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HOOFLAND'S BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

Hoofland's German Tonic.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Great Remedies for all Diseases

OF THE

LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, *Extracts*) of Roots, Herbs and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely *free from Alcoholic admixture of any kind.*

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum*, Orange, etc., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use

Hoofland's German Bitters.

In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholic stimulus is necessary,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

should be used.

The Bitters or the Tonic are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The result of which is, that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh; Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from any Cause whatever; PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole System, the Appetite is Strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

Persons Advanced in Life,

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes:

Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly,

GEO. W. WOODWARD."

Hon. James Thompson.

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1866.

"I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a *valuable medicine* in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,

Eighth, below Coates St.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall,

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly,

E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. EVANS,
German Druggist, Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle	$1 00
" " " half dozen	5 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles,	1 50
per bottle, or a half dozen for	7 50

☞ **Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.**

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 68. Carlisle, Pa., Friday, January 17, 1868. NO. 3.

RHEEM & DUNBAR, Editors and Proprietors.

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sept27 67-6m*

J. M. WEAKLY. W. F. SADLER.

WEAKLEY & SADLER.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office No. 16 South Hanover street Carlisle Pa.
nov15-67.

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HUMRICH & PARKER.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main St., in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

G. M. BELTZHOOVER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. ☞Prompt attention given to all business in Jefferson County and the Counties adjoining it.
January 10, 1866.—1 y.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney at Law Office in South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's dry good store Carlisle, Pa.
September 9, 1864.

JAMES A. DUNBAR, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office in No. 7, Rheem's Hall
July 1, 1864—1y.

J. B. ZEIGLER Attorney at Law, Saint Paul Minnesota. Communications from e East properly responded to.
3jan-3m *.

J. D. ADAIR, Attorney At Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office with A. B. Sharpe, Esq., No. 17, South Hanover Street.
May 17—1y.

JOSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Rail Road Street, two doors north of the Bank.
☞Business promptly attended to.
July 1, 1864.

JNO. C. GRAHAM, *Attorney at Law*, Carlisle, Pa. Office formerly occupied by Judge Graham, South Hanover street.
September 1, 1865.

J. R. MILLER Attorney at Law. Office in Hannon's building immediately opposite the Court House.
29nov 67-1y.

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in the room formerly occupied by Judge Graham.
July 1, 1864—1y.

M. C. HERMAN, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. No. 9 Rheem's Hall.
July 1, 1864—1y.

SAMUEL HEPBURN, Jr., Attorney at Law. Office with Hon. Samuel Hepburn. Main St. Carlisle Pa,
July 1, 1864.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Attorney at, Law, No. 7 South Market Square, Carlisle, Penna.
April 19, 1867—1y.

WM. B. BUTLER, Attorney at Law and United States Claim Agent, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail will receive immediate attention, and the proper blanks forwarded.

No fee required until the claim is settled.
Feb. 14th, 1867—tf.

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, Dentist, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

☞Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford.
July 1, 1864.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
DENTIST.
Office at his residence opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Pa.
July 1, 1854.

DR. HARTZELL, Allopathic Physician and Accoucheur, having permanently located in Leesburg, Cumberland county, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the public.—Special attention given to diseases of women and children.

REFERENCES.

JOHN G. OLICK M. D. Waynesboro,
Dr. SAMUEL G. LANE, Chambersburg.
Hon. ED. McPHERSON, Gettysburg,
ISAAC SNIVELY, M. D. Waynesboro.
S. D. FROUTZ, Waynesboro.

N. B. Always found in his office when not otherwise professionally engaged. June 21—tf.

HATS AND CAPS.

HATS AND CAPS,

Do you want a nice Hat or Cap?

If so, don't fail to call on

J. G. CALLIO,

No. 29, West Main Street,

Where can be seen the finest assortment of

HATS AND CAPS,

ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in inviting his old friends and Customers, and all new ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of fine

SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS,

Besides an endless variety of Hats and Caps of the latest style, all of which he will sell at the Lowest Cash Prices. Also, his own manufacture of Hats always on hand, and

Hats Manufactured to Order.

He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats and all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of choice brands of

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

Always on hand. He desires to call the attention of persons who have

COUNTRY FURS

To sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the same,

Give him a call, at the above number, his old stand, as he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.
july14 67.

FRESH ARRIVAL

Of all the New Spring Styles of

HATS AND CAPS.

The Subscriber has just opened, at No. 15 North Hanover St., a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best stock of HATS & CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.

