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## Literaru.

John Roone's Bream. God be thanked! the meanest of His c Boasts two soul sides—one to face th with, One to show a woman when he loves her. "He is rough and surly, Rose. What

does make you like him ?" "I don't know," said little Rose Frazier, sitting with her chin in her two soft palms, and gazed dreamily into the

ing such uncomfortable things. I don't wonder that everybody shuns him."

"I don't shun him." "You! No; you are just like a kitten, purring around everybody. You liking him is proof that you can like

anybody. No it isn't, Josie," said Rose, suddealy looking up into her cousin's face. "I don't like everybody, but I do like John Boone. He isn't a bad or coarse or vulgar mun. There is something wrong about him, I know. He seems to like to say sharp things that make people feel uncomfortable. I am always afraid of getting enthusiastic over anything, before him, for fear he'll make a cut at me. He sneers at everything that's bright and innocent and happy; but, Josie, I sometimes wonder how he feels in his heart; he wasn't always such a forbidding, taciturn man. Once he was a little boy, you know, and he must have liked to run and play in the sunshine, like other children. I cannot help believing that sometime in his life something has gone wrong with him and made him bitterand cynical-some-

Rose sat in the door of the parlor. Thank you."

Rose started and turned, but the hall door changed, and the hall was empty "Who was that, Josie?"

"I don't know, I didn't see," said Josie, "who hadn't heard, either." had heard, turned to the fire again. She but she did not mind. She was wona person had an inclination to sneed down everything bright and innocent ly fair. Why there could not be any joy for them anywhere! What if they proved that getting delighted with pretty things or nice people was silly, where was the satisfaction in proving it? What was left but to get along in a stolid, cheerless way, and never feel happy

By and by it grew so dark that Josie couldn't see the notes of her music, so she stopped playing and looked around. Rose still sat upon the ottoman, but she had dropped her head upon a velvet

"I don't wonder," sighed Josie, thinking of her three hours' practice: 'I wish I could go to sleep when practising time comes.'

It was an early April day. There was a soft rain falling outside; inside, the room seemed warm and close to Josie. She opened the window a little, and then left the room and shut the door.

Suddenly the red coals cracked sharply, and a spark flew out upon the hearth would instantly have put her foot upon it; but, as she was not, the scent of burning wool arose in the room, and and rushed un against the folding doors gan to crackle and roar. The smoke puffed and wreathed, and Rose's sleep

It had grown quite dark. It was not see the fire, for the room was full of a lurid light. The red flame and black smoke crept, writhing, up the fair walls ing fragments. The scent and smoke were stifling, and in the midst of this scene lay the unconscious girl, as yet around her, now and then snatching at

Boone. The flames and smoke met and snatched Rose up with a passionate

To his very arms the flames leaped upon her, crisping her curls, sweeping their black lines across her unconsciou face, and snatching away her faint breath. He swore, with set teeth, his own flesh burning, both their clothing on fire, as he fought his way back to his

The fire pursued him and clung to him. In this emergency he refrained from opening the hall doors; his presence of mind was not in the least impaired. Flinging a heavy shawl around Rose, he wrapped her in it, extinguishing the fire, tore off his own smoking coat, took up Rose again, and went out upon the piazza, shutting the window after him, though the alarm had spread, and engines and accompanying crowds,

The outsiders saw and shouted at him A ladder was put up against the piazza. and he came down, but just as a fireman took Rose a sudden dizziness and pros-

It was nearly two months before he saw Rose again. Both were considerably burned outwardly, and injured by inhaling the hot, dense atmosphere. But, at the end of May, Boone one day rode out to Jamaica Plain, where Rose was to spend the summer. It was a very strange thing for him to do; he was not given to calling upon young ladies.

Rose was in a little garden, which was full of late lilies and early roses, a fresh, sunshiny place, ringing with songs of birds. She was training the rose vines, her hat hanging from her neck by its strings, her head bare,

showing the dark curls, cut short, since She looked so young that John Boone

on the road stopped suddenly, as if doubtful of his errand. But he went cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her on finally, and swung open the gate. Rose was very glad to see him, though he could see, by the startled look in her eyes, that he was associated in mind with thoughts of fear and distress.

cut them. "Yes," he said. He watched her earnestly as she cut the pinks and roses and vernal grass, and the hand with which he took them trembled.

"You were not quite sure that I liked flowers," he said. "Not quite," answered Rose, tim

idly. And yet you don't think I am quite brute," said he; "for I once heard you say so."

Rose rembled a little, realizing that

she had once heard and guessed aright. 'I was once a happy little child, and ran in the sunsnine," he went on. "Yet my life has been hard since; much has een cruel and bitter to bear. It has made me morose and cynical, and the habit of revenging myself upon innocent people grew upon me. Rose, intil you told your cousin that you liked me, that day, I had not heard a tender voice speak my name for five years, and it was my fault. You don't know how it came upon me! I loved you from that hour. You thanked me for saving your life. Child, I only did what I could not help. You were dearer to me than my own heart. I would have been burned to the bone to have saved

She put up her hands, a sudden sweetless and radiance suffusing her face.

