

DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF.

This Snuff has thoroughly proved itself to be the best article known for curing the Catarrh of the Nose...

More than Thirty Years' Experience of Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff...

Read the Certificates of Wholesale Druggists in 1854...

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES. Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers.

The original medicine established in 1837, and the name of "Pulmonic Wafers" is in this or any other country...

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NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY DIRECT ROUTE NORTH AND SOUTH.

Without Change of Cars. On and after August 6th, 1866, Trains will leave as follows:

NORTHWARD. BUFFALO, N.Y. 8:00 P.M. Harrisburg 9:00 A.M. daily.

SOUTHWARD. EXPRESS TRAIN. Leaves Northumberland 11 P.M. daily.

MAIL TRAIN. Leaves Northumberland 10:30 A.M. daily.

By this route freight from Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Rochester, and Genesee, can be shipped through...

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the snow, and a girl with a shawl over her head, came dancing in from the shadow.

"Tea will be cold, Merrick," she said, "and your mother says—"

There she stopped, covered with confusion at the sight of a stranger—one too who stood looking at her unconcernedly as he might at a picture.

Certainly she was well worth looking at, a pure brunette, with large brown eyes and cheeks like a rose, with lashes long, curling like a child's and a burton form where not an angle was visible.

It was only a moment that she stood, with her red shawl slipping from her black hair in the full glow of the firelight—the next moment she was gone, and the stranger turned to the blacksmith.

"A pretty girl that, your sister?"

"No, I'm glad to say," replied the blacksmith.

"Glad? Why?"

"Because she's something better than a sister to me," replied Merrick. "We are to be married in May."

Then out rung the whistle again, shrill and clear, and the stranger asked no more questions.

He paid Merrick for his work, and rode away a few moments afterward, and for all the blacksmith knew or cared they had seen the last of each other.

He washed his hands and went into the great kitchen, where at the tea table sat his mother and the girl who summoned him—an orphan who had lived with the old woman for years, ever since she was a child in fact; and had grown into his heart somehow, before he knew it.

The old woman was quite displeased when she found it out, for Effie was only "the help," and the blacksmith's widow and the blacksmith's mother felt proud to say that "none of our people ever hired out."

"But for all that there are people in this village, who look down on us because I shoe their horses and mend their wagons."

"More fools they to take on airs," said the old woman.

"So say I," said Merrick, "and we would be as bad as they to look down on Effie for washing our dishes. She's as good as you, and a deal better than me, rich or poor."

And Merrick Masters had his way and the whole place knew they were engaged in a fortnight.

Now when he went into tea the first question both asked him was about his customer.

"Effie says he's the handsomest man she ever saw," says the old woman.

"So he is," said Merrick, not one whit jealous, "but who he is I don't know. He came and went, and had his horse shod that's all I know, and he asked me who you were, Effie."

"And I told this dreadful old apron too," said Effie.

"He didn't notice that I guess," said Merrick.

"Why not?"

"Oh, do tell me?"

"Well, he asked you the pretty girl was."

Effie hid her face in her apron, and Mrs. Masters turned her head. She never quite admitted Effie's beauty.

"What notions to put in the girl's head," she thought; and it was a pity, for Effie was vain enough already. A greater pity, too, because whenever a horseman galloped up to the forge thereafter, she ran out, under some pretext, hoping it was the handsome gentleman who had asked "who that pretty girl was." Not that she meant any harm, but to be called a pretty girl by such a man was something glorious.

She saw him at last, and there was a look, a smile and a bow, and after that, somehow they kept meeting.

Still no harm in it at all, only Effie did not mention the fact to Merrick or to his mother; and Effie learned that he was a Mr. Noreland, stopping at the great hotel in the village, and guessed that he was rich and fashionable.

Often she saw him riding with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, but he always seemed the most elegant of all to her; and by and by she fell to contrasting Merrick with him, and wishing that Heaven had made him like Mr. Noreland.

From that she went on to wish that she was a lady herself, and that somebody else was in her place, and to feel above the forge and the cottage kitchen and the blacksmith and his mother, who had thought her below her, because she was the "help."

One day Mr. Noreland found her shedding tears in a quiet little spot where they were in the habit of meeting by accident, and he had the reason.

"It's nothing—only I'm tired," said Effie.

Mr. Noreland drew close to her.

"Tired," said he, "no wonder; you are too good for that sort of thing; too good to work in a kitchen and wear cotton gowns—and too good to be a blacksmith's wife. It's no use in denying it—you know you are."

"Oh, hush," said Effie. "Merrick is the best man in the world, I'm sure I'm not tired of Merrick."

"Oh, of course not," said Noreland, and we can't help our feelings, and he sighed.

Then he whispered a good deal that Effie could not understand entirely, but she knew it was very fine and sentimental, as he quoted poetry and made great eyes at her. Out of a hotel, the girl was sure no one ever was so charming, and she went home with the firm conviction that if she chose she might jilt the blacksmith's son, and marry the fine young gentleman.

