hOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The createst known remedies for Liver Complaint,

> DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility. JAUNDICE. Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS of the SKIN.

and all Diseases arising from a Dis-ordered Liver, Stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD. Read the following supernove, and if you find that your system is effected by any of them, and now rest served that disease has commented to effect in the anti-insportant organs of your hole, and tooled north checked by the use of proverful condition, a miserature Vfs, wone terminating on the life, will be less result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, A. h. livy of the Stomash, Namea, Heartburn, D. Squat for Food, Fulness or Veight in the Bomean, Sour Ernetations, Storting or Fluttering at the Pit of the Someon, Swimming of the Hoad, Hurred or D. Stoat Breathing, Finitering at the Head, Choking or Softwaring Banasions when in a Lying Pisture, Damass of Vaiou.

Date of Wals before the Signt
Dill Pain in the Head, Leftgrency of the Source of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Lumbs, etc., Suddan Fushes of Hear, Burning of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these industs discussed for large at Pipelier Organ, combined with against word.

Gooffand's German Bittera figodiand's Orthan Billera is entirely vegetable, and contwins no liquor. It is a composard of riving Extracts. The Boots, He. 9-, and Boths from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany All the medicinal virtues are extract. And from them by a selectific entire. There extracts are then forwarded to this canners to be used expressly for the manufacture of these finities. There is no alcoholic substruct of our kind hard to compounding the distress, hence it is the only finiters that can be used to compounding the distress, hence it is the only finiters that can be used to compound the distributions of the canes where alcoholic stimulations are not advisable.

Gootland's German Conic

to a combination of all the impressions of the Batters, with twee Sould Sees Rome, Ormore, sie. It is used for the same observed active Rome, Ormore, sie. It is used for the same observed activates to required. I consult some mind that these remotes are unitary different from any others advertised for the case of the discovery wassel, there being sector to preparations of mentionial activates, while the others are now described on a continual activate, while the others are now described on the product and activate the late of the product of the most pleasant and agreeable consists which the integral to the product the late of the product that the content is to know the late of the

CONSUMPTION.

Thousands of cases when the partient supposed he was afficied with this terriols disease, have been sured by the use of the remedles. Extreme constitution, debility, and cough are the asual attendants upon levere cases of dyspepsia or disease of the dignitive organs. Even in cases of genuine consumption, these remedles will be found of the greatest benefit, strengthening and invigorating.

DEBILITY.

Force is no medicine equal to Houft and's German lers or Trace in cases of Bobbiy. Tary impact at a und visur to the whole system, strending he exbound, healthy complexion, creditals the allow lings from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, connected weak

Weak and Delicate Children. are made strong by using the Eithers or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be dminiscered with perfect safety to a calld three monds old, the most dericate remain, or a man of ninety.

These Remodies are the hest

Blood Puriflers known, and will care all diseases resulting from

Keep grave blood pure; keep your Liver to erder;

DESI GOMPLEMION.

Ladder who wish a fair skin and good complexion, free from a relievelish tinge and all other designments, should use these remedies openiously. The biver in perfect order, and the blood pare, will result in sparking eyes and binoming checks.

Herfand's terrain Reaction are counterfilled. The parameter have been appointed at C. M. darksom on the front of the cultible we report of each buttle, and the masse of the article bound in each boilte. All others

Thousands of letters have been received, testify ing to the virtue of these remedies.

. READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.

FROM RON. GEO. W. WOODWARD. Clifed June - 5 of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. PERSONAPHIA, MARCH 16th, 1807. i, had "We fland's Green Wires" is not an intercentral between miles, boar, were in intersers of the digestive arguer, one of great length in
cases of delitty and wind of nervous action in the
grices.

Force length

GEO, W. WOOD WARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THEMPSON. Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28th, 1866. I cons'der "Booffand's German fittters" a reinantal as terminal ters ters a reinance modicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify tals from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

From REV. JOSEPH H. KENNAUD, D.D.: Paster of the Touth Haptist Church, Philiadelphia. DR JACKON-DRABERS - Luce Lon Proposity co. The Jacksons—Bank the seed have been frequently re-queried in connect as a name with reasonamental are of different kinels of medicines, but expecting the produce as out of my expropriate sphere. I have in all consisting stimed; but with a class proof is various made more, and predicularly to me case family, of the metalores of Dr. Healthard's tierman history, I depart for over from my usual connect, to express my full consisting that that the general debility of the system, and especially to layor consistent, in the soft and valuable proportion. In more cases it may first, but would, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those with suffer from the above causes. Thus, very respectfully, Yours, very vespec fulls, J. H. KENNARD,

Price of the Bitters, \$1.00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$5.00. Price of the Tonic, \$1.50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for 87 50.

