

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty-four columns and furnished to subscribers at \$3.00 per annum in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements will be charged 100 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Selected Poetry

"AT THE LAST"

Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening—Psalm, cxxv.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm lies hidden close in Evening's fold; And weary man must ere he rest, For morning calls to him, and night brings rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer; Footsteps of angels follow in her trace, To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throes O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose; There is a calm, a beauty, and a power, That morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

"Unhild the evening" we must weep and toll, How life's stern furrows, die the weedy soil, And have this cherished one, that was not mine, More to her taste than to Susan Jones'—

Besides she had expected to finish her new blue merino to wear to Uncle Tom's, and as a host of aunts and cousins were to be there it was of course important to look as prettily as she could, and the little gray which she wore as well as any look that she could put on, with the bit of lace edging round the neck, would set off her fair complexion to advantage.

PIPE-ODE

My pipe of peace, (or peace of pipe) Like me, thou art but clay; And like the ending wreaths of smoke My life has passed away.

Alas, methinks of thought I've stored, No garlands of the mind, Yet, true contentment in thy bowl I've ever sure to find.

Thy tapering stem has stuck to me When other friends have fled; And oh! in lonely hours, I've wished you down My never leaving head.

My clay-bow'd friend, my constant friend, My stay the sea for me, And about a victory 'd the waves, If they steeled I could see.

My honest pipe, my trusty pipe, I pipe this strain to thee, And ever with respectful grace, Life's a wiser friend to me.

And when, like crumbling mortar o'er, You're crushed by mortal fate, 'Tis sweet to see I'll mingle with— The ashes of the grate.

Miscellaneous

THE PINK SILK.

"I don't think it will be possible for us to finish it by that time, Miss Flint, we are so much hurried just now."

"But I must have it to wear to-morrow evening; if you send it home by five o'clock it will answer, but it is really impossible for me to do without it."

Mrs. Cutler, the dressmaker thus appealed to, was a delicate looking woman of about forty, with a tired and care-worn face. She might have thought that of the half dozen evening dresses she had made for Miss Flint that season, one might have been selected; and the necessity of finishing another was not so very urgent; but of course she said nothing to that effect. After hesitating a moment she left the room remarking, "I will let you know directly, Miss Flint."

Entering a small back-room where some ten or twelve girls were sewing, and where silks, cambrics, ribbon and laces, and unfinished dresses in all stages of progress were lying about in seemingly inextricable confusion. Mrs. Cutler inquired in an anxious tone, "will any of you undertake to finish Miss Flint's pink silk by five o'clock to-morrow afternoon? I know how busy you all are, but she thinks she must have it."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Susan Jones in a sharp irritated tone, "it's out of the question. We've got twice as much promised now as we can do without sitting up till daylight to-morrow evening. I won't take a stitch on it for one."

Susan Jones, knowing that her capacity for accomplishing twice as much work as any other girl in the shop rendered her invaluable to her employer, often gave her tongue great liberties. Mrs. Cutler looked distressed, and a deeper shadow gathered on her care-worn face.

"Miss Flint is very anxious about it," she said, "and as she is one of my best customers do not like to disappoint her. I don't think you have been overworked the last fortnight, but if it could be done—"

"If it could, Mrs. Cutler," interrupted a cheery voice from the opposite side of the room. "I can take it home and finish it to-morrow forenoon, and leave it at Miss Flint's as I go over to Uncle Tom's."

"Can you? are you sure you can, Kitty?" said Mrs. Cutler with a relieved look.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, quite sure. I shall finish this blouse up at nine o'clock to-night, and I shall sit up till twelve, and then there's all to-morrow forenoon. Yes, I can do it."

There was something indescribably animating in the lively tones of Kitty Reynolds' voice, like the bright ray of sunlight streaming into the room on a cloudy day. Mrs. Cutler felt its influence, and giving a grateful look at the round, rosy face of the speaker, she went to tell Miss Flint her dress should be ready at the time.

