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OFFICE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRE

DREAMS OF THE PAST BY SALLIE F. WALKER. e flowers long faded, bloom again, e foantains gush, the breezes play, ring violets peep from the mossy de forest rings with the wild-birds le tor rippling stream, the fly twines a tree bent low by the wintry blast, tat eve, the sighing zephyrs, low ulsper to me, a dream of the past. When Life's dark waves are tossing high, against my bark that's sinking low, Stray sunbasms lend their rays awille, And light my heart with memory's glow. The sweet to wander back again; A holy spell is o'er me cust, In my mother's arms I rest ogdin, I dream not she sleeps with the past.

Again I wander on the banks,
Where oft in sunny youth I've strayed,
I pluck the flowers that kies the stream
of deck the silent, lonely glade.
No shadows cross my youthful heart,
But an! It cannot shays task,
The flower die, the sunbeams fade, The Hower die, the sufficient the past Another lewel dimmed by time

## Miscellancous. The Bride's Tomb.

The incident which I am about to relate is one of the many evidences of the oft-repeated saying, that truth is stranger than fletion. Science, which has opened so many doors, which has Quite as lucid is the definition of those

We remained abroad until the followforth mother and daughter that I should
spend as much time with them as I
could previous to the event. It has
been so often asserted that there can be
no real love between women, that the
saying has come to be accepted as truth.
I have no heart to-night to make any
attempt at refuting this absurd error in
but that it is an error my love for Marie
Linden would be convincing proof in
my own heart, though I had never loved

The say for its and the cars moved on
my own heart, though I had never loved

The say for its and the cars moved on
my own heart, though I had never loved

The say in the day fiter our arrival home, I startdef for Mr. Linden's. I cannot exactly
inden was exceed;

We remained abroad until the followsideration, Mrs. Wogton was exceed,
"Is the day after our arrival home, I startdef for Mr. Linden's. I cannot exactly
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tentional rudeness.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lowe, "I am anx
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"Yes," said Mrs. Lowe, "I am anx
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"No," "Yes," said Mrs. Lowe, "I am anx
in the lod man, without heeding the in
tentional rudeness.

"No," "Sell man to over our wisa another woman.

A popular writer has said that "to have a face that can look beautiful for those who love it, on whom it looks with love, is enough for ordinary women." Such a face had Marie Linden; yet, dearly as I loved her, I doubt it leaves the control of t if I can convey any clear impression of it to the reader. Hazel eyes, auburn

it to the reader. Hazel eyes, abourn hair, and a bright complexion, tell nothing—it was not in form or color that the beauty lay. Perhaps it was because the face was so sweet and true, or perhaps it was in the eyes, which were serene to the very depts—an inward serenity, which made it impossible to proceed with my story.

Mr. Linden's house was situated on Marie Percival, who died February Str., a crest of rising ground, about a mile distant from an old sea-port town. It commanded a variety of seenery, which must have satisfied the most difficult taste. The house faced the north, fronting the broad bay which swent inta the

ways attended, and where two or three generations of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the graves of Mrs. Linden's parents, and one daughter, who had died young, were on a clear day distinctly visible from the house.

The month passed rapidly, as the months always do when people are absorbed. Marie was to marry the man of her own choosing, and a man that liep parents would have chosen for her could their choice have comprehended the world. The love of Marie Linden and George Percival was flat contradictions. ing the two-years' engagement, no shadow had ever darkened their paradise—it had been a clear sky, a bright sunshine, from first to last. The 29th arrived, and the first part of the programme, which had long been

and the two white columns. Within there was the bewildering light, the perfume of theflowers, the music of the waltz, and the rapid whirl of the waltzers, as they floated past the open window, where I stood gazing attentively upon the two pictures—one without and one within. It was there dow, where I stood garing attentions upon the two pictures—one without and one within. It was there that Marie joined me, chiding me, in her pretty girlish way, for not joining in the waltz. I told her that I had been better entertained; then, putting the lace curtains further back, I drew her close to the window and we stood there hand window, and we stood there, hand clasped in hand, for at least five minchapped in man, for a teast the min-utes; she gazing out upon the beautiful night, talking of George, and of her ex-pected trip, with sometimes a loving word for myself; I, gazing upon her, thinking how well her bridal robe became her, when I saw the color slowly fading out from her sweet face. I thought it was the moonlight, and was going to

said.
"Two, dear," I answered. "You "Two, dear," I answered. "You know there never were more."
"I count three," she said.

I turned my eyes upon the monuments, almost expecting to see a third; but to me there were only two. Yet I felt the hand which was clasped in mine grow cold and rigid, while her face had become like the marble upon which had become like the marble upon which her eyes were so intently fixed. I strove to draw her from the window—

"No, no, not him," she answered, while a perceptible shudder ran through ner frame.

But his name had roused her from her

strange lethargy, or trance, or whatever it might have been.
"I was reading the words," she said.
"What words, Marle?" I answered. not read them at such a distance."

She replied, "I am speaking of the third one; it is taller than the other two, and the words are so distinct: "Sacred to the memory of Marie Percival, who died February 5th, 18—, aged nineteen years and eleven months."

"Hush, Marie!" I said. "I cannot ing family of six, esting dinner. hear you talk so;" and happily for me, Mr. Percival, who was looking for his ered her at this me few rapid steps brought him to her with the other, and said softly: "Why, Marie," he said, you are as

one of Horace Walpole's ghosts bale as one of Horace wallones grosse

-bah! it is this ghastly moonlight!"

He drew the curtains together and I saw the color come back to her face as he bore her away. But I knew it had gone from mine. I knew there was an acceptable realized and the same property. unearthly pallor on my own face, as I sat there with my back to the moonlight; and still the musicians played on—it was Weber's waltz, and it seemed as if was webers waitz, and it seemed as in the waltzers would never tire; my brain reeled, and circled, and quivered. and still they played on, and still the waltz-crs waltzed—then Marie and her husband floated by, the merriest among band floated by, the merriest among them all.

Am I the victim of a dream: I said.

Did Marie Percivil stand by my side a paper and paler every day and proment ago, reading the inscription frames. moment ago, reading the inscription

upon her own tomb? was that true? or is this true? for at that moment it did not seem to me that both could be true has opened so many doors, which has solved riddles harder than the Sphynx ever propounded to the Thebans, looks with silence upon a certain kind of phenomenon which has puzzled wiser kiesed me good night, without making bands than mine, and which Webster kiesed me good night, without making that of the party should be a second to the party should b solved riddles harder than the Sphynas this or any other question, the watz ever propounded to the Thebans, looks with silence upon a certain kind of phenomenon which has puzzled wiser heads than mine, and which Webster classes under the nebulous word super- which had made such a painful impression of the singular episode classes under the nebulous word supersion on my mind. Marie kissed me "good night," I said, who deny the agency of other than physical or natural causes in producting this class of events. Imagination, coincidence, optical illusions, are the wet latter than the statement of the product of the

this class of events. Imagination, coincidence, optical fillusions, are the web blankets which these superity practical people shower upon the heads of all who may be inclined to exclaim with the poet, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." That the writer was not extinguished years ago by one or more of these wet blankets, may be accepted as proof that they are not so potent for the purpose as many good people imagine them to be. I repeat, truth is stranger than fiction, which repetition means that I am not exercisaing my imagination. I beg to state that i am too profoundly ignorant for any such mental exercise. I wrote, conscious of but one reason. "Tis the 29th of March, the anniversary of an ever memorable night. Like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," my heart is filled with a woful agony, and I am constrained to repeat the tale.

