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R. F. BUSH, H. D. BUSH. May 2, 1867-1 yr.

For the Jeffersonian. THE UNION VOLUNTEER.

BY H. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAMILLIA AND HER FATHER.

Camilla sat by her bedside in deep thought. The low grated window, black with dust, admitted but a dim uncertain light, which merely dispelled the pitchy darkness, that would otherwise have made the chamber a dungeon.

A month passed away, and she became so smitten by confinement, that her tormenter was forced, at last, to alleviate his rigid and jail discipline.

One morning she sat silent as before, when a sound of footsteps along the gallery interrupted her sorrow-stricken thoughts, and immediately after the key jarred in the lock and the door opened.

Gonsalvo quietly regarded her, and he, too, surveyed his thoughts ere he began to make his project known.

"Why, no? This little chastisement arises from what I have and feel. To tell you the causes would be unnecessary now; but they exist, that is enough."

And Gonsalvo noticed the blush deepening over her pale face, and watched her till her heart rose full with the color of her cheek, and tears came to her eyes.

For a time, Camilla stood still pondering in her mind the end of this strange programme, and anticipating, with nervous heart, the dire and infamous intentions of her father.

"There, Cammy, that will do, I am going to love you again, and only hope that you will forget the past, and conform to your duties faithfully, do you hear?"

"I cannot." "Come, come, girl, this is trifling and silly, dry your tears. There. Now listen, and remember every word that I read, and then, perhaps—"

He handed her the letter as he finished, and watched her as she eagerly perused the above, and returning it bent softly to her pillow and prayed.

"He is—but no, that is, Austin I mean—he is coming to us again. Do you hear? And he is to be present at your marriage, and give you away—don't start, I am sure you are old enough now to have a husband; and besides the man whom I have selected is immensely rich, and highly accomplished. Do you think you could be prepared in a week?"

"Hold, girl, be careful and consider, I have arranged the matter to my liking, and you must not rebel, or thwart my purposes to tell you."

And he arose and left the apartment in anger; and she sank slowly to the ground and prayed. She was prepared now, and she determined to let the week pass as she did others in her drear captivity.

CHAPTER IX.

CAMILLIA AND HER VISITOR.

For a time, Camilla stood still pondering in her mind the end of this strange programme, and anticipating, with nervous heart, the dire and infamous intentions of her father.

Of the destiny that awaits maidenhood, what shall we say? Where find the oracle which presides over the beauties of the hour, and then consigns them to their betrayers under the name of wife?

Camilla, with bowed head and pale, ashen face, awaited the issue of the stranger's visit: when, after a few minutes, her father broke the silence by saying—

Cold and bony—like the spectral hand of an uneasy conscience, when by midnight it arrests our slumbers, by the intervention of dark and fearful dreams.

"Mr. Edgerton nodded, and he went on in the same strain—"

"Father, if I am to suffer, let it be in silence. I pray you depart, and leave me to the darkness and solitude which you have forced me to submit to."

And she waived her hand wildly in the direction of the door, her dark eyes gleaming from their sockets, and her long tresses dishevelled and streaming down her shoulders.

The stranger turned pale as he contemplated the scene, and was about to depart, but at that moment she arose from her knees and detained him.

"You serve in battles," she said, hoarsely, "I know you do. Well, when you encounter my brother Austin spare him, will you not? He is young, gentle and pure. I feel his warm kisses yet—Oh! how good and loving—he was all love, and we used to sail by moonlight together, and ramble in search of wild flowers to make me a garland, and when I put it in my hair he would smile and whisper, 'Cammy, I love you,' and then he would kiss me, and press my hand fondly in his bosom and kiss me again."

ther, every word. To-night I will sail upon the lake, and sing to him, for he loves me. To-night I will make my requiem to the 'lovers' when they rise from the dark grave of the waters, and renew their troth plight; I will remember their end, and their tears, as they embraced, standing upon the shore when the destroyer met them.

