Jonin & Silvach Eng

READING GALETTE & DEMOGRAT.

asked.

this.'

appoint a friend. I went to my lodgings, got this wretched place till morning, and endure my

some tea, loaded a small double-barreled pistol, agony till daylight should bring chance of aid?

my greateout round me. It was no easy thing | where you are to-night, and be thankful that

to get carriage, fly, or gig, in a little place like you have the shelter of even these miscrable

Longley, at that hour; and what was a walk of walls on such a night as this. It will be well,

four miles to me, when I was sure of a stiff glass even, if this infernal snow-storm does not bury

of something warm and a good bed that night, the cabin itself before morning. If you want

and a pleasant conter on a sure-footed nag back any thing to eat, you can have a crust of bread

"The night, though cold, was dry, and the you may lie down on the straw till morning

cup.

wound over hill and moor, without wall or fence; Try it-the brandy is good, and you could not

"Human life had been sacrificed more than welcome. The blood came coursing warmly

once, amid the snow drift, on that wild moorland, through my shivering frame again, and for a

and sheep innumerable had been lost. To make | while I even forgot the excessive pain of my

my danger greater, the place was full of pits and broken arm. Declining the bread which the

hollows, where mining speculators had tried to man offered me, I drew nearer to the fire. I

sink shafts in former years. Should I wander | took the pistol from my breast pocket, and laid

of former years.

and, where the snow was rapidly covering heath take much better physic to night."

black one.'

moon was up, To be sure, some ominous clouds comes. But you do look horribly beaten up;

were gathering round her, and sao was not rising, here, Sally, up with you, lass, and get us the

(an unusual precaution, suggested by the thought | There was no alternative.

" I mean that Curston's is nearly in the op-

have been steadily walking away from it for the

"llere was a discovery; but what was to be

" ' Not for all the money they say old Carston

before you. It would be as much as our lives

moor outside, before now, on such a night as

"All this time the pain of my arm was grow-

ing intolerable, and help of any kind was im-

possible there. What was I to do ? Stay in

"'All you can do,' said the man, ' is to keep

-that's all we have-and in that room inside

"I turned to the other corner, beside the fire,

to which these words were addressed, and now

beheld, for the first time a young woman sitting

beside a child that lay asleep upon the ground.

I turned, and found her eyes fixed upon me with

a strange, eager glare. She was miserably clad,

looked sickly and thin, yet her face showed the

traces of much personal beauty. She was deli-

cately fair ; every feature was beautifully mould-

ed; and her long disheveled hair, of a golden

tinge, actually glistened in the blaze of the fire.

But what struck me most about her was her eyes,

so unnaturally large; fastened as it was upon

me, that wild, eager look made my heart eick

"The woman did not speak ; but she went to

a large chest at the other end of the room.

(almost the only article of furniture in the place,

except a rickery deal table and a couple of stools.)

and took from it a large black bottle and broken

bottle, and pouring some of the contents of the

one into the other, 'you did not expect, perhaps,

to see anything like this in a shepherd's hut on

the moor. No matter ; it came to us some may.

" Most gratefully did I seize the cup and drink

off the contents; and never was cordial more

"Come,' said the man, taking the cup and

with a vague feeling of dread and dislike.

"Off went the train, and, before I could utter are worth. Men have met their doom upon that dear,' the tempting fiend rejoined ; 'the lovely

"And how far am I from it now ?"

" Some four good miles at least."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE CITY OF READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA.--TERMS: \$1,50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