Years ago, I was invited to spend the month of March with a family with whom I enjoyed the most intimate relations. This family consisted of three persons—Mr. and Mrs. Linden, and their daughter Marie, a lovely girl of nineteen.

Marie was to be married on the 26th of the month, and it was the desire of both mather and daughter that I should spend as much time with them as I in about four weeks, and I had promise ded to remain with her parents until the return. This would in about four weeks, and I had promise ded to remain with her parents until that time. But fate decided to the that it was not extinguished years ago by one or more of these wet blankets, may be accepted as proof that they are not so potent for the purpose as many good people inagine them to be. I repeat that I should accompany them. As we were to start in less than a week, I was obliged to hurry home.

I left a few lines for Marie, stating at the two where to address a letter to me.

It is not my purpose to speak of my life in Europe—where we went or what we saw—only this: My brother could not my purpose to speak of my life in Europe—where we went or what we saw

arose and went to the window, the one that looked out upon the churchyard. to the very depts—an inward on that looked out upon the chirchyard, which made it impossible to the anything akin to sorrow with seesesor—I know not—and must I with my story.

I with my story.

I with my story.

I read: "Sacred to the Momory of I read: "Sacred to

ing the broad bay, which swept into the open sea. Between the bay and the house a broad expanse of level ground extended for miles along the coast. On the southern side were richly wooded slopes, with stretches of meadow between, where, in the season, the ripened grain waved like a billowy sea. The east side commanded a view of the town; here distance lent its usual enchantment to the picture. Midway between the town and Mr. Linden's house stood the gray church which Mr. Linden, with his wife and daughter, always attended, and where two or three generations of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The white columns which marked the grayers of Mrs. Linden's family were buried. The w

buried there. Air. Linden has never returned to this country.

Of Mr. George Percival I know nothing. Whether he married again, or whether he is still mourning for his lost bride, I cannot say. But, reader, I have told you a true story—the solution I leave for you.

of the programme, which had long been arranged, was carried out. The ceremony took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, only a few intimate friends being present; but there was to be a bridal party in the evening, and on the following day the bride and groom were to start ou their bridal tour.

Nine o'clock soon came, when the rooms were filled with the beauty and aristocracy of both town and country. Never was there a more beautiful bride than Marie Percival. Never was there a happier groom than her husband. than Marie Percival. Never was there a happier groom than her husband. Never was there a gayer company than was assembled that night under Mr. Linden's roof. Yet most of the guests have probably retained only such recollection of the evening as an unusually pleasant party might leave upon the mind.

But for me, it is branded on my memory with a strength which years have had no power to dim. The almost summer warmth of the night, the blue sky without a cloud, the stars, the full moon, which lit up the old gray church.

a thorough-bred's always is whose blood is without taint or cross. Her ear was thin, sharply pointed, delicately curved, nearly black around the borders, and as tremulous as the leaves of an aspen. Her neck rose from the withers to the head in perfect curvature, hard, devoid of fat, and well cut under the chops. Her nostrils were full, very full, and thin almost as parchment. The eyes, from which tears might fall or fire flash, were well brought out, soft as a grazelle's. almost human mightfallor fireflash, were well brought out, soft as a gazelle's, almost human in their intelligence, while over the small bony head, over neck and shoulders, yea, over the whole body and clear down to the hoofs, the veins stood out as if the skin were but tissue-paper against which the warm blood pressed, and which it might at any moment burst asunder. "A perfect animal," I said to myself, as I lay looking her over—"an animal which might have been born from the wind and the sunt shine, so cheerful and so swift she shine, so cheerful and so swift she seems; an animal which a man would

present as the choicest gift to the wo-man he loved, and yet one which that woman, wife or lady-love would give him to ride when honor and life de-pended on bottom and speed."—Atlan-ite Monthly. At Chambers burg, Pa., Cain Morris, a young negro, convicted of atrociously assaulting three young ladies of the vicinity, was sentenced to 35 years' imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary.

In the Country. BY W. SCOTT WAY

strange lethargy, or trance, or whatever it might have been.
"I was reading the words," she said.
"What words, Marie?" I answered.
"You know the words on the monuments; and if you did not, you could not read them at such a distance."
"Twas near the close of a warm sumperstance of the words of the words of the words of the words."

Mrs. Wogton buttered a roll, glanced at her husband, who was eating with one hand and brushing flies off his face with the other, and said softly:
"Charles, dear, you know my Cousin
Eliza, who lives in Green county?"
"Yes, my dear," Charles replied, inserting a piece of steak into his mouth, and laying down his knife and fork.
"She has often invited me out to her pretty country home," resumed his bet-

"Well, what of it?" returned he wiping the perspiration from his face, and pushing back his plate. "Why," said Mrs. Wogton, very sweetly, "I have made up my mind to pay,her a visit. The city is so warm, and dry, and nasty, you know, Charles; and Washington Thomas, our eldest, is dear Doctor Cutemup says baby will di dear Doctor Cutemup says day will die if he does not get some fresh air. Yes, dear, I will write to Eliza to-night, and start for Green county on Monday next if you do not object."
"Do you intend to take all our children with you, Mrs. Wogton?" the benedict asked, while an expression of anxiety settled on his face.

anxiety settled on his face. anxiety settled on his face.

"Of course, dear!" she replied, "I could not bear to be separated from any of my darlings for a single day. You will not object to me taking them all, will you, Charles!"

"No, not all!" he returned, quickly, and the settlement of the settlement of the settlement. looking very much relieved, "take them—every one of them, by all means, dear! Country air will do them good. I will miss you very much, but don't mind that by no means—Washington Thomas, haven't I told you it was bad

manners to lick your plate? Now don' "Charles," said Mrs. Wogton, laying her hand on Washington Thomas' head, "look what a high intellectual forehead e has; it he lives I am sure he will be a poet or a great man—won't you, dear?" Washington coutinued to lick his plate in silence, while Mr. Wogton rose from his chair, informed his wife that trom his chair, informed his whe that he had urgent business with "Tongs and Company," seized his hat, lit a cigar, and went "down town."

