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NO. 35.

REHEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

TERMS:—\$2.00 in Advance, or \$2.50 within the year.

poor wretch cannot avoid it, and in his frantic efforts to escape he falls upon his knees at her feet and avows the might and majesty of her beauty. All that you will have to do in the matter will be to treat the poor fellow as kindly as you can, and make no efforts to please him. Let nature have her own way, and depend upon it, you will be fondly pressed to the warm bosom of some generous-hearted fellow.

General Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—Andrew Johnson.
Vice President—Schuyler Colfax.
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Secretary of the Treasury—Montgomery Blair.
Secretary of War—Montgomery Blair.
Secretary of the Navy—Montgomery Blair.
Secretary of the Interior—Montgomery Blair.
Chief Justice of the United States—Salmon P. Chase.

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Lieutenant Governor—John H. Miller.
Attorney General—John H. Miller.
Comptroller—John H. Miller.
Treasurer—John H. Miller.
Secretary of the State—John H. Miller.

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Recorder—John H. Miller.
Treasurer—John H. Miller.
Comptroller—John H. Miller.
Surveyor—John H. Miller.
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St. Paul's Episcopal Church—Rev. John H. Miller, Rector.
St. Peter's Episcopal Church—Rev. John H. Miller, Rector.
St. James' Episcopal Church—Rev. John H. Miller, Rector.
St. George's Episcopal Church—Rev. John H. Miller, Rector.

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Carlisle Academy—Principal, John H. Miller.
Carlisle Normal School—Principal, John H. Miller.
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DR. W. H. COOK.

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at his residence in Pitt Street, adjoining the Methodist Church, July 1, 1865.

Poetical.

LINES WRITTEN IN OMBRY, AFTER THE BATHING HOUR.

Oh, Anna Jane Matilda,
Daughter of the rich De Bost—
Who is worth a half a million—
On the style how many do you?

Oh, Anna Jane Matilda,
I've admired thy auburn hair
In a waterfall half bathing
By the dressings rich and rare.

I have loved thee for thy radiant
And the way you shone it round
Said to show you did't care—
Gent, it fitly on the ground.

Oh, Anna Jane Matilda,
Nature only to be trusted
In the bathing hours—
And the things they fill up.

Oh, Anna Jane Matilda,
Nature only to be trusted
In the bathing hours—
And the things they fill up.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And how you'd love to see me
And how you'd love to see me.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Oh, how I long to see you,
And how I long to see you,
And how I long to see you.

Oh, how I long to see you,
And how I long to see you,
And how I long to see you,
And how I long to see you.

Blacksmiths.

Blacksmiths, blacksmiths,
You are the life of the town,
You are the life of the town,
You are the life of the town.

Blacksmiths, blacksmiths,
You are the life of the town,
You are the life of the town,
You are the life of the town.

EDITOR: GARRET O'TER.

My dear Editor,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your issue of the 29th inst. and to thank you for the same.

THE OFFER.

The rush of trade, not quite so deep and solid as it was some years since, and still strong and swift, the growth of centuries, though the Clyde was yet tormented by man and horse where ships now ride at anchor, was hurrying, jostling, trampling upon in Jamaica street and Buchanan street and their busy thoroughfares; but within our quarter were the stillness and dimness, the cold, lofty, classic repose of the noble college to which a professor's house was in immediate vicinity.

The room, large, low-roofed, with small, peaked windows, had not been built in modern times. The furniture was all most in keeping: roomy settees, broad, plain ribbed back chairs, with faded velvet covers, the task of fingers crumpled into dust, heavy bookcases loaded with proportionately ponderous or curiously quaint volumes, and mirrors, with their frames like coffers, covered with black velvet and relieved by gilding.

The only fresh and fragrant thing in the room—yes, or in the house, where master and mistress and servants were old and withered, with chilled blood and sanded steps—was a young girl seated on a window-seat, her hands lightly crossed, watching the white clouds in the July sky, white, though a thing else in Glasgow is so, and the air is heavy with perpetual smoke and vapor.

