# Daily Patriot Union.

VOL. 3. HARRISBURG, PA., MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1860. NO 85.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING,
SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
BY O. BARRETT & CO.

THE DAILY PATRIOT AND UNION will be served to subscribers residing in the Borough for SIX CENTS PER WEEK payable to the Carrier. Mail subscribers, FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE WEEKLY will be published as heretofore, semi-weekly during the session of the Legislature, and once a week the remainder of the year, for *two dollars* in advance, or *three dollars* at the expiration of the year.

Connected with this establishment is an extensive JOB OFFICE, containing a variety of plain and fancy type, unequalled by any establishment in the interior of the State, for which the patronage of the public is solicited.



## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less constitute half a square. Ten lines or more than four, constitute a square.

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|---|---|---|---|
| Half sq., one day | $0.75 | One sq., one day | $0.50 |
| " one week | 1.00 | " one week | 1.25 |
| " one month | 2.00 | " one month | 3.00 |
| " three months | 3.00 | " three months | 5.00 |
| " six months | 4.00 | " six months | 8.00 |
| " one year | 5.00 | " one year | 10.00 |

☞ Business notices inserted in the LOCAL COLUMN, or before marriages and deaths, FIVE CENTS PER LINE for each insertion. To merchants and others advertising by the year liberal terms will be offered.

☞ The number of insertions must be designated on the advertisement.

☞ Marriages and Deaths will be inserted at the same rates as regular advertisements.

## Books, Stationery, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—School Directors, Teachers, Parents, Scholars, and others, in want of School Books, School Stationery, &c., will find a complete assortment at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Market Square, Harrisburg, comprising in part the following—

READERS.—McGuffey's, Parker's, Cobb's, Angell's
SPELLING BOOKS.—McGuffey's, Cobb's, Webster's, Town's, Byerly's, Comby's.
ENGLISH GRAMMARS.—Bullion's, Smith's, Wood bridge's, Monteith's, Tuthill's, Hart's, Wells'.
HISTORIES.—Grimshaw's, Davenport's, Frost's, Wilson's, Willard's, Goodrich's, Pinnock's, Goldsmith's and Clark's.
ARITHMETIC'S.—Greenleaf's, Stoddard's, Emerson's, Pike's, Ross's, Colburn's, Smith and Duke's, Davie's.
ALGEBRAS.—Greenleaf's, Davie's, Day's, Ray's, Bridge's.
DICTIONARYS.—Walker's School, Cobb's, Walker, Worcester's Comprehensive, Worcester's Primary, Webster's Primary, Webster's High School, Webster's Quarto, Academic.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHIES.—Comstock's, Parker's, Swift's. The above with a great variety of others can at any time be found at my store. Also, a complete assortment of School Stationery, embracing in the whole a complete outfit for school purposes. Any book not in the store procured at one days notice.
☞ Country Merchants supplied at wholesale rates.
ALMANACS.—John Baer and Son's Almanac for sale at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Harrisburg.
☞ Wholesale and Retail. my1

JUST RECEIVED
AT
SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
*ADAMANTINE SLATES*
OF VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES,
Which, for beauty and use, cannot be excelled.
REMEMBER THE PLACE,
*SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,*
NO. 13 MARKET STREET. mar2

BOOK AUCTION.
BEN F. FRENCH
Will supply his old friends and customers with the following Books at Auction prices:
Pacific Railroad, 10 vols., complete, 4 illustrations $24.
Japan Expedition, 3 vols., complete, illustrated and illuminated, $12.
Emery's Expedition, 2 vols., complete, illustrated illuminated, $10.
Congressional Globe, $1.50 per volume.
Waverly Novels, complete, 12 vols., cloth, $10.
" " " 27 vols., half calf, $34; &c., &c., &c.
All of the above Books I will deliver in Harrisburg free of charge. BEN F. FRENCH,
278 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.
feb6-dtf

NEW BOOKS!
JUST RECEIVED
"SEAL AND SAY," by the author of "Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," &c.
"HISTORY OF METHODISM," by A. Stevens, LL.D.
For sale at SCHEFFERS' BOOKSTORE,
ap9 No. 18 Marke st.

