THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV.] GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 29, 1854. [NUMBER 19.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Adams county, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JACOB BISHOP, late of Germany township, Adams county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on *Saturday, the 30th of December instant*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the following described Real Estate, the property of said deceased, to wit:

No. 1—A Tract of Land,

known as the "MANSION FARM," situate in Germany township aforesaid, adjoining the town of Littlestown, on the Baltimore turnpike, adjoining lands of Wm. Duttera, Wm. McSherry, and others, and containing 64 ACRES, more or less, on which are erected a

TWO STORY BRICK DWELLING

with Brick Kitchen attached, a large Bank Barn, part stone and part frame, a log Stable, a brick Smoke house, a one story frame building, and other improvements. There are also two wells of never failing water near the door.

No. 2—A Tract of Land,

situate in same township, on the road from Littlestown to Hanover, about ¼ mile from the former place, and adjoining lands of of John Spangler, Jacob Weirich, Simon S. Bishop, and others, containing

36 ACRES,

more or less, about four Acres of which are well covered with good TIMBER.—Piney Creek runs through the tract.

No. 3—A Tract of Woodland,

situate partly in Germany and partly in Union townships, adjoining lands of John Hilbert, Philip Bishop, and others, containing 6 ACRES AND 41 PERCHES, more or less.

No. 4—A Tract of Woodland,

situate in Germany township, and adjoining lands of the heirs of Christian Bishop, John Hilbert, and others, containing 4 ACRES AND 15 PERCHES, more or less.

No. 5—A Tract of Woodland,

situate in same township, adjoining lands of heirs of Christian Bishop, Amos Lefever, and others, containing 7 ACRES & 8 PERCHES.

No. 6—A Tract of Woodland,

situate in said township, adjoining lands of heirs of Christian Bishop, John Duttera, and others, containing 4 ACRES & 129 PERCHES, more or less.

Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 adjoin each other, and will be sold separate or entire as may suit purchasers.

The above property is one of the most desirable in the county, being located within a few miles of the terminus of the Hanover R. Road, and convenient to Lime Kilns. Persons wishing to view the premises, will be shown the same by calling on the subscriber.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

A. L. BISHOP, *Adm'r.*

By the Court—EDEN NORRIS, Clerk.

Dec. 1, 1854.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE, AT PUBLIC SALE.

On Monday, January 1st, 1855,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

WILL be offered, at Public Sale, on the premises, in the borough of Gettysburg, the very desirable

TOWN RESIDENCE

of Dr. D. GILBERT, now occupied by the Rev. H. J. FAHNESTOCK, consisting of a full Town Lot, fronting on Baltimore and East Middle streets, immediately opposite to Fahnestock's store, having upon the corner a large two-story brick DWELLING HOUSE, with extensive brick back buildings on Middle street, also a two-story

FRAME BUILDING,

fronting on Baltimore street, part of which was formerly occupied by J. L. Schick's Store, with a well of water, and other improvements on the premises. Dr. Gilbert spared no expense in fitting up the House, and enclosing and improving the grounds with choice trees, vines, &c. There is a perpetual insurance in the Franklin Fire In. Co. of Philadelphia, on this property. This presents a rare chance to secure a residence perhaps the most desirable in the borough.

ALSO—*at the same time*, the *LARGE FRAME* DWELLING HOUSE,

two stories and an attic, fronting on West High street, West of the Catholic Church, and nearly opposite the Associate Reformed Church, with lot of ground and outbuildings attached, having an alley on the North.

These properties will be sold upon accommodating terms, which will be made known on the day of sale, and also to persons who may meanwhile inquire, by

D. M'CONAUGHY,
Attorney in fact for Dr. Gilbert.

December 15, 1854—ts

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

of all kinds, from the best Houses in the City, constantly on hand and for sale at the Drug and Bookstore of

S. H. BUEHLER.

50 BOXES BLACK FAT in store, and for sale by

WM. BUEHLER,
No. 157 Franklin street, Baltimore.

Nov. 24, 1854.—tf

Come one! Come all!

