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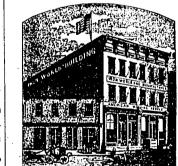
al, miscollaneous, freights and passenger busi-constantly increasing. The receipts for the year clobes 31, 1870. were \$7,755 22 more than the year ctober 31, 1870. The increase for November, 1871, cumber, 1870. was \$4105.74. Bond . Pamphlets and information can be obtained o

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS

NOTICES OF THE PIESS

From a large number of notices from the press, we select the following:

[From the Chicago Jornal of Commerce]

The last World and Manyactures. Workers in

the last World and Manyactures, Workers in

the of American Just all angifictures, Workers in

neatly printed and profusely illustrated foil of thirty-six

Company, Pittsburgh. The last World Pentings

Company, Pittsburgh. The bean before us is volume.

No. 14. It soultorists. descriptions of manufactures, re Bulletin.

A Successful Newspaper. — We are pleased to note the ideaces of success in the Iron World, of Pittsburgh

a young healthy and vigorous, and the past three or results. It is now one of the most attractive business or gains in the country. It is edited with mark diffy, and, as its name implies, is devoted to the troublets, and the country. It is not to the troublets of the country SAMPLE COPIES MAILED FREE. IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO.,

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n the celebrated correspondence of "Eli Percins," now being published in the New York Commercial Advertiser. We are no apologists for his undoubtedly, ball character, both mor ally and as a business man, ('n his particular line of business,) which every honest man must condemn. Yet the many little stories of his charitable acts and generous feeling to-

The following funny incidents connected

ward the poor and unfortunate, brought out no doubt by his tragic death, will tend much to create sympathy in his favor, and regret that his whole character was not framed after the model of charity and good-will to all men: FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, Jan. 12.

Yesterday I called at the Eric Office. Col. fisk's old chair was vacant, and his desk was silent, or gathered in groups to tell over reminiscences of the dead Colonel, whose memory is beloved and revered. Mr. Gould never tires telling about Fisk's good quali

FISK'S FIRST MISTAKE. Fisk used to often tell about his first mis-

Said the Colonel, "When I was a little boy on the Vermont farm, my father took me up stood in the stable.' Said he, "James, the stable window is

"I don't know, Pop,'" said James, never have done it."

while he held the silver dollar before his

was done, and his father gave him the bright silver dollar, saying: "That's right, James; you did it splendid-

ly, and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning all Win-MISTAKE NUMBER2.

Fisk said his second mistake occurred in naturer years—when he first became associated with Gould in the Eric office.

"How was it ?" asked Col. Rucker. "Well," said Fisk, "Gould had some wo man litigation on hand, and he came to me, and said he wanted to use my name."

"What for?" said I. "Well, Fisk," said Gould, "you know my wife is very sensitive, and you know this woman business is full of scandal. Now, you know vou don't care, so just let me use your name for a week in this case.'

"What was the result, Colonel?" aske Rucker. "Result? why, by thunder, Gould used my name one week and there wasn't anything left of it. It was used up. He gotitso mixed up and scandalized that I never could retain it, and I felt as if I didn't care a damn about

it afterwards!'' LITTLE PETER Fisk's little Peter was about ten years old, and small at that. Frequently large men would come into the Eric office, and "bore the Colonel. Then he would say :

" Here, Peter; take this man into custody, and hold him under arrest until we send for CHARITY.

One day a poor, plain, blunt man stumbled into Fisk's room. He said : "Colonel, I've heard you are a man, and I've come to ask a great favor. "Well, what is it, my good man?" asked

"I want to go to Lowell, sir, to my wife and I haven't a cent of money in the world,' said the man, in a firm, manly voice. "Where have you been?" asked the Colo

nel, dropping his pen. "I don't want to tell you," replied the mar dropping his head. "Out with it: my man. Where have you

"Well, sir, I've been to Sing Sing State Prison."

"What for?" "Grand larceny, sir. I was put in for five years, but was pardoned out yesterday, after staying four years and one-half. I am here, hungry and without money.". "All right, my man," said Fisk kindly.

vou shall have a pass, and here—here is \$5. Go and get a meal of victuals, and then ride down to the boat in the Eric coach, like a gen tleman. Commence life again, and if you are onest and want a lift come to me." Perfectly bewildered, the poor convict took

the money, and six month afterward Fisk got a letter from him. He was doing a thriving mercantile business, and said Fi sk's kindness and cheering words gave him the first hopehis first strong resolve to become a man. BLACK AND WHITE.