That girl, too broad browed and large eyed for mere youthfulness, but with such an arch, delicate, girlish mouth and chin as betokened her a frank, unsophisticated, merry child, after all, was Leslie Bower, the young daughter and only child of an erudite and venerated professor.

As Leslie had no brothers and no sisters, in a sense she had neither father nor mother, for Professor Bower was the son, husband, and father of his life, and he had so mightily a family of these, ancient and modern, that he had very little time or attention to spare for ties of the flesh. He was a mild, abstruse, engaged old man, flashing into energy and genius in his own field of learning, but in the world of ordinary humanity a body without a soul.

Professor Bower married late in life, well or ill, a timid, shrinking, English wife, who, removed from all early ties, was never mingling in Glasgow society, lapsed into a stillness as profound as his own.

Dr. Bower took little notice of his child; he had, what with duties and studies, no leisure: he read in his slippered morning gown, he read at meals, he read by his evening lamp; probably, if Mrs. Bower would confess it, he kept a volume under his pillow. No wonder he was a clear-eyed, poking, muttering old man, much more interested in Hannibal than in Buonaparte, regarding Leslie like the house, the yearly income, the rector, the students, the janitors, as one of many abstract, facts, with which he troubled himself as little as possible.

Mrs. Bower cared for Leslie's health and comfort with scrupulous, nervous exactness, but she was incapable of any other demonstration of regard; she was shy and egotistical as poor Louis XVI, and perhaps it would have demanded as tragic domestic revolution to have stirred her up to lively tenderness. Leslie might have been as dubious as Marie Antoinette

of the amount of love entertained for her by her nearest kin, but curiously, though affectionate and passionate enough to have been the pure and innocent child of some fiery Jacobin, she had not vexed herself about this mystery. One sees every day lush purple and rose-colored plants growing in unaccountable shade; true, their associates are pale and drooping, and the growth of the hardier is treacherous, and may distil poison, but the evil principle is gradual, and after conditions have been confirmed and matured.

The stronger portion of Leslie's nature which required abundant and invigorating food, was slow of development; the lighter side flourished in the silent, dull house, where nothing else courted the sunbeam. In her childhood and girlhood, Leslie had gone out to school, and at which always somewhat marked and individual in character, she had companions, friends, sufficient sympathy and intercourse for an independent, buoyant nature at the most plastic period of its existence. The stage of life was but lately left behind: Leslie had not long learned that now she was removed from classes and masters, and must in a great measure confine her acquaintances to those who returned her visits at her father's house; and did not suit their habits, she must resign her little world, and be almost as quiet and solitary as her elders. Leslie had just begun to sigh a little for the old changed, lasting classrooms, which she had lightly entered, and was active by fits and starts in numerous self-edited occupations which could put former ones out of her head, and fill up the great gaps in her time and thoughts, for she was not inclined to sit down under a dull study, but instinctively marked with first in the thousand ways.

Thus Leslie had her flower painting, her natural flowers she saw poor girls and boys, wasted years, egg shells, broken embryos, pieces, empty birds and looks—the last greatly beloved. She did not assist her mother, because, although their household was limited, Mrs. Bower's quiet, methodical plans were perfect and she gently declined all interference with her daily round. Neither did Leslie work for her father, because the professor would as soon have hired an employe her carny bird. She was thoughtful and pains-taking for the poor, because, though accustomed to a species of almsgiving, she heard nothing saw nothing of nearer or higher association with her neighbors. Yet there was capacity enough in that heart and brain for good or for evil.

So Leslie sat there, pausing in her sewing, and gazing idly at the sky, with a girl's quick persistency and thick-coming fancies.