TO see those cheap Goods just received by

AB'M ARNOLD.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of HENRY BOWERS, late of Mountjoy township, Adams county Pa., dec'd, will sell at Public Sale, *on Saturday the 30th of December inst.*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, of Adams county, on the premises,

THE FARM

of said deceased, situate in the township aforesaid, adjoining lands of John Budy, Melcher Wolf, John Beniler, and others, containing 98 ACRES, more or less.—The Improvements are a

TWO-STORY LOG DWELLING,

with a Stone Kitchen attached, a log Barn, and all necessary out-buildings. There is a well of water near the door, and an

ORCHARD

of choice fruit, of all kinds, on the premises. There is a fair proportion of Meadow and Timberland.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

J. H. BOWERS,
JOSIAH BOWERS, *Ex'rs.*

Dec. 1, 1854.—ts

VALUABLE STORE STAND AND FARM, AT PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, intending to remove to the City of Baltimore, will offer at Public sale on *Tuesday the 2d day of January next*,

A Very Eligible Store Stand,

together with 45 ACRES OF LAND, situated in Mountjoy township, Adams county, about one mile from the Turnpike road leading from Gettysburg to Littlestown, 5 miles from the former and about the same distance from the latter place; the road from Emmitsburg to Hanover passing the Store, and only 9 miles from the terminus of the Hanover R. R. Road.

The improvements are a TWO-STORY

WEATHERBOARDED HOUSE,

WARE HOUSE, BARN & STABLE, a good well of water near the door, and a fine stream of water running through the tract. In the last 5 years, 1200 bushels of Lime have been put on the land, and is moreover well set with clover. There are on said tract about 7 Acres of good Meadow and 8 Acres of excellent Timber land.

The undersigned has for the last five years been engaged in keeping Store at the above said place, and is gratified in being able to say, that during said time he has done a first-rate cash business; said property is very handsomely situated in a healthy neighborhood, and will therefore make one of the first homes in the country. Persons wishing to view said property, will please call on the undersigned residing on the same. Possession and a good title will be given on the first day of April next.

—ALSO;—

At the same time and place will be sold a lot of

STORE GOODS,

such as ready made CLOHING, HATS, CAPS, HARDWARE, &c., with a general variety of forming implements as follows, viz; Plows, Harrows, Cultivator, 2 heavy sets of Horse Gears, Cutting box, Cart, Chains, Barrels, Tubs, 2 Stoves and Pipes, with a variety of

Household & Kitchen Furniture.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known, by

LAWRENCE DIETZ.

Dec. 22, 1854.—ts

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SPECIAL MEETING.

AT the last meeting of the "Adams County Agricultural Society," it was Resolved, that subjects connected with Agriculture be discussed at the meetings of the Society, and that the first topic for inquiry be, "*The Application of Lime to Land.*" A special meeting was also ordered, to take place at the Court-house, in Gettysburg, on the *first Saturday of January next*, (being the 6th of the month,) at 10 o'clock, A. M.; at which time the above subject will be taken up; and it is expected that there will be a general participation, particularly by those who have used Lime in Agricultural processes, and whose observation and experience have furnished them with facts more or less valuable. The meeting will doubtless be an interesting and instructing one, and all are invited to it.

Dec. 7, 1854.—td

THIRD SALE OF BURIAL LOTS IN Ever Green Cemetery.

FOR the accommodation of citizens of town and country, who are not yet supplied, there will be another Public Sale of Burial Lots on *Monday, (New Years' Day,) January* 1, 1855, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the Cemetery grounds. Already nearly 200 Lots have been sold, $3,000 in Stock having been subscribed. The enterprise is therefore entirely successful.

This will be the last sale of lots during the present winter.

D. M'CONAUGHY, *Pres't.*

H. J. STAHLE, *Sec'y.*

Dec. 7, 1854.—3t

For Christmas.

THE great double Pictorial Bro. Jonathan, 200 copies received. Price 12½ cents, or 10 copies for $100. For sale at KELLER KURTZ'S Bookstore.

NEW BOOKS.

S. H. BUEHLER

HAS received a largely increased assortment of Classical, Theological, School and Miscellaneous

BOOKS,

of all kinds, including a large number of handsomely bound Standard Poets of England and America—Annuals, &c., suitable for Gifts. Also,

STATIONERY

of every variety, Gold Pens and Pencils, Penknives, Envelopes, &c., &c. All of which will be sold at a small advance on cost. Call and see them.

Dec. 22, 1854.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR.

Choice and Valuable Books.