"Take it, then," she said, softly. And, still holding the dewy rose Soone took the two fragile little hands and kissed them. His kisses were fervent, his smile as bright as any man's. Rose Frazier had found his heart.

Madam Scandal. A long time ago, in the western part f England, there lived an aged couple vhose time had passed away, since early outh, in the every day round of farm ife, and who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling toward each other, since the good old time when good old Parson Heriot had united them n the holy bonds of wedlock, twentyfive years before. So well was the fact f their conjugal happiness known, that hey were spoken of far and near as the nappiest pair in England. Now, the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name) had been trying for twenty years to create what is called "a fuss in the family" between these old companions. But, much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentle man to grumble about breakfast being too late or the old woman to give a single

curtain lecture. After repeated efforts, the Devil became liscouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination, he would doubtless have given the work up in lespair. One day as he walked along n a very surly mood, after another at empt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old lady, a neighbor of the aged

couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor ere very particular friends, the needs stop on the way and chat a little. "Good morning, sir," said she, "and oray what on earth makes you look so badthis morning? Isn't the controversy between the churches doing good ser

"Yes. "Isn't Deacon W. making plenty o

bad whisky?" " Well what is the matter, my highly

honored master?" "Everything isgoing on well enough, replied the Devil, but and he looked as sour as a monkey on a crab apple tree) old Blueford and his wife over here are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example; and after trying four years to induce them to do right, I must say

consider them hopeless.' The hag stood a moment in deep

thought. "Are you sure you have tried every

Every way I can think of."

"Are you certain?" "Yes. "Well," replied she, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I

can raise a quarrel between them.' To this reasonable request the Devil gladly assented. The old hag went her way to old Blueford's house, and found Mrs. Blueford busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual compliments had passed, the fol-

lowing dialogue took place: "Well, friend B., you and Mr. B. have

ived a long time together." "Five and twenty years, come No vember," replied Mrs. B. "And all this time you have never

"Not one." "I am truly glad to hear it," con inued the hag. "I consider it my duty to warn you, though this is the case, you must not expect it to be always. Have you not observed that of late Mr

B. has grown peevish and sullen at mes? "A very littleso," observed Mrs. Blue-

"I knew it," continued the hag; and let me warn you to be on your guard.' Mrs. B did think she had better do so,

and asked advice as to how she should manage the case. " Have you not noticed," said the hag, that your husband has a bunch of

long, harsh hair growing under the chin on the side of his throat?" " Yes." "These are the cause of the trouble and as long as they remain, you had etter look out. Now, as a friend, I vould advise you to cut them off the

first time you get a chance, and thus end the trouble, and as long as they remain, you had better look out.' Soon after this the hag started for home, and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness passed between him and the old woman

"But, friend Blueford," said she, "I think it my duty as a christian to warn you to be on your guard, for I tell you our wife intends your ruin.

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished yet he could not wholly discredit her words. When he reached home he threw himself on a bed in perplexity and feigning himself asleep, studied the matter over in his mind. His wife thinking this a good opportunity for husband's razor and crept softly to his Now, the old lady was much frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck, and her hand was not so steady as it once was; so, between the two, she went to work very When he started away Rose went into awkwardly, and pulled the hairs, inthe garden with him, asking him if he stead of cutting them off. B. opened

would take some flowers if she would his eyes, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat. After what had een told him and seeing this, he could not doubt but that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed in horror, and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary .-So from that time there was a jaw, jaw, quarreling and wrangling all the time. With delight the Devil heard of the faithful emissary, and sent her word if she would meet him at the end of the lane, at a certain time, he would pay her the shoes. At the appointed time she repaired to the spot, and found the Devil at the place. He put the shoes on a pole, and standing on the opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was much pleased with them-they

were exactly the article. "But there is one thing, Mr. Devil, would like to have explained; that is, why you hand them to me on a stick?" "Very easy to explain," replied he any one who has the cunning and meanness to do as you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet to me." saving, he fled in terror.

After a while the old woman died and when she applied for admittance to the lower regions the Devil would not let her in, for fear she might dethrone him, as she was so much his superior. So the old woman is yet condemned to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighbor-

It is Madam Scandal. When she died the young Scandals were left orphans, but the Devil, in consideration of past services done by the mother, adopted them, and so you see he is father to that respectable class called scandal-

mongers. Reader, don't you know some of the

family?

The Inquisitive Yankee. The following is a "new edition with mprovements," of an old anecdote; A gentleman riding in an Eastern Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question; and a circumstance soon occurred which proved he possessed an "inquiring mind." Beeye. He nodded familiarly to her, and asked with a nasal twang utterly incapable of imitation:

'In affliction?" Yes, sir," replied the lady.

"Parent-father or mother." "No, sir," replied the lady. "Child, perhaps? a boy or gal?"
"No, sir, not a child," was the onse. "I have no children. Husband, then, 'spect?"

"Yes," was the curt answer. "Hum-cholera, s'pose? A tradin' nan mebbe?''

the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera; he was drowned." "Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inuisitor, hesitating for a brief instant,

save his chest ?' "Yes, the vessel was saved, and my nusband's effects," said the widow.