Tie. Tonic is put up in quart bottles. He Amou is put by in quart tortion.

Remained that it is the Horfamil's German Remedies that are as uncoverably used and so highly recommended; used on not allow the Demonstration for to take any through the total to make a larger popula on it. These Lemedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE.

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE. No. 601 ARCH STREET, Philodelphia. CHAS, M. EVANS, Proprietor.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO. These Remedies are for sale by Benggists, Storckeepers, and Medicine Dealers every where. to not for at to accombine will the cold to give hear, in

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

'Only a baby's grave!' Some foot or two at the most Of star daisled sod; yet I think that God Knows what that little cost.

"Only a baby's grave!" To children even so small, That they sit there and sing, so small a thing

Seems scarcely a grave at all! "Only a baby's grave!" Strange! how we moan and fret For a little face that was here a space-Oh! more strange could we forget!

"Only a baby's grave!" Did we measure grief, Few tears were shed on our baby dead-I know how they fell on this.

"Only a baby's grave!" Will the little life be much Too small a gem of His dladem, Whose kingdom is made of such?

Yet often we come and sit By the little stone, and thank God to own We are pearer to Him for it.

EMMA'S EXPERIENCE.

Emma sat dreaming on the lower step of the broad, low roofed porch, with her chin resting on one brown little hand, and a misty depth of light in her clear gray eyes—dreaming as girls of eighteen will dream, of a future far off and radiant that somehow never resoives itself into the present-a to-

morrow that never becomes to-day. The old clock on the kitchen shelf had just struck four-the afternoon sunshine was showering down, in a short of golden spray, through the low boughs of the great old cherry tree, where the 'red ox-hearts' hung like jeweled pendant, and the busy brown robins fluttered in and out, and orange-helted bees keept up a low, murmurous Lum, like breakers, far out on the sea of the sunny air

She was a rosy little lass, this hereane of ours, round cheeks where the crimson of perfeet health glowed through a veil of sunburn, and a dimpled mouth red and fragrant us u clove pink-a genuine country girl, as un-couse ously graceful in all her movements as the silvergreen wheat now rippling in the summer breeze. Not an orthodox beauty, but a very lovely, lovable little personage as she sat there in her brown gingham dress and rufiled white apron, with her sun-bounet on

the porch floor beside her.
Of what was she musing? The old, old subject of reverie-the old refrain to every song—nix! For Emma Roydon was in love—or, at all events she fancied she was and it is wonderful how completely fancy will some-

times assume the throne of reality.

As she sat there smiling to herself, with drooping lashes and fleeting rose-shadows on her cheek, a firm quick footstep sounded on the garden path, where long sprays of spicy sweet-brier trailed, and double rows of currant bushes hung full of ruby-sparkling fringes is level sun-beams—Thorne Milling-

up Craig Util with me this afternoon? The young people of the vilage are all going, and on see how delightful the weather is. Come. Emma, it is so long since you walked with

No-Emma wouldn't. Thorne Millington looked hurt.

'Why not?'

'I don't know that I am obliged to render a reason for every action of my life. It it too warm; besides I am tared Thorne looked at her with a mournful, in

credulous gravity in his dark eyes. You would not have answered me so once

Emma. Emma tossed her pretty little satin-smooth head until the hair-lins trembled among its

'I suppose I am free to select my own mode of speech, Thorne Millington. 'Free? Yes, Emma, since you wish to be

Emma was silent. Apparently she was intently comparing the stripes on two blades of ribbon grass that hung over the wooden step at he side, but Millington was not so easily repulsed. We cling with wonderons tenacity to life, and to Thorne the love that had grown up in his heart for pretty, wilful Emma Roydon was something stronger and better than life.

'Why don't you say at once that you are expecting your fine city lover? he questioned, somewhat bitterly. Emma listed her head, blushing and indignant.

Thorne, you are going too far. You have no right to catechise me so.'

'Have I not Emma?' he questioned in tones where the sharp pain seemed to pierce through the words. 'Certainly you have not.'

