# Selected Woetrn.

SUMMER.

The gay, glad time of roses, The summer days have come. When with the daylight closes The honey maker's hum; The time when amber sunsets Light the Heavenly fields. And when the purple clover Its richest fragrance yields

When the leafy tree hands Weave a verdant roof, With golden threads of sunshine Running through the woof; When twilight sinks in darkne-s, And flits the fire-fly light; When roses scent the zephyra That murmur through the night;

When sunlight-hours are jewels Strung on threads of time, When weeks are stanza'd poems Versed in sweetest rhyme When the nights are magical In the time of June, And fairy feet are dancing

Roll slowly, Earth, that Summer May linger with us long,-We'll revel in her bounty And bless her in our song. Ye winds, 0 join our chorus Of gratitude and praise To Rim whose mercy giveth The soft sweet summer days !

## A Mother Waiting for the News.

DY DAVID M. MENAMIN

How wearily the hours pass Since, through the ambient air. The lightning flashed the startling fact, A battle has been there-The path of fame pursues; But, ah! my aching heart will burst. While waiting for the news

Wounded upon that gory field, Forsaken he may die Nor mother there to wet his line Nor raise his hopes on high; Disfigured, stained, his features By many a scar and bruise: Ah! who can tell what mothers feel While waiting for the news.

# Miscellaneous.

HALT

BY L. J. DUNLAP. 4.

"Well, I do not see how she could have done it !" "Done what, Milly?"

"Why, married a man with a cork-

Aunt Mary looked very serious. "God forgive me !" I exclaimed. "I suppose I am very wicked, but I never could have done it. Deformed people are positively disgusting to me."

"As I rose from my seat, at these words, anxious to make my escape from Aunt Mary's reproof, my glance fell upon the laughing face of my cousin, Howard Grant, who seated in an alcove at the farther end of the room, had, unknown to me, overheard what I had said:

He was rather vain-a circumstance which his unusually handsome exterior almost excused; and if he had " - cakness, it was for his shapery leg My glance followed his, as he now looked down on it. "No cork about those." How I laughed, as I made him a mock obeisance, and danced out of the room to attend grandpapa, whose step I heard in the hall.

I was just sixteen, the spoiled darling of the loving friends, who had taken me, and, one morning, with a vague idea of honor of being the wife of one who has breast, and had stood to me since in the relation of those parents, whose affection I had never known.

Four years afterward I had learned to love Howard Grant, and for one year I had been his promised wife. This was in the spring of 1861.

The night after Fort Sumter fell, I heard the door open behind me, and quick steps coming to my side; then an arm was thrown around my waist, and my face lifted so that the eyes which bent above me might look into the tearfilled eyes which could scarce bear their scrutiny.
"Tears? Milly!" cried the dear voice,

mockingly. "A soldier's bride should buckle her true-love's sword about him, and, with smiles, send him forth to vic-

"Oh, Howard!" I cried as he drew me up and folded me to his heart.

"Yes, darling," he said, answering the mute questioning of my eyes, I have volunteered. I desired to go into the ranks, but when I offered to arm and uniform the first company which should be formed I was by acclaim chosen captain of that company. So, if you please, madam, behold Captain Grant.'

My tears, my weak tears overflowed. He looked so brave, so noble! and he soon might be----

"There, dearest!" he cried, "no more tears to-night! Come to the piano and sing me 'La Marsellaise,' to arouse your patriotism, and then we will go to mother. And, Milly," serionsly, "beware, love, how you say one word that would make me weak in the hour of danger .-Mrs. Grant," he continued, as his mother entered the room, "allow me to present to your favorable notice Capt. Grant. Make your salute, madain, to your supe-

"My son, my son!" The mother's arms were around his neck, her warm tears falling upon his shoulder. I leaned upon the piano and sobbed aloud.

"Mother! Milly!" he cried. "Why, what a mother and sweetheart ye are, to drown my dawning glory in your tears! There Milly, you may leave the piano, we won't have any music to night. Fie, love, I didn't ask you for 'The Shower of Pearls.' Good-night to both of you. I will go to my grandfather and ask him if the heroes of 1812 were sent forth to battle with the sobs of women knelling in their ears." And, with a military sulute, he left the room.