Silk Hats, Cassimeres of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made. The Dunkard and old fashioned brush, kept constantly on hand and made to order; all warranted to give satisfaction. A full assortment of STRAW HATS, Men's boy's and children's fancy.

I have also added to my stock, Notions of different kinds, consisting of Ladies and Gent's Stockings, Neck-Ties, Gloves, Pencils, Thread, Sewing Silks, Suspenders, Umbrellas, &c., Prime Segars and Tobacco, always on hand.

Give me a call and examine my stock, as I feel confident of pleasing, besides saving you money.

JOHN A. KELLER, Agt.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,

WITH THEIR
Entire Importation
ARE NOW READY
OF
CHRISTMAS GOODS

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON, to which they most respectfully invite the attention of those visiting Philadelphia, suggesting an early call, before the choicest articles are selected, and the hurry of Holiday business prevents that careful attention they desire extended to all their visitors. The stock of

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE
PLATED GOODS, CLOCKS, BRONZES,
and EUROPEAN NOVELTIES,

Of every description, offered this season by this House, exceeds in richness, variety and beauty, the efforts of any previous year. An examination of our goods cannot but prove interesting to parties from the country, who are most cordially invited to visit our establishment. All orders by letter, or inquiries respecting goods and prices, will receive careful and prompt attention. Goods carefully packed and forwarded.—PRICES GREATLY REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,
Jewelers and Silversmiths,
No 822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
10dec1867. [Sept 3m.]

SELECT TALE.

THE TRAGEDY OF A DAY.

BY ANNIE F. BURBANK.

"O to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?"

"I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men besides seem to me like shadow—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true."

All through that long July day, as Eunice Howland paced back and forth, across the schoolroom floor, heated, wearied and worn, the tall mansion of Squire Morrison loomed up before his eyes. In the distant it seemed cool, inviting and sweet, its white sides gleaming out from the shadows of stately oaks and elms. She could see the network of gravelled paths cross and recross the spacious grounds, the blossoming shrubs dotted about here and there, and once in a while catch a glimpse of little Gertie Morrison, as she swung back and forth beneath the trees.

Looking the white village over, she could not see so fine a residence as this; and a flush, something very like pride, rose to her cheek at the thought that, if she so willed, it might be all her own. She was nothing but a poor girl; a poor, proud girl, perhaps I should say, teaching from day to day to earn the bread she ate and the clothes she wore. Her father, one of those men that we call luckless, because every thing that his hands touched, or brain devised, utterly failed, lived on a poor, stony, poverty-stricken patch of land two or three miles from the village, just managing the year through to keep his family from starvation.

Eunice, in some way, she could hardly tell herself how, had gotten free from the unlucky home circle. By dint of hard, preserving study, she had scraped together knowledge enough to teach the village school the year through, summer and winter. Once out of the immediate influences of grinding, narrowing poverty, she developed rapidly. Mentally, she found breathing space, and from a shy, reticent, I almost said stupid girl, grew to a dignified, thoughtful young woman. Comely, too, in looks, with clear, dark face, well-defined features, scarlet lips, and sunny brown hair, and a straight, well-rounded figure.

Looking over her life, as she did repeatedly that day, it is not to be wondered at that the girl's eyes brightened, and her cheeks flushed hotly, thinking of the conquest she had made; for Squire Morrison, who had asked her to be his wife, was the wealthiest man in the village, nay, in the whole county; a dozen of young ladies would have gladly become mistress of his home, if not his heart. That night he was coming for his answer, and so it was that the day through she hesitated. Hesitated, for in her heart she had no love for him; her pride and vanity alone was touched, but the better part of her nature was not gladdened or warmed. She was weary; this man could give her rest. Her people were poor, at times so very poor; if she became his wife, her purse would be well filled. Her brothers and sisters were growing up ignorant and uneducated; here was a chance close at hand whereby she might give them aid.