Monday came, and it proved to be a hot clear day, Mrs. Wogton gathered up her six children, kissed Charles good-bye, and started for Green county. It was not a pleasant journey she had—far from it. The car was close, the air warm, and the dust blew into the open windows in clouds. Her two youngest children cried most of the

time, and she had to hold Washington Thomas on his seat, for that young man. on a small scale, had a desire to go out on the platform and gaze on the many rural scenes. Taking all this into con-sideration, Mrs. Wogton was exceed-ingly delighted when the cars drew up

It was four o'clock when I arrived at the end of my journey. A few minutes' walk brought me to the house. I rang what brought me to the house. I rang tho bell, which was answered by an old woman whom I had frequently seen during my previous visits.

"Come in," she said. "Mr. and Mrs. Linden are in Europe; you did not know it, perhaps."

I' I was four o'clock when I arrived at the end of my journey. A few minutes' was very cold, and his clothing seemed to be hattly sufficient to protect him from its inciencency.

"Mrs. Beaumont was reclining on a fanteuil in a room handsomely furnish end. The last new magazine was in her plied, blowing a clowd of smoke from his mouth, "Cordin' to my calkerl" and her eyes were listlessly glamics in the short man replied, blowing a clowd of smoke from his mouth, "Cordin' to my calkerl" and her eyes were listlessly glamics in the short man replied, blowing a clowd to boot! It is about two miles from here, more or less; an' a darned bad road to boot! It is about two miles from here, more of the servant. It could not a-k about Marie; but I arose and went to the window, the one your left an' go right ahead till you losee you, ma'am." or less; an' a darned bad road to boot!

Keep straight ahead on this road"—he
pointed it out with a dirty finger—"till
you see a yaller house, an' then turn to
your left an' go right ahead till you
come to a house with green doors an'
blue winder curtains. That's 'Marsh
farm,' ma'am—goin' to tote all 'em
youngsters out there?"

"Yes, sir;' Mrs. Wogton auswered,
taking her youngest in her arms. "I

admit of surprise, of any other teeling,
I read: "Sacred to the Memory of
Marie Percival, who died February 5th,
18—, aged nineteen years and eleven

met me, but I see none here—I suppose my letter miscarried.' "Lord, ma'am!" returned the man, knocking the ashes from his pipe and refilling it with tobacco, "they hain't

rough dusty road in the direction of 'Marsh farm,' the residence of Eliza Smith and her husband, Isaac.

A journey of two miles on foot, over a

dusty, uneven road, with a scorching sun overhead, is not pleasant—in it is exceedingly hard to accomplish, and if Mrs. Wogton had not got a ride two-thirds of the way in a farmer's wagon, she would not have been able to reach her destination that day.

Eliza Smith, from an upper window, saw her cousin as she entered the gate, and turning to her eldest child, a girl of of twelve, she exclaimed: "Great Guns! Julia Jane, just look

"Great Guns! Julia Jane, just look out here at this site! Here comes that cousin o' mine, Mrs. Wogton, with her six brats. They'll eat us out o' hus an' home in two days—there they are at the front door, but she won't git in there—I don't let everybody in my front room! I must go down an' let her in though, or she'll nound the door dun. I do wish I must go down an' let her in though, or she'll pound the door dun. I do wish people would stay to hum—as my gran'—mother, who come over on the 'May-flower,' used to say—'wisitors eat more in a week than would last your own family a month!'",

Mrs. Wogton, after eating a light supper—for the table contained nothing but fat pork, cold potatoes, and sour bread—was conducted by Mrs. Smith to an attic chamber, where the heat was

or an attic chamber, where the heat was suffocating, and the musquitos intolerable. Between them and the crying of her children, she did not get two hours sleep, and arose next morning unrefreshed, and with face and hands swollen and sore from the bites of the poison-ore insets. ous insects.

ous insects.

"Now, dear Mrs. Wogton," said Eliza, when the breakfast of rye coffee, salt fish, and combread, was over; "I'm a little behind hand with my work, an' I'm goin' to git you to churn for me, an' the young ones can go outan' play. There's nothin' like play to make children healthy, you know. dren healthy, you know. Run out now, children, all on you!"
"I'm afraid they will get freckled!"
exclaimed the fond mother. exclaimed the fond mother.
"Great guns!" returned Mrs. Smith,
"freckles is the beauty o'children! Who
wants to see a young one the color o'
skum milk?"
Mrs. Wogton had commenced churn-

ing, and was wishing herself back in the city with her husband, when Julia Jane Smith bounced into the room, and ex-claimed: claimed:
"O, ma'am! Washington Thomas
has fell in the creek—he's sunk, ma'am, mas left in the creek—he saink, in a an, run quick!"

Mrs. Wogton dropped the churn handle with a cry, and ran towards the creek, followed by Julia Jane, and Mrs. Smith. She arrived at the place where the child had fallen in to find him crawling that he best it to the wroter. the child had fallen in, to find him crawing up the bank, with the water running from his clothing in streams. His mother pressed him to her bosom with joy, and started back to the house with the dripping Washing T. in her arms. Before she reached the door, another of Mrs. Smith's children came running towards her yelling at the top of his yolce:

towards her yelling at the top of his voice:

"Mrs. Wogton! oh, Mrs. Wogton! Towser's bit Victoria Amelia's hand off!"

The frightened mother dropped the wet W. T., and ran to Victoria Amelia. Her hand was torn badly by the dog's teeth, but surely not bitten off. She was taken to the house, and while her lacerated hand was being dressed by her mother, Elizaremoved Washington Thomas's wet clothes, and dressed him out in a ragged suit belonging to her out in a ragged suit belonging to her eldest boy.

Just as Mrs. Wogton had finished

dressing her daughter's hand, Julia Jane appeared again, and cried:

"O, Misses! come out to the barn, quick! Francis Jackson's been tryin' to milk a cow, an' he's got kicked all to pleces. I 'spect she's horned him by this time, come quick!"

The perplexed mother ran to thebarn, and found Francis Jackson not 'kicked all to pleces, but badly hurt; and with a sob, she picked him up, and commenced to retrace her steps to the house. Before half the distance was passed over, she met Julia Jane again, who was screaming as loud as possible:

"O, ma'am! O, ma'am! run fast, for the baby's fell down the stairs, and almost killed itself! Marm ses it's gone into spasms!"

With a loud agreem Mrs. Worden ran.

All at once a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Emma," said the mother, "you may go to the door and see who it is, and invite them in, for it is a cold day."

Emma immediately obeyed her mother's direction.

"Is Mrs. Lowe at home?" inquired the many our may see her."

Yes, sir," said Emma; please walk in, and you may see her."

In believe," he said, ', I'm not mistaken in thinking that your name before marriage was Anna Beaumont,?"

"Your are right, sir, that was my name."

With a loud agreem Mrs. Worden ran.

