

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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NUMBER

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Post Office Regulations.

Rate of Postage: Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents prepaid, except to California and Oregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.

Postage on "The Star and Banner": within the County, free. Within the State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States, 25 cents.

Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent prepaid, or 2 cents unpaid.

Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

The **Mail** Coaches, with mails to Baltimore and Philadelphia, (and intervening points), leave at 5 o'clock, A. M., daily, except Sundays.

To Harrisburg, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 5 A. M.

To Hagerstown, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7 A. M.

To Chambersburg, 5 A. M., daily.

To Emmittsburg, 3 P. M., daily.

Mail to Bendersville, Middletown, Mummasburg, Centre Mills, Arcadustown, on Wednesday and Saturday, 7 A. M.

To Hagerstown, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7 A. M.

To New Chester, and Hampton, on Tuesday of each week, 7 A. M.

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Secretary of State: Wm. L. Marcy.
Secretary of Interior: Robert McClelland.
Secretary of Treasury: James Guthrie.
Secretary of War: Jefferson Davis.
Secretary of Navy: James C. Dobbin.
Postmaster General: James Campbell.
Attorney General: Caleb Cushing.
Chief Justice of the U. States: R. B. Taney.

Governor: James Pollock.
Secretary of State: Andrew G. Curtin.
Deputy Secretary: John M. Sullivan.
Surgeon General: J. Porter Brawley.
Auditor General: Ephraim Banks.
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Comptroller: J. S. Bickel, E. Lewis, W. B. Lowrie, G. W. Woodward, J. C. Knapp.
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Sheriff: David M. Robinson.
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District Attorney: Jas. G. Reed.
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Clerk: J. W. Woodward, S. S. McCreary, D. Keenleather, John Gilbert, R. G. M'Creary, Clerk and Treasurer.
Justices of the Peace: George E. Bringsman, Joel B. Danner.
Constable: John L. Burns.

Borough Officers.

Burgess: John Culp.
Town Council: James A. Thompson, Hugh Hensley, Samuel H. Russell, S. S. McCreary, D. Keenleather, John Gilbert, R. G. M'Creary, Clerk and Treasurer.
Justices of the Peace: George E. Bringsman, Joel B. Danner.
Constable: John L. Burns.

Places of Worship.

Presbyterian: Balt. and High street—at present without a Pastor.
Roman Catholic: West High street. Pastor—Rev. M. De Necker.
German Reformed: High and Stratton streets. Pastor—Rev. Jacob Anglin.
Methodist Episcopal: East Middle street. Pastors—Rev. J. W. Dosh, Wm. Barnhart.
Associate Reformed: West High street. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Werner.
Lutheran: Christ Church, Chambersburg street. Pastors—Rev. E. Krauth, St. James, York and Stratton streets; Pastor—Rev. Reuben Bill.

Associations.

I. O. O. F.—Gettysburg Lodge meets on Tuesday evening of each week.
S. of T. Adams Division meets on Monday evening of each week.
Temperance Beneficial Association meets on third Saturday evening of each month.
Gettysburg Beneficial Association meets first Saturday evening of each month.
Young Men's League meets on Thursday evening of each week.
York Springs Lodge meets on Thursday evening of each week.
Berlin Beneficial Association meets on the first Friday evening of each month.

Bank of Gettysburg.

President: George Swope.
Cashier: John B. McPherson.
Clerk: John H. McClellan.
Directors: George Swope, Henry Wirt, Jacob Young, Geo. W. McClellan, Dr. D. R. Hornor, D. Wills, Henry Myers, Wm. Gardner, Lewis Hottel, Alex. S. Himes, Wm. Douglas, Wm. McSherry, J. K. Longwell.

Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

President: George Swope.
Secretary: Samuel H. Russell.
Treasurer: David M'Creary.
Executive Committee: Bob't M'Curdy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King.
Managers: Geo. Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. M'Curdy, J. King, A. Heintzelman, S. B. Russell, D. M'Creary, J. E. Noel, A. B. Kutz, S. Fahnestock, R. G. M'Creary, J. J. Kerr, T. A. Marshall, M. Eichelberger, J. Aughinbaugh, D. Wills, E. A. Pickling, D. M'Conaughy, Jacob Grist, Wm. B. Wilson, Joseph Blank.

Beneath the Mask.

BY MARY FRANCIS TYLER.

