

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 7, 1853.

NUMBER 43.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

IN pursuance of sundry writs of Vendition Exposita issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, Pa., and in me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale, on **Wednesday the 12th day of January next, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises,**

33 **ACRES,** more or less, adjoining lands of John Mumment, Jacob Baker and others, on which are erected a **TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING,** a Brick Bank Barn, Corn Crib and other out buildings. There is a well of water near the door, and a young ORCHARD on the premises. The buildings front on the turnpike leading from East Berlin to Hanover. Seized and taken in Execution as the estate of John Groves.

ALSO—On Wednesday the 12th of January next,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, a Tract of LAND situated in Hamilton township, Adams county, Pa., containing

12 ACRES, more or less, adjoining lands of Jacob Baker, John Grove, John West, and others, on which are erected a **TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,**

with a two-story Brick Barn, with attached, a frame weather-boarded Barn, with Wagon-shed and Corn-Crib attached, an ORCHARD of Choice Fruit, and a well of water with a pump in it near the door. This is a desirable property, the building fronting on the turnpike leading from East Berlin to Hanover, and is in a good state of cultivation. Seized and taken in execution as the estate of ABRAHAM THURMAN.

One-Ten per cent. of the purchase money on all sales by the Sheriff, must be paid over immediately after the property is struck down, and on failure to comply therewith the property will be again put up for sale.

JOHN SCOTT, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, Pa., Dec. 17, 1852.

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company located at Gettysburg, is now in successful operation, and for low rates, economical management of its affairs, and safety in insurances, challenges comparison with any other similar company. All its operations are conducted under the personal supervision of Managers selected by the Stockholders. The Books of the Company are at all times open to the inspection of those insuring in it. As no travelling agents are employed, persons desiring to insure can make application to either of the Managers, from whom all requisite information can be obtained.

The Managers are: Messrs—Wm. B. Wilson, Cumberland—Robert McCurdy, Strasburg—Jacob King, Franklin—Andrew Bentzelmeyer, Hanover—Amos W. Maguire, Lohr—John Mueselman, Jr., Oxford—John J. Noel, Reading—Henry A. Pickins, Lattimore—Jacob Grant, Mountjoy—Joseph King, Berwick—David E. Hollinger, Borough—George Swartz, D. A. Buehler, Wm. H. Stevenson, A. B. Kurtz, B. B. Russell, John Christian, Alex. Coburn, Eldon Norris, J. H. Snelly, Valentine Warner.

CALL THIS WAY!

THE LATEST FASHIONS JUST RECEIVED.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Gettysburg and its vicinity that he has commenced the

TAILORING BUSINESS, in all its varied branches, in one of the rooms in M'Conough's Building, adjoining the entrance to the Sons of Temperance Hall. He hopes, that by a strict attention to business, and an earnest effort to please, to meet and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

Country produce taken in exchange for work. Latest fashions have just been received.

HENRY CLIPPINGER.

April 16, 1852-ly.

CAUTION VS. CAUTION.

Thomas' Chemical Soap.

THE public are hereby informed that the card of J. THOMAS, in the last York Republican, is entirely destitute of truth. The undersigned has a full and legal patent for the making, vending and using said Soap within the Counties of Dauphin, Franklin, York, Adams, Lancaster, Berks, Cumberland, and Lebanon, signed, sealed and delivered by said J. Thomas in the presence of witnesses.

The subscriber is prepared to sell and make legal titles for family, township, or county Rights, within said district.

HENRY G. CARR.

York Republican copy 3 times and send bill to this office.

FARNESTOCK & SONS respectfully inform the Public that their stock of **HARDWARE** and **SAL-LENTY** has been greatly increased, and Bargains can be had. Call and examine their stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

SHAW'S Sacking Flannels, Fringes and Dress Trimmings in great variety and cheap.

Oct. 8. **FARNESTOCK'S.**

GLOVES and Hosiery, Black and Fancy Cravats, Ladies' Shoes, Cloth and Plush Caps, cheap at.

Oct. 8. **FARNESTOCK'S.**

Grave of Ben Bolt.

By the side of sweet Alice they laid Ben Bolt, Where often he longed to repose. For there he would kneel with the early spring flowers.