Ten minutes after the poor convict left poor young negro preacher called.
"What do you want? Are you from Sing

Sing, too ?" asked Fisk. "No, sir; I'm a Baptist preacher from Hoboken; I want to go to the Howard Seminary in Washington," said the negro. "All right, Brother Johnson," said Fisk. 'Here, Conner," he said, addressing his Secretary, "give Brother Johnson \$20, and charge it to charity," and the Colonel went on writing, without listening to the stream of

thanks from the delighted negro. REPARTEE. One day Fisk was traveling to Niagara with his brother in law Hooker. The directors car passed a car full of calves. "There, Colonel-there are some of you relations," said Hooker, laughing.

'Yes relations by marriage," said Fisk. CHARITY AND FUN. One day the Colonel was walking ur Twenty-third street to dine with one of the Erie directors, when a poor beggar came along. The beggar followed after them, saying, in a plaintive tone, " Please give me a dime, gen-

a roll of bills and commenced to unroll them, hinking to find a half or a quarter. "Here man !" said Fisk, seizing the whole roll and throwing it on the sidewalk, "take the pile."

Then looking into the blank face of hi friend, he said, "Thunderation, Sam, you never count charity, do you ?" "But, great guns, Colonel, there was \$20 in that roll.' "Never mind," said Fisk, "then I'll stand

the supper to night."

GRAVEYARD FENCE. Somebody in Brattleboro camo down to in his mouth, and ran down stairs with it New York to ask Fisk for a donation to help TO ITS OWNER! them build a new fence around the graveyard where he is now buried. " What in thunder do you want a new fence for?" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, that the house, the dog punched his nose agains

live people will keep out as long as they can, any way !'' PISK'S LAST JOKE. The day before Fisk was shot he came into the office, and after looking over some in-terest account, he shouted, "Gould! Gould!" "Well, what?" says Gould, stroking his jetty whiskers.
"I want to know how you go to work to it want to know how you go to work to d that he was a deck hand or pussenger on

figure the interest so that it amounts than the principal?" said the Colonel.

with the better side of Col. Fisk's life we find The Hartford Times of Wednesday evenng last has the following article on dogs, which is too good not to be quoted entire: We state the fact unqualifiedly, on the testimony of all the members of the family of the Byron. gentleman who owns him. The animal in -perhaps about six or seven years old. His ory of my revered friend, at whose feet I some attempts at singing, though they are certainly not very musical, are unmistakable; and they | Editor New York Commercial Advertiser have been observed by the family for the last two or three years. He does not sing alone, but when he hears certain members of the fam ily singing, he "joins in." This is more pardraped in mourning. His old associates were who, if she begins to sing when the dog is any-

CANINE ACCOMPANIMENT. when he will "join in," keeping very good time, and actually keeping—so we are assured to the stable one day, where a row of cows and howl, that is yet neither like the voice of with any evil intent. Come to think of it, I a dog nor anything else, but showing some- never went to his grave at all. I do not even thing of a musical car. When he reaches a know where the grave is, and the evergreens pretty high for a boy, but do you think you note too high for him, he will stop, and wait said to be growing there would be to me no could take this shovel and clean out the sta- for the cadence of the song to reach the lower manner of use. notes again. In his rising notes he

tain a

LIFTS HIS HEAD as well as his voice. When his owner enters | ing for the fun of the thing, a little eight by-"Well, my boy, if you will do it this morn- the room, he will suddenly stop, and not ten country paper, called the Mac a-Check ing, I'll give you this bright silver dollar," another note can be got out of him while his Press, I unfortunately made the acquaintance said his father, patting him on his head, master remains. In fact he dislikes to have of the veritable original showman Artemus anybody present except the one with whom Ward, heard his history, and published the he sings. "Good," says James, "I'll try"—and sings better than he did." He may yet sing famous—this, and this only—and the state away he went to work. He tugged and with Nilsson. There are a good many puppulled and lifted and puffed, and, finally, it pies following in her wake who have neither morist, the dear friend of Mr. Landon, with the music nor the sense of this one. out any one suspecting that it was an attack

