SUNBURY AMERICAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY E. WILVERT, PROPRIETOR, SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

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TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS r annum. $2 00 if not paid within the year. paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid. These terms will be strictly adhered to hereafter. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they e responsible until they have settled the bills and dered them discontinued.

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JOB PRINTING.

We have connected with our establishment a well ected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to ecute, in the neatest style, every variety of inting

BUSINESS CARDS.

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BRUNER & KASE,

ttorney's and Counsellors at Law,

Chestnut Street, west of the N. C. and P. & E. Railroad Depot, in the building lately occupied by F. Lazarus, Esq.,

SUNBURY, PENN'A.

ollections and all Professional business promptly tended to in Northumberland and adjoining Counties.

BOYER & WOLVERTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

On Second Floor in Bright's New Building,

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B. BOYER AND W. J. WOLVERTON, respectfully nounce that they have entered into co-partnership the practice of their profession in Northumberand and adjoining counties. Consultations can be ad in the German.

April 4, 1868.—1y

H. B. MASSER.

Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—Collections attended to in the counties of Northumberland, Union, Snyder, Montour, Columbia nd Lycoming.

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John W. Ashmead, Attorney at Law, "
Matthews & Cox, Attorneys at Law, "

Sunbury, March 29, 1862.

VM. M. ROCKEFELLER. LLOYD T. ROHRBACH.

ROCKEFELLER & ROHRBACH.

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SUNBURY, PENN'A.

OFFICE in Haupt's new Building, second floor. Entrance on Market Square,

Sunbury, January 4, 1868.

Teeth! Teeth!

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Formerly of ASHLAND, O., announces to the citizens of Northumberland county that he has located in SUNBURY, for the practice of Dentistry, and respectfully solicits your patronage. *Special* attention paid to *filling* and *dressing* teeth. Teeth extracted *without pain*, by using Narcotic spray—which I have used for three years with *perfect success* and *no injurious* results.

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November 9, 1867.

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ALL business attended to with promptness and diligence.

Shamokin, Aug. 10, 1867.—1y

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OFFICE in Jackson township. Engagements can be made by letter, directed to the above address. All business entrusted to his care, will be promptly attended to.

April 22, 1868.—1y

JACOB O. BECK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

And Dealer in

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTING, &c.

Fawn street, south of Weaver's Hotel,

SUNBURY, PA.

March 31 1866

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OFFICE in Haupt's new Building, on second floor Entrance on Market Square,

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Will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to his care, the collection of claims in Northumberland and the adjoining counties.

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All business entrusted to his care attended to promptly and with diligence.

Sunbury, April 27, 1867.

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Business in this and adjoining counties carefully and promptly attended to.

Office in Market Street, Third door west of Smith & Gauther's Stove and Tinware Store,

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Sunbury, March 31, 1866.—y

VALENTINE DETRICH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER

in every variety of

ANTHRACITE COAL,

Upper Wharf, SUNBURY, Penn'a.

☞ Orders solicited and filled with promptness and despatch.

Sunbury, May 12, 1866.—y.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

GRANT & BROTHER,

Shippers & Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

WHITE & RED ASH COAL,

in every variety.

Sole Agents, westward, of the Celebrated Henry Clay Coal.

LOWER WHARF, SUNBURY, PA.

Sunbury, Jan. 13, 1866.

JOHN P. HAAS,

Dealer in all kinds of

ANTHRACITE COAL,

MIDDLE WHARF, SUNBURY, PA.

IS prepared to supply all kinds of Anthracite Coal from the Shamokin Coal Region at cheap rates. All orders promptly filled. Country custom respectfully solicited. JOHN P. HAAS.

Sunbury, July 13, 1868.

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BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Monthly Time Books Drawing Books and Slates. Socks. Hymn Books Blank Books, Memorandum Books Diaries. Pocket Books. Ink Stands. Pens, Pencils, a fine assortment of Paper, Ink, &c.

For sale by ANNA PAINTER.

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Corner of Third Street and Market Square, in Miller's Stone Building, SUNBURY, PA.

WATCHES,

of the most celebrated makers, consisting of the Howard, Appleton, Tracy & Co., Waltham, Bartlett, W. Ellery, and all grades of the Elgin Ill's make.