while the familiar voice of my friend Carston

word, I was left alone on the platform, with a

heavy bag of gold in my hand. The commis-

sion with which I had been so unexpectedly in-

trusted was a very disagreeable one that bleak

winter night; but it would be churlish to dis-

of the gold,) put it in my pocket, and wrapped

but steadily sinking, and would soon be hidden

behind the hills. No matter: I should be far on

my way before her light was gone, and those

clouds, I thought, were not likely to change into

what they promised-a snow shower-till I was

safely ensconced by old Carston's hospitable fire-

side. All went well enough for the first half-

hour; and, as the brisk walk made the blood

course warmly thro' my veins, I' thought how

much pleasanter this was than to be jolted and

bruised in some such crazy, lumbering old vehi

cle as the Longley Inn was capable of supplying

over that rough, wild mountain read. But my

anticipation of the weather proved sorely decep

tive. Before the half hour had well gone by,

the snow-storm came down fierce and fast, acd

the moon was no longer visible. There was no

help now, however, but all the more need to get

to my journey's end as soon as possible; so 1

clutched my stick with a firmer grasp, and quick-

eved my pace. But the thick steady fall of snow

so darkened the air that I could not see twice my

arm's length before me; and I had not been

walking many minutes when the apprehension

stole upon me that I was fast losing my way.

It was a dangerous locality I was in just then,

in the midst of that snow-storm, for the road

and path alike, to trace my route with accuracy

to the railway station in the morning?

LAWRENCE GETZ, EDITOR:]

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

[VOL. XXIV-NO. 30.-WHOLE NO. 1994.

enough to reach it.

I fell prostrate on the snow.

beard him coming back again, and then all was

silent and still as death. At length I crept out

from my hiding place, with cramped and aching

limbs. I knew no more in what direction to

turn now than I had known before I had enter-

ed that accursed cabin ; but I struck right ahead

knowing that there must be a human habitation

somewhere before me should I only have strength

"I was fearfully exhausted, and I dragged

my feeble limbs along as if they were weighted

with lead. For a time consciousness of danger

and the excitement of the fearful scene I had

gone through sustained me; but by and by,

strength and reason alike seemed to desert me,

and I staggered along like one in the delirium

of fever. How long this continued I cannot tell,

for I made no count of time that terrible night;

but I remember how, at last, in utter exhaustion,

"As I lay there, unable to rise, and unable to

move a limb, a long piercing shriek, the horri-

But my mind was active enough for one

thought-to stretch myself out with my head

toward the engine-my only chance of safety.

Commending my soul to God, I lay prostrate and

The next instant the shrick of the engine.

loud and terrific, blended with the rattle of the

carriages and the grinding sound of the wheels

upon the snow that covered the rails, and then-

and then I looked up to heaven with a feeble

laugh of speechless gratitude, and all danger was

over. The train had passed along the other line

of rails; not over those between which I lay-

the snow had prevented me from distinguishing

the one from the other; but, had I had strength

enough to crawl in the direction I had intended,

be engine and carriages would have in vitably

passed over me and left me there a manged

corpse. It was my utter weakness which saved

"The joy of my delivery from a horrible death

was followed by a natural reaction. I sank back

in a swoon : and, when consciousness came back

to me again, I found myself weak and wasted,

in my own bed-room and in my own bed, where

(they told me) I had lain in a raging fever. It

seems that, in the morning, one of the railway

porters found me dving insensible on the snow;

and thus I was a third time within a dozen hours,

saved from death. But this bald pate was the

"Was found suspended from my neck, and;

"I know nothing of them. They did not be-

with the letter found in my pocket, was deliver-

with a hellish fire. I sickened at the look of assassin; and I could hear his muttered curses

that face, so handsome, so delicate, so fiend- as he passed on. In a few moments more I

"How my blood ourdled and my hair grew ble import of which I knew too well, rang in my

stiff with horror, as I listened to the words of | ears. I looked up; that eye of fire was right

this female devil, and watched the gorgon-like | before me. How can I tell you the horror of my

glauce of hereye, and the hideous smile that situation ?-- a life's agony compressed into the

curled her lips. I have been in deadly peril of compass of one awful minute! The goods train,

life and limb in more than one fierce fight, as which always passes Longley about three o'clock

these medals show. I remember once when the | in the morning, was coming, and I was lying help-

knife of a gigantic Kaffie was at my throat, and | less on the rails! With a cry of agony I tried

I thought all was over with me, till a comrade's to rise; but I fell back in utter exhaustion.

rifle brought that savage down. But never, in Even the terror of approaching death did not

deadliest hour of danger, did I feel anything like give me energy enough to crawl from where I lay.

closed my eyes.

my life.

price I paid."