In proof of this we will state some other on that humorous gentleman. performances by this dog. These will show Not long since a letter appeared in the Newthat some, at least, of the brute creation can, ark Evening Courier over my name, containand do, reason from cause to effect, and vice ing a strange jumble anent this subject, that I versa, precisely as a man reasons. This dog never read until it met my eye in print. I has long made it a practice, after the family hastened to denounce the absurd forgery. have gone up stairs for the evening, of getting am indifferent as to the use other people may into the sitting-room below and making his make of my poor name, knowing that no one bed on the sofa. He knows this is a forbid- will go to the trouble of putting it to the end den thing, and seems to do it out of what the Hoosiers call "pure cussedness,"-for he has a much more comfortable bed of his own in the rear of the kitchen. His practice was discovered by the disarranged condition of the

sofa pillow AND THE MARKS OF MUDDY FEET. on the sofa, the master or mistress of the dog fame, owes more to the recognition he secured have never been able to catch him in the act. in England, as Walt Whitman and Joaque The sofa would be disarranged, and quite Miller do, than to any merit of his own. warm where the animal had lain on it, but ly) fast asleep! He is only aroused as if from an international copyright, our literature is a sound slumber, and puts on all the stretcharoused from a sound nap.

of the trick, the owner of this intelligent piece the humor of the Artemus, who owed so of property so fixed a loaded pistol to a chair. which was placed near the sofa, that by pull- Punch. ing a string the weapon could be discharged. from seeing all that occurred. After the 1

One night, determined to catch the gentle-

and noiselessly pushed open, and IN CAME THE DOG. He stopped and listened, long and attentively. Then he went to the parlor door and cautiously looked into the parlor. Then turning back, he stopped in the sitting room and sensitiveness will prove his death yet. D. P.

The door opened and is barked once more. Hearing nothing, he sudlenly dropped all his guarded and sneaking nanner, and bounded boldly upon the sofapawed the pillow down to the spot where he vanted it, and settled himself down solidly and comfortably for the night. At this juncture the string was pulled from the closet, and

the pistol went off with a terrific bang! close o the dog's head. The frightened animal made one leap, such a jump as greyhounds alone can make, and anded at one bound, in the middle of the parlor. There he stopped, and stood, with eager gaze and pointed cars, looking back at the sofa in the sitting room. Then his owner came out, and that dog's demeanor underwent a sudden change. He dropped his ears, head and tail, and with an air which fairly said

'You've got me this time," he sneaked off to his own bed. Nor did he again go near that sofa for many weeks. Gradually, however, he began to resume his old tricks, and one night his owner, curious to see he w the dog always managed to get away so quick whenever any one came down stairs, again hid himself in the closet, having first arranged with one of the family to start quietly from up stairs late, and after all of the house had become still, and start down stairs, so that he could see if the dog heard it. The dog, after waiting long to

assure himself that the family had gone to bed, came in. In the middle of the floor he stopped and listened. In accordance with the arrangement, some of the folks up stairs walked across the floor. The dog did not move. The instant, however, that the person up stairs took hold of and turned the knob to the up-stairs door (indicating a purpose to come down stairs), the dog darted back to his own place! Hastily procuring a light, his owner (whose presence he had not suspected) followed him-and lol

there lay the dog, in his own bed, with his eves shut and pretending to be fast asleep ! A gentleman living in another part of the city owns an intelligent hunting dog of the 'setter" breed. His many proofs of intelligence it would take too much space to tell. Not long ago h s master, to test his power of understanding, said to him, "Bill, go up into my room and bring me my hat." The dog darted up stairs, but found the door to his

master's room closed. Unable to get it open, he ran into an adjoining room where sat a lady member of the family, and began barking, in such a manner that the lady exclaimed, "There must be something wrong." She thought something had happened to the dog's master, and went to his room to see. When she opened the door, the dog darted in, jumped up to the table where Mr. --- 's hat lay, took the hat

One day the past fall, this dog's master was

paying out some money, and dropped a roll

of \$60 on the floor. As he was about leaving

old fence will keep the dead people in, and his master's leg, and repeated it. This strange movement attracted attention, and the roll of bills was found in the dog's mouth? Till thi time the man was not aware that he had lost the money. The body of an unknown man, who had evidently been murdered, was found in the

to more ed that he was a deck hand or passenger on some steamboat.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Donn Platt Ventures an Opinion Up-no the Great Humovist. AMUSING STORIES, THAT ARE HARD TO

"My friend, my dear friend, has been fellow at the best, and sometimes he was downstruck ! "Donn Platt has gone to the grave of the dead humorist, 'Artemus Ward,' to snatch ed himself particularly upon his own cottage There is in this city a dog that can sing. away his laurels, even as Mr. Stowe wrote garden, in which every evening, after he had with the pen of slander upon the grave of "How glad am I to love, providentially, in

time hope to be worthy to sit."

