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Poetry.

ENCHANTMENT.

BY ALICE CARY.

All in the May-time's merriest weather
Rode two travelers, bride and groom;
Breast and breast went their mules together,
Fetlock deep through the daisy bloom.
Roses peeped at them out of the hedges,
White flowers leaned to them down from the thorn,
And up from the furrows with sunlit edges
Crowded the children that sowed in the corn.

Cheek o'er cheek, and with red so tender
Rippling bright through the gipsy brown,
Just to see how a lady's splendor
Shone the heads of the daffodils down.
Ah, but the wonder grows and lingers,
Ah, but their fields look low and lorn,
Just to think how her jeweled fingers
Shamed the seeds of their yellow corn!

Oh, it was sweet, so sweet, to be idle!
Each little sower with fate fell wroth;
Oh, but to ride with a spangled bridle!
Oh, for saddle with scarlet cloth!
Waving corn—each stalk in tassel;
Home with its thatch and its turf-lit room—
What was this by the side of a castle?
What was that to a tossing plume?

Winds through the violets' misty covering
Now kissed the white ones and now the blue,
Sang the redbreast over them hovering
All as the world were but just made anew.
And on and on through the golden weather,
Fear at the faintest and hope at the best,
Went the true lovers riding together,
Out of the East land and into the West.

Father and mother in tears abiding,
Bride-maids all with their favors dressed,
Back and backward the daisies sliding,
Dove-throat, black-foot, breast and breast,
Yet hath the bride-maid joy of her pining,
And grief sits light on the mother's brow;
Under her cloud is a silver lining—
The lowly child is a lady now.

But for the sowers, with eyes held shady,
Either with sun-brown arm or hand,
Darkly they follow the lord and lady
With jealous hatred of house and land.
Fine—it was all so fine to be idle;
Dull and dreary the work-day doom—
Oh, but to ride with a spangled bridle!
Oh, for a cap with a tossing plume!

Nearing the castle, the bells fell ringing,
And strong men and maidens to work and wait
Cried, "God's grace on the bride's home-bringing,"
And master, mistress, rode through the gate.
Five select ladies—maids of the chamber—
One sewed her silken seams, one kept her rings,
One for the pearl combs, one for the amber,
And one for her green fan of peacock wings.

And sweetly and long they abode in their castle,
And daughters and sons to their love were born;
But doves at the dew-fall homeward nestle,
To lodge in the rafters they left at morn;
And memory, holding true and tender,
As pleasures faded and years increased,
Oft bore the lady from all her splendor
Out of the West-land and into the East.

And far from the couch where sleep so slowly
Came to her eyes through the purples grand,
Left her to lodge in the bed so lowly,
Smoothed by the mother's dear, dear hand.
But after all are ado to assemble
The sunrise pictures to brighten the set,
One there was thrilled her heart to a tremble,
Half-made of envy and half of regret.

Ah, was it this that in playful sporting,
And not as lamenting her maiden years,
Often she brought from the time of the courting,
When hopes are sweeter for little fears,
That one day of the days so pleasant,
When, while she mused of her lord, as it fell,
Rode from the castle the groom with his present,
Dear little dove-throat, I loved so well?

Or altar, in splendor of lilies and laces,
Long-tressed bride-maids, or priest close shorn?
Or ride through the daisies, or green-field spaces,
Gay with children that sowed in the corn?
Ye who have left the noontide behind you,
And whom dull shadows begin to oppress,
Say, ere the night-time falleth to blind you,
Which was the picture—pray, do you guess?

All in the castle was sweet with contentment,
For Fortune, in granting all favors but one,
Threw over the distance a cruel enchantment
That darkened the love-light and darkened the sun.
Of alms and of pleasures, the life-long bestowers,
The lord and the lady had just one lament:
Oh, for the lives of the brown little sowers!
Oh, and oh, for their artless and homely content!

Miscellaneous.

The Young Franc-Tireur.

I.

What I am about to tell relates to one of my Franc-Tireurs. My Lieutenant presented him one evening at the bivouac. He told me that he had a volunteer, and I did not expect to see a child with a slender figure, soft blue eyes, and the smile of a girl. He had long, light hair, which curled over his forehead with silky softness, like those of a madonna. The fact is that he was not my ideal of a soldier, and his blonde curls displeased me.

"Do you take my company for a girl's boarding-school?" said I, to the Lieutenant. "Where the devil did you fish out this young girl?"

The young man blushed; however, he preserved a calm face.

"Your name?" said I.

"Genner."

"Your age?"

"I will be twenty in six months."

"Are you sure of it?"

He looked at me and smiled.

"I will be, if I am not dead then."

"Will you be brave?"

He suddenly assumed a position which pleased me.

"I cannot tell, Captain, but I have an idea that I will do credit to your company."

He said this with calmness and simplicity. His eyes, despite their gentleness, looked directly into your face, and in the cut of his face and the *ensemble* of his traits there was something which announced determination. We were not together ten minutes when all my apprehensions disappeared.

I learned that he was an orphan; that his mother died while he was young, and that he had known trouble. His father had been killed by a fall from a horse, and he, with two young sisters, had been left in charge of an uncle.—His sisters and himself had discussed war and the unhappy fate of France, and his sisters seemed to imagine that the heroism of Genner would immortalize his name and save France.

* * * * * * * * *

One evening Genner came to me in a condition of lively agitation.

"Captain," said he, "there will be a fight to-morrow, and we will not take part in it. Some regiments are being massed between Ivry and Bicetre, and the combat will be desperate. Permit me, I beg of you, to let me join them."

He added that he knew an Aid of General X——, and that he could be assigned to staff-duty. I consented, and a couple of hours later he returned with the desired permission.

That evening we were together. We were both apparently in deep thought, when Genner suddenly asked,

"Captain, do you know what fear is?"

Fear! yes, parbleu! first time that I undertook to make a gallant declaration to a pretty woman, I found out all about the malady. I was more dead than alive, and I trembled like the leaves of a willow. I was not wrong in being scared, for the very first word I spoke, I was shown the door. She was a pretty brunette with a lively air, but she was robustly faithful to my Colonel. I forgot to say that he was her husband. And do you believe that I have never dared to present myself before her? In fact, I asked for an exchange—'

'But, Captain, in battle, did you never have any fear? The first time you were under fire?'

'Eh bien! it was in Africa, upon the limits of our possessions near Biskra. A tribe had revolted and it was necessary to reduce them; and *dame*! the Arabs shoot well. I saw my comrades falling at my side. Some of the new ones, by a mechanical movement, shrank down their shoulders as if they wished to make themselves smaller; and at the same time I heard about my ears a very singular hissing. It took me some little time to comprehend that it was bullets that made this hissing. And then, would you believe it, in spite of myself, I experienced an emotion, and constantly dropped my head in order to rid myself of this whizzing. A pure matter of imagination! In a little while the combat became terribly serious, and I thought no longer. It is easier to die than it is to think."