Also, sole Agent for the celebrated, PAUL BRITON Watch, in Gold and Silver Case, at low prices.

Silver Ware for Wedding Presents,

of entirely new designs. Solid Silver Table and Tea Spoons, Butter Knives, Forks, Castors, Ice Pitchers, Fruit and Cake Baskets, Syrup Mugs, Butter Dishes, and everything in the Silverware line at low prices.

JEWELRY.

A fine stock of 18k Rings. Also a fine selection of Gold and Jet Jewelry of all descriptions. Gold and Silver Chains, at low prices.

GOLD PENS.

Fine Gold Pens in Gold, Silver and Rubber Cases, of the celebrated make, by Huffman and Stewart.

CLOCKS.

A full assortment of 3 day and 30 hour Clocks, at low prices.

Also Sole Agent for the celebrated Perfected Spectacles,—warranted to give entire satisfaction.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted.

All orders promptly attended to at the shortest notice.

Sunbury, Sept. 5, 1868.

GRAND OPENING

of

FALL AND WINTER

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

at

THOMAS G. NOTT'S

MERCHANT TAILOR STORE,

MARKET SQUARE, SUNBURY, PA.,

Consisting of

ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOTHS,
ENGLISH AND FRENCH CASSIMERES,
ENGLISH MELTONS OF ALL COLORS,

which have been selected from the largest and best establishments in New York and Philadelphia.

A general assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

embracing,

Neckties, Collars, Cravats, of the latest styles.

Fine Lamb's Wool Roller Jackets.

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, a large assortment of the best quality.

A large variety of GLOVES of every style and quality, from the Ballroom down to the laboring man's, and many other articles for Gentlemen's wear.

Fine French Yoke Shirts made to Order.

Having procured the services of the best workmen in the cities, garments will be made up to order which cannot be excelled in any city in fits, or quality of goods.

Gentlemen are particularly requested to call and see the goods and work before purchasing elsewhere.

Sunbury, Oct. 3, '68. THOMAS G. NOTT.

BAUGH'S

RAW BONE

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME,

TRADE MARK

ON EVERY PACKAGE.

BAUGH & SONS,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS & PROPRIETORS,

Office, No. 20 South Delaware Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA.

The above Manure has been before the Agricultural public for fifteen years past, under one name and proprietorship, and now has an established and large annual sale throughout the country. And as a perfect substitute for Peruvian Guano (at order at one half the cost) it has been adopted by agriculturalist of known intelligence and discrimination. It is warranted not to exhaust the soil, but on the contrary to permanently improve it. The sales now amount to many thousand tons annually, and the facilities for its manufacture are extensive and complete.

The above manures are furnished in both bags and barrels, whichever customers prefer.

The bags are uniform in weight 160 pounds.

The attention of Farmers is especially directed to the fact that the sources of the Raw Material of which the above manures are composed are so well under control that we can furnish them of strictly uniform quality and condition, and that they contain a larger percentage of ammonia than any other class of manufactured manures in the market.

BAUGH & SONS,

20 South Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.

☞ The highest cash price paid for all kinds of bones.

November 28, 1868.

FALL & WINTER GOODS!

AT

Miss Louisa Shissle's,

MARKET SQUARE,

Ladies' and Misses' HATS and BONNETS, in immense variety.

Millinery Goods and Trimmings.

French and American Ribbons, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, and a general assortment of Ladies' Millinery Goods, which have been selected with great care.

WOOLEN GOODS, FURS, &c.

Gents Collars, Neckties Gloves, &c.

Every variety will be found to select from, at MODERATE PRICES.

Sunbury, Oct. 17, 1868.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

Call and see the well selected Stock of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
OVERCOATINGS, VESTINGS, &c

Just received at

JOHN E. SMILEY'S

MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

Fourth Street, below Oyster's Store, SUNBURY

WINTER CLOTHING

of the most approved styles is made up to order at reasonable rates.

He has also a fine assortment of Cassimere Shirts, Drawers, Undershirts, Overhauls, Blouses, Neckties, Cotton and Woolen Hose, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, and a general variety of

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Give him a call, which you will find it to be to your advantage.

Sunbury, Oct. 24, 1868.

Notice to Merchants and Shippers.