Poor Camilla. She sang low and melancholy the traditional song of the "Phantom Lovers," and her tones were of sorrowful melody, as they stole along the deep gallery, and echoed back in thrilling responses.

Gonsalvo and his acquaintance were troubled, and they looked, by turns, at Camilla, and then at one another.

Omaha, though but a village of yesterday, is already a city of 16,000 inhabitants, by whom 1,500 dwellings and stores were erected within a year.

The Union Pacific Railroad has its temporary terminus here, and to show a little of what it is doing, and what may be expected as the road progresses to and beyond the Rocky Mountains, I will state that its earnings for one week have reached as high as \$109,000.

Greeley on Debt.

Horace Greeley preaches a very good sermon to young men in a recent issue of The Ledger, concerning the evils of running in debt.

The Cat Trade.

The New York correspondent of the Rochester Democrat, in speaking of the cat trade of the metropolis says:—"Cat skins are now used extensively for muffs and for sleigh robes, and hence a heavy slaughter is done on these animals; but the highest value of the cat is found in domestic life."

An ignorant had been sick, and on recovering, was told by the doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, sir," said he, "I took your gruel easy enough, but hang me if I can eat your hay and oats."

A Finished Education.

The California Teacher, a monthly educational journal, contains the following remarks on popular education:

Of all the humbugs of our shame ridden race, that of a finished education at a boarding-school is the greatest. And of all the ludicrous objects next to a dandy pedant fresh from college, a young lady—there are no girls—sent home according to order, is the most supremely ridiculous.

A girl, too, must be fitted with an education as the milliner fits her with a dress.—Education is a growth—a development. It does not consist in a long array of studies, in "going over" so many pages in botany, astronomy, and dear, delightful French.

Young girls who are on the point of finishing your education, exercise your common sense. Which would you prefer, to be able to write a correct and elegant letter in English to your future husband, or to favor him with an exquisite little French billet-doux?

Girls, be sensible. Don't imagine that you can be turned out finished out scholars at the advanced age even of 15 or 16. If you wish to be women, acquire the education of a woman.

A Good Take off.

Some of our religious and other papers obtain subscribers on the gift enterprise system, offering sewing machines, &c. Corry O'Leary takes them off neatly, as follows:

I propose to start a religious newspaper on the gift enterprise plan. It will be devoted to sanctity and sewing machines, piety, politics and patent medicines.

Subscribers for one copy of the Church Canever will be presented a box of patent Petroleum Paste Blacking. This is a very superior article; it will black boots or stoves, and may be used as a hair dye.

Subscribers for five copies will be presented with a pair of iron clad spectacles, with glass eyes, warranted to suit one ago as well as another.

Subscribers for twelve copies will be entitled to a wooden leg, a patent adjustable boot jack, which can also be used as a corkscrew, a coffee mill or an inkstand.

Subscribers for twenty copies will be entitled to a pair of false calves, and gilded copy of Anna Dickinson's speeches and writings.

Subscribers for twenty five copies will receive a tilting hoop skirt, and a marble bureau with a mahogany top.

Subscribers for fifty copies will receive a set of summer furs, and a burial plot with an order for a tombstone when required.

Subscribers for five hundred copies will receive a nomination for Congress with a library consisting of a bottle and a pack of cards.

Subscribers for a thousand copies will be presented with a farm in New Jersey, fenced in and mortgaged.

Clergymen acting as agents for the Canever will be furnished with a pair of brass knuckles and an acre of court plaster.

A certain brick layer had a wig working for him in the capacity of hog carrier, who was in the habit of going to sleep on the brick pile. One day, while working on the second story of a house, he yelled, "more mortar," and not hearing from the nigger, looked down and saw him sound asleep with the hod for a pillow. Yelling at him unsuccessfully, until hoarse, he adopted the novel expedient of throwing a brick on his head. The ruse succeeded. The darkey waked up, saying, "4—n does yar miskeeters! Dey wont luff a fellow sleep."