Once there came to us an angel bearing glory on its wings; And within our ear it whispered All the soft, sweetest things. Long we looked, and long we listened, While the murmurs, glad and gay, So enraptured, so entranced us, That we could not turn away. Deep those music tones, and deeper In our heart of hearts they went, And within its quiet chambers Kindled thought and discontent. All the perfect peace of childhood, All the simple trust of years, Flew away before its presence, Leaving shadows—leaving tears. Then, like angry waves uprising In continual unrest, Dashed the dark and angry surges Of a tempest in our breast. Yet, for all the grief it brought us, Still we loved the angel so, That, for fear of painful parting, We were loth to let it go. Oh! the witness of that worship! Oh! the blindness dim and dark! Fearful, quenchless flame enkindled By a single passing spark. Viewed we still the face of glory Which the angel always wore; And each time we gazed upon it, Loved and worshipped more and more. Till at bending forehead o'er us, Full of terror and surprise, Lo! the mask fell off—betraying Not an angel, but a fiend! Shrank we then away in terror, On my bosom did surprise, With the misty veil uplifted, From our fully-blinded eyes. Forced into the dread conviction, That however it appear, Gentle spirits are among us, Fallen angels too are here. And though face and form possess All the beauty one could ask, We have learned to look still deeper, To the heart beneath the mask.

Come to me in my Dreams.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh come to me oft, When the light wing of sleep, On my bosom lies soft. Oh! come when the sea, In the moon's gentle light, Bends low on the ear, Like the pulse of the wave—When the sky and the night, And the waves kiss the beach, And the star on the dew. Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh! come and we'll stray, Where the whole year is crowned, With the blossoms of May—Where each sound is as sweet As the music of a dove, And the glances are soft As the breathing of love. Where the beams kiss the wave, And the waves kiss the beach, And our warm lips may catch The sweet lisp they teach. Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh! come and we'll fly, Like two winged spirits, Of love, through the sky; With hearts beating in hand, On our dream wings we'll go, Where the star and moonlight, Are blending their glow; And on bright clouds we'll linger, Through long dreamy hours, Till the heaven of ours.

The Heart's Flowers.

The human heart is like a garden hedged with thorns. You must pass through the difficult enclosures before you can pluck its blossoms. As one will take most pains to secure a violet that flourishes in a dangerous place—for we are naturally fond of hazard, and prize a treasure by its cost—so the fair growths of the heart, when gained after much seeking, become of exceeding value. There are worth striving after—for where are the flowers with tints so exquisite, with odors so transporting, as those that shoot from the rich soil of the human bosom. It is proper that each one should cultivate his own domains. He who neglects his household is worse than an infidel—and he who neglects his land shall come to want. But we may bestow all necessary attention upon our own fields, and still have leisure to inspire and assist others. We may raise the blossom that has been beaten down by the storm—we may train the vine that has become misshapen—we may relieve the plant that is choked by weeds—and direct the tender that is looking for support. There is work to do for others as well as for ourselves. There may be hearts in which such aid seems useless. There are we can call them before us. There is no dew that can revive their blighted blossoms—no sun that can warm to life their dead fruitage. But yet the attempt is not wholly useless, for there may be one blossom and one plant that have survived the general exertion. They have a fable in the east, that a maiden's tear falling on the lip of a dead soldier, recalled him to life again. And thus may it be with the heart whose vegetation is withered and dried up—for tears are mighty and we may not reckon their influence. Shall we not then husband our time—and while we give good heed to our own hearts, extend our sympathy and aid to others. It is a glorious and satisfying labor, to work among the blossoms of the heart—a labor which shall make sleep sweet, life beautiful, and the future mellow as a May morning.—*Buffalo Express.*

"Woman's eye appears most beautiful when it glances through a tear, as the light of a star seems more beautiful when it sparkles on a wave." Don't believe a word of this. It is the light of a loving smile that makes woman's eye most beautiful.

RATHER SEVERE.—A lady was requested by a bachelor, somewhat advanced in years, to take a seat upon his knee while in a crowded saloon. "No thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

Carrie is Dead.

BY MARY FRANCIS TYLER.