JUST RECEIVED,
A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
*RICHLY GILT AND ORNAMENTAL*
WINDOW CURTAINS,
PAPER BLINDS,
Of various Designs and Colors, for 8 cents,
*TISSUE PAPER AND CUT FLY PAPER,*
At [my24] SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!!
Just received, our Spring Stock of WALL PAPER, BORDERS, FIRE SCREENS, &c., &c. It is the largest and best selected assortment in the city, ranging in price from six (6) cents up to one dollar and a quarter ($1.25.)
As we purchase very low for cash, we are prepared to sell at as low rates, if not lower, than can be had elsewhere. If purchasers will call and examine, we feel confident that we can please them in respect to price and quality. E. M POLLOCK & SON,
ap3 Below Jones' House, Market Square.

LETTER, CAP, NOTE PAPERS, Pens, Holders, Pencils, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, of the best quality, at low prices, direct from the manufactories, at
mar30 SCHEFFER'S CHEAP BOOKSTORE

LAW BOOKS! LAW BOOKS!!—A general assortment of LAW BOOKS, all the State Reports and Standard Elementary Works, with many of the old English Reports, *scarce and rare*, together with a large assortment of second-hand Law Books, at very low prices, *at the one price Bookstore of*
E. M. POLLOCK & SON,
my8 Market Square, Harrisburg.

## Miscellaneous.

AN ARRIVAL OF
NEW GOODS
APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON!
SILK FANS! LINEN FANS!! PAPER FANS!!!
ANOTHER AND SPLENDID LOT OF
*SPLICED FISHING RODS!*
Trout Flies, Gut and Hair Snoods, Grass Lines, Silk and Hair Plaited Lines, and a general assortment of
FISHING TACKLE!
A GREAT VARIETY OF
WALKING CANES!
Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest!
Silver Head Canes! Loaded Canes! Sword Canes! Hickory Canes! Fancy Canes!
KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,
NO. 91 MARKET STREET,
South side, one door east of Fourth street je9.

B. J. HARRIS,
WORKER IN TIN,
SHEET IRON, AND
METALLIC ROOFING,
*Second Street, below Chestnut,*
*HARRISBURG, PA.*
Is prepared to fill orders for any article in his branch of business; and if not on hand, he will make to order on short notice.
*METALLIC ROOFING*, of Tin or Galvanized Iron, constantly on hand.
Also, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Spouting, &c.
He hopes, by strict attention to the wants of his customers, to merit and receive a generous share of public patronage.
☞ Every promise strictly fulfilled.
B. J. HARRIS,
[jan7-d1y] Second Street, below Chestnut.

FISH!! FISH!!!
MACKEREL, (Nos. 1, 2 and 3.)
SALMON, (very superior.)
SHAD, (Mess and very fine.)
HERRING, (extra large.)
COD FISH.
SMOKED HERRING, (extra Digby.)
SCOTCH HERRING.
SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES.
Of the above we have Mackerel in whole, half, quarter and eighth bbls. Herring in whole and half bbls.
The entire lot new—DIRECT FROM THE FISHERIES, and will sell them at the lowest market rates.
sep14 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

FAMILY BIBLES, from 1$ to $10, strong and handsomely bound, printed on good paper, with elegant clear new type, sold at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Cheap Book store.

CRANBERRIES!!!—A SPLENDID LOT just received by
oct10 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

FOR a superior and cheap TABLE or SALAD OIL go to
KELLER'S DRUG STORE.

THE Fruit Growers' Handbook—by WARING—wholesale and retail at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Bookstore.

SPERM CANDLES.—A large supply just received by
sep18 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

IF you are in want of a Dentifrice go to KELLER'S, 91, Market st.

## Livery Stables.

CITY LIVERY STABLES,
BLACKBERRY ALLEY,
*IN THE REAR OF HERR'S HOTEL.*
The undersigned has re-commenced the *LIVERY BUSINESS* in his NEW AND SPACIOUS STABLES, located as above, with a large and varied stock of
*HORSES, CARRIAGES AND OMNIBUSES,*
Which he will hire at moderate rates.
oct13-d1y F. K. SWARTZ.

FRANK A. MURRAY
*Successor to Wm. Parkhill,*
LIVERY & EXCHANGE STABLE
THIRD STREET BELOW MARKET.