And plant o'er his darling the rose. His heart was as true as the star to his gaze. When tossed on the billow alone, But now it is cold and forever at rest. For he calmly lies under the stone.

How often his eyes were seen brimming with tears To mingle with others in grief. But joy would remake the light of his smile. When pointing the beam of relief.

At last he has gone to the bright spirit-land. And free from all sorrow and pain. He treads the full rapture of angels above. For he meets with sweet Alice again!

We'll gather the flowers from the green shady bank. And strew 'em o'er the grave where obscurely repose The hearts that death only could chill. And oft when the heart has grown weary and sad. We'll come by the twilight alone. And sweet Alice lie under the stone.

THE TRANSPLANTED LILLY.

BY FANNY FERN.

They were neat little pallets. One could find no fault with them, with their snowy sheets and Mosaic quilts of patchwork. In each was a little home, and houseless orphan, taken in for shelter. "Miss Betsy" had been the rounds, had seen each little head duly deposited on its pillow. A very nice, particular, proper person was Miss Betsy. The "Board of Directors" said so, and Miss Betsy thought so herself! Her hair was as smooth as her tongue, and her forehead shined as stiff as her manners. Not one of those little vagrant hands would have thought of touching that immaculate calico dress. She had heard them all say their prayers, and listened at the door to hear if any had dared to break the rule that forbade their speaking, and then went down to a comfortable dish of tea and hot buttered muffins, satisfied that she had ministered to every want of their childish natures, temporal and spiritual. Blind Miss Betsy! There are depths even in a child's soul you cannot fathom.

A little head is cautiously raised from its pillow. The eyes that look around upon those sleeping forms, are large, dark and sorrowful. Hot tears fall thick and fast upon the clasped hands. "Mother! Mother!" is rung from a little heart too young to bear its weight of grief unshared; and the little head falls back again in hopeless, helpless misery, on the pillow.

Lilly closes her eyes, but she is not asleep. No! No! She sees a form, languid and emaciated, stretched upon a dying bed—she feels the soft touch of a clear hand on her forehead; large, mournful eyes follow—follow her sleeping or waking. A sweet, low voice lingers ever in her ear—"God protect my orphan child."

Miss Betsy has told Lilly that He has done it,—that she ought to be very thankful she is in such a nice Institution, and that if she is good she shall live out to serve some day, with a good lady; and Lilly pushes back the thick hair with her delicate hand, and wonders what "going out to service" means; and Miss Betsy takes the long curls she has clipped from her head, and throws them out of the window, and asks her if she don't feel grateful that she has such a kind friend as herself. And Lilly tries to swallow a great lump in her throat, that seems like to choke her, and says, "Yes, ma'am," while she forces back to their source the large tears that are gathering under her eye-lids. Then she looks at the unbending, prim figure of Miss Betsy, and wonders she ever a little girl; and did her mother ever die, and leave her all—alone? and she feels as if she must throw herself on somebody's neck and ask them to love her. And then she looks again at Miss Betsy, but the quick instinct of childhood says—"No! No! not there!" And then she wonders what makes all the children there seem like *groten people*, and why they tremble if they tumble down, or drop a book by accident; and why they eat less and less every day; and why their little soup-dishers, and what makes her head so dizzy when she tries to knit; and then she wonders if Heaven is a great way off, and how long it will be before she gets there; and then her over-charged heart can restrain itself no longer amid those voiceless, silent sleepers, but finds vent in a long, bitter cry of anguish.

Miss Betsy comes up and tells her she is "very naughty, to break the rules," and Lilly says, amid her sobs, that she "wants to go to Heaven with mamma;" and Miss Betsy asks if "mamma belonged to the church?" and Lilly "thinks not," and Miss Betsy shakes her head dubiously—tells her she hopes she will be *better* than her mother; advises her to say her prayers, and goes down again to her battered muffins.

"I'm tired of life, Mary," said the elegant widow Gray. "I'm sick of its lowliness and insincerity. I owe all my friends, save yourself, to the accidents of wealth and position. If Heaven had only blessed me with children! Could I find one to my mind, I'd adopt it to-morrow—but it must be a postical child, Mary; a little, fragile, spiritual, delicate blossom. Wouldn't it be a joy to watch such a mind unfold itself? to listen to all its nice or-

original sayings, and teach it to love me as only a child can love? Where's my bounty? I'm off to the Orphans' Asylum.— That imaginary child of mine must have its human countenance somewhere."