No sooner had the door closed than a storm of indignation burst on Kitty's head. "I declare if you ain't a natural born fool!" exclaimed Susan Jones, whose grammar and pronunciation always became remarkable in moments of excitement, "to go to sew your eyes out for that old hard-hearted critter. She ain't no more feeling than a grindstone, and thinks we are just made to be her nigger slaves and work our hands off for her. She's got fifty dresses she could wear just as well as that. Well, I know one thing, I ain't a going to set up all night and work my fingers to the bone for anybody; if you're a mind to, Kitty Reynolds, you may, and precious little thanks you'll ever get for it; I can tell you that."

The Carlisle Herald

VOL. 63. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1863. NO. 3.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor. TERMS:—\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

"I am not doing it for Miss Flint, but for Mrs. Cutler," said Kitty meekly, for like the rest she stood in no little awe of Susan's tongue.

"She? I don't mind her coaxin', not I. I'm always willin' to do a good day's work and whatever is right and fair, but I won't be trod under foot by nobody. I've got myself to take care of, and I mean to do it, and if Mrs. Cutler or any body else isn't satisfied, they may send me off any minute, but I won't be imposed upon by her—you may, if you're a mind to, and I hope you'll enjoy it; that's all I've got to say about it."

Poor Kitty! She did not enjoy working extra hours more than other girls, and had her own inward trials to bear in addition, so the fault finding was the drop too much, and brought a large tear into each of her large blue eyes. To-morrow was Thanksgiving-day, that bright, joyous festival toward which her heart had been turning for many a week, as the one bright spot of all the year. Few enough holidays the poor girl had, and when one did come she enjoyed it with all her heart and soul, for nobody liked fun and frolic better than Kitty Reynolds; and to have this cherished one curtailed was not any more to her taste than to Susan Jones'— Besides she had expected to finish her new blue merino to wear to Uncle Tom's, and as a host of aunts and cousins were to be there it was of course important to look as prettily as she could, and the little gray which she wore as well as any look that she could put on, with the bit of lace edging round the neck, would set off her fair complexion to advantage.

Few persons came in contact with Kitty Reynolds without being the happier for it. She always managed to throw her heart into every thing she did; so when she settled into the hard straight backed chair by the little window in Mrs. Cutler's sitting room, a place where tempers and nerves were by no means always amiable or placid, she rendered her mistress not only eye and hand service, but contrived to do something to make everybody within her reach more comfortable and happy.

A quaint old writer has said, "Life consists of two heaps, one of sorrow and one of happiness, and whoever carries the very smallest atom from one heap to the other doth God a service." Many and many an atom had Kitty Reynolds carried, each one but a very little atom, to be sure, yet making life a little brighter and sweeter to somebody, and in the aggregate, making the pile a good deal larger.

So to-day when Susan Jones's shrill voice rang in her ear, and a tempting vision of the blue merino flitted before her eyes, she whispered to herself, "But dear Mrs. Cutler will feel better, and the dress isn't of much consequence after all; the old plain isn't so very bad." And every shadow of annoyance had passed from her sunny face before Mrs. Cutler returned to her seat.

Susan Jones' disturbances wasn't so easily allayed. "I hate the very sight of that Miss Flint," she remarked to the girl who sat nearest, in an audible undertone. "She's always douching in with her domineering shakin' and rustlin', thinkin' there's nobody quite so grand as she; but she don't ever look the least bit like a lady for all that; a real born lady lets her clothes alone, and don't keep 'em jiggerin' round after her after that fashion. She don't want this new gown now more than a cart was five wheels, but I s'pose she's going to that thanksgiving ball and must rig up in short sleeves and low neck like a girl of sixteen; and she'll be five to-day, every bit of it; and her old neck is as wrinkled and scraggy as a piece of dried rennet; it's perfectly ridiculous! However, if people are a mind to kill themselves working for her, it's no concern of mine," and she gave an energetic shake of the rich, lustrous folds of a watered silk to which she had just put the finishing touch.

This ebullition of Susan's wrath produced a general grin; even Mrs. Cutler's sad features relaxed into a smile; for, talk as Susan might, she still knew no employer cost her more faithful service, and her life was never so bad as her back; nay, at that very moment, she would probably have rendered Miss Flint herself a kindness had it been necessary.