I HAVE just received from Philadelphia and New York, the best English and American editions of the best authors in every department of Literature, known as standard authors of value, and

Bound in a most Superior manner,

in the choicest library styles of calf extra, half calf gilt and antique, Turkey Morocco, &c., &c., forming altogether the most superb collection of Books, which I have ever had the pleasure of offering to my numerous friends and customers; and which, together with an unrivalled stock of *Elegantly Illustrated Works, Bibles, Prayer & Hymn Books, superbly bound Books, best edition in Library Bindings*, now displayed in tempting array on numerous loaded counters, form altogether an endless variety from which to select

Christmas and New Year Presents, as to fully keep up our well known reputation of offering the finest assortment of desirable books in the richest and most substantial bindings. The undersigned invites the attention of every individual in Adams county to call and visit now, while the assortment is full and complete.

Prices to suit the times.

KELLER KURTZ,
Bookseller and Stationer, S. E. Corner Centre Square.

Dec. 15, 1854.

RAIL ROAD ELECTION.

THE Stockholders of the "Gettysburg Railroad Company," will meet at the Court-house in the Borough of Gettysburg, on *Monday, the 8th of January*, A. D. 1855, at 2 o'clock, P. M., of said day, to choose, by a majority of the votes present, a President and twelve Directors for the ensuing year.

JAMES G. REED, *Sec'y.*

Dec. 7, 1854.—td

GRAND FLORAL CONCERT.

—ONE NIGHT ONLY!

THE "Singing Birds," assisted by the "Philo Harmonics," will give a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, on *New Year's night*, (January 1st, 1855,) at the Court House, on which occasion will be presented a MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in three acts, entitled, "*Flora's Feast of Flowers, or the Crowning of the Queen of the Fairies.*" Representations of the Fairy Land, with Foresters, Naiads, Fairies, Zephyrs, &c., participated in by upwards of 60 children. After the Festival, a pleasing variety of Songs, Glees, Choruses, Catches, &c.

Particulars in small bills.

Admission 25cts.—Children half price.

The "Singing Birds" last appearance for at least one year.

Dec. 22, 1854.—tc

OUTSTANDING FEES.

THE undersigned is desirous of closing up all his business connected with the Register's and Recorder's Office, and desires all persons indebted to him for FEES, to call and settle without further delay.

There are a number of Deeds, Mortgages, Releases, and other papers filed in the office for record, which have never been lifted, and may be lost if not taken away. The parties entitled to them are requested to call at the office and lift them.

DANIEL FLANK,
late Register & Recorder.

Dec. 22, 1854.—3t

FRENCH AND MUSIC.

THE undersigned will give private lessons to Ladies desiring to learn FRENCH, and also to such as wish instructions in PIANO MUSIC. The terms, &c., which are reasonable, will be known on application to

MARY WALLACE.

Gettysburg, Dec. 22, 1854.—3t

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED—a Teacher for one of the Common Schools of Freedom township. Liberal wages will be given. Apply to

WM. RILEY,
JOHN McCLEARY.

Dec. 22, 1854—3t

NOW READY.

KELLER KURTZ'S Holiday stock of elegant illustrated standard BOOKS, adapted for Christmas and New Year Presents, the Drawing-Room Table, &c. is now really for examination; also CHILDREN'S BOOKS, in endless variety. Kurtz's is a perfect storehouse of delight for the little ones, where they can purchase from the simplest Toy Books, up to the most expensive Colored editions.

Dec. 14, 1854.

[For the "Star and Banner."

Did you ever Pray for me?

BY WM. J. MILLER.

How oft, at evening's solemn hour,
And morning's rosy dawn,
My soul in prayers have offered up,
As years have come and gone!
How oft at home, and when abroad,
I've knelt and prayed for thee!—
When pleading at the throne of God,
Did you ever pray for me?

How oft, when none but Heaven has known
The workings of the mind,
My thoughts in secret sought His throne,
And left the world behind!—
And in the fervor of my soul,
Have hoped and asked that He
Would safely guide you to the goal!—
Did you ever pray for me?

When drooping on my stony bed,
Midst war's decrepid ill,
Amid the dying and the dead,
Thou wert remembered still—
When hope of seeing thee again
Was almost lost to me—
E'n then, still foremost in my prayer—
Did you ever pray for me?

When War's dread thunders shook the hills
And bleeding comrades fell,
'Twas sweet to know amid the strife,
That thou wert safe and well;
Then why, amid such ghastly scenes,
Wert thou still unforgot?
Canst thou be conscious of this truth
And think I love thee not?