Aunt Mary and I could but throw ourselves into each other's arms and weep out our grief together. Yet we said bravely that these should be the last tears we would shed, and that no word of ours should cause our beloved to falter in the formed before his arrival, but he had De Macran observed: "Why, Madan, path of duty. -

I will not dwell upon the two weeks the volunteers, full to repletion with the preparations for their approaching departure-days of agony and dread to those who could only sit idly at home and look forward to the hour of parting,

# he Carisie Trail.

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A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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Howard was desirous that our wedding | so soon as his patient was entirely out of | A Thrilling Incident of the War.

might take place immediately; but it danger. Then we waited. had been a desire of my father, expressly named in his will, that I should not maryears, and, although I was but a few

ending, and so soon too all the days of grace which had been granted us were told; and one bright morning, with banners flying, music sounding, and bayonets glancing in the sunlight, " Company A of the First Regiment of --- Volunteers," with their captain at their head, passed before the windows of that captain's home, made a salute to the three sad faces which gazed through the library window, and, pursuing their way to the the street, stopped before our door .railroad depot, departed for the scat of Quick feet came down the stairs—the lor table, not much effort was made to

Oh! the long weary monts which followed! The agony of the first dread, which, after a time, settled down into a dull pain that no change of scene or thought could for a moment remove-!-The wearying for the sight of the dear face, the sound of the dear voice-the longing for intelligence, yet dread of receiving it lest it might be adverse—the held o painful forebodings of ill—the quick fully: throbbing of the heart at the sound of "G the hand which unfolded the morning's paper-and the eager searching after the war news!

Nine lagging months had dragged their slow length along, and, though often in peril by flood and field, our captain had thus far escaped uninjured, when, one morning, as I sat at work, there was handed to me the laconic message: "In a skirmish with rebel cavalry, Capt. Howard Grant, dangerously wounded."—
"Dangerously wounded!" I sat as one stunned, and when aunt Mary came to seek me, some time afterward, I could

only murmer; "Dangerously wounded!" It was the burthen of all my ravings, they said, in the fever, which, for nine days, racked my frame almost to dissolution, then, left me weak and helpless as an infant. Strange to say, upon my return to consciousness I had entirely lost the memory of the intelligence which, superadded to the wearing anxiety of months, had been the cause of my sudden illness. To all my inquiries con favorable replies, and, to my desire for give you up."

his letters answored that there were some "Howard! darling!" I said, bending for me, which I should have as soon as I was strong enough to read them.

As I grew stronger, the quiet and dim intertaining myself for a few moments; I lifted from the stand beside my bed the Bible, from which my grandfather had been reading to me, and 'fell to tracing with my finger the designs upon the binding. As I somewhat carelessly handled it, there fluttered from between the leaves a folded paper upon which I ecognized the hand-writing of our family physician. I had been told that fre vas absent upon my expressing surprise at receiving the visits of a stranger; and, not doubting that the paper in my hand contained written advice as to my treatment, I thought to exerise my eyes upon this, that, so learning heir strength, I might the sooner claim live to wear them! the promised reading of the precious letters for which I had been wearying. In the act of spreading it open upon the bed, that I might read with greater ease, these words caught my eye:

"You will be shocked to learn that his foot had been so badly shattered by a ball that it was thought necessary to am-Dutate it immediately."

When my aunt came to my room, ome time afterward, she found me ly-

ng prone upon the floor by the bedside. "Why, what is this?" she exclaimed. "I got up and tried to dress myself,"

him.' "Go to him?" she echoed in surprise Then, as she raised me in her strong arms, and laid me upon the bed, her eye fell upon the paper and Bible, which still lay upon the covers, and she said: "Father has used an unfortunate

marker this time." vered up in bed, and wet, camphorated cloths laid upon my barning forehead, whole truth. She had found me, upon the morning of the receipt of the despatch, lying back in my chair, with the paper clasped between my hands. Reading upon the envelope, which lay at my feet, her own name, she had taken the paper from my unresisting hand, and read the distressing intelligence. Her first action was to have me conveyed to my own room, and put to bed; then she went herself to the telegraph office, where she remained until, by dint of incessant telegraphing, she at length discovered to what hospital her son had been removed. and that she would not be permitted to

With little difficulty she had induced Dr. Williams to go in her stead. The acquitted. letter which I had partly read was the first one received from him after his arrival at the hospital. The operation of then other letters had been received from which followed busy, stirring days to him, all giving favorable accounts; but Cavera for her statue. A lady, to whom ingly-it would be at least two months you not feel rather uncomfortable?" before he could bear the journey home "Not at all," replied her highness, "for months. Doctor Williams returned home room."

go to him—being a lemale.