"Stay," said her thoughtful friend—"Such a child as you speak of—should you find it—requires skilful training. No careless, unpractised hand should sweep so delicate a harp. A heart with such a capacity to love as you hear of, has a capacity equally intense for suffering. When you have trained her to habits of luxury, and refined her tastes, should you weary of your charge, and allow her to fall back upon the guardianship of the rough, and coarse, and unfeeling, who would consider her superiority only a fit mark for the brutal sneer or coarse jest—spiteful, because so far beneath her—what then?"

"Oh, don't preach, Mary! 'Sufficient unto the day,' &c. Where's my hat and shawl?" said the impulsive woman. "This is our school-room, Mrs. Gray," said Miss Betsy. "The children are all very comfortable and very happy, as you see. It would be hard for one of them to leave me, I suppose; but I shall say it is for the best, if you find one to suit your mind."

Mrs. Gray glanced up and down the long rows of benches, and her artistic eye failed to be favorably impressed with the little crumpled heads and bolster-like forms, swathed up in factory gingham; and she was just about retiring, disappointed, when her eye caught the sight of "Lilly." A quick, bright flush came to her cheek, and kindled her eyes, as she stood before her.

The rigid of the night previous had exhausted the little creature; her knitting lay upon the floor, her small hands had fallen listlessly on her lap, her head resting lovingly on the shoulder of her next neighbor. Her long lashes were damp with tears that still trembled on her cheeks; her silken hair, in spite of Miss Betsy, had formed itself in little rings about her temples; and the careless grace of her attitude, notwithstanding her unbecoming dress, was a study for a painter.

"Will you go with this lady?" asked the prim Betsy, as the startled child unclosed her eyes at the touch of those skeleton fingers. Lilly brushes her hand across her eyes, as if bewildered with the sweet face before her, and not quite sure that she is not dreaming. "My mother smiled at me so," said she, musingly, as she slid her little hand in Mrs. Gray's.

At the side of a richly canopied bed, kneels our little Lilly. "Please God, bless my new mamma, and let her go to heaven with me!" Mrs. Gray stands concealed behind the curtain. Her lip quivers, her eyes fill—she has never prayed that prayer for herself! She struggles a moment with her pride, then gliding forward, she kneels by the side of the little petitioner, and says, "Let us pray together, Lilly."

And days, and months, and years glide by, and Lilly grows more beautiful every day in the sunshine of love, unspoiled by prosperity. The gay world has lost its power to charm the mother; her ear is deaf to the voice of seduction; for she has taken an angel for her bosom, and in that presence she looks shuddering back upon the long wasted years of frivolity, and blesses God that "a little child has led her."

But Lilly's mission is now over. The bright hectic glows with fearful brilliancy upon that marble cheek. The eyes are bright with a fire that is fast consuming the mother and child! Knit together by a spiritual bond, how shall they part now? "Earth is still fair; HEAVEN is fairer!" whispered Lilly.

"Arise away from child she lifts, With spirit unbroken, God will not take back all his gifts. My Lilly is mine in Heaven.

Still mine—material rights serene, Not given to another. The crystal beam shine faint between The soul of child and mother.

Will none of God to hate the lot, And give her all the sweetest lot, To us the empty room and cot, To her—the Heaven's completeness.

To us—the grave, to her—the rose The mystic palm tree spring in, To us—the silence in the house! To her—the choral singing!

For her—to gladden in God's view; For us—to hope and bear on; Grow, Lilly, in thy garden new, Beside the Rose of Sharon!"

How to KEEP POOR.—Buy two glasses of ale every day at five cents each, sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one hundred bushels of corn, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, besides a frock for the baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes—more or less. Just think of it!

You've a *capote*, Mrs. Leary, dear. "Indeed, and it's a fine one, Mrs. Mahony." "And where did you get it, honey?" "Share, and I sleep last night in the field, and forgot to shut the gate!"

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave to each of his children? Parents.

THE ARKANSAS COWARD.