"But the bag of gold ?"

ed in the proper quarter."

"And the intending assassins ?"

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Dr. JOSEPH COBLENTZ OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES on the citizens of Reading and vicinity. He can be contided in German and English. Office and residence, it reastrict adjoining the Farmers' Ravk. (Rober SI, 1863-19*

JESSE G. HAWLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE TO NORTH Exit Street, opposite the Foregoing P

Sixth Street, opposite the Keystone House, Reading. 1 il, 1863-tf

JOHN RALSTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE WITH A. B. WANNER, NORTH Sixth Street. (above the Court House,) Reading, Pa.

REMOVAL,

REBAUY ALL, WILLIAN H. LIVINGOOD, ATTORNEY AT Y L2W, has remarked his offect to the north side of (art street first door below Sixth. [dec 22-tf

Charles Davis, ITURNEY AT LAW-HAS REMOVED HIS A Office to the Office lately occupied by the Hon. David f Order, decased, in Sixth street, opposite the Court is the street of the street [april 14

Dapiel Ermentrout, i TTORNEY AT LAW-OFFICE IN NORTH i Exth street, corner of Court alley. [aug 13-19]

David Neff, THULESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic DRY 600DS, No. 25 East Pan Street, Reading, Pa. [March 10, 1860.

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YOUNG MIEN

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From threshing floors the busy fail And in the fields of stubbla near Incessant pipe the speckled quail. All golden rips the apples glow

Among the orchard's russet leaves; Southward the twittering swallows go That sung all summer 'neath the caves.

The grapes are purple on the vine.

The spider's threads of silver white, Like netted vapore to the eye,

A year ago to-day we stood

A silence like to that of sleep. And only on the listening ear

Of dropping nuts, and sweet and clear The spring that bubbled from the ground. Close at our feet the brook slid down,

ORGANIC WEARINESS Immediately Cured and Full Vigor Restored. This Distressing Affoction—which renders Life and Mar-rlage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victime of im-proper indultances. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful cone-gurences that may ename. Now, who that indevstand the subject will pretend to deay that the power of procrea-tion is tost sconer by these failing into improper habits than by the prodent? Besides being deprived of the pleas-ure of healthy ofkpring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and unind artice. The system he-comes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreastive Power, Nervous Irritabil-ity, Dyspopsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Con-stitutional Debility, a westing of the Frame, Congh, Con-sumption, Decar and Death. Office, No. 7 South Frederick Street Lett hand side going from italitimore street, a faw door from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number. Letters must be paid und contain a stamp. The Doctor

iploms hangs in his office. A CURE WARRANTED IN A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS. No Mercury or Nouscous Drugs. DR. JOHNSTON, Mamber of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Grad-nato from one of the most eminuent Golleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose it's has heen apent in the hospitals of London, 'rarts, Thiladolphis and elec-where, has effected schee of the most astoniching enres that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the heed and ears when asleep, great nervouscess being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blusbing, steaded sources with derangement of mind, wore cared immediately. TANE PARETENT. AD WORDS

TANE PARTICULAR NOTICE. Of sunset with the melting blue.

TAGENE TARTICULAR NOTICE. Dr. J. addresses all those who have bajured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which rain both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or maringe. THESE are some of the sad and neelancholy efforts pro-duced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Linnbs, Pains in the Head, Dinneers of sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palphetts on of the Heart, Dys-persia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digosive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &s MENTALLY. —The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confavion of Ideas, hepres-tions of Spirits, Frii Forbodings, Aversion to Society, Self. Distrest, Lova of Solitude, Timidity, &s., are some of the erils produced. THOTANDE of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining hesith, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, perrous and emachated, having a of consumption. **XOUNCE FATEIN**

And yonder sun his heat and glare ; And blasts that through December blow

NOVEMBER.