My recovery was very slow, harassed

miliar handwriting, and the loving words had desired st around my future all the protect of the suspicion, and the unservation of the protect of the suspicion, and the unservation of the protect of months old at the time of his death, he with which his letters to myself had eyes of his comrades."

ry fire, idly seeing (as on one evening wife, he suddenly disappeared, leaving nearly a year ago) pictures in the glowing and dying coals. This evening scerow cot, ill and lonely, when wheels, rangement of his affairs, and after the which I had heard slowly rumbling up low talking in the hall-then the library door was flung wide open-and a figure entered upon crutches, oh! how unlike

my Howard !- pale-haggard-limping! For a moment I was overwhelmed; then I sprang forward, crying, "Howard! Howard!" He sank wearily into a chair, then

held out his arms to me, saying, mourn-"Give me one kiss, Milly, for the old

times.' "The old times!" I echoed. "Oh! Howard, what has come between us?"

footless limb. In an instant the cause of Howard' silence to me, since his wound was revealed to me; also the cause of the appealing glances which my aunt had cast upon me so frequently during the past week.

"Oh, Howard!" I said, reproachfully drawing the dear head to my bosom.

"Milly," he said, "do not let a mo mentary impulse blind you as to my fu ture. Remember: Lame for life! Reverently I kissed the pale forehead I could not speak for the tears which choked my voice.

"I know, darling," he continued how your fresh vigorous life has always shrunk from intimate association with the deformed I do not blame you, I regiment. felt the same once. Now, it has been cerning Howard, his mother improvised hard to school myself, darling; but I can turning away he was seents;

the dear head back, so that I might look into her eyes. "The Lord do so to me. and more also, if aught but death part ness of my sick room grew unendurable, thee and me. God grant me the great suffered for his country!

"Is this so?" The asked. "Is she still mine? It has been so hard to bear, Mil ly? I have longed for death rather than life unblessed by your love. I feared to lose you !" clasping me closely. " You know what you once said "

(Surely, reader, we are judged for every footish word)

One month afterward we were mar ried. My husband wears a cork leg, and I am proud of it. It is his badge of honor. Had he lost an arm too, in the service of his country, for my own sake. I should not have cared. And as to "glasses"-God grant that we may both

# Castes of Society.

An Indian making a speech on edueation, not long since at, a mixed meeting of Hindoos and Englishaen, maintained, in spite of a protest on the part of his European audience, that there are three eastes in England-the aristocracy, the bourgeoise and the poor There is, no doubt, if the pretentions of the two higher classes are admitted, much more truth in this Hindoo view of the case than many of us are willing to confess. There is, however, a fourth caste commander of the division to grant the you say, Mr. Dallas?" answered, faintly. "I must go to in European society-that of the royal families. The forty crowned heads who are united to each other by blood relationship maintain a theoretrical equality among themselves. They form a community apart with interests of their own, independent altogether of those of the States represented by each sovereign .-The royal families have been allowed to When she had me once more safely co- repudiate, as illegitimate, marriages not contracted within the family circle, be they ever so lawful, according to the law she deemed it prudent to tell me the of the land, and to brand them as morganatic. The King of Denmark marries a clever and attractive milliner, and the union is celebrated with all the rights of the church but he remains a batchelor in the eyes of the diplomatists. If the Prince of Wales had been permitted to marry the daughter of an English duke his offspring would have been repudiated.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Westeyn lawyer, "would you set a rat trap to catch a bear, or make fools of yourselves by trying to spear a buffalo with a kniting needle? I know you would not .-Then how came you be guilty of convictthe life of woman." The prisoner was

Buffon, it was once stated in conversation, had dissected a near relative. A found his patient "doing well." Since she was dead!" This remark reminds us of the French Princess who sat to -and the mother's voice sunk despond | she spoke of the fact, inquired: "Did I must speak briefly of those two of course there was a good fire in the

Nine or ten years ago a citizen of one of the towns in the eastern part of Masas I was by constant fears for Howard. sachusetts, was unjustly suspected of a of illinois soldiers and an Illinois Colonel and silvery locks, tottering steps and feery until I had attained my twenty first Then, too, his letters-written by a crime which the statute could not easily birthday. His only sister had married, friend-were all to his mother, and my reach, but deservedly brings upon him to fame: most unfortunately, at the age of sixteen heart ached for a sight of the dear, fa- guilty of it, the indignation of upright men. There were circumstances which

