PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

U. S. PATENT AGENCY. C. L Lochman, 21 Main Street. Carlisle, Pa., executes drawings, specifications &c., and procures patents for inventors.
14feb 68-1y.

ADAM KELLER, Attorney-at-Law Carlisle, Pa. Office with W. M. Penrose Esq. Rheem s Hall.
sept27 67-6m*

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

WEAKLEY & SADLER.

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

C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER.

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 19, 1866.—1y.

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 the East properly responded to.
3jan-3m *.

ATTORNEY--AT--LAW.—GEO. S. EMIG, Office, in Inhoff's Building, with W. J. Shearer, Esq. Prompt attention paid to legal business of all descriptions.
3apl 68-1y.

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.

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. SEABRIGHT, Dentist, from the Baltimore Collage 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.

RAILROADS.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAIL ROAD COMPANY.

FREIGHT DEPOT, CARLISLE.

The Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania and Northern Central Rail Road Companies have made an arrangements to do a

Joint Freight and Forwarding Business

between the Cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, The Cumberland, Valley Rail Road Company opened their Freight Depot at Carlisle on the 1st of January 1866 for the receipt and shipment of all goods entrusted to them.

Freight to be forwarded by this arrangement must be left at Pennsylvania Rail Road Company Depot corner of 15th and Market St., Philadelphia. Northern Central Rail Road Company's Depot Baltimore, and Cumberland Valley Rail Road Company's Depot at Carlisle.

The public will find it to there interest to ship through the Rail Road Company's Freight Houses, and by Company Cars.

O. N. LULL, Sup.

J. & D. RHOADS,
Freight Agents Carlisle.
dec.22-65.

C. V. R. R.

CHANGE OF HOURS.

On and after MONDAY, May 21st, 1866, Passenger Trains will run daily as follows, (Sunday excepted)

WESTWARD.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 8.40 A. M., Mechanicsburg 9.18, Carlisle 9.57, Newvill, 10,34 Shippensburg 11.07, Chambersburg 1,10 P. M., Greencastle 1.48, arriving at Hagerstown 2 10 P. M.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 2.00 P. M., Mechanisburg 2.23, Carlisle 3.06, Newville 3 40, Shippensburg 4.10, Chambersburg 4.50, Greencastle 5.26, arriving at Hagerstown 5.55 P. M.

EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 4.15 P. M., Mechanicsburg 4.51, Carlisle 5.21, Newville 5.53, Shippensburg 6.21, arriving at Chambersburg at 8.20 A. M.

A MIXED TRAIN leaves Chambersburg 8.20 A. M., Greencastle 9.30, arriving at Hagerstown. 10.15 A. M.

EASTWARD.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Chambersburg 5.00 A. M. Shippensburg 5.30, Newville 6.01, Carlisle 6.35, Mechanicsburg 7.04 arriving at Harrisburg 7,35 A. M.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 8.10 A. M., Greencastle 8.45, Chambersburg 9.25, Shippensburg 9.55, Newville 10.29, Carlisle 11.03, Mechanisburg 11.37, arriving at Harrisburg 12.10 P. M.

EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 12.00 M., Greencastle 12.30, Chambersburg 1.10, Shippensburg 1,43, Newville 2.15, Carlisle 2,58, Mechanicsburg 3.26, arriving at Harrisburg 3,55 P. M.

A MIXED TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 3 05 P. M., Greencastle 4.00, arriving at Chambersburg 4.50 P. M.

☞Making close connections at Harrisburg with Trains to and from Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburg, Baltimore and Washington.

O. N. LULL,
Sup't.

RAIL ROAD OFFICE,
Chambersburg, May 17, 1866. }

READING RAIL ROAD.