"Was they?" asked the Yankee. Pious man?" he continued.

opal church. The next question was a little delay ed. but it came:

Don't you think you've cause to be ery thankful that he was a pious man and saved his chist?" "I do." said the lady abruptly, and

urned her head to look out of the car window." The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward

"Was you cal'lating to get married again?' "Sir," said the widow indignantly, you are impertinent," and she left her

side of the car. "'Pears to be a little huffy, said the inabashed bore turning to our narrator behind him; "she needn't be mad; didn't want to hurt her feelin's. What did you pay for that umbrel you've got in your hand? It's a real pooty one.'

Advice to an Annrentice. 1. Seize every opportunity of improv-

ng your mind. 2. Be careful as to who are your com

3. To whatever occupation you may he called as a means of of obtaining livelihood, determine to understand i well and work heartily at it. 4. Accustom yourself to act kindly

and courteously to every one. 5. Carefully avoid all extravagant ha bits. 6. D. termine to possess a character for

honesty. 7. Cultivate a strict regard for truth. 8. If your parents are living, do your

comfort. 9. Recollect your progress in life must depend upon your own exertions.

10. Be a respector of religion, and do unto others as you would they should do

11. Be strictly temperate in all things. 12. Avoid all obscene conversation. 13. Be especially regardful of the Sab

14. Make yourself useful.

A Radical Minister Turned Rogue. rom the St. Louis Republican, 30th ult. A gentleman from Pike county, who to this city as a delegate to the mass convention, gives us information of a singular piece of roguery which parture. He says that a farmer living near Louisiana went home after a day absence, and was surprised to find that some one had entered his house while he was away and robbed it of bedding, clothing, and a considerable number other moveable articles. Fresh marks of wagon-wheels could be seen on the premises. Concluding that the robper had taken that means of removing the plunder, he mounted a mule and ushed rapidly on in pursuit of the ve Near Spencersburg, twelve miles distant, he came in sight of the object of his pursuit, and, summoning two or three men who live close by to aid him, he overtook and halted it. He ound to his astonishment that lriver was a preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, and an influential Radical. Like many others, however, he and his companions had learned, not only to doubt, but to disbelieve in the morality of the generality of Radical ministers, and they insisted upon a search. Their first exploration brought to light twoguns and four revolving pistols that had been stolen from some unknown person or nersons: and a second one d

the missing clothing, hedding, etc.

uthern Contributor to the New York World. I never pass the little village of Verdiersville, on the road from Orange Court-House to Chancellorsville, with out casting a glance upon a small house -the first from the right as you enter the hamlet upon the west. It was here that General J. E. B. Stuart, commanding General Lee's cavalry, had one of those narrow escapes which were by no means unusual in his adventurous career, and which will make his life, when time has mellowed the events of this epoch, the chosen subject of those writers dealing in the romance of war. It was about the middle of August

feating General Pope at Cedar run, was about to make his great advance upon Manassas with the remainder of the army. In all such movements Stuart's cavalry took its place upon the flanks, and no sooner had the movement begun, than, leaving his headquarters in the grassy yard of the old Hanover Court House, where Patrick Henry made his famous speech against the parsons, Stuart hastened to put his column in motion for the lower waters of the Rapidan. Such was the situation of affairs when the little incident I propose to relate took place. Fitz Lee's brigade was ordered to move by way of Verdiersville to Raccoon Ford, and take position on Jackson's right; and General Stuart hastened forward, attended by only a portion of his staff, toward Verdiersville, where he expected to be speedily joined by "General Fitz."-Stuart reached the little hamlet in the evening, I believe, of the 18th of August, and selecting the small house which I have described for his tempo-

rary headquarters, awaited the anproach of his column. He sent Maj. Fitz Hugh of his staff, lown the Chancellorsville road about a nile to look out for surprises. The Major established his pickets and went nto a house to take a nap. But about daylight he was aroused by the tramp f armed men in the house, and soon ound himself in the custody of a Federal

couting party. The Major was furious at this contre emps, and glanced around for his weaons. He clutched his pistol and cocked t: but his wrists were immediately seized, and an attempt made to wrench the weapons from his grasp. The Major retorted by twisting his hand, and fired the two barrels, but without result. They then rushed upon him, threw him down: his arms were wrested from him in a trice, and he was conducted to the commanding officer of the force, at the head of his column without. The officer was a colonel, and as ked Major Fitz Hugh a great number of qustions. He was evidently lost. The major declined replying to any of them, and now his fears were painfully excited for Gen. Stuart. If the column should take the direction of Verdiersville there was every reason to fear that the general would be surrised and cantured. Meanwhile Ma fence, and as the column began to move he was ordered to get up and walk. This he declined doing, and the altercation was still proceeding, when an officer passed and the major complained of having his horse taken from him. "I am accustomed to ride not to walk! he said: and this view of the subject seemed to impress the federal officer, who, either from courtesy or to secure a mounted guide, had his horse brought and returned to him for the nance. The major mounted and rode to the front amid "There goes the rebel major!" "Ain't he a fine dressed fellow?" "Don'the ride proud!" sounds soothing and pleasant to the captured major, who was dressed in a fine new roundabout with full gold braid. But his thoughts suddenly became far from pleasant. The head of the cavalry column had turned toward Verdiersville, only a mile distant, and General Stuart's danger was imminent. The courier had also been captured; no warning of his peril could be gotten to the general, and worse than all, he would doubtless take the column for that of General Fitz Lee, which was to come by this very road, and thus be