Rhymes with the plashing of the chilly rain,

ply immediately. What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the donsequence of deviating from the path of maines and induling in a cer-tain secret habit. Such persons wurst, before contemplat-ine The busy farmer's harvesting is done ;

reflect that a round mind and body are it.6 Most haceasary requisites to promote consultal happiness. Indeed, with-out these the journey through life becomes a weary pli-granage; the prospect heavy darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despir and flyed with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another be-comes hilothed with our own.

omes blighted with our own. DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE. When the misguided and imprudent votary of piesaure finds that he has imbiled the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to these who, from ednezities and respectability, can alone beliften h ling.

Bockey.

LOVE IN AUTUMN.

" 'Ned, old fellow,' he said, as I hurried up to him, 'I want you to do me a great favor. All day with measured stroke I hear

Across the fair horizon's line In spiendor autumn miste are drawn; The sunflower shines upon the lawn.

And stretched athwart the burning sky

Beneath the maple's crimson glow,

Calm was the day, without a breath.

Through the wide wood the hollow sound

To sparkle through the level mead. A lock of hair-a ring-a flower-

I, gazing on these treasures, seem To hold communion with the dead.

The long embraces check to check-Beyond the power of words to speak.

While overhead the hues were blent

O fire that paints the autumn leaf-O winds that strip the ungarnered sheaf,

Ah! soon these groves shall lose the glow,

Who have injured themeelves by a certain practice indu-yed in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly folt, even when asisep, and if not cured reinders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should ap-ply immediately. Chanting a mournful monotone of pai

A fold, gray suffices steeps above the state All that, was bright and beautiful is gone; Each day we har that, e'er another dawn, The Frost-King will uplift ble icy band.

His great barns overflow with golden stores And the old homesteads swarm with faces fair-

"Four generations, all told." grandpa cays, Gathered to celebrate, with joy and praise, .The happy feast of thanksgiving and praver.

Wales and Shekches.

You see this bag; it contains two hundred sovereigns. To-morrow is rent-day, and I got this last half hour at least.' cash for the old man this morning. You know the craze he has for paying in gold. I am going thro' to London on urgent business, and what I want you to do for me is to take charge of the done? I asked the man to guide me to Carston's, money and this letter, and carry them out to our | and offered to pay him well.

hailed me.

place. Get any sort of conveyance and drive out; don't mind the expense-I'll settle all that. I know that, as a friend, you'll do this business to go over the moor to-night. Why, man, the carefully for me. Tell father I'll be home to- snow is fulling so thick you couldn't see a yard morrow night, if possible.'

Hang quivering in the noonday light.

That, like a watch fire in the wood, Gleamed to the yellowing vale bolow

An all-pervading stillness deep; A calm that seemed the calm of death-

Past tangled knots of sedge and weed, And under leaves of gold and brown,

The latter faded, old, and sere :

Muto records of that vanished hour, Memories that my heart holds dear. Like one who in a pensive dream

Sees long lost friends around his bed,

The whispered vow-the lingering kiss-

All seem so near-then home we went Through meadow-where the aster grew,

O calm that knows no quickening breath,

Ye are to me the types of death !

Shall leave the branches bleak and bare.

To day the moaning of the bitter wind

And antumn's and, soft eyes with tears are blind. A cold, gray stillness sleeps above the land-

And ruddy boys shout, as they close the doors "Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Winter and for fan !"

In fing claims against the Government, I feel confident that it who have heretofore employed me will cheerfully clive my promptees and fidelity. My charges are z-brate and no charge made until obtained. William H. LIVINGOOD, or 15-11 Attorney at Law, Court St., Reading, Pa.

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SOLDIERS' BOUNTY-MONEY, PACH-PAY AND PENSION CLAIMS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY A. K. STAUFFER, Attorney at Law, Office in Court Street, Jan 31-tf] BEADING, PA:

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out variety of Bar and Ho Fare furniture ever offered in Reading. OR SALE AT THE OLD JAIL, 60 BARRELS

delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulconted sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the bead and limits, dimneas of sight deafness, nodes on the shin-boues and arms, blotches or the head, face and extremilies, pro-gressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the most or the bones of the nose fail in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commis-cration, till death puts period to the dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns." It is a meluncholy fact that thousands fail wifetims to the terrible disease, oving to the nusklifting soft guor-ant pretenders, who, by the use of that Deadly Poison, Mercury, rain the constitution and make the rusidue o life miserable. delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this borrid

YOUNG MEN

MARRIAGE.