'Well-I will intrude no longer. I see that your thoughts and mind are elsewhere. He paused a moment, perhaps hoping that Emma might speak a word to detain him. -But she did not; and the next moment she was alone in the yellow glow of the afternoon

It might have been five minutes-it might ribbon-grass blades, and listening to the drowsy hum of insects; and then there was another click of the little wicket gateanother footstep ringing clearly on the graveled path.

(Ah, if Thorne Millington could have seen the up-flushing crimson of her cheek, the brightening sparkle of her eyes now, would have falten more hopelessly into the clutches of the 'green-eyed mouster' than he already was-and that was, to say the least

of it, quite unnecessary.)
'Emma! My little wild rose! All alone? He was handsome, with his black, flashing eyes, and his white, shapely hands, as he came up to her with a caressing familiarity of voice and manner that bespoke no unce-

tainty as to his reception.

Oh, Sydney, I am so glad you bappened to came this afternoon! Uncle and aunt are

'Come, that's luck,' said Mr. Sydney Fairfax, establishing himself on the lower step at her feet, and possessing himself of one of her hands with a sort of easy gallantry that 'told' fearfully against the respectful rever-ence in which I horne Millington was wont to hold the wayward beauty.

'They are so cross!' pouted Emma. 'The old Vandals!' interjected Mr. Fair-'Because you know,' went on Emma, 'they

like Thorne Millington-' 'Speaks very badly for their taste,' said Fairfax, Emma laughed and colored.

'But, Sydney, it makes in very bad for me. I am very miscrable, and when you are

'Don't fret, MIA CARA; I shall come back to claim you soon, and then they may scold the end of their tongues off. There; smile again my little queen of hearts. I dont like to see the least shadow eclipsing the light of those eyes!" And Emma did 'smile again.' Somehow

in the glamour of his presence she forgot all the questions she had meant to ask-explanations that should have been demanded.

At length he rose to depart
'I have lingered too long already, Emma;
but I could not hear to tell you that I am going back to New York to-monow morning.

To-morrow morning.' Sidney Fairfax would have been more than mortal had he not been gratified with the vnconscious flattery conveyed in Emma's paling cheek and dilated eyes! And, striving to sooth her, he almost forgot, fo the time being, that he was playing a part.

It was nearly a week afterward, when Annt Thyrza Roydon-the kindest soul in the world, but a little prejudiced and opimonated withal, as kind souls often are-brought her knitting work into the porch where Emma sat, idly pulling the honey-suckle cups

'Child, what are you dreaming about?' 'Nothing!' answered the girl, a little petulautly.

'You've grown so shiftless of late! Do go up stairs and bring your new calico; you might just as well run up the brendths as to

be doing nothing!'
'I am not in a burry for the dress, aunt!, 'Then finish aftering my brown foulard.' 'I don't ree! like it, aunt.

Mrs. Roydon eyed her mece keenly through her silver-rimmed *pectacles. 'Emma! what on earth ails you?' 'Nothing, nunt!'

And what's the reason Thorne Millington

don't come here any more?" 'I am not Thorne Millington's keeper, Aunt Thyrza,' answered Emma, with spirit. Mrs. Roydon was about to require an explantation in full from her capricious niece, when her impending torrent of words was checked by the appearance of Uncle Mathew

coming up the walk. 'I've been to the post office,' quoth Uncle Mathew, fanning himself with the wide brim of his straw hat; 'and here's a letter for Emma, with the New York post-mark. Who's

it from, my girl? as Emma caught it from his hand, raddening and paling alternately.

'It's—it's from Mr. Fairfax.'

'From Mr. Fairfax, ch?' Uncle Mathew's brows contracted gloomily. 'And it's from that good-for-nothing puppy you've thrown Thorne Millington over, ch? Give me back the letter. Emma; let me return it to him. I don't like my girl to be corresponding with

such as be! But Emma held tightly on to the precious missive.

'It's my letter, Uncle Mathew! and you "Emma," he said pleadingly, 'will you walk I am engaged to him?"

"Emma," he said pleadingly, 'will you walk I am engaged to him?" Aunt Thyrza dropped her knitting-work

Uncle Mathew stared. 'This won't do Emma; you must give him up! Why, what do you know of him? mere city adventurer; while Thorne Milling-

ton-'I'm tired of hearing of Thorne Millington!' interrupted Emma, trying desperately to keep back the indignant tears, 'I will not give Sydney up!