On the other side—and her breath came in quick, short gasps, while thinking of it—she had a lover, in every way her equal; a young man with brown face and hands, 'tis true, but brave, manly, and thoroughly devoted to her. From the same window, back of her desk, her eyes took in the two homes: one tall, grand and stately, with its wealth of lands lying even and smooth as far as the eye could reach; the other a small weather-stained cottage, with lilac and rose-bushes to guard it! In one she could sit in white-handed ease, dressed in silks, jewels and laces, her carriage and servants at her command; in white embroidered morning-gowns she could walk up and down the gravelled paths, with no cringing thought of labor to disturb or distress her. She could have books to read without stint, pictures to look upon, velvet carpets upon which to walk, and more than all—and she tried hard to make herself believe that this was the paramount thought—she could help her poor people at home! In the weather-stained house, with its three or four rooms, she should have, well, first of all, Mark! dear, good, true Mark—but there would be floors to scrub, dishes to wash, paint to keep clean, and Monday's washing to do. No fine dresses there, no luxury, no ease; but close economy, a little better than that which she had known, perhaps, but still close, for Mark had his widowed mother to take care of. There would be the old turning-upside-down, downside-up, and inside-out of dresses; the making over of old clothes, the patching, scrimping and managing, which she had known only to hate. No help for the boys and girls at home, nothing beyond bread and meat, if they were starving.

So she went over the ground, times without number, the day through, sometimes determining, with a firm-set mouth, to become mistress of the fine mansion, and then again vowing to cling to Mark's love, no matter what temptations arose in her path.

At last the first class stood up to spell, and walking up and down before it, book in hand, Eunice almost forgot where she was. A shadow fell across the open door, and looking up, she saw Mark Brown, dressed in his Sunday suit, his forefinger pressed roughishly upon his lip.

"Strange that he should come!" she thought, "when she looking for Squire Morrison."

She turned her face away from him resolutely, and went on with her lesson. Between them there was a little need of ceremony; they understood each other too well for that.

"It has been a hard day for you," he said, looking into her feverish face, while the noisy group bounded out of doors at the welcome word "dismissed."

"Yes;" with a little sigh, thinking to herself that he might never know just how hard.

"Sit here," he said, placing her a chair, "while I get your hat and shawl. I wish I had a carriage to take you home."

"A carriage," she repeated, smiling that he should strike the tenor of her thoughts so perfectly. "I wish so, too, Mark."

His handsome face lightened a little.

"It will all come in good time, Eunice," he said, hopefully, caressing her glossy brown hair. "If I haven't that, I can save you a little labor by fastening the windows, locking your desks, and afterwards—why her's my arm to lean upon as we take the cross-cut home, by the grove."

"You are so good, Mark."

This to him, in a low, earnest voice, and yet to herself a great deal more.

"What is it, Eunice? has any thing unusual occurred? You speak so oddly."

"Do I?" quite ignoring the question, and turning her head that he might not see the blush that arose to her cheeks—"You've been having a holiday?" she added, quickly, taking her hat from his hand.

"Yes; as we walk across the field I'll tell you about it. But now let me say that, for some reason, I cannot tell what, you have not been out of my mind five minutes to-day."

She started and looked up nervously into his face. Did he know, had he heard of the Squire's proposal?

"To tell the truth, Eunice, I think you've passed enough of your time in this school-house, he said, turning the key in the lock. "Mother is getting old, and the old house is lonesome, it needs some one younger to look after it, and I think you'd better give up teaching and come home this fall."

Her heart fluttered strangely. Their path, widening across the green field, was nearing a swell of land that overlooked Squire Morrison's house and grounds. East of it Mark's brown cottage lay, small, poor and insignificant.

"Isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed.

"I think it can easily be made so," his eyes lightened up as he spoke.

"O!" said Eunice.

The young man looked into her face inquiringly.

"I was speaking of Squire Morrison's."

He was silent for a little and then said, as he bent down to snatch up a handfull of ox-eyed daisies—

"It has every thing to make it beautiful, but I'd sooner be Mark Brown in the poorest hut than the squire in all his luxury!"

"You would?"

"I would, and would'nt you, Eunice!"

"I don't know; huts and poverty go well enough in story books, but they have been too real in my life for me to admire them over much. I think, just now, Mark, I'd like a little taste of wealth and refinement, as a sort of a desert to a meal."

"Refinement and wealth do not always go in pairs," he said, adding, impulsively, "thank God for that!"

"Again there was silence."

Mark walked along with his eyes bent upon the ground. Eunice studied his face eagerly, the clear, honest face with its bright hopeful look a little subdued now. Should she tell him, then and there, of what she had been thinking that day? Just how she had been tempted, and so put it out of her power to be tempted longer. Would he care for her when he knew that she stood, like an idle woman at her shopping, comparing his love, rich, great and true, with a glittering, vain show that the years would leave a miserable ruin at her feet? Besides, would not confiding in him be making a decision, and was she ready to decide then? No, she would give herself a little farther time; she would warm herself in the sunshine of this man's heart a little longer, and then if duty to herself and her family demanded that she should turn from him, she would never, never look back again.