Mercury, ruin the life miserable.

strangers

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THE STATION MASTER AT founded heles. LONGLEY.

"I am not an old man, you say? Well, you are right there; one is not usually considered

then? Ah, friend, you may well ask! Men do my scalp was polished in this shining fashion,

some fifteen years ago. It only took one grim heath? night's work to do it all. "A story? Yes, comrade, there is a story

about this poor bald pate of mine; and, if you wish to hear it, I will tell it to you. It is an old story now, and over familiar to our friends about here, for I fear I have gabbled it somewhat too often when the bottle was going round; but, as you have never heard it before, you will find it as good as new. The up-train is not due for a

full hour yct; and perhaps my story may help as well as anything else to kill time. Fill your drifting anow outside does not make this winter

night too warm. "You say you knew at once. when first you saw mo. that I had served. Well, no doubt the soldier who has been in active service always bears the stamp of his profession about him. I have smelt powder on more than one field. I was nine years in the -th Fusileers. I served in Canada; and, after reaching the grade of sergeant, I was dangerously wounded in a rencontre with the Kaffirs at the Cape, and was sent home with a pension. The restoration of health

brought back my constitutional antipathy to idleness; and, after knocking about in sore discontent for some time, I at last succeeded in procuring occupation as ticket-clerk at the Longley Station on this line.

"You don't know the country about Longley No. You lose nothing thereby, for a more miserable district of bleak hills and wild barren moor is not to be found from this to John o' Great's ; and the population, rude and churlish. of awakened hope I hurried toward it. In a few are as little attractive as the country they dwell

"Among the few acquaintances I made during fire was burning. the one year I spent there, was a young fellow named Carston, the son of a wealthy sheep-farmer, who lived some six miles from the station. A clever fellow he was-the real manager of the

farm-and on market days, and such like, he was a frequent traveller on our line. Young Carston and I had come to be great friends, and (for even we railway officials have holidays now and again) up among the hills, bleak and barren as they were. I dwell upon all this, (rather tediously, perhaps.) because it is to Frank Car-

ston I owe this bald crown. "It was a cold, cheerless, winter evening, as I stood upon the platform waiting for the mail its time. There was no passenger from Longley; the train would not wait two minutes, and

my work would be over when it had passed on. I was pleasantly anticipating a quiet fight by my own preside, with a hot cup of tea and the

might meet a broken neck in one of those con-

"I stumbled on at random. I had lost my bearings utlerly; and in a few minutes I knew as little where I was as if I had free suddenly set

old at the age of forty-five. Why am I so hald, through the snow drift, but, for all I knew I not usually lose their hair so carly in life; and might be going in any direction but the right and went into the other room of the cabin. In one. Was I on the beaten road, or was I on the the meantime the man sat down at the other side

became impossible.

"Another moment cruelly settled my doubts.

One step more---my foot found no rest; and I fell headlong into a broad, deep pit. Stunned by the fall, I lay there I know not how long. Bruised and giddy I tried at last to regain my

fect, when a pang of exquisite pain shot through my left arm: the bone was broken. As with my right hand I now tried to steady myself and grope my way out of the hole, the agony I suf- after, I heard them conversing in low eager fered was indescribable, yet my first thought was to feel for the bag of gold, which was still safely

glass, then, and draw nearer to the fire, for that suspended from my neck. I crawled out of the pit, and pushed forward on chance; more slowly this time, though, and cautiously, for the terror

of those vile holes was strong upon me now. But I grew weaker every moment, and a vague and sickly alarm seized me. Suppose I should hoarse voice sounded in my ear. swoon upon that moor-my head was giddy and limbs unsteady already-what but a dreadful

death under the fast falling snow awaited me? "At this horrible thought, a cold sweat suffu- sleep till morning." sed my whole body, and my parched tongue clove to my palate ; to my last hour I shall not forget fect consciousness by the sharp pain of my brokthe horror of that picture of death which rose before my mind's eye that night. The pain of my arm grew more excessive every moment; it hung by my side like a leaden weight. But, to night's tramp, you don't find it as pleasant as strange to say, even with the grim .terror of a bed of down. But take this by way of a nightdeath before me, a wild desire began to creep cap before you go.'