'It is not death which one need fear, it is cowardice. However, I hope to do my duty," he added, as if speaking to himself.

'I am certain of it,' I said. 'Besides you have given proof that you are brave.'

'You must not say this,' he said, with sudden emotion, 'when there are those here who know the contrary. You who have never known fear do not know what it is to have this vertigo. Let me swear to you that the thought that I may be going to death in a little while does not alarm me. You remember the post on which you placed me on the morning of the 19th of December? It was a little cross-roads; on one side a high wall and on the other some bushy heights. I had my back to this height, and my face to the wall, beyond which rose a wooded hill. My duty was to watch this wood, in which was supposed to be concealed the enemy. He was well concealed, for I could perceive no living being under the shadow of the foliage, and not a sound made itself heard. To my right, upon an ascent of the road, one of my comrades, Gilbert, was like myself in ambuscade. Lower down, to my left, there was a soldier of the line; but the road made a bend between us, and I could only see the point of his bayonet, as it flashed in the sun. The forts thundered constantly, and I could hear above my head the heavy flight of shells. In the distance, musketry and the discharges of mitrailleuse shattered the air, and were followed by discharges of artillery. My blood boiled. I listened anxiously. It seemed as if our men, advancing, had gained the *terram*, and my heart bounded; and then there burst forth confused clamors, and irregular and frightful noises, to which there succeeded a depressing silence. Contradictory emotions—hope, fear, anguish—seemed to choke me. What most afflicted me was that the combat did not approach in our direction, and that we were debarred from taking any part in it. I wished to climb the hill at my back, from which I thought I might obtain a view of the battle, but you had fixed my place, with an order for me to remain there, and I dared not move.

'Several hours, as it seemed to me, passed in this waiting. At different times I believed that I heard precipitate and confused steps; then I fancied that I felt that trembling of the air which is produced by men in flight, and the idea of a retreat, a rout, passed like a cloud over my thoughts; but I had repressed the thought. Fly! French soldiers in flight! that could not be. Besides, the battle was still in progress; the artillery and the mitrailleuse still intermingled their rage. A shell fell near me and burst, without injuring me, but covering me with dust. I had no fear, but anxiety devoured me. Some spent balls, coming from I know not where, struck or rolled in the dust of the road.—What was happening? What was the meaning of the noises I heard? Was it victory or defeat? How could I find out? I looked for Gilbert, but he had disappeared. Perhaps he was killed. I dared not leave my post to ascertain. To my left, I no longer perceived the bayonet of the soldier, and I thought he might have been recalled, and I had been forgotten. It was just then that, above my head, I heard a violent breathing, then a shaking of the branches, and from the midst of the parted bushes there appeared the pale, frightened face of a Zouave. He glanced up and down the road with a haggard eye. I do not know that he saw me, but he could not open his mouth. He made, without speaking, a grand gesture—one inexpressible—one full of discouragement or malediction, and then he disappeared. This man, this apparition, this mute flight, froze me. Suddenly there came an oppressive and profound silence, such as one sometimes meets in the midst of a tempest. It seemed to me that I remained alone in the world, and that, this day, there was passing under the sky everything that was strange, horrible, frightful, and, being no more master of myself, I wished to save myself at any cost. I rushed toward the crest of the heights. I was advancing, when I suddenly felt myself drawn back. I endeavored to advance; my gun caught among the bushes, and was held, as if seized by an invisible hand. And then, my Captain, a fear, an insensate fear, seized me. A cloud passed over my eyes. Everything swam about me; and throwing my gun behind me, I fled. Yes, monsieur, I fled like a coward, without knowing anything, without seeing anything, without thought, and I recovered myself only when near Paris, at a short distance from the ramparts I was suffocating; the blood boiled in my arteries, and it was several moments before I could recover myself.

'Some drunken soldiers were pressing toward one of the gates, around whom was an uneasy crowd that interrogated them.

"What is it? What has happened?" came from all directions.

"Ah, well," said one, "it is nothing, only we have been routed."

"But when? Where? Were you surprised? Have the munitions given out?" asked a crowd of men and women who surrounded a soldier.

"Munitions!" replied the man, with drunken impudence, "we have not burned a single cartridge since we were routed this morning."

"I threw a glance full of rage and indignation upon the man, and then I remembered. The truth presented itself. What had I done? Ah, monsieur, I was seized with tortures which I can never describe. Yes, the naked truth presented itself to me. In my fancy, I saw you, my captain, my brave companions, my sisters, France, betrayed, and my honor lost. Pardon my tears, but the remembrance kills me. I hurried, and ran, but this time it was toward my post. I went to recover the arm which I had thrown away, and then to die. My resolution was firm, absolute, and I feared only one thing, that I might not be able to find the wad. I called to my aid all my coolness in order to fix the points of the compass, and, when I had established my direction, I started back. Almost immediately there appeared in sight a company of soldiers, who were marching in good order. The retreat had begun. I concealed myself so as not to be seen by the soldiers. They marched with a firm step. Their faces were sad, but they carried their heads high, like men who had done their duty.

"I hurried my steps. The artillery kept up its thunders, and protected the retreat of our soldiers; at times scattered volleys of musketry burst out across the fields.

"Perhaps there may be a stray bullet for me," thought I, as I hurried on.

"Suddenly I recoiled; a body lay before me, that of a Frenchman, with a ball in his forehead. All about the earth was torn up, the branches torn, the bushes trodden down, and debris of all sorts littered the ground. However, I pushed on. I recognized the field that I crossed in the morning, but all was changed. The copse had a battered appearance, as if cut by a heavy hail-storm. Broken branches everywhere were suspended from the trees. Upon the hills beyond me there moved, under cover of the woods, some shadows in silence. It was the enemy, as was proved by a sudden discharge of grape-shot directed at a French column which defiled at a little distance from where I stood. I continued to advance. Still there were bodies, this time Prussians, in pools of blood, and with shattered arms. War is frightful.

'But I did not stop to think. I pushed on, when there suddenly appeared a man at about a hundred steps from me, coming out from a road towards which I was going. As he saw me, he stopped, and aimed his piece at me. My first movement was to jump behind a tree; but, monsieur, a blind rage suddenly seized me, when in his hands, I saw my own gun. I threw myself forward at the moment he fired, and my foot catching against a stone, I fell to the ground, and the fall undoubtedly saved my life. I had fallen in a furrow, and I saw my enemy immediately move toward me to assure himself, probably, whether I was killed or only wounded. I had no arms, and I resolved to feign death, and let him reach me.—When he was close to me, I bounded to my feet, and threw myself upon him. He was surprised by this sudden attack, turned about and endeavored to pull his revolver. He was a vigorous man, but I had, at the moment, a superhuman strength, and the struggle was brief. I wrenched my gun from him, and recoiling a step, I struck him with all my force. The bayonet entered his breast, and, extending his arms, he fell heavily to the ground.