The beautiful little town of Van Buren on the Arkansas river, near the Cherokee line, during its early history, was famous for the number and ferocity of its desperadoes, being the principal meridian and focus of rendezvous for gamblers, Indian traders, and all sorts of adventurers who found it necessary to change their domicile from lands governed by a rigid criminal code. The half-bred 'braves' from the Cherokee nation also flocked to the same site, to drink, carouse, take a hand at cards, and exhibit their powers in sanguinary 'set to's' with pistols and long knives. Such a state of society may be imagined—cannot be described. Not a man performed his circuit that did not witness some dreadful single combat with or without murderous weapons, while now and then dozens at a time and by mutual agreement, marched from the run shop out in the public square, and engaged in mortal strife.

At this period Thomas A. Myers enlarged to Arkansas, and opened a large grocery store at Van Buren, acting himself as keeper and retailer. Such an occupation at that time required a man of the most determined courage, as the store had always a back room or shed attached, specially appropriated to gambling, both by day and by night, and where the players were supplied with the choicest liquors at the bar, and would be sure to bully the grocer out of his reasonable charges, unless restrained by fear.

For a while however Myers succeeded admirably. The half-breeds, loafers, and 'clattered fighters,' as they called themselves, led a terrible life, and to avoid the violence of the new arrival was a dangerous subject and had better be left alone. This verdict was altogether owing to the stranger's personal appearance, as military as might well be conceived. Tall, manly, and symmetrical in shape, with great ornaments both of strength and agility, he would have few equals in the arms of naked nature. But by the cunning inventions of art, iron, steel and lead, and the thunder and lightning of gun-powder, are made to fight for the feeblest bosom; and thus dwarfs and giants, provided both are alike the heirs of true courage, now stand on the same dead level. It was here also that Myers possessed the resourcefulness and courage to defy the rage of destruction where life and death hung on the touch of a trigger. His countenance betokened the perfection of bravery. His face wore generally a stern expression, and when that melted into a smile, the smile seemed sterner still. His eyes were exceedingly bold, penetrating, and restless, and had that cold gleaming metallic look which may be regarded as the surest sign of desperation. Besides, he carried an appalling supply of pistols, and a heavy knife fourteen inches in the blade. Hence every body was respectful and obliging to the ostensible hero for a period of several weeks, during which an unusual calm reigned throughout the village.

At length a terrible affliction occurred at Myers' grocery. Half-a-dozen fire-arms exploded in quick succession, and the deafening roar so affrighted the keeper that he took to his heels and fled from his own establishment. The next settled public opinion as to his character.

What a chicken-hearted coward to run from his own cowards! exclaimed Gen. Cole, the Napoleon of frontier duellists and gamblers. "Why he hasn't the spunk of a dead possum!" hissed Bill Green, the dandy barber, combing his 'soap locks' with his long rosy mane.

"Let's drink his liquor and smoke his cigars, and now put them down, cause as how he's a coward," said Jack Warhawk, a huge half-breed, and having enumerated this encomium of genuine Cherokee logic, Jack leaped over the counter and began to fill glasses and hand out cigars, crying—"Toast to the brave, my boys! We'll never want while the world has chickens of the white feather."

The firing in the grocery having ceased for more than an hour, being replaced by a din of the most boisterous mirth. Myers, by a great effort, mustered the spirit to return. He found the customers helping themselves with a vengeance, and thought to overcome them by the assumption of heroic airs. He snatched a revolver from his pocket, and pointing it at Warhawk's breast, sternly ordered him to leave the house.

"If that's what you're arter," shouted Jack, unheeding his big bowie, and springing back over the counter, "here's what will give you a little fun!" Myers still kept the revolver presented, but his hand shook like a leaf in the tempest, and his very feet involuntarily retreated backwards by short, quivering steps. The two feelings, physical fear and moral courage, were struggling for the mastery. He was endeavoring to act bravely, but his nerves refused their compliance, and he remained so to speak in equilibrium—totally incapable of seeking it.

"There was no hesitation in the conduct of Jack Warhawk. Brandishing his big knife with his right hand, he seized the locks of Myers in his left, roaring at the top of his lungs— "Down, coward! down upon your narrow bones, off by the blue blazes 'I'll cut your throat!"