HAVING purchased the interest of J. Q. Adams in the establishment, and made large additions to the stock, the undersigned is prepared to accommodate the public with SUPERIOR HORSES for Saddle or Carriage purposes, and with every variety of VEHICLES of the latest and most approved styles, on reasonable terms.
PLEASURE PARTIES will be accommodated with Omnibusses at short notice.
Carriages and Omnibusses, for funeral occasions, will be furnished, accompanied by careful and obliging drivers.
He invites an inspection of his stock, satisfied that it is fully equal to that of any other establishment of the kind in town. FRANK A. MURRAY

BRANCH STABLE
The undersigned has opened a branch of his "Livery and Exchange Stable" in the buildings lately occupied by A. W. Barr, in Fourth street, opposite the Bethel, where he is prepared to accommodate the public with Horses and Vehicles, at all times, on reasonable terms. His stock is large and varied, and will recommend itself.
aug6-dtf FRANK A. MURRAY.

## Miscellaneous.

TAKE NOTICE!
That we have recently added to our already full stock
OF SEGARS
LA NORMATIS,
HARI KARI,
EL MONO,
LA BANANA.
OF PERFUMERY
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF:
TURKISH ESSENCE.
ODOR OF MUSK,
LUBIN'S ESSENCE BOUQUET.
FOR THE HAIR:
EAU LUSTRALE,
CRYSTALIZED POMATUM,
MYRTLE AND VIOLET POMATUM.
FOR THE COMPLEXION:
TALC OF VENICE,
ROSE LEAF POWDER,
NEW MOWN HAY POWDER,
BLANC DE PERLES.
OF SOAPS
BAZIN'S FINEST
MOSS ROSE,
BENZOIN,
UPPER TEN,
VIOLET,
NEW MOWN HAY,
JOCKEY CLUB,
Having the largest stock and best assortment of Toilet Articles, we fancy that we are better able than our competitors to get up a complete Toilet Set at any price desired. Call and see.
Always on hand, a FRESH Stock of *DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS*, &c., consequent of our receiving almost daily additions thereto.
KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,
91 Market Street, two doors East of Fourth Street,
sep5 South side.

PHOENIX FOUNDRY.
J. J. OSLER. W. F. OSLER.
JOHN J. OSLER & BROTHER,
(SUCCESSORS TO JAMES M. BAY.)
FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS,
*Corner Pennsylvania Railroad and State Street,*
HARRISBURG, PA.
*MILL GEARING, IRON FENCES, RAILROAD AND CANAL WORK,*
AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
IRON CASTINGS
ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER.
MACHINE WORK AND REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
PATTERNS MADE TO ORDER.
We have a large and complete assortment of Patterns to select from. au22

JUST RECEIVED!
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS!
TO WHICH WE INVITE THE
ATTENTION OF THE AFFLICTED!
For sale at
SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
ap9 No. 18 Market st.

WE OFFER TO
CUSTOMERS
A New Lot of
LADIES' PURSES,
Of Beautiful Styles, substantially made
A Splendid Assortment of
GENTLEMEN'S WALLETS.
A New and Elegant Perfume,
KNIGHTS TEMPLARS' BOQUET,
Put up in Cut Glass Engraved Bottles.
A Complete Assortment of
HANDKERCHIEF PERFUMES,
Of the best Manufacture.
A very Handsome Variety of
POWDER PUFF BOXES.
KELLER'S DRUG STORE,
jy31 91 Market street.

ESTABLISHED IN 1810.
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.
J. & W. JONES, No 432 N. Front Street, above Callowhill, Philadelphia, dye *SILKS, WOOLEN AND FANCY GOODS* of every description. Their superior style of Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments is widely known. Crape and Merino Shawls dyed the most brilliant or plain colors. Crape and Merino Shawls cleaned to look like new—also, Gentlemen's apparel. Curtains, &c., cleaned or re-dyed.
☞ Call and look at our work before going elsewhere. sep11-d3m

CHOICE SAUCES!
WORCESTERSHIRE,
LUCKNOW CHUTNY,
CONTINENTAL,
SOYER'S SULTANA,
ATHENÆUM,
LONDON CLUB,
SIR ROBERT PEEL,
INDIA SOY,
READING SAUCE,
ENGLISH PEPPER SAUCE.
For sale by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.
my10

DYOTTVILLE GLASS WORKS,
*PHILADELPHIA,*
MANUFACTURE
CARBOYS, DEMIJOHNS,
WINE, PORTER, MINERAL WATER, PICKLE AND
*PRESERVE BOTTLES*
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
H. B. & G. W. BENNERS,
oct9-d1y 27 South Front steret, Philadelphia.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.
F. W. WEBER, nephew and taught by the well remembered late F. W. Weber, of Harrisburg, is prepared to give lessons in music upon the PIANO, VIOLIN-CELLO, VIOLIN and FLUTE. He will give lessons at his residence, corner of Locust street and River alley or at the homes of pupils. au25-d6m

