# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

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**The Sunbury American**

Is Published Every Friday, by
EM'L WILVERT, Proprietor,
*Corner of Third St., and Market Square,*
SUNBURY, PA.

**At One Dollar and Fifty Cents**

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## Medical.

**BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL**

DR. JOHNSTON,

Physician of this celebrated Institution, has discovered the most certain, speedy, pleasant and effectual remedy in the world for all

DISEASES OF IMPRUDENCE.

Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—these terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons or Young Men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness, (Loss of Procreative Power—Impotency), Nervous Irritability, Palpitation, Organic Weakness, Nervous Debility, or any other Disqualification, speedily relieved.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a Physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

Impotency, Loss of Power, immediately Cured and full Vigor Restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders Life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasures of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders who keep them trifling month after month, taking poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduated from one of the most eminent colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, fearfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Back and Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY—The fearful effects on the mind much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

THOUSANDS of persons of all ages can now trace what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming, weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN

who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured, renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be blighted from all prospects and enjoyments of life by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect daily darkens to the view; the mind becomes overwhelmed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection, that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of a painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, prevents him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him; delaying till the constitutional symptoms of the horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, producing with frightful rapidity, till at last the face of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall and the victim of this awful disease becomes the frightful object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful suffering, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."

It is a melancholy fact that thousands DIE a victim to this terrible disease, through falling into the hands of Ignorant or unskillful PRETENDERS, who, by the use of that deadly Poison, Mercury, &c., destroy the constitution, and incapable of curing, keep the unhappy sufferer preyed upon for a time, and then after month after month taking their noxious or poisonous compounds, and instead of being restored to the renewal of Life Vigor and Happiness, in despair leave him with ruined Health to sigh over the blasting disappointment.

In such, therefore, Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most Inviolable Secrecy, and from his extensive practice and observations in the Great Hospitals of Europe, and the first in this country, viz: England, France, Philadelphia and elsewhere, is enabled to offer the most speedy and effectual remedy in the world to all diseases of imprudence.

DR. JOHNSTON,
OFFICE, NO. 7, S. FREDERICK STREET,
BALTIMORE, M. D.

Second side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

N.B.—No letters received unless postpaid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age, and send a portion of advertisement describing symptoms.

Beware are so many Paltry, Designing and Careless Impostors advertising themselves as Physicians, trifling with and ruining the health of those who unfortunately fall into their power. Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say especially to those unacquainted with his reputation, that his Credentials or Diplomas always hung in his office.

ENDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

Given to many thousands cured at this Establishment year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the representatives of the press and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, whose high standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted. Shin diseases speedily cured.

April 3, 1874.—1y



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RYE WHISKY,
$4.00 a gallon. $11.00 a dozen.
YELLOW SEAL SHERRY,
In large bottles, $11,00 a dozen.
GOLD SEAL BRANDY,
$18.00 a dozen.
APPLE JACK,
JAMAICA RUM,
SCOTCH WHISKY,
CATAWBA WINE,
OLD PORT WINE,
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April 4, 1872.



## Professional.

**WM. A. SOBER,** ATTORNEY AT LAW AND COUNTY SOLICITOR.
Office on Front Street below Market, Sunbury, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to.

**JAMES BEARD,** ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Haupt's building, South East Corner of Market Square, Sunbury, Pa.
Special Attention Paid to Collections.

**JAMES H. McDEVITT,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER. Office with S. B. Boyer, Esq., in Bright's Building, Sunbury, Pa. Aug. 29, '73.—1y.

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Conveyancing, the collections of claims, writings, and all kinds of Legal business will be attended to carefully and with despatch. Can be consulted in the English and German language. Office formerly occupied by Solomon Malick, Esq., opposite City Hotel, Sunbury, Pa.
March 29, 1873.—1y.

**G. A. BOTDORF,**
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Also Agent for the Lebanon Valley Fire Insurance Company. mh15

**T. H. B. KASE,** Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Office in Market Square, (adjoining the office of W. I. Greenough, Esq.,) Professional business in this and adjoining counties promptly attended to.
Sunbury, March 16, 1872.—1y.