men had rushed at full gallop upon the

house; the horses of the general and

staff were unbridled, and the only

means of exit from the yard seemed to

be the narrow gate in front, scarcely

wide enough for a mounted man to pass

and right in face of the enemy. In ad-

been aroused; the general had even left

his hat and cape on the floor of the

norch, so complete were the feelings of

security: and when Moshy was fired on

he was standing bare-headed at the gate.

instant. The General and his party

leaped on their horses, which had been

hastily bridled, and sought for means of

escape. One of the staff officers darted

What followed, all took place in an

of the identical breed that butted a locomotive off a bridge. thrown completely off his guard. A more terrible contretemps could not have occurred than the major's capture, and he saw no earthly means of giving the the reply of the Quaker. alarm. He was riding beside the colo-

nel commanding, who had sent for him, and was thus forced to witness, without taking part in the scene about to be belligerent demonstrations. Let us return now to the small party asleep on the porch of the house in Verdiersville. They did not awake until with delight, at the prospect of an apday. Stuart aroused by the noise of hoofs on the road, and concluding that | having great confidence in the invinci-Gen. Fitz Lee had arrived, rose from the floor of the porch, and without his hat walked to the little gate. The

column was not yet discernable clearly in the gray morning; but in some manuer Stuart's suspicions were excited. To assure himself of the truth, he requested Capt. Mosby-the famous partisan afterwards-and Lieut. Gibson who were with him, to ride forward and about thirty feet in the air, the bull see what command was approaching. striking upon his head as he came down, The reception which the two envoys met with, speedily decided the whole breaking his neck, and killing him inquestion. They had scarcely approach-

stantly ed within pistol shot of the head of the "I'm afriad your bull has bent his column, when they were fired upon, neck a little," shouted Nash, as he passand a detachment spurred forward from | ed ou.

but thee will not make so much out of thundered down upon the house, in the operation as thee supposes. I was front of which Gen. Stuart was standgoing to take my family to the show, but I'il see thee and thy show blowed to blazes before I go one step, and now The general had to act promptly. thee may proceed with thy elephant, There was no force within many miles and be d-d, please!" the "please" being of him; nothing wherewith to make added as Shavey took a second look at resistance; flight or instant capture the proportions of the stalwart elephant were the alternatives, and even flight seemed impossible. The federal horse-

ornered.

Covetous people often seek to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and give a paltry sum to the benevolent objects under color of her contribution. The following incident has a moral for dition to this the little party had just all such :

A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend for a contribution. "Yes, I suppose I must give my mite," said the rich man.

"You mean the widow's mite, I supnose." replied the other. "To be sure I do." The gentleman continued: "I will be satisfied with half as much as she

through the narrow gate with his bridle "Seventy thousand dollars," he anreins hanging down beneath his horse's swered. feet, and disappeared up the road fol-"Give me a check, then, for thirtyfive thousand; that will be half as much lowed by a shower of balls. The rest took the fence. Stuart, bare-headed, as she gave, for she gave all she had.' and without his cape, which still lay on It was a new idea to the wealthy merthe porch, threw himself upon his un- | chant.

A Sister's Sacrifice. "Oh, dear me; Marie, are you not | child?" tired of this work, work, day after day,

These words were spoken by a very pretty girl, sitting in a most comfortable little parlor, one side of which was formed of a wide screen lined with green silk, which divided it from another portion of the room fitted up as a jewelry store. Marie and Jeanne were the daughters

of Pierre Galoubet, a diamond jeweller, enowned more for his taste and honesty than for his fortune or luxury. He was a widower, with two daughters. Marie and Jeanne were the very idols of his heart. Pierre had been a soldier

in his youth, like most Frenchmen, and during his absence in Algiers his wife When he came back a kind neighbor took him to her cottage and, leading him to a cradle, showed him two little infants sleeping side by side on the same pillow. Pierre knew that him, but he had received no communication from home for more than a year before his return. He therefore turned

from the children to his neighbor with a look of inquiry.

"Are they both my children?" "Why, no," replied Jaquinetta. 'There's a whole history about them, and Pierre, you are a clever man, and have traversed all over the world, perhaps you will be able to settle a point that has puzzled us ever since the death

of your wife." "What is it?"

"Why, which of these two is your daughter?' Which? Why, who is the other? "Oh! one day, about a month after the birth of your child, when your wife opened the door one morning she found on the threshold one of the infants. She knew which it was, but your poor Mme. Pierre died suddenly, and she never had time to tell me which daughter was yours."

Again Pierre leaned over the babies and as they opened their eyes and smiled on him, Pierre felt as if both were appealing to his heart, both ask ing his protection.