"Duty!" She said the word to herself several times, trying to believe that if she made this choice it would be in the martyr spirit, and wholly unselfish.

While these thoughts were in her mind they neared the road, which for a little, lay beneath the shadow of heavy trees.

"This place is always rest for me," she said, brightly, putting all disagreeable subjects away from her. "Its always cool and fresh and sweet here."

Mark's face reflected the light of hers. "Sit down here and rest for a few minutes," he said, placing his hand upon her arm. From her arm his hand slipped to hers, and they sat down side by side upon the gnarled roots of an old tree.

"We won't talk in that way any more, will we, Eunice?" he said, like a child, his eyes fairly filling with tears.

She patted his hand. Why did he revert to the hateful subject?

"Never mind," she said, smiling, "you had something to tell me."

"I had quite forgotten it, and now it seems hardly worth noticing. It's nothing; only I went over to Archer to-day."

"And got your photograph? O, Mark: I'm so glad!"

Her face was all aglow, and the young man, not comprehending her mood, looked at her wonderingly.

"You are nervous," he said, placing the little proof-picture in her outstretched hand.

"It isn't quite you, Mark; these likenesses never quite satisfy one, you know. They are like corpses with the one unchanging look stamped upon them. Nevertheless I'm very glad to get this," she added quickly, seeing that his face wore a serious look.

"Yes, I know, Eunice."

"Do you know, Mark, that I think you ought to have been an artist?"

"If I ought to have been, or ought to be, I shall be," he said confidently. "I am young yet, and our talents won't bury themselves. It'll all come about in God's good time. We'll do the best we can, and wait."

Wait! Ah, there was the rub! Has she not waited for years, and only kept on the same way, the poor, grinding way of toil and poverty,

"If one can only wait patiently," she sighed.

"*Two* can, if one cannot. We are very strong together, Eunice. Love gives everybody strength. If I hadn't you I should be hopeless, at times, and should not care which way the world went."

While he said this she was plucking at the night-green moss, which clung to the roots of the old trees. She almost wished for the moment that he did not love her quite so well. It would wreck and blacken his whole life. The sound of carriage wheels aroused her. She started up, knowing, intuitively, what presence was nearing them.

"I ought to go home; I have an engagement to-night."

She did not mean to say this, but it escaped from her in the moment's confusion.

"An engagement?" wonderingly.

It was an odd thing for Eunice to speak of engagements. He did not question her, but arose to his feet, saying something about going after pond lillies with the boys.

Just then Squire Morrison whirled by. He lifted his hat with his white hand as he passed. A deep blush overspread the girl's face but she did not look at Mark.

"It's late to go on the pond," she said, trying to speak indifferently. "I believe I can see a cloud through the trees—don't go to-night.

"I shall go," in a low tone.

"Well, then, good-by; you must not accompany me any farther."

"Good-by," just touching her fingers, and turning from her, down the path.

She did not move from the spot where she was standing. Her heart grew heavy as lead. When should she see him again? How would they meet after that hour?

"Mark, dear Mark," she cried, springing after him.

"What is it, Eunice?" coming sedately back to her.

"Nothing, nothing, only don't go in that way,—good night better. I love you, Mark."

He held her face for a minute tenderly between his hands and looked down into her wet eyes.

"Good-night, my darling. God keep you—good-night!"

The storm rolled up black and heavy from the west, but it did not detain Squire Morrison at home. Carefully dressed, cane in hand, he went down the village street to Eunice Howland's boarding place. She, poor thing, sat in her room, watching the inky clouds with feverish anxiety, and peering into the gathering darkness towards the pond that lay south of the village. Just as the fury of the cloud burst in wind and rain, shaking at the windows, flinging back shutters spitefully, and carrying great blinding clouds of dust before it, her middle-aged aristocratic suitor gained the house.

"If he were only in Mark's place," she thought, little knowing the substance of her wish.

"The storm is fearful," he said, taking her cold hand and leading her courteously to a seat.

There was a protecting tenderness in his manner that touched her. She looked up into his face, hardly knowing what she was doing, and then, dropped her eyes timidly before him. The man of the world was charmed.

"She was trying to read his heart," he thought, "and he had gotten what—a glimpse of her beautiful eyes!"

He talked soothingly to her in a gentle, well modulated voice, never once alluding to the subject which was uppermost in his mind, until the wind lulled away to a whisper, and there was a glimmer of light in the west. Then he said, taking her hand—

"Have you decided—will you be my wife, Eunice?"