THE undersigned, proprietor of Weiler & Frick's Line, gives notice to merchants and shippers that the Depot is still at 811 Market street, Philadelphia, and all goods directed to Sunbury, Danville and Lewisburg, and all intermediate stations along the railroad, will be promptly delivered.

☞ Cars leave 811 Market street, Philadelphia tri-weekly—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

BROWN & KLECKNER

December 7, 1867.

CALL and see the beautiful Bird Cages at the New Hardware store of C. R. CONLEY & Co.

CASH.

HIGHEST market price in CASH, paid for all Copper, Brass, Lead, Zinc, Iron, &c., by

W. O. HICKOK & SON,

Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

January 9, 1869.—1m

POETICAL.

[For the Sunbury American.]

THE BANISHED BULLFROG, WITH A MORAL.

BY REV. J. R. CRESSINGER.

As strolling at on things to look,
I changed upon a little brook,
Where shine on a mossy stone
Was a great Bullfrog all alone.

With his green eyes he seemed to look
Upon a pretty little nook;
Where sporting on that sunny day,
Were other frogs in friendly play.

For that upon the group to look,
His motives I just then mistook,
Tilt erring eye he seemed to say
In stagnic waters I don't play.

For I prefer the running brook,
Where clear on objects I can look;
And choose my company for a play,
From contest Bullfrogs any day.

I with disdain do love to look
Out of this pretty crystal brook;
On common Bullfrogs by the way,
Who from their mud holes chance to stray.

For when I am sitting by this brook,
They seem to covet my good look,
Because I am the greatest frog,
That ever hopped on stone or log.

Why, my dear sir, inspect my look,
As seated by my little brook,
And say if ever you did see,
A better looking frog than me.

While scanning him, I close did look,
Across the pretty little brook;
Just then I heard a Bullfrog's cry
A coming from the nook close by,

Which said, this way, sir, please to look
While I address you from this nook,
And listen to that frog no more;
For he is fashion's greatest bore

When he was young he underlook,
While living with us in this nook,
To rule the roost, but soon did fail
Over us frogs to prevail.

We drove him from this cosy nook,
To seek some other pond, or brook;
Away from mother Bullfrog he,
An exile, evermore to be.

When he was born within this nook,
To care for him we little took,
And when a tadpole with a tail,
We tried to please him without fail.

But while a sporting in this nook,
In a few days his tail forsook,
With legs to jump, and eyes to see,
A little Bullfrog then was he.

Hopping about his native nook;
He had a proud, and haughty look,
Am tried a great swell to be
Among his brother's family.

Therefore you see him by this brook,
An exile from his native nook;
Sitting, on log, or stump, or stone,
A banished Bullfrog all alone.

SULLIVAN, Ohio, Mar. 6 69.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE FATHER'S RETURN.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

What a pleasant little home it was! The family sitting-room had never before looked so bright and attractive as on that autumn afternoon. A cheerful fire blazed on the hearthstone; the crimson curtains were closely drawn, filling the room with warm, roseate light, and in the midst of this, in her low, sewing chair, sat the young wife, a dainty bit of embroidery on her lap, at which she worked away with deft fingers, humming all the while a gentle lullaby to the little sleeper in the wicker cradle by her side. On the rug, at her feet, lay a little girl, her first-born, worn out with play, her curly head pillowed on a great shaggy Newfoundland, and both fast asleep.

Richard Standish, the husband and father, stood noiselessly on the threshold, contemplating this pretty home picture with a full heart. After a few moments he made a step into the room. His wife looked up quickly, her eyes brightening with pleasure.

'Oh, husband! is it you?' she said; 'how glad I am. I was so afraid you'd be detained late. Come in, I want——'

But something in his face silenced her all at once, and she sat looking up at him with tender, entreating eyes. He spoke at last, his voice hoarse and unsteady.

'The Albatross' sails to-morrow, morning, Violet,' he said.

A silence fell between them, broken at last by her passionate inquiry.

'But, Dick, is there no help? Must you—*must* you go?'

'I must, Violet!'