Between nine and ten Kitty Reynolds left the shop, taking with her the pink silk dress to be finished at home. Lightly she tripped along over the frozen ground, occasionally looking up to the stars whose thousands of bright eyes were gazing at her, and though there was a still lingering frost in the air, it did not chill the warm current in her veins; no indeed! it only pinched her cheeks into a deeper red and made her bright eyes sparkle twice as much as before.

"Oh, I do like so much these cold, clear nights," she said, in reply to her aunt Jerry's lamentations, with a pretty toss of her head, and a joyous, little laugh, making her appear as lively as a lark. "And, Aunt Jerusha, I have got to sit up late and sew to-night; so you must go to bed and leave me."

As Kitty expected, Aunt Jerusha began a furious tirade against the selfishness of women in general, and Mrs. Cutler in particular; which she cut short by opening her bundle and saying: "Do see what a beautiful shade of pink this silk is. Won't it make a lovely dress? And it is to be trimmed with this broad, black lace, put on so," and she laid the delicate trimming in graceful lines across the breast and sleeves. "Oh, auntie, won't it look nice when it is finished?"

A kind of a grunt was the response, to which was appended a discourse on the vanities of this life, most of which escaped Kitty, who had heard too many to be intensely interested; but when her aunt, with a long drawn sigh, inquired, "What are you going to wear yourself to-morrow? I should like to know," she answered cheerily, "Oh, my plaid cashmere, the black and red you know."

Aunt Jerusha was never noted for consistency, and finding a new cause for vexation, she exclaimed, "What, that old thing?" "Oh, it looks quite nicely since I turned it and let it down; and I shall wear my black blouse with it, and Uncle Tom always liked to see me in that, you know."

"I declare that you can't have time to make a gown, now you have got one," she Gray said all coming there to-morrow, and I should like to have you put on something decent, for if ever I want you to wear good clothes it is on Thanksgiving-day."

A sly smile crept over Kitty's face, for nobody had so opposed her buying the new merino as Aunt Jerusha, and she had seen Kitty one night go down in tears to her bed by a lecture on the extravagance and vanity of young girls in these days, and the ruin they were sure to come to, founded on that very purchase, and when she ended her present dolorous remarks by saying, "In that old plaid you'll look just like a scarecrow," Kitty could only answer, "Oh, I hope not, auntie." And any one who had looked on the trim little figure, the dancing blue eyes, and the p-achlike bloom on the cheek of the young maiden, as she drew up the little table and placed the lamp on it, would have been sadly puzzled to imagine how in any costume she could possibly resemble the object indicated. Aunt Jerusha, at length took off her frigate, assumed a most peculiar night cap, wrapped it around with flannels, and after swallowing a large draught of herb tea, disappeared within the little bed room close by; with her last breath enjoining it on Kitty, "not to set the house afire, for nobody knows what would become of us if we were burnt out of house and home such a night as this."

She has gone, and Kitty is alone with her own thoughts. What can those thoughts do? What is it that gives her cheeks with dejected, and gives that flushed, animated expression to her whole face? The Grays are coming, but it is that very strange or exciting news? Mrs. Gray is Uncle Tom's only sister, and what more natural than that she and her husband should come to keep Thanksgiving with her? It is toward Friday coming, too! He is very likely to stay at home that day, but is that any reason why Kitty's silly head should beat time as fast as usual, or her little fingers tremble so they can hardly guide her needle?

No, it wasn't; and we are ashamed of her and ashamed to tell, only we must speak the truth, how she threw Miss Flint's pink silk waist down in her lap, and w-uh-eh, while tears stood in eyes, that no such thing as pink silk had ever been made, and then she could have finished her blue merino, and Howard would have seen it, and how becoming it was with the lace edging round the neck. It was all very naughty in her, and we have represented Kitty as a good and gentle maiden, so she was in the rain; and therefore her fit of petulance soon passed off, and she took up the pink silk waist, and began sewing away more steadily than ever. But somehow her thread would get knotted, and her needles break, the pins which held the gathering string fell out, so that when the clock struck twelve, the pink silk was very far from being finished, but Kitty could do no more that night, though she said, with a long sigh, as she folded up the dress, that she should have to sew every minute till one o'clock the next day; and the fearful idea came over her what if she shouldn't be able to go to Uncle Tom's to dinner, after all! It was too terrible to dwell upon, so Kitty quietly turned her thoughts upon Howard Gray and the probabilities of his arrival.