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"You may see her."

"Your are right, sir, that was my name."

"Your are right, sir, that was my name." nto spasms!"
With a loud scream, Mrs. Wogton ran

arave face, cleaned his throat, and said:

"I heard a piece o' news to day that's bad—awful bad!"

"Why, I saac dear, what is it?" asked Eliza, looking startled.

"Boggs' children all got the black measles, an' they're spreadin' all over the neighborhood. I know our young one will have 'em afore a week.!"

"Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Wogton, with a very pale face, "would you be so kind sto take me and my children.

"But your brother, Alexanden."

Isaac smiled, winked at his wife, and replied:

"If you want to go, I will, ma'am; but I don't see what you want to leave us to stay some time!"

Mrs. Wogton with her children returned to the city the following day, and Doctor Cutemup was obliged to call at the Wogton residence frequently, until the unfortunate children had entirely recovered from their whit to the

appeared in the family of Isaac and Eliza Smith, of Green county. Mrs. Wogton has informed her hus-band that she has firmly made up her mind that she will never "visit Marsh

arm" again !

The traveler walked slowly around as I have said, examining carefully as he passed the names on the door plates.

He finally paused before a dwelling of showy exterior, which if we may credit the testimony of the plate upon the door, was occupied by Alexander Beau and the most costly furniture.

by the term. If it implies a rien nuss what we have a wall to a plate which we have a dupon. But for all that I care not, for a kind, affectionate husband is of far more worth than a magnificent bonse and the most costly furniture. "Alexander Beaumont!" ves. that's

ang the door bell. His summons was answered by a servant who, after a moment's scrutiny, which apparently was not of a very fa-which apparently was not of a very fa-vorable character, said roughly,—
"Well, sir, what do you want?"
"Is Mr. Beaumont at home?" asked the old man, without heeding the in-

"Well, what now, netty." she inquired.

"There is a man down stairs wants
to see you, ma'am."

"Man! a gentleman you mean!"

"No, ma'am," said Betty, stoutly,
for she well understood what made up gentlemen in the conventional sense of the term: "it isn't a gentleman at all, for he's got on an old grey coat and he has not got any gloves on."
"What can he want of me?"
"I don't know; he inquired after Mr.

Beaumont first. "You didn't bring him in the parlor, did you?"
The girl shook her head. "You did right, and you'd better tell aim I'm not at home."
"Mrs. Beaumont is not at home," "I suppose that means she is engaged," said the old man; "I think she will see me when she learns who I am. Tell her I am her husband's uncle and my name is Henry Beaumont."
"That old rag-tag master's uncle."

the street indicated, with many fore-bodings lest his second visit might be as unwelcome as his first appeared to be. "Betty," said Mrs. Beaumont, as she closed the door, "If that old fool comes again, be sure and not forget to tell him

again, se sure and not lorget to tell him.
I am not at home."
Norton street was not a fashionable street nor was the two-story dwelling occupied by Wm. Lowe either handsome or costly. It was marked, however, by an air of neatness, which indicated that its tenants were not regardless of outward enpagances. of outward appearances.

We will take the liberty of introduc-We will take the liberty of introduc-ing you into a little sitting room, where Mrs. Lowe and her three children were even now seated. A plain serviceable carpet covered the floor, and the re-mainder of the furniture, though of a kind which would hardly be selected for a drawing room, had a comfortable, home-like appearance, which simply satisfied the desire of those who derived their happiness from a higher and less their happiness from a higher and less mutable force than outside show. Mrs

mutable force than outside show. Mrs. Lowe was seated in a rocking chair, engaged in an employment which I am aware is tabooed in all fashionable society. I mean darning stockings.

Emma, a girl of ten, was brushing up the hearth, which the sahes from the grate, in which a blazing fire was now burning, had somewhat disordered, while Mary, who was two years younger, was reading. Charley, a little rogue of five, with a smiling face which could not help looking roguish, was stroking of Ne, with a smiling age which could not help looking roguish, was stroking the cat the wrong way much to the disturbance of poor Tabby, who had quietly settled herself down to the pleasant draams much the hearth-rise was organized at Camden on Saturday last, to concern to with the French company.

name."
"And you have no recollection of an

to the house, and found her baby badly bruised from a fall down the steps; but Eliza assured her that the child's injuries were not dangerous, and utterly exhausted, she sank down on the floor, and indulged in a long fit of sobbing.

That evening when Isaac Smith took his sent at the support table he looked have come for many a long year?"

"Yes, sir, I remember him well—my uncle Henry, and I have many times wished I could hear something from him. Can you give me any information?"

ceedingly well for a vessel of her age. Passing in by the after gangway one's attention is first attracted to an oscillating engine, bedded on the main deck, just in the rear of the spot where the him self-may him sent at the support table he looked to the house, and found her baby badly uncle that wandered away from home bruised from a fall down the steps; but and friends and from whom no tidings Eliza assured her that the child's in-have come for many a long year?"

Yes," she said, "he does live in the city, strange as it may appear, I seldom or never sea him.— He has succeeded well-and is wealthy; but ever since he married a wife with a small property and greater pride, he has kept aloof from us. I do not blame him so much as his wife, who is said to have great influence over him. I have called once, but she treated me so coldly that I have not felt disposed to renew my visit. "I can easily believe it," was the re It is perhaps unnecessary to say that he "black measles" have not as yet "You repulsed?" Did you give your name and inform her of your relation to her husband?"

"I did, but she did not invite me to

enter; and she was evidently impatient for me to be gone; I took the hint, and here I am." "At least, uncle," said Mrs. Lowe. Not at Home.

An elderly man, shabbily attired, was seen walking through one of the fashionable streets in a large city one cold De cember day. His coat was of coarse grey have not told me of your husband. Let me know whether you have a good match, he added playfully. "That depends upon what is meant by the term. If it implies a rich busband, then I failed most certainly, for wassed the names on the door plates.—

house and the most costly furniture."
"You are right," said her uncle warmly, "and I infer that your husband is of
such a character." "He is in truth."
"Still," continued her uncle, "ther must be something which your limited income will not permit you to obtain, but which would be desirable, is there

as cordially as before. He had hardly been at the house a quarter of an hour when a loud rap was heard at the door. She beheld two men who had just driven up in a wagon. "Where is the piano to be put ma'am," they inquired.
"Plano! You have made a mistake; we have not purchased a piano."
"Isn't your name Lowe?"

block with ours, and when they have moved into it, will take up his residence
with them. Meanwhile he is stopping
at the R——House."
"What! Henry Beaumont?"!
"The very same, but I thought you knew it."

When the visitor withdrew, Mrs. Beaumont ordered a carriage, and immediately drove to the hotel where her husband's uncle was stopping. She sent up her card and requested an audience. The servant soon returned with an other card on which were traced the significant words:
"NOT AT HOME."