'A little calmness came to me, when I felt myself armed anew. I had become again a soldier, a man, and I dared face your eye. But you will comprehend, Captain, that I did not consider this account settled. I have a debt to pay, which I hold myself bound to pay in blood, and, unless I pay it I am a coward.'

'No declamations.' I said, putting my hand on his shoulders, for he had become excited in speaking. 'You lost your head and committed a criminal act. It is to be regretted, without doubt, but you forced yourself to repair it at once. You triumphed over a perverse instinct. You have subdued the frightened *bete* which rebelled, and have restored it to its duty. This is well, and proves that you are right at bottom, and that, henceforth upon your guard, you will hold yourself in obedience Only be calm, my boy, more self-possession. With these, one always sees clearly and marches right. You see that pale light on the horizon? It is dawn. If you are still determined to assist in the fete which is preparing, it is time to set out, and may good fortune go with you.'

I gave him my hand, which he pressed with emotion.

"Adieu, Captain!" said he, with a grave voice.

I called him back.

"One word, Genner. Be patient; do you understand? I order you to be prudent. There is no necessity of you being killed, for your death will not save France, or eradicate the disaster of Chatillon."

He smiled sadly, saluted me with a parting gesture of his hand, and went away. I followed him with my look, for he interested me, and I was well pleased with his honest sincerity. I had enough experience of human nature to know that his adventure exhibited indications of a right and energetic soul. He had certainly displayed more courage and resolution in retaking his gun than would have been required to guard it originally. He was but a boy, and he had allowed himself to be overcome by a feverish, nervous excitement. For the future, I was sure of him.

I now remembered that on the day of his adventure I had lost sight of him since morning, and that I had begun to be uneasy about him when he made his appearance. He came in out of breath, and covered with blood.

'Are you wounded?' came from every side.

'Nothing but a scratch in the forehead which is not worth mentioning.'

The sound of his voice struck me, and it seemed as if, since morning, it had changed its tone. He threw a Prussian helmet at my feet.

'I killed the man who wore it. He was, I believe, a Bavarian officer.'

'Bravo!' I said, striking him on the shoulder. 'You are the youngest among us who has returned with a trophy.'

'Yes,' replied he, bitterly, 'I have captured a helmet, but we have lost Chatillon.'

II.

I was not a participant in the fighting that occurred on that day from L'Tay to Thiais and Chevilly. I only saw the procession of wounded, and it was a most cruel sight. In the evening, I learned that Genner had distinguished himself, his coolness and intrepidity had been remarked, and he had been publicly complimented. Gen. X——, who is an excellent judge of such matters, proposed to me to attach him definitely to his staff as a reward for his services. I sent this offer to Genner, who refused it.

Up to the 13th of October there occurred nothing of importance. On that day, we received intelligence that the enemy was to be attacked between Bagneux and Chatillon. A flash of joy illuminated the countenance of Genner.

'At last!' he exclaimed, with a look which expressed his hope.

The French troops were divided into three corps, without counting the reserve. One of our divisions received orders to march on Vanvres and Clamart while another attacked from the front of Bagneux. As for us, we were detailed to operate between the other two, and to approach in the face of the position at Chatillon.

We were sustained by several battalions of the line, and a heavy artillery force and Mobiles, while my company was marched at the head of the attacking column. The attack was made vigorously, and, in its progress, it became necessary to attack a house which had been fortified by the enemy. To do this, a series of barricades and walls, behind which the enemy was located, had to be carried by the bayonet. The spirit and dash of our troops were marvellous. Every obstacle gave way before them, and the enemy was rolled back in disorder. However, having received reinforcements; he rallied, and at once took the offensive. Our soldiers, inflamed by a desire for revenge and by the hope of victory, did not yield a foot. Sheltered in turn behind trees and in the houses, they resisted with energy. The Prussians, greatly outnumbering us, made a determined effort to drive us back.

Just then I saw a swarm of Prussians advancing toward a farm-yard in which a troop of Mobiles had entrenched themselves, and whose entrance they had barricaded with broken carts, furniture, mattresses and every-thing which came to their hand. From behind this the Mobiles held in check a Prussian detachment.

I was a short distance away, in a cemetery, in which my command was fortified, as if in an entrenched camp, among the tombs and among the ashes of the dead, whose repose we profaned. From our position I could overlook the farm-yard, and I could discover that the Prussians were making preparations to surround it. How could the Mobiles be warned of the impending danger? I made a sign; Genner marched forward He saw and understood my motion. A savage shower of balls saluted his passage, but, happily, he gained the yard and passed in. There occurred, at this moment, in the little block-house, a little hesitation of which the Prussians availed themselves to advance. The firing was at once resumed with an infuriated vigor. A portion of the Mobiles endeavored to make a breach in the walls for egress, while the others remained at their already half-destroyed barricade, protecting their labor, and among them Genner, who charged and discharged his piece with the precision of a veteran. It was thus I saw him, as he stood erect in a cloud of dust and smoke. Then there was a frightful discharge of musketry, and I no longer saw anything.

The Prussian troops advanced in compact masses, supported by their re-inforcements, and our retreat was sounded. To guard the prisoners we had captured it would have been necessary to advance in force and bring on a general engagement. This was evidently not in the plan of our leaders, as they recalled us at a moment when we had everything our own way. Everybody stormed, but it was necessary to obey orders, and to fall back from positions which our men had so gallantly earned at the beginning and afterward held. The day, however, was a glorious one for us, and the enemy had paid dearly for the right which we yielded to him of retaking his positions. Our losses were much less than his, and apart from the disappointment of yielding the captured battle-ground, everybody was satisfied.

I was marching back with my command at an alert step, with my Franc-Tireurs, at least such of them as had been able to join me, when I was met by a member of the Society of Geneva.

'Captain," said he, as he pointed to a house from which floated the ambulance flag, 'there is one of your men who is badly wounded.'

I followed him into one of the town halls, in which, on some improvised beds, they had disposed of some of the wounded. In a chair there lay a *varcasc*, a long blue belt, and a hat with black plumes, and near by, on a mattress, I recognized Genner. Good heavens, how pale he was, and what a change had come over him in a few hours! His shirt opened, and red with blood, revealed his chest crossed with bloody bandages. He was in a sort of drowsy stupor which resembled death; his right hand clutched his gun, from which he would not be separated. Close by his side was seated a sergeant of the Mobiles, who contemplated him with a mournful air.'