From that hour Pierre Galoubet call ed both children his, and Marie and Jeanne, as he christened them (for they had no name until his return), became the idols of his life.

When they were grown up, Marie and Jeanne, who both adored their had lost his way, and stumbled thus father, helped him in his business.
upon Verdiersville. If you wish to Marie kept the books, and Jea Marie kept the books, and Jeanne who had a great talent for drawing, which had been cultivated, made the drawings and designs for the settings of

the diamonds. They were now both eighteen; at least, knowing the age of one, Pierre had always put them down as the same age. Their father's strict honesty had prevented his making a fortune, but, thanks to the management of Jeanne. they were in easy and comfortable cir cumstances.

or Fitz Hugh had taken a seat upon a Quaker, he was long since read out of on the household so full of the sunshine meeting, on account of his quarrelsome of affection. Jeanne had grown penpropensities, but he still pertinaciously | sive, and even looked pale and thin, receiving her father's caresses with indifference, and sitting for hours, pencil in a protection against the wrath which he | hand, without drawing a stroke. Now, was continually provoking by his over- on this evening, when the sisters were bearing and irritating demeanor. He is alone together, Jeanne had pushed the paner from her with discust, and throwing down her pencil, had declared her dissatisfaction to her sister.

"Jeanne," said Marie, looking up, you have never felt dissatisfaction be fore; but you are unhappy, and you will always be so until you confide what troubles you have to your best friends, your father and your sister." " Not to my father-I dare not : but

you, Marie. Oh! sister, I am so wretched ?" "Wretched?-why, what has hap-" Marie," said Jeanne, sitting down on a stool at her feet, "listen, but do not look on me. Some months ago, you re-

our servant, with a sprained ankle." 'Yes, I remember." "Well, I had fallen-slipped off the marble steps of the church, and fainted from the pain. Well, as I lay there and the crowd began to gather around me, a gentleman advanced, and, putting aside those who crowded over me, lifted me up in his arms. Preceded by his servants who had made way for him, he carried me to his carriage, and placing me in it, asked our servant our ad-

"He was young, handsome, and in nanner so fascinating as to have been able to dispense with either. Marie. The next time I went out I met him. I have often seen him since; he love me; I love him." "Well, if he is an honest man, true

dress, and drove me home.

be unhappy? You know your fathe will consent-' "He is the Duc Octave de Blossac," The Duc de Blossac, Jeanne?"

and sincere in his love, why should you

"But not an honest man, or he would

never have dared to speak to you of love. spoke to me of love he told me that he could not marry me, but he offered to

devote his life to me; he offered never to marry.' "But he did not offer to marry you?" "You know that was impossible. So we are parted, I suppose, forever, and this is why I am wretched.' "Jeanne," said Marie, "if he loved

ou-I will not talk thus to you, you are blinded by love-I will tell you to think of our father, whose only hope we both are, whose only love we both

" Yes, my father, my ówn dear father, but his love can not be the only love of my life." At this moment the door opened and Pierre himself entered the room. His

him, throwing their arms around him. "My dearest father, you look sad: tell me what is the matter with you?" "Ah! girls, girls, my own two children -you are both my children, are you

Something has hannened that I felt would happen one of these days. It is proved to me that some one besides me has the right to the love of one of you. "Ah! father, what do you mean?" "You know your own history-you know that one of you is not my daughter

"Well, children, this evening I had an appointment, of which I told you nothing, so much did I dread it. It was with an eminent lawyer. He has proved distinctly to me the person who claims one of you; told me the whole history, but how am I to part with either of Maker, knowing that he was to be made

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"Here, precisely, is the puzzle; we cannot tell, but I cannot give up either

"The daughter that is not mine has neither father nor mother, it is her mother's mother who claims her. But she will give her what I cannot give-a great name, riches and a position in so-

Jeanne and Marie both kissed his cheek; neither spoke. Jeanne was thinking that the advantage set before her would remove the obstacles which separated her from Octave, but she only sighed deeply; not for an instant did she dream that she could ever lay claim to all this brilliant fortune: but Marie. taking her father's hand, calmly asked in his absence a child had been born to him if there was no sign by which they

ought to recognize the rightful heir? 'The heiress of the Marquis de Valbourg has a sign—so says a letter from her mother. I do not think it is love that makes them so anxious to find her, but the Duc de Blossac is heir to the property, and the revenues of all the estates have been accumulating for years. Until the death of this girl is proved the Duc de Blossac cannot touch a penny. Jeanne, what is the

orshe had indeed fainted. An hour afterward Marie slowly entered the coom, where her father was anxiously acing the floor.

had a favorite between us." "Yes; the one who was sick when you were children I always loved most;

unhappy, why, darling, I think I love "Not better than your Marie-that can never be. But would you be content to see Jeanne happy?"

now that Jeanne is suffering and seems

ays she can recognize her grandaughter." "A violet mark imprinted in the way

and Jeanne is Duchess de Blossac." lady; do you think that will console

"I do, though she will never forge That night Marie knelt, by her Jean ne's bedside: the door was locked and

not; so now submit." Still Jeanne resisted: but Marie was firm, and drawing aside the night dress, with a firm and light hand she pricked the shape of a violet just over her sister's heart. Then rubbing it with gunpow

my poor mother made. But I love Pierre, who has been to us a father. 1 have no taste for splendor. Be happy, my own sister, and do not forget us." So Jeanne, in great state, was recog nized as the heiress of Mme. de Valbourg, and a few days afterwards was married with great pomp and ceremony to the Duc de Blossac.