**W. C. PACKER,**
**Attorney at Law,**
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November 9, 1872.—tf.

**S. B. BOYER,** Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Rooms Nos. 2 a 3 Second Floor, Bright's Building, SUNBURY, PA. Professional business attended to, in the courts of Northumberland and adjoining counties. Also, in the *Circuit* and *District* Courts for the Western District of Pennsylvania. Claims promptly collected. Particular attention paid to *cases in Bankruptcy*. Consultation can be had in the German language. mar25,'71.

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Sunbury, Pa., June 8, 1872.

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Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Pocket Books, Dairies, &c.

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**SOLOMON MALICK,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office at his residence on Arch street, one square north of the Court House, near the jail, SUNBURY, PA. Collections and all professional business promptly attended to in this and adjoining counties. Consultations can be had in the German language. July27-1872.

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**ZIEGLER & ROHRBACH,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office in Haupt's Building, lately occupied by Judge Rockefeller and L. T. Rohrbach, Esq.
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Dec. 2, 1871.

**DR. C. M. MARTIN,** Office in Drug Store, Clement House Block, Office hours: from 11 a. m., to 1 p. m., and from 6 to 9 p. m., at all other hours, when not Professionally engaged can be found at residence, corner of Front and Penn street, SUNBURY, PA. Particular attention given to surgical cases. Will visit Patients either in town or country.



## Hotels and Restaurants.

**CRAWFORD HOUSE,** Cor. Third and Mulberry, Business Centre, Williamsport, Pa.
D. B. ELSE & CO., Proprietor.
June 29, 1873.

**UNITED STATES HOTEL,** W. F. KITCHEN, Proprietor. Opposite the Depot SHAMOKIN, PA. Every attention given to travellers, and the best accommodations given. April 5, 1873.—tf

**WASHINGTON HOUSE,** C. NEFF Proprietor, Corner of Market & Second Streets, opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Pa. May28,'70.

**ALLEGHENY HOUSE,** A. BECK, Proprietor, Nos. 812 and 814 Market Street, above eighth, PHILADELPHIA. Terms, $2 per day. He respectfully solicits your patronage. Jan6'72.

**NATIONAL HOTEL.** AUGUSTUS WALD, Proprietor, Georgetown North'd County, Pa., at the Station of the N. C. R. W. Choice wines and cigars at the bar.
The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Good stabling and attentive ostlers.

**HUMMEL'S RESTAURANT.**
LOUIS HUMMEL, Proprietor,
Commerce St., SHAMOKIN, PENN'A.
Having just refitted the above Saloon for the accomodation of the public, is now prepared to serve his friends with the best refreshments, and fresh Lager Beer, Ale, Porter, and all other malt quors.



## Business Cards.

W. S. RHOADS. J. PACKER HAAS
**W. S. RHOADS & CO.,**
RETAIL DEALERS OF
ANTHRACITE COAL, SUNBURY, PENN'A.
OFFICE WITH HAAS, FAGELY & CO.,
Orders left at Seasholtz & Bro's., office Market street, will receive prompt attention. Country custom respectfully solicited.
Feb. 4, 1871.—tf.

ANTHRACITE COAL!
**VALENTINE DIETZ,** Wholesale and Retail dealer in every variety of ANTHRACITE COAL. UPPER WHARF, SUNBURY, PENN'A.
All kinds of Grain taken in exchange for Coal. Orders solicited and filled promptly. Orders left at S. F. Nevin's Confectionery Store, on Third street, will recieve prompt attention, and money receipted for, the same as at the office.

**DENTISTRY.**
GEORGE M. RENN,
*In Simpson's Building, Market Square,*
SUNBURY, PA.,
is prepared to do all kinds of work pertaining to Dentistry. He keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Teeth, and other Dental material, from which he will be able to select, and meet the wants of his customers.
All work warranted to give satisfaction, or else the money refunded.
The very best Mouth Wash and Tooth-Powders kept on hand.
His references are the numerous patrons for whom he has worked for the last twelve years.
Sunbury, April 21, 1872.

