ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 w	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos	1yr.
One Square	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.50	12.00
Two Squares	3.00	3.50	6.50	9.00	20.00
Three Squares	4.50	5.25	9.00	17.00	25.00
Six Squares		11.50	17.00	25.00	45.00
Quarter Column		13.50	22.00	40.00	60.00
Half Column		20.00	40.00	60.00	110.00
One Column		30.00	60.00	110.00	200.00

Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.
Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, $3.00
City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Ten lines agate constitute a square.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR., PUBLISHER,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXVI. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1872. NO. 22.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR.
Plain and Fancy Job Printer,
No. 603 HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGANT PRINTING
NEW DESIGNS
LATEST STYLES
Stamped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Books, Constitutions and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Letter Heads, Bills of Lading, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Printed at Short Notice.

Dry Goods.

LeMAISTRE & ROSS,
212 North Eighth Street, Phila.

By confining themselves to a special line of goods and doing a large trade are able to buy and sell cheaper than those who deal in a more general way. Not a thing desirable is wanting to make up the most thorough stock of

WHITE GOODS,

All sorts of Laces, and at this season a specialty is made of

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS

by the pair, and curtain lace by the yard. The choicest stock of Vestibule Laces to be found.

Our 2700 pieces, representing more than 36 000 yards of

HAMBURG EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS

All select patterns and button-hole edged.

Bias tucking and bias tucking combinations made solely for their own sales.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
may 1-tfw

E. S. SHIMER.] OUR [A. S. SHIMER.

Increase in Businses

NECESSITATED INCREASE

IN STOCK!

SPRING AND SUMMER

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF

DAILY ARRIVALS,

AT THE

"MAMMOTH STORES."

OF

E. S. SHIMER & CO.,

705 AND 707

HAMILTON ST., ALLENTOWN, PA.,

OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS

OUR STOCK is entirely too extensive to enumerate articles, and will only say, that it is full and complete in every particular, comprising all the different novelties of the season, and at prices that cannot be undersold by any one. We keep everything usually kept in a well regulated Store. In

DRESS GOODS

Such as *BLACK SILKS, FANCY COLORED SILKS, FANCY STRIPED SILKS, JAP ANESE STRIPED SILKS, BLACK MOHAIR and ALPACAS, BLACK WOOL DELAINES, BLACK BOMBAZINES and CANTON CLOTH, ALEXES CLOTH all SHADES, CRETONS, LATEST STYLES, LIGHT WEIGHT POPLINS, COLORED MOHAIRS, COLORED ALPACAS, CHENE DRESS GOODS, &c.*

DOLLY VARDENS,

of every possible description and design.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

CASHMERE,
THIBET,
BROCHE and
FANCY and
STRIPED SHAWLS.

WHITE GOODS!

Plain and Plaid Nainsooks, Victoria Lawns, French Nainsooks and Organdies, Piques and Marseilles, Swiss Cambrics, &c.

MARSAILLES SPREADS,

EMBROIDERIES,

HAMBURG EDGINGS, LACES and INSERTINGS.

PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS,

FANS, &C.

Cloths and Cassimeres,

Prints, Sheetings, Checks, Tickings, Cottonades, Kentucky Jeans, Denims, Chambray, Flannels, &c.

ALSO, ALL KINDS OF

GRO CERIES

WOOL and other Produce taken in exchange for Goods, for which we pay the highest market price.
Respectfully,
E. S. SHIMER & CO.,
Nos. 705 and 707 Hamilton Street,
april7-tf w] ALLENTOWN, PA.

TO THE PUBLIC.

REMOVAL.

OUR NEW STORE.

GUTH & KERN,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS,

WOULD most respectfully call the attention of their friends, customers, and the public generally, to the fact that they have just removed to their newly and elegantly fitted up STORE BUILDING, one door west of their former location, and immediately adjoining the First National Bank, being the building formerly occupied by Schreiber Bros., where they propose to continue

DRY GOODS BUSINESS

in all its varied branches. They have the finest, best and cheapest stock of GOODS ever offered to the public, embracing everything that the public can wish. They would especially invite the attention of all to their fine assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

This department they flatter themselves to be the best ever offered to the public of Allentown and vicinity, for style, quality and cheapness, goods of the most approved patterns, &c., consisting of

Black and Fancy Silks, Black and Fancy Silk Poplins, Black and Fancy Mohairs, Black and Fancy Alpacas, Black and Colored Striped Suitings, Black Bombasines, Black Australian Crape, Black Poplins, Black Velveteens, Silk Velvet, Satin Striped Versailles Cloth, Satin Striped Lorne Robes, Silk Striped Mohair, Silk Figured Sultana, Brocade Japanese Silks, Brocade Poplins, Serge Wool Plaids

Scotch Wool Plaids, Cord and Colored Velveteens, English and French Chintzes, Plaid Poplins, Plaid Chintzes, Plaid Nainsooks, Broche, Thibet, Helena, Saratoga, Vigilis, Long Branch, Niagara and Watervliet Long and Square SHAWLS, in GREAT VARIETY.

☞CALL and SEE.☜

As they are buying strictly for cash, they flatter themselves that they can offer great inducements to parties wishing to buy good Goods at reasonable prices.

They only ask the public to give them a call and examine their stock, and compare prices and quality. They defy competition.

Thankful for past favors, they will endeavor to merit a continuance of the patronage of their old customers, as well as of all new comers.

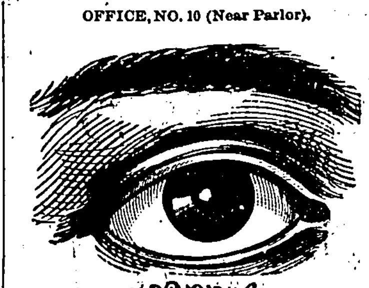
EIRAM GUTH] [THOS. KERN.
Jan 1-tw d tan31-3m w

HAMES.

The great remedy for bots, colic, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels in horses. *Cures every case.*
SHOULD BE IN EVERY STABLE.
Sent free by mail for Fifty Cents.
AGENTS wanted everywhere. A. SWYDAM,
apr3-w6m] G. E. W. Va.