For a few days she had hesitated then she determined not to accept her sister's sacrifice, but she loved, and the temptation was too strong. The inheritance she could have renounced, not Octave; so forever she buried her secret in her bosom. Without one pang did Marie watch her sister drive away in her brilliant

equipage. With a smile she looked up into her father face, and he, wiping tear from his eye, pressed her to his heart: neither then, nor to the day of his death, ever knowing that the child who made his home so happy, who loved him so faithfully, a woman full of sense, simplicity and sensibility, was the heiress of the house of Valbourg and should have worn a ducal coronet.

Wirz---His Sentence Communicated to Him.

his extremity.

The prisoner made a request that the Rev. Father Boyle and Louis Schade, Esq., of his counsel, should be sent for, daughters rose, and both rushed up to which was granted. Before the officer retired Captain Wirz is represented as saving: "I have been persecuted, and if there is such a thing as a spirit com-ing back to earth I'll come back to persecute those who have perjured them selves to hang me."

To-day Father Boyle, who had previ-

ously visited him during his imprison-ment, was in attendance and talked to

Three days ago he prepared a letter to be sent to President Johnson, requesting his decision at once, to relieve him of all anxiety. He made up his

Quarter column, BUSINESS CARDS, of ten lines or less, one year,..... Business Cards, five lines or less, one GAL AND OTHER NOTICES 

> that in all instances justice would l done to him hereafter.
>
> He stated that Father Boyle had asked him to forgive all who had testified against him, and who Captain Wirz said had perjured themselves in his case. Captain Wirz replied that though he was given up to die, he could not concientiously do so, as he was opposed to his lips uttering a sentiment of for-giveness that did not come from his heart in humility. His lips must utter forgiveness of his prosecutors, but he could not be a hypocrite at heart. Mr. Schade asked Captain Wirz if he desired any more his being in feable desired any money, he being in feeble health and fed on prison fare. The prisoner said he had only three days to

Rather Rough Honey moon. On last Friday morning an athletic young farmer, in the town of Waynes-burg, took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes." from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line, to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl, a tall gaunt, sharp-featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped, observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister-inlaw, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor, and talk earnestly

her foot down" and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair, young bride into a corner; but he would no sooner commence talking to her than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what this meant about nine o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly married couple. Female shricks and masculine "swears" startled the people in the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing against the door of the room, and the newly married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband, in his Rentleman Greek Slave apparel.

It appeared that the tail female in-

sisted upon occupying the same bed with the newly wedded pair; that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and now indignantly repudiated the contract. "Won't you go away now, Susan?" said the newly married

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister, within the room. "Now-now, Maria," said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go to cuttin' up in this way; now don't." "I'll cut up's much as I wanter!" she sharply replied.
"Well," roared the desperate man,

who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, and I'll marry the whole d—d caboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together!"
The difficulty was finally adjusted by

the tall female taking a room. Wells

ville is enjoying itself over the sensa-tion.—Cleveland Plaindcaler.

The Estate of John Grav James---It Es-In March last, John Gray James, an eccentric citizen of our Borough, died here at the house of Griffith Walker. He was unmarried, reputed an illegitinate child, esteemed quite wealthy, and there was much speculation as to disposition be would make of his fortune. He lived a life of absolute pover-ty and denied himself every comfort and convenience. He died without the fact that on the 3d of February, 1860, he made a will, leaving all his real and personal estate, after the of his debts, to the "Sunda Union." On the 15th of March, 1865, a very few days before his death, he made a codicil to his will, by which he left a small house and lot in this Borough to the wife of Thomas Griffith Walker, with whom he boarded the latter days of his life. He was reputed to be or his file. He was reputed to be worth some sixty or seventy thousand dollars, but during his life he deeded a valuable property in Philadelphia to a charitable institution in that city. The will which he made in 1860 was not attacted by with manager in the control to the control of the co ested by witnesses as is required by act of Assembly in the case of nary bequests. As soon as his death was known to Passmore Williamson, of Philadelphia, he wrote to the Auditor General of the State under date of March 27th last, announcing that Mr. James had died without any known neirs or kindred, seized of co real and personal estate, and which escheated to the Commonwealth. We are informed that a la ly living in Doyles-town also lodged information that he

cept to Sheriff Wilkinson on the 10th day of October, commanding him to summon a jury of twenty-one good and lawful men of the county, to come before him on the 30th of October to inquire whether John Gray James, as alleged died intestate as to any part of his estate and without heirs or known kindred. They met on the day mentioned, and on that and the following day decided the case. The inquisition the deceased died seized of real estate in worth \$720, and personal estate worth \$3868.20, situated in this county, that he left neither heirs or known kindred, and that said estate escheats to the commonwealth. If John Gray James could arise from his grave he would look with holy horror upon the disposition the law makes of his estate which he had acquir-ed by a life of labor and self-denial. How much better had he given it all away while alive, and thus saved it from the State and a mercenary informant. The failure of his will to carry the estate bequeathed should be a less to all other persons who wish to leave property to religious or charitable institutions. The informant is entitled to one-third of the personal and one fifth of the real estate after deducting costs. —Doylestown Democrat.