'Emma!' 'No! I will neven give him up!' 'Then you must give us up, child,' said the old man, gravely; 'I will be obeyed.'

Emma ran up to her own room, flushed and sobbing to read her precious letter .- Oh, if Sydney could but knew how she was tyrannized over! and in her secret soul Emma resolved to break these bonds.

Presently she came down stairs again. with red eyes and resolutely compressed lips Uncle Mathew and Aunt Therza looked up as she entered; they had evidently been talk ing about her in her absence.

You are not going to answer the letter, Emma?' said her uncle. 'Milo Fielding tells me that your Mr. Fairfax-'

'I will not listen to a word against him, uncle Mathew,' interposed Emma, biting her lip to keep back even more rebellious words. I shall certainly answer that letter.'

Then you are no niece of mine, Emma. 'Emma-child-listen to reason.' urged Aunt Thyrza, auxiously. But Emma would listen to nothing. She went out in the garden, and so through the rustling corn-fields to the road that led to the village post-office. And the next morning, when Aunt Thyrza went up stairs to call Emma down to breakfast, her little white-draped room was tenantless-the bird had taken wing!

'My goodness gracious!' ejaculated Aunt Thyrzu, with uplifted hands, 'Mathew! Mathew! Come up stairs quick! She's been

and gone and eloped!" At the same moment Emma Roydon, in a cozy corner seat in the express train watched the flying landscape, and wondered with throbbing heart, what Sidney Fairfax would have been ten-that she sat there counting say to her-how he would receive her! Was it not just possible that she had done an unwise thing in thus highly resenting a harsh word or two from the kind old uncle who had sheltered and guarded her all her life? But the irrecoverable step was taken; it was now too late to return until she returned as Sydney Fairfax's wife! As Sydney Fairfax's wife! Emma grew rosy beneath

veil as she thought of the possibility. New York! What a very Bable of soundng uproar, of dusty tumult it seemed to our little country bred damsel, as she emerged from the covered depot into the noisy, bril-

"Carriage, m'm! carriage!"
"Yes," said Emma, timidly. "I want to
go to No. 815 Mayduke street."

"All right m'm?" cried the backman, bang ing the door of his vehicle upon his half-ter rified "fair," and driving recklessly down the street. Emma drew a long breath, partly of relief. Yes it was too late to go back now.

"Here you are, m'm!" Emma started from her reverie as the Jehu sprang from his seat and opened the door.
"Is THIS Mayduke street?"
"Yes, m'm—No 815."

It was no balconied mansion of brown stone, draped with wisterie, as Mr. Fairfax had so often described his home—no wide street, glittering with stately equipages, as she had been led to suppose, but a tall redbrick, house, with wide open door, through which you caught a glimps of bare floors and carpetless stairs, in a narrow, foul-smell-ing street, where children played in the gutters, and fifth rate grocery stores displayed

their wares! She paid the backman—an exorbitant price of course-and dismissed him, entering the house with a sinking heart and hesitating footstep.

"Does Mr. Fairfax live bere?" asked Emma. "Mr. Fairfax? Are you one of his friends?" demanded the woman.

Emma colored in spite of herself, but be fore she could frame an appropriate answer in her confusion, the woman went op. "Sidney Fairfax-Algernor Ryder-Fitz Albyn Clare. Call him any name you please,

they all belong to him; and a precious scoundrel he is; took up for counterfeiting only last night, and his poor wife-" "His wife! "Yes. If she hada't been down sick through his neglect and brutality I'd have

turned her out o' doors; for my house has always been a respectable one, and not a red cent of his board have I ever seen! I knew he was a scamp, mind you, because he-"
"Stop! There must surely be some mis-"If it's Sydney Fairfax you're wantin' to

see, there's no mistake," more's the pity.— Was you wantin to see his wife? She has been goin' out of one fit into another ever since six c'clock this morning!" But Emma turned away with a shudder at her heart. How near she had come to the brink of her own ruin? Married-and a counterfeiter at that! She remembered how confidently she had "lent" him her little savings-only fifty odd dollars - "just for a day

or two-an unexpected emergency!" But it was not for the money she cared, only-only With difficulty she represed her tears of keen mortification in the presence of the

hard-faced woman. "No," she said abruptly. "My business is with Mr. Fairfax, and since he's not here I will go back!"