'He saved us,' he said, 'but it has cost him dear.'

He had fallen upon the barricade, where he remained till the last, and the Prussians, after the fight, had sent him to our hospital. I interrogated with a glance the surgeon, who sadly shook his head.

Poor Genner! I saw in a moment, as in a dream, the streets of a peaceful village, a quiet mansion, two young girls, who stood together, who thought of their brother, who waited for him and hoped to see him again. I would have willingly given all my happiness in this world to have saved this poor boy; to have taken into my own breast the three balls which had destroyed his life.

I do not know whether or not he heard some noise, or that he divined my presence, but he opened his eyes and recognized me.

"And Chatillon?" he asked, with a feverish and burning glance.

He did not know the result of the day, and hesitated to reply.

Genner, without a word of complaint, without a sigh, turned his head and closed his eyes.

Soon after some comrades came to announce to Genner that he was going to be mentioned in the order of the day; he heard them, and, turning to me said:

'It is impossible; and you know well, that it ought not to be. You must prevent it; the honor must be reserved to those without fear and without reproach. I cannot steal the esteem of any one.'

'Genner,' said I, "you have to-day saved the lives of many persons at the exposure of your own. Why then do you hesitate to pardon yourself?'

'I have saved some men,' he said, sadly, 'but how many others are dead, my Captain, and how many others will die to retake the redoubt we have abandoned? Ah! it was there I wished to fall, in trying to plant our flag, but God has not permitted it. And how many lives must yet be sacrificed—ah, this blood, this blood——'

A sudden sob convulsed his chest, and then his voice became firm.

'You will write to my sisters, will you not? You know where, Captain, at Fountainebleau.'

'I will console them, and when they know all, Genner, they will be proud of you.'

'No, do not tell them all, Captain. However, they should not be deceived. Tell them nothing except that I am dead. Tell them just this, and that I love them.'

His voice grew weaker. We could scarcely understand him. His eyes closed, a long broken sigh came from his chest, and then he was quiet.

We leaned over him breathlessly, listening painfully.

All at once he opened wide his great eyes, straightened himself out, then sprang forward.

'Chatillon is ours!' cried he, in a loud, clear voice; and then he fell back motionless.

'Sacrebleu!' said the Sergeant, he was a gallant soldier.

Early Rising.

The following suits our theory (and practice) to a fraction:

All this talk about early rising is moonshine. The habit of turning out of bed in the middle of the night suits some people; let them enjoy it. But it is only folly to lay down a general rule upon the subject. Some men are fit for nothing all day after they have risen early every morning. Their energies are deadened, their imaginations are heavy, their spirits are depressed. It is said you can work so well in the morning. Some people can, but others can work best at night; others again, in the afternoon. Long trial and experiment forms the only conclusive tests upon these points.

As for getting up early because Professor Gammon has written letters to the papers proving the necessity of it, let no one be goose enough to do it.—We all know the model man, aged eighty: "I invariably arise at five; I work three hours, take a light breakfast—namely, a cracker and a pinch of salt; work five hours more; never smoke, never drink anything but barley water, eat no dinner, and go to bed at six in the evening."

If anybody finds that donkeyfied sort of life suit him, by all means let him continue it. But few people would care to live to eighty on these terms. If a man cannot get all withered and cramped up on easier conditions than those, it is almost as well that he should depart before he is a nuisance to himself and a bore to everybody else. School-boys, and young people generally, ought to get up early, for it is found that nine-tenths of them can stand it, and it does them good. But let no one torture himself with the thought that he could have been twice as good a man as he is, if he had risen every morning at daylight. The habit would kill half of us in less than five years.

Early Fall Fashions in New York.

CAMEO FAILLES.

Among the many very elegant dresses imported this season are exquisite soft silks, known to mantua-makers as *failles*. They have a heavy reps, and yet are not in the least stiff, and these delicate fabrics come in "sections" or shades, three to every color, and all the colors so dainty, so subdued, that there is nothing in the least gaudy even in the blues and greens. For several years all the bright hues were so exceedingly bright that no well-dressed woman would wear them on the street; and black became, in consequence, the most stylish wear for walking-dresses. Now, however, a line of goods is offered of such unobtrusive tints that most beautiful promenade costumes can be formed from them.

THE POLONAISE.

Decidedly the Fall fashion for costumes is the Polonaise, and this has assumed quite a new form. It does not sit quite tight to the figure. On the front the shoulders and bust are fitted perfectly, and the waist is just outlined, but the seams do not keep quite close to the form, thus preventing that ridge which will always fold in at the point where corsage and skirt meet. The back presents a very antique style revived There is a seam down the middle as well as two side-pieces, and these three seams are stiffened with whalebone and continued to the extreme point of the pannier, where the fulness of the skirt is suddenly thrown out in two deep plaits, and then caught up and bunched in with two large bows. The Polonaise is made quite long, and also looped at the sides, so that the front breadth falls in deep folds. There is something very novel and striking in the form of this garment, and we shall ere long, doubtless, see our *elegantes* disporting themselves on Fifth avenue in this singular revival of a very antique mode.

BISMARCK FAILLE.

A very elegant dress in light Bismarck faille had the underskirt ornamented with a bias flounce lined with chestnut-colored satin, and set on in deep flat plaits, so that at every fold the upper edge was caught down, displaying the lining. The upper garment consisted of a Polonaise in the style just described, the corsage ornamented with folds to imitate the plaited waists so much worn in the Summer; the lower edge of the skirt garnished with a flat side-plaited ruffle, lined like the under flounce. Bows of the mingled satin and silk ornamented the front and looped the Polonaise.

BONNETS.

When gazing upon the new importations in bonnets I could not but wonder who would have the audacity first to wear one of these extraordinary structures, the style differs so decidedly from any heretofore worn. The crown is high and square, the front very flaring, and there is somewhat of a cape at the back, altogether a much larger head-covering than has appeared in several years. One Marie Antoinette opera hat was of a sort of faded-saffron-colored silk, the crown high and puffed, the front flaring, with a heavy white ruche inside, the trimming of bias bands of peach-colored plush. Another more civilized-looking head-gear was of black velvet, the frame perfectly round, having a fall of black lace all about it like a round hat, the crown high, with bias bands of velvet and satin, and two blue feathers at the side.

ROUND HATS.

In veritable round hats I was shown one which I was told was a "half gentleman's hat." What a "half gentleman" may be I have no idea; whether it is a person who frequents Fifth avenue on Sunday, and adorns the Bowery the rest of the week, or whether there was in this name a covert satire at the "strong-minded," and this coiffure was intended especially to be worn by ladies who aspire to vote, was not explained to me. TIGER LILY.

