not a good heart. Made aware early in life of their want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the opposite sex, vanity and affection to painful blushing. never takes root in their hearts; and in the hope of supplying attractions which a capricious nature has denied, they cultivate the graces of the heart instead of the person, and give to the mind those

accomplishments which the world so areing appreciates in women, but which are more lasting, and in the eyes of men of sense, more highly prized than personal beauty. See them in the street, at home or in the church, and they are always the same; the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced there to feeding but is the spontaneous and fascinate, but is the spontaneous sun shine reflected from a kind of heart lower which takes root in the soul an blooms upon the lips, inspiring respectingly of passion, emutions of admiration instead of feelings of sensual reard. Plain women make good wives ood mothers, cheerful homes and happy

nusbands, and we never see one but we thank heaven that it has kindly create women of sense as well as beauty, for i

women of sense as well as beauty, for it is, indeed, seldom a female is found pos-

Gentle hearts in unison; Where the voices of all kinds Blend in sweet communion Home is where the heart can rest

Home is where affection binds

WHERE IS HOME?

Safe from darkening sorrow; Where the friends we love the bes Brighten every morrow! Home is where the friends that love

Home is where the sun will shine In the skies above us : eeping brightly through the vine Trained by those who love us!

Yes, 'tis home where smiles of cheer

Where the blessings from above

To our hearts are given;

Make it seem a heaven!

Wreathe the brows that greet us; And the one of all most dear Ever comes to meet us.

Why do we blush? What is the cause? Can it be prevented? Why do the young blush more readily than the

In answer to these questions science comes to our aid and informs us that this sudden reddening of the face is due to a rush of blood into the capillaries of the skin. The influence of nervous conditions is strikingly exhibited by this phenomenon, the circulation of the blood, or rather the action of the heart being responsive to those emotions and passions which have immediate relation to the brain and nervous system.

There is a marked difference among individuals in respect to blushing. One who is very sensitive to praise or blame has large Veneration, Approbativeness, and Conscientiousness-blushes on the slighest occasion; while one with those organs small will be comparatively indifferent to either-will not be moved by censure or by applause, by the powers on earth or in heaven. A vivid consciousness of one's poverty or ignorance, or other imperfection, tends to produce a feeling of humility, and this causes one to blush. Large Self-Esteem with intellect, culture, and competence, gives assurance, makes one feel always at home wherever he may happen to be, and this puts one above or beyond the disposition to blush. The old saying that a "guilty conscience needs no accuser," is based on the fact that one under conviction shows it in his face; and a young rogue, when confronted with his wrong-doing, will usually

blush just in proportion to his sensi-

tiveness and his consciousness of guilt. The fact that one can not overcome is diffidence and look friend or foe in the face, is no evidence of sin or wickedness, as some suppose. On the contrary, it is often the case that the most innocent and virtuous are so bashful that it is next to imposible for them to steadily in the eye. He soon falters and assumes a downcast look in keep. ing with his modest and sensitive nature. Self-confidence, for the diffident, may be acquired, and though one would almost sink in his shoes the first time when he appears to speak before an audience, he will, by practice, overer," as it is called, and when used to it, enjoy the slight agitation as a mental luxury. At first he will be suffused with blushes, and his mind will somewhat be bewildered; soon, however, equilibrium takes place, and "Richard

is himself again." The temperament also has much to do with our blushing. A nervous, sanguine temperament is much more susceptible than the lymphatic or bilious, and a blonde than a brunette.-The African, the Asiatic, and the North American Indian may feel a blush, though-owing to the color of

his skin - he may not show it. One cause of blushing, on the part of some children, is produced by the mode of government adopted by inconsiderate parents and impatient teachers. Instead of mild measures, they resort to the most severe, namely, to that of shaming them. "Oh, you little dunce!" or, "You block head! did you not know better than that 92 If the child really believes the parent or teather, it will have a very ill opinion of itself, and sink into a feeling of total unworthiness. What else but a look of humiliation and self-contempt can be expected in the face of one so