She said no more, knowing that his decision was inexorable. Once before, since their marriage, he had gone, leaving her for a whole dreary year—and now he was going again. The embroidery fell from her fingers, and she sat gazing into the red coals, while the babies slept at her feet, thinking of the desolate hours in store for her and them. Her husband watched her with a swelling heart. After a while he approached her, and stroking her bright, rippling hair, said tenderly:

'Poor Violet, poor, little wife, you mustn't take it so hard.'

She made no answer, but throwing her arms around his neck, sobbed for a few moments on his bosom; and then she was ready for her work, and there was plenty to do. Clothing to overlook, socks to darn, besides all the packing. The whole night long she was at it, and in the chill, drear dawn, pale and weary, but with wide, sleepless eyes, she followed him down to the Wharf. The 'Albatross,' swung at anchor, all ready for her departure.

He had kissed the babies as they lay asleep in their little cot-bed, and now turned to his wife.

'Good by, Violet,' his bronzed features working with the emotion he struggled to keep down. 'I may as well say it at once, as it's got to be done; take care of yourself, and the babies, and don't worry about me; a year'll soon slip by, and then I'll be back again, God willing. Kiss me, and run home like a good little wife; you're shivering with the cold now.'

She kissed him, clinging to his bosom for a moment, and then she hurried away. But on the top of the hill she paused to look back. She could not discern his face or figure in the crowd of busy men that thronged the docks, yet she gazed through the darkness with yearning, pitiful eyes, until the moment of departure came; and amid cheers and shouts, and booming guns, the 'Albatross' started on her long voyage, her white sails looking like great wings in the uncertain morning light.

Thought hurried homeward to the babies would be waking and need their care. But what a weary, aching heart she carried in her bosom. All at once the sun and interest of humble struggle to have died out of the very world had changed. The red, dawn fires, just kindling in the far east, wore a garish, sickly light; the early matin of the birds sounded harsh and discordant; and her home, hitherto so pretty and attractive in her eyes, looked full of a dreary loneliness. But Violet was of no weak, little nature, despite her childish face and dripping hair, and although heart and hands were alike aimless and nerveless, she went resolutely to work, and after a time she worked herself into a genial, hopeful temper. These simple, homely tasks, that make up our life drudgery, are often the saving of our souls; this ceaseless labor, from which we flinch at times, the universal panacea for human ills and woes.

The glory of autumn faded, and winter came. The snows fell white and deep round the sailor's little cottage, and through the dreary, weary nights the patient mother worked and watched her babies. Little Anne, the eldest born, could remember her father, and over and over again she would ask,

'Mother, when will father come home from over the big sea?'

And the mother would answer, her blue eyes brightening at the thought,

'When summer time comes, darling, and the golden pippins get ripe, then father will come home.'

And the winter went by at last, and spring came, bringing the bloom of primroses, and the odor of violets, and the golden pippin tree was one mass of fragrant blossoms. Little Annie watched them, and led her baby brother beneath their rustling shadow, telling him of the coming day when father would come home. Almost a year had gone by, and in all this long, long time only one letter had come. Midshipman Standish found but few opportunities to send letters; but this one sufficed. He was well, and the 'Albatross' would soon be homeward bound—he would be home in autumn.

And autumn came, the trees put on the livery of royal purple, the hills their russet gold. Violet Standish went about her work, from day to day, with an indescribable beauty in her face. She seemed to have grown young again; all the cares and troubles of her life dropped off like a mantle, leaving her clothed in the radiant garments of hope and love—the fair, fresh, winsome girl that Dick Standish had won amid the clover bloom of her home five years before. The little children wandered about in the yellow sunlight, dyeing their fingers with berries, and peeping into the tiny homes of the robins; and one sunny morning both came rushing in all aglow with excitement.

'Mother, mother!' cried Annie, her little pinafore filled with golden fruit, 'see here! the golden pippins are ripe—will father come home to-day?'

Violet's heart gave a great leap of gladness. She looked out at the blue sky, the boating, fleecy clouds, and mist crowned hills, with something like a prophecy at her heart.

'I think he will, darling!' she replied; 'we will make ready for him, any way. Go gather all you can.'

And the children toddled off again, the little sturdy boy looking so like his father, that his mother ran after him and covered his brown face with kisses. She then hurried back and fell to work. She cleaned the cottage till a speck of dirt could nowhere be found, put fresh linen on the beds, and fresh flowers in the windows—and then she went to cooking. Every delicacy for which he had ever expressed a fancy, was prepared; and as the sun was going down, dressed in her prettiest gown, she sat down to wait.