A Novel Aquarium.

The Zoological Gardens at Brussels contain something which is without a parallel in Europe, and might be introduced advantageously in the Central Park at New York. It is an immense aquarium on a novel principle. In a large artificial cave, which contains a number of winding passages, is adorned with stalactites, and is altogether quite as interesting as if it were natural, besides being dryer and more airy—in this quiet and cool retreat are fitted up a number of glass reservoirs, lighted by gas-jets above, and supplied with an unusual variety of finny inmates. Standing before one of these reservoirs, the habits and motions of the fish can be observed with perfect ease. The spectator, if at the bottom of a river, could not enjoy better advantages for ichthyological investigation. Pressing his nose against the glass, carp and bass will calmly seem to rub their sides against it. Huge eels will glide sinuously out of rocky nooks and flout it with their tails; a sullen dog-fish, hideous to behold, will stare at it with stolid indifference; and stupid fish of divers kinds will pause before it in placid imbecility. In other compartments seal and crocodiles disport; while certain tanks are devoted to those curious creatures of the wave which seem to be half-flower and half-fish, and which have been burdened by naturalists with most unnatural Latin names. Half a franc is the price of admission to this curious display, which Brussels claims as the finest of the kind in existence. At Cherbourg in France, something of the sort was recently projected, but there a bit of the genuine old ocean was to have been captured and fitted only with those scaly beings which can live in salt water. Here both salt and fresh-water fish abound.

Poisoned by Eating Mushrooms.

Miss Caroline Herd while stopping recently at the residence of Mr. John H. Ervin, near Philadelphia, partook of a dish of mushrooms, which produced sickness, and ultimately caused death. Mr. Ervin and others of the family who eat of the dangerous vegetable were made sick, but all of them except Miss Herd recovered.

Facts in Reference to Hodge's Defalcation.

Boutwell's Mismanagement.

How Federal Officials Allow the Treasury to be Robbed.

Shameful Neglect of Duty.

Effect of the Example Set by Grant.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16, 1871.

Not half the facts have yet been given to the public in relation to the Hodge defalcation. When all is known we shall have a series of striking illustrations of Secretary Boutwell's mismanagement of the Treasury Department. Paymaster Hodge, it must be remembered, is, though a regular army officer and liable to court martial trial for any violation of law; also a disbursing officer. He is governed in his disbursements mainly by the rules and regulations of the Treasury Department.

It is from the Treasury Department that Paymaster Hodge received the Government money, and under the rules, regulations and form of stating accounts of the Treasury Department that he disbursed it. It was to the Treasury Department that he sent his accounts for examination and settlement, and, finally, it was by the six years delay of the Treasury Department in taking up accounts for final settlement that he was enabled to operate so long without detection.

Mr. E. B. French, Second Auditor of the Treasury Department, is the accounting officer to whom all paymasters' accounts are sent for examination and settlement.—It is the Second Auditor's business to audit all paymasters' accounts. Such disbursements as he finds have been made according to law he allows, while fraudulent or illegal payments he suspends and charges against the paymaster. Previous to 1861 the clerical force of the Second Auditor's Office numbered about twenty. During the rebellion it was increased to nearly five hundred, and at the present time nearly three hundred clerks are employed. Congress has indeed been liberal, but nevertheless paymasters' accounts lie in the Second Auditor's pigeonholes from three to five years before being taken up for examination and settlement. In fact, the papers lie rotting in the pigeonholes on an average of nearly four years before being touched. How many million dollars of defalcation the examination of these old accounts will disclose, time will only show. Paymasters know very well that their accounts will not be examined at the Treasury Department until four or five years after they are rendered. This is the greatest temptation to defalcation. Any one dishonestly disposed is certain of three or four years' time to make his defalcation good by speculation before his accounts are examined. If all accounts were examined as soon as rendered, the temptation would be nothing in comparison to what it is under the present system of procrastination.

Paymaster Hodge's defalcation of nearly half a million dollars, though extending through a period of years, was never known at the Treasury Department until he confessed it. His regular account has been settled only up to March 26, 1867. His transactions during the last four and a half years yet remain to be examined. He admits a defalcation of $450,000. How much the sum will be increased by an examination of his four and a half years of unexamined and unsettled accounts no one knows. Secretary Boutwell and his Auditor of Paymasters' Accounts are both certainly ignorant, and are both absent from their posts of duty.

Some time in the month of March last, in the final settlement of Paymaster Webb's accounts for 1865, the question of the genuineness of a receipt of August 15, 1865, for $10,000, in favor of Hodge, was raised. After more than five years' delay an investigation extending through a period of about six months, was had, and it was finally decided to be a forgery, though even now it is not so admitted by Major Hodge's friends. The receipt in question had been on file among Major Hodge's other vouchers in the Second Auditor's office awaiting examination and settlement since 1865.—After five years and a half delay, during which time the defaulter was plundering the Government, it was finally decided to be a forgery, and the arrest and imprisonment of Hodge and his confession of a defalcation of $450,000, extending through a period of years, followed as a matter of course.

If the Second Auditor of the Treasury Department had taken up these accounts when received at his office five and a half years ago and had them settled, the loss in all likelihood would have been but $10,000 or less. As it is, since the defaulter has had so much time to operate, the Government will be lucky if it gets off with the loss of a million dollars. There are over four years of Paymaster Hodge's accounts awaiting settlement, and Secretary Boutwell is away electioneering, Assistant Secretary Richardson is in Europe syndicating, Treasurer Spinner is travelling with his retinue, Mr. E. B. French, Auditor of Paymasters' Accounts, has been absent from his post nearly two months; so it is impossible to state when anything will be done.

When Secretary Boutwell first assumed control of the Treasury Department he knew very well that his Auditor of Paymasters' Accounts was about four years behindhand on that class of work. Some accounts were brought up nearly to date, and some were nearly six years behind. It is safe to say that, taken altogether, the Paymasters' Accounts were, on an average, four years behindhand. He knew if more help were necessary Congress would furnish it without a word. He knew that more money could be saved to the Treasury by promptly settling up these old accounts than by a dozen syndications of the public debt. He knew that Mr. French, who had been at the head of the Second Auditor's office since the commencement of Lincoln's first term, was a good-natured sort of a man, but wholly unfit for the position. He knew that vouchers of payments of hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars had been lying in the Treasury Department for years and years without examination. He knew he had the power to have them all settled up to date within twelve months' time. But the accounts are nevertheless nearly as far behind now as when Mr. Boutwell entered the office!