-A gentleman, in this city, says the other day a girl called at his door and asked if his family "wanted house help." He replied they did. "Do you help." He replied they did. "Do you have small children?" she asked. "No." "Do you have your washing done out of the house?" "No." "Will my room be carpeted?" "Yes." After going on a while in this manner the gentleman turned the tide, and said he would like to ask her a few questions. "Can you play the piano?" he began. "O. no."
"Can you speak French?" "No."
"Can you sing the opera?" "No."
"Can you dance the lancers?" "No."
"Wall then?" he concluded "if you "Well, then," he concluded, "if you can't do any of these, you won't suit," and off went the astonished maiden

Sales of Blooded Horses at Lexington. John M. Clay last Wednesday sold his bay colt Revolver, by Revenue, out of Balloon, to Mr. Crouch, of Ohio, for \$1,600. James A. Grinstead sold to the same person his chestnut colt, by Im-ported Eclipse, dam imported by Weatherbit, for \$2,000. This colt, aiimported by This colt, although badly backed, ran second to Norway in the two-year old stakes at

"He's more disagreeable than any man I ever knew. He is always say-

you a moment's pain. Rose, what do you say to me? All my happiness is entered in you."

thing that he cannot get over. I quite believe it, Josic.' Some one going along the entry said,

The latter, seated at the piano, went on with her practising, while Rose, a little disturbed by the last words she was very thoughtful; the glow burned one delicate cheek to a bright damask, dering how it must seem to live when

One couldn't be happy if there wasn't any pretty things, nice people or sunshine, could they?

chair seat and fallen asleep.

rug. If Rose had been awake, she soon a smouldering fire ran along the rich carpet. It swept around a chair. which were of light wood, and soon be-

changed to a heavy stupor. She lay insensible in the burning room, saved from entire suffocation by the sweep of rainy air from the window. strange that people from the outside did to the rich pictures, and the light lace window drapery dropped down in burn-

unharmed, though the flames darted her soft drapery and hanging curls. Suddenly there was a shout of fire and simultaneously a crash. The folding doors fell in, and through them came the inmate of the next room, John

him like a wall, but he sprang forward exclamation. had a quarrel?"

were flocking about the building. tration overcame him and he fainted

He stayed at the cottage several hours.

Would you know her name?

railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in the seat before him a lean, slab sided fore him, occupying the centre seat, sat a lady, dressed in black; and after shifting his position several times and manœuvering to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her

My husband was a seafaring man

'He was a good member of the Epis-

over the back of the seat.

seat and took another on the opposite

utmost to promote their happiness and

ath, and on no account desecrate it.

bridled horse, seized the halter, and digging his spurs into his sides, cleared the pailings, and galloped off amid a hot fire. He went on until he reached a and no change?" clump of woods near the house, when he stopped to reconnoiter. The enemy did not at once follow, and from his point of observation the general had the mortification of witnessing the capture of his hat and cape. The federal cavalrymen dashed up to the porch and seized these articles, which they bore on in triumph-raising the brown straw hat looped up with a golden star, and

decorated with its floating black feather, upon the points of their sabers, and laughing at the escapade which they had thus occasioned. 1862, and Jackson, after deciding the Major Fitz Hugh, at the head of the fate of the day at Cold Harbor, and demain column, and beside the federal colonel, witnessed all, and burst into laughter and sobs, such was his joy at the escape of his general. This attracted the attention of the federal officer, who said: "Major, who was that party?" "That have escaped?" "Yes." The major looked again and saw that,

on "Skylark." Stuart was entirely safe by this time, and unable to contain his inmph exclaimed: "Do you really wish to know who that was, colonel?" " I do.' Well, it was General Stuart and staff.

"General Stuart!" exclaimed officer; "was that Gen. Stuart?" "Yes, and he has escaped!" cried the overjoyed major. "A squadron there!" shouted the colonel in excitement, "pursue the

party at once! Fire on them! It is

The squadron rushed forward at the word upon the track of the fugitives to secure their splendid prize; but their advance did not afford the general much uneasiness. Long experience had told him that the federal cavalry did not like the woods, and he knew that they would not venture far for fear of a surprise. This idea was soon shown to be well founded. The federal squadron made very hot pursuit of the party they came to the woods; then they contented themselves by firing and advancing cautiously. Soon this ceased and they returned to Verdiersville, from which place the whole colimn departed in the direction of the Rapidan. The colonel carried off Major Fitz Hugh to serve as a guide, for he