Hush! she is dying. The light streams through the plate-glass window—the room is fragrant with the sweet breath of the southern flowers—large milk white African lilies—roses which a nightgown would stoop to worship—cappas jasmines and camellias, with their large, glossy leaves. Through the open casement steals the faint, musical tinkle of playing fountains, and the light trembles pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a halo, bright as the halo of a rainbow. It is as if fresh, or sunbaked were falling eastward on the bosom of a painter. The canary sings in his gilded cage—her canary; and the mocking-bird raises his note higher and higher on the perfumed air. Why do you clench your hands till the nails draw the flesh, rosy blood through the thin, quivering skin? Why do you grind your teeth together, and hiss between that one word, hush? It's a beautiful home, I'm sure; and that lady, with her head upon her bosom, is fair as any dream vision of a painter. Surely nothing can be purer than the broad high brow; nothing brighter than those golden curls. And she loves you, too! Ah! yes, any one can read that in the deep violet eyes raised so tenderly to your own. Ah, that is it; your young wife loves you. She linked to yours the existence of an angel, when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar, and placed her hand in yours. For twelve long golden months, an angel was walked or sat by your side; or slept in your bosom. You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine! No earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory beyond the stars; no earthly smile ever shone so uncloudingly above such noisome things as your earthly words call care and trouble. She is an angel, and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of the pleasant June this year. "Hush," you say, but you can't shut out the anthem notes of Heaven from these unsealed ears! Louder, higher swell the sounds of seraphs; brighter grows the smile on your young wife's lips. "She whispers, 'dearest, I'm almost home, and you will come by and by, and I am going to ask God to bless you!" But you cannot hear it—you turn away and the big tears gather in the violet eyes. You had held her there on your bosom all day—all night; are you tired? But you cannot answer. Closer, closer you clasp the slight, fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow—Carrie is dead!

What is it to you that the sun shines so bright; what that its effluvia rays be on the broad lands—your lands? What is it now that she can walk on them no more? And what is death—her death? Few people knew her; no vice-president would be chosen to fill her place; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours—great God of yours—your wife! No, yours and God's; and your year of joy is over, and she rests on His bosom now in Heaven.

They have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten it, and the green grass smiles with daisies and violets. You go there, and sigh and pray, and ask God that you too may come home; and when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness, and with bold, wicked words upon your tongue, you pause, for your guardian angel looks down from Heaven and whispers—"Hush!"

ADVANTAGE OF USING TOBACCO.—The following was communicated to Com. Wilkes, of the Exploring Expedition, by a savage of the Feejee Islands. He stated that a vessel, the hull of which was built of iron, had come ashore in a bay, and that all the crew had fallen in to the hands of the islanders. "What did you do with them?" inquired Wilkes. "Killed 'em all," answered the savage. "What did you do with them after you had killed them?" "Dat 'em good," returned the cannibal. "Did you eat them all?" asked the half sick Commodore. "Yes, we eat all but one." "And why did you spare one?" "Because he tastes too much like tobacco. Could he eat him no now!" If the tobacco chewer should happen to fall into the hands of New Zealand savages, or get shipwrecked somewhere in the Feejeean group, he will have the consolation of knowing that he will not be cut into steaks and buried without liturgy in the unconsecrated stomach of a cannibal.—*National Magazine.*

Men of America.

The greatest man, "take him all in all," of the last hundred years was George Washington—an American.
The greatest Doctor of Divinity was Jonathan Edwards—an American.
The greatest Philosopher was Benjamin Franklin—an American.
The greatest of living Sculptors is Hiiram Powers—an American.
The greatest living Historian is Wm. H. Prescott—an American.
The greatest Ornithologist was J. J. Audubon—an American.
The greatest Lexicographer since the time of Johnson, was Noah Webster—an American.
The greatest inventors of modern times were Fulton, Fitch, Whitney and Morse—all Americans.

YOUNG AMERICA AT THE PLOUGH.—A ploughing match for boys came off last week at the Black Bear, in Bucks county, Pa.; when nine lads, the oldest only 17 years of age, started for the prizes, finishing off their allotted work in a superior manner. The first prize of \$10 was won by James Cornell, aged 15. The other eight all received prizes varying from \$8 to \$2.

Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always in our own disposal.—*Charron.*

The murder of Richard Downie.

A FRONT AN AXE.