The afternoon express was just starting when Emma, pute and jaded, entered one of the rear cars. She glanced hesitatingly along the rows of seats; there was but one empty, and the other half nearest the window was occupied by a gentleman. There was no help for it, however, and she advanced, timidly.

"Is this sent engaged, sir?" And the gentleman, with prompt courtesy. dow, Emma started involuntarily; it was Thorne Milington!

In the same instant he recognized her. "Emma!" His voice altered in its intonation from the first accent of eager interest to a cold, unimpassioned tone, such as he might have addressed to any stranger who had casually crossed his path. It cut Emma to

"I beg your pardon, Miss. Roydon," he said, cremoniously, lifting his hat 'I will find another sent.' He was turning away when Emma laid hand tremulously on his arm.

"Please, Throne, don't go away from me, she faltered. "I'm lonly, and-and-Her voice died away into a faint fluttering ort of a sob. Throne Milington turned ack again with a strange, not unpleasant tumult at his heart. Somehow, the words seemed to bear a sweet significance far beyond

their ordinary import.
"Emma, you know I never should have gone away from you if you yourself had not banished me. But tell me how it happens

that you are here and alone." Emmu told him. All pride, all resentment all stubborn secretiveness, had died out of her poor wounded little heart; and the strength and shelter of Thorne Milington's manly presence seemed to be the sweetest of

efuges. He made no comment whatever on be instinct of chivalrous nobleness that led him scrupulously to abacain from the very semblance of triumphing over a fallen foe,. when, at length, she concluded by once more exclaiming. "Oh, I am so glad you are here, Thorne!" he said, "Do you really mean it Emma?"

Oh, Thorne, I do! I do!" "I will not leave you again, Emma," he said, tenderly taking her own cold hand in his own. "I will stay by your side all my life

long now." And Emma's uplifted eyes, heavy and dewy yet full of a sweet, wistful light, spoke the ample measures of her repentant gratitude. Aunt Thyrza and uncle Matthew received their little taunt back again to their hears without a single word of reproach. A hurried word or two of explanation whispered to them by Throne anticipated all unpleasant question-asking; and Emma's shy, tender nanuer was quite sufficient guarantee of her penitence for the one foolish step of her eigh-

teen-hear-old life. "She was nothing but a child," said good Uncle Matthew Roydon.
"She was a child," said Aunt Thyrza.

softly, wiping her spectacle glassess, "but she's a woman now. There was a little shadow of depressionfew tears, such as might remind one of a brief summer shower with a rainbow overarching it-and then Emma's life came back

into its old serone channel of happy mone-And when the frosts of early October turned the upland woods to crimson and russet brown and strewed all the glen-paths with pavements of rustling gold, she married l'brone Milington-as loving and true-hearted little bride as ever wore the coronal of silver-bright orange-blossoms, sacred to brides

And that was the beginning and end of Emma's experience. — [Harper's Bazar.

He lives long who lives well; and time misspent is not lived but lost. Besides God is better than his promise if he takes from a man a long lease and gives him a freehold of a greater value.

and then when you are dunned you can always 'shell out with ease.

Carry a lot of cracked nats in your pocket.

Run Out.

We copy the following from the April number of Harper's Monthly.

The head that shook at the Easy Chair said, after prolonged wagging: 'Of course one who watches the signs of the times closely, like an Easy Chair, has already come to

the inevitable conclusion?' This was spoken interrogatively, and the Easy Chair assumed an air of prefound attention.

'I mean,' said the Wagger, 'that you have seen that we are all played out. This assertion was followed by a most emphatic and significant shake. 'All played out?' asked the Easy Chair.

doubtfully. 'I mean,' continued the shaking head, 'that we Yankees are run out, and the original Yaukee nation has virtually come to an end. I am astonisued that a Chair of intelligence and observation has never remarked what is

so very evident." The Easy Chair naturally felt very much mortified by its dullness, and penitentially smiled as if it craved forgiveness.

'Very well,' said the Wagger, as if graciously pardoning the offense, 'do you know how many married women there are in the State of New York?'