Then, for the truth of what I say,
Oh! let my actions prove,
For words but faintly can convey
The depth of constant love;
And if, when in the balance weighed,
Thou fail'st this truth to see,
Let heaven be thanked for the escape
From such vile perfidy.

Methinks that God, so good and just,
Who taught me thus to love,
Will bless me in his own good time,
And thus his work approve;
Else why, midst all the varied throng
That's known and seen by me,
Art thou the idol of my hopes?
Why still remember thee?

Oh! yes, the time and place to tell,
Were but to name each hier
That He who doeth all things well,
Has given me as my dower;
For in the course of fleeting years,
Since first thou wert known to me,
I've borne thee to the Mercy Seat—
Did you ever pray for me?

Yes, yes—and while that power exists,
And glows within my heart,
I still will pray that thou mayst find
And choose that better part;
And though my own poor soul may fail
The bliss I ask for thee,
Perchance 'twill glad me mid my woes
To know I prayed for thee.

Baltimore, December.

[From the Waverly Magazine.

THREE BEAUTIFUL SISTERS.

The first born was a woman of stately carriage, remarkable for great seriousness of manner, a lofty and steadfast enthusiasm and a confidence in herself and in her own opinions that nothing could move or disturb. Beautiful! with a grave, queenly beauty—with large, dark eyes, and hair as black as death, there was something in the settled, unearthly paleness of her complexion, in her lofty bearing, and marble serenity of feature, which awed instead of attracting, and overpowered instead of winning the affections of the human heart. For a long time she was the declared favorite of her father. Magnificent possessions, boundless wealth, and perpetual youth; crowns and sceptres, and everlasting happiness, were believed to be her dowry. No wonder, therefore, that monarchs and prophets, bards and warriors—nay, that whole nations bowed themselves down before her, as pale and melancholy,

"She sat retired,
With eyes upraised, as though inspired."

But while she was yet the object of unbounded homage, moving hither and thither, like a mighty shadow over the hearts of her people, and bearing herself high above all the sovereignties of earth, lo! a younger sister, a child, but the other day, as it were, whose growth had been disregarded by all but her father, and whose approach had been unheeded and unlelt by the first-born, stood suddenly before her!—right in her pathway to universal empire—in all the pomp and power of youthful, happy and triumphant maidenhood—trembling and blushing with astonishment to find herself a woman—her glorious hair unbound, her dark hazel eyes overflowing with tenderness, and beaming with the very light of heaven, and her heart untouched and stainless, heaving with love for the great multitude who were crouching and grovelling at the feet of her self sustained and imperial sister.

At her approach they lifted themselves up from the dust, wondering and dazzled at her beauty, and amazed at the relationship that was written as with living light upon her brow. And when they lifted their faces from the dishonoring dust, she gave them her sweetest smile, and with trembling lips and streaming eyes, and locked hands entreated them to be of good cheer.

Of her dowry they asked not when they heard this, nor did they care to know that she was the favorite of her father—and like her sister to be throned hereafter with diadems and realms, with robes and sceptres of imperishable splendor. It was enough that they saw her standing like a shape of embodied sunshine, amid the darkness that overshadowed the whole earth.—And they stood up and greeted her—and their hearts heaved with a new feeling, and they were breathless with delight

But followers of the second though they were, they did not wholly abandon the first-born, and their worship still continued with fear and trembling. The stately beauty grew sterner and colder every hour and haughter and more selfish. Believe her, and there was cheerfulness and no beauty on earth. Their doom she declared was written at their birth, many thousand years before, and they were created for nothing but submission. They were her vassals, her undoubting, unquestioning, unreasoning vassals.

To all this, when they appealed to her with out stretched arms, and with a look of speechless terror, the younger said no!—but she said it with a faltering voice and trembling lip, while the elder stood near, pointing to the darkest part of the skies with one hand, while with the other she grasped a massive anchor, whose massive flukes were deeply imbedded in the foundations of the earth.

And so it continued for many long years, and neither of the two had obtained that universal empire over the heart of men which both coveted.