On and after Nov. 25, 1867, trains will run as follows:

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon. Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, *&c., &c.*

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3.00, 5.25, and 8.10. A. M., and 2 05, and 9.35 P. M. connecting with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, and arriving at New York at 5.10, 10.15 and 11.50 A. M., and 3.40, and 9.30, P. M. Sleeping Cars accompaning the 3.00, A. M. and 9.35 P. M. Trains without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Pine Grove. Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10, A. M., and 2.05, and 4.10, P. M. stopping at Lebanon and Principal Way Stations; the 4.10, P. M. making connections for Philadelphia and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn via Schuylkill, and Susquehanna Rail Road, *leave Harrisburg 3.55 P. M.*

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00, A. M., 12.00, Noon and 5.00 and 8.00 P. M.; Philadelphia 8.15, A. M. and 3.30, P. M. Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia 7 30, A. M., returning from Reading at 6.30, P. M., stopping at all Stations, Pottsville at 8.45, A. M. and 2.45, P. M., Ashland 6 00, a. m. and 12.10, m. and 2 00, P. M.; Tamaqua at 8.30, A. M. and 1.00, and 8.45, P. M.

Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road at 7.10 A. M. and 12.00 noon.

Reading Accommodation Train; Leaves Reading at 7.30, A. M., returning from Philadelphia at 4.00 P. M.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.45, A. M. returning leaves Philadelphia 5.00, P. M.

Columbia Rail Road Trains leave Reading 7.00, A. M., and 6.15, P. M. for Ephrata, Litis, Lancaster, Columbia. &c.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00, P. M., Philadelphia 8.00, A. M., and 3.15, P. M., the 8.00 A. M. Train running only to Reading; Pottsvile 8.00, A. M., Harrisburg 5,25 A. M. and 4.10 and 9.35, P. M., and Reading at 1.00, and 7.15 A. M. for Harrisburg, and 7.06 A. M. and 11.40, P. M. for New York and 4.25, P. M. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
Gen. Sup't.

Reading, Pa., Nov. 25, 1867.

FOR SALE

A tract of valuable Timber Land containing ONE HUNDRED ACRES, lying on the South Mountain 8 miles above Mt. Holly, known as *the steam saw mill property.* The tract is most favorably located, easy of of access and the timber of the best quality.

For terms &c., apply to

A. L. SPONSLER.

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 68. Carlisle, Pa., Friday, May 22, 1868. NO. 21.

RHEEM & DUNBAR, Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS:--$2,00 in Advance, or $2,50 within the year.

DRY GOODS.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

GREAT DECLINE IN PRICES

AT THE NEW AND CHEAP CASH STORE,

CORNER OF HANOVER AND POMFRET STEETS.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is receiving almost daily from the Eastern Cities, a large invoice of New and Cheap Goods, such as,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

French Merinoes,
Mohairs,
Poplins.
Black and Fancy
French Repps,
Plain and
Fancy De Laines,
Plain and Fancy.
Alpaca,
Poplins.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

BROCHA LONG AND SQUARE,
LONG AND SQUARE WOOLENS
BREAKFAST SHAWLS in great variety
and very cheap

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES!

French,
German and
American Cloths,
Black and
Fancy Cassimeres,
Doeskins,
Black and Fancy
Over Coatings, Sattinetts,
Kentucky Jeans,
Undershirts and
Drawers,

DOMESTICS!

Bleached and Brocha,
Table Diapers,
Counterpanes,
and Quilts,
Cotton Flannels,
Bleached and
Unbleached Muslins,
Tickings, Checks,
Towels,
Napkins, &c.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

ON THE CORNER OF

HANOVER AND POMFRET STREETS,

the room formerly occupied by
B. R. JAMESON & CO

THOS. A. HARPER.

CASH! CASH!!

I have this day commenced selling of my entire stock of Winter Goods at greatly reduced prices for cash.

FRENCH MERINOES, REPPS,
ALPACAS, PARMETAS,
WOOL PLAIDS,

and other Dress Goods, at Cost.

Shawls, Blankets, Flannels, Lindseys, &c., at very great bargains.