I EMPLOY NO PEDDLERS!
I DO NOT PEDDLE MYSELF!
I HAVE NO AGENTS!

AMERICAN HOTEL.
ALLENTOWN, PA.
OFFICE, NO. 10 (Near Parlor).



MORRIS BERNHARDT

OPTICIAN

OF BERLIN, PRUSSIA, MORE RECENTLY FROM NEW YORK.
Post Office Box 5150.
NEW YORK CITY.

Offers those who are Suffering from Weak and Defective Sight, his

BRAZILIAN
PEBBLE
AND
AUSTRALIAN CRYSTAL
TRADE MARK
GLASS SPECTACLES!

Superior to Any Other in Use!

Sold only by
MORRIS BERNHARDT
SPECTACLE AND OPTICAL MANUFACTURER.

The Advantages of these Spectacles over all others are

1. THEY CAN BE WORN WITH PERFECT ease for any length of time at one sitting, giving astonishing clearness of vision, by candle or any other artificial light, comfort to the spectacle wearer hitherto unknown.

2. HOW TO SELECT GLASSES.—It requires professional guidance, even when a good article is offered. Doctor Bernhardt not only has the best Glasses that can be found in the market, but carefully examines the eyes, and gives indispensable advice as to the proper selection of them.

TESTIMONY OF RECOMMENDATIONS:

FROM MEDICAL GENTLEMEN, PROFESSORS OF THE HIGHEST OPTHALMIC TALENT IN ALLENTOWN, PA., POTTSVILLE, READING, LANCASTER, EASTON, SCRANTON, CARLISLE, CHAMBERSBURG, PA., AND FROM ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Jan. 22, 1872.
IT AFFORDS ME PLEASURE TO STATE that I have carefully examined Doctor Bernhardt's collection of Glasses for the eyes, and from his explanation of the manner in which he adapts them to imperfect vision, I am fully satisfied that he thoroughly comprehends the science of Optics, and that he is practically eminently skillful in the adaptation of instruments for the relief of all forms of imperfect vision within the scope of relief without an operation. I am confirmed, in my own opinion of the Doctor's merits by the testimony of the most reliable and prominent medical men in various cities in the United States, I most cheerfully commend him to all with whom my opinion may have any weight.
C. J. MARTIN, M. D.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Jan. 22, 1872.
AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION of the principles upon which you adapt your Glasses to defective or impaired vision, and a close investigation into your claims to thoroughness in the application of those principles to the eye, it gives us pleasure to bear testimony to the fact of your preeminence in the science of Optics and the remarkable skill and facility with which you practically demonstrate yourself in this branch of scientific investigations. It is a matter of the greatest moment to those using glasses for the eye to avail themselves of the rare opportunity offered them by your presence in our city to have Glasses properly adapted to their particular cases.
JNO. ROMIG & SONS, M. D.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Jan. 23, 1872.
I HAVE EXAMINED A LARGE VARIETY of Glasses manufactured by Dr. M. Bernhardt, of Berlin, Prussia, and take much pleasure in recommending him to all who may be in need of his services. From the number of testimonials that I have seen I am convinced that he will be able to give satisfaction to all who may apply to him. Yours, etc.,
E. G. MARTIN, M. D.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Jan. 24, 1872.
IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO inform my friends that I became acquainted with Dr. Morris Bernhardt, in Reading, Pa., in June, 1869, and there bought of him a pair of his excellent Glasses which rendered excellent service unto me ever since and I joyfully recommend him to all who may stand in need of his services.
WM. S. MENNIG,
Pastor of Evan. Lutheran St. Paul's Church of Allentown, Pa.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Jan. 23, 1872.
DR. M. BERNHARDT—DEAR SIR:—I beg to express to you the deep sense of obligation I feel for the professional kindness extended to me by which with eye-sight impaired by years of application and study, I am now enabled to read and write with a clearness of vision equal to the days of youth. May your honorable and useful life long be spared that humanity may enjoy the scientific skill of one so eminently qualified in mind and heart to do good to his fellow-men.
With best wishes for your success I remain
Yours Truly, J. F. FAHS,
Pastor of St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church.

DR. M. BERNHARDT, BY EXHIBITING his instruments and especially the Glasses of his own preparation, gave satisfactory proof of his experience and skill as an Oculist and Optician. This judgment is confirmed by numerous testimonials in his possession from scientific, intelligent and influential men residing in different States and Territories of our country. I can, therefore, recommend him to all who may be afflicted with weak eyes or impaired sight as a person well qualified to afford relief by furnishing them with a suitable pair of Glasses.
N. S. STRASSBURGER,
Pastor of Zion's Reformed Congregation.
ALLENTOWN, Pa., January 24, 1872.

DR. MORRIS BERNHARDT HAS FURNISHED me with a pair of Brazilian Pebble Glasses which suit my eyes exactly. From personal experience I can cordially advise all persons whose natural vision requires the supplements of art to avail themselves of the Doctor's skill. He has exhibited to me credentials from eminent Physicians and Ministers, with many of whom I am personally acquainted. He is evidently an Optician who understands his profession most thoroughly.
J. W. WOOD,
Pastor Presbyterian Church.
ALLENTOWN, Pa., January 24, 1872.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Jan. 25, 1872.
*DR. BERNHARDT'S CRYSTALS ARE UN*doubtedly very clear and perfect, and his system of adjusting them to various conditions of the eye seems to fully justify the very flattering testimonials he has received from leading Physicians and others in various parts of the United States.
WM. R. GRIES,
Rector of Grace Church.

POTTSVILLE, Sept. 19, 1872.
HAVING HAD A PERSONAL INTERVIEW with Dr. Bernhardt, and being fully convinced of his eminent skill as an Optician and Oculist, I take pleasure in commending him to his professional capacity to all who may need his services.
JAMES S. CARPENTER, M. D.

We cordially endorse the above:
D. W. BLAND, M. D.
GEO. W. BROWN, M. D.
A. H. HALBERSTADT, M. D.
J. W. SCHENCK, Pastor first Presbyterian Church.
JOHN I. PEARCE, Pastor M. E. Church, Pottsville, Pa.
GEO. W. SMILEY, Pastor second Presbyterian Church, Pottsville, Pa.