We are indebted to the *Kritikerbocker* for the reproduction of the following true story of the olden times:—"About the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, Scotland, incurred the displeasure of the humber citizens, he was assailed with the question, 'Who murdered Downie?' Ely and rejoinder generally brought a collision between 'Town and Gow,' although the young gentlemen were assured of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers, when their papers have probability on their side; but the taking off of Downie occurred when the gentlemen, so maligned, were in swaddling clothes. "But there was a time when he was branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie, made his blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued. "Downie was a sacrificial janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour, previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere purity, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time were shut out, and whose sides were irritated and fanned by the principal and protesting students, and such of his terms, applied the screw at their points of academic routine, and a fore war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all his proceeding he kept ever the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favor of Downie. Rapiers and staves having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and, in the end, his order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie. Various schemes of revenge were hatched, and "Downie was, in common with the teachers and the taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New Year's vacation; the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the amusements which he had been subjected during the recent week-end, when as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at a gentleman at a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place about fifty figures, also dressed in black, and with black masks in their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in a form of a court; and Downie was given to understand that he was about to be put upon his trial. "A judge took his seat on the bench; a clerk, and public prosecutor sat below; a jury were empanelled; and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first gazed down the whole affair as a joke; but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that he inquired of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough; it is getting cold, and my wife and family will be anxious about me. I have been too strict with you in time past; I am sorry for it; and I assure you I will take more care in future." "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict; if you wish to retire, do so." "The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed; and except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement.

"The jury returned and recorded a verdict of guilty!" The judge solemnly assumed a large black cap, and addressed the prisoner:—"Richard Downie! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive ladies for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death! In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be carried into effect."

"The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of saw-dust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared, came forward, and prepared to cut the part of Downie. "It was now past midnight. There was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For God's sake! gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me go home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who demand your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, you are seized, and your doom is completed before you can utter another! Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night; they are known

to none but ourselves; and when the object for which they have met is accomplished, we shall disperse, unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death; other five minutes will be allowed you—but no more!"

"The unfortunate man, in an agony of deadly terror, raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Not!" exclaimed the judge. "Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold, clammy sweat had burst forth. They fastened the neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge. "The executioner struck the axe on the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it violently across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

"But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment. "They laughed again; but still he moved not. They lifted him, and Downie was dead!

"Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headman had severed his head from his body. "It was a tragedy to all the medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over; and the conspirators had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now really swore an oath among themselves and the afflicted young men carrying their disfigurements with them, left the body of Downie lying in the hotel.

"One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was 'not quite over,' and that they did not wish the individual who was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give their all time to escape.

"Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor Downie exhibited no marks of violence internal or external. The ill-will between him and the students had been known; it was only known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation; Downie had been sent for by them; but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students of the college, who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty! Moreover, the students scattered over the city and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families among the number, and it was desirable to go into the matter no further."

"Downie's widow and family were provided for, and his slaughter remained a mystery; until about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman on his deathbed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

SCENICALLY SPOKEN.
The following is from the Democratic Transcript, and as it speaks on an important matter in a very sensible manner, we give it a place in our columns:—"Talk of the parlor with its touch-me-not elegance—we care not for it. Let its covered magnificence riot in darkness—its red velvet lie in shrouds—its pictures gazed dimly through crepe—its splendid piano stand dumb in its linen cover—its roses and pinks, and gilt flowers remain unpleeked in dark corners—its carpet bloom unseen. Let the shutters and double curtains exclude every beautiful ray of light; while we can have the pleasant airy, yellow-floored, uncarpeted kitchen."

"This is the place for real enjoyment—the kitchen with its bright shelves and its clean, white tables, with their time—The kitchen, with its easy chair, and broad shining hearth, and with its crackling blazing fire.

"We do not mean the kitchen in the great house, where servants have entire control, and the lady of the house never sets her foot within its precincts; but the homely and comfortable kitchen of the family, where the wife and the little children sit together, and the while her own hands set the table for tea.

"There may be snow in the gleaming, or sun arrows lodging in the tops of trees—there may be city walls about, or blue undulating hills. It matters not, in such a place everything smacks of true comfort."

A QUAIN OLD BALLAD.—Dwight says he finds the following in the "Curiosities" collected by the Philadelphia Bulletin, by "Meister Karl," who says of it:—"The following eccentric ballad is somewhat modernized from one given in the 'Songs and Carols,' printed from a MS. in the Sloane Collection." It was written about the year 1469.

I have a younger sister Far beyond the sea, Many are the presents That she sent me. She sent me a cherry Without any stone, She sent me a pigeon Without any bone, Without any bones She sent me a briar, She bade me love my lover, And that with no desire, How can a cherry Be without a stone? How can a pigeon Be without a bone? How can a briar Be without a thorn? And who'er loved without desire Since true love was first borne?

When the cherry was a blossom, Then it had no stone; When the dove was in the egg, Then it had no bone; When first the briar sprouted, Never a thorn it bore; And when a maiden has her love Oh then she longs no more?