At last, when both were beginning to despair, when the elder had become as marble—standing forever and ever in the same attitude, motionless and speechless, clutching at her anchor and pointing eternally to heaven, and the younger was wandering an outcast over the whole earth; her dishevelled hair and her wasted beauty telling of neglect and outrage, of untold sorrow, and of weariness unspeakable—just at this time there appeared upon the mountains afar off a young and rejoicing child. As she came bounding and laughing along, they saw her feet were naked and beautiful; and as she drew near they heard the hymning of invisible angels, and the whole air was full of strange, and soul-thrilling music.

That beautiful child! Yet, child though she was, and cheerful and happy and brimful of joy, her heart overflowing with love, with none of the inflexibility of the first, and none of the sad misgivings and secret terrors of the second, and with only just enough of the lineaments of both to prove that they were all three children of the same father, and alike in their highest relationships however they might differ in stature, in age, in the color of their eyes and hair—yet was she the loveliest and greatest of the three.

And the thrilling tones of that child's happy song! They touched every heart and drew tears of rapture from every eye, and vibrated in sweetest and most soul-thrilling melody on every ear!—and they continued growing louder and louder, and clearer and clearer, till there were those who could hear them everywhere at all times, by night and by day, forever and ever—by the solemn sea shore—in the depths of the everlasting woods—in the caves and among the rocks and mountain tops—wherever there was aught of motion or life, those tones were to be heard, and are to be heard now, and will continue to be heard everywhere and forever.

And as this beautiful child grew older the second born renewed her youth, and clung to her with reverential affection, yearning for perpetual companionship and rejoicing with new strength in the beauty and innocence and cheerfulness of her dear sister; and even, the first-born, subdued by the caresses, and warmed with the breathing of this young seraph upon her chilled heart, even she was seen to tremble and relax somewhat from the awful fixedness of her gaze. And now they have become reconciled, and you may see them entwining their arms like the graces, and moving lovingly and harmoniously together among the habitations of men.

Supreme majesty of Heaven! continue their reign on earth till they shall hold the governing power of every heart, and weave the golden chain of TRUTH, FRIENDSHIP and LOVE around every abode of man.

DISCOVERY IN BAKING.—A correspondent of the Scotsman, writing from Munich, says:—I have visited Prof. Liebig, and seen his admirable lecture-room and laboratory, models for imitation in other countries. He told me that in England the bakers use a great quantity of alum in making bread. It is employed to make the bread white, moist and soft. It acts by coagulating the gluten of the wheat, and it is deleterious in its effects. He has discovered that water saturated with lime produces the same whiteness in bread, the same softness, and the same capacity to retain moisture, while the lime removes all acidity from the dough, and supplies an element needed in the structure of the bones, which is deficient in wheat, and still more so in rye. I ate bread made of it in his house; it was excellent. He uses five pounds of water saturated with lime to nineteen pounds of flour. No other change is necessary in the process of baking. The lime coagulates the gluten as effectually as alum does. The bread weighs well, and the bakers consequently approve of it. He allowed me to report the discovery at discretion.

Maxims for a Young Man.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Have no very intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

GOOD ADVICE.—The Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker says: the best cure for hard times is economy. A shilling's worth of white beans will do as much feeding as fifty cents worth of potatoes; while six cents' of Indian meal will make as much bread as fourteen cents' worth of flour.—Besides this, it is twice as wholesome.—Almost every family in town could cut down their expenses one half if they only chose to do so.

SALT YOUR CHIMNEYS.—In building a chimney, put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the intercurses of brick are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp, falls down to the fire-place. This appears to be an English discovery. It is tried with success in Canada.

DO GOOD TO OTHERS.

"Philip, couzin Philip! don't!"

The speaker was a little girl, scarcely five years old, who was sitting on a stone step of a farm house door, watching very intently the motions of a boy four or five years older than herself. And what was Philip Dale doing? Why, he had found a poor little stray kitten, which had wandered into the court-yard, and boy-like was driving it hither and thither, shouting, throwing sticks and pebbles at it, while the terrified little creature ran one way and another, mewing piteously, and every sound went to the heart of the compassionate little child who heard it. At last she could endure it no longer; and running to her cousin, with eyes filled with tears, and a voice which trembled from its very earnestness, repeated.

"Don't Philip, it is God's kitty."