> of mind and body that alarmed his fami Over two months had passed away, ly At last, having invested his property and, one evening, I sat before the libra- so that it could be easily managed by his her comfortable with the care of two boys, of ten and twelve years. The first ing not battle-fields and marching troops, fear that he had sought violent death, but my soldier, stretched upon his nar- was partly dispelled by the orderly ardiscovery that a daguereotype of the family group was missing from the parouter door opened—there was a sound of trace the fugitive. When, afterwards, facts were developed which established his innocence of the crime charged, it was found impossible to communicate with him; and as the publication of the story n the columns of several widely circulated journals failed to r call him, he was generallý supposed to be dead.

At the outbreak of the present civil war his eldest son, now a young man, was nduced by a friend—a Captain in a Western regiment, to enlist in his company. He behaved well through the campaigns in Missouri an. Tennessee, and after the capture of Fort Donelson, was "This!" he said pointing down to his awarded a First Lieutenant's commission. At the battle of Murfreesboro, he was wounded in the left arm so slightly that he was still able to take charge of a squad of wounded prisoners. . While performing | affairs, winding up with. "We 'low Color this duty he became aware that one of them; a middle aged man, with a full eavy beard, was looking at him with fixed aftention. The day after the fight, flinging my arms around his neek, and as the officer was passing, the soldier gave the military salute, and said;

"A word with you, sir, if you please. You remind me of an old friend. Are you from New England?"

"I am." " From Massachusetts?

" Yes." " And your name ?" The young Lieutenant told his name.

ind why he came to gerve in a Western "I thought so," said the other, and

Although his curicalty was much exite i by the dier's hinnier, the officer forebore to question him, and withdrew. But in the atternoon he took occasion in renew the conversation and expressed the

interest awakened in him by the incident of the morning. oner. "Is he well?"
"We have not seen him for years

We think he is dead."

Then following such an explanation of the circumstances of his disappearance as the young man could give. He had never known the precise nature of the charges against his father, but was able to make it quite clear that his innocence had been established.

"I knew your mother, also," continued the soldier. "I was in love with her when she married your father." "I have a letter from her dated ten

days ago. My brother is a nine months' man in New Orleans." After a little desolutory conversation.

the soldier took from under his coat a leathern wallet, and disclosed a dagurereotype case. The hasp was gone, and the corners were rounded by wear.

"Will you oblige me," he said, by looking at this, alone, in your tent?" Agitated almost beyond control, the young officer took the lease and hurried away. He had seen the picture before! It represented a man and woman, sitting side by side, with a boy at the knee of each. The romantic story moved the young man a furlough, and both father and son reached home last week .- The yer, "at Harrisburg."

Worchester Spy. ADVANTAGES OF YEARS. You are 'getting into years.', Yes, but the years are getting into you -the ripe, rich years, the genial, mellow years, the lusty, lusciou. years. One by one the crudities of your youth are falling off from you, the vanityr egotism, the isolation, the bewilderment are appreaching yourself. Your are consolidating your forces. You are becoming master of the situation. Every wrong road into which you have wandered has brought you, by the knowledge of that mistake, so much oloser to the truth.-You no longer draw your bow at a venture, but shoot stright at the mark .-Your possibilities concentrate, and your path is cleared. On the ruins of shattered plans you find your vantage ground .-You broken hopes, your thwarted pur poses, your defeated aspirations become a staff of strength with which you mount tosublimer heights. With self possession and self-command return the possession ing my client of man slanghter for taking and the command of all things. The title deed of creation, forfeited, is reclaim

ed. The king has come to his own again. Earth and sea and sky pour out their larges of love. All the past crowds down.

clothes. It's a bad thing to grumble—the wheel isn't oiled till it creaks.

A m ller is but a human version of the turn spit dog that toiled every day to roast meat for persons eating.

APHORISM.—The law ruins men and fash-

There is a fitness in all things except cheap

ion women.

A GOOD STORY.