Testimonials similar to the above may be seen at M. Bernhardt's office from the most reliable and well-known gentlemen of the United States among whom are:
Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor of New York
R. E. Fenton, ex-Gov. of New York.
A. G. Curtin, ex-Gov. of Pennsylvania.
R. B. Hays, Governor of Ohio.
O. P. Morton, ex-Gov. of Indiana.
Alexander Ramsay, ex-Gov. of Minnesota.
Henry A. Swift, ex-Gov. of Minnesota.
Richard Yates, ex-Gov. of Illinois.
H. M. Patten, ex-Gov. of Alabama.
Joseph E. Brown, ex-Gov. of Georgia.
Jonathan Worth, ex-Gov. of North Carolina.
John Gill Shorter, ex-Gov. of Alabama.
James L. Orr, ex-Gov. of South Carolina.

READING, PA., March 27, 1869.
MARTIN LUTHER, M. D.
C. F. McCAULEY Pastor of the 2d Reformed Church Reading, Pa.
JOSEPH COBLENTZ, M. D.
M. MURRAY WEIDMAN, M. D.
LLEWELLYN BEAVER, M. D.
C. H. HUNTER, M. D.
E. J. RICHARDS, Pastor of Presbyterian Church.
B. S. SCHMUCKER, Pastor of St. James' Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa.

LANCASTER, PA., May 24, 1868.
JOHN L. ATLEE, M. D.
HENRY CARPENTER, M. D.
H. E. MUHLENBERG, M. D.
E. GREENWALD, D. D., Pastor Church of Holy Trinity, Lancaster, Pa.

EASTON, PA., February 16, 1869.
TRAILL GREEN, M. D.
C. C. JENNINGS, M. D.
AMOS SEIP, M. D.
EDWARD SWIFT, M. D.
J. M. JUNKIN, M. D.
SAMUEL SANDT, M. D.
C. H. EDGAR, Pastor of Reformed (Dutch) Church.
EDMUND BELFOUR, Pastor of St John's Lutheran Church, Easton, Pa.

SCRANTON, PA., Oct. 31, 1869.
BENJ H THROOP, M. D.
E A SQUIRE, M. D.
N Y LEET, M. D.
HORACE LADD, M. D.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., Ju 23, 1871.
A H SENSENY, M. D.
J L SUESSEROTT, M. D.
WM H BOYLE, M. D.
J C RICHARDS, M. D.
JOHN MONTGOMERY, M. D.
SAM'L G LANE, M. D.
P S DAVIS, Pastor of the 1st Reformed Church.
LUTHER A GOTWALD, Pastor of 1st Lutheran Church
J A CRAWFORD Pastor of the Falling Spring Presbyterian Church.
B S SCHENCK M. D.

CARLISLE, PA., June 18, 1869.
A J HERMAN, M. D.
WM W DALE, M. D.
S P KIEFFER, M. D.
REV C P WING, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.
WM C EVERETT, Rector of St John's Church.
JOEL SWARTZ, Pastor of the Lutheran Church

CONSULTATION FREE.

Office hours from 9 a m to 5 p m.
N. B.—Owing to engagements elsewhere, Dr. Bernhardt will not remain here but for a short time only.
jan31-d&w

UPHOLSTERY GOODS

AND

INTERIOR DECORATIONS,

FOR THE SPRING,

are arriving weekly from the most celebrated

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FABRICANTS.

New and beautiful designs. Specially adapted for city residences.

WALRAVEN'S

MASONIC HALL,

NO. 719 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA.

feb2-d&w

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

HOFFMAN'S

STEAM SAW MILL

AND

LUMBER YARD!

KINDLING!

BILLS CUT TO ORDER

OFFICE AT THE MILL,

FRONT AND LINDEN STS.

WHITE AND BLACK OAK SAW LOGS wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid upon delivery. d-w july 12-ly

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER, ALLENTOWN, March 29, 1872.

Notice is hereby given that the Duplicate for the collection of Water Rents for the ensuing year has been placed in the hands of the undersigned. In accordance with the provisions of the 3d Section of an Ordinance regulating the distribution of water in the City of Allentown, as follows:

"SEC. 3. That all rents for the use of the water shall be payable in advance to the first day of April next after the contract, and annually in advance from that day, to the City Treasurer, at his office or his place of business, and to all rents remaining unpaid on the 30th day of said month of April there shall be added 5 per cent., and to rents remaining unpaid on the first day of June following there shall be added 1 per cent., and to all rents remaining unpaid on the first day of July thereafter there shall be added 20 per cent., which amount shall be collected with the said rents, and all delinquents at that date. The Treasurer is forthwith to give the person owning the premises a written notice of said delinquencies, stating the amount of rent including the amount of per centage for non payment in full to said date, and on the failure of the delinquents to make the required payment within ten days after date thereof, it shall be the duty of the Water Committee forthwith to cause the ferrules of such delinquents to be taken from the pipe of conduit, and cause suits to be instituted for the recovery of the rents and per centage so due, as well as for all expenses incurred in detaching the ferrules."

By order of the Committee.
JONATHAN REICHARD, City Treasurer.
may2-9wd may8 9tw

WINDOW SHADES!

and Hollands, all colors, plain and bordered, at

SAMUEL G. KERR'S,
632 Hamilton Street,
(Next door to Guth & Kern's.)

The Moth-Proof Chest Co.,
Of Philadelphia, Pa.
Incorporated Aug. 1871.

IS NOW MANUFACTURING AIR-TIGHT, CEDAR-LINED CHESTS and TRUNKS, of various sizes, PAPER BOXES for MUFFS, HATS, CAPES, CUFFS, COATS and whole Suits, of every description. These articles are fully secured by letters patent of the U. S., and are believed to be among the most desirable of anything now seeking the public favor. Agents and Dealers wanted to introduce them in every town in the U. S., to whom a liberal discount will be given. Address, JNO. W. FRANCIS, Sec'y, M. P. C. Co., 436 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
mar27-3m d&w]

A. M. VAN OSTEN,
DEALER IN
FRENCH FLOWERS,
AND
FEATHERS,
No. 814 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

BRIDAL WREATHS, BRIDAL VEILS, BOQUETS, FRENCH MOSS.