The boy stopped, and looked in her face in amazement; then suddenly seizing the fugitive, which had taken refuge in a tree, he laid it gently in the child's arms, and saying, "there's your kitten, Clara," he turned and left the yard. Little Clara ran back into the house, showed her treasure to aunt and sister Fanny, and asked and obtained permission to keep it. Fanny kindly took upon herself the office of making it clean. She softly washed off the dirt, brushed the fur dry, and brought from the kitchen a saucer of milk to feed it; and in no long time the kitten was lying contentedly in Clara's lap, purring loudly, and quite as happy as the little girl herself.

Nothing was seen of Philip till dinner time, and when he came in he cast a sly glance at Clara's new pet, as if he almost feared it would complain of him. But he was safe from any reproof, save that of his own conscience; for kitty could not tell, Clara would not, and no one else knew anything of the matter. After dinner he tried to make friends with Clara, by offering the kitten some bits of meat, which she took very gladly, and lapped his hand in gratitude, while Clara looked up with a face so bright and smiling, it was plain she had forgotten the affair of the morning. Philip set off for school, and seeing a Robin, picked up a stone to throw at it, when a sudden thought checked him, and the stone fell from his hand.

"I suppose Clara would say that is God's robin too," he said half aloud; "and the squirrels, the cows, and every thing else. What a queer little thing she is! won't even kill a fly, because she says she couldn't make it alive if she should."

And he went on pondering the matter. He was not a cruel boy naturally. He loved his parents and his gentle little cousin dearly; and no one could be kinder to the horse, and the fowls, and his dog Bruno, than was Philip Dale. But he had learned from his companions the wicked habit of tormenting animals, for sport, without giving a thought to the pain he was inflicting; and though his mother's soft "Don't do so, my son," always stopped him for a time, she was not always present when he was indulging himself in such amusement. Not one word said Philip of the subject which had occupied his thoughts, all day, until evening, when Fanny had gone to put Clara to bed, and all was quiet. Then he came to his mother, and laying his head in her lap, and looking up into her clear loving eyes, told her of his conduct in the morning, and of Clara's entreaty. And Mrs. Dale entered with ready sympathy into her boy's thoughts and feelings, conversed with him about the animals, and his duties to them, and so deepened the impression on his mind, that Philip resolved never again to ill-treat any animal; and he kept his resolution, too.

Some months after, when Clara had been some time at her city home, Mr. Dale asked Philip one bright morning if he could go to town for him to do some errands. They lived within two or three miles of the town, and it was by no means a long walk for a healthy, active boy, and Philip joyfully consented to the proposal. He took his basket and went merrily on, whistling the prettiest he knew, and speaking with the numerous acquaintance he met, and in good time reached his destination. As he went forward he chanced to spy a boy whom he knew, cruelly beating a dog, which howled with pain as Philip crossed the street.

"What is the matter, Jerry?" he asked, "what has Ponto been doing?"

Jerry glanced round at him; but Philip's pleasant face and kind tone disarmed his anger, and he answered rather sullenly,

"He stole my breakfast, and I'll punish him for it."

And he raised his stick again, but Philip caught his arm.

"I wouldn't beat him, Jerry; he was hungry, poor fellow, and did not know he was eating your breakfast. Here's a nice luncheon mother gave me; take it, Jerry, for I had my breakfast long ago; and don't beat Ponto any more. He is one of God's creatures, you know, and we must not abuse them."

Jerry hesitated, took the offered gift and began to eat: for, as Philip suspected, he was as hungry as the dog; and after a minute he stooped down, and patting the poor creature, shared his meal with him; while his young friend, pleased to see it, ran merrily on to do his errands in town, without giving a thought to the loss of his luncheon. Philip little knew how much good he had done. While he was talking with Jerry, two men passed in different directions; one a ragged looking man, with a face bearing the marks of intemperance; the other, handsomely dressed, with a pleasant, open countenance, and cheerful smile. This was Frank Howard, a thriving young merchant; the other was Joe Dennis, a poor laborer, who made himself still poorer by wasting his earnings in liquor. Howard glanced at the man as he passed with disgust and scorn; and Dennis, on his part, looked at the young merchant with despairing envy.

"I might have been as well off as he, perhaps," was his thought; "his father and mine where schoolmates and playfellows once; but it's no use now."

It was just as they met and passed each other, at thy very spot where the boys were talking, that Philip had said the last words to Jerry.

"One of God's creatures," repeated Howard, involuntarily turning to look after the drunkard. "One of my brethren, then; can I do nothing to save him?"—One instant he hesitated, and then followed Dennis.