What influences prevented the speedy examination and settlement so imperatively demanded by the best men and best interests of our country? Mr. Boutwell's passion, if he has one, is the rapid payment of the public debt, at all hazards and at whatever cost. He ought to have made an examination of these old accounts even if such defalcations should increase the public debt and offset his reductions to a certain extent. Did he fear that, the discovery of defalcations in the Treasury accounts would injure his chances for the Presidency—hence the delay? It is safe to assume that the parties operating with the half million dollars, procured through poor Hodge's weakness, were anxious to have the delay policy continued. If there are any more Wall street operators using Government money obtained from defaulting paymasters they will certainly be unanimously in favor of Mr. Boutwell's policy.

Unless Secretary Boutwell is previously impeached by Congress, or suspended by President Grant, we shall not discover the extent of the existing defalcations before 1875, when the accounts will be reached if the work goes on at the present rate. Second Auditor French is from Maine, and, as a matter of course, is a strong Boutwell man. We cannot have a new Auditor of Paymasters' Accounts until the President in pursuit of the whites. The latter captured seven of the warriors, and turned them over to the Deputy United States Marshal, who took them to Fort Smith for trial for larceny and assault with intent to kill.

THE PEACH CROP.

How Many Peaches this Year?

The Wilmington *Commercial* says:

Our peach-crop is all picked and sold. Indeed, most of it is already eaten. The crop has been an immense one, but the quantity shipped by rail has not come up to the expectations formed of it. The fruit-growers, at their meeting in June, estimated the crop sent by rail at 3,315,000 baskets. But, on the contrary, it will not be greatly over two and a half millions. The precise quantity, up to and including, Thursday, September 14, was 2,656,673 baskets. The quantity sent by water, however, will be about what we, at a rough guess, estimated it—namely, a million of baskets, so that the whole crop of the Peninsula, this year, is over three and a half millions of baskets, instead of four millions as we had expected.

The quantity sent by rail

In 1870 was	1,410,079 Baskets,
" 1871 is (about)	2,655,000 "
Increase, 1871	1,254,921 "

This is a great development, along the railroad regions, in a single year.

What amount of money the crop has brought to us, this year, we cannot yet estimate, but the net prices returned to the grower have probably been between 30 and 40 cents per basket. At 35 cents, the peach crop has brought into the Peninsula, this year, over $1,235,000, and counting all consumption at home, by the canners, etc., a fair statement would doubtless be very nearly a million and a half of dollars.

Victory for the Democracy in New Mexico--A Gain of 4,400 in Two Years.

The following is from Mr. W. C. Rancher, editor of the Sante Fe *Democrat*:

SANTE FE, N. M., Sept. 11.

To the Editor of the *World*:

SIR—The progressive Democracy of New Mexico have won a great victory. Gallegos (Democrat) has beaten Chavez (out going Republican delegate,) by nearly twenty-six hundred votes, being a gain of forty-four hundred in two years, or twenty-four per cent. Gallegos wins over both Chavez and Sena (Independent.) The Legislature is ours.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ESTATE OF MARY ANN LABEZIUS, late of Martic twp., dec'd.—Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said township.
THOMAS LABEZIUS, Administrator.
13-6tw37*

ESTATE OF ROBERT CONNELL, LATE of Leacock township, Lancaster county, deceased.—Letters Testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent, to make known the same to Henry Barton without delay, residing in Leacock township, Lancaster county.
JAMES M. BARTON,
SAM'L BARTON,
Executors.
aug30-6tw*35

ASSIGNED ESTATE OF FREDERICK Sener and Wife, of Manor township, Lancaster county.—The undersigned Auditors appointed to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of Henry Baumgardner, Assignee, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will sit for that purpose on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1871, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the city of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribution may attend.
W. A. WILSON,
AMOS H. MYLIN,
WM. CARPENTER,
Auditors.
sep20-4tw38

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—ESTATE OF Clark Philips, late of Drumore township, Lancaster county, deceased. The undersigned Auditor, appointed to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of John Hastings, Executor of said estate, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will sit for that purpose on Wednesday, October 18th, 1871, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribution may attend.
J. W. F. SWIFT, Auditor.
s20-4tw38

Abraham Nixdorf, vs. Mary Nixdorf. | In the Court of Common Pleas of Lancaster Co. Alias Supœna for Divorce to August Term, 1871. No. 59.

TO MARY NIXDORF.—YOU ARE hereby notified that depositions of witnesses to be read in evidence in the above case, on the part of petitioner, will be taken before the Commissioner appointed by the Court for the purpose. At the office of the Commissioner, No. 5 Court Avenue, in the City of Lancaster, on Monday, November 2d 1871, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. of said day, when and where you may attend if you think proper.
SAMUEL H. PRICE, Commissioner.
s6-4tw36

BONDS.

FUNDING FIVE-TWENTY-BONDS!

OFFICE OF

JACOB B. LONG,

NO. 10 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

The Government having notified the holders of

One Hundred Million of 5-20 Bonds

that they will be paid in Gold, and that the interest will cease thereon after December 1st, and there being an immediate likelihood that this order of the Treasurer will be followed by others of a similar nature, from the fact that offers for the balance of the New Loan ($1,300,000,000) have been made by Foreign Bankers, which may at any day be accepted, it behooves the holders of the issues of 1862, 1864, 1865, and New 1865's to decide at once whether they will hold and take the Gold when called on, or exchange for other securities, thereby taking advantage of the high premium these bonds now command, which must inevitably recede with gold on account of the immense payments within the next 90 days.

I would respectfully offer my services to those desiring to exchange their Five-Twenty Bonds, and would commend to their notice the advantage resulting from an exchange for any of the following choice investment securities, which I am prepared to furnish at subscription prices.

Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Minnesota 7's, Gold, at 90 and Interest.
Chesapeake and Ohio 6's, Gold, at 93 and Interest.
Chicago, Danville and Vincennes 7's, Gold, at 87½ and Interest.
St. Joseph and Denver 8's, Gold, at 97½ and Interest.
Lehigh Valley 7's, Par and Interest.
Reading Railroad 7's, Par and Interest.
N. B.—The earnings of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Minnesota Railroad for the month of August was $67,211 81 or more than twelve per cent. on the mortgage obligation of the Company.
s7-2taw1T&wtol

WASHING MACHINES.

THE AMERICAN WASHER!

PRICE, $5.50.

THE

AMERICAN WASHER SAVES MONEY, TIME, AND DRUDGERY.

The Fatigue of Washing Day no Longer Dreaded, but Economy, Efficiency, and Clean Clothing, Sure.

In calling public attention to this little machine, a few of the invaluable qualities, (not possessed by any other washing machine yet invented), are here enumerated.