Twelve vacancies in the State Sennte.

Twelve vacancies will have to be filled at the coming State election, in the State Senate. Eight Republicans and four Democrats retired at the close of the late session—one Republican resigning. The names of the retiring Senators are Billingfelt and Fisher, of Lancaster; Brown, of Mercer; Burnett, of Monroe; Coleman, of Lebanon; Jackson, of Sullivan; M'Candless, of Philadelphia; Searight, of Fayette; Stutzman, of Somerset; Taylor, of Beaver, and Worthington, of Chester. Mr. Errett, of Allegheny, must resign.

New York, April 20.—The Post says it is understood that the French Atlantic Cable will be landed at Cape May, New

Laying at the foot of Nineteenth street, East River, is the steamer Wm. Taber, belonging to the "Lowe Steamship Refrigerating Company, of New York," (such we believe is the exact wording of the Company title) and constituting the pioneer vessel of the newly projected enterprise by which it is proposed to offset the present extravagant rates of our beef market, which now the table to the present extravagant of the composition of

rates of our beef market, which now rule that commodity to be an expensive instead of a daily necessity.

The ship herself is a side wheel steamer, flush deck and housed up, hull built unusually strong, being almost a bed of live oak timbers; was launched in 1857, and run principally in the New Orleans and Galveston trade, and now rates exceedingly well for a vessel of her age. Passing in by the after gangway one's attention is first attracted to an oscillating engine, bedded on the main deck.

"Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Wogton, with a very pale face, "would you be so kind as to take me and my children to the staton to-morrow morning, in your cart?"

Cart?"

"But your adventures."

"But your brother, Alexander," interrupted Mr. Beaumont, "let me first inquire about him. He lives in the city now, does he not?"

A light cloud came over Mrs. Lowe's denser. The latter, made of our metal recondenser. previous to its passage into the con-denser. The latter, made of gun metal and tesled to a pressure of ten thousand pounds to the square inch, receives the

gas and is subject to a compression of eight hundred pounds to the square incl power of that purpose being furnished by the Oscillator. This delicate little ageezing reduces it to a gaseous liquid, which, upon contact with the atmosphere, immediately congeals, assuming a form like light flakes of gypsum, with perhaps less density than falling snow, and becoming literally, "palpable cold"—but I am forestalling my subject, and of this more snow.

both fore and aft, which constitute the refrigerating receptacles for the dressed carcasses, are two fan-boxes separated by a cooling chamber. These fans, driven at a high rate of speed, force the tmosphere from the first compartmen into and through the cooler, where omes in contact with a mesh of iro pipes, which piping being highly sur-charged with the liquified carbonic gas, produces an intense degree of cold. From thence the coldened air, blown by the second fan, is distributed into the hold below, but subject to such powers of regulation that the thermom-eter can be made to show indications of whatever degree of temperature may be desired, from an assimilation of the ex-istent outside heat, to a point consider-

neter to distance near, to a point considerable below zero.

However, it is not intended to have the meat frozen, but only to keep it surrounded with a stratum of pure dry atmosphere, showing a degree of warmth just above the freezing point. In such a state it will keep for an almost indefinite period, as her altrayd been prayen. nite period, as has already been proven on the high and table lands of South America where it eventually became jerked beef. Under the action of Pro-fessor Lowe's process the same desider-

formed of the character of his visitor he extended a hearty welcome.

A comfortable repast was soon spread, of which Mr. Beaumont readily partook. His spirits rose, and he seemed to grow younger as he saw the cheerful faces around him, and felt himself at home. Boon after the evening meal he arose to depart.

Soriely, you are not going "said his nice; "you must henceforth take up your abode with us."

"We will see about that, and if you don't think you will get tired of me perhaps I will come. But I have hired a lodging and must undoubtedly remain in it for a few days."

But you must call here every day and make yourself perfectly at home even before you come here to stay," persisted his nicee.

"By COL. LEON LAFITTE.

About two years ago, while travelling in the East, I met, in Jerusalem, an Arab chief, by the name of El Kasem, a closer wrapping of overcoats; and as my procious ideas of "going below" had been suggestive of "something better," it brought vivid recollections of one of J. Ross Browne's humorous articles, we became firm friends, he considering that I had done him an invaluable favor. One yes describing a Western host of Uncle Sam's Army where it was so hot that a wicked soldier, after death, returned in ghostly form and asked for his blankets.

This apartment, thickly sheathed and planked over, sides, top, and bottom, is estimated to stow the dressed carcasses of several hundred beeves, together with the one forward giving a carrying capacity of twelve hundred head. The cold alr, forced in at the top, of course finds its way downward, giving the same curious appearance, when so placed that the jet is between oneself the last words were addressed to the the one forward giving a carrying capacity of twelve hundred head. The cold air, forced in at the top, of course finds its way downward, giving the same curious appearance, when so placed that the jet is between oneself and the light, that one's breath has on a severe wintry day in outdoor ex-

The last words were addressed to the horse, who came forward as he heard his name called, and rested his head and the light, that one's breath has on a severe wintry day, in out-door exposure. The thermometer, when inserted within the pipe, gave 10 degrees lower than Zero, which upon diffusion became very materially hightened, the ratio of cold being controlled by the pressure from the refrigerator above.

Remounting to the deck we were treated to an exhibition of are and in against Kasem's breast. I thanked the Arab chief over and over again, for as I intended to take a trip into Persia, the horse was a perfect god-send.

To try the mettle of the animal, I adjusted the stifrups and reins to my liking, and sprang into the saddle, and accompanied by El Kasem upon his beautiful charger, darted down the street. Berber answered every touch horse was a perfect god-send. Remounting to the deck we retreated to an exhibition of rare and interesting experiments, the first of which consisted in placing a woolen bag over the mouth-piece of a pipe, then turning a stopcock and allowing the liquified gas to issue slowly into it; the result was congealment, producing a huge mass of the light gypsum-like were walking. I fell in love with him, and used all my endeavors to show which I have previously in I was not only his master, but his friend. During our ride, El Kasem interesting experiments, the first of which I have previously in I was not only his master, but his friend. During our ride, El Kasem interesting experiments, the first of which I have previously in I was not only his master, but his friend. During our ride, El Kasem interesting experiments, the first of which is accompanient.

Tell her I am her nusuament my name is Henry Beaumont."

"That old rag-tag master's uncle," said Betty, wonderling as she ascended less stars.

"Good heavens!" said her mistress of "Good heavens!" said her mistress of the stairs.

"That old veteran who strolled off years ago nobody knows where she again. And now! a suppose the special properties of the stairs are at and wants help. Well, he won't get it if can help it; but the stair affeld reception.

"The later and wants help. Well, he won't get it if can help it; but the stair affeld reception.

"The not mistake," said a loud voice behind for years ago nobody knows where a single state of years ago nobody in the stairs.