From feeling sure she could, she began to wonder whether Merrick cared much about her, and to feel sure that Noreland loved her better than his life—and a sharp word from Mrs. Masters finished it.

Something had gone to waste in the store-room, and the old lady fussed and fumed about it as she always did.

"There's nothing in allers the most wasteful," said she, "you'd better remember that you're to be married to a man that has something to manage and to take care of.—There's Poggio Grey, never lets a bit spoil, and darts and patches, and makes and mends a year in and year out. But she's got \$3000 in the bank, besides what will come to her when the old man dies; and she went to in on charity. I wish Merrick had took a fancy to her."

"Say good bye, and let him do so now," said Noreland when the girl had told him her new trouble.

"Ah, but I have no other friends, and no other home to go to," sighed Effie.

"You have," said Noreland, "a friend who will never cease to love you, and a home such as you deserve. Share my home and my life, Effie."

Then he put his arms around her and kissed her, and called her loving names, and she promised him all that he asked for.

She was too met him on Monday evening at a milliner's shop in the village, and there they were to take a carriage and go to meet the train. The first practicable moment they were to be married, and after that their bliss was to have no end.

"And as for the blacksmith," sneered Noreland, "he can have Peggy, you know, so you need not fret about him, Effie."

For all that, Effie's conscience smote her when Merrick was kinder than usual, and so full of joy, as the time was now near at hand when she was to be his wife, as they sat together on the porch on that Sunday, and when Monday came she broke china and made more blunders generally than had ever been laid to her charge in years before. Mrs. Masters thought that the girl quite knew how mad poor Effie really was.

Tea was on the table and Mrs. Masters busy with some dish she sprided herself upon, and the sound of Merrick's whistle grew louder every instant as he tripped homeward from the forge, when she slipped up to her room, and putting on her things, slipped down the back stairway, and away toward the village.

If Mrs. Masters missed her, she knew that she would be only too glad to have her son to herself for a little while, and there was no probability of Merrick's following her.

But it was hard to choke the tears down as she plodded through the long green— for the snow had gone long ago, and it was summer now—and she only made herself brave by the thought that Noreland would die if she did not keep her promise.

"I couldn't break his heart," she said to herself, "even if I could bear to marry another."

She reached the milliner's shop at last, and went to talk to one of the girls. The plan was that when Noreland was ready to show himself at the door for a moment, and she was to go out to meet him and say "good bye" just as if she was going home.

Effie sat with one eye on the glass door, which opened from the work room to the shop, while she tried to chat carelessly; in a few moments she saw a man enter from the street—not Noreland, but of all the people in the world, Merrick Masters. Her first thought was that he had followed her, but in an instant she saw that he had business of his own. He spoke some words to the mistress of the shop, and she brought a hand-box.

Of course the bonnet was a surprise for her, and it smote her to the heart to remember that she should be miles away before her birthday dawned. Poor Merrick! would he feel badly, and it was cruel of her.

As she thought thus, the door opened again, letting Merrick out with two bundles in his hand, and two ladies in from the hotel, whom she had often seen riding with Noreland. These asked for ribbons, and went on with their talk while examining them.

"Who was that person standing before the door?"

"Oh, Noreland."

"It thought so. How oddly he behaved. He didn't seem to want to see him."

"Perhaps he didn't, he has his secrets, I expect. One of them is that flirtation with the blacksmith's girl."

"Shocking! Some one ought to write to Mrs. Noreland."

"Poor thing, she is used to it. You know she's quite middle aged and plain, and he married her for her money. He's been at his pranks ever since. Actually, my dear, he ran away with a girl last summer. The brother tried to shoot him and she drowned herself. It was a shocking scrape. If I had such a husband as Noreland, I'd have a divorce."

"So would I; I hope it won't come to that with the blacksmith's girl she is a very pretty creature."

"Mrs. Print, I'll take four yards of the blue."

The ribbon was cut off, and the ladies took their departure.

Effie sat thunderstruck. They had been talking of Noreland. He was married already, and so could never mean to marry her. What did he mean then. And as she asked herself the question, the truth flashed over her mind, and she saw the pit of shame and dishonor at her feet.

Love her! oh no, no, no, thought Effie. It is hate, not love or he would not wish to wrong me so. Then as she shrank from the memory of his false words and falser smiles, the honest face of the blacksmith rose before her, and in truth and tenderness it grew plain to her and she was waded.

She left the girl with whom she had been chatting, abruptly, and ran out of the store.

All she prayed was not to meet Noreland, and fear lest wings to her feet. She turned her face toward the forge, and had reached the cross road when a wagon stood across her path—Merrick's wagon—and he was hard by chatting to a farmer over a gate. She heard his voice, and saw the dusky outline of his form, but she dared not speak to him yet. She clambered up into the wagon and hid there crying softly. The bandbox he had been to get was there on the seat and she kissed it as she crouched behind it, thinking of his kindness.

Then peeping out she saw some one sauntering up the road to the milliner's. It was Noreland; but the sight only made her shudder.