Long before sunrise Kitty Reynolds dressed herself, came softly down stairs, built a fire noiselessly, and sat down to the pink silk dress. She was now the same bright, lively, sunny as usual, for sleep had quieted her nerves, and brought kinder feelings to her heart; and though she could have wished there was no shop work to be finished still she was willing to do her part in the great work of life, and do it cheerily; nay, more, she was glad, if by practicing some self denial, she could render the world a little better, and she said to herself, "I am doing right," and she said to herself as she stitched away, and this assurance brought a feeling of sweet contentment into her soul. Doing right.

When Aunt Jerusha emerged from the little bedroom, with a smoother brow than usual; for if over the sinews of her temper, so to speak relaxed, and she became really amiable, it was on Thanksgiving day, when she dressed herself in her best, and she found the merino cap and lined at Uncle Tom's—she found the tea-kettle boiling, the table set with the best cups and saucers, and the whole room filled with appetizing odors. How could it be otherwise, when on the stove the shining coffee pot, winking and hissing and sending up a column of fragrant incense, and close beside it a sauce pan of equal brightness, in which the oatmeal was cooking, and she herself up in honor of the day, while the whitest rolls had just been taken from the oven, bearing testimony by their puffy cheeks and delicate brown hue to the skill of the neat handed Phillis, who tripped about from the pantry to the oven, and from the oven to the table as gleefully as if she had no other mission on earth than to prepare that very Thanksgiving breakfast.

"Well, now, this is real clever. I expected to have to get breakfast, and my joints are all of a twinge this cold morning."

"The hot coffee will warm you up, auntie, and I won't pour out the oysters till you are all ready, so they'll be piping hot, too, and I have had such good luck with my bassnet; don't they look nice! Almost as good as yours," she added with a tact worthy of a court diplomatist.

So they sat down, the nervous, lonely woman, and light hearted, happy maiden for the Thanksgiving breakfast; and if Howard Gray had happened in, and seen how neat and pretty Kitty looked in her nice dark calico, with its little rills of the same, he wouldn't have cared a fig whether the blue merino was ever made or not. But the day which dawned so brightly was not to end without its clouds—After breakfast, Kitty, tying on a snow white apron, sat down to sew by the south window, while Aunt Jerusha looked after the breakfast things. How she contrived while doing this to upset a bottle of scalding water over both her feet was never exactly known, but that she had done it was made evident to Kitty by a series of piercing shrieks which almost frightened her out of her senses. Too much alarmed to judge accurately of the extent of the injury done, she could only place her aunt in a chair, remove the wet garments, and, and then run into the nearest neighbor's ("Susan Jones' mother's") and beg some one might go at once for the doctor.

Nobody could be prompt or more efficient in a case like this than Susan Jones, or kinder either; though she did say two hours after when it was ascertained that no serious injury was done. "Nobody but just Aunt Jerusha would ever have thought of upsetting a teakettle on Thanksgiving day; it was just like her, and she really believed it was done on purpose to keep Kitty from having any fun."

Poor Aunt Jerusha was by no means guilty of any such deep laid plot, though it must be confessed she thought a good deal more of her own pain and deprivations than of Kitty's disappointment; but she would have had paid his visit, assuring them that in a few days all would be well again, and the liniment he had prescribed had been applied, and the suffering members elevated to a stuffed seat resembling a modern ottoman, which had been wrought in the days of Aunt Jerusha's youth, a worsted cut of most remarkable form and color, that Kitty had time to think of herself and the destruction of her plans. But when she was once more seated at the window, sewing, it came over her; she could not go to Uncle Tom's to dinner, nor even in the evening, nor—nor see Mr. and Mrs. Gray, nor have any enjoyment of that happy so wisely looked forward to. To a girl of eighteen this was no small disappointment, and more than once she bent over her work she once on a while away the tears which would come in spite of every effort to keep them back.