Who would not be a Christian? I have seen Men shrinking from the term, as if it brought A charge against them! Yet the honored name Is full of greatest meaning. Oursury, And beauty's fate would it; from its eye Great tears of heavenly sympathy descend; And mercy, soft as Heron's, from its breast Springs in its heart, and from its lips distill. You seen it press an infant to its breast, And kiss the wretched, when it takes An old gray-headed man opposed with years, And wrinkle'd o'er with sorrow, and disclose A prospect to his vision which hath made The old man sing with gladness; seen it lay Its soft hand gently on the blind and lame, And lead them safely home; and seen it stoop To the vile outcasts of society, Whose character was odious in the streets, And bring them back to virtue and to God! Hark! 'tis the loftiest name the language bears: And all the languages in all the world Have none so sublime! It relates to Christ, And breathes of God and holiness; suggests The virtues of humanity, adorns By the rich graces of the Holy Ghost, To fit them for the most exalted crown; Where angels dwell, and perfect good things lie In the clear lists of redeeming love, Forever and forever; and implies A son, an heir of the eternal God!

Voting Under Difficulties.
A correspondent of the *Kritikerbocker* furnishes to the Editor of that journal the following amusing sketch of the privity of the elective franchise in the State of Ohio. "We should like to have grasped the hand of the patriotic fellow, who was so anxious to vote the 'vig' ticket; if it were not for the fact, that he finally backed out.

"In the north-west portion of the State of Ohio, in the county of Auglaize, there is a township, the citizens of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their 'sweet accent,' they are all Democrats of the regular 'unterrified' stripe. "From the time of the creation of the county up to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, there had never been a Whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although there were over six hundred voters; but at the fall election of this year, upon counting the ballots, it appeared that there was 'one Whig amongst them.' "There was a proof, a regular *straf* out. Whig ticket, and they dare not pass it by. This caused great commotion; their excitement was dimmed; there was a Whig amongst them; that blot must be wiped out, and with their courage (Dutch of course) up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work to find the man who had dared to vote the 'Vig Dicket,' and their labors were unsuccess-ful. In the mean time another year rolled on, and the good people were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten, however, that the 'vig' election some one had voted for the 'Vig Dicket'; and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

"While they were having an outdoor discussion of the subject, Sam Starrett, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland came along, and demanded the cause of the commotion. "Well, we was a wondering who it was that voted for the Vig dicket; at the last election, said an old Dutchman, 'it was you,' Sam said, 'and it wasn't my body else.' "I dinks not," said the Dutchman, and the balance shook their heads incredulously.

"I tell you it was though," said Sam, pulling out a Whig ticket, and may I be chawed up I am going to do it again. I am going to vote that (holding out the ticket) and vote it open, too. I'll let you know that I'm an independent American Citizen, and I'll vote just as I please, and you can't help it, by Jimima!" "So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of olden time, calm as a summer morning; and true to his word, Sam handed over his ticket, open. One of the old judges took it, and scanning it a few seconds, handed it back toward the independent voter, and said: "Yaw, dat ish a Vig dicket."

"Well, put it in the box," said Sam. "Vat you say!" said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; put him in de box!" "Yes-see, put it in the box! I am gone to vote it!" "Oh! no! no! six good, six good, dat ish Vig dicket," said the old Dutchman, shaking his head.

"Well, I reckon I know it's a Whig ticket," said Sam, "and I want you to put it in the box, demarition quick, too." "No, no! dat ish not good; dat ish a Vig dicket; we not take it; we not take it," said the old judge, turning to receive 'good dickets' from some of his German friends. "Sam went out and cursed till all was blue—said he had come thrice to vote, and he'd be flambergedast if he want go in to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township. So, after cooling off a little, he again went in and tendered his ticket, very neatly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding Sam's denouncing, unrolled it and looked it over; then turning to Sam in a manner and tone not to be misunderstood, said: "Tells you dat ish a Vig dicket; dat ish six good; and dat we not take it, 'em any more!" "Sam again retired, cursing all Democrats generally, and the Dutch particularly, and assigning them the hottest corners of the brimstone region; and was going on to curse every body that didn't curse them, when he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with: "Sam Starrett, I tells you vat it is; if you will vote der Dimergrat dicket, and leaf der dunks, we gife you so much money as you vere you cum'd vrom."

"Sam scratched his head, studied awhile and then said that as he had given his vote, and went gaily away without voting, he guessed he'd do it.

Sam went back to the eastern shore of the expense of the township and that, at that election, and ever since, that 'Germ' township has been O. K.