'Will father come to-night, mother?' asked Annie, starting up in the twilight.

'If not to-night, he will come to-morrow, love!'

To-morrow came, the golden pippins hung ripening on the tree; the grain waved in yellow sheaves around the cottage door. The year had rounded—why did not the wanderer come? The children wandered about restlessly, followed by faithful old Leo; and after noon, growing impatient and anxious, Violet went down to the post office. Perchance there might be a letter, or some tidings from the 'Albatross.'

A crowd of men surrounded the door, evidently in eager discussion, but they made way for her deferentially. There was no letter, and no tidings from the 'Albatross.' The postmaster hesitated and looked at her with pitying eyes—so did the bystanders—

'What is it?' she questioned, looking from one to another.

Then, an awful fear thrilling through her, she snatched a paper they had been reading. There it was in flaming characters!

'Losses at sea! The Albatross, due at this port on the 19th instant, took fire on the Indian Ocean, and every soul on board was lost!'

She tottered homeward through the glory of the autumn evening, clutching the paper in her hand. The children met her at the gate.

'What is it, mother?' questioned Annie, looking up, affrighted at her white face.—'Won't father come home?'

'No, no!' she wailed, in answer. 'He will never come home any more! never any more!'

The autumn passed again, and winter followed, with dreary nights of storm and darkness. But Violet Standish lived and worked, for the mother-love in her bosom was strong. Spring came with its beauty and promise, the pomp and pageantry of another summer, and autumn again. The golden pippins ripened, and Annie and her little brother gathered them in with a nameless awe in their young faces. Winter again, and Christmas eve. The snow piled in great drifts around the little cottage; the air keen and biting; the out in countless thousands. The mother and her little ones gathered in their raggots, and threw a heavy log upon the fire; and Leo stretched his huge length before the blaze. Then they sat down to their work, for work was becoming a necessity in these latter days; and even little Annie's tiny fingers did their part. The sturdy little boy, growing more and more like his lost father, cracked nuts, and shot straws at Leo, and finally grew weary, and betook himself to his trundle bed.

'Watch Kriss Kringle bring me, mother!' he asked, popping up his curly head.

His mother glanced across at his chubby stocking suspended against the wall, and her eyes filled with tears. Her store of Christmas gifts was very scant, yet she answered pleasantly,

'Something nice, perhaps, darling, if you lie to sleep like a good boy.'

Annie worked until her blue eyes grew heavy; and she followed her brother to the little bed, but not to sleep—she lay awake listening to the voice of the wind. It was a terrible night, cold and windy, and the distant boom of the sea was incessant. Her mother trimmed the lamp, and continued her sewing.

'Don't work any more, mother,' said the child. 'Come to bed, please—I'm so lonesome.'

'But I must finish this garment to-night, love. We shall need more coal on Monday; and there's no money till this is paid for.—Go to sleep, there's a darling. You're not lonesome with mother near.'

But the child still remained awake, her blue eyes full of solemn inquiry.

'Mother,' she began again, after a pause, 'how nice it is to have a father. Lizzie Green is so happy, I think; her father takes her everywhere, and gets her such nice things. I wish my father had lived. Do you think, mother, he knows about us up in heaven? Can he see how lonesome we are?'

The poor, pale faced woman put her hand as the child's prattle tortured her.

'My darling, yes, he knows more of us, and sees us. I think,' she replied, speaking with an effort. 'But go to sleep now, please; mother is too tired to talk.'

'Yes, mother; only let me tell you what I've been thinking. What if the Lord would let Kris Kringle bring father home to-night—would it be nice, mother?'

'Yes, love; but that cannot be. Father cannot come to us; but we shall go to him by and bye.'

Annie fell into silence, and the night waned away. The stars burned, and the winds moaned, and the great sea thundered. Violet worked on steadily. She was a brave, strong woman, and kept her sorrow beneath her feet; but it rose up strong and fierce to-night. Old memories of her happy girlhood came trooping back; fond words, loving smiles, tender caresses. Her tired soul was full to overflowing. How should she ever bear the burden of life through another year? It was so hard, she would faint in the endeavor, but for her children's sake. Glancing over at the little couch, and the pair of curly heads, she resumed her needle with fresh vigor. The hours wore on; Christmas with its peace on earth, and its promise of gladness to all men. What would it bring to her?