It was a long and dreary afternoon. Aunt Jerusha's selfishness having of course rendered an accession in his new state of things, she kept up an irritating style of conversation, assuming that somebody (and that somebody it was plainly to be inferred was Kitty) was to blame for it; that she should not walk another step all winter, nor probably during life; that having nobody to take care of her she should suffer from want of sitting down to dinner at Uncle Tom's. How beautiful nice the long table would look, and how full of jokes Uncle Tom would be as he carved the turkey, and how merrily they would laugh at them, and nobody would miss her in the least; and again the mighty tears would come. They were quickly wiped away, for with Susan came in just then, bringing some of their turkey, and chicken pie and plum pudding, all hot and nice, enough for four people at the least. Kitty's heart was grateful for the kindness, but she felt as if each mouthful would inevitably choke her. Aunt Jerusha was more disposed to do justice to them, and for her sake Kitty flew about, setting the table, and talking and laughing to keep the pain down in her heart where nobody could see it. Yes, Kitty was a brave, good girl, trying to do right with an unselfish heart and cheerful spirit, and she blamed herself for not succeeding better.

The afternoon was fading into twilight, and Kitty was thinking of the long and lonely evening, when she heard a step and voice that she knew so well, and she saw in that moment more Howard Gray and his mother were in the room, eagerly shaking hands and asking questions. After ascertaining the condition of the invalid, Mrs. Gray exclaimed, "They can't possibly get along without you, Kitty; Uncle Tom says it's out of the question, and that they're all been mopey and good for nothing just because you can't come; so they've sent me over to do the nursing while you go back with Howard;—not very complimentary to me, but at my age one gets used to being second. I'm a capital nurse," she said, turning to Aunt Jerusha, "and know a great deal better what to do for you than a foolish young girl like Kitty; so you must let her go back with Howard, and I will stay with you."

Kitty's foolish heart was all in a flutter of delight while she heard her aunt consent, and went to array herself in the plaid cashmere and the black basque, which fitted so well to her tidy figure, and with the little collar and the pretty pink bow, which in spite of trembling fingers, she managed to fasten to the neck, and talking and laughing to keep the blushing like any rose, were almost certain that Howard Gray was of the opinion she couldn't have looked so well in anything else; and if he had been there, very likely you would have thought the same.

We need not say that the walk over in the cold, crisp air was twice as charming from its being unexpected, (and if it was prolonged considerably beyond the time actually required to go to the nearest way from Aunt Jerusha's to Uncle Tom's, what concern is it of yours?) for that the entrance into Uncle Tom's old fashioned parlor, lighted up by a blazing fire on the hearth, and filled with uncles, aunts and cousins to the second and third generations, all clamorous to see who should give "reasons" for the earliest welcome, and doubly inspiring and joyous for the long dreary morning spent at home, and that the romps and frolics of the children, the story telling, song singing, and noisy playing of all kinds of odd and merry games in which old and young participated, with equal heartiness, was tenfold more exciting and enchanting to Kitty for her previous disappointment of course it was, and this must have made her eyes so very brilliant and the color in her cheeks so rich and variable the whole evening through; though what could make her avert those eyes so shyly from Howard's penetrating glance, and tremble so when at a late hour he drew her arm through his to begin their homeward walk, we cannot possibly imagine.

We shall never know what they talked about as they walked back, (perhaps the stars could tell, for they kept sparkling and twinkling and winking their bright eyes at one another as if they understood all about it perfectly,) or while they were standing in the little gateway, full fifteen minutes, without the least idea how late it was, or how many degrees below zero the mercury had fallen, or how drearily tired and sleepy Mrs. Gray was getting—the thoughtless children! We only know that Aunt Jerusha was sound asleep several hours before, and that Kitty was not sound asleep for several hours to come.

One thing more we know—that when Thanksgiving day came around again, cold, clear, and joy inspiring as ever, there were certain variations in the mode of observing it at Uncle Tom's. At evening nearly the same guests were assembled in the same hospitable parlor, but among them was a pretty blushing bride, who, under the auspices of a quiet roof a few hours before, had pledged herself to make a true and loving wife to a tall manly youth beside her; and who will meet

trials of married life with the same sunny and loving spirit with which she finished the pink silk dress; thus still carrying from day to day little atoms from the pile of sorrow to the pile of happiness thereby doing God perpetual and welcome service. Let your benediction, gentle reader, rest upon the youthful pair?

Faro and Roulette.