"How blue it was yonder! What glorious clouds! Yet the world below was rather stupid and tiresome, and was hard to say what people toiled so ardently for. There were other lands and other people; should she ever see them? Surely, for she was quite young. She wished they could go in summer down the water, out of this din and dust, to some coast village or lonely lake, to some wild purple mountains, such as she had seen when with Mrs. Elliot; papa might spare a few weeks, as poor people did; they had no holidays, and it was so hot and close, and always the same. But she supposed she must be contented, and go away to cool and compose herself in the crypt of their own cathedral. How grand it was; how solemn, the aisles and arches on every side, like forest trees; and then the monuments! What stories she invented for them, and St. Mungo's Well. St. Mungo, austere, yet beneficent; with bare feet cowed head, scarred back and hardest of all, swept and garnished heart, with his fruitful blessing. 'Let Glasgow flourish!' What would St. Mungo think now of the city of the tree, the fish and the bell?"

This hour, venerable, beautiful feat of art was to the imprisoned Glasgow girl as St. Paul's to such another isolated, imaginative nature.

There was a knock at the street door, a very decided application of the queer, twisted knocker. Leslie roused herself; not a beggar's tap that; none of the janitors; and this was not Dr. Murdoch or Dr. Ware's hour; the girl was accurate in time and footsteps. Some one was shown in; a man's voice was heard greeting "Dr. Bower" before the study door was closed. Leslie started up with pleased surprise—"Doctor Garret of Oter!" he will come up stairs to see us; he will tell us how the country is looking; he will bring us news from Ferndean; and for the next hour she sat in happy, patient expectation.

"Mrs. Bower, a fair, faded, grave woman, came into the room, and sat down with her needlework in the other window. "Mamma," exclaimed Leslie, "do you know that Hector Garret of Oter is down stairs with papa?"

"Yes, Leslie."

"He never fails to ask for us; don't you think we'll see him by and by?"

"I do not know; it depends upon his engagements."

"I wonder what brings him to Glasgow just now; he must find it so much more agreeable at home," with a little sigh.

"Leslie, I don't think you have anything to do that."

"No, certainly; Hector Garret and I are two very different persons."

"Leslie!"

"Well, mamma."

"I wish you would not say Hector Garret, it does offend proper in a girl like you."

"I suppose it does not. He must have been a grown-up man when I was a child. I have caught the habit from papa, but I have not the least inclination to use the name to his face."

"I should think not, Leslie," and the conversation dropped.

Presently the stranger entered deliberately; a tall, fair, handsome man of eight-and-thirty or forty, with one of those cool, intellectual, serene eyes, in which there is a chill harmony, and which are types of a calm temperament or an extinct volcano. Perhaps it was that east of countenance which recommended him to the Bowers; yet Leslie was dark, bright and variable.

The visitor brought a gift in his hand—a basket of flowers and summer fruit, which Leslie eagerly received, while she struggled in vain to look up to him, obliged, and not irritably elated.

"So kind of you to trouble yourself! Such a beautiful flower—red roses and hawthorn—I like so much to have them, though they wither very soon. I dare say they grew where?"

"Fairies light, On Castles Downside lanes." (Hector was becoming famous and Leslie had picked up the lines somewhere.) And the strawberries, oh, they must be from Ferndean."

The beaver nodded and smiled.

"I knew it by instinct," and Leslie, leaning eating them like a tempered child, staining her pretty lips. "Those old roses on each side of the summer house where papa first learned his lessons—wonder if there are jack-laws there still, would you have some?"

"No, thank you. What a memory you have, Miss Bower!"

"Ferndean is very stiff and helpless from rheumatism, he talks of it sometimes. It is so long ago, he was so different then."

Mr. Garret and Mrs. Bower exchanged a few civil words on his journey, the spring water, the state of the war, soon exhausted, as two taciturn people who force their speeches; then he became Leslie's property, sat down beside her, watched her arranging her flowers, helped her a little, and spoke now and then in answer to her questions, and that was sufficient.