Ten minutes after Merrick was driving on again, and heard a little noise behind him. He gave a sudden start.

"What's that?" he cried.

"Only me—Effie," said a voice. Then she crept up to him.

"How did you come here?" he inquired.

"I saw the wagon on the road and got in," she said. Oh Merrick, I'm so frightened. It's so lonesome and dark and wretched there. I'm so glad we go back to the forge."

So she was. He never knew how glad, for she never told him all, nor why, until years after, when they had been married for years, and the strong love that comes with married life, had grown up between them, she used to start up from her sleep, sometimes, in terror, and cling to him sobbing, "Thank God, I'm back again at the forge."

Speculation! Speculation!!

We are frequently asked for our opinion as to the course the Radical element of Congress will pursue toward the Southern States, assuming now that the people of the North, as expressed in the late elections, sustain the policy of that body as opposed to that of the President, for the complete and harmonious restoration of the Union. We have frequently sought to find a satisfactory solution of this question to our own minds; and while we confess to our inability to throw instructive light upon it, still it is one that deeply concerns the public, and will naturally court reflection and speculation; and therefore we may indulge in expression of such views as we entertain for the passing entertainment of our readers, without presuming to claim oracular knowledge in the premises.

It strikes us that there are but three well defined lines of policy left open to Congress, one of which it must pursue. 1st the impeachment of the President with the overthrow of the present organization of the governments of the Southern States, reducing them to a territorial condition; 2d, impeachment being successful, the present organization of the government of these States to be declared unconstitutional, and the procedure in re-organizing them upon a basis of disfranchisement of the "rebel" vote, and place them, without regard to the Constitutional aspect of the matter, in the hands of "never surrender original Constitutional Union men"; with representation in Congress to match; or, 3rd; shrinking from the great responsibilities and hazard of either procedure, simply keep the Southern States, as now organized out of their representation in Congress, as a kind of provincial government.

In view of the startling revolutionary effects, which would assuredly be wrought upon the character of the government of the United States by pursuing either of the former lines of policy indicated, and judging men by the usual rules of conduct that control them, it seems to us inconceivable that a people so intelligent as the ruling men of the North, so guardful of property and monetary considerations, can be made so demoralized as to venture upon such paths of wild revolution, that would shake the whole fabric of civil and constitutional liberty to its foundations, and deluge in blood, and bury in unequal disaster of any age, the enlightened hopes of the 19th century. Not even Butler, in our judgment, has the moral courage to plunge the country in such a tide, leading to inevitable destruction of everything most sacredly American. What! Just after a war of unequal magnitude in the annals of history, for the vain purpose of securing party domination attempt to put Republicanism to such a test? The hazard is too great! There is too great interest in U. S. greenbacks, and securities. What reasonable mind can doubt that if the first line of policy indicated were pursued, a bloody war would be inaugurated, and that its arena would be on Northern soil. But suppose this successfully accomplished by the Radical North, what would be their gain. Would not their success be the entire breaking up of the foundations on which Republicanism now reposes? Would it not be at the additional cost of the destruction of the capital, property, resources and industry of their own people, to an extent even more overwhelming than that which they have brought on the people against whom they have warred for years, and whom even more effectually to crush, they are now so much jeopardizing the true welfare of the North. The Northern people are calculating in their methods of mind, and will take all this into due consideration, and however popular orators may lash to fury the excited passions of the masses during a political campaign, when the time for the practical inauguration of the "impeachment" policy, the reduction of eleven sovereign States to territories, and the marching of the "torch and turpentine brigade," shall come, the precipice to which those braggers have led them, will yawn before them with such terrific view, that they will shrink appalled

from its hideousness; and the next excitement will be to turn upon their leaders, and rend them to political destruction.

But, supposing the second line of policy be adopted, after a successful impeachment, would not a fatal stab be given to Republicanism, and Constitutional Government? It cannot be but the Northern mind is astute enough to perceive that such a course would terminate the career of the United States government, as the custodian of the world's liberty; and that from such violence of the genius of the Constitution, it would be no longer a life-giving power to liberty, but a mocked battery, from behind which State's Rights and personal liberty would be effectually demolished; for faction would rise up against faction, as in the last days of Rome when her too oft violated Constitution had lost its virtue to preserve Roman liberty, till this once favored and proud,

"Land of the free, and home of the brave," would become Mexicanized—a by-word, and a hissing scorn to surviving nations. In our humble judgment no party of men at the North have the hardihood to lead the government on such a course. It follows then that we lean to the opinion that that the 3d line indicated will be the one adopted. We believe that though there may be a Butler in Congress, or some fit accomplice in mischievous design, to move an impeachment, yet we do not believe that the House of Representatives will present the case to the American Senate. Butler is too much of a lawyer; too much of a cunning, unprincipled diplomat, to really wish this thing done, and he has only made a dupe of Northern fanaticism that he might ride up its back into Congress.—Florida Union.

A VERY DECIDED SELL.—As an attaché to a well-known dry goods concern on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, for years past has lived a large mastiff. He was a faithful