laugh my dear reader, go and see Major

Fitz Hugh and ask him what topographical information he gave the federal commander. It very nearly caused the capture of his command; but he got back safe to Pope's army, and took our friend, the major, with him. Proceed with thy Elephant. In Columbian county, Ohio, resides an old fellow renowned for his belligerent disposition, who is generally known clings to the plain clothes and plain language of his earlier days, possibly as always the owner of the crossest dog in the neighborhood, the most troublesome, breachy steers, &c., and is con-

tinually in hot water with some of his neighbors, in consequence of the depredations committed by his unruly live stock A few weeks since. Van Amburgh's Menagerie, traveling through Columbia, was obliged to pass his residence. A little before daylight, Nash, the keeper of the elephant Tippoo Saib, as he was passing over the road with his elephant discovered this pseudo-Quaker seated upon a fence by the roadside, watching a bull which he had turned out upon the road, and which was pawing, bellowing, and throwing up a tremendous dust generally. In fact, from the fury of the animal's demonstrations, one would readily have taken him for one

"Take that bull out of the way!" shouted Nash, as he approached. " Proceed with thy elephant,' "If you don't take that bull away, he will get hurt," continued Nash, approaching, while the bull redoubled his "Don't trouble thyself about the bull. but proceed with thy elephant," retorted Friend Shavey, rubbing his hands

proaching scrimmage, the old fellow bility of his bull, which was really the terror of the whole country around. Tippo Saib came on with his uncouth shambling gait; the bull lowered his head and made a charge directly upon the elephat. Old Tippo, without even pausing in his march, gave his cowcatcher a sweep, catching the ball on his side, crushing in his ribs with his enormous tusks, and then raised him

the cavalry, calling upon them to halt, "Bent the Devil." cried old Shavey and firing upon them as they retreated. with a troubled look at his defunct bull; They were rapidly pursued, and in a "thy elephant is too hefty for my beast, few moments the federal cavalry had

" Yes."

'We never liked to think of it." gave. How much are you worth?"

"Which of us, father, is not your

of you, for I love one as well as the "We both love you as our father; we do not want to leave you; we can love no other father but you."

cfety far above the one I placed her in. Which of you is it?"

matter with you?" "Nothing, father; I feel faint."

"My darling, sit down." "Well, you must know that by an amicable arrangement made years ago, when the existence of this daughter was suspected, it was decided that when she should be found and installed in her rights she should become the wife of M. de Blossac, that young, handsome Duke, you know, he has been here often to buy diamonds-but Marie, Marie, look at your sister, she has fainted.1 Jeanne was conveyed to her room,

'Father.'' said Marie. "Jeanne is petter and she will sleep soon, then all will be right. Father, have you ever

"At any cost." "Tell me the sign by which the lady

in which sailors mark their arms, put over the heart. "Then," said Marie, "you must love me best, father, for I am your child, "To lose one of you is terrible, my darlings; but Jeanne will be a great

the sisters were alone. "Marie!" exclaimed Jeanne, "I ca not hear of this sacrifice. What right have I to denrive you----' "Of course, my sister. You love the Duke; I do not. If I claim the inheritance I must become his wife. I can

der, she made the mark indelible. "Now, Jeanne, said she, that is exactly like the one on me—the one probably member. I came homeon Sunday morning from church, where I had gone with

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7, 1865. Yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, General Augur, commanding the Department of Washington, accompanied by Major Russel, Provost Marshal, and Captain George R. Wal-bridge, Commandant of the Old Capi-tol prison, proceeded to Captain Wirz's om, and, having informed him of his unpleasant errand, read to him the death sentence and the time fixed for his execution—namely, Friday next, between the hours of six in the morn-ing and noon. The prisoner listened to the reading with much apparent com posure, when General Augur asked him whether he had anything to say, to which question the prisoner replied, "I have nothing to say except that I desire to state to you that I am innocent ofthe charges brought againstme." Having been asked about his wife he remarked that she was in Kentucky, and hardly could come here in time; besides he did not wish to witness the trouble in which she would be plunged at seeing him in

him long and earnestly with reference to his spiritual interests In the afternoon Mr. Schade called o see the prisoner, who informed him that the last night he slept better than ne had at any time since he was brought to Washington. He was glad to be out of suspense; for he had desired to know

a sacrifice to suffer for the deeds of this place this fall, - Louisville Tournal

others. He felt resigned, and believed

ive: three dollars would be sufficientwhich amount Mr. Schade handed to

to her, gesticulating wildly all the time. Then the tail iemale would "put her foot down" and talk to

man, softening his voice.
"No," said she, "I won't—so there!"

throwing the door wide open and stalk-ing out among the crowd; "jest you two wimmin' put on your duds and go right straight home and bring back the old man and woman, and your grandfather.

behind Mr. Williamson's. On the 8th of September last, the Auditor General of the State appointed and commissioned Henry P. Ross, Esq., of Dovlestown, Deputy Escheater General charged to inquire into the matter alleged as the act of assembly requires. Whereupon Mr. Ross isssued his pre-

lied without kindred, and that his es-

tate escheated, but her letter was a day

smelling mice!-Lewistown (Me.) Jour.