"That is what I call preserving the purity of elections."

From the Philadelphia Times.
Another Self-Indulgent and Method in.
On Wednesday last, a neatly dressed, very prepossessing and pretty spoken woman, somewhere between twenty-six and twenty-five years of age; drove up to the door of the Lustran Dispensary, over which Dr. — presides, and inquired for that gentleman. (She was ushered into the reception room, where she awaited the coming of the Doctor with an air of challenge; which, rather fascinated the servant, who looked upon her with eyes of admiration and unfeigned pleasure. When he had done so, she assured herself a woman, always, with an interesting her curiosity, by inspecting the various articles in the room curiously and thoroughly. The doctor for being announced, she received, him with one of those bewitching smiles which some women know so well how to bestow, and whose influence no man of feeling can resist. The Doctor welcomed her, with more than his usual warmth, and soon learned the object of her visit.

She had come, she said, with a glance, full of melancholy, and a zone of more than womanly tenderness, to ascertain of the Doctor in person, whether she could secure private quarters for her daughter, who was subject to intense fits of aberration of mind, but whose conduct towards her, bitter and cruel as it was, could not alienate her love for him, which was all-sufficing passion for her soul. He had grown so, very violent of late that she wished to have him secured from violence to himself as well as to her, (and here the charming creature wept for some moments.) And if she could make an arrangement with the Doctor, she urged that it should be kept as private as his most secret, thoughts, and her husband beyond the security of visitors. And she said her heart would break, she knew it would, and wept bitterly and long.

The Doctor, as all who know his kind, and tender heart, would readily imagine, was not inexpressible in the touching appeal of his visitor, and with that frankness which always characterized him, to give her husband a private apartment, and special care; and also to attend him from the gaze of curiosity-seekers who run down public institutions.

"The lady was not long in arranging terms, intermingled with tears; she was not long in settling the details of her husband's confinement; she was not long, in a short, of taking her leave. And as she stepped into her carriage, signed by the beautiful face of the Doctor, she turned her head a glance that was full of tenderness and solicitude, and inspired him anew, with admiration and pity.

"The carriage drove away, and the eyes, following amid the clouds of dusk which followed in its wake, until it was entirely lost to view. Down to the bridge along the crowded thoroughfare, over the pebbled way of Chesnut street, to a fashionable jewelry establishment of our city, the carriage passed, in sweet and solitary, inmate glancing out and smiling within, and growing radiant with a thought that requires another paragraph to learn."

She sighed, and gazed into the haze of gold and silver and precious stones, with all the glories of a queen. One of two of the gentlemen, who were seated to her left, turned, and she saw a sign of workmanship, not yet selected, something neat, useful and beautiful. \$500 was selected by the lady of the strictly bill made out, and she would settle it. Her wishes were complied with, and the lady took out her elegant portfolio, but alas! there were but about \$40 in it. She had picked up her young portmanteau, she said, with bewitching sweetness, and she was vexed at her stupidity. She, however, did not arrange it. She was the wife of Dr. —, the principal physician of the Lustran Dispensary, and she was so proud that to accompany her to that place, where she would pay him at once, she could resist such a request from a beautiful woman—a request, spoken as much with her eyes as the voice. Not the clerk, certainly.

The two got into the carriage together, and back it whirled to the Hospital. The lady jumped from the carriage, and was warmly greeted by the Doctor, who was at the entrance.

"Doctor, this is my husband," said she, with an air at once sweet and sorrowful. "The poor attendant, at first, he was struck against. He could not believe it. 'What did you say, madam? he is my husband, as you say.' "Doctor, this is my husband, please, take him in charge. I am so glad to see you. The devil, madam, I am not your husband; what do you mean?" "Bursting into tears she sobbed aloud. "He has another doctor—he has another attack." "Oh! Doctor, if you have play in your soul secure him, and save yourself from vain violence."

In vain the poor fellow attempted to explain. He was hurried along the cord by the woman, and confined secretly in a behind, weeping as though her heart would break. The Doctor and the lady returned to the reception room, and the latter, after giving the other an outline of the peculiarities of her alleged husband's attacks, together with some directions in reference to the care she desired to have bestowed upon him, she left, promising to call again in a few days. And away the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking it over quietly, turned to Sam and said: "Yaw, dat ish good; dat ish a Dimergrat dicket!" and dropped it into the box.

The poor attendant was confined three days before any one could be induced to convey a letter to his employers, who all the time, were only further necessary to say that to his employers, who all the time, were