treated. The parent or the teacher may beget, in the minds of children, all the rudiments of dignity, manliness, and so much real nobility of sentiment and soul that he would be above doing a cean act, however sorely tempted. PREVENTION: As in the effort to re claim the inebriate, we must look to the awakened moral sentiments, and him if he can draw an inference, and I come under such influences as we know to be right, if we would overcome any mental or physical infirmity like that of stammering or blushing. We must be careful to do just right between one and another, and between ourselves

and our Creator. Then, with a conscience void of offense, and a heart and will in perfect accord with the will of to be pitled than admired; but we have | God-doing His service and asking His blessing on all we do-we shall suffer no more from the smiles or frowns of others, nor be crucified by that crushing feeling of unworthiness which causes weak, sensitive, and bashful persons to become over-red in the face from a natural or induced tendency

An Auburn, Me., fisherman a few since, while fishing through a hole in the ice, caught a trout so large that he could not be brought through the orifice. The fisherman, however, gently played his fish with one hand while he hopped ice with the other, until the opening had been enlarged sufficiently then with a jerk he brought out a dead cat with a brick on its neck, the entire prize weighing about nine pounds. The profanity which ensued caused a heavy thaw for sixty rods in all directions.

WHEN a man whips his wife in Memphis they call it the "ghost of a sensation." It is because the whipper has generally been communing with A REGREANT LOVER,

A Racine (Wis.) paper furnishes the following: "Frank is a youthful shoemaker, who works in Joe Miller's boot of the girls employed in the factory. Now Frank is-or was-not a bad lookwon her blushing consent to become his

Then for a time all went happily. As he sat at his work pegging soles, he thought of two souls with but a single thought, and pensively pegged away. Time passed on with leaden wings, and as the hour approached for the happy consummation, the impatience of the lovers increased. A week ago last Saturday he went to the priest's house to be published in the church the next Sunday, as is the custom of those in the Catholic faith. The priest being absent, he was told to call again, but everything was finally arranged, and last Tuesday

they were to have been married. During all this time the young maiden had been busy. The wedding feast was prepared, her dress-with a trail three-quarters of a yard long, as he desired it-was all finished, and all that was necessary was for the priest to make them man and wife according to the solemu ceremonies of the church. When, without a word of warning, Powell took the cars and went to Chicago, leaving the poor girl to mourn in her wedding dress, with a trail three-quarters of a yard long, with the wedding feast un tasted. His reasons for such conduct was that the girl was too poor to buy the

ontfit. Now, when it is known that she supports an aged father and two little sisters out of her earnings, and that she would not take auything from them to deck herself in finery, it will be admitted that his conduct was disgraceful, and that he was no way deserving so good a wife as she would have made. Last Saturday he returned to town-and it coming to the knowledge of the shopmates of the injured maiden, they held an indignation meeting, when it was resolved by them that if Frank Powell ever stuck is nose inside that shop they would fix him. Ah! heartless deceiver! he little dreamed what was in store for him. Fix him? You bet he was fixed!

Monday morning, with more cheek than a house pig, he stepped into Miller's office. As he did so the door behind him was locked and the key mysteriously disappeared. Just then he was con fronted by the girl he had so faithfully promised to marry. Behind her were ten flerce damsels just aching to get at him. The girl reproached him for running away; he undertook to talk back she slapped his face. Whang went a botlook even an inferior squarely and tie of liquid blacking into his face. The bottle broke and the blacking ran over him. He kicked and swore, and tore around; the girls screeched and scream ed. Oh, it was lively!

At this moment the girl who had been so cruelly treated, seized a two gallon head. He was the sickest looking shoemaker shout that time that was ever i this city. Still the combat deepened, and but for some one unlocking the door, so that he was enabled to escape there is no telling what those indignant maidens might have done. Powell dove into another room, and commenced to scrane himself-he scraped and scraped and kept on scraping—he's probably scraping yet. There was a poetic sort of justice in thus daubing him with that glue, for if he don't stick to his word he has some thing that will make him stick hereafter The boys in the factory hearing of the way the girls had treated Powell, gave them an oyster supper that evening.