over me to lie down upon the snow and rest. Had I done so, no doubt my last sleep would have words of thanks, was turning away, when he followed. But luckily just then a faint glimmer stopped me. of light caught my eye, and with the eagerness

minutes I found myself at the open door of a wretched cabin, on the hearth of which a wood

" Hallo !' was the greeting I received from a rough voice; 'who the d----l are you, and what d'ye want here such a night as this ?'

"The wood which burned on the hearth wa fresh and damp, and filled the cabin with smoke as well as with a pungent odor. It took some little time to discover, in the far corner from more than one pleasant holiday I gpent with him which the voice proceeded, the figure of a man, large, gaunt, and broad shouldered, raggedly clad, with dark scowling face, and bullet-head. covered with coarse, black, matted hair.

"I hurriedly explained to this person my misadventure. He rose and pushed toward me the stool on which he had been seated.

" 'Sit you down, man,' he said, somewhat less train from the north, which was a little behind roughly; 'you look weak, and a broken arm is One of those words was 'gold;' and at the no triffe. Though what we can do for you, hang me if I know. But what errand took you out upon the moor such a night as this ?' "'I was going from Longley, on important chink between the sunken boards I could see the immediate danger was over. I was not long business, to Farmer Carston's."

London morning paper, when the train came "'From Longley to old Carston's !' he ex- whose face was almost completely turned to-dashing in and pulled up with a shriek, and a claimed. 'Whew! Why, man, you chose a very wards me, sat with her clows on her knees and around me. Not ten minutes had I lain there of "the Gunpowder Plot."

off the beaten track, the chances were that I | it on the ground beside me; and, as I stooped the door for bolt or lock. There was a wooden long to that part of the country. They had disto do this, the bag of gold struck against the bolt only. Gently and silently I pushed it home, stool with a musical clink of the coins within. then crept back to my bed and searched for my

storm."

" The next moment, when I raised my head, pistol, resolved to sell my life dearly. I found the terrible eyes of the woman fastened "I got the pistol, drew back the hammers upon me with a glare more hungry and wolfish and felt the nipples; the caps were gone! I down bound and blindfolded in the middle of the than before. I was startled, and (almost metried the barrels; they were drenched with wa moor. I was making way, surely as best I could, chanically) thrust the bag into my breast. She ter ! I saw it all; the pistol had been dealt with turned away, muttered something about my bed while I slept at the fire; and 1 was now utterly at the mercy of those fiends.

head was thrust out from one of the carriages | roundabout way to get to your journey's end.' | her chin resting on her palms. Those eyes of | when I heard a heavy footstep crunching the

posite direction,' was his answer. 'And you like. The man was speaking at the moment,

has in the bank,' he answered, 'would I attempt | tussle I shouldn't much mind knocking the fel-

et or cleaver.

" Roundabout? What do you mean?' I hers were fixed upon the man, and they glowed snow above. It was my purguer, the intending

and, as the sound of his voice drew my eyes to-

wards him. I beheld beside him an object that

made my blood run cold-a large shining hatch-

"'I can't help it, lass,' he was saying, 'I

don't like the job, and I wish the thing could be

done some other way. About taking the gold

I'm not particular to a hair, and in a downright

low on the head. But to murder a man in his

sleep-dang me, but it goes against my kidney.'

""But those beautiful golden coins, Bill,

gold that would take us out of this hell at once.

What is one miserable life compared to that?

And who will know about it? The snow-storm

is most lucky. We can put him deep down be-

neath the piled up snow in one of those boles

outside, and we shall be many a hundred miles

from this-ay, across the Atlantic itself-before

the sickly terror and loathing which crept round

my heart as I listened that night to the murder-

"'It's all the same,' replied her companion :

'tisn't the danger of discovery I'm afraid of.