**COAL! COAL! COAL!**—GRANT BROS., Shippers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in WHITE AND RED ASH COAL, SUNBURY, PA. (LOWER WHARF.)
Orders will receive prompt attention.

**NEW COAL YARD.**
THE undersigned having connected the Coal business with his extensive FLOUR & GRAIN trade, is prepared to supply families with the
**VERY BEST OF COAL,**
**CHEAP FOR CASH.**
Egg, Stove and Nut, constantly on hand. Grain taken in exchange for Coal.
J. M. GADWALLADER.
Sunbury, Jan. 15, 1870.—tf.



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The Largest and Most Complete Establishment

IN THIS SECTION.

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NEAT WORK,

IMPROVED PRESSES,

SKILLED WORKMEN.

**ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.**

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CARDS,

CHECKS AND DRAFTS,

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DODGERS,

PAPER BOOKS,

MANIFESTS,

CIRCULARS.

Every thing that is needed in the printing department will be executed with promptness and at low prices. All are invited to call and examine our samples. No trouble to give estimates and show goods. We shall cheerfully do this to all, who call for that purpose, without charge.

Orders for Subscription, Advertising or Job Printing, thankfully received.

Address

EM'L WILVERT, Proprietor,
SUNBURY, PA.



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THE SUNBURY AMERICAN

IS THE

*BEST ADVERISING MEDIUM*

In the Central part of the State,

IT CIRCULATES

In one of the Most Thrifty, Intelligent and

WEALTHY

SECTIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Sample copy of paper sent to any address free of charge.



**Manhood: How Lost, How Restored**

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or seminal weakness, involuntary seminal losses, impotency, Mental and physical incapacity, impediments to marriage, etc., also Consumption, Epilepsy and fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.

Price in sealed envelope only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty year's successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps.

Address the Publishers,

*CHAS. J. C. KLINE, & CO.*
127 Bowery, N. Y. Post Office Box, 4586

Jan., 24, 1874-1y.


## Select Poetry.

### I Remember, I Remember.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish that night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The blacks where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The libernum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirits flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy!

## Tales and Sketches.

### CAUGHT IN A PRAIRIE STORM.

'Prairies! The very name makes me shiver. When covered with snow they are trackless as is the ocean to an unskilled navigator. I would about as soon cross the Sahara without a guide as to try to get over the snowy plains of the West and Northwest. The real fright I once had in one of these tracts, sir, was bad enough to serve me for a life time.'

'Tell us about it, Captain.'

'Well, I don't mind. My Uncle Dan and his family were staying at the D. settlement, for he had taken the western fever and they were out there. Uncle Dan was always a speculator—though he did manage to line his pocket well. He purchased a vast tract of land at D., with an eye, it must have been, to such promises as were held out to Abraham of old; for acres and acres of this land he could never utilize, though later he might sell it again to personal advantage. I was out helping him. The family consisted of two grown-up daughters and two young sons, and there was a niece, Cordelia. From the moment I saw Cordelia Berdwell I thought a great deal of her. Perhaps that's why I stayed in the uncivilized place.

'Rolfe,' said Uncle Dan, one morning in the latter part of the winter, 'it looks like a fine day, does it not?'

'Clear and bright, sir, I believe.'

'Aye, likely to last. What say you to taking Brown Bess and going to Bingley's Mills for me?'

'I will go with pleasure, Uncle Dan.'

'The weather may break up any week, now, Rolfe, and I must have the timber ready down the river as far as the forks with the freshets. There's a master lot to go down next season, and we shall have a vast deal of teaming to bring it over here from the forks. But, Rolfe, I know it will be a good speculation. By erecting a number of cheap, substantial buildings on sections of my land, I can advertise and sell first-rate.'

'Well, sir, I am ready to go over to Bingley's Mills for you and make what arrangements you please about the timber.'

'So, Hector, boy, go out and get the mare harnessed.'

'Uncle Dan, may I go to Bingley's Mills, too?' cried a pleading, pretty voice, as Hector leaped off after his errand.

'I could hardly believe my ears. The voice was Cordelia's.

'The child must be crazy!' cried our aunt. 'Do you know the length of the journey, Delia?'