In your issue of the 9th, I believe appears a communication, of which the above is part, pleasant good humor; but when he happened signed Melville D. Landon, in which I am charged with having gone to the grave of the as a bear. ticularly the case with one lady of the house, dead humorist Artemus Ward, to snatch away his-said Ward's -laurels; and further, that I had struck Mr. Landon's friend, h's dear where about the place, is pretty certain to ob friend. I gather from the bearing of the discourse thus commenced that the dear friend If she is heard singing up stairs, and the thus brutally assaulted, and the buried humor dog is shut out below, he will raise a rumpus list whose barrels I have sought to steel, take, till he is admitted to the room where she is, and carry away, are one and the same person. Id wouring them by wholesale. He did not wait To the charge of assault and battery, also to the charge of petit larceny, permit me to plead | down stairs in a fury, he made a sudden on -on the same key, rising with the singer to not guilty. I never struck Mr. Landon's next | slaught into the thick of the offenders, and

All this originated I suppose in the melarcholy fact that some years since, while edit-"His voice is improving, and he same. I said here was the man Browne made ment was published in the lifetime of the hu-

> of a check or note. But this effort was so inensely stupid, so awkwardly expressed that I nastened to disavow being the author, fearing that some simple people might believe that I

rate the wretched stuff. At the risk of being charged with a crimi AND THE MARKS OF MUDDY FEET.

Coming suddenly down stairs, at a late disposition to strike a dear friend, I will say hour, on purpose to see if they could find him that the late Artemus Ward, in the way of never knew how funny our Ward was until the dog himself would invariably be found in John Bull laughed. Owing to early habit inhis own bed, his eyes shut, and he (apparent-herited from the colonies, and the absence of Grundy's garden myself." strangely dependent upon foreign criticism. ing attitudes and sleepy airs of a dog newly We have little or nothing of our own that we hens. dare call excellent until consent is given us in Europe. Mark Twain, Nasby, the Fat Conman in the act, and at the same time cure him tributor, and Max Adeler have each t n times

much to his bad spelling and the London And in conclusion permit me to say that M Then, hiding himself in the closet, extinguish- Landon's comparison of my criticism to Mrs. ing the light, and leaving the door open just Stowe's attack upon the moral character of far enough to enable him to see out, he waited. the late Lord Byron is not happy. Mrs. Stowe The room was not so dark as to prevent him charged a horrible crime upon the poet, while sounds of the family retiring, in the rooms funny fellow after all. He wen forbid that I above, had all ceased, the door to the kitchen should attack any man's moral character. I (which was always left unlatched) was slowly would die in cold blood before I would attack Bible to some purpose. any man's moral character, dead or alive. He might come back at me. But can I not express my opinion of an author's literary work without wounding the feeling of "a dear

A SAN FRANCISCO HORROR. Yesterday morning Coronor Stillman was notified that a dead Chinaman-or what was left of him-lay awaiting his official inspection in a house on Dupont alley, a filthy lane, between Broadway and Pacific, and extend ing about half-way through the block. Most of the houses in the alley are occupted by dirty, slovenly negroes, Mexicans, and thieves. Passing through a short and gloomy entry of a corner house, a sort of area was reached, into which daylight penetrated from an opening in the roof. On each side of this place were small vault like structures, 10 feet square which, as we were told by the Chinaman who acted as warden of the horrible place, contained a varied assortment of dead Chinamen From the area another door opened into a dark damp, and dirty apartment, where candles were necessary at midday to distinguish the carest objects. The floor was of asphaltum, and ratholes gaped in every corner. The Chinese guide groped through the dismal apartment, and pointing to what arp ared to be a confused pile of rags, briefly remarked to the coroner, "Diss ee him !" Each member of the party drew near, candle in hand, and the rags were removed from what was now understood to be the body of defunct Celestial. The man lay stretched upon his back, and when the face was uncovered a herrible spectacle was disclosed. One side of his nose had been torn off by the rats, and around the lips were indications that the vermin had been at work there also. Throwing aside another batch of rags, the left hand was exposed, with nearly every particle of flesh devoured. The stains of blood whi h had trickled from the wounds proved conclu sively that rats had begun their horrible bauquet while life yet lingered in the miserable wretch. In response to the exclamations of horror and disgust which the sight called forth the Chinese guide coolly remarked ; "Oh, him no belly had; "udder Chinamen die here off!" and the wretch positively laughed over the recollection. From a conversation with this ghoul we ascertained that the dead man being sick and not expected to live, had been bundled up in rags and placed in the dungeon to die or be devoured by rats. He informed us that this cheerful practice was always adopted in such cases, and repeated his story

about the last one that had been disposed of in the same manner-how the rats had torn o it both eyes, etc. Turning away in disgust, we sought a breath of pure air in the little courtyard outside, (where the vaults full of departed Chinamen were located), and then we all went up stairs to inspect the Chinese temple, which is directly over the rats' din ing room. In this apartment there was nothing new to any who has ever visited a joss house. The customary army of demoriacal Chinese angels and grinning dragons, carved in wood and gilded, decorated the room. Not being gifted with any great degree of appreciation for Chinese sculpture, our stay temple was short, and the party soon laft the In an economical point of view such sights

tio. Hy was sober and industrious. He prid left working for his master, he worked for himself. Grundy's next neighbor was a good tempered name, as industrious as himself; and, question is a large, mouse-colored greyhound my possession the facts to vindicate the mem- as their garden joined, there was a kind of rivalry kept up as to which - fom Carter or Grundy Archer-should have the earliest peas the biggest cabbages, and so forth. On the part of Carter, this rivalry was carried on with to get the upper hand, Grundy was as savage

TOM CARTER'S GARDEN.

I don't think anybody in the village of Frog

field liked Grundy Archer. He was a surly

One morning in March, Grandy looked ou of his chamber window as he was dressing, and saw a sight which might have made a bet ter tempered man than he cross. A number of fowls had got into his garden, and were as busy as bees, scratching up a row of peas which were just appearing above ground, and to put on the rest of his clothes, but, rushing the higher notes, in a kind of blended whine friend, I never went to the grave of said friend soon dispersed them; but not till two fine hens were gasping their last on the unlucky row

of peas. The fowls were Tom Carter's. They ha nade a breach in their place of confinement and, trying to make the b st of their shore liberty, had unfortunately strayed into Grun dy's garden, after having done mischief enough in their owner's.

Archer was rather ashamed of himself when he deed was done, and managed matters so that the dead fowls were found in a field at the back of the two gardens, while he repaired the damages they had done in his own. when they were found he pretended to know nothing about the matter. But Tom had his suspicions, nevertheless; and from that time the neighbors and their wives were as cool as

encumbers towards each other. A few months later, Archer's garden began wear a neglected look. After the autumn crops were gathered in, it became more and more of a wilderness. Weeds overran the empty beds, and there was no attempt to era dicate them-no turning up the ground to prepare it for fresh crops. Winter came; and the gooseberry-bushes, and current-bushes, and apple-tree were left uncut. Spring was coming on; and the garden looked more des olate than ever.

Grundy Archer had fallen from the top of a agon while carrying corn at harvest time, had broken his leg and two or three of his ribs, and for months was lying in bed help He was pretty well cared for by his maste and the parish together; but his garden, the pride of his life, nobody cired for that.

"I can't bear to see it so," said Tom Carter one day to his wife. "'lisn't doing as we would be done by. I'll take a spell at poor " He doesn't deserve it, though," said Mrs Carter, who was thinking of her two dead

"The Bible tells us to bear one another's burdens," said Tom. "Grundy wouldn' have put out his little nger to bear one of ours," said Mrs. Carter. " If we do good only to them that do good o you, what thank have ye?" " answered Tom, quoting a text we should all do well to study ore, and to follow as well as study. "I believe you are right, Tom," returned

Mrs. Carter; "but there's our own garden wants as much work as you can give it." Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others," rejoined Tom, who seems to have studied the Grandy Archer was sitting in an easy chair one evening, in no pleasant frame of mind;

The door opened and in came his neighbor Carter. "How d' ye do, mate?" said Tom kindly "None the better for seeing you," Grundy

for he was getting better; and they say that

when a sick man gets extra cross, it is one

would have said, perhaps, if he had spoken his mind, but he growled out a half civil reply in-"About your garden, neighbor," Tom be

gan to say.

"'Tis in a terrible mess." "Could have told you that," said the sic "I want to put it to rights a bit, if you'c let me.''

"What about it?" asked Grundy quickly.

" You !" "Yes, I: why not? There's them goos berry-trees, now; they want cutting."
"I know they do," growled Archer. "'Tis time to think of putting in seeds."

"Of course it is," replied Archer testily.

" And a good many other things want se ing to," continued Tom Carter. "You needn't tell me that," said the man with the fractured leg and ribs. "May I do it ?" asked Tom.

"What for ?" said Grundy : "I can't pay

for it if you do." "I don't want you to: may I do it?" "If you like," replied Archer. A month later, and Grundy was in his garden, hobbling on with a stick, looking with a curious expression of countenance at Tom, who was raking over the onion bed. Everything was neat and tidy as ever. Trees and oushes had been trimmed, weeds burned, round dug in seeds sown and planted. Grun-

ly looked over the fence into his neighbor's "Why, Tom, you are backward with your own work !" "Rather, neighbor, but I'll soon fetch up.

There, I think that puts the finishing stroke," he added shouldering the rake. "But, Tom-stop a bit, Tom-I have got something to say. I say, Tom, this is very kind of you. I could not have thought it. And, Tom-I say, Tom, I can't bear it;" and befo; rattee cat all him eyes -- all him facce cat Grundy Archer diew his brown, bony hand across his face, and took it away moist. can't bear it, Tom; to think how crooked I've always been with you. Them hens of yours,

> "Never mind about them, Grundy." "Twas I that killed 'em, Tom." "Never mind," answered Tom Carter, "they shouldn't have got into your garden." "Did you know I did it, then?"

"Well, I gave a pretty close guess; but

during prayer, others keep their seats in the what matters?" "You've beat me," sobbed Grundy Archer; 'you've beat me out and out. God bless you would be beneath senatorial dignity. Sumfor it, Tom !" and he held out his hand to ner looks alternately down, then up, then Carter, who shook it with a hearty grip of around, as if impatient for the five minutes' good-will. prayer to be over. Tom Carter had found out one way of doing

"Be not overcome of evil."

s reached, and by the time the word is fairly A DEMURE looking chap hailed a charcoal pedlar with the query. " Have you got charout of the clergyman's mouth, he is writing coal in your wagon ?" low citizens depended upon the rapidity with "Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stop-

ping his horses. "That's right," observed the demure chap as we beheld yester lay are productive of good with an approving nod, "always tell the truth results. A man can lose nothing by witnessing them—provided he does so on an empty stomach and he won't want to eat anything and people will respect you!" And he hurried on, much to the regret of the pedlar, who for a week afterward. - San Francisco Ohron-

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN. How Energy and Industry Always Win.

The Concord, N. H., Monitor tells the folowing story: right name and the half his good points On a certain day in 1858, a young man whose noticeable points were a fashionable coat, pantaloons with wide checks, and a large watch chain, at the end of which dangled a scal, walked into a large hardware store in Boston and asked for employment. Mr. Peter Butler, one of the proprietors, inquired it he had ever worked at the business. He had not. What had he been doing? Studying law at Cambridge. Where did he belong? His friends lived in Maryland. The firm were not

in need of help, and the services of the appli cant were civilly declined. On the following day he addressed a note to Mr. Butler, saying that he feared he had not made himself fully understood, and would call again on the morrow to explain further. At the second interview he said he had graduated at Harvard University and commenced reading law; that he had become acquainted with a young lady in Cambridge whom he proposed to marry; that his father had written to him forbidding him to wed a Northern girl on penalty of utter disinheritance and banishment from home. He intended, however, to two long years to the day, and remembers keep his faith with his betrothed; and as he how he delighted his imperial papa by slaughmust paddle his own cance in future, he was looking for employment.

Mr. Butler engaged him at four hundred dollars a year, and gave him certain duties to | saddle, and in Russian exclaims, "Bear on ! perform. Next morning the young man, whose name we may as well say was John | gins too with a B. Death to B number two, Paca, walked in from Cambridge, with his dinner packed in a tin pail, and went stoutly to work. He kept steadily at this for a year doing all he was told to do, and more besides; for his comrades, of whom there were more than sixty, finding him able and willing, set hem at all the menial tasks of the establishment, until the proprietor discovered and stopped this imposition. At the end of the year John's'salary was increased \$160, and he named an early day for his wedding.

When that day came, Mr. Butler gave him he takes a liking to with a tip top suit once in his knife—and the buffalo's silky tail is fastena while,) and a holiday. Mr. and Mrs. John | ed with an imperial cross to his panting shirt Paca went to live with the bride's father and mether, and John continued to walk in to his | whether the Russian had not taken his scalp business, tin pail in hand. Among all the from the wrong end, but the feelings of the merchants and tradesmen who rode in from duke prevented him from replying. Old Cambridge to the Banks and counting Paca, a clerk of \$500 a year. He was always down. on hand when the warehouse was opened, and stuck by until it was closed. During the second year of his service he

received a letter from his sisters, who were at | ers?" school in Brooklyn, asking him to get leave to make them a short visit. He did so and returned to his duties. Not long afterwards another letter came. His father wanted him to come home for a few days and bring his wife along with him. Mr. Butler furnished the necessary funds for a comfortable Trip to the old home and back again.

During their stay in Maryland the young ople won the love of the old folks, if indeed they had ever forfeited it, for John had not long been back at the store in Boston when his father desired him to take charge of one of his plantations. He should have a living off it, one thousand a year besides, and two suddle horses, and his wife should have a carriage and a pair. His employers hurried him away and bade him God speed. At the death of his father John fell heir to an immense estate. Every year he writes to Peter Butler, whom he justly thinks one of the best men in Boston, to come out and join him in a fox

ANDREW JACKSON'S WIFE .- Gen. Jackson domestic life had been scanned and scourged and his beloved and honored wife had been forked tongues of his political opponents. She was happy in his love, and never aspired to and had been sheltered and saved by his galhabits and vulgar dissipation among the rough settlers of the West. He was temperate in ished in manners, except when roused, and always preferred the society of ladies, with the the wife of his bosom, she was a woman of spotless character, and an unassuming; consistent Christian : vet political rancor bitterly assailed her, and not content with defamation, endeavored to belittle her by the contemptuous appellation of "Aunt Rachel," and held her up to ridicule for "smoking a corn cob pipe:" She did prefer that form, not for the pleasure of smoking, but because a pipe was prescribed by her physician for her phthisis, and she often rose in the night to smoke for relief. In a night of December, 1828, she rose to smoke, and caught cold while sitting in her night-clothes; and the story is that her sys tem had been shocked by her overhearing re proaches of herself while waiting in a parlot at the Nashville inn. She had said to a friend ipon the election of her husband : " For Mr. Jackson's sake, Im glad; for my own part, I never wished it. I assure you I had rather Lo a door keeper in the house of my God than to live in that palace in Washington." She was not allowed to live "in the palace in Washton." Before the day of her husband's inaugu ation at the White House she was taken by

her God to that "house not made with hands

eternal in the heavens."-II. A. Wise's New

"Now We'll Have the Overture."

This is the way the Senate opens its pro

eedings: With a face lit up with good hu-

nor and geniality, a dozen smiles, all child-

comes Colfax. He trips to and into the Speak-

er's chair, raps with his gavel, at which hats

are taken off and eigar stumps disappear. The

Senate comes to order, and each Senator pres.

He takes up a sheet of paper, tears off a piece

of it, lays it before him, dips his pen in ink,

and stands all ready to drop into his seat and

ommence writing the moment the " Amen"

way as though the rights of our colored fel

which his pen danced over the paper.

ent takes his position.

the Atlantic Monthly for Fibruary.

In Virginia, where the law fixes the marriage fee at one dollar, there is a reminiscence of a couple who, many years ago, called on a parson and requested him to marry them.

be twenty seven cents. "I can't marry you for the sum," said the irate old gentleman.

hope it will do you." The lass, intent on marriage, began to weep, but the parson was inexorable, and the couple turned sadly to depart. Just then a happy like and bland, playing upon his features, thought seemed to strike the forlorn maiden, and she turned and cried, through her tears. won't you marry us twenty-seven cents worth?

> seven years since the battle of New Orleans was fought, and yet we have considerably over a hundred veterans in the city. One of them in his statement to the Pension Agent, who inquired his age, said:

"I reckon I'se 'bout forty, sir; 'pears to me I'se datold." 1812." explained the official.

age you couldn't have been there. Couldn't I ?"

"And I ain't no veteran ?'

"Well, then, boss ; jis make me a volunwas getting out of the wagon to look for a train last Monday, have rendered a verdict of tee. I ain't proud about it."-New Orleans manslaughter against the engineer of the train. | Picayune.

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Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. A., is once more enabled to announce a victory to the nation through the War Depart. ment. On Thursday he sent the following dispatch to the Secretary of War:

CAMP ALEXIS, five miles south of Fort Mc-Pherson, Nebraska, Jan. 15, 1872.—To W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War, Washington:
The Grand Duke Alexis killed his first buffalo to-day, in a manner which elicited the admiration of the entire party with me.

LATEST STYLES

ation of the entire party with me. P. H. Sheridan, Lieutenant General Sound the trumpet, beat the drum, A buffalo's killed; the duke has won. Once more the national heart is thrilled. We think we see the mighty Sheridan riding neck and neck with his imperial highness,

pell-mell, helter skelter, leading a band of heroic savages whooping and yelling. On they rush with daring that challenges our warmest admiration, beholding in their front a single buffalo ! Not a man falters. Sheridan stands upright in his stirrups, and with sword pointing towards the pyramids of Egypt exclaims, "Comrades, forty centuries look down upon you, falter not, the death of that one sick buffalo, or the cypress !" The Grand Duke Alexis looks back through the vista of tering a bear. His breast swells at the recollection of that grand triumph. With a war whoop he skillfully reverses his position in the

or my laurels will wither." The proud monarch of the prairie switches his tail as he sees the knife which flashes in the duke's belt. Already he feels its gleaming e ige penetrating his caudal appendage. With a desperate leap he makes a bold dash for victory. But it is useless. The imperial pistol empties itself into his doomed side, he struggles, he falls; a plebeian rifle bullet settles his fate, and the victory is won. While Sheridan and his dusky wa riors open their mart'al throats and whoop out a pacan of victory, the new suit of clothes, (he presents everybody duke jumps over the rear of his horse, draws jacket. The Sioux in dumb motions inquired

Bear on ! comrades, remember that buffalo be-

As we announced a day or two ago, the bufrooms of Boston there was not one whose falo meat will be duly transported to this city heart was lighter or happier than that of John and offered for sale under the regulations laid Note. - How much did that telegram cost,

and who paid for it? Will the bill pass through

the hands of the Civil Service Commission

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

But the Young Girl. She gets her living by

THE REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

writing stories for a newspaper. Every week she furnishes a new story. If her head aches or her heart is heavy, so that she does not come to time with her story, she falls behind hand and has to live on credit. It sounds well enough to say that "she supports herself by her pen," but her lot is a trying one; it repeats the doom of the Danaides. The Weekly Bucket" has no bottom, and it is her business to help fill it. Imagine for one moment what it is to tell a tale that must flow on, flow ever, without pausing: the lover miserable and happy this week, to begin miserable again next week and end as before; the villain scowling, plotting, punished; to scowl, plot, and get punished again in our next; and endless series of woes and blisses, into each throw all the liveliness, all the emotion, all the graces of style she is mistress of, for the was elected president in the fall of 1828. His wages of a maid of all work, and no more recognition or thanks from anybody than the apprentice who sets the types for the paper most malignantly revited and tortured, by the that prints her ever-ending and ever-beginning stories. And yet she has a pretty talent, sensibility, a natural way of writing, an car the splendor of his fortune in life. She had for the music of verse, in which she somefled to his manhood for protection and peace, times indulges to vary the dead monotony of everlasting narrative, and a sufficient amount faut championship of the cause of woman. He, of invention to make her stories readable. I and he alone, was her all, and of him may be have found my cycs dimmed over them oftentruly said that, in respect to "wassail, wine er than once, more with thinking about her, and women," he was one of the purest men p rhaps, than about her heroes and heroines. of his day, and that, too, in an age of rude Poor little body! Poor little mind! Poor little soul! She is one of that great company of delicate, intelligent, emotional young crea drink, abstemious in diet, simple in tastes, pol- tures, who are waiting, like that sail I spoke of, for some breath of heaven to fill their white bosoms,-love, the right of every wes most romantic, pure, and poetic devotion. He man; religious emotion, slater of love, with was never accused of indulging in any of the the same passionate eyes, but cold, thin, rosser vices, except that in early life he swore, bloodless hands, -- some enthusiasm of humanhorse-raced, and attended cock-fights. As for ity or divinity; and find that life offers them, instead, a seat on a wooden bench, a chain to fasten them to it, and a heavy ore to pull day and night. We read the Arabian tales and pity the doomed lady who must amuse her lord and master from day to day or have her head cut off; how much better is a mouth without bread to fill it than no mouth at all to fill, because no head! We have all round us a weary-eyed company of Scheherazades! This is one of them, and I may call her by that name when it pleases me to do so .- From

MARRIED FULL UP.

"Where is my fee?" said the old function-

The parties who were to unite their fortures

did so at once, and found the joint amount to

"A little bit of service will go a long way," uggested the male applicant. "Ah, no," said the parson ; "you don't pay for the size of the pill, but for the good you

"Please, sir, if you can't marry us full up, We can come for the rest some other time." This was too much for the parson. He mar-

NOT AT ALL PARTICULAR.-It is now fifty-

"But, my man, I'm referring to the war of "Of course you are." "Well, then, if you are only forty years of

" No!"

At Maryville, Ind., a Coroner's jury in the case of Lewis Vandel, killed by a railroad

The proceedings are opened with prayer by ried them "full up," and they went on their a young clergyman in the Speaker's stand. Charles Sumner and a few others stand up way rejoicing. ordinary attitude, but none kneel. That