It is the smallest, most compact, most portable, most simple in construction, most easily operated. A child ten years old, with a few hours' practice, can thoroughly comprehend and effectually use it. There is no adjusting, no screws to annoy, no delay in adapting! It is always ready for use! It is a perfect little wonder! It is a miniature giant, doing more work and of a better quality, than the most elaborate and costly. One-half of the labor is fully saved by its use, and the clothes will last one-half longer than by the old plan of the rub board. It will wash the largest blanket.—Three shirts at a time, washing thoroughly! In a word, the ablution of any fabric, from a Quilt to a Lace Curtain, or Cambric Handkerchief, are equally within the capacity of this LITTLE GEM! It can be fastened to any tub and taken off at will.

No matter how deep rooted a prejudice may exist against Washing Machines, the moment this little machine is seen to perform its wonders, all doubts of its cleansing efficacy and utility are banished, and the doubter and detractor at once become the fast friends of the machine.

We have testimonials without end, setting forth its numerous advantages over all others, and from hundreds who have thrown aside the unwieldy, useless machines which have signally failed to accomplish the object promised in prominent and loud sounding advertisements.

It is as perfect for washing as a wringer is for wringing. The price, another paramount inducement to purchasers, has been placed so low that it is within the reach of every housekeeper, and there is no article of domestic economy that will repay the small investment so soon.

$5.50.

All that is asked for this GREAT LABOR SAVER, is a fair trial. We guarantee each machine to do its work perfectly.

Sole Agents for the United States:
A. H. FRANCISCUS & CO.,
513 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The Largest and Cheapest *Wooden Ware House* in the United States. aug30-3mw35

CARPETS.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.—Thomas Depuy, 37 South Second street, above *Chestnut, East Side*, Philadelphia, would call the attention of those wishing to purchase *Carpetings*, to his large and choice line of Foreign and Domestic, both in relation to qualities as well as styles. Also, *Oil Cloths, Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair-Rods, &c., &c., at the lowest cash prices.* sep6-3mF&3m35

N. B.—J. STEWART DEPUY is *not* at 253 South Second, but *is* with *Thomas Depuy*.

CEDAR HILL FEMALE SEMINARY,

MOUNT JOY, PA.

This Institution will be Re-opened for Boarding and Day Pupils on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th, 1871.

For circular and further information, apply to Rev. Wm. B. Browne, Principal, Bel Air, Md., till September 1st; afterward at Mt. Joy, Penn'a. aug24-wtsep30

NEW CRACKER, BISCUIT AND CAKE BAKERY.,

ELAM G. SNYDER & BRO.,

CORNER OF

NORTH QUEEN & CHESTNUT STREETS

LANCASTER, PA.,

(Formerly Gable's Building,)

Have started a new and extensive Wholesale and Retail Cracker, Biscuit and Cake Bakery, where at all times can be found Water, Oyster, Family, Butter, Sugar and Trenton Crackers; Milk, Soda and other Biscuits; Extra and Spiced Jumbles of all kinds; Honey and other Cakes in endless variety; Candies Wholesale and Retail. Country Storekeepers and Dealers everywhere will find the largest stock to select from anywhere outside the Eastern cities. Give us a call. s15-2wdeod&w

WILTBERGER'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are warranted equal to any made They are prepared from the *fruits*, and will be found *much better* than many of the *Extracts* that are sold. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for *Wiltberger's Extracts*.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE

Is, without doubt, the *best article* in the market, for *blueing clothes*. It will color more water than *four times* the same weight of indigo, and much more than any other *wash blue* in the market.—The ONLY GENUINE is that put up at ALFRED WILTBERGER'S DRUG STORE, *No. 233 South Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.* The Labels have both WILTBERGER'S and BARLOW'S name on them, *all others are counterfeit*. *For Sale by most Druggists and Grocers.*

WILTBERGER'S INDELIBLE INK

Will be found on trial to be a superior article. Always on hand for sale at reasonable prices.—Pure Ground SPICES, Genuine MEDICINES, Chamois Skins, Sponges, Tapioca, Pearl, Sago, and all articles in the drug line, at ALFRED WILTBERGER'S DRUG STORE, *No. 233 North Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.* july12-1yw28

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following Amendment of the Constitution of this Commonwealth be proposed to the people for their adoption or rejection, pursuant to the provisions of the tenth article thereof, to wit:

AMENDMENT.

Strike out the Sixth Section of the Sixth Article of the Constitution, and insert in lieu thereof, to wit:

"A State Treasurer shall be chosen by the qualified electors of the State, at such times and for such term of service as shall be prescribed by law."

JAMES H. WEBB,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
WILLIAM A. WALLACE,
Speaker of the Senate

Approved the fifteenth day of June, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.
JNO. W. GEARY.

Prepared and certified for publication pursuant to the Tenth Article of the Constitution.
F. JORDAN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth
Office Secretary of the Commonwealth,
oc10 Harrisburg, July 5th, 871.

AMUSEMENTS.

FALL EXHIBITION

OF THE

LANCASTER COUNTY

Agricultural Park Association.

WILL BE HELD AT

LANCASTER, PENN'A,

— ON —

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,

SEPTEMBER 27TH AND 28TH, 1871.

PREMIUMS, $3,200.

FIRST DAY.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH.

NO. 1—A PREMIUM OF $600.

For Horses that have never trotted better than 2:37—$350 to first, $175 to second, $75 to third.

NO. 2—A PREMIUM OF $300.

For Horses that have never trotted better than 2:45—$200 to first, $70 to second, $30 to third.

NO. 3—A PREMIUM OF $100.

For Running Horses owned in Lancaster county; best 3 in 5; mile heats—$75 to first, $25 to second.

SECOND DAY.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH.

NO. 4—A PREMIUM OF $1,500.

For Horses that have never trotted better than 2:28—$900 to first, $400 to second, $200 to third.

NO. 5—A PREMIUM OF $200.

For Horses that have never trotted better than 3 minutes—$125 to first, $50 to second, $25 to third.

NO. 6—A PREMIUM OF $500.

For Running Horses; one-and-a-half miles and repeat—$350 to first, $150 to second.

ADMISSION 50 CENTS.

For further particulars address
BENJ. F. BAER, Secretary.
s9-3tdSR&2tw

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF THE

OXFORD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

WILL BE HELD

UPON THE SOCIETY'S GROUNDS,

In the Borough of Oxford,

— ON —

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, October 4th, 5th and 6th, 1871.

Premiums to the value of

$3,000 ARE OFFERED

In every department of PRODUCTION pertaining to legitimate Agriculture and Domestic Industry.

The HON. FREDERICK WATTS, Commissioner of Agriculture, will deliver the Annual Address before the Society, on THURSDAY the 5th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

The citizens of Chester county, and of adjoining States and counties, interested in Agricultural progress and development, are cordially invited to participate in our Fair. Our premiums are open to all.