She had been sitting quietly beside him her white face half turned from his gaze—going over the old ground again, weighing his wealth and position with the priceless treasure of Mark Brown's love. Things seemed terribly mixed to her; there was a dim mist floating before her eyes, and she was like one in a dream. His question, like a sharp blade, divided the darkness before her, and meeting the swite light she started to her feet. Squire Morrison looked at the transfigured face in wonder, almost in awe.

"What is it?" he asked, trying to arrest her eager gaze, which was fixed on something above and beyond him.

"Forgive me, sir," she said, sinking down, "but it has come to me—I cannot be your wife,"

She was trembling in every limb as she spoke.

"Why?"

She turned her eyes slowly to his face in a way that startled him, and said in a voice scarcely above a whisper, yet clear and distinct—

"Because I love Mark Browne and do not love you. In God's sight *I am his wife.*"

Just then there was a confused murmur of voices in the street. It came nearer—crying, moaning and lamenting. The Squire flung by the shutters. Three men were carrying a burden, followed by a little crowd of men, women and children.

At that moment a saffron light shot out from the west, showing the white, dead face of Mark Browne.

"Drowned in the pond when the storm first broke. He was out after lilies," a voice said.

And they passed on.

MEN WHO WIN WOMEN.—God has so made the sexes that women like children, cling to men; lean upon them for protection, care and love; look up to them as though they were superior in mind and body. They make them the suns of their system, and they and their children revolve around them. Men are gods, it they but knew it, and women burning incense at their shrines. Women, therefore who have good minds and pure hearts want men to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a liar, a fool, or a libertine. If a man would have a woman to do him homage he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but polite, because his heart is full of kindness to all; one who treats her with respect, even deference because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level if his mind is above hers; who is never over anxious to please; but always anxious to do right; who has no time to be frivolous with her; always dignified in speech and act; who never spends too much upon her; who never yields to temptation, even if she puts in his way; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, whether she encourages him or not; who is never familiar with her to the extent of being an adopted brother or cousin; who is not over careful in dress; always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place of the man, the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy and industry, will win any woman in the wide world who is worth winning.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What a Little Boy thought about Things.