'It is a lovely day, aunt, it won't hurt me.'

'Yes, it is a lovely day, mother, so clear and calm,' cried one of the other girls—Mira, I think—with quite an eager tone, 'and poor Delia never goes anywhere.'

'That was true; but still I felt astonished. Later I knew that it was a kind of a conspiracy. The girls all wanted to get some trustworthy person to the postoffice at Bingley's Mills to post letters and get some that were laying there not intended for papa and mamma to read.

'I really don't know why Delia should not go,' said the unsuspicious, good-natured uncle. 'You will be sure to take care of her, Rolfe?'

'I'll try to, sir.'

'So in less than half an hour from the time it was mentioned, I was gathering up the reins, and Brown Bess was tossing her head until the bells jingled merrily.

'It's royal traveling,' called out Uncle Dan, as we started. 'Don't be out too late, Rolfe, for there has been a severe snap in the weather lately, and—'

'The rest was lost in the crunching of the crusty snow, and the 'ding ding, ding, of the cup-shaped bells.

'This is an unexpected honor, Miss Cordelia,' I began, as the sleigh went smoothly along.

'Susan and Almira voted me their minister plenipotentiary,' she responded coldly.

'I and Cordelia, who was no blood relation of mine, had a falling out of a recent date which made it all the more surprising that she should have cared to go with me that day. She was one of those high-spirited girls who never strike their colors.

'It happened one evening about a week before. My aunt had a party—for there were settlers enough in the vicinity to give us social evenings—and about a dozen people were present. You may fancy, perhaps, that we have no intelligent spirits on the prairies; but that is a mistake.

'Cordelia and I disputed about the relative characteristics of men and women. The sweet attributes of patience, purity and consistency she claimed entirely for her sex. I gave genius, persistency and strength of character to mine. To vex her still further, I averred my opinion that women were a mass of sentimentality, impromptu shrieks and vacillation.

'I had gone too far. She took it seriously. With a flash of scorn from her brilliant eyes and a heightened color she arose, went to the other side of the room and busied herself with some old ladies.

'The storm had not blown over. Cordelia retained her anger. More hurt at it than I would confess, I would have gladly begged her pardon, but her manner repulsed all overtures of reconciliation. Once, when I had accidentally caught hold of her hand, she twisted her own away and gave a scornful fling to mine.

'Now you know just what our social standing was; and when fate, that winter morning, decided that we should start together on that long ride.

'The bells danced merrily, the air was clear, the sky blue; all things were pleasant except Delia. Say what I would, she was ungracious and hardly answered me. I suppose she wanted me to understand that she had not come with me for pleasure, but to get the letters. We had gone miles beyond the last settler's cabin that we should see until we came into the vicinity of Bingley's Mills, when she apparently thought better of her behavior, and spoke of her own accord cheerfully.

'How natural it is for the greater part of the people to attach themselves to home, let it be where it may.'

'True.'

'Two years ago I could not have believed that I should have followed my aunt's family West, and be content to live on the utmost bounds of civilization. I'm sure that I wonder you stay, Rolfe.'

'Do you? How well Brown Bess goes to-day.

'She always does. There is not her equal in Uncle Dan's stables.'

'We arrived at Bingley's Mills—the largest settlement and the post town—a little after noon. Brown Bess had indeed tossed her nimble heels well. Appointing three hours for the mare to rest, I went about my business, leaving Cordelia to do her's at the postoffice, and to remain in the inn in the middle of the village.

'Chatting with this one, chatting with that and getting through with Uncle Dan's commission the short winter day flew away like magic. Meanwhile the cloudless, ice-clear sky had become covered over with a gray darkness, that suggested the idea of another snowstorm, and ought to have warned me to get down quicker. But it did not. When Brown Bess and the sleigh came round to the end door, the snow-cloud had sunk in a bank of leaden hue and the sun could not be more than an hour high.

'A little risk,' said a man, glancing at the cardinal points of the compas and shaking his head slightly.

'Cordelia, her glowing cheeks nearly as bright as her scarlet hood, came forward with an animated manner. As I drew the buffaloes around her, I thought how a week or two ago, I should have esteemed the privilege of this close companionship invaluable. But I did not seem to appreciate it now. She had treated me too cavalierly and I had grown somewhat resentful.