Ostrich Feathers Cleaned, Dyed and Curled.
apr9-3m d

A. K. WITTMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CIVIL ENGINEER

T. B. LEISENRING
INSURANCE AGENT, FIRE, LIFE, AND LIVE STOCK

WITTMAN & LEISENRING
Real Estate Agents and Scriveners.
708 HAMILTON STREET, (Up-Stairs.)

Have upon their books some very desirable properties which will be sold at low prices and on easy terms among which are the following:

142 N. Eleventh Street.
321 N. Fountain Street.
8 Hamilton Street.
843 "
101 North Tenth Street.
448. Fifth Street.
239 N. Ninth Street.
438 N. Seventh Street.
120 S. Ninth Street.
Vacant Lots in all parts of the city.

GAS FIXTURES.

THACKARA, BUCK & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,

Have just opened at their wholesale and retail salesroom

718 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

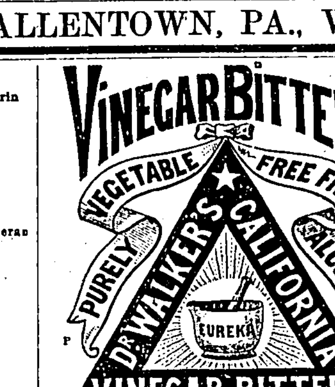
NEW STYLES OF
GAS FIXTURES,
TO WHICH THEY INVITE THE ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS.

Their new styles, color and finish are unsurpassed

LOW PRICES.

They also invite the attention of the public to their fine assortment of Bronzes, &c. [apr20-3md&w

PHILADELPHIA SURGEONS' BANDAGE INSTITUTE, No. 14 North NINTH Street, above Market. B. C. EVERETT'S Patent Graduating Pressure Truss positively cures rupture when all others fail. Also, a large variety of cheap Trusses, improved Elastic Stockings, Belts, Shoulder Braces, abdominal Supporters, Suspensories, Pile Bandages, Spine Instruments, Crutches, &c. Ladies attended by Mrs. Everett.
☞Remember, the second Truss Store above Market Street



Vinegar Bitters are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, and in Bilious Diseases.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Grateful thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: There is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Mechanical Diseases. Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, will be subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS once or twice a week as a Preventive.

Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. There are always more or less obstructions of the liver, a weakness and irritable state of the stomach, and great torpor of the bowels, being clogged up with vitiated accumulations. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goiter, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters act on all these cases in a similar manner. By purifying the Blood they remove the cause, and by resolving away the effects of the inflammation (the tubercular deposits) the affected parts receive health, and a permanent cure is effected.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic and Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

The Aperient and mild Laxative properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are the best safeguard in all cases of eruptions and malignant fevers, their balsamic, healing, and soothing properties protect the humors of the fauces. Their Sedative properties allay pain in the nervous system, stomach, and bowels, either from inflammation, wind, colic, cramps, etc. Their Counter-Irritant influence extends throughout the system. Their Diuretic properties act on the Kidneys, correcting and regulating the flow of urine. Their Anti-Bilious properties stimulate the liver, in the secretion of bile, and its discharges through the biliary ducts, and are superior to all remedial agents, for the cure of Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, etc.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed. The liver, the stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, and the nerves are rendered disease-proof by this great invigorant.

The Efficacy of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, in Chronic Dyspepsia, Fevers, Nervous Disorders, Constipation, deficiency of vital power, and all maladies affecting the stomach, liver, bowels, pulmonary organs, or muscular system, has been experienced by hundreds of thousands, and hundreds of thousands more are asking for the same relief.

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THE CROWN OF FLOWERS.

It was a busy day with the florist. His counters were filled with flowers and all hands were at work making bouquets, crosses, wreaths, and filling baskets. The florist, Karl Breitmann, was at work himself, superintending; even his wife was pressed into service, and was making a bridal bouquet of fragrant orange blossoms. Presently a carriage stopped and a tall elegantly dressed young lady came into the shop. Karl stepped forward to take her order.

"I wish to leave an order for a crown of white flowers for a funeral to morrow morning," she said.

"I am so sorry, madam, but as madam sees we are so busy. A wedding to-night, a funeral to-morrow, half a dozen parties, and so many baskets ordered—it is quite impossible," answered the little German, politely.

The young lady looked disappointed, but as she turned to go, Mrs. Breitmann stopped her.

"I will see to it, miss, that your order is filled. Only leave it with me. He's so busy," pointing at her husband.

To speak truthfully Mrs. Breitmann was a miserly soul and could not bear the thought of losing the prospective money, for she saw by the carriage at the door, and the young lady's appearance that this was a wealthy customer.

"Thank you," said the lady. "It is kind of you. I want a crown of pure white flowers, no tuberoses or camelias, but all roses and fine white flowers."

"That will come very expensive, miss," observed the florist's wife, anticipating the ready answer—"Never mind expense. I want it just so, and as handsome as you can make it."

"Perhaps a little cross of violets on the top would suit you, we make many so," suggested Mrs. Breitmann, her eyes sparkling as the lady assented, for violets were just coming into season, and very expensive.

"Yes, that will look well. Here is my card which you must tie on it, and shall I write the address?" Being supplied with a card for that purpose, she drew off her glove, displaying a shapely white hand, on which glittered diamonds, and wrote the name and address.

"The funeral is to-morrow at ten, and I shall expect this to be very handsome. Mind, I shall be there and see it."

"Yes, miss," replied Mrs. Breitmann, glancing at the book. "Oh, in Thirty-fifth street! I thought, maybe, it was for Mrs. Willis' funeral; that is to-morrow morning and we have a large order for that."

"Yes," rejoined the lady, drawing on her glove, as she carelessly looked, "I see you are very busy. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Miss. Shall I send you the bill?" inquired Mrs. Breitmann, following the young lady to the door

"No; I will call and pay you."

Then, as she went out and got into the carriage, the florist's wife heard her order the coachman to drive to No.—Fifth avenue; and as she went back to her work of arranging the flowers, she picked up the card, saying—"I wonder who she is." On the pasteboard she read in old English letters the name, "Mary Lester, Fifth avenue."

"Ha, Karl," she called, "I have gained a customer. One who does not care for expense."