CLOTHS. CASSIMERES

CASSINETTS, &c., very low.

BALMORALS, Lower than ever sold in Carlisle.

Muslins, *Tickings,*
Ginghams, *Checks,*
Canton Flannels,

at the very lowest price.

All the best make CALICOES, at 12½ cts.

As my stock has been bought since the great decline in prices, great bargains may be expected. Some articles less than cost to reduce my stock as soon as possible.

CHAS. OGILBY,
No. 47, West Main Street.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

LADIES' MISSES and CHILDREN'S Boots and Shoes, of the very best makes, at cost to close out the stock.

C. O.

1867. SPRING. 1867.

BARGAINS,

NOW OPENING IN

DOMESTIC GOODS,

DRESS GOODS,
CASSIMERES,
SATINETS,
JEANS,

WHITE GOODS,

DRESS TRIMMINGS,
ZEPHYRS,
RIBBONS,
NOTIONS, &c.

AT

RING'S NEW STORE,

No. 55 WEST MAIN STREET.

Opposite the Mansion House, next to Post Office, Carlisle.

LOOK OUT DRY GOODS MEN

TO THE PUBLIC.

I have just returned from the East with my Spring Stock, and as usual, I am selling Goods a little cheaper than any other Dry Goods House in town. I do not think it necessary to occupy a column of newspaper to endeavor to keep up my reputation for selling cheap Goods, nor do I wish to resort any clap trap to gull the public. All I ask of them to call and examine for themselves, and if not satisfied with the prices, not to buy. Remember the stand No. 32, North Hanover street, next door to Dr. Kieffer's, and Miller & Bowers' Hardware store.

WM. A. MILES.

P. S. I will say nothing about my third and fourth grand openings,

april10 67

HOTELS.

HUTCHISON'S HOTEL,

Late Brady House,

CORNER OF STATE & THIRD STREETS,

Immediately in front of the Capitol,

D. H. HUTCHISON, *Prop'r,*
Harrisburg, Pa.

Jan.4 67-tf.

ISAAC K. STAUFFE

Watchmaker and Jewelery,

No. 148

NORTH 2D ST., COR. OF QUARRY,

PHILADELPHIA.

An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware constantly on hand.

SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

☞ Repairing of Watches and Jewelry promptly attended to.

16dec 67 1y.*

Wm. A. DROWN & CO.,

Umbrella & Parasol Manufacturers,

246 MARKET STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

Invite attention to their stock of

PARSOLS,
SUN UMBRELLAS,
GINGHAM SUN UMBRELLAS,
SILK AND GINGHAM UMBRELLAS

For sale at the lowest prices of the day.

3april.1m.

J. BEETEM & BROTHERS,

Forwarding and Commission Merchants,

(Henderson's old stand.

At the head of MAIN STREET, Carlisle, Pa.

The highest market price will be paid for Flour, Grain and produce of all kinds.

Coal of all kinds, embracing

LYKENS VALLEY,
LOCUST MOUNTAIN,
LAWBERRY, &c., &c.

Limeburners' and Blacksmiths' Coal constantly for sale. Kept under cover, and delivered dry to any part of the town. Also, all kinds of Lumber on hand.

J. BEETEM & BROS.

17apr 68

B. J. WILLIAMS & SONS,

No. 16 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia,

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF

VENITIAN BLINDS
AND
WINDOW SHADES.

☞ SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICES. ☜

Blinds repaired, Store Shades, Trimmings Fixtures, Plain Shades of all kinds, Curtin Cornices, Picture Tassels, Cord, Bell Pulls, &c.

17apl 68-2m.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.—

By virtue of a warrant from under the hand and seal of the Commissioners of Cumberland County, and to me directed, the following tracts or lots of unseated land situated in Cumberland Co. Pa., will be sold at public sale, at 10 o'clock, on Monday, the 8th day of June, 1868, at the Court House, in Carlisle, County aforesaid or as much of each tract as will defray the unpaid taxes and costs due thereon.