"I liked your sermon very much today with a single exception,' said a worthy pastor to a minister who had occupied his pulpit a portion of the Babbath.

'I think you used too many technical obrases. 'Did I? I didn't think of it. 'You repeatedly spoke of drawing inferences. Now, that was Greek to many

'Well, what was the exception?

hearers.' 'O, no! Most every one, of course, knows what we mean by drawing inferences. 'You are mistaken, brother, as sure as

you live. I do not believe one half of my

congregation would understand the purase. 'You certainly cannot be right. 'I am. Now, there is Mr. Smith pointing out a man just turning the corner, 'who is quite an intelligent farmer. We will overtake him, and I will ask

me.1 Accordingly the ministers quickened heir pace, and as they came up to Mr. Smith, his pastor sald to him: Brother Smith, can you draw an in-

Brother Smith, thus summarily interteen seconds quite surprised, and then rather hesitatingly said: 'Well, I suppose I could. I've got a

hich they are hitched, but I shouldn't

like to on Sunday."

THIS is the fatal time of year for old people. Looking over our exchanges, we note the remarkable fact that more than one-third of the deaths reported are of persons between seventy and ninety years old. Dear old folks, our grandfathers and grandmothers, we beg you be a little careful of yourselves while the April winds still blow, and the showers bring dampness. Keep on your wrappers, your cloaks and overcoats, a little longer. Stay in doors, except during the bright midday sunshine, and sleep only in warm and carefully ventilated rooms Not many summers can be spared you and the one just before you is bright with promise. A few weeks of care and perhaps self denial, and the whole gloriou summer will be secured to you. It is

A young man at a party on being asked if he could play the harpaighted wanted to know if it was anything like seven up.

A note of interrogation, answered the wizehed, try has three times as much salt in it as hunch backed poet from head to foot with a contemptuous look, 'is a little to know if it was anything like seven up.

A note of interrogation, answered the wizehed, try has three times as much salt in it as that which is salable in cities. Most people that the condition is a little ple eat far too much salt.—Phrenological Journal.

A Strange Meeting. In the New York Dispatch, of a recent date, we find an incident growing out of the rebellion, under the above heading, and shoe factory. Frank is a suscepti- and the journal referred to relates how ble youth, and his tender heart was on an evening or two previous, a good smitten by the beauty and grace of one looking man, a laborer, about thirty years of age, took the carsat centre street depot, Newark, for New York. There ing fellow, and the maiden returned was but one vacant seat in the car that the tender passion, and Frank he entered, and that was by the side of a handsome and elegantly dressed lady.

The man sat down, and after his fair

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companion had removed her veil, he was ous beds?" surprised to recognize in her his wife, whom he had not seen for more than twelve years. The lady threw her arms around his neck and kissed him tenderly, and mutual explanations followed. It seems that they had been married just before the breaking out of the war, at the home of the lady in Missouri. Her father was the owner of a large tract of flowers, jet and hair pins.

land, but had only a little money. He joined the rebel cause, and the daughter also warmly adhered to the opinions of her father. Her husband, however was a decided Union man. She abused him violently on account of his principles, and told him if he sided with the bloody Yankees he might leave the place, and she never wished to see his face again He took her at her word, and the same night he left her and joined Fremont's army as a private. He was several times taken prisoner and as often escaped to our lines. He pressed on with Shermar towards the sea, and at the conclusion o his term of enlistment he joined a New York regiment, and by his means, at the end of the war, found his way to Newark, where he has since worked quietly in a factory.