"Thou wilt have to arrange the flowers thyself, Katrine," answered he, crossly. "We will be up half the night before." Katrine nodded. When the bridal bouquet was disposed of and her husband had gone off to superintend the floral decorations of the church where the marriage was to be, she began to make the crown. "Life and death!" she muttered, as her deft fingers wove the creamy roses with the snow white ones, arranged the odorous sprays of lilies with feathery deutzia. "Brides and corpses! We florists deck them both, and flowers serve for one as well as for another." Then she fell to thinking of the lady, Mrs. Willis, who was to be buried to-morrow. "Four crosses, six wreathes, a crown, and loose flowers," said she to herself. "He loved her well. Its not two years since I made her bridal bouquet. Dear heart. I wish to-night's bride a longer life." When the cross of violets was made, surmounting the crown, Mrs. Breitmann surveyed her handiwork with true artistic pleasure. It was beautiful indeed. The absence of the stiff japonicas and heavy tuberoses gave it less of a funeral look and more the semblance of a heavenly crown. After tying Miss Lester's card on, her work was complete, and she had time to assist with the other crosses.

It was with a sigh of relief that Miss Lester threw herself back in the coupe beside a portly matron in black velvet. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed she, "I do hate this unreal, foolish fashion of sending flowers to dead people. They have a large order for a Mrs. Willis' funeral there at the florists, and our flowers might just as well go to her as to Cousin Marianne's. We didn't know George; we dont know Mrs. Willis."

"No, love," replied Mrs. Lester. "But it is expected of us in one case and not in the other, and Marianne would be hurt and vexed, if we sent no flowers for her husband's funeral, and although I deprecate the custom as much as you still it is as well to do as all the world does"

"The world shall never lay down laws for me," said Mary, energetically. "I think for a friend to strew flowers on the person of a loved one who has gone, is beautiful; but, oh, this reduction of poetical sentiment to fashion's edicts," and she smote her little palms together so violently as to make her mother start.

"Don't do that, Mary. It is not ladylike. Tell me, did you order the crown made as I desired?" Then they drifted off into a conversation upon the quality, style and price of flowers. "Making up orders for Mrs. Willis' funeral," observed Mrs. Lester at last. "I wonder if that is Clara Spencer who was married about two years ago to Willard Willis. You have seen them at church, Mary? Their pew is three ahead of ours."

"Yes, I remember," answered Mary, thoughtfully. She spoke little on their way home, and was rallied by her mother for her absent air. "I was thinking," said she, briefly. She did not like to say that her thoughts were full of that tall handsome man, with his little blonde wife, who had sat just before them in church. Sunday after Sunday Mary had seen them together, and she was wondering if he had loved her much; if he grieved sorely for the lost.

How sorely Mary did not know.

Williard Willis was bowed in grief for the loss of his wife, his little Clara. He felt keenly, too, now that she was gone, that he had treated her too much like a child, had been often impatient with her waywardness. Now that Death had laid his cold seal upon her, all her faults were forgotten, and only the winning, loving ways remembered which had so won his heart before marriage.

It was the morning of the funeral. The air was heavy with the scent of flowers. His sister, Mrs. Carr, was arranging the floral devices about the fair marble figure in its last resting place. "How many beautiful flowers there are!" said she, through her sobs, to some of the other relatives. "Look, Sarah, what a lovely cross James Hubbel has sent her. You know people said he wanted to marry her. And this crown—I never did see anybody so beautiful! Look! all roses, and none of those horrid japonicas. See these violets in the little cross."

"It is handsome," said Helen Willard, turning the card over. "Mary Lester; who is she, Sarah?"

Sarah Spencer the sister of the departed one shook her head. "I never heard Clara speak of her."

She ought to be either a very intimate friend or relative, to send anything so handsome as this. It never cost less than forty dollars. I'll ask Willard," said Mrs. Carr, starting forward with the crown in her hands.

Helen pulled her dress. "Not now. It is most time for the funeral to begin, and he feels so bad, and I wouldn't if I were you."

"Well I'll put it aside, and after the service I can ask him. Here comes the Bishop!" and up went Mrs. Carr's handkerchief to her eyes as she sailed forward in her new mourning to meet the venerable prelate.

When the last sad rites were over, Willard Willis returned mournfully alone. The first thing he saw was the crown standing upon the mantel where his sister had placed it. All his loss rushed over him at the sight of it and scalding tears filled his eyes. Who can despise his weakness? None that have known grief such as death brings!

Willard found his once pleasant, cheerful home now so lonely and desolate without its presiding genius that he could no longer bear it, and about six weeks after his wife's death he left for Europe, seeking oblivion and consolation in new scenes of interest. At first he grieved much, but his wife had been really childish, foolish and frivolous. His greater intellect was caught by her extreme beauty and winning ways, but these charms were beginning to lose their power before her death and he felt now a sort of freedom for which he often reproached himself. After a year of absence he returned to America and reopened his house. Mrs. Carr had kindly consented to take charge of it for him, but the offer had been declined. One day, as he entered the long unused and darkened parlors, he saw on the mantel the wire framework of the once fresh and lovely crown, with faded flowers hanging from it. Detaching the card, he rang for the maid to remove it, and he stood by the window, in the flood of sunshine he had just let in, watching her. She was shocked. "To think of dear missus only gone a year, and he ordering that crown, which she was sure he had been keepin' as a souveney, away to the ash-heap!" Willard was trying to analyze his feelings. Were they grief or regret or relief? Which was uppermost he could not tell. Then he glanced at the bit of pasteboard he was toying with, and read—"Mary Lester." At once he remembered his sister writing to him of the mystery attached to the crown he had just ordered away, how neither his wife's family nor his knew how very singular it was for a young lady to send a widower funeral flowers for his wife! Yes, he was a widower! He smiled, and looked in the long mirror. The title had been associated in his mind with gray hairs and old age, and he saw the reflection of a man still young and handsome.

His reverie was interrupted by Mrs. Carr. "Oh Willard, I am glad you are at home! Now, do be a good brother and take Helen to Mrs. Hubbel's party this evening. I cannot go and she has set her heart on it. Don't disappoint the child. Oh, I know you are in mourning," (seeing him glance at his dress), "but Clara has been dead over a year now. Sarah Spencer is going, and she was Clara's own sister. Don't disappoint poor little Helen."