'We dashed away. The air was damp and cutting, and as we came upon the open prairie it stung our cheeks like needles. Half an hour after starting I said to her, 'If the snow only keeps off we will get along nicely.' Cordelia glanced up from her scarlet hood; she did not seem to think about it one way or the other.

'Did you accomplish your postal commissions, Miss Cordelia.'

'Oh, yes, thank you.'

'At that very moment a particle of icy snow fell on my glove. I would not believe but that the mare had flung the particle from her flying heels. But in a minute more a handful of fine particles sifted over us both. Cordelia gave a half startled glance.

'I spoke cheerfully to the mare, and tucked the blanket in around my companion. A half hour longer found the northwest wind steadily and perceptibly rising, while the icy flakes were tinkling on the crusty surface around our way. Quite soon very small whirlwinds were driving the dry, powdery stuff and then spinning it up in a little column. Darkness came down suddenly, but not before the wind had increased, and the atmosphere was white with tiny flakes that drifted by us in loose, bulging folds.

Cordelia did not speak; she only tightened the fur scarf around her neck and sat perfectly quiet. At that moment I would have given a fortune if the girl had been safe at my uncle's and I breasting the storm alone. We came to a belt of woodland, just ten miles of our journey though; nearly twenty more before us. Heaven, it seemed like a voyage across the world! And a most awful fear was tugging at my heart.

A white gloom was let down all around us. On and on we went. I did not speak to the mare, nor with her; there was no need. She was trotting like a race horse, her tail streaming over the dash-board of the sleigh.

Another hour passed. The light snow was mounting above the runners, and driving obliquely across our laps in blinding, smothering thickness, still we were getting on well; I hoped we were neating home.

'Are you cold?' I asked, drawing Cordelia close to me.

'Nothing to speak of,' she cheerfully replied. But I felt a strong shudder shake her from head to foot.

'Presently the sleigh pitched considerable, although I had a tight rein.

'Rolfe,' she began, and I thought I again felt her frame tremble, although her voice was cool and steady, 'the wind does not strike us just as it did, neither did we pitch this morning as we do now. Have the lost road?'

'By Heaven! you have spoken my thoughts, Cordelia,' I ejaculated, while a damp, icy coldness broke out from every pore in my skin. She shuddered again, but said nothing.

'I knotted the reins and threw them over the dash-board. This was why the mare had held so hardly—she knew better than I. I must trust to her instinct. In twenty minutes she had swung around so as to bring the wind on the old quarter with us. It was blowing heavy. I got my arm around my companion to hold the blankets in place.

'Just then a faint sound reached my startled ear. A swift shudder shook me, and I came near crying aloud. Another melancholy cry. I would have drawn the blankets about Cordelia's head.

'I hear it,' she softly whispered—and in my terror and agony I drew her closer in a covetous clasp.

'The sound came again. The mare heard it also, I knew, for she gave a sudden leap, and then the jingling of the bells were changed to even strokes. She had broken from a hard trot to a gallop. My thoughts flew to the uttermost bounds of the earth in a moment, and from earth to heaven. I prayed for the safety of my companion more than for my own.

'The short cry and the long wail. Wolves were calling each other to the banquet. The moments fled; the storm suddenly abated; but the deadly sound grew each moment more distinct. The wind swept by us and died away at the right; no snow was falling; but nearer came these terrible sounds. Every moment we were in danger of striking some obstacle, and being hurled out.

We were actually flying over the ground. We could not be far from home; but in the universal whiteness there were no land marks, and alas! every yelp was now distinctly audible. The dreadful animals must soon leap upon us. I looked from side to side, expecting a gaunt form to spring against the sleigh. Brown Bess, true to herself and to us, bore on steadily and fleetly; she knew the way.

'I tried to draw Cordelia down to the bottom of the sleigh, but she resisted.

'Don't, Rolfe. I would rather meet death with my eyes open,' she said, pushing away the furs from her face.