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times has "been to see the tiger," and here is the way he describes the animal: A ring at the door-bell, and a reconnoissance through its grated upper half by a stalwart negro, then up a pair of stairs, through an ante-room, and we stand in the carpeted, elegant jingles of the modern "tiger." There are two wide, lofty rooms, divided by folding-doors, both dazzling with light, softly carpeted, decorated with elegant and voluptuous paintings, and seemingly just the spot where poor tired humanity would come to get a foretaste of Eden, and recuperate for the stern battles of life. In the first room is a sideboard, upon whose shelves are rows of elegant bric-a-brac, through which blazes the purple wine or flashes the crystalline extract of the juniper—Anglicer, etc.

In this room is also a roulette-table, which, as we enter, is vacant, and in the other room is a faro-table, around which are gathered a half-dozen men, so absorbed in the game that, were Gabriel to rock the earth with a blast from his trumpet, they would never near it.

I won't describe the game; for what little, if any, is not known about it in Chicago, is not known anywhere else, even in this city of iniquity—Washington. Behind the table sits the dealer—long in finger, white in hand, and with the inevitable cluster of brilliants sparkling from digit and shirt bosom. He is gray-eyed, pocket-marked, resolute, and yet pleasant in appearance, with a breadth of shoulder and depth of chest that show him to be no mean man in case of an exchange of fistic courtesies.

On his right hand stands a captain, playing with half-dollar checks, and investing one at a time, evidently a beer, for as his check is raked down he follows it with a sigh, and I doubt not a curse upon the capriciousness of Fortune. He has but a half-dozen checks; in a minute they are gone, and, after going to a corner and examining an empty pocket-book, he returns and stands moodily watching the game.

Next to him is a thick-set young man, who, with something less than a bushel of what twenty dollar checks at his side, is with the most perfect nonchalance betting from one to five hundred dollars upon his cards, and winning or losing without the slightest change of countenance. But he is lucky; every card he bets on wins until, after half an hour, he loses three or four times in succession, and then, with the remark, "My luck is changed, I guess I'll quit," he counts over his checks to the dealer, who, coolly as if it were a matter of five cents, passes over to the lucky individual thirty-seven hundred dollars in three per cent. coupons of United States Treasury notes.

Thrusting the immense pile of paper into his coat pocket, the gentleman rises, takes a cigar, and a drink at the sideboard, and then with a "good night, gentlemen," he walks out.

The dealer proceeds unconcernedly, while I, dazzled at such results, draw out a solitary five and deposit on the king. In just three seconds the claws of the tiger covered my lonely and long-treasured five, and I see it no more—and I may add that I haven't seen it since.

A young gentleman, evidently a clerk in a dry goods store, sits on my left, and is betting and losing. Two or three times his checks run out, and then he goes to a friend, and whispers a moment, and finally returns with a ten, which he invests in checks, and loses. At last he comes back from one of his side excursions with a lowering brow, and no money. He sits down, watches the game a moment, and leaves.

About in this style went the game—one man winning, all the balance losing. By and by an elegant supper was served in an upper room, and then the party adjourned to commence playing roulette, and officers appeared to be out of luck, for here, in less than half an hour, I saw a Federal captain lose some \$620. Ev'rybody lost, till just before I left, when the young gentleman who had been borrowing and betting on faro, returned. He watched the spinning of the ball a short time, and then took a byst-und-er-aside. "But you owe me fifty now," I heard the other say.

"I'll give it all back to-morrow, was the reply." Finally he came back with a "green back," to the amount of twenty. He put it all on the red; red won. The whole pile again went on the red, and again red was winner. He changed to black and black won. In short, everything that he laid his money on was the winning color. In less than five minutes from the time he began, he quietly cashed his checks, and left with over \$1800.

So much for luck. During the two hours that I was in the establishment some five or six thousand dollars changed hands. There are some five or six first class establishments of the kind in Washington, besides any quantity of others of lesser note. They are well known to the police, and in fact everybody else, but are not disturbed. They are as necessary to Congress as the nigger question, and nearly or quite as much patronized.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with new papers, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A new paper in the family one year is worth half a year's schooling to the children, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement.

A good minister in a country village lately prayed fervently for those of his congregation who were too proud to kneel and too lazy to stand.