Willard was just going to say "no"—the word was trembling on his lips, when Helen herself came running in the parlor, and looked up appealingly at her brother, with tears in her eyes. He could not refuse his favorite little sister, and promised he would go, although he feared he would feel out of place in a gay assembly. But when, once more clad in evening dress, with his pretty sister on his arm, he entered Mrs. Hubbel's parlors, and met with gentle greetings on every side, he felt as if he were again in his own element.

After supper, as he was leaning against the parlor door watching the mazes of the German, his hostess captured him, saying—"Mr. Willis, I am going to introduce you to a lovely young friend of mine who does not dance," and leading him to a lady in pink, she pronounced the cabalistic words—"Mr. Willis, allow me to present you to Miss ——" The name was lost in the crash of the band.

Willard gave her his arm and led her to a little reception-room on the other side of the hall. "Here at last we can talk without splitting our throats in trying to overtop the band," said he; and talk they did until Helen, a most exhaustless dancer, came for her brother to take her home.

Willard had found the young lady a most delightful conversationalist, witty, piquante, intellectual and original; and could hardly believe they had been talking two hours, until convinced by his own watch.

The next Sunday, Willard joined his new acquaintance coming out of church, and, accompanying her home, received an invitation to call, which he availed himself of very soon. He discovered her name to be Miss Lester, and soon found himself identifying her with the lady who had sent the crown. One evening, hearing her mother call her Mary, these suspicions grew stronger, when he compared the address on the card in his possession with her residence.

He found Miss Lester occupying a large share of his thoughts. If he was pleased with a book, she must read it, and straightway a copy was sent her, and her opinion asked on all subjects; no plan was undertaken without her approbation; and as Willard knew all the symptoms, he soon knew he was in love, deeply in love with Mary Lester.

"It is all those flowers!" thought he. "If she had never sent them, I would never have thought of her again after our casual meeting; but I wonder——" Then he asked himself for the thousandth time—"Why did she send me that crown?" Finally he concluded to ask her, which was, after all the wisest plan. To his great disappointment, she denied all knowledge of it; but when convinced by her card, she recollected sending a crown to her cousin Marianne on her husband's funeral.

"It was some fearful mistake of the florist," said she at length. "Oh, Mr. Willis, what must you thought me capable of! Setting my cap at you the moment you were available!" and she buried her face, suffused with blushes, in her hands.

"To speak truly, I did not put that construction on it, but it does look like it. Oh, Mary, how could you do it! And I, a poor, helpless innocent man, have walked right into your snare, for you have caught me. Mary, my darling, I love you truly," taking her hands down. "Don't hide your pretty face, or if you must, hide it here," drawing her head to his shoulder.

Need the rest be told. Mrs. Willis No. 2 thinks widowers very bold wooers, but her husband says she encouraged him at first, before he ever dreamed of marrying again, and this is the only rock on which this happy couple split. And in their happiness the dead is not forgotten, for a pretty rose-cheeked little girl bears the name of Clara Speccer.—[*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

A Heavy Law-Suit—Governor Geary Sues for a few Million.

The Harrisburg Patriot says: Governor Geary is at present occupied by some heavy litigation in the courts of California which, if it result favorably, will make him one of the millionaires of the land. When he was alcalde of the town of San Francisco he was at the same time extensively engaged in land and financial speculations. It was not an uncommon thing for moneyed men in California in that early day to loan money at such enormous rates that a moderate sum if prudently invested rapidly accumulated the richest returns. Governor Geary in one instance invested a considerable sum at the rate of five per cent. a month. It is to recover this loan that he has brought suit. The San Francisco Examiner, in its court reports, thus notices this important case: A case was commenced in the Fourth district court yesterday that illustrates the high rate of interest paid in early times. It is the suit of John W. Geary, formerly alcalde of San Francisco, now Governor of Pennsylvania, to recover nearly a million dollars from the estate of Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. The amount loaned on August 11, 1850, was $62,000 bearing interest at five per cent. per month. The firm failed in September, 1850, but Geary, after getting judgment, could find no property. He now brings suit against the assignees of the firm to enjoin them from making any conveyances of property of the firm they still retain. At compound interest, which was generally the rule in early time, this loan would have nearly equalled our national debt.

Very Much Plazed With It.

Judge S., a good Democrat, a good judge, and a conscientious man, was holding court in one of the prairie counties of Ohio just before the October election.

There was a great rush of doubtful claimants to citizenship, and the judge had decided to check it.

From this decision Barney Mulligan, a swift witness for these embryo voters, dissented, "for a rayson he had."

Judge, (to Barney.)—"Do you know of your own knowledge, that this applicant, Brian O'Toole, is attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States?"

Barney, (very decidedly)—"Yis, yer honor, he is."

Judge—"Has he ever read the Constitution?"

Barney, (a little downcast.)—"Can't say, sir."

Judge—"Can he read at all?"

Barney, (brightening up.)—"Can't read at all, your honor, and in course he'll always vote the dim—vote right, sir."

Judge.—"I think it will do Brian no harm to wait until the next term; Sheriff adjourn court till 2 o'clock."

Barney was not to be beat in that way. He planted Brian in a fence corner, stuck a rail in front of him for a table, and laid on it a borrowed law-book, from which he read in a rich brogue "the Constitution," from beginning to end, and then waited for 2 o'clock.

So soon as the crier had proclaimed "O-yes! o-yes!" etc., Barney rushed to the bar with his client.

"Judge! yer honor! I've read the Constitution to Brian out an' out, *and he's very much plazed with it!*"

We are told that "a respectable young lady of Pittsburgh" has been found to have purloined some two hundred volumes from various libraries in that city and sold them at book stores. "She may be a "respectable young lady" for Pittsburgh, but hereabouts the stealing of books does not generally command respect. Of course, as the respectable young lady's father was wealthy and paid for the books, the matter was hushed up. It is a curious fact that poor people are never afflicted with kleptomania, though they are much given to stealing.

READ'S SWEETEST THING.