The wind rose, driving the light snow against the windows. Leo put up his ears and listened, then he arose and trotted off to the door. Presently he began to wine plaintively.

'What is it, Leo?' asked his mistress.

The dog came to her side, looking up in her face with an intelligence that seemed almost human; then he went back to the door, pawing and whining. Violet put down her work and went to the window. As the wind lulled, she caught the sound of a step, a firm, quick step, crunching the frozen snow. The dog leaped to the window, barking and whining, and showing every manifestation of joy. The step came nearer and nearer. A wild terror filled the lonely woman's heart. What danger threatened her children? She glanced toward the little bed, and there sat Annie, in her white night-robe, her hands clasped, her sweet, spiritual face fairly radiant with joy.

'Oh! mother, mother!' she cried, 'don't you know, don't you feel it—it is father coming home!'

A wild thrill shot through the poor wife's heart; terror, hope, doubt all commingled; her limbs trembled, and she grew faint; but as the step came nearer and nearer, obeying an impulse stronger than her will, or her fear, she opened the door. A brawny, broad-shouldered man, in a sailor's garb. One instant she gazed on him, and then she clasped him in her arms with a wild cry,

'Oh! it is—it is my husband! Oh, Dick! you are not dead! God has sent you back to me again!'

'Yes, Violet,' his hot tears raining on her cheeks, 'from the very jaws of death He has sent me back to you.'

She held him close for a moment, and then the mother love began to stir in her heart. She turned and pointed to the little bed.—Annie was awaiting him with wide, bright eyes.

'I knew it, father, and I told mother so,' she whispered, as she clasped his neck. 'I knew that God would let Kris Kringle bring you home to night.'

And Christmas morning dawned, bringing a renewal of the promise of peace on earth to all the world, and to the sailor's home, a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LUCID CHARGE.—Think of twelve innocent-looking gentlemen in a box in Smith county, Texas, listening with wide-open eyes to the following charge:

"If the jury believe on the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were partakers in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant, and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid for the note, by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted not breachy, and the warrant was broken by reason of the breachiness of the cow, and he drove her back, and tendered her to the defendant, but her refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again and put a heavy yoke on her to prevent her from jumping fences, and by means of the yoke she broke her neck and died; and if the jury farther believed that the defendant's interest in the grocery was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for beef or milk, then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case, for the court, if she understands herself—and she thinks she does—don't know how such a case should be decided."

The verdict was "yes," and both parties appealed.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat first glides down the mighty channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the great stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is alone a keeper and wider flow, among objects more striking and magnificent.—We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyment and industry all around us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointments. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough, smooth, the river hastens on till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of the earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.—*Heler.*

Grecian architecture—the *stoops* that ladies use at present.

More than fifteen hundred ladies of Centre county have signed a petition praying the Court to grant no more liquor selling licenses.

Why don't you Learn a Trade.

This question was propounded in our hearing, a few days since, to a young man who had been for several months unsuccessfully seeking employment as a clerk or salesman in some of our leading houses. Complaining of his ill luck, one of his friends, who knew he had mechanical talent, but doubtful whether he could make himself useful, either as a clerk or salesman, put the interrogatory to him which we have placed at the caption of this article. The reply was, that a mechanical trade was not so respectable as a mercantile occupation.

Under this delusive idea our stores are crowded with young men who have no capacity for business, and, who, because of the fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste away their minority upon salaries which cannot possible liquidate their expenditures. Late, too late in life, they discover their error, and before they reach the age of thirty, many of them look with envy upon the thrifty mechanic, whom, in the days of their boyhood, they accustomed to deride.