I am a little boy about so many years old; don't know whether I'm a good little boy, but I'm afraid not, for I sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut sister's kitten's tail off with a choppin'-knife, and told her a big dog came along and bit it off, and swallowed it down before she could say Jack Robinson, and sister said she was sorry, and it must have been a very naughty dog, but my mother didn't believe me, and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I'm afraid I had; so then she asked me if I knew where liars went to? and I said yes; that they went to New York and wrote for the newspapers; she said no—that they went to the bad place where there was lake of fire and brimstun', and she asked me if I would like to go there, and I said no! for I didn't think there'd be much skatin' and slidin' on *that* lake, and the boys couldn't snowball each other on the shore, and she said it was more than that, just as if that wasn't bad enough, for I don't think they can play base ball nuther; then she asked me if I wouldn't like to be an angel and have a harp I said no; I'd rather be a stage driver and have a big drum, for I couldn't play on t'other thing. So I shouldn't like to be an angel, for their wings must be in the way when they go swimin' and play tag and leap-frog; and besides it must be hard to fly when one ain't used to it. But it would be jolly to be a stage driver and have a long whip and touch up the leaders, and say g'lang there, where are ye goin' on! I should like that better'n flyin', and then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and brother Bob said that he guessed I was on it, and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper, but I didn't care about supper for they hadn't nothin' but bread and butter for tea, and Bob and I got up and he lifted me in at the pantry window, and we got a mince pie and a whole hatful of doughnuts and they thought it was the cook stole 'em and sent her away the next day, and Bob said he was glad of it for she didn't make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough, and sometimes I do swear, for I said by golly, the other day, and sister heard me, and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and she whipped me, but I don't think it done her gray hairs any good, and it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said gol darn it, but I said it so she didn't hear me, and when she asked me if I didn't think I was very wicked I said I was afraid I was, and was sorry for it and wouldn't do so any more, and then she said I was a good little boy and told me about George Washington, who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it, and owned up and said he did it with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn't heard all about it before, and didn't always think he was a big stupid for cuttin' wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dullin' his little hatchet, and besides, it would have been a great deal jollier to have let the tree be, so he could have stole off it in the fall, and I don't care if he was the Father of his Country, he wasn't smart, and I'll bet you the boys in our school would cheat him out of his eye-teeth swoppin' Jack-knives, and I could lick him and not hardly try, for I never saw a good little boy that wasn't always sick and had the mumps and the measles, and the scarlet fever, and wasn't coughin' all the while, and hadn't to take castor oil, and tar-water, and couldn't eat cherries, and didn't have his head patted till all the hair was rubbed off by everybody that came to his mother's and be asked how old he was, and who died to save sinners, and what he had been studyin' at school, and how far he'd got, and lots of other connundrums, and have to say his catechism, no I shouldn't like to be a good little boy, I'd just as lief be an angel and be done with it, but I don't think I ever shall be a good little boy, and other people don't think so too, for I never was called a good little boy but once, and that was when Uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him next head, and he said that was right, and he gave me a quarter, and asked me how many where in my class, and I said there was only two, myself and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back the quarter, but I wouldn't and he ran after me and stumbled over a chair and broke his cane, and hurt himself, and he's been lame ever since, and I'm glad of it for he isn't my father, and hasn't any right to lick me, for I get enough of that at home, and the quarter wasn't a good one either. I guess he knows it for he says I ain't like any of the family, and he expects I'll go to sea and be a pirate instead of a respectable member of society, and I shouldn't wonder, for I had rather be a pirate than a soap-boiler like him, and I don't care if he is rich, it's a nasty business, and I shant have to be a pirate either, for one can make money without that, and they're always talkin' to me about bein' rich and respectable, and goin to Congress, and being President and all that sort of things, but I don't want to be President, there's Lincoln, he was President, and I guess he's sorry for it now, and there's Andy Johnson, I guess he don't like it much either, and a feller doesn't have to be respectable to be a Congressman, there's John Morrissoy, made money, and he's gone to Congress, and he has nice curly hair and nice clothes, and he don't do any work either, I shouldn't like to be a fighter like he is, for I shouldn't like to have my nose smashed as his is, for it looks just like mother's big squash did after the cow bit a chunk out of it, but I should like to have curly hair, nice clothes and lots of money, and a cane, and have people look at me when I walk down the street, and say that's him, and I don't care who knows it, for I don't want to be a soap-boiler like Uncle John, or tanner like Uncle Hiram, and all the good people I know of are soap-boilers or tanners, except Mr. Stebbins and he's a school teacher, and that's worse than either, for he has to board round amongst the neighbors, and they never put apple sass on the table when he's at the house, I heard Miss Spriggins tell Aunt Polly so, they wait till he's gone to spellin' school or to see the minister's wife and talk about rheumatics and red flannel, and hot poultices for sore chests, and after he's gone they bring out the nice things, and eat 'em by themselves, with lots of pickles. He don't get anything but bread and cooking butter and stale doughnuts, that are left over from Saturday's bakin', oh, I know how them things are done, but there's Bob callin' me, and we are goin' a birds nesting, for I know where there's a yaller bird's nest chuck full of eggs, mother says the birds don't like it, and that I wouldn't like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird, but I ain't a bird you know, and that makes a difference, and if you want to print this you can, for next to bein' a stage driver and a pirate I'd like to be an editor, for you fellers don't have to tell the truth, and you can go to the circus without payin'.

JOHN PAUL.

How Tom Roused Her.

The wife of Tom Gordon is a victim to imagionary ailments, and is never so content as when living according to the directions of her medical adviser. Dr. Valentine now undstands her whims and oddities so well that he humors her in every caprice; if she imagines rheumatism is her complaint, he agrees with her, and prescribes some harmless potion; if she thinks her appetite decreasing, some bread pills kept her in good spirits until the fancied symptoms of some other disease induce her to send again for him.

During the last four years Tom has often wished that his wife would roll down stairs and break her foolish head, for the reason that the physician's and apothecary's bills made a serious inroad upon his income.

About three months ago she complained of a pain in her side, and, as usual, the doctor was summoned. After prescribing two or three bottles of different compounds—all harmless but rather expensive—he said:

"All you want to assist the medicine in effecting a cure is a little rousing. Although your ailment is serious, it is not dangerous. Assume a little energy and you will recover. Remember, rouse yourself."

After the doctor had retired, the patient fancied that at last some serious disease was beginning to manifest itself, and like a a little fool she went to bed in despair.

Tom understood the case thoroughly from long experience, and said mentally:

"She wants a rousing does she? well, I'll give her a surprise that will startle her."