In the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine we find the following good story | taking away the man of many wrinkles -the latter, Col. Oglesby, well known

Well, one day his fifer and drum-ma-

the Colonel, somewhat vexed at the absence of the principal musicians, no sooner saw the gents than, in a voice of re-

primand, he ordered them to take their places with the music. The drum bearers halted, looked at each other, then at the Colonel-but said never a word .-The Colonel repeated his order in a style so emphatic that it couldn't be misunder stood. The dealers in pork felt a crisis had arrived, and that an explanation had become a 'military necessity.' So the drummer, going up close to the Colonel. made him acquainted with the status of nel, to bring the best quarter over to your mess.' 'Eick, eh?' thundered the Colonel, 'why didn't you say say so at first?' Go to your quarters?—of course! Battalion, right face!' The Colonel had fresh pork for supper.

### PUZZLING A LAWYER.

Everybody in Philadelphia, and out of Philadelphia, we believe (says the Germantown Telegraph.) knows, or has heard of Gottlich Scheerer, a tall, robust, well formed German, with a small, twinkling eye, and a look that tells you quite as distinetly as language, that he "knows a thing or two." Being called upon the stand as a witness on one occasion, he was catechised rather severely, (as the story goes,) by Mr. Dallas, who expected . to make out a strong point, by enliciting something from the following questions: Wore you at Harrisburg, Mr. Scheer. er, in December? ...

- At Harrisburg in December, did you "I knew your father," said the prisser. "Is he well?" Say, Mr. Dalas?" Say, Mr. Dalas?" Ves, sir, I said at Harrisburg.

cember." "Putting his head down thoughfully for a moment, he replied:

" No, sir, I was not." "Were you at Harrisburg in January, Mr Scheerer?"

"At Harrisborg in January, did you say, Mr. Dallas?" · Yes, sir, at Harrisburg in January Relapsing into a though ful mood for

a moment, he replied; "No sir, I was not in Harrisburg in January." "
"Well, Mr Scheerer, were you in

Harrisburg in February?" "Did you say at Harrisburg in February, Mr. Dallas?" "Yes, sir, -- answer me if you please-

said at Harrisburg in February." Studying a moment or two, as before "No, sir, I was not at Harrisburg in February."

Getting somewhat out of patience with nim, Mr. Dallas elevated his tone and fiercely demanded:

" At what time, then, sir, were you at Harrisburg?" "At Harrisburg? At Harrisburg, did

"Yes," yelled the now infuriated law-

Again the head drooped, and the man once more thought for a moment, but his head suddenly raised, and a smile playing over his features, replied: " Mr. Dallas, I was never at Harris

burg in my life." Of course the court adjourned instan-

An Irish audience was always en rap. the uncertainty. Nearer and nearer you port with the stage, and frequently commented aloud on an absurdity in the actor public or private, in a manner to excite quite as much laughter as any farce that might be going, on One night an anxious friend in the pit, close to the orstage, by an unlucky rent in a critical part of his dress, was exciting laughter not set down in his part, put his hand to his mouth in an aside, and said, in a stage whisper: "Larry! Larry! there's the liste taste of life of yer linen to be of clothes, and not man could be more effectseen!"

-Mrs. Partington says she can't understand these ere market reports. She can't understand how cheese can be lively, and pork can be active, and feathers drooping-that is if it's raining; but how whiskey can be steady, or hops quiet, or spirits dull, she can't see; neither how to lay its treasures at your feet .- Gail lard can be firm in warm weather, nor coffee unsettled, nor potatoes depressed; nor flour rising-unless there has yeast put in it and sometimes it would not rise

> men The Common School Trustees of a own in Indiana, says a recent report: 'No common school-all uncommon-Branches taught: Euchre, poker, sledge, vulgarity, and profanity."

# DEATH. Our hearts sailden at the sight of death

ble pulse; but oh! we sicken when we behold him take the babe in its artless innocence and perfect simplicity, (upon whom life has just dawned) even smilors went out into the woods to practice a new tune. Attracted, no doubt, by the | ing at the approach of its foe. And then melody, a fine fat shoat of musical pro- when he comes to the ingenuous youth clivities came near-alas! for the safety with the fire of life in his eye, and the of his bacon, too near-for our bass-drum- swelling tide of hope in his countenance; mer, by a 'change of base,' made a base or to the lovely maiden with life's activiattack on his front; while the fifer, by a | ty in her form and blood on her cheek, and bold and rapid flank movement, charged her heart all aglow with youth's freshness him in the rear. Twas soon over ; a few of affection, and her soul filled with pure well directed volley of clubs and other and happy emotions, we turn away with persuasives were applied, and piggy went a shudder, and regret sin brought death dead again-a martyr to his love for mu- into our world. With all the unloveliness sic! But how to get the deceased pork with which we have portrayed Death, he into camp? 'That's what's the matter,' comes in one lovely form. Gently he now. After considerable discussion, an shuts the Christian's eye-tenderly stills idea strikes the drummer (not so hard as the beating pulse-softly folds his icy to hurt him): 'We will put him in the | mantle around him, and meekly bears drum.' Just'the thing, by hokey l' said him away. There is something indescrithe fifer One head was taken out and bably lovely about death when he comes the hog stowed in, and our heroes start- to the Christian. See the eye, how calm ed for their quarters, carrying the drum its expression: the brow, how placid; between them. In the meantime, the and the lips uttering the delight of the regiment went out for a dress parade; and enraptured soul, as it beats its wings as gainst the walls of the prison house. longing for death to release it! There is nothing unwelcome in the visits of Death to the pious. He knows'tis Death to his impatient spirit; and therefore meets him with a smile of recognition as his best friend. "There are charms Death cannot rust," And they are thine-pure love and hely trust.