"One of God's creatures," said poor Joe to himself. "Well, I suppose I'm that, only no one seems to think so; and why should they? I'm worse than that brute, for I take the food from my wife and children." He paused—for he was close by a dram shop, where he had too often stopped.

"No, *I won't*," he said, energetically, "I'll try once more to leave off. One of God's creatures! It he takes care of the dumb beast, why shouldn't he of me? I don't know who else will."

Joe marched on with a firmer step, for his resolve to do right had given him courage, and soon reached his wretched home. Mrs. Dennis looked up hastily, one or two children glanced timidly at their father.

"I haven't taken a drop to-day, Marthy," said he, "and by God's help, I won't again. Here, Josey, take this fourpence and get a loaf of bread."

Mrs. Dennis, too happy to speak, could only throw her arms around her husband's neck and cry. "Don't, Martha don't," said the poor man. "You've nothing to be so glad about; for that's the last cent I've got in the world, and I dont know where the next will come from. Ah, yes!" answering her broken words, "it's easy for you to say, 'Trust in the Lord,' for you're a good woman, but it isn't so easy for me."

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Frank Howard walked in. "Does not Joseph Dennis live here?" he asked. "Are you at liberty to-day, Mr. Dennis, and could you do some jobs at my store? The man I have heretofore employed has left town, and I must get some one to supply his place. Will you come to-day and try? Perhaps we may make some agreement."

Poor Joe Dennis! he almost worshipped Howard as an angel from heaven.—He looked one way and another, and finally burst into tears.

"I'll come Mr. Howard, I'll come; it is very good of you, for there isn't many who would employ a drunkard like me; but I mean to be sober in future. I was just telling Martha that I could get no work, and we'd got to starve, may be; and the good soul, said the Lord would provide. I believe, Mr. Howard, God sent you to us just now."

"I have no doubt he did," answered Howard gravely, who, having followed Dennis, had heard and seen all that had passed before he entered. "Mr. Dennis, if you will go to my store, and say to my clerk, Mr. Reid, that I sent you, he will employ you; and I will be there directly, myself." And as soon as Dennis had left the house, the young merchant turned to the happy, weeping wife, and putting five dollars into her hand, bade her to regard it as a gift from heaven, and provide what she most needed, adding with a smile, "Your husband will return hungry, no doubt; I should advise you to have a good dinner ready."

We need hardly say that this advice was followed; and that Dennis found a smoking dinner on the table when he returned at noon. But it may be necessary to add that their new friend kept Joe in in his employ, and aided his efforts at amendment, until, in a few years, the neat, nice dwelling, and comfortable, happy looking family which Dennis eagerly sought after his day's labors, bore but slight resemblance to the cheerless hovel, and pale, starving faces he had left. Nor was this all. Frank Howard having once tasted the pleasures of benevolence, could not resign the luxury of being the dispenser of bounty to others. And many were the hearts cheered, many the homes preserved, many the characters saved from ruin, by his kindly and unsought assistance. He sought no public notice of his good deeds; he was pleased to labor in secret. But Philip Dale often wandered why Mr. Howard spoke so kindly to him, and invited him so frequently to his pleasant home. Philip never suspected that his kind care for a suffering annimal had been the means of saving many human beings from worse suffering; and just as little did Clara think, when she played with her kitten Friskie, now grown quite a cat, that her compassionate pleading for her was the first link in a long chain of benevolent actions. Only believe that no good word or deed is ever lost; and, in his own good time, God will make it bring forth rich fruit.—*Boston Ploughman.*

RESULT OF VICTORIES.—A late letter from London says: Over £96,000 have been collected in aid of the wives and children of the dead and wounded soldiers.—Trade suffers dreadfully. The West End shops are literally deserted. Half of the aristocracy are in mourning for the death of kinsmen in the Crimea, and all fancy sales are ended. The usual quantity of amusements (balls, &c.,) is curtailed for the same cause. Every third person is in mourning.

Upon coming into the office the other day, we asked the "Devil" his rule for punctuation. Said he, "I set as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semi-colon; when I sneeze, a colon; and when I want another chaw of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

"Madame, your shawl is dragging in the mud."—"Well, your little husey, suppose it is, isn't it the fashion?"

"Well, sir, what does h-a-i-r spell?" Boy—I don't know." "What have you got on your head?" Boy—(scratching) "I guess its a muskeeter bite, for it feels as like thunder."