C. MELLINGER,
County Treasurer.

Dickinson Township.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
84	Beetem, Himes & Co.,	$6 50	15	Newcomer, J.	78
4	Biteman, W.	4 68	7	Butler, S. (col'd)	53
10	Graham, John	3 62	3	Davis, Moses	93
6	Greist, Jacob	1 04	5	Jacobs, George	1 06
70	Greason, James	4 24	10	Jacobs, George	7 20
11	Gilt, F. A.	3 70	4	Lease, Ephr'm	45
10	Hemminger, J.	1 31	4	Myers, Sam'l	1 40
104	Johnson, John	28 31	6	Myers, Isaac	99
0	Lerew, Adam	12 47	310	Gitt, Daniel	85
7	Leshey, Lewis	1 70	5	Brough, John	1 20
600	Moore, Alfred	24 60	4	Bowers, Isaac	27
9	Myers, Cyrus	3 00	5	Myers, Israel	93
3	Mentor, M. or N.	1 06	[illegible]	Myers C.	50
9	Montford, J. & H.	5 75	5	Montorf, Isaac	1 20
3	M'Creary, Wm.	6 51	6	Meals, Jeremiah	1 14
8	Stallsmith, Jno.	31	23	Sowers, Paul	1 11
200	Woods, S. (heirs)	9 10	15	Sterner, J. or J. L.	2 25
5	Wolf, Jacob	18	8	Witherspoon, N.	63
17	Young, [illegible]	1 30	5	Albert, Widow	84
20	Garner, Jacob	4 62	10	Jacobs, Cyrus	71
1	Sours, John H.	5 96	6	Myers, [illegible]	84
15	Cockley, Noah	73	31	Myers, Chas.	1 31
6	Hantz, Aaron	10 42	10	Smyers, Philip	32
5	Lough, John	1 50	11	Beacher Jacob	1 00
52	Myers, Henry	6 30	5	Ebert, John	1 12
9	Sheaffer, David	2 41	5	Noffsinger, J.	30

South Middleton.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
15	Albright, Jacob	8 12	9	Hollinger, A.	79
1	Brownawell, G.	75	10	Hollinger, D.	92
27	Brand, Jacob	2 33	13	Morrison, John	42
19	Corbet, John	1 28	8	Moore, Alfred	3 29
5	Cart, William	1 35	21	Price and Hancock,	3 50
7	Johnson, John	1 53	17	Shriver, Jacob C.	1 06
2	Kaufman, D.	1 00	10	Smith J. W.	3 85
20	Lehman, Sam'l	21	9	Weist's Heirs	2 43
40	Myers, A. B.	30	9	Ward, James	1 85
15	Nailer, Alex.	1 22	16	Zeigler, Abm.	3 38
5	Lerew, David	93	14	Barnitz,	28
5	Moore, Wm. Sr. (Brandt,)	8 87	1	Glenn, Patterson	50
5	Biteman, Dan'l	1 41	14	Miller, John	70
15	Goodyear's Heirs,	1 66			

Mifflin.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
90	Biddle, E. M.	87	200	Koontz, Isaac	2 97
13	Fulton, James	1 72	13	Kindig, H.	73
461	Eberly, Christ.	13 19	17	Miller, Sam'l	1 07
110	Koser, Alex.	6 55	23	Rhoads, John P.	1 54
2	Patton's Tenus Heirs,	11	19	Westafer, Sam'l	2 66
554	Rhoads, Long and Eberly,	12 16	5	Arnold, Sam'l	61
1,000	Woodburn J. M.	20 11	90	Bricker, Arch.	1 58
			23	Woodburn, A. S.	74

Carlisle.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
1	Ca[illegible] Heirs,	70	¼	Wahl, George	15

Shippensburg Township.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.
4	Speece, Samuel	1 96