SCHEFFER'S Bookstore is the place to buy Gold Pens—warranted

## Coal.

TO THE PUBLIC!
JOHN TILL'S
COAL YARD,
SOUTH SECOND STREET,
*BELOW PRATT'S ROLLING MILL,*
HARRISBURG, PA.,
Where he has constantly on hand
LYKENS VALLEY BROKEN, EGG, STOVE AND NUT COAL.
ALSO,
WILKESBARRE STEAMBOAT, BROKEN, STOVE AND NUT COAL,
*ALL OF THE BEST QUALITY.*
It will be delivered to consumers clean, and full weight warranted.
☞ CONSUMERS GIVE ME A CALL FOR YOUR WINTER SUPPLY.
☞ Orders left at my house, in Walnut street, near Fifth; or at Brubaker's, North street; J. L. Speel's, Market Square; Wm. Bostick's, corner of Second and South streets, and John Lingle's, Second and Mulberry streets, will receive prompt attention.
jy13-d6m JOHN TILL.

COAL! COAL!!
*ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS*
COAL BY THE
PATENT WEIGH CARTS!
*NOW IS THE TIME*
For every family to get in their supply of Coal for the winter—weighed at their door by the *Patent Weigh Carts. The accuracy of these Carts no one disputes*, and they never get out of order, as is frequently the case of the Platform Scales; besides, the consumer has the satisfaction of proving the weight of his Coal at his own house.
I have a large supply of Coal on hand, consisting of
S. M. CO.'S LYKENS VALLEY COAL all sizes,
LYKENS VALLEY do " "
WILKESBARRE do. " "
BITUMINOUS BROAD TOP do.
All Coal of the best quality mined, and delivered free from all impurities, at the lowest rates, by the boat or car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, September 24, 1860.—sep25

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!
NOW IS YOUR TIME
TO GET CLEAN COAL!
*FULL WEIGHT AND NOTHING SHORT OF IT!*
Thankful to my friends and customers for their liberal patronage, I would inform them and the public generally, that I am fully prepared, on short notice, to supply them with all kinds of
SUPERIOR COAL OF ALL SIZES.
FREE FROM SLATE, AND CAREFULLY SCREENED,
AT AS LOW A
*FIGURE AS FAIR DEALING WILL AFFORD!*
Although my Coal is not weighed in SELF-WEIGHING CARTS, BUT IS WEIGHED ON SCALES ACCURATELY TESTED BY THE SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, and consumers may rest assured that they will be fairly and honestly dealt with. I sell nothing but the very best article, and no mixing.
Also, HICKORY, OAK and PINE WOOD always on hand. sep4-d3m GEO. P. WIESTLING.

UP TOWN!
*PATENT WEIGH CARTS.*
For the convenience of my numerous up town customers, I have established, in connection with my old yard, a Branch Coal Yard opposite North street, in a line with the Pennsylvania canal, having the office formerly occupied by Mr R. Harris, where consumers of Coal in that vicinity and Verbeketown can receive their Coal by the
PATENT WEIGH CARTS,
*WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE FOR HAULING,*
And in any quantity they may desire, as low as can be purchased *anywhere.*
*FIVE THOUSAND TONS COAL ON HAND,*
Of LYKENS VALLEY and WILKESBARRE, all sizes.
☞ *Willing to maintain fair prices, but unwilling to be undersold by any partyes.*
☞ All Coal forked up and delivered clean and free from all impurities, and the *best* article mined.
Orders received at either Yard will be promptly filled, and all Coal delivered by the *Patent Weigh Carts.*
Coal sold by Boat, Car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, October 13, 1860.—oct15

## Medical.

HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
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Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,
Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,
Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,
Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,
Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,
*FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.*
*FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.*
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*FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.*
*FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.*
*FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.*
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
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A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
FOR DISEASES OF THE
*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,*
ARISING FROM
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
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Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
From whatever cause originating, and whether existing in
MALE OR FEMALE.
Females, take no more Pills! They are of no avail for Complaints incident to the sex. Use
EXTRACT BUCHU.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu is a Medicine which is perfectly pleasant in its
*TASTE AND ODOR,*
And immediate in its action, giving Health and Vigor to the Frame, Bloom to the Pallid Cheek, and restoring the patient to a perfect state of
HEALTH AND PURITY.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu is prepared according to Pharmacy and Chemistry, and is prescribed and used by
*THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS.*
Delay no longer. Procure the remedy at once.
Price $1 per bottle, or six for $5.
Depot 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.