This is the kind of question to which it is useless to attempt an answer. It presupposes your ignorance. It is a question deliantly brandished at you by consciously superior knowledge, for whoever does know these statistical details except those who have carefully crammed them for the purpose of crushing you? 'You are familiar, of course, Sir,' says your neighbor at table, with the fact of the war in New Zealand. Are you aware of the number of the Maori population?' Certainly you are not, and your neighbor knows it. He nevely uses you as a spring board to facilitate the bound with which he skips into the air to perform his antics of knowledge. Three hundred and twenty-four thousand two hundred and seventeen, and if an interesting anticipated event has taken place in the family of the chief, three hundred and twenty-four thousand two hundred and eighteen or nincteen, as the case

may be,' remarks your neighbor. Do you know how many married women there are in the State of New York?' was the question asked by the good man who

knew perfectly well. Of course the abject ignorance of the Easy Chair could not be concealed, and it The firemen are unable to reach the flameg, smiled the usual apologetic smile as if the treachery of its memory was really extraor-dinary. And the good friend immediatly

answered his own question. 'There are eight hundred thousand married women in the State of New York.'

"Good gracious! are there indeed?" reponded the Easy Chair, with the ardor of he young scholar who, upon being introduced to the alphabet, heard very listlessly and mechanically that A was A; but when the teacher continued, and that is B, answered warmly, 'Why is that B?' as if he recogniz-ed a familiar old friend under the most extraordinary disguise.

'Of these about two hundred thousand, or child, and about one hundred and sixty thousand have only two children; and it is only the Yankees or natives who have these small families. But it isn't New York only that is going under; there is New England, there is Mussachusetts. Why, Massachusetts has about-how many inhabitants?'

'Weli-about-I believe-' Exactly; about thirteen hundred thousand, of whom, as you know' -- and the eye of the good friend had a foreboding expression as he said it- about two hundred and fifty thousand ore foreigners. There are about twenty thousand deaths and thirty-five thousand births annually in the State; but a ridiculous large portion of the births are among the foreign citizens. The old stock is dying out. And what is coming in? And with them what kind of morals, what polities? The chief ambition of young men in There was, in his nature, that loyal this country now is to make a great fortune without working for it; and the sole desire of young women is to be married, to have plenty of money to spend, and no children to care for. Morals and the common baman instinct have so deteriorated that the most odious practices are publicly denounced as too common to be disregarded, and a Bishop in a pastoral letter comdemns an offense which should be impossible. The mad folly of wealth utterly ruins noble character. -Our politics are a vast abyss of corruption. The orator of 'the golden tink' declares that in the city in which he is one of the most prominent politicians no politician is honest. The public service is a mere job. The officers of the law and the judges are the creatures of the criminal classes. Their newspaper political organs openly sneer at 'moral And look at Congress! What incredible forays upon the Treasury! It is everywhere nothing but a mad lust of money. The national character is rotting as the orig-

inal stock is disappearing.'
The good friend stopped. The Easy Chair thought of the dead mother and son on the floor of the room in the Isle of Dogs, and of the mad husband and father in the workhouse; of all the other starving and mad unfortunates; of the immense suffering, despair, brutality beneath the imposing spectacle of British opulence and power. But it reflected that England is imprisoned upon a small island, and has inherited all kinds of trouble; and, as much as a Yankee Chair may, it made allowance for English wretcheuness and sorrow and crime. As its thoughts came re luctualy homeward, what could it make? Here are a vast continent and endless re-Here is a spare population well sources. grounded in morals, in education, in indus try, in political habits. Here was but one perplexing tradition, which has disappeared in blood. Here was the calm opportunity to learn from every example; and, before the nation is a century old, here are the signs of things put together. fatal moral decay and of political decrepitude. In the newspapers, which are the his tories of to-day, the faithful narrations o events at the City Hall, in the great city of the country, remind the reader of nothing so much as the palace scandals of the last and meanest days of Roman decline. And if, indeed, that city were the country, if else where there were not the moral intelligence and heroism which alone make a great nation possible, the party of the good friend who The Printer who has nothing but the is sure that we have all virtually com "devil to pay," may consider himself lucky. dismal end would be larger than it is is sure that we have all virtually come to a he laid down his five shillings for the tenth

Great Calamity in The Nevada Mines.

THIRTY-SIX PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH-EIGH-TEEN BODIES TAKEN FROM THE MINES.