Early pursues its victims throughout life. It ceases to gnaw only when the grave-worm, its reptile, begins.

A New Peace Proposition.

Orpheus C. Keor writes from Washington the following account of another peace proposition: "The Confederacy hastily put on a pair of white cotton gloves, and says he: 'Am I addressing the Democratic Organization?'"

"You address the large Kentucky branch," says the Conservative chap, pulling on his ruffles. "Then," says the Confederacy, "I am prepared to make an direct proposition for peace. My name is Mr. Lamb, by which title the Democratic organization has always known the injured Confederacy, and I propose the following terms: Hospitality shall at once cease, and the two armies be consolidated under the title of the Confederate State Forces. The war debts of the North and South shall be so united that the North may be able to pay them without confusion. An election for a new President shall at once be held, every one voting save those who have shown animosity to the sunny South. France shall be driven out of Mexico by the consolidated armies, the expenses being so managed that the North may pay it without further trouble. Upon these terms, the Confederacy will become a peaceful fellow man."

"Item!" says the Kentucky chap, "What you ask is perfect reasonable. I will consider the matter after the manner of a dispassionate democrat, and return you my answer in a few days."

"Here I hastily stepped up, and says I, 'But are you not going to consult the President about all this, my Jupiter Thomas?'" "The President? the President!" says the Conservative Kentucky chap, with a vague look. "Item!" says he, "I really forgot all about the President!"

"The democratic organization, my boy, in its zeal to benefit its distracted country, is occasionally like the eminent fire company in Sixth Ward, which nobly usurped with its hose the terrible business of putting out a large conflagration, and never remembered, until its beautiful machine was all in position, that another company of fellow fire-men had exclusive possession of all the water-works."

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of his region of terror, Talleyrand secured a passage to the United States in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

"Is there any American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel; "I am going across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the new world."

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain; but whether from America or England I cannot tell." He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in his life was bishop, prince and minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant he stood before the stranger's room, knocked and entered. In the far corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of fifty years of age, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his chest. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows and upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman was an American, he solicited his kind feelings and offices. He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English: "I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, but without friend or home in America. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you doubtless has many friends."

The strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow; he spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning; "I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, 'I have not a friend, not one, in America.'"

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words. "Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; your name? "My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in the chair, gasping the words, "Arnold, the traitor!" Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow, and his sad fate is likely to be shared by others of our own day, who are proving traitors to their native land.—Hunt Monthly.

AN EXCELLENT COUGH SYRUP.—We find in an exchange paper the following valuable receipt, which we lay before our readers. It is simple, cheap and effective: Take one ounce of thoroughwort, one of slippery elm, one ounce of flaxseed; simmer together in one quart of water until the strength is entirely extracted. Strain carefully; add one pint of best molasses, and a half pound of loaf sugar; simmer well together, and when cold, bottle tight.

The writer adds: This is the cheapest, best and the safest method for coughs now or ever in use. A few doses of one table spoonful at a time will alleviate the most distressing cough at the lungs, soothes and allays irritation, and if continued, subdues any tendency to consumption, breaks up entirely the whooping cough, and no better remedy can be found for croup, bronchitis, and all affections of the lungs and throat. Thousands of precious lives may be saved every year by this cheap and simple remedy, as well as thousands of dollars which would be otherwise spent in the purchase of nostrums which are both useless and dangerous.

Be sure and cover the bits of your bridle with leather, to prevent the frost from making the mouth of your horses sore; it is downright cruel to put an iron bit into a horse's mouth on a cold morning. If you doubt it, hit yourself some day, when the mercury stands below zero. When you put India rubber, keep the blade of your knife wet, and you can then cut it without difficulty.

Nothing, perhaps, strikes the ear more pleasant than a pretty woman's changing voice—except, perhaps, her charming hand.

Dean Swift was once called upon to deliver a charity sermon. Taking the pulpit, he delivered the following and sat down: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "If you like the security, down with the dust." The result was an unprecedented subscription.

U. S. SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.—Hon. Wm. Richardson (Democrat) was elected United States Senator from Illinois on Monday. The vote stood, Richardson 66, Gordon Yates 27.