BEWARE OF UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS
Trying to palm off their own or other articles of BUCHU on the reputation attained by
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,
The Original and only Genuine.
We desire to run on the
*MERIT OF OUR ARTICLE!*
Their's is worthless—is sold at much less rates and commissions, consequently paying a much better profit.
WE DEFY COMPETITION!
Ask for HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.
*Take no other.*
Sold by JOHN WYETH, Druggist, corner of Market and Second streets, Harrisburg,
*AND ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.*
no14 d&w3m.


# The Patriot & Union.

MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 10, 1860.

## *"HIS WIFE'S SISTER"—A STORY OF A SACRIFICE.*

An elegant and philosophical writer says: "Man's life is only a journey from one fond woman's breast to another. It was probably the object of the author to refer particularly to the mother and wife. As the number of stopping places is not limited, however, I choose to accept the most catholic interpretation. I believe that what the world usually calls "inconstancy" is only the effort of nature to progress toward perfect affinities. If man in his journey of life stops at a good many ports, it stands to reason that he will acquire a much better knowledge of the world, and will eventually "lay up" in the best haven. Let me give you a modified illustration of my idea. I have a friend who has been subjective to a theory of purely physical progression. His first and earliest affection was for Curls. He became acquainted at the age of ten years with a set of twelve, large ones at that. This capillary attraction, if I may so term it, was not lasting. A Voice, belonging to another and otherwise plain young woman, next occupied the reverberating chambers of his heart. It was not a fine voice, but it was a positive one, and his was a negative. Now, you see, Curls had a negative voice, and of course two negatives hadn't any attraction. Hence his deflection. Then a Bust attracted his undivided attention. It was followed by Eyes and Mouth, which by an unusual phenomenon occurred in the same individual; they were both positives and my friend's own eyes and mouth were negatives, proposing to them, but was providentially saved. Hence his new variation. He came very near by the interposition of an Ankle. He flirted with the Ankle for some time, but an ankle not being a regular feature, of course it wasn't lasting. Need I inform the reader that had he met the positive and negative peculiarities combined in one person, he would have fallen in love at once and recognized his affinity. That's what he was looking for. Hence his hesitation, and what the world foolishly call his—"inconstancy."

I merely instance this "physical" illustration as being the most forcible and common.—Mental and moral peculiarities are met in the same way, and are much more difficult to combine. Of course there are some exceptions to the above theory. Indistinctive people are an exception. You may take a stick of wood and saw it into a number of small pieces, and you shall find no difficulty in fitting any of the pieces together. But take another stick, and break it several times, and you must find the particular adjunct if you wish to join two in one. Now indistinctive people are the sawn blocks; they come naturally together. The broken pieces are men and women of strongly marked opposite characters, with negative and positive dispositions, fitting each other and showing that in the normal state they were one distinct creation. Not unfrequently there is some unnatural matching. A worthy friend of mine, with a smooth, indistinctive surface, married one of the broken pieces; the consequence was obvious; attraction has worn off her salient features, and she has become like him. But when two broken surfaces meet, that don't fit—there's trouble and business for the lawyers at once.

I would like to give you an illustration of another exception, just for its moral. Every story should have a moral or develop some peculiar idea—but how often do we accept the moral. When our surgical friend strips the walls of this once living temple, and lays bare its wonderful internal structure; however irreverent the act, we pardon it for the good that shall accrue to man thereby. But when the novelist, with his little scalpel, cuts into the character of his opposite neighbor, or his dear friend, and exhibits their internal organism, or shows up his own idiosyncrasies, we never recognize ourselves therein. That's quite another affair, of course.

When my friend Dick was about thirty years of age, he had amassed a little fortune. He had flirted a good deal in his time, and was rather a wild young fellow. But under his superficial qualities and manly exterior, there was a large, honest boy's heart. Whether it had ever been trampled upon or had the impression of some woman's small foot sunk in it, is of little consequence. But I do not think his heart was that kind of primative formation that hold the relics of by-gone days in its cold fossiliferous stratum. If Dick had ever had an "affair de cœur" he had forgotten it. He was what we term *blase;* we—who know nothing about it. Dick did not object to the epithet—he rather liked it, as we all do—and I think he cultivated an *ennuyer* air. If he had any previous erratic experience, it was in the progressive stages I told you of.