The darkness was as intense as it can be in winter, and—Heaven have mercy! are they surrounding us? Hear the yelps ahead, the hungry cries; the air seemed rent with demoniac yells, snarls and shrieking howls.

Remembering the short-handled axe in the bottom of the sleigh, I threw off my gloves and seized it with a grip of desperation.

With foot braced upon the iron of the sleigh outside, I half kneeled, axe in hand, expecting one of the dusky fiends to leap each instant upon us. The mare wavered a moment as the sound grew fiercer, and then with a shrill neigh leaped on again. Somehow they did not come nearer—and Brown Bess flew along as though she knew our lives were in her power. The awful sounds grew less distinct, and with a fervent 'God be praised,' I strove to be calm.

'Cordelia, look! Cordelia, we are saved!' I shouted, breaking into something between a laugh and a cry. 'Oh, Cordelia, look!'

The foaming mare was dashing through a line of torches, and the settlers sent up a joyous shout, and the yelping dogs dashed about with a chorus of delight.

Brown Bess, good lady, would not pause; she thought the wolves were after her still, and dashed on, reeking with foam, to her own stable. My weeping aunt and excited cousins bore Cordelia in, while I felt more thankful to God than I ever before had cause to feel.

But that terrible fighting of wolves close upon us—what did it mean? I asked later, when, before the blazing fire, I in vain essayed to steady my shaking nerves. And why did they not come on to the attack? 'Was it a miracle?'

'It was one of my stags,' exclaimed Uncle Dan. 'Anderson came in and said the late unusually cold weather had made the cowardly creatures bold and ravenous; and he and I heard them signaling the pack soon after sunset. We knew they might overtake you if you delayed your return till after dark; and so we slew the stag and drove out with him as far as we deemed advisable, hoping that they might find and fight over it while you were dashing past. We grew wild with fright as time passed on, Rolfe, and, arming ourselves with torches, rushed to meet you.'

His plan had succeeded in saving us—good old Uncle Dan! But I don't like the word prairie at all.'

'What became of Cordelia, Captain?'

'Cordelia? Ah! I thought I had told you my aunt and cousins bore her into the house in their arms.'

'No evasion. Did you humbly beg her pardon later for vexing her in opposing her pet theories?'

'I did that, sir. I begged her pardon on my knees. I told her that she had proved in herself, by her own bravery, every good thing she had said of her sex.'

'Did she forgive you?'

'Not exactly.'

'She was right, Captain. She should have punished you severely.'

'She did. Oh! she did. She—married me! Ow-w! Ow-w! Cordelia, leave me ears!'

## Miscellaneous.

### Dream of a Rumseller's Wife.

I dreamed last night that I was passing leisurely through the streets, dressed with care, as I usually am when walking out for pleasure, and as I intended making some trifling purchases by the way, I recollect I had the beautiful purse which was my Christmas present in my hand. Mrs. B— was walking a few rods ahead of me, and I was wondering how she got every new fashion so soon, and whether she used her cast off things to pay her help with, or sold them to the china pedlers, or whether it could be really true that she gave them to the poor. Well, just as this foolish train of thought was passing through my mind all at once a woman advanced toward me, with no bonnet, and a miserable shawl drawn over her head. I thought she was going to beg, and was beginning to tell her that I had nothing to give, when she seized the strings of my hat, and with a resolute hand, and a look that almost petrified me, took it off and put it on her own head and walked away! I looked after her with astonishment, but what could I do—go in at the first? The people were strangers and what would they think? There was no milliner shop at hand, and I was quite a distance from home. As I could do nothing in my turn I drew my shawl over my head and tried to quicken my steps; but my feet seemed paralyzed, and I made little progress.

Just then I saw a woman in the distance, coming towards me. Oh! if I could only walk as she does, thought I. The woman was very meagre, poorly dressed, and with nothing about her shoulders though the air was quite keen. The moment we met she stopped, looked me sternly in the face, and exclaimed in a voice as stern as the look, "Give me my shawl madam!" and without waiting for reply or resistance, stripped it from me, and wrapping it about her shoulders, went on.