Admittance 25 cents; Children under 16 years of age, 15 cents. 25 cents for each horse admitted upon the grounds; Carriages free.

Arrangements have been made with the railroads leading towards Oxford, to run excursion trains at reduced rates during the Fair.

Hay and straw furnished gratis to all animals on exhibition, and grain at the lowest market rates.

All heavy machinery and other articles for exhibition will be taken from the railroad to the Fair Grounds and returned by the Society free of charge to exhibitor.

Since our last Exhibition, a commodious building has been erected for the special accommodation of Ladies; additional sheds for Stock and the protection of implements and machinery, more hitching-posts planted, with other improvements for the convenience and comfort of visitors and exhibitors. The Managers will use every exertion to make the Annual Exhibition of the Society just what Agricultural Exhibitions were designated to be—a re-union of the friends of Agriculture for Social Advancement and Agricultural Improvement.

J. LACY DARLINGTON, President.

H. S. WORTH, WM. W. RAMSEY, } Secretaries. s20-3tw38

CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER & BROWN

CHEAP AND GOOD

CLOTHING,

OAK HALL

Sixth and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

july5 tfd&w

TOBACCO AND SEGARS.

THE BEST AND CHOICEST

SMOKING TOBACCO

IS MANUFACTURED AT

FACTORY NO. 1,

3D DISTRICT OF MARYLAND.

See that Every Package you buy bears that inscription.

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COACH-MAKERS.

PHILIP DOERSOM,

(Successor to Steigerwalt & Doersom,)

MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, MARKET WAGONS, &c.,

Carriages, &c., always on hand and made to order. All work warranted. Repairing done at short notice.

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND,

East King street, half-square from the Court House.

my10 1yd&w

EDGERLEY & CO.,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS

MARKET STREET,

IN REAR OF

MARKET HOUSES, LANCASTER, PA.

We keep on hand and make up to order the cheapest, latest and neatest styles—such as PHÆTONS, BUGGIES, MARKET WAGONS and CARRIAGES of every description.

The secret of our success is that we are all *Practical Mechanics* of different branches of the business. We ask a trial and guarantee satisfaction. All work warranted. Repairing promptly attended to. jy12-3mw28

E. EDGERLEY, J. SHAUD, J. H. NORBECK

DRY GOODS.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

CHOICE NEW DESIGNS.
ENGLISH BRUSSELS CARPETS,
ENGLISH TAPESTRY BRUSSELS CARPETS,
IMPERIAL THREE-PLY CARPETS,
SUPERFINE INGRAINS,
WHITE-GROUND CHAMBER CARPETS,
FLOOR OIL-CLOTHS,
From 1 to 5 Yards Wide.
CHINA AND COCOA MATTINGS
HAGER & BROTHERS.

WALL PAPERS!

WALL PAPERS!
WALL PAPERS!
20,000 PIECES
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE
PAPER HANGINGS

All of the New Designs of the Leading MANUFACTORIES & IMPORTERS, Will be sold at less than Philadelphia Prices We invite an examination.
a19 HAGER & BROTHERS.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

DRESS GOODS!

PLAIN AND PLAID,

AT THE

BROADWAY STORE,

OPPOSITE

FREY'S EXCHANGE HOTEL.

LATE STYLES

— IN —

FALL AND WINTER SHAWLS.

Water-proof!

FOR

LADIES' CIRCULARS AND CLOAKS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

OUR PARAGON CORSET.

Best $1 Kid Gloves in Town.

J. T. BROWN & CO.,

NO. 21 EAST KING STREET.

s16-1td&tfw

MEDICAL.

YOUNG MEN

Desiring a successful start in Business Life attend Eastman College—the oldest, best and most reasonable practical School in the United States, and the only one providing situations for graduates. Address for Catalogue of 3,000 in business and full particulars,
H. G. EASTMAN, LL. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
apr26-6mw17

PILES OR HEMORRHOIDS.

PILES OF ALL KINDS *perfectly* and *permanently* CURED, without *pain, danger, caustics* or *instruments* by

WM. A. McCANDLISS, M. D.,

NO. 2001 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

Who can refer you to over 1,200 cases cured in Philadelphia alone. We desire to say to those afflicted, there is positively no *deception* in the *cure* of these DISEASES, it matters not how *long* or how *severely* you have been *afflicted*, we can *cure* you. We also cure Fistula, Fissure Prolapsus, Strictures and Ulceration of the lower bowel. Come you that are suffering, we will not *deceive you*. We have patients from almost every State in the Union and from Europe.—Have treated these diseases for twenty years without a failure. apr26—1yw17

ROSADALIS.

THE INGREDIENTS THAT COMPOSE ROSADALIS are published on every package, therefore it is *not* a secret preparation, consequently

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT.

It is a certain cure for Scrofula, Syphilis in all its forms, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint and all diseases of the Blood.

ONE BOTTLE OF ROSADALIS

will do more good than ten bottles of the Syrups of Sarsaparilla.

THE UNDERSIGNED PHYSICIANS

have used Rosadalis in their practice for the past three years and freely endorse it as a reliable Alterative and Blood Purifier.

DR. T. C. PUGH, of Baltimore.
DR. T. J. BOYKIN, "
DR. R. W. CARR, "
DR. F. O. DANNELLY, "
DR. J. S. SPARKS, of Nicholasville, Ky.
DR. J. L. McCARTHA, Columbia, S. C.
DR. A. B. NOBLES, Edgecomb, N. C.

USED AND ENDORSED BY

J. B. FRENCH & SONS, Fall River, Mass
F. W. SMITH, Jackson, Mich.
A. F. WHEELER, Lima, Ohio.
B. HALL, Lima, Ohio.
CRAVEN & CO., Gordonsville, Va.
SAMUEL G. McFADDEN, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Our space will not allow of any extended remarks in relation to the virtues of Rosadalis. To the Medical Profession we guarantee a Fluid Extract superior to any they have ever used in the treatment of diseases of the Blood; and to the afflicted we say try Rosadalis, and you will be restored to health.

Rosadalis is sold by all Druggists. Price $1.50 per bottle. Address

DR. CLEMENTS & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists,
aul-1ydeod&w Baltimore, Md.

RAILROAD LANDS.

CHEAP FARMS! FREE HOMES!

On the line of the

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

A Land Grant of

12,000,000 ACRES!

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DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the name of Russel, Musselman & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The business of the late firm will be settled by their successors,
A. W. & J. R. RUSSEL.

They return their thanks to their numerous friends for their extended patronage to them, and bespeak for their successors a continuance of the same.
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