His wife's father was killed at Vicksburg, and she was left sole possessor of his unculti vated farm. She supported herself by working in a millinery estabishment in St. Louis, till after the close of the war. Her land rose in value and she sold it for a good price, realizing about \$5,000. With this sum she started millinery of her own in St. Louis, and succeeded splendidly. She is reported to be worth \$40,000 or \$50,000. She was on her way to New York to buy goods when she met the man whom she had supposed long ago dead. Remorseful for driving him away, she had refused all offers of marriage. The joyous meeting caused the husband to forget his wife's error, and a present of a new suit of clothes, a dramond ring and a splendid gold watch, when they arrived in New York, served materially to increase his respect and affection for his long lost wife. They are now stopping at a fashionable hotel, joyous over the accident that uni-

A Mammoth Pasture Farm In Texas, A late number of the Corpus Christi Texas) Gazette gives the following decription of a mammoth pasture farm re-

ently fenced in. This farm is the property of those most enterprising citizens of Rockport, Messrs. Coleman, Mathias and Fulton, and embraces 121,000 acres of land, and bounded on the south by Nueces and Corpus Christi bays, on the east by about fifteen miles father say, that a man ought to "stick to pot of warm glue, and poured it on his of fence, extending from the latter bay, his business," emptied a bottle of mufrom a point East of Corpus Christi reef cilage in the old gentleman's office to Puerto bay, and along this latter to the mouth of the Arkaneas river; on the north by the Arkansas and Chillia creeks, and on the west having a fence of eleven miles, extending from the Chillipin creek to Nueces Bay. This yest domain is made up of locations made by the said firm by virtue of texas land certificates, and or lands patented by the state and by said firm purchas ed from the original grantees. The cost of land certificates and land has not been less than \$90,000 in gold, the fence not less than \$25,000. Thoroughly advised stockmen inform us that at least 25,000 head of stock can be comfortably pastured and fattened within those bounds, and that the profits arising from such business will be commensurate with the investments made. Aside, however, from profits to the originators, we consider this enterprise of luconcelvable benefits to our whole section of country. It Will practically illustrate the necessity and advantage of stock being represented

by land, grass, and water, possessed by or under the lawful control of the owner of the stock. The benefits resulting from fencing will be understood and appreciated; the example heretofore set by Captain Mifflin Kennedy, and now carried out by Captain Richard King, and by said Coleman, Mathias & Fulton, will be followed and imitated by every other honest and sensible stockman-fencing will become the order of the day-lands will cease to be almost worthless as at present -stock will be secure and safe from the depredations of Mexicans and robbers generally, and in increase and sales will yield troble that now produced, while 'skinning' and "peeling" will cease to be a disturbing and demoralizing ele

Anecdote of Pope.

Alexander Pope once received a sharp rejoinder, whereby a pointed hit was made at his diminutive and illshaped

The poet was, one evening, at Burton's coffee house, where himself and rogated, looked at his pastor for some fif- Swift and Arbuthnot, with several other scholars, were poring over a manuscript copy of the Greek Aristophanes. At length they came across pair of steers that can draw anything to a sentence which they could not comprehend, and as in their perplexity they talked rather loudly they attracted the attention of a young officer who chanced to be in another part of the room. He approached and begged leave to examine the passage.

'Oh, by all means,' said Pope; sarcastically. 'Let the young gentleman look at it. We shall have light direct-The young officer took up the manuscript volume and after a little study and consideration, his countenance

brightened. 'It is but a slight omission on part of the scribe, he said. 'It only wants a note of interrogation at this point, to make the whole intelligible. Pope saw in an instant that the officer was right; but the thought of being outdone in Greek translation, by a mere youth and a red coat, piqued him, and with a share biller and piqued him, and with a sharp, bitter twang he cried

out:
And pray, young sir, what is a note of interrogation?'
'A note of interrogation,' answered

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HUMOROUS.

"FAT Woman's Bend" is the classic name of a small village on the Missouri River.

The New Orleans Picanune says that in the olden times in Louisiana, when man had a lawsuit, he used to hire a awyer, but now he has to hire a judge.