The Deacon and his Ram.

A short distance from the line which divides Massachuseits and New Hampshire, lives a pious old deacon, who fears the Lord and detests levity. The deacon owns a ram, a savage fellow, always readyfor a fight, and this belligerent spirit the old gentleman's two sons took advantage

ter running through it, on the bank of which there is a rock extending close to the water for some distance, and about ten feet above it, and which cannot be seen from the house.

The boys were in the habit of driving their father's sheep to this spot, and then vexing the old ram, until he would pitch at them, with all his might, when they would drop flat down and let the old ram go headlong over them, from the top of

the rock into the deep water below.
This was rare sport for the boxe are me day the deacon caught them in the very act of giving old "Thumners ashath and dealt with them as he felt in duty boun I to do for such wicked mindedness Some time afterwards, the deacon chanced po to the aforesaid rock, and beging sheep feeding near it, he felt a strong in

plunge into the water. failing to drop in time, went over the

Here was a fix for a deacon to be caught in, sure enough; and, to add to his mortification, by the time he and his ram got out of the water, the boys were standing on the rock above him, laughing most boisterously. The deacon went off home -the boys told of his mishap-and the old man is called "Deacon Slow" to this

An Irish orator in a recent speech made the following capital parody on certain lines by his countryman, Tom Moore: The fool that is gull d never harbors a doubt, But as truly is gulled to the close. As a bull, if you once set a ring thro' his snout,

Ever after is led by the nose. A Yankee poet describes the excess of his devotion to his true love.

"I sing her praise in poetry; I cries whole pints of bitter tears,
And wipes them with my sleeve."

A negro having been brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering, the magistrate began to remonstrate. "Do magistrate began to remonstrate. you know how to read?" "Yes, massa, little." Well, don't you ever make use

of the Bible ?" "Yes massa, strap my razor on him sometimes." An Irish lawyer lately addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honors" A brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose to apologise thus: "May it please the court, in the heat of debate I called your honors gentlemen in mistake."

WM. H. Clark, the editor of the Kendall (III.) Clarion, loves a good joke, and never lets an opportunity slips that promises a dish of fun. Here is his last: " Discuised.—We have lately got a suit

nally disguised. We look like a gentleman, Upon first putling them on, we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time thought we were swapped off. We went to the house, and scared the baby into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark. and told us that we would find him at the office; went there, and pretty soon one of business men came in, with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted to he to pay that bill; told bim we didn't believe he would be in; business man left. Started to the house again; met a couple of where to see that bill; told him we didn't believe he would be in; business man left. Started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies, one of them asked the other:

What handsome stranger is that 2" In this dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us them who lost an arm and were otherwise with who is now as proud of us as can wounded. The paraded was attended with

reanders, surrounded by a Stonewall. Now tell me what are the great circles of Hoops? Next. The earth.

The deacon's farm has a stream of wa-

ram mund and dunge into the water. had on or After locking about to make sure that rock headlong into the water along with

him.

gated:
"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural

"No," was the prompt reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull!"

In one of the New York churches, recent

pews, as if some of the ladies were impatient to leave; I will, therefore, say, God bless von!" BARRY CORNWALL SAYS :

gool; but, at all events, our advice to the young woman is, for divers reasons, don't let him do it. He might go over a "cataract!" A New Orleans paper says that the cor-sets worn by the ladies of that city will bear a moustrous strain, judging from a lady he saw, who was so nearly cut in two, that a man would be considered amenable for higamy

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATING SOCIETY If brass will make a will make one let look an be heard,
If the hollow of a look an be heard,
If tin will make a car, what will make a

Do potatoes ever wear out, as we have heard of potatoe patches?