Incredible as it may seem, Myers still holding his deadly weapon, leaped with five bounds, covered as he flew like a beaten hound, and begged most piteously for his life. "Pray what do you mean by that?" cried Myers, "I thought you were a coward, but now I see you're a man." Myers was a subject to every species of insult and outrage. "The ladies would pay for me for more advanced than the half-breeds would split on my face!" he would cry, and Gen. Cole, who in his right mind would strike him with his gun, to cure him of his conceitedness, he would say. The poor grocer kept brooding all these gross indignities with the patience of a martyr; and would sometimes romanticize with them, thus:

"Gentlemen, it is ungenerous to abuse me thus, for I confess I have no courage—I cannot fight."

This continued for a whole year, when a change occurred that caused the insulters to rue their ignoble persecutions. He had a beautiful wife, whom he loved with the tenderest passion. One day, when the husband was absent, the hideous half-breed, Jack Warhawk, instigated to the damning went to the grocery keeper's private residence and maltreated his lady in the most shameful manner.

Myers returned home to find his beloved one in tears. He heard the harrowing tale without external manifestation of anger or emotion. His face, it is true, became somewhat pale—his lip quivered an instant, and then settled into an expression rigid as a mouth of iron, and his wild blue eyes, it may be, shot a few more beams of piercing fire; but he did not utter a word. He muttered not a whisper of menace, he did not condole or even sympathize with his afflicted wife. He only armed himself with a bowie knife, and then hurried in the blade, from bill to point, and started for the village.

He came within sight of his enemy, then promading the public square and boasting of his villainous achievement. At this vision Myers' lip curled into a horrid smile, and his dark eye melted in a stream of tears. He approached till he stood nearly touching the half-breed, and then said in a hoarse whisper— "Wretch, be quick, draw, for by St. Paul one of us must die!"

And he waited till the other should be ready for the strife on equal terms. He did not have to wait long, for Jack understood that cold, glittering, snaky smile, and those hot glowing eyes, as the certain tokens of murderous madness, immediately smothered at the same moment with his adversary, and they began the dreadful combat, which was soon decided. Myers parried three furious blows of the hateful half-breed, and then, grasping his foe's clothing with his left hand, with his other plunged the knife up to the hilt in his heart. The Cherokee fell and expired without a groan.

And now the inward and terrible passions of Myers found vent in appalling expressions. His curses were freighted to hell—he spat his fallen enemy with his foot, and wished aloud he had a hundred lives so that he might employ the same on a score of his kind. He wished to see every man he ever met, and his wrath, that had been indulged by Jack Green, and sprang on his soap locks, by Jack Green, and sprang on his soap locks, and galled his nose till it was flattened between his fingers—all the while that gory knife dripping with blood in his right hand. His enemies were not taken by surprise, terror-stricken, stupid, that for a space they seemed utterly incapable of voluntary motion.

The coward had suddenly become the bravest of the brave. The equippage of opposite feeling was destroyed forever. The sheer power of will had conquered physical fear. Does any one doubt our story? Let us refer to a letter of inquiry in Gen. W. Pennington, of Van Buren, in the 4th of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, and the fullest confirmation can be obtained.

On the same evening Gen. Cole called a special counsel of his friends to consult on the course he should pursue. There was out one opinion—that as he had been insulted by a direct and gross public indignity, he must call his foe to the field of honor. Accordingly on the following day a challenge was despatched, which Myers promptly accepted and fixed the time at noon of the same day—the weapons to be double-barreled shot-guns—distance ten paces.

The banks met on the sand beach, and hundreds collected to witness the issue. The mortal belligerents were in a position by their seconds, and the deadly dueling guns—enormous double barrels—rested with dark, yawning muzzles on the sand, in their hands. The spectators were much astonished at the strong contrast exhibited by their appearance. Gen. Cole was an old, experienced duelist, who had shot his man before he was eighteen, and had often been engaged in affairs of the kind.

On the contrary, Myers was unacquainted with fire-arms, and had always hitherto been deemed an unmingled poltroon. And yet standing to record, the duelist stood up nervous and agitated, almost trembling, while the repeated word was calm, firm, steady as a rock, with that appalling smile on his curled lip, and a few scattered drops of gleaming in the sun, on his cheek!