Hector Garret was particularly struck this evening with the incongruity of Leslie's presence in the Professor's dry, silent, scholastic home—her unassuming, shad existence, her want of natural associations, her separation from fitting companionship. He pondered upon her future; he was well acquainted with her prospects; he knew much better than she did that the money with which his father had bought up the mortgages on Ferndean, and finally the estate itself, was drained and scattered long ago, and that the miserable annuity upon which the Professor rested peacefully as a provision for his widow and child, died with the former. It was hard of evidence that a man should be so regardless of his own family, but philosophy, Epicurean in its tendency, though it was but a student's self-indulgence—the echo of his mystic, sublime discourses of the Greek prophets, the faint but sacred trace of march of vast armies, and the fall of nations, caused Leslie to quiver into a mere speck in the creation. Of course she would be provided for somehow; marry, or make her own livelihood. So earnest did not plague himself much about the fate of Xantippe; Seneca wrote from his exile to console his mother, but the epistles were for the benefit of the world at large, and destined to descend to future generations of barbarians.

met. She was glad to see Hector Garret, even if he did not bring a breath of the country with him. She parted from him with a sense of loss—a passing sadness that hung upon her for an hour or two, like the vapor on the river, which waxes the green boughs and waving woods, and sighs sluggishly past wharves and warehouses.

It was a still greater surprise to Leslie when Hector Garret came again the next evening. He had never been with them on two successive days. She had judged him back in Yorkshire, although he had not distinctly referred to his speedy return. But he was here, and Leslie entertained him as usual.

"Should not you like to see Ferndean?" inquired Hector Garret.

"Don't speak of it," Leslie exclaimed soberly; "it would be the two greatest happiness for this world."

"Why, what sort of a dismal place do you think the world?"

"Too good a place for you and me," Leslie answered evasively, and with a touch of fun.

But this is the very reason for Ferndean and Oter, when the pasture is gay as a garden, and you can have boating every day in the creeks, more sheltered than the moorland lakes."

The tears came into Leslie's eyes.

"I think it is unkind of Mr. Garret, to tempt me with such pictures," she answered, half pettishly.

"I mean to be kind," he responded quickly. "I may err, but I can take refuge in my intentions. You may see Ferndean and Oter, if you can consent to go there, and dwell there as a young man's friend and wife."

Leslie started violently, and the blood rushed over her face.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you don't mean?"

"I do mean it, Leslie, as the best for both of us; an I ask you plainly and directly to marry me, if you agree. I hope and trust that you will never regret it."

Leslie trembled very much. She said afterwards that she pinched her arm to satisfy herself that she was awake, but she was not quite overcome.

"I was never addressed so before. I do not know what to say. You are very good, but I am not fit."

He interrupted her—and with yells and protestations, but resolutely and convincingly.

"I am the best judge of your fitness, you must judge for yourself also. I am certain of your father's and mother's acquiescence, so I do not mention them. But do not hurry; take time, consult your own heart; consider the whole matter. I will not press for your decision. I will wait weeks. I will go down to Oter in the mean time, if you prefer it. But if you do say yes, remember, dear Leslie, your father upon me the greatest boon that a woman can bestow on a man, and I think I am capable of appreciating it."

He spoke with singular impartiality, but without reassuring his hearer. Leslie looked helplessly up to him, excited and distressed.

He smiled a little, and sighed a brief sigh.

Why Don't You Learn a Trade?

This question was propounded, in our hearing a few days since, to a young man who had been for several months unsuccessfully seeking employment as a clerk or salesman in one of our leading houses. Complaining of his ill luck, one of his friends who knew he had mechanical talent, and doubted whether he could make himself useful either as a clerk or salesman, put the interrogatory to him which we have placed as the caption of this article. The reply was, that a trade was not so respectable as a mercantile occupation under the delusive idea, our stores are crowded with young men who have no capacity for business, and who, because of their fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste away their minority upon their salaries which cannot possibly liquidate their expenditures.

Late, too late in life, they discover their error, and before they reach the age of thirty, many of them look with envy upon the thrifty mechanic whom they were accustomed to deride. The false views of responsibility which prevail in the so-called fashionable society of the present day, have ruined thousands of young men, and will ruin thousands more.

OUR MISTAKES ABOUT EACH OTHER.