Penn.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
62	Beltzhoover, J. (Bentz,)	2 42	15	Miller, Henry	4 75
100	Galbraith, T. M.	8 96	3	Bishop, Eliz.	1 80
25	Searight, F. W.	4 38	220	Moore, Johnston	8 03
406	Sauch & Sons,	5 72	5	Meltinger, John	3 50
18	Sollenberger, J.	2 14	14	Shank, Martin	56
32	Duncan, David	70	90	Weaver, Chas.	5 40
18	Hollinger, D.	1 20	20	Garver, Peter	4 40
6	Hollinger Jacob	61	20	Tregol Levi	2 40
			20	Thrush B.	2 50

Mechanicsburg.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
1	Waggoner, P. S.	23	2	Sherban, Henry	1 50

Frankford.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
3	M'Cullough, J.	11	8	Ahl, Peter A.	48
18	Dunbar, John	1 18	27	Battrum, Sam'l	54
7	Clay, Jno. (heirs)	28	9	Forbes, A. (heirs)	18
21	Hemminger, John	25	44	Heberlig, R.	1 06
30	Nailor, Barney	36			

Silver Spring.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
8	Basehore, Peter	61	15	Sherban, J. G.	1 12
8	Erb, Benj.	84	2	Hoover, John	1 75
5	Gleim, G. (heirs)	28	4	Kretzler, J. Jr.	1 00
40	Stayman, M. C.	2 21			

Middlesex.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
12	Geese, George	42	5	Kissinger, Peter	24
130	Humrich, C. P.	6 23	7	Kapp, Levi	34
6	Crain, Dr. Jos.	20	4	Miller, Jacob	10
6	Coble, D (heirs)	54		Egolf, John	1 00

North Middleton.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
60	Bloser, Wm.	2 94	3	Dawson, M.	2 76

East Pennsboro'

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
60	Seiler, Dr. Wm.	$2 16		Mumma, Sam'l	33

Newton.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
2	Waggoner, J. T.	84	1	Middleton, Wm.	1 62
1	Kindig, (heirs)	65	1	Stouffer, J. M.	20
1	Kindig, Sam'l	16	1	Sanderson, Jos.	90
1	M'Cune, Sam'l.	20			

Hopewell.

No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due.	No. Ac.	Own.	Tax Due
4	Sharpe, Sam'l	22	50	Sharpe, M.	1 00
55	Sharpe, J. M. D.	1 65	18	M'Cune, J. (heirs)	81

West Pennsboro'

M'Kinney, P, (heirs) 75

10apr. 68-6t

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.—

The Treasurer of Cumberland County, will attend for the purpose of receiving County and State taxes, as required by Act of Assembly, at the following times and places, viz:

West Pennsboro,' at the public house of J. W. Fair, May 15, and at the house of J. Chisnell, May 16.

Monroe, at the public house of A. L. Hursh, May 18, and 19.

Upper Allen, at the public house of Joshua Culp, May 20, and 21.

Lower Allen, at the public house of J. G. Heck, May 22, and at the public house of John Hinkle, May 23.

Hampden, at the public house of Miles Crowley, May 25 and 26.

East Pennsboro,' at the public house of Jacob Kline, May 27, and the public house of L. Hatfield, May 28.

New Cumberland, at the public house of William Bell, May 29 and 30.

Newton, at the public house of Henry Hursh, June 1, at Stoughs own, June 2.

Hopewell and Newburg, at the public house of Wm. C. Sharp, June 3 and 4.

Shippensburg Borough and township, at the public house of J. T. Junkin, June the 5 and 6.

Dickinson, at the public house of Jos. L. Knettle, June 8 and 9.

Penn, at the public house of E. B. Eyster, June 10 and 11.

Southampton, at the public house of Wm. Clark, June 12 and 13.

Mifflin, at Knettle's School House, June 15 and 16.

Frankford, at Bloserville School House, June 17 and 18.

Newville, at the house of C. A. Hennaberger, June 19 and 20.

Middlesex