Professors of geology are now debating the following question: "Were there bugs in the carbonifer-

A SHARP editor who understands arithpetic has figured out the problem that figures won't lie. He says they will-

especially the figures of some women. Some of the spring bonnets are of the most curious description and style. They form almost a point over the forehead, and are fine combination of lace feathers,

THE top rails of fences in Maine are commencing to reappear through the

snow. A PAPER puts the matter which it vishes to enforce in the following simile: You might as well try to shampoon an elephant with a thimblefull of soupsuds, as to attempt to do business and ignore

You can't get into respectable society in Atlanta just now, unless you have fifteen or twenty measles below your shirt collar. There are only fifteen hundred cases in that city. A RECENTLY deceased judge possess-

ed remarkable talents as a punster. "Pray, my lord," said a lady, "can you tell what sort of a bird the bulbul is?" "It is the male of the coo-coo, I suppose," replied the humorous judge. A CLAIRVOYANT trio, two women and a man, have been travelling in the

South, pretending to cure epizootic by

the "laying on of hands." They prac-

ticed on a mule in Kentucky the other day, and the firm has since dissolved. 'A FOND husband boasted to a friend. "Tom, the old woman came near calling me honey last night." "Did she," Bill? What did she say?" "She said, 'Well, old Beeswax, come to sup-

per.' " WHEN the "member from Dutch Gap," as the New York Herald styles him, made his boast that he was "God-made, not a newspaper-made man," it was too much for the incredulous "Sunset" Cox, who ejaculated: "You do not look or act like your

THE coolest man yet discovered is he who stopped a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad the other night by swinging a lantern, and handing the fireman some currency, requested him to bring down a quarter of a pound of fine cut tobacco. A BRIGHT little boy hearing his

been stuck so badly since 1857, and rewarded his offspring by taking him on whaling trip to the back cellar. BARNUM is going to make his animals fire-proof now. The elephant will wear a corrugated iron over-coat. the baboous will have Babcock's extin-

the camels and other animals will be coated heavily with fire-proof paint. "How much to publish this death?" asked a customer of a newspaper in

guisher strapped on their backs, while

New York. " Four shillings." "Why, I paid but two shillings the last time I published one."

this is sincerely regretted." "I'll tell you what," said the applieant, "your executors will not be put to that expense." An old bachelor said "there's a darned sight more jewelry worn now-ndays than when I was young. But there's one piece that I always admired

which I don't often see now." "What

is that ?" asked a young lady, "A

thimble," was the reply. He was re-

garded with contempt and scorn by

every lady in the room for the rest of

the evening.

"That was a common death: but

SALT.-Do you think to much salt is pjurious to the system? Do some persons need more salt than others?

Ans. "Too much" of anything is injuri-

ous. We think most people eat to much salt. If one eats more than the constitution requires, the system has to get rid of it as foreign mat erial. Meat-eating animals eat no salt at all in their natural state, and no cat or dog would eat meat, however slightly salted, if they could get that which is entirely fresh. The flesh of those animals which are eaten as food doubtless contains enough of the sait elements for the health of the eater. Men learned to use salt by slaughtering an ox. and being obliged to preserve the major part of it by salting it. If all men could get fresh meat when they desired, there would be no salt meat required, and in a generation or two the habit of eating salt ed meat would die out. It is only the vegetable-eating animals that will accept salt; and we fancy that if cattle could run at large, and have natural garss from unexhausted soils, they would eat that grass only which had enough saline mater in it for their constitutional needs. It s said that buffaloes visit the salt licks n the spring only, when the grass is immature, and the head ones go to the lick and satisfy themselves ; and as they turn about, the tail of the drove is compelled to reverse its order of march, and probably not more than one in five of a thou. sand buffaloes get a touch of the salt. As they return southward in the fall, we are informed that they do not seek the licks There is altogether too much salt caten even in the cities, and there is three times as much eaten in the country as there is in the cities where fresh ment is available. The butter eaten in the coun-