Gen. Cole's second gave the word—"Fire—on—you—there!" He need not, however, have counted many, for with the echo of the sound-fire, Myers elevated his piece as quickly as thought, and touched the trigger. There was a tremendous roar, and Gen. Cole, the duelist, fell dead. His head was pierced with twenty buckshot.

No one ever again called Myers a coward in Arkansas—no one even thought of the term, as his shadow glanced by the sunlight. He had taken his degree in the college of Desperation, and his diploma was written in blood!

A RAIL-ROAD TO THE PACIFIC.—The gigantic project of a railroad across our territory to the Pacific has been introduced into the United States Senate by Mr. Edwin C. Smith. According to this plan, the road is to have a length of 3,000 miles, on the western side of the base connecting with the Atlantic coast at New York and extending to the Pacific through Oregon and California. The contractors for this construction receive no salary, after the completion of the line, but they will be entitled to the land forty miles wide on either side of the road, and the land will be sold to the Government. The land, troops and other transportation of the Government, shall always be free on the road.

A Boston Notion.

Boston is a city of notions, everybody knows. America can show no other city so full of matured systems, useful contrivances and old conveniences, as this same Boston. "The city maxim seems to be, that there's a best way of doing all things."

In public and domestic affairs the "old men of Boston" are not content with simple achievement, but they must have a achievement by the best methods. The latest illustration of this is, their scientific out and guiding their fire departments. A very simple matter, one would think, to raise the window sash and about fire two or three times, and leave the sash open to spread. Every New Yorker knows how to pull a bell rope, and ring till he is tired. Every New Yorker knows how to count the booming strokes of the big bells as they tell of the stroke number. A very simple thing! One way is as good as another, as long as a rousing alarm is started.

By no means. Those Boston men have found out a better way. If your house takes fire, and gets past domestic control, and you feel it necessary to appeal to the municipal authorities for help, do not be at all excited or alarmed. Do not make yourself red in the face, or hoarse with shouting. Put on your hat and run to your corner, where you see that little iron box fastened up against the wall; step into the store, ask quietly for the key, adding, "My house is on fire," by way of apology for the intrusion; now unlock the iron door and remember that the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home, obey the inscription, and turn six times slowly. Your responsibility is ended. You've done all you need to do. Boston will take care of your house. Hurry home or the engines will be there before you.

Every bell in the city, and several more across the water, are telling people where you live, and that your house is on fire. In other parts of the city you will find hats and brass trumpets may be seen running to these same little iron boxes, they seem to whisper a moment, then they listen, and then they look very knowingly all the way to your house! How much time has elapsed since you needed help! Perhaps three minutes. There is a best way of giving an alarm, that's a fact. But how was it done?

That little iron box you opened was a telegraph station; you can see the wires where they come down through the window pipes into the box. The crank you turned is merely a contrivance that enables an inexperienced person to send the only message ever sent from Mrs. Pease's to number. Just so a faint organ enabled the grinder to play one tune well, though he be no organist. You turned it six times. Once would have been enough but six times over, and every time the same number, there could be no mistake. The central office know in an instant of your distress.

Yes, but how did it make the bells ring all over the city, and East Boston too? When they come down through the window pipes into the box, "The crank you turned is merely a contrivance that enables an inexperienced person to send the only message ever sent from Mrs. Pease's to number. Just so a faint organ enabled the grinder to play one tune well, though he be no organist. You turned it six times. Once would have been enough but six times over, and every time the same number, there could be no mistake. The central office know in an instant of your distress.

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How a Female Should Dress.

The following extracts from "Toulon's Manual of the History of Fashion" will be highly interesting to those who are desirous of knowing the history of the dress which women wear, and which they will follow the advice of the Duke.

"Dress," says the Duke, "is the most important part of a woman's education. It is the key to her character, and the first thing which attracts the eye. A woman who dresses well, is always respected, and her manners are always improved. A woman who dresses poorly, is always despised, and her manners are always degraded."

The Duke's advice is to dress simply and modestly, and to avoid all extravagance. He says that a woman should dress as if she were poor, and that she should never dress as if she were rich. He says that a woman should dress as if she were a Christian, and that she should never dress as if she were an infidel. He says that a woman should dress as if she were a saint, and that she should never dress as if she were a sinner.

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