"You know," continued the uncle, "that I am going to come and live with you, and I thought I would pay my board in advance, that is all. As you ago if must see him left; but the stairs, wife."

"You are right, sir. I am the wife of Mr. Alexander's wife."

"You are right, sir. I am the wife of Mr. Alexander's wife."

"You are right, sir. I am the wife of Mr. Alexander Beaumont, and I suppose from your language you are you were from your language you are most of the county of the state of speed, with as much ease as if the mouth-piece of a pipe, then turning a stopcock and allowing the liquide gas to issue slowly into it; the some instake," said the mouth-piece of a pipe, the mouth-

y descended, fully preparation of frigid reception.

not mistaken," said the old Air feeling, "(1x Alexander's was any). "You under the feeling," (1x Alexander's was any). "You under the feeling," (1x Alexander's was any). "You under the feeling," (1x Alexander's was any). "You mean," said he smiling, "that of the feeling, "(1x Alexander's was any). "You may be feeling," was any." "You mean," said he smiling, "that of the feeling, "(1x Alexander's was any). "You may be feeling," was any." "You may the feeling," was the reply. "I had a smill to the sixt of the feeling," was the reply. "I had a smill to the sixt of the feeling," was the reply. "I had a smill to the sixt of the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling," was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling, was the reply. "I had as well at the reply and the was feeling, was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling, was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling, was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling, was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling, was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling, was the feeling, was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling, was the reply. "I had as well at the second the feeling, was

and there increase the merchandise for the Bagdad market.

Frequently upon the lovely evenings, fater the caravan had halted for the night, I would take Berber for a race over the desert for an hour or two. I

spoon moves with the same steady sweep, heaping up a pile of what resembles ice cream, rather on the strawberry tint; each instant it gets lighter, flakier; and "now, gentlemen;" says the Professor, "allow me to help you to some frozen champagne!" Our glasses, used in lieu of dishes, being filled, and spoons provided, we atechampagne. Think of that! oh, ye individuals who seek after new sensations, how you would enjoy such a rarity, and, in consequence, turn up your cultivated noses at what you would then consider "the vulgarity of drinking champagne as the common masses do." This deponent, volugarity of unixing chambagaes the common masses do." This deponent, however, is not troubled with such qualms of aristocratic conscience, and while testifying to having enjoyed the frozen article very much, would nevertheless hardly turn his back on the same between in a liquid state. everage in a liquid state.

brought into requisition, more of the visible cold" taken from its woolen depository and transferred to the fragile vessel. Again the watches were called to note the time; an egg plunged into the white substance, then a seething and bubbling, caused, we were told, by the caloric within the egg itself, as if the ing up at the lovely night.

I was awakened by a sound near me, and a jerk from Berber. the caloric within the egg itself, as if the heat were trying to escape from the surrounding grasp of the white demon, whose chilling touch outrivaled the "Resper, called Death." "Two minutes, fifteen seconds," by aid of the spoon the egg was thrown out upon the table, and being forced open, gave all the appearance of one which had been boiled hard, at least for five or six minutes, save that there was an absence of the blueish tint which generally lines. out that was useless, for a dozen gun covered my body, so I asked in execra-ble Arabic:
"What do you wish?"
The answer agree "

Next in order, an empty glass wa

dressing herdaughter's hand, Julia Jane All at once a loud knock was heard at appeared again, and cried:

All at once a loud knock was heard at the door.

What Our Correspondent Saw on Board the outer surface of the yolk in the latter. "So you see," said our host, "prothe outer surface of the yolk in the later. "So you see," said our host, "process makes an egg hard in half the time that your cooks can do it in."

"Why not? You are dressed as an ter. "Why not? You are dressed as an ter. "Bo you are here on the desert, why not I?" I could not but admit his argument a that your cooks can do it in."

The orange now came into play, being subjected to a similar bath as the preceeding one, also another egg, and the good one, so in return told him whom I was, and what doing there, and in return asked him about himself. In my suppose the contract was a way to be supposed to the contract when the contract was the contract when the contract was a way to be supposed to the contract was a way to be ceening one, also another egg, and the apple, all, however, of some minutes' longer duration; meanwhile the builb of a spirit thermometer was thrust into a lump of the white element. "Your watches again! Fifty-seven degrees above zero. Ten seconds pass and the liquid indicator has run down to ten degrees below zero. Sea it keeps on to make your home with us. Wa came to make your home with us. Wa came to make your home with us. watches again! Fifty-seven degrees above zero. Ten seconds pass and the liquid indicator has run down to ten degrees below zero. See it keeps on falling, only slower. Two minutes have flown, it sinks from sight within the remorseless white material surrounding.

Was a prisoner; but now it came back to me, and I asked him:

"What are you going to do with me!" of make your home with us. We came but to make your home with us. We came but only on unawares, and you are not our prisoner."

I thanked him. "Your was a prisoner; but now it came back makes a sensation in Paris

upon you unawares, and you are not in a recent family separation in Kentucky, the wife bought the children for twenty-five dollars. norseless white material surrounding to the lust uncovered mark was one undred and fifty degrees below zero.

Egg number two and the apple are known my intention of returning to the caravan, he said: "Yes, I will join you, and ride part

shows no additional fracture. Another
While riding along together he, at my
While riding along together he, at my essays to bite into the apple, and as quickly abandons the attempt; a sharp stinging sensation of the lips, a thrill of excruciating pain through the teeth and excruciating the term of the t admit of agreeable mastication.

The contents of the bottle of mercury are now subjected to the action of the terrible white agent; first in small portions, then after those have been allowed to remelt, the whole of it, enough in his return from college, he found she had been forced into a marriage by her brother with a man whom he detested. gums, warn him that it is too chill to an exile, having stained his hand with ed to remeil, the whole of it, enough in volume to at least half fill an ordinary tumbler. Two minutes and a half elapse; it has thoroughly hardened, and now appears on the salver like a mass of lead-says that it has a bright relief.

bumbler. Two minutes and a half elapse; it has thoroughly hardened, and now appears on the salver like a mass of lead—save that it has a bright polished exterior. Be not astonished, oh reader, and haste not to accuse this witness of "doing the marvelous" for verily "truth is often stranger than fiction."

To revert to the practical part of my letter, the ice making box must not be forgotten.