At his boarding-house he chanced occasionally to meet a young girl, who seemed to possess many of the attributes he had admired consectively in others. She was simple and unsophisticated, and supported herself by giving music lessons. With his wholesale admiration of the sex, Dick became interested in her after a fashion. She did not object to his attentions. Miss Mary was flattered and pleased with Dick. And Dick did not exactly love her, for he had doubted the existence of the passion. But he felt it was time to get married. He was getting old. Here was a good chance for him to test his skeptical theory in regard to love. If he really believed there was no such thing he might as well marry *her* as any one. She would undoubtedly make him a good wife. And she was poor, and that was the strong lever that stirred the romatic foundation of Dick's heart. He could give her a position. She must love him—he could give her happiness! He could, in short, make a—a—yes, that was it, a—*sacrifice!*

They were married quietly. There were some friends of Dick's present, but the bride was an orphan, and her only relative, a younger sister, lived in a distant State. He took her to a rich and luxurious home. He felt that he had done the correct and gentlemanly thing in every respect, and when he had led her into the softly carpeted parlor of their fashionable bower, it was with a feeling of placid self-congratulation. The foolish simple bride threw her arms about her husband's neck, and said to him.

"Oh, Dick! how can I thank you?"

Dick was touched and felt an imaginary halo suspend itself over his Olympian brow?

There were no transports with Dick. The honeymoon passed quietly and evenly. He had not expected to be extravagantly blissful—his dream, if one had ever fashioned and shaped his inner man, was deceitful, and he knew it. His wife was all to him that he had sought, it seemed—but yet the possession of her love did not seem fraught with the strange fascination that he had often conceived in his early days. There was something wanted. He would never let her know it; oh no, it would spoil his perfect sacrifice. But perhaps it was this consciousness that placed a deeper chasm betwixt his wife's affections and his own. He felt he had another's happiness in his keeping, and he resolved to guard it as preciously as his own. This state of affairs, as you may readily imagine, though very romantic, put him upon a forced and unnatural behavior, which added another million of miles to that awful chasm. And Dick sometimes found himself sitting opposite to her, in their comfortable parlor, and wondering if that strange woman was his wife. There was the contour of the face, that had haunted his boyish visions; there was the same soft voice and winning accent—and yet why wasn't he happier? why wasn't he grateful? what was the meaning of that awful barrier that lay between them? Why was he doing the Spartan business, and all that sort of thing? He would get up at such times and go over to the neat womanly figure, and gaze into her eyes and kiss her red lips, and say, "Are you happy, my dear?" and then she would look back an answer, and would say, "Are you not Dick?" Dick would say emphatically, "Certainly, my dear!" with a great deal of unnecessary decision.

A time came when Dick's wife was not able to visit much, and kept her room a great deal; and Dick learned that this younger sister of her's would visit her, and that for certain reasons, the visit would be very opportune; and it was with that strange flutter which the consciousness of a coming event occasions in the breast of the expectant parent, that Dick was sitting by himself in the little library before the fire. Her chair—for she was wont to bring her work in and sit with her husband while he read—was standing opposite, and her work basket was still upon the table. He was trying to analyze the strange sensations that were thronging upon him, a looking forward to a happier state of being, when it occurred to him that he might assist his reflections by smoking. He drew out his cigar case, bit off the end of a fragrant Havana, and looked around for a bit of paper to light it. His eye fell on his wife's basket. There was a white paper sticking out of a chaotic seramble of various colored fragments. He took it up. It seemed to be a letter. He was about replacing it when his eye caught a passage containing his own name.