Not one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could all see ourselves as others see us, our self estimates would in all probability be much more erroneous than they now are. The truth is that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, no one of which is correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy, spectacle and eyes, and utterly prevent us from observing accurately. Many whom we consider the porpoise of human life are men so dirt and a still greater number of them so put down in our "black books," are no further off from heaven, and perchance a little nearer than the coppers who damn them.

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"I'M MUSTERED OUT."

"The price, and point, and circumstance Of glorious war" at length are done: "Othello's occupation's gone." I wish my limbs and nose about— Also! also! I'm mustered out.

I joined the service with the thought To quit it with a warrior's name: For this I struggled, fought, fought, All hounding with audacious flame. My dreams of fame are o'er I doubt, For now, alas! I'm mustered out.

Remember the hour I farrowed the stars! The sparkling leaves, the eagle too! I love you all, ye gifts of Mars, And did you now a sad address— I'm mustered out for the quick route— I'm mustered out! I'm mustered out!

No more for me the grand array, The drill, review, the drum parade— The fever of the marching fray— The contest force of ball and blade, The soldier's song, the trooper's shout— No more for me— I'm mustered out.

The tale, the song, the forward roar Will pass no more the campfire, round The tent to "sit" and "sit" no more— Shall "Comrades" be our shout, and "Why could it be that I'm mustered out? Othello! I'm— I'm mustered out!"

No battle now, but that of life— (To fight the rest I'll mustered out) Sweet this I'll say, and bid you bid— But now I forsake me think of her, My hopes are o'er—I'm mustered out.

Cory O'Lanus on Family Affairs.

The Brooklyn Eagle has a correspondent who knows a thing or two. Hear him:

It is a good thing for a man to pay attention to his family.

Provided he has one.

Married men generally have. So have I.

It is the natural consequence of getting married.

Families, like everything else, are more expensive than they used to be—Shoes and clothes cost a sight now a-days, and children have mostly good at peitits.

Must have boys will be boys. They can't help it. They were born so. It is their destiny to tear their trousers, and wear out two pairs of boots per month; keeping their ma constantly employed like a besieged garrison repairing breeches, and their unfortunate pa paying out currency under strong conviction that there is nothing like "leather" to wear out.

I tried copper-toed boots on my heir. The copper wore well, and I have an idea that copper boots would be a good idea, but I couldn't find a metallic shoemaker to carry it out.

Mrs. O'L also became attached to copper, and thought it would be an improvement, and save sewing of boys' pantaloons, were, like ships and teakettles, copper-bottomed. The suggestion was A No. 1, but we haven't tried it yet.

Copper so ran in my head at the time that O'Pake called me a copperhead.

This was the origin of the term.

Mrs. O'L is a managing woman. She makes trousers for our son, Alexander. Theoretically, out of mine, when I've done with them. He can get through three pair to my one, ordinarily, and I am obliged to wear out my clothes faster than I used to keep him supplied.

I once suggested that it might be within the resources of art and industry to make him a pair out of new material.

O'Pake said positively that it couldn't be done. It would ruin us. She concluded it was cheaper to cut up a pair I had paid twelve dollars for.

I subsequently found upon inquiry that new cloth for that purpose could have been bought for about two dollars.

I ventured to tell Mrs. O'L, expecting a triumph of m.l. foresight over female lack of judgment.

She gave me a look of scorn as she wanted to know if I had asked the price of "trimmings."

"Trimmings were too much for me. I have been afraid of trimmings ever since."

In addition to clothes, the scion of our house runs up other expenses.

But what is the expense compared with the joy a father feels, when after a day's laborious exercise at the office, wrestling with a steel pen, he returns to his domestic retreat, and is met at the gate by a smiling cherubim, who, in tones that go to his fond parent's heart, and makes him forget his troubles, with "Hallo, pa, give me a penny."

Your hand immediately goes to the seat of your affections—your pocket—and draws forth the coveted coin, which is promptly invested in noisettes candy.

About the hardest case ever heard of was a murderer named Stone, executed many years since in Exeter. Just before the rope was placed around his neck, he requested the sheriff to give him a mug of ale. The request being promptly attended to, he took the cup, and commenced blowing the froth from the ale. "What are you doing that for?" nervously asked the sheriff. "Because," returned the perfect wretch, "I don't think froth is healthy."