Souther with a man whom he detested. He wrought vengance upon the brother and husband in a double duel, and while at Muscat. In Arabia, joined as a band of roving Arabs, and after a few years became their chief. This the story he told me, as together we rode along. I asked him if he never cared to return to his home in America, and he answered that when he heard of civil war that ed that when he heard of civil war that It stands on the same deck and very near to the fan boxes, in length about eight or ten feet, and perhaps four broad, by three in depth, containing a large number of conical shaped pipes, resembling in form and size the old. The above the containing a large number of conical shaped pipes, resembling in form and size the old. The above the containing a more than the was reluctant to give me, but at last did so, after thinking a most styles of velocipedes.

broad, by three in depth, containing a large number of conical shaned pipes, resembling in form and size the old fashioned sugar loaf. These pipes, having first been filled with water, the gas is allowed to circulate around them, producing rapid concealment of their contents, giving ice of superior hards after a pause;

"There is one person whom I would like to know of, and that is she whom I be cheaply and quickly made. In such ports as Laguayra, Panama, Callao, etc., it would be invaluable for hospital have always loved." I asked for her name and address, and The first cost of the necessary ma-

dition will get under weigh much befor the last of the present month.

Adventures Among the Arabs.

chinery surmounted, and there is very little additional expense; far below the ordinary outlay of cutting and transporting to market, even where the fields are as convenient as those surrounding the City of New York itself.

Orange ices, sherberts, etc., in Vera Cruz, Bombay, Honolulu, at the same comparative cheapness, as far as the freezing material is concerned as within our Northern cities. "A big thing on ice!" truly, The making of the ice, its quality and cheapness, have been practichinery surmounted, and there is very an English house in Aden.:

quality and cheapness, have been practically demonstrated, and the company are about to convince the public of the utility of their beef carrying plan by placing a cargo of fresh Texan meat on told by him that my American acquaintance was one of the most noted of Arab Sheiks, and that his band of fol-lowers were all known to be the best horsemen and most daring raiders on the New York market, at prices within the reach of the daily laborer. In fitting in a vessel of over nine hundred tons up a vessel of over fine fundred whis for their purpose, there is an immense amount of work to be done, and the invariable delays which always ensue in such cases have not escaped even them, so that it is doubtful if the expedition will got under waith much before

children, were living at the place. Upon introducing myself, I received a cordial welcome from all; and when I had told the sister of her brother, and my meet ing with him, she was very much affected, but delighted to know he was

absent one, taken when he was twentytwo, and a few monts before his departure from America. It was, as well as
I remembered his appearance by moonlight, very much like him, though
many years had passed over him since
then.
I asked about the woman whose mar-

riage had caused his exile, and was told she was still living, near by, and ever since his departure had worn mourning; but whether for the dead husband and brother, or absent lover, was never known. I was easily persuaded to reknown. I was easily persuaded to remain all night; and the next morning, bidding the kind family adieu, I rode over to the plantation to visit the woman who, by one blow, had been deprived of husband, brother, and the only man she had ever loved.

I arrived at the handsome residence, and upon asking for its owner, was ushered into the parlor. In a few moments a lovely little wo-man entered the room, clothed in deep black. Her eyes were large and dreamy and about the mouth residua and that added much to her beauty.

"Col. Lafitte, I believe: I am happy to know you, sir, for the service you rendered your country."
"Thank you, Madam," in answer to "Thank you, Madam," in answer to her compliment. "I am also happy in knowing you, for I have heard of you from a mutual friend."

"Indeed! whom, may I ask ""

"One, Madam, you have not seen or heard from for many long and weary years. One who is as the dead to you."

"From Paul—on see the dead to you."

"From Paul—oh, say you come from Paul, and I will bless you!"
"I do, Madam."
"Oh, Col. Lafitte, tell me he yet lives—that he is near me now."
"Madam, he does live, ordid months ago when I met him," I answered, and then I told her all. She listened without a word until I finished, and then asked me many questions, which I answered to the best of my knowledge.

After a while she said:
"Col. Lafitte, perhaps I should ex-"Col. Lafitte, perhaps I should explain my position to you. I had loved Paul from my earliest recollection, and expected to marry him when he came home from college; but my brother came to me, and said our plantation was involved in a great degree, and to the father of the man I married, and urged me to marry Mr. L.—, for he was an only child, and would have all of his father's property. Paul was not rich, though in comfortable circumstances, and I was influenced, to save our homestead, to marry Mr. L.—, after writing to Paul, and receiving no answer. The to Paul, and receiving no answer. The letter my brother afterwards confessed he had never sent, and Paul arrived to find me married to another man.

"He learned the particulars for the particular for the particular for the particulars for the particular for the

for they felt they had wronged him."

"Well, they met; first my husband fell, run through the heart with Paul's sword, and then my brother shotthrough the brain. Paul left the country, and we all believed him dead, until your welcome news assures us of his safety. Oh, what a life has been his! and yet, though I love him still, I cannot recall him with his hand red with my brother's and husband's blood. But give me his address, I can at least write, and say I forgive him."

She ceased, and for moments sobbed as if her heart would break; but then, recovering herself, invited me to remain over the desert for an hour or two. I him with his hand red with my rode upon a camel during the day, and relieved my noble horse of any burden. At night, after his feed, a good rubbing down, and rest of two hours, he was perfectly fresh, and willing to try his speed against any chargers of the robber tribes.

Two or three times I had been chased back to camp by these roving bands who infested the country, but relying on Berber's speed, and a couple of good revolvers, that experience elsewhere had taught me how to use, I did not care much for them, nor heed the warnings

Salnave, the colored gentleman who present the colored gentleman the colored gentleman who present the colored gentleman the colored g

taught me how to use, I did not care much for them, nor heed the warnings of my friends.

Upon one of these rambles, an incledent occurred that I may as well mention here. I was some two miles from camp, and had thrown my blanket upon the ground and lay down upon it, looking up at the lovely night.

I was awakened by a sound near me, and a jerk from Berber.

Pretty Logical.

Salnave, the colored gentleman who presides over the destinies of Hayti, objects to that other colored gentleman, T. H. Hollister, as United States Minister near the Haytien Court. Salnave says he has as many blacks in his dominon as he is at present able to take care of, and thinks that it drant really believes the negro to be the equal of the white man, he should send a darkey to England, or France, and a white man to Hayti. A pretty logical colored and a jerk from Berber.

I sprang up in an instant, to find myself face to face with about a dozen

Arabs, My first thought was resistance;
but that was useless for a decrease.

Public Deposits.

The answer came at once, rich and full, in perfect English: full, in perfect English:

"You are no Arab, are you?

"No! an American."

"So am I," was the reply.

"What! an American, and a Sheik
among Arabs?" I asked in surprise. government is practically weakened, and because of the additional risk incurred in

Special Norrows preceding ma-deaths, 10 cents per line for fir and 5 cents for every subsequent LEGAL AND OTHER FORTONS— Executors' lotices. Administrators' notices. Assignees' notices. Auditors' notices. Other "Notices," ten line three times.

Rews Items. Gen. Canby has assumed command of the Frst Military District.

RATE OF ADVERTIMING. --

Business Adventisements, \$12 a year per

REAL ESTATE ADVERTOING, Woodle a line for the first, and Goodle for each subsequent in-sertion.