Mrs. Hake, an attractive young widow, was engaged to act in the capacity of nurse to Mrs. G. The widow is young, buxom, aimiable, and Tom thought her attractive qualities might be made available in giving the patient the necessary rousing.

A short consultation with Mrs. Hake resulted in the arrangement of a plan, the execution of which was to induce Mrs. G. to forever afterwards throw physic to the dogs.

Late the next evening while the patient was fretting and groaning, and announcing her intention of giving up the ghost. Tom called Mrs. Hake aside and said to her in a pretended whisper, but loud enough to be heard by the invalid:

"Poor Fanny! she is about to die at last, and so you and I may as well arrange for our marriage."

Tom threw a glance over his shoulder as he spoke, and observed the dying patient cease her groaning, and began to rouse herself. Arising quickly to her sitting posture in the bed to note every word of the conversation, she stared at them with her eyes as big as small onions boiled.

"Twill be a relief to her," continued Tom, "for she has always been an invalid. I too, have suffered as well as she, but with you, the picture of health, as my wife, my happiness will be complete."

The widow threw herself upon Tom's shoulder, her arms about his neck, and began to chew his vest in mouthfuls to smother her laughter.

"How soon shall we get married after she is dead?" asked Tom, passing his arm around the widow's substantial waist.

"I suppose you will be willing to wait a week or two?', simpered Mrs. Hake, as she leaned her head on his shoulder and took another mouthful of vest.

The invalid uttered an exclamation, and landed on the floor.

"You think I am going to die, do you!" she exclaimed. "I'll live to spite you both! and for you"—she turned and grasped Mrs. Hake by the hair—"out of my house you designing vixen! I'll act my own nurse hereafter."

From that day to this, Mrs. G. has enjoyed good health, and Tom has enjoyed good spirits, because he has not had a doctor's bill to pay. He knew how to cure her; for she only needed rousing, and Tom "roused her."

The Canaan Child Murder.

HUDSON, Dec. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who were charged with the horrible crime at Canaan, have reached the Columbia County Jail. The prisoners were brought out this morning for a preliminary examination before Recorder Miller, District Attorney Welch appearing on behalf of the couple. After taking the testimony of Officer Kelley, further examination was postponed until Friday, January 8, to give time to send to Canaan, Hartford, Dayton and other places for the necessary witnesses.

Mrs. Brown appears to have had access to all the papers that have pubilshed reports of the affair, and the distorted statements of some of them seem to annoy her. She publishes the following card in the *Register* of this evening.

To the Editors of the Daily Register:

Sirs—That part of a statement published in the Albany *Argus* of to-day, headed "The Deed Confessed," is false. I have not made such confession; or any confession, except a voluntary statement to Sergeant Kelly, and a like statement to your reporter. It is also incorrect that I said my husband paid Mr Beale $100 at Canaan. He gave him $1 for to pay for stamps and other expenses incurred at the inquest.

(Signed) JOSEPHINE BROWN.

Statements of the Agent of the Insurance Company.

The article published in the Albany *Argus* of Monday morning, to which allusion is made in Mrs Brown's card, contains the following statements in addition to the report that the women had confessed that the child was murdered in order to procure the the insurance on her life.

Detective Kelley took to Hudson on Saturday Josephine Brown, the woman charged with complicity in the child burning affair at Canaan. Her husband was held over in this city but will probably be taken down to-day. Mrs. Brown is a woman of fine personal appearance, about 34 years of age and quite communicative. She is closely guarded in a private cell until the legal investigation can be held.

Dr. Carnel, of the Accidental Insurance Company, states from his investigation, there is no possible doubt of foul play, for when the body of the child was found in the closet, after the fire, the closet door was found to be locked, and it was discovered that the child had been wrapped in combustible materials, in order that there might be no chance of her escaping death, provided that death had not already taken place from the influence of some poison. The child was about twelve years of age and went by the name of Angeline Brown. She was remarkably bright and intelligent, and spoke French and German as the English language. She had been quite a pet among those who knew her at Canaan.—It seems that on the 13th of this month, while she residing with her pretended parents, and while they were both temporarily absent (a short distance only,) the houses in which they lived was discovered to be on fire. This was about 8,30 oclock in the evening. On breaking open the house, the fire was found to be confined to a small pantry, and the child was apparently fastened in and burned to death. The body was found in a forced or constrained position and was covered by a quantity of combustible material and rubbish, which had evidently been brought to the place and heaped on the body; the sides floor and ceiling of the narrow pantry were but slightly burned or not enough so, at least to account for the burning the child received; portions of the child's clothing now in the hands of the police, appears to have been highly saturated with turpentine instead of kerosene, and the kerosene lamp or the portion of it found show conclusively that there was no explosion of that instrument or of the kerosene can in the pantry.