The Secretary of the Nazy and his relaives in the ship trade. How so?
They self rotten ships to the Government or ten times their worth. That is right, my bully boy, with a wax car; you shall see Gen. Pope some day.

What is a sea? Pair of spectacles. What is a strait? Next to a flush-beats two pair.

RECITATION IN GEOGRAPHY.

Don't know.

That's right, sonny—never tell a lie f
What is the surface of the earth?
The outside.

Bully for you, sweet William.
Which prodominates that is which is

lrought, land.
What is the big body of water called?

Which predominates—that is, which is the eigest part, land or water?

In the rainy season, water, in times of

What is Geography?

Old Ocean. What does it benefit?

Seventeenth class in Mental Geography arise and group yourselves together. Toe the crack —heads up like yeast, and don't talk through

What is a channel?
The place a fellow oils up with wiskey just pefore he makes a political speech.

Correct, glad to see you in such spirits.

Thomas, what is a Peninsula? A place where the army of the United States

What is a cape? A fur thing worn by ladies. Peter, what is a cave? The last Democratic vote in Connecticut.

Very good. Can you tell me what a bal-noral skirt reminds you of? The peel of a be le.

Right, but why so? Because the sun works around it every wenty four hours. That's right-go up head.

What are the principal productions of the emperate zones? Ten pin alleys, rot gut, the Maine law and confirmed drunkards.

# AN AMUSING SCENE.

Here is an amusing scene from the vaudeille of the Prisoner of Rhochelle, which, says Paris journal, keeps the audience in a roar who will open the portals of eternal bliss of Corparal Cartouch" amuses himself while "Leza;" sented at her work table, abstractedly questions him concerning matrimouy.

Leza.—If a girl would fall in love with you,

Corporal, what would you do?

Corporal-(Manœuvering with his musket ) Present arms! -She would doubtless look to you for-C.-Support! L-And what a heavy burden you'd have

C. -Carry! L - Your butcher and baker would have C -Charge!

L -And your prospects, of course would C.-Advance L - And you'd have to-

C. - Bout face!

L .- And never have anv-L .- Now, Corporal pray give me your-C .- Attention !

L .- A man of your years is not able to ear such a-C -Load! L.-But you are not in your-

L.-And then you will have to bear all on your -- C. - Shoulder!

L .- You should be-C.—Ready!
L.—I think you have some other—

L -- And you'd throw all your epistles into C .- Fire! (Fires the musket.) The Captain and the Copperhead. A few days ago a young Captain in the army fithe Potomac, who halfs from one of the Northern Counties of Pennsylvania, happened

to be standing in a store in Harrisburg, when one of the copperhend devices with After locking about to make sure that no one was in sight to witness his folly, he crouched down on the edge of the rock, and made a show of fight against old 'Thumper," who accepted the challenge, and charged with all his force so rapidly that the deacon being rather slow, and failing to drop in time, went over the tell you to take that thing off and throw it into the street." "You must be joking" said the copperhead. "No, sir, I am not joking; P insist on you doing it." Copperhead funed awhile, but the more he "blowed" the more down. the more emphatic became the commands of the Captain; and finally, when the latter put

> evidences of his love of treason in public quite so freely in future. Ar a young ladies, seminary, a few days since during an examination in history, one of the not most promising pupils was interro-

his hand into his pocket as if to enforce his

orders with the revolver he carried there,

Copperhead succumbed, and flung the dis-

graceful trinket into the street. It is doubt-

ful whether he will take pains to flaunt the

ly, the clergyman concluded his sermon as follows:
"But I hear the rustling of silks in the

"Come, let me dive into thine eyes!"
If his love had "swimming eyes," very

should he marry her. the traveler who took the cour-events has ever been heard

If twelve inches make a foot, how many will it take to make deg?

If five and a hard ride make one pole, how many will it take to make a log?

If forty rode make a furlance, how many will it take formake a furlance, how many will it take formake a short long.

If plg pens will do to write with.

Will the cape of Good Hope fit a lady. Will the drawers of a bureau fit a gentle man. Will a woman, when unhooped, fall to staves.

to our wife, who is now as proud of us as can be. The next time we get a new suit, we shall let her know it beforehand.