FROG CATCHING.—Everybody has noticed the delicate white bodies of frogs, devoid of their colored coats and trowsers, stretched out on ice in the windows of restaurants, and looking like very diminutive babies in primitive costume. The number of these succulent little fellows that are daily consumed in this city is not small, and a large part of them come from the romantic banks of the Calumet, south of the city, employing the services of quite a number of fishermen. It is said that some of these experts become so skillful that they can tell, in a bed of mud, exactly where a frog has buried himself. As high as five dollars each has been paid by our medical colleges in winter time for living frogs. The reptiles are used for experiments in galvanism. As nothing else will answer, the professor must have a supply, even if the ice be a foot thick. The same people who in autumn bring frogs to French restaurants, procure them in the dead of winter. When first taken from the frozen mud they are as stiff as the imitations of them in cast iron that we see in ornamental fountains. In a bath of tepid milk, they not only become active but hungry. The price is sometimes as high as a dollar each.—*Exchange.*

TO DAY AND TO MORROW.—To-day we gather bright and beautiful flowers—to-morrow they are faded and dead.

To-day a wreath of leaves shade us—to-morrow, sear fallen, they crumble beneath our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green—to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalks only bend before the grain—to-morrow "the land is taking its Sabbath after the toil."

To day we hear sweet songsters of meadow and forest, the buzz and hum of myriad insects; to-morrow—breathe softly—all nature is hushed and silent.

To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surroundings, attracts the passer by—to-morrow a head of ruins mark the site.

To-day there are cattle on a thousand hills—to-morrow they fall in slaughter.

The fashion of the world passeth away. But let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and the sapless stalks, we shall "arise to newness of life."

Where everlasting spring abides,
And never wintering flowers.

"FAT IN THE FIRE."—A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant in the way he should go, so that when his wife was present he might not depart from it, sent him with a box ticket for a threatre to a young lady. The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had, of course been told in giving answers to certain kind of questions, to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun in speaking of the lady.

"Did you see *him?*" said the gentleman, giving him the cue.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "*He* said *he'd* go with a great deal of pleasure; and that *he'd* wait for you, sir."

"What was he doing," carelessly asked his wife.

"*He* was putting on his *bonnet*," was the reply.

There was "fat in the fire" immediately.

Show us the man whose waist has been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

There is a young lady in New York so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

AGRICULTURAL, &C.

To Make Cows Give Milk.

A writer, who says his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight persons, and from which was made two hundred and sixty pounds of butter this year, gives the gollowing as his treatment. He says:

"If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow, three times a day, water slightly warm, slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty five per cent, more milk immediately under the effect of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water, unless very thirsty; but this mess she will drink almost any time and 'ask for more.' The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pail full each time, morning, noon, and night. Four hundred pounds of butter are often obtained from good stock, and instances are mentioned where the yield was even at a higher figure.

DO FRUITS MIX.—We notice that the belief is entertained by some leading pomologists that not only strawberries will mix by having different varieties in juxtaposition, but that *pears* will do the same thing! We have our doubts of this; at least we have never observed anything of the kind among our own fruit, though growing side by side. We all know that a pistillate strawberry must be fertilized by a staminate variety, and this staminate may be changed year after year without modifying in any degree the original berry. We all know too, that, containing this practice, the Allen raspberry by itself is a poor bearer of small fruit, but if fructified by another raspberry whose inflorescence occurs at the same time, it will produce larger, better and three or four times as much fruit, but they are strictly the Allen still. We must have very strong proof before we can believe that the pollen one fruit transmits to another fruit belonging to the same family anything more than, when necessary, an assistance in its productive capacity.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

RECIPES, &c.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

Different Ways of Making Soups, &c.

THERE is no dish, perhaps, that comes to the table, which gives such general satisfaction as well prepared soup. There should always be plenty of dried herbs in the store closet. They should be kept in labeled paper bags. Soup should never be suffered to stand in any vessel of tin, copper, or iron to get cold; but if not to be used at once, must be poured off, while hot, into a shallow, well glazed, earthen pan.

Lean, juicy, fresh killed meat is best for soup; fat meat is wasteful. To extract the strength from the meat, it should first be put in cold water, gradually heated, and finally subjected to a long and slow boiling. All soups are better for being made the day before they are to be used.