San Francisco, April 7. - A fire broke out this morning, in the Yellow Jacket Minc, at Gold Hill, Nevada, which soon communi-cated with the Kentuck and Crown Point Mines. Thus far (1 p. m.) elever bodies have been taken from the shafts of three mines. Other bodies can be seen at the bottom of the Kentuck shaft, but it is impossible to remove them on account of the heat. It is uncertain how many persons there were in the mines. The excitement and confusion were so great that it was impossible to call the roll of those at work. Sixty men were at work in the two levels of the Crown Point mine. It is not known how many escaped. The distress is fearful. The wives and children of the miners have congregated at the entrance of the mines, and are calling for

their missing husbands and fathers.
Eight O'clock, Evening.—The latest reports, from Gold Hill state that the number snown to be dead is 36-five in the Yellow Jacket, eight in the Kentuck, and 23 in the Crown Point Mine. The fire originated in the Kentuck Mine, and is reported now to be spreading toward the Yellow Jecket shall, The firemen have succeeded in getting hose down the Yellow Jacket shaft to the level of the fire, and hopes are entertained that the flames will soon be subdued. If not, when all expectations of saving more lives are abandoned, the mouth of the shaft will be closed and ventilation stopped, and the fire thereby smothered. The Yellow Jacket, Crown Point, and Kentuck Mines are unconnected with other mines under-ground; hence there is no probability of the fires extending

beyond them. Virginia City is almost deserted, the people having gone to the scene of the disaster to render assistance. The San Fran-cisco Stock Exchange Board have subscribed \$1,000, and sent the money by telegraph to Gold Hill for the relief of the families suffering by the conflagration. This catastrophe is the most terrible that has ever occurred in the mining districts of this coast. There is general sympathy expressed for the dis-

San Francisco, April 8.—The conflagra-tion at the Gold Hill Mines is still raging. It appears to be conficed principally to the Yellow Jucket drift, owing to the care which has been taken to prevent its spreading .but efforts are being made to clear the drift, which will probably occupy all day. Eighteen bodies have been taken from the burning mines—nine of them from one drift. The Yellow Jacket Company have rescinded the dividend for March. The fire has had the effect to render the stocks of the Yellow Jacket, Crown Point, the Kentuck panicky, and transactions in them are at reduced

LATEST.

Later advices from Gold Hill are to the effect that the fire has been fairly subdued, and the victims are being removed from the different shafts. Seventeen men are yet missing, and are supposed to have perished in the one-quarter, have no children; about one flames. The total number of lives destroyed hundred and forty thousand have but one is 36. It is impossible to estimate the dam-

ages to property. The Superintendents of the Crown Point and Kentuck Mines report them uninjured. The stock of the Yellow Jacket Company has declined to \$10 per share; the Crown Point to \$12, and the Kentuck to \$14.

How truly did Shukespeare say, "I sm never merry when I hear sweet music." How often has a golden sunset or a silver night brought a sadness to the soul-a "sadness without pain." Or the lapse of some free river, or the strains of some sweet tune, filled eyes with tears that had not thought of sorrow. And the landscape whose flowers grow close to the edge of heaven, that with such charm of summer sun and shade, make vestibules for Paradise, and us willing to be gone -how often do they grow dim before our

eyes, and yet there is no pain. Sometimes, in breathless nights, when earth is full of leaves and sky of stars, there seems a melancholy music in the mere shining of the moon, and we wish it would linger forever. And why are these things so, unless that we are born to something fairer than this cloudy world? Memory consecrates the past beauty, and birds the thought thereto, with links of lovelines, sweeter to bear than garlands of fresh flowers. The chain that chafed, grows smooth and bright by wearing, and we are willing prisoners as we go. And by and by, tether of the heart, as time runs on shall guide us back again to childhood, whence the transition unto heaven is as easy

A LADY brought a child to a physician to consult about its precarious state of health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful.

'Certainly, madam,' replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a pinch of snuff. I have not the least hestitation in recommending the springs and the sooner you apply the remedy the better.' You really think it would be good for the

dear little thing, do you?' 'Upon my word, it's the best remedy I 'What spring do you recommend?' 'Any will do, madam, where you can get

plenty of soap and water. Tue pen is said to be mightier than the sword. So is ink mightier than the pen -Feople who sling printers' ink are the mightiest of all-the monarchs of mankind. He who understands this art in all its ramifications travels the shortest and best route to the head and understanding of human nature. Printers' ink has made more names and fortunes than any other-perhaps all other-

"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "why are orphises the happiest children on earth?"

They are not, my child; why do you ask?' "Because they have no mother to whip them."

Nothing like a magistrate for re-fluing a nan,' as the incorrigible old toper said whe

time.