Perhaps the prettiest thing Thomas Buchanan Read, the dead poet-painter, whose remains were interred in Mt. Laurel Cemetery, Philadelphia, on Tuesday last, ever wrote, was "Drifting," which was written after the poet's return from Naples and Vesuvius:

My soul to-day is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat, like a bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peak remote;

Round purple peaks it sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystals creeks,
Where high rocks throw, through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim the mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands, the gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits, her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if my rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie, blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild, is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense, the cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

* * * * * * * * *

Her children, hid the cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls, with tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, with tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows:
This happier one, its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship to rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew, my heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

GOOD ON BUTLER.

A rather amusing story is in circulation at the expense of the eminent gentleman from Massachusetts. At the President's levee the other night, which was densely crowded, an old lady from the interior somewhere, in a fainting condition requested her husband to get her an ice.

"Can't be did," responded her husband in some irritation; "there ain't no refreshments here."

"Don't believe it. Didn't we get plenty at Belknap's the other night?" the good woman said angrily, "now go and get me an ice and a lemonade."

"I tell you now don't be a fool; there ain't no refreshments, everybody says so," grunted the lord and master.

"You are quite mistaken, sir," said the Hon. S. S. Cox, who happened to be near, and who never loses an opportunity to put in a joke. "The President always provides substantially. There is the butler, whose business it is to show ladies to the supper room," and the Hon. jester pointed to Gen. Butler. "You'll find him a little stuck up, but you must not mind that; tell him to get you some terrapins."

This was said so gravely that the two struggled through the crowd to where Gen. Butler stood talking to some ladies.

"I say, mister, I am told you are the butler," said the man.

"I'm Gen. Butler," replied that gentleman pleasantly, thinking the two country people were filled with admiration for his greatness.

"I don't care whether you are general butler or not, but my wife wants some terrapins and lemonade."

"Sir!" roared Gen. B. in amazement and disgust.

"Oh, don't take on airs, old cock. Come now, hurry up them terrapins."

"You must be drunk, sir; you must be drunk!" thundered Mr. B.

"No he ain't," screamed his wife. "He's a Knight Templar; he ain't a bit drunk, but I guess you air."

Roars of laughter greeted this, in which S. S. Cox was forced to join. Gen. Butler reddened in the face and began puffing his cheeks out in a most violent manner.

"I don't understand this extraordinary conduct. What do you want, sir—what do you want?"

"Terrapins, I tell you."

"What do you take me for, you cursed fool?" roared Benjamin.

"You call me a cussed fool and I'll belt you over the snout, you squint-eyed pauper!"

At this juncture an officer of the police seized the belligerent husband and led him away, amid great laughter. Butler, turning suddenly, saw to the mischief maker.

"I say, Cox, did you do that?"

"Well, yes, I'm afraid I did."

"Well, I owe you the terrapins, and I'll pay you, mind that."

And the two walked lovingly away.

GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

A Liberal paper remarks of Judge Davis that he hasn't a dishonest hair in his head. From this, says the Toledo Blade, we infer that Davis is entirely bald.

"One term, just one little term!" plead Doctor Greeley; and the response from the people is "Not any." Thus the doctor's idea, the Rochester Democrat claims, is radically indorsed.

The Greeley papers are all congratulating the country that their candidate has but one brother-in-law and only two nieces; whereupon the Louisville Ledger adds, with a sigh: "Well, if we have to take the old granny at all, the less there is of him the better we shall like it."

A French wife called on an apothecary in Paris for some medicine for her husband, who was ill. The prescription was put up and handed to the lady with a smile. "It will be three francs." "Three francs!" she exclaimed, "if it costs so much as that perhaps you had better keep it, for he may perhaps be dead when I return."

The English woman-women thus illustrate English justice: First ruffian—"Wot was I hup for, and wot'ave I got? Well, I floor'd a woman and took her watch, and I've got two years and a flogging." Second ruffian—"Ha! I flung a woman out o' the top floor winder, an' I've only got three months." First ruffian—"Ah, but then she was yer wife!"

☞Is it probable that society will be continually advancing in refinement, knowledge and virtue—and will present governments and cities, the arts and sciences, literature and Christian culture remain forever—if the earth remains in its present condition? These are questions that seek an answer. But who has foreknowledge enough to predict the probable future of modern civilization? If history repeats itself, which is generally admitted, there are terrible revolutions in the distance. Great centres of wealth, political power, commerce and grandeur, are destined to disappear. New foci of trade and riches will rise into view. London, Paris, Rome, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, Washington, New York, and hundreds of other cities now in the full tide of influence and vigor, will have their old age, their decay and ultimate destruction, as Babylon, Nineveh, Persepolis, Athens, Susa, and multitudes of famous cities of antiquity almost lost, so that even the locations of some of them have been objects of research by travelers. Mighty empires and states will yet appear—and new nations rise into existence thousands of years hence to war as in ages past, to give way to others—and so on while human beings continue on the globe. There is no rest for nations.

Still Further Reduction of the National Debt.

Secretary Boutwell yesterday received a letter from a well-known lawyer in Philadelphia enclosing a check for four thousand dollars, and saying: "One of my correspondents, a naturalized citizen of the United States, who returned to Europe some years ago, has directed me to pay over to the Government of the United States, in an unobtrusive manner, a certain sum of money as a token of the obligation he feels under to this free and noble Government, and his mite towards the payment of the National debt. Enclosed, therefore, please find my check on the Central National Bank of this city, to your order, for $4,000, which I send to you as the proper recipient in behalf of the United States."

COURTING BY COURT PLASTER.

BY SNIFFINS.

Every one knows what a sweet quietude belongs to the pretty country houses and villas that are scattered along the banks of the Delaware. It was in one of these that a pretty little romance was enacted, and the whole matter turns, strangely as it may seem, upon a bit of English court plaster.

At the villa spoken of, a fairy spot situated near Burlington, with old geometric walks, long shady alleys, and plenty of lovers' retreats, with its most sociable *dejeuners* at 12, there was staying during the autumn of last year, a widow—young, pretty and rich. Such widows do not escape notice in the shadiest of walks, nor in the most lonesome of country houses. Mrs. M —— was the life of the place, and not one of the many visitors and lenging hangerson had reached, up to late autumn, the conquest of the widow's heart.