BROWN STOCK.—Take one pound of lean beef, shin, leg, ox cheek, or from the clod; cut in slices, and place at the bottom of a greased sauce-pan, adding a little water, to prevent its burning. Add a piece of lean bacon, cut in slices—a more or less quantity is immaterial; from one quarter to nearly the same amount of beef. Cover close to draw out the gravy gently, and then allow it nearly to dry until it becomes brown, then pour in sufficient boiling water to entirely cover the meat, skimming it frequently, and putting in salt, whole peppers, pot-herbs, and vegetables of any kind. After boiling gently for five or six hours, pour the broth over the meat, and let it stand during the night to cool. In the morning take off the scum and fat, heat it, and put it away in a stone jar for future use. This will form a foundation for all the best brown soups.

Brown stock may be made from the liquor in which meat has been boiled; from the trimmings and bones of dressed and undressed meat and game. Indeed, anything which is fit and proper to be eaten, in the form of animal food, and is in any degree resolvable into jelly, will assist in making stock.

WHITE STOCK. Cut two pounds of knuckle or scrag of veal, into small pieces, place them in the stewpan, with two ounces of salt butter or dripping, two ounces of lean bacon cut small, a gill of water, three middle sized or six ounces of onions sliced.—When boiling, stir with a spoon for about ten minutes, or until it forms a whiteish thick gravy at the bottom, or gets rather dry, then add five pints of hot or cold water. Let it simmer gently for three quarters of an hour, skim it well, pass it through a sieve, when it will be found clear and ready for use. In case bacon or ham cannot be obtained, use half a pound more meat. To add more zest to the flavor, thyme, a bay leaf, or winter savory, may be added.

SIMPLE OX TAIL SOUP.—Take the hind shin of beef, cut off all the flesh from the leg-bone, which must be taken away entirely, or the soup will be greasy. Wash the meat clean, and lay it in a pot, sprinkle over it one small tablespoonful of black pepper and two of salt, three onions the size of a hen's egg, cut small, six small carrots scraped and cut up, two small turnips pared and cut into dice, two or three potatoes, a little cabbage cut fine, and two or three tomatoes, if in season. These vegetables can be varied in quantity, or one or more omitted entirely, according to taste. Pour on three quarts of water, cover the pot close, and boil gently and steadily for five hours, which will leave about three pints of clear soup. Do not let the pot boil over, and take off the scum as it rises. When nearly done, flavor with thyme, parsley and celery.

MOCK TURTLE, or CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Boil the head and lights till very tender, then take it up, strain the liquor and set it away until the next day. Then skim off the fat, cut up the meat, after carefully removing all the bones, and put it into the liquor, and stew the whole gently for half an hour. Season the soup with salt, pepper, and sweet herbs; add cloves or curry powder, if you want it seasoned highly, and just as you take it up stir in some lemon juice, or half a pint of white wine. If you wish forcemeat balls in the soup, they should be added when put on to boil.

To make forcemeat balls, boil the brains for ten minutes, then put them in cold water. When cool, chop and mix them with five spoonsful of grated bread, a little grated nutmeg, pepper, salt, and thyme, and two eggs. Roll the balls as large as the yolk of an egg, and fry a light brown in butter or dripping.

SQUIRREL SOUP.—Cut up two young squirrels, and put them in a pot with five quarts of cold water, season with salt and pepper. Boil until the meat is very well done, and remove it from the liquor, and cut it up into small pieces. Put it in the soup a quarter of a pound of butter mixed with a little flour, and a pint of cream; milk will do, but not so well. Throw in the cut meat, and just before you serve it add the beaten yolks of two eggs, and a little parsley. Rabbits may be cooked the same way.

Chicken soup is nice made the same way, with the addition of a pint of green corn cut from the cob, and put in when it is half done.

OCHRA SOUP.—Boil a leg of veal with about four dozen ochras, an hour; add six tomatoes, six small onions, one green pepper, a bunch of thyme, and parsley. Season with salt and red pepper to your taste, and, if agreeable, add a piece of salt pork which has been previously boiled. Boil seven or eight hours.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Take four large bunches of asparagus, scrape it nicely, cut off one inch of the tops and lay them in water; chop the stalks and put them on the fire with a piece of bacon, a large onion cut up, and pepper and salt; add two quarts of water; boil them till the stalks are quite soft, then pulp them through a sieve, and strain the water to it, which must be put back in the pot. Put into it a chicken cut up, with the tops of asparagus which had been laid by.—Boil it until these last articles are sufficiently done, thicken with flour, butter and milk, and serve it up