HIS LAST BOW.—"My dearest uncle, says a humorous writer, 'of the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sank. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, when you please excuse me, and down he went.'"

Singular Freak of a Lunatic.

Has any one noticed the miniature fort at the top of Blackwell's Island to the north of the Lunatic Asylum? It is the work of an insane man, who spent half of his life upon it. He lost his mind in Mexico, where high private were in demand, and just escaped being Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Parrot, or Whitworth by going crazy. Gunnery was what ailed him—and fortifications. As he was found to be quite hopeless and obedient to his manomania, they gave him entrenchment tools and told him to fortify the Island. He took the geographical bearings with the accuracy of a West Pointer, and concluded that if any attack would be made it would come from the South. So he devised a sea cove battery with bomb-proofs, and braced by a 67 ft. wall, and gates, and mounting heavy ordnance. There never was a more patient worker for lunaticity or patriotism than this poor addle head. Nobody else being issued upon the same point he could get no assistance. All the other manomaniacs had oil on the brain, or poetry, or capital punishment, or negro suffrage, and were quite as devoted and zealous as he upon their several claims.

So the old soldier, with a long sigh and a brave heart, took up his single shovel and commenced to build the whole fort by himself. He wheeled barrow after barrow of earth into the sea, tugging from morning till night, until at last he raised a narrow causeway from the mainland to a rock at the end of a long sand bar. With pebbles and stones from the river, he walled this causeway until it became permanent. All this was not a month, or a year's work; year after year passed over his gray hairs, but he kept on wheeling, wheeling. The great city, or the greater island needed protection, and he was making the rocks. So he went on like the men who threw up the Charleston redoubts, and for fear that he might be late to his task he left his bed in the Asylum altogether and built himself a hut close by his place of labor. Here he slept and dwelt, in company only of his assuring conscience; and at last when his path was done, he set to work at his fort like "leather" to wear out.

The result of all these years is before us. His battery is sanded green, with parapet, beam, ditch, magazine, revetments, abatis, and mounds Mock an, Quaker guns, upon carriages of capital construction; looking up from the Spauld toward Hell Gate, like real barriers of dominion. The lunatic is worn and falling, but he is not satisfied. His fort is done, but not his whole duty. So he has projected a water battery and sea wall around the entire Island and means to bring to bear upon all the knowledge Vanban and Tullbeen. When the Island is impregnable he will wrap his mantle about him and die at his battery.

For the truth of all this story let any one passing up the East river look upon the Island pit, and see an old man ditch upon and building, and the little fort close by him bristling with pop guns.

FASHION CRITICISMS.

The Bath Courier gets off the following: "We are about to say a few words which we beg our lady readers not to read. It is not intended for them all. 'Twenty years ago!' There's music in these words. Twenty years ago we saw sights that would look queer now. Possibly it may have been an illusion, incident to tangled vision. Our good mothers and grandmothers used to fold together the corners of a bandanna handkerchief, and placing it on their heads, tie the other two corners under the chin. It made a warm, substantial covering for the head, at an expense of about eighteen pence. The same fashion prevails to day only yesterday a little three cornered 'love' of a something, that protected the lady's head neither from rain, heat nor cold. It was charming, only cost eighteen dollars. A wad of somebody else's hair depending from the rear, by a small pike pole with a bombshell at either end. Modesty remarked that she had named this modern pouf proof a 'water fall!'

Two weeks ago on Sunday we rode out of church on a splendid silk robe, drawn by a lady full six feet distant. We tried our best to avoid the necessity, but she insisted—it was all the style! Mantally, we replied: 'Where's the use of street cars?'

Twenty years ago it was understood to be fashionable to wear short night gowns of 10 P. M. to 6 A. M., or thereabouts. Transpose P. M. and A. M., leaving the figures where they are, and you get the remainder of the day. "Loose socks" are beautiful.

BEAUTY IN WOMEN.—A beautiful face and figure are the two things in a