"With fury flashing from her eyes, she sprang

" Coward and fool !' she hissed, ' do you call

yourself a man? You see your wife and child

starving before your eyes, and you have not the

manhood to do the deed which will save then

"' Easy, lass,' he said, catching her by the

wrist, and drawing her back to her scat again.

You're a plucky gal, Sal; but dy'e think Id

let a woman do what I had not courage to attempt

myself? I told you I did not like the job. 1

had rather get at the money any other way; but

1 didn't tell you I wouldn't do it. Sit you down,

and let's talk it over. The chap is fast asleep

now-the fatigue and the brandy have done for

him, and you can hear him moaning as he sleeps.

This ugly bit of steel may be useless after all. A

cloth upon his mouth and my hand upon his

wind-pipe may be enough. There will be no

signs of blood and when they find him after the

snow melts, they will say he perished in the

"'Now, Bill,' said the woman, with a horrid

show of admiration, 'you talk like a man, and a

""Well, lass,' he said, consider the thing as

"He took it, raised it to his lips, and drank

a deep draught. With trembling hand I felt up

wise one. I begin to know you again.'

done. Just give me the bottle.'

from the death of dogs. I will do it myself!!

'Tis the job itself I don't like-the murder of a

the least trace of him is found.'

ous words that woman uttered.

sleeping man in cold blood-iph !'

to her feet and seized the hatchet.

"But I had little time to waste in thought, of the fire, where the child was sleeping, and for the next moment the door was shaken by a heavy hand. I lay back, and moaned and snored (he had taken some of the brandy and was less rough and more communicative) now began to like one in a troubled sleep.

"The door is bolted on the inside. I heard talk about the snow-storm, the probable loss of the man whispering ; 'the fellow fastened it besheep it would cause, and the similar visitations fore he went to sleep."

"In about a quarter of an hour the woman " 'Then burst it open,' said the woman.

ame to the door of the other room and called "' No,' was the rejoinder ; that would waken him to her. He went, and for several minutes him up, and he might show fight. We must adopt some quieter course.'

". There's the window,' she said ; ' can you tones. Their words I could not catch ; but the woman seemed te be vehemently urging somenot get in through that ?'

thing upon her companion, while his answers "' Quite right, lass ; I had forgotten.' were brief and hesitating. Gradually the voices "I looked to the window; it was an aperture grew confused-a drowsy feeling crept over me ome two feet square or more, with a crazy sash -and I remembered no more. Whether one of four panes, every one of which was broken. minute or an hour had passed I knew not, when I crawled towards it, and felt the eash. The

a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a hand of a child might have pulled it out. What was I to do ? What chance of a struggle had I " ' Come, friend, you're tired, I see; you had now? Faint and weary, with that broken arm,

better throw yourself on the bed inside, and what resistance could I offer to this man of gigantic strength? Crushed by the prospect of my inevitable doom, I staggered back from the window and fell against a projection of the gable. I thrust out my right hand to save me from sinking to the ground. It did not touch the projection, but stretched far into some hollow space. A pang of hope shot through my heart. Here was a large open chimaey, like that at the other end of the cabin ; and I felt the snow which had fallen down through it, crackling under my

feet.

went into the other room. My bed was a heap projected on every side. These were steps by shatter it which it was easy enough to climb. To think of all this, and to act upon my thought, occupied less time than I have taken up to tell it. In

round to the other side of the cabin, and from this starting point I hurried away across the

" Looking back, I saw the glare of light from the open door of the cabin, and heard the shout gave out some faint light through the wintry darkness. What I longed for now was some pit in finding one. I slid down into it, and

appeared from the cabin on the moor several days before I recovered from my fever, and therefore before suspicion could have fallen upon them ; and they were never heard of after."

"The Carstone, I hope, were grateful ?" "Do you see where that light is burning faintly, in that window across the line there ? Frank Carston's sister is sleeping peacefully, (I hope) in that room. She is mother of three of the finest young Britons in this big shire, and I am their father. But here comes the mail train, and it makes no long stay here; you had better look after your baggage."-Once a Week.