I have told you that Dick was the soul of honor. If he had known that his wife didn't want him to read that letter, he wouldn't have read it. If he had imagined for a moment that it contained anything he shouldn't read, or any secret of his wife's, he would have sat and blinked at it all day, or perhaps have walked up stairs with it and handed it to her saying: "My dear, you have left a letter below. I don't know what it is, or who it's from," and would have departed dramatically. But not knowing what it was, you see, he coolly read on, commencing at the paragraph containing his name, as I do:

"I am sorry to hear that Dick is not all that you fondly imagined. Don't ask *me*, dear, for advice; it is better you should leave all to *time* and your own *tact and judgment*. I think that no one is capable of mediating between a wife's affections and her husband's—*even a sister*. I would say that you ought to have weighed all this before you bound yourself to one whom you think is not worthy of your affections; but we cannot recall what is past. No! *indeed*.—You say that your Dick has a generous heart, and in this world, dear! you know that this ought to make up for other defects, even if he be *dull* and *stupid!* (Oh! you should have seen Dick's face at this moment!) Your sacrifice I know was a *great* one, but men cannot appreciate the sacrifices we make. *No, never*. But I will soon be with you, my dearest sister, and perhaps I may be able to do something for you, with this queer being whom you have taken for a husband. Don't think I am hard-hearted or unsisterly, either, if I can't understand your feelings. I never saw the man yet that I could whimper over or feel bad about. 'Good bye,' dear, till I see you, which will be soon!

"Your affectionate sister,
"TIP."

"Dull and stupid!" He "dull and stupid!" he, Dick—the delight of select circles! the witty, fascinating, agreeable, gossippy Dick! "Dull and stupid;" and her sacrifice—her "*great* sacrifice!" What sacrifice? When? How? Where? And this was the return—this was the result of his noble, Roman-like conduct; this was eventuating from his deeply delicate, poetical, gentleman-like treatment.—This was her opinion of him—the opinion of the wife of his bosom, the partner of his joys, the sharer of his wealth, his property—the woman he—no! not *loved!* "Dull and stupid!" why the woman was a fool, they are both fools! they were hypocrites! they were ingrates! they were—women!

He sank back in his chair. Then he started up and threw the letter in the grate, and carefully replaced his cigar in the basket. Then he burnt his fingers recovering the letter. Then he put his hands upon his head, his elbows upon his knees, and in that position reflected.

He thought he had better not say anything about it. He was in for a sacrifice and the bigger the better. "Ho, there! Bring in some faggots and lay 'em round the stake! Pour on the oil and wine and give the brands another poke! Here's the spectacle of a Christian young husband immolated on the hymeneal altar! Hurrah! Fetch on your faggots!"

"Dull and stupid! He liked that!" Well, he'd let them see his dullness and stupidity, hereafter, with a vengeance. And that young sister, indeed! A snub-nosed, freckled-faced, hoydenish thing, with braids and mincing ways, and—daring to talk about him, Dick! the man of the world! the *blase* man, as dull and stupid! Well, he'd like to have his friend Wobbles hear that; how he'd laugh! At them? Of course. Certainly at them. But then he'd better not say anything about it—on his wife's account.

When he went up stairs to his wife's chamber he made some light, trifling, jocular remark which I regret has not reached me, but which had the effect of making his Mary open her eyes in meek astonishment. "Dull and stupid!" thought Dick; "indeed!"

There was some little preparation a week afterward; and one day Dick, coming home, saw some boxes in the hall and several mysterious looking bundles laying about, and other signs which seemed to indicate that his wife's sister had arrived. Of course, the recollection of that letter did not tend to awaken lively anticipations of a meeting with the disagreeable "Tip." He thought at first that he would try the dignified and stately, and otherwise impress the young woman with a sense of her previous irreverence. But then he wished to establish a character the opposite of those adjectives which yet swam before his eyes. "Dull and stupid!" and "dignified and stately" seemed only a hopeless alliteration. He had sent the servant up stairs to inform his Mary of his coming, by way of preparing the repentant and humbled Tip for his awful retributive presence. Then he changed his mind and thought of rushing up stairs boisterously. He made a step toward the library door when it was thrown open; two white arms were flung about his neck, two big blue eyes looked into his, while a pair of scarlet lips articulated in rapid accents: "My dear! dear brother!"

Dick was taken aback. He looked down at the beautiful and girlish figure, and felt—he, the "blase" man—awkward and embarrassed. His lips syllabled a few commonplaces, but the breath of life seemed to have left him. He could only lead her to a sofa, and stand and gaze at her. She was certainly very pretty—so like his wife, and yet so unlike.

"Oh, dear! I did *so* long to see you. Why didn't you come up stairs. I was afraid you were angry at something. You are not at all like Mary's husband. I know I shall like you. You're my brother, you know, and I never had a brother; and I'm sure I shall love you so much. You don't say anything! Why, what's the matter? Why you look pale! You're sick! Mary! Good gracious!"