Ex Governor Wise of Virginia is danger-ously ill, and not expected to recover. It is said that Gen. McClellan is soon to appear as a public lecturer. A sait in the English Court of Chancery, begun in 1805, has just ended. Angelo Bartilloni is a new violinist who The New York police have come down on the spiritual photographers.

The widow of Gen. Rosseau is reported to

A rich Omaha merchant asked Anna Dickinson "What answer?" at Des Moines, and she replied, No. they go, falling on the floor with a dull stony sound. One guest takes up the egg and hurls it down again with violence, it strikes with much force and shows no additional fracture. Another essays to bite into the apple, and set with the strikes with much because the shown and additional fracture. Another essays to bite into the apple, and set with the strikes with much sound and the shown and additional fracture. Another essays to bite into the apple, and set with the strikes with much sound and the shown in the first of May, the judges to be wound and the shown in the strikes with much force and shows no additional fracture. Another essays to bite into the apple, and set was a law protect you from other roving hands."

The soldier are scores of political rings in Grant family defined to the roving hands."

Savannah, Ga., is going to have a baby show on the first of May, the judges to be wound unmarried men.

The soldier are: The voters of the Third Illinois district elect a successor to Mr. Washburne on the 8th of June.

Ten indictments are pending in the New Orleans Courts against State Auditor Wick liffe, of Louisians. It was Artemus Ward who said, "If hey'll let me write the poetry to the Baldnsville *Eagle*, I don't care a cuss who goes There are in Great Britain 5,208 coal mines. Thier product in 1807 was 104,500,480 tons, of which 277,178 came to North America. Another of Napoleon's old soldlers died recently, aged 95. He lived and died at Fredericksburg, Va., and was a basket-

General T. L. Haywood, who was a Secretary Boutwell has authorized the granting of leave of absence to Odd Fellows in the Treasury Department, to attend the celebration in Philadelphia. Pleasant for tax-payers—the story of Brownlow, that the U.S. Treasury fur-nished money to start his maniacal paper at Knexville. promised to seek her out upon my return to America, and write to him, directing the letter to his name, in care of an English house in Aden. was English house in Aden.

We had now come in sight of the gamp, and I bade the chief good-bye hauking him warmly for his escort and trudence. Mornories of by come days the cliques of patriots.

I entered the camp, and after attending to Berber, sought Sheik El Kasem, and telling him of my adventure, was side telling him of my adventure, was side telling him of my adventure, was side telling him of my adventure. "For every office filled," said Talley-rand, "I make one ingrate and fifty ene-mies." "For every office filled," Grant might add, "I make one rascal and five hundred enemies."

horsemen and most daring raiders on the desert.

I may as well remark here, that upon my return to America, while passing through A —— County, Va., on my way home, I left the train at C—, and procuring a horse at the livery stable, started out to find the residence of the American Arab's mother. I found the place without difficulty—a large old family mansion, surrounded by a fine farm: but his mother had been the literest of the Stevens Battery. by a fine farm; but his mother had been The latest exploit of the Tennessee loyal lead for four years. His sister and her militia was to the a gentleman by the oral grammatical errors in a proclamation posted by one of the militia officers.

Mrs. Betsy Dodge, a widow lady of 73 years of age, on Block Island, has during the past year wove, in an old fashioned hund doom, 400 yards cotton and wool cloth

affected, but delighted to know he was still living, for long since they believed him dead.

Mrs. C—— and her husband then showed me a full-length portrait of the absent one, taken when he was twenty-two, and a few monts before his departure from America. It was, as well as I remembered his appearance by moon-lived mental to the cast to be ground, though there are immense quantities still in store in other parts of Minnesota,

Some thirty Northern gentlemen will
start from Washington on the 21st inst., to
make a tour of the South for the purpose of
pleasure and investment. The party will
consist of Hon. Kennedy Moorhead, exGovernor Ward of New Jersey, Hon. Morton McMichael, Colonel John W. Forney,
Governor 'Curtin, Clinton Lloyd, Hon.
Charles Van Wyck and some twenty five
others.

State Items.

Brooks, one of the Brodhead murderers, is still at large.

The Fishermen at Columbia are making fine hauls of shad. D. A. Beckley has been appointed post-master at Bloomsburg.

A Dr. Hollister has written a history of the Lackawanna valley.

Joseph Beacham has been appointed Postmaster at Tuscarora, Schuylkill co. The Stony Creek railroad is to be located and put under contract. It will run from and put under contract. It will run from Norristown to Lansdale, Rev. M. Meigs, D. D., of Pottstown Pa., has resigned the U. S. Consulship, at Pir-leus, Greece, and will return home shortly. The new Lehigh county prisons finished and will be occupied immediately. It contains forty cells. Mad dogs are rife throughout the State From every quarter we hear of their rav

The Radicals of Doylestown are not well affected toward the appointment of Widow Prizer as postmistress at that place. The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company at present runs seven daily trains between Pittston and Wilkesbarre, A four-legged chicken has been hatched n Columbia county, and it hops about on 'all fours." The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has founded a new town nine miles from Market street bridge, to be called Byrn-

"He learned the particulars from his mother and sister, and at once sent my husband and brother a challenge.
"They accepted, but with rejuctance, for they felt they had wronged him."
"Well they mother than him."
"Well they mother than him."

York county bosats of an Irishman who is the father of four children born on the lat and two on the 3d of April—all in different years. These are remarkable coincidences. Colonel John R. Breitenbach, a renegate Democrat of Norristown, and Edward Rhue of Allentown, have been appointed collector and associator of the Sixth District, composed of the counties of Montgomery

as if her heart would break; but then, recovering herself, invited me to remain to dinner. I did so, and from her house wrote my desert friend a long letter, telling him all I had done, and enlossing the letters of his sister, and the one given me by Mrs. L—.

Sainave, the colored gentleman who presides over the destinies of Hayti, objects to that other colored gentleman, T. H. Hollster, as United States Minister near the Haytien Court. Sainave says he has as many blacks in his dominions as he is a present able to take care of, and thinks that if Grant really believes the negro to be the equal of the white man, he should send a darkey to England, or France, and a write man to Hayt. A pretty logical colored individual is Sainave, —Patriot.

Secretary Boutwell has issued an order directing that there shall be no exchange of socurities to ensure the public deposits in national banks. The order is based partial to the deposited, the securities twithdrawn are generally more valuable than those deposited, the securities withdrawn are generally more valuable than those deposited, the securities withdrawn are generally more valuable than those deposited, the securities to enthe additional risk incurred in because of the additional risk incurred in Elections, consisting of the Eastern mem-House Committees. of Indiana, chairman of the select commit-tee on tonnage, will take testimony in New York, Boston and Philadelphia in Septem-ber and October. The sub-Committee on Elections, consisting of the Eastern mem-bers of that committee, will take testimony