The Great Political Plot in Ohio. [From the New York Herald, Nov. 6.]

Since the three historic tailors met in a garret in Tooley street, in the city of London, and there took measures, in the name of "We, the people of England," to overthrow the great edi-fice of the British constitution, we have never heard or read of Such a conspiracy against es-tablished authority as that which has just been brought to light by the omniscient detective po-lice of Cincinnati. This extraordinary case of treason, as the telegraphic reporter calls it, had for programme the release of the rebel prisoners at Camp Chase, the seizure of the Arsenal at Columbus, the storming of the Bastile, or Peniten-tiary, the release therefrom of John Morgan and the other guerillas confined there, a grand plun-dering and massacreiug raid through Ohio, the overthrow of the State Government, and, as a matter of course, the annexation of the State to the empire of Jeff. Davis. Through what powerful agencies was this most

magnificent programme to be carried out? The keen-eyed, ready witted, ubiquitous detectives, headed by the United States Marshal and a provost marshal, probed the mysterious plot to its vast depth and through all its varied ramifica-tions, and arrested all the concecters and principal managers of it. Who were they ? Not the valorous Vallandigham, who is watching and waiting on the border; not Sunset Cox, who happened to be in the East making political speeches against the Administration and in favor feet. "Could I escape through this? Was there still a chance of life? I stooped under, and thrust up my head. The aperture was wide and ideep, and the large stones of the rude maccury block are in the bloody battle field, or in plundering ex-peditions of the Quantrell type. Not all nor any of such people appear to be implicated in thus and a store in the policies of the countrell type. The store is a store of the store of

From turret to foundation stone

The Guy Fawkeeses of the dark November plot are a schoolmaster of Columbus-one whose sus-picious business it is to "teach the young idea spite of the helplessness of my left arm, and the how to shoot"-a sutler of the same vicininge, spite of the helpiesness of my left arm, and the excruciating pain I felt from it, I was up through the chimney and out on the roof before I heard the frail such below forced in. "To slids to the ground was easy enough; "To slids to the ground was easy enough; and blessing God for my deliverance, I crawled camps of the latter city. These are the vile compirators who had banded together to bring round to the other side of the cabin, and from this starting point I hurried away across the moor as fast as my trembling limbs could bear me. conspiracy against the peace and sovereignty of their State. What might not have happened if the washerwoman and the tailor's wife, the taiof a fierce angry voice. The snow-drift had | lor himself and the schoolmaster, the letter-caralmost ceased to fall, and the whilened ground rier and the rebel agent, had been allowed to makine their plot and levy war against the Commonwealth? For the deliverance of the people of Ohio from this terrible danger may they be or hollow to creep into, and burrow there till immediate danger was over. I was not long in fuding one. I slid down into it, and to be observed throughout all time in commemto be observed throughout all time in commem-oration of the event, just as the 5th of November

"I started up, and was soon recalled to peren arm: The man was standing beside me. " 'My wife has shaken out the straw.' he said, as softly as possible; and I mistake if. after

"I drank the brandy, and, muttering a few

"See,' he said, 'you are forgetting your pistol. You had better take it with you.' "I did so, and, bidding them good night

of straw covered with a piece of coarse sacking ; but, had it been of choicest feathers, it could not have been more welcome then. I stretched myself upon it, and was soon fast asleep. But

sleep brought with it confused and distressing dreams, with which the glare of those wild, hungry eyes was strangely mingled. I awoke with a sense of pain intolerable, and found that I had turned over on my left side, pressing my vounded arm under me. How long I had been sleeping, of course, I could not tell; but the first sound that fell upon my car was the con-

fused murmur of voices from the other room. Immediately the voices grew more distinct, and

some words reached me that speedily brought me to a terrible consciousness of my position. sound, my hand searched for the bag; it was there safe. With a grim terror at my heart, I rose and crept towards the door. Through a man and woman seated at the fire. The latter,