Poor Dick! Poor, poor Dick. It was over. He was better now. Yes, he was calm, too—he saw it all. She was sitting before him, on the very seat his wife had occupied; the same contour of features; the same outline; the same figure—but oh! that indefinable expression and this strange feeling and thrilling.—The vision of his past life, the dreams of his youth, were looking out of the anxious, pretty glance that met his own. Oh! rash, hasty, inconsiderate fool! He had stopped one step short of perfect affinity. This was his wife's sister! wife's sister! Oh! Heavens! he had married *his wife's sister!* This was his wife! The sacrifice was complete.

No, not complete! It remained for him to smother the fires of his new passion in the dead ashes of his past life. It was at once his torture and his crown to minister to the invalid wants of the real wife of his manhood in company with the fair young ideal wife of his youth. It was his great glory to feel the touch of her warm, soft hand on his brow, when he sometimes sat alone distractedly, groping blindly in the darkness for some clue to lead him away from the pitfalls that beset his path. He could not help seeing that he had awakened a sympathetic interest in "Tip's" young heart—a feeling as yet undefined and holy in its nameless orphan purity. But the sacrifice was not complete.

They were sitting alone in the little library, and she sat opposite to him in his wife's chair. He raised his eyes and she drew her chair nearer to him, and in her simple, artless way, asked his forgiveness!

"For what Tip?"

"Well, never mind; say you'll forgive me. I once thought worse of you than you deserved, and I may have said something to Mary; did she tell you anything?"

Dick could conscientiously wave a negative.

"I've changed my mind since, brother! You're so different. I'm sure I know of no one who could make Mary happier than you. I judge so by what I have seen of you and by my own feelings, for you know, Mary and I are all that are left of our family. Do you think we are alike? I think that I shall never marry, for I could not find another like Mary's husband."

The artless simplicity and genuine sincerity of poor Tip extorted a groan from Dick.

Instantly she was at his side. "Don't worry, brother, about Mary, she will be better soon. I know how you feel, dear, and it must be a comfort to Mary to know your sympathy."

How shall I end my story, reader? Shall I say that Tip was again wrong; that Mary did not get better? That she lingered for a while, and, striving to bring a feeble, immortal soul into this earthly light, laid down her own dear woman's life, a willing sacrifice upon the altar. Shall I say that Tip and Dick stood by holding her hands, when the first cry of the struggling immortal heralded her way to the home it just had quitted? How that the poor motherless child found a guardian angel in Tip?

How else can I marry Dick to his wife's sister?

WHAT IS THE REASON.—It is a melancholy fact that not one lady in a hundred, in these United States, has fine or luxuriant hair.—Everybody is complaining of the loss of "woman's chief glory," and wondering why on earth pomatums and hair-washes, oils and restoratives, fail to bring it back, "as per advertisement." We suspect there would be a general exclammation of incredulity among the gentlemen, did they but know what an immense proportion of the tastefully arranged tresses they behold on fair heads *grew* on somebody else's pate. Almost every one wears a "roll" or "braid," which comes from the hairdresser's, and costs from five to twenty dollars. It is disposed with consummate skill—you can not distinguish the sly hair-pins that fasten on the false decoration, yet there it is, a tacit confession that nature gives way to art.

"My hair *will* keep coming out, although I take the greatest pains with it," sighs the fashionable belle: "I dont see what the trouble is!"

There are several "troubles," first and foremost among which is the expensive "roll" itself. Any hair dresser will tell you that the weight and pressure of this heavy mass of false hair, with the heat it induces around the head, is highly prejudicial to the growth and welfare of the real hair. If you must wear a roll, let it be as seldom as possible.—Whenever you can dispense with it, do so. Let its place be supplied as often as practicable with a light head-dress, secured with as few hair-pins as will support it. These last are fearfully destructive to the hair, cutting and wearing it to an incredible degree. Gutta-percha hair-pins are the best, and even these should be limited in number.

All sorts of pomatums, oils and preparations, had better be let alone. There is no use in soaking the skin of the head in grease, as is often done. If the hair is harsh and dry, castor-oil, perfumed, is the best application, but the scalp itself should not be saturated.—Washing the head thoroughly in fair water, once a week, will be found very beneficial.

Bodily health is almost essential to the natural growth of the hair. Nothing indicates the progress of sickness so plainly as the dry, dead look of the hair;