Scarcely had I began to cast about in my mind what to do next, when another of these wretched beings came upon me. She wore the tattered remains of an old cloak about her; but as she raised her arm I saw that she had no dress beneath it, or rather but the remnant of one.

"For mercy's sake," said I, as she laid her hand heavily on my shoulder, "what do you want of me? I have met with robbers enough already." "Robbers!" cried she, in a voice that went through me like a sword. "Robbers! Take back that lie, base thief! Thou art the robber! Give me my own!" So saying, she tore from me my dress—that splendid silk one you have so often often admired—and putting it on disappeared.

In utter dismay and confusion, there I stood, not knowing which way to turn, or what to think. But I was not allowed much time for reflection. Immediately I felt my hand grasped by the cold, bony fingers of three ragged children, who were crying and clinging to her clothes. "Give me my money!" said she, as she wrenched the purse from my trembling hand. "There, it will buy you some bread, poor things!" she added in a softer tone, as she flung it into the eager hands of the children, "it you will buy some bread!" I looked after her as she followed the tattered group; but my tongue was dumb, my feet were glued to the earth, and my whole frame was shivering with cold and terror.

The same woman had only gone when her place was taken by another, who was very delicate and pale, her dress, though much disordered, bearing evident marks of good taste. Her eyes were red as if she had been weeping, but they brightened up when they saw the watch and chain, which, strange to say, were still upon my person. "Yes, thank God!" exclaimed she, "this will save him!—my own beautiful watch my father gave me on my marriage day—the self-same one—I know it well! Give me my watch!" And without looking at me at all, she seized upon the watch and hurried away, repeating wildly to herself, "Yes, this will save him—this will take him out of prison—my own beautiful watch!"

Next I was disrobed of my elaborately quilted silk skirt by a squallid Irishwoman, who went away muttering a sort of apology for her rudeness. "Poor crather, it's not that I would harm ye, to be sure; and may be ye've got as much left upon ye now as many a poor thing that deserves more! Wasn't it Patrick's wages that bought the quilt? And isn't it one's own he takes, wherever he finds it?"

Then three pallid creatures from different directions, surrounded me, as I stood like a marble statue, hardly knowing whether I was dead or alive. One immediately divested me of my jewelry, saying contemptuously as she turned away, "I care not for the trash, but it is mine. It was pawned for rum; now it will keep my starving ones a little longer." The second took my scarf, gloves, richly embroidered cuffs, under sleeves, and handkerchief, saying, with a bitter smile, "How exquisite! how beautiful! Yes, I will put them on. I will adorn myself once more, and see if my husband will recognize me. I used to wear such things when he loved me better than rum. What have I done, that I should be clothed in rags, and see the finery that was purchased with my own money sported on the person of another? Oh, yes, I will put on these fine things, and see how they will compare with my present home, with these emaciated limbs, and the garments that scarcely hide them! Shall I not look like a queen?" Saying this she turned away with a hollow laugh, leaving me with the third, who, with a resolute arm, seated me on the steps of a building beside which I stood, and speedily taking off my best gaiters and lamb's wool stockings, put them on her almost naked feet, muttering to herself, "I have needed them sorely, sorely. How cruel in the heartless thief to keep them from me!"

Once more I was left alone. If I could have sunk into the earth gladly would I have done so. But no! there I sat dressed only in under garments, and looking more like a ghost than a living creature. But I had not yet reached the climax of horror. Another female appeared in the distance; she approached and I felt a death-like sickness as she stood before me. I tried to close my eyes against the spectre but could not. She was the perfect picture of despair; and, besides there was something in her look that overawed, that made me quail like a criminal. Laying her hand on the full white skirt that flowed to my feet, and examining its texture, she said in a low, thrilling voice, "Yes, this will do; it is beautiful indeed! and was it not purchased with the money that was toiled for by these poor hands, while my darling angel lay moaning in his hard cradle and I could not take him up—could not hush him on my bosom! Woman," she said, looking me in the face with a gaze I shall never forget, "I will take this linen now, for it is needed, and I have no money to buy more." I did not answer her. I had lost all power of utterance. There was a grim, despairing expression in her eyes that froze me. She fastened them on me a moment, and perceiving