The secret of the crime was that Brown had taken out an accident insurance policy on the child's life in the Hartford Company for $5,000. A jury of inquest, however found that the death was accidental, the supposition being that the child caught fire while in the act of filling a kerosene lamp. The insurance Company resolved to make a thorough investigation and they have done so.

The Deferred Wedding.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1867.

A semi-official announcement in all the morning papers, that Colonel Parker's wedding would certainly come off at the Church of the Epiphany, drew a large number of people to that edifice as early as ten o'clock this A. M., all anxious to get front seats to witness the ceremony of the dusky Indian warrior's wedding one of the fairest of the fair pale faces. The church had been opened to be decked in evergreen wreaths for the Chrismas festival. The Sexton soon soon informed the persons present that they were too late; that Colonel Parker was married last night. Quickly the news flew among the bidden and the unbidden guests, who sold for a second time, soon disappeared, muttering all kinds of hard things.

For nearly two hours did the crowd continue to ebb and flow, all anxious to see the ceremony, all, however, doomed to be disappointed and all chagrined, "Just to think of it," exclaimed a very ancient lady, "to fool everybody twice; but what could we expect from an 'Injun.'" "I'll vow he was drunk," exclaimed another. None were disposed to be charitable, and all were anxious to glean every item of intelligence about the suddenness of his taking off the fair Minnie, and the Sexton was accordingly vigorously plied with questions he was unable to answer. From the concern manifested by some, a stranger would have supposed that a fairy had been devoured alive by an ogre, instead of a romantic, young and handsome Caucasian girl having become the willing bride of a red man, whose dazzling uniform of blue had won her for his bride.

It appears that yesterday afternoon the young lady's friends had made all necessary arrangements for the wedding to-day; some mutual friends thought it best to consummate the marriage at once, and Col. Parker was accordingly summoned to the minister's and in the presence of General Grant, Miss Sackett's mother, and a few personal friends, Miss Minnie Sackett became Mrs. Parker, not Queen of the Senecas, for, though her husband is a full-blooded Indian, and in direct line of the chiefs, the Indian laws forbid amalgamation with the pale face, and she will hardly think of going to the dusky tribe of her husband to live. They left for New York on the next train after their marriage, and will spend some time in traveling.

Miss Sackett was a daughter of Colonel Sackett, who was killed at Trevaillion Station, Virginia, while making a charge upon the Rebel lines during Sheridan's raid. Her mother was a native of Virginia, and resided here for some years. Being in rather limited circumstances she let out some of her rooms, and among her lodgers was the big Indian, who now becomes her son-in-law. The attention of the public has been entirely directed towards this match that the family are the observed of all observers and the target for all the gossips in the city, who are eagerly searching for the records of Colonel Parker's nativity, of age, whether he has previously had any squaws, and what he drank while in the army, with legions of other impertinent queries.

* * *

TO THE FRONT AGAIN. PHIL.—We find the following prose poem floating uncredited in our exchanges:

To the front again Phil! they are threatening your lines! To the front, as of old when from Winchester town! To rally the rout you came thundering! Ride fearless and fast! there are perils to brave—there are pledges to keep, there's a company to save. How they'll start when they catch the sharp ring of your tramp! Ride for life, ride for death! there are traitors in the camp!

He springs to the saddle—spurns with disdain the treacherous counsel that seeks to detain—he well can discern 'twixt the false and the true, for the *gray* shows too plainly 'neath the *blues*. He's off to the rescue outspreading the wind, and the Cabinet's crest he has left far behind.

What rider comes galloping fast from afar, his charger's hoof ringing above the wild war? head eagerly forward—eyes fixed to the front—teeth set and lips parted. What means the wild hunt? They see him they know him—they feel his strong hunt—the columns reform that were scattered in flight—then echo the shout from the legions of blue; "Phil. Sheridan's with us, and victory too."

* * *

A lady visiting New York city, found a ragged, cold and hungry child, gazing wistfully at some cakes in a shop window. She took the little forlorn, by the hand, led her into the shop, bought her a cake, and then took her elsewhere, supplying more needful wants. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent woman full in the face and with artless simplicity inquired, "Are you God's wife?"