But there came one day a certain Robert R——, young, witty, and holding a prominent position at the Philadelphia bar. He had heard of the guests at the villa, and being acquainted with the hostess, had accepted her invitation, and in a short time he showed the fair widow such proofs of his devotion, as to eclipse all the wooers who had gone before. If she rode, he was her cavalier; if she strolled in the grounds that surrounded the villa, he was the most eager listener to her prattle, and paid the swiftest tribute to her charms.

In short, he won upon her heart to such a degree, that she listened kindly to the tenderest of his speeches, and made such a hesitating promise of returning tenderness, as if she were yet a maid, and not a widow. On one point, however, she insisted—she was to enjoy undisturbed, and subject to no rumor of engagement, the coming winter in the capital. She was determined to experience at least one full winter of Washington widowhood. Bob R —— urged his suit more vigorously, but to no avail. She promised faithfully to be his at the end of the season, provided he guarded his intentions during the interval, and made no mention of their compact—for it is well understood that a lady known to be "engaged," receives but little attention.

Robert R——, with the fervor of his love in him, and with a better knowledge of the sad and bewildering gaieties of Washington life, then belonged to the charming Mrs. M——, was naturally anxious in regard to the issue of such a scheme.

However, for some days, the secret was well kept. The company at the villa was fairly in the dark, the widow was looking forward to a brilliant winter, and Robert R——was chewing the cud of somewhat perplexed reflections. Weeks slipped on, and the party was about breaking up, to return to their respective homes, when the company remarked, upon the lip of the lawyer, one morning, a small strip of court plaster, which was the more striking as he wore no moustache. In a country villa the smallest event becomes a matter of talk, and the company bantered the young lawyer upon his decorated lip.

The lawyer veryi ndifferently replied that he had cut his lip in shaving.

This seemed fair enough, and Mr. R—— wore his mark through the day. The evening was a bright autumnal one, and disposed the company to a stroll after supper, through the graceful walks which we described as belonging to the villa. Nothing can be more delightful. There is such a mellowing of the evening air under the autumn leaves, and such retired arbors, where we can chat with a charming friend—the very place, one would say, for the safe indulgence of such a contract as existed between the widow and the lawyer.

One by one, however, as the evening advanced, the parties strolled back to the parlor. Robert R—— appeared with his lip bare, and not a trace of the morning's wound could be seen.

Presently appeared the charming Mrs. M——, entering with something more than her usual dignity, very brilliant and beautiful, as usual, save only that a single black spot was observable on the left cheek, very near the lip.

The company were naturally curious, and a glance at the face of the barrister, free now from its decoration of the morning, seemed to throw light upon the subject. A second and closer look confirmed it; there could be no doubt that the court-plaster, which in the morning had clung to the lip of the lawyer, was now adhering to the pretty cheek of Mrs. M——. But how?

It was easy for the ladies to guess. Naturally enough there followed a series of whispers and stifled laughs, that greatly irritated the pretty widow, who was still wholly unconscious of the part she was playing. The joke became at last too much for her temper, and she insisted very pessionately upon knowing the secret of their amusement. The question was very embarrassing, but wary Mr. R——, seeing at a glance how matters stood, made a bold venture in behalf of the disconcerted belle.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have the honor of announcing to you my approaching marriage with Mrs. M——."

"What are you saying?" exclaimed the pretty widow; "you have no authority for such a statement."

"But why keep the secret any longer? Let me announce my great happiness, and say, further, that you only just now accorded me a kiss in pledge of our betrothal."

"How dare you, sir?" exclaimed the provoked lady.

Mr. R——, taking Mrs. M——'s hand, led her before the mirror, and whispered in her ear, "You see!"

She looked—there is no escape. Engagement or no engagement, a kiss in the garden would mar her winter's coquetries. The safest way was the easiest. Her betrothal was acknowledged, and the lawyer was in a charming humor.

Greeley on Grafting.

Horace Greeley writes to one of his admirers as follows: Now is the proper time to graft axle trees, especially for those varieties for immediate use, on trucks and heavy wagons. Double-trees for light carriages, and the fancy kinds suitable for trotting wagons, sulkies, &c., will do well if not grafted until a month later, owing much to the size required. Striped and gold-leafed single-trees, though not so hardy, are generally a paying crop, and require little manure, though great care should be used in selecting the scions and in doing the work. All crack and checks should be puttied, sandpapered, and covered well with varnish. If these days of cheap grafting, I would not advise you to try raising from seed, as the process is too tedious. I tried it some years since, plowed deep, planted carefully, with plenty on manure, but the growth was so slow that I decided on grafting, with the best results.

Cause of Small Pox.

A German physician has lately started the theory that the fearful disease known as small pox, originates from an excess of albuminous matter in the blood, and that this is to be prevented by the administration of common salt. The habits of children indulging over freeley in the use of sweatmeats he considers one great cause of this undue development of albumen, and coffee and tea, if highly sugared, tend also to excite it in adults. An organic acid, such as lemon juice, he considers as the best means of freeing the blood when clogged up with albumen, and he alleged that by these simple remedies in the way of precaution, he has, for upwards of twelve years past, frequented or taken up his abode in the most pestiential small pox hospitals of Europe and South America with entire impunity. The means of prevention certainly appear simple, and may be worthy of investigation

THINK of a woman of 43 years of age, in Detroit, suing a boy of 19 for breach of promise of marriage! If a minor can make a contract of that kind, it will always be a suspicious one when the female party is over forty; nor will a jury give very stringent damages for the loss of a husband who, in the eye of the law, is unable to make any of the ordinary contracts of bargain and sale, or to convey real property. A single woman at 43 is not supposed to be very susceptible to the tender passion, unless she is a fool; and so this Detroit woman ought to get no damages for the injury to her feelings. Such a case ought not to keep the least intelligent jury out more than forty-eight hours.

Tough, Yet Possible.

The Alton, Ill., Telegraph says: During a violent whirlwind which passed through a section of country south of Marine, last week, a farmer's wagon-bed was carried up in the air upwards of thirty feet, where it was firmly retained by the branches of an oak. The bed, which is very large and heavy, still remains suspended in the tree.

A German Army band will shortly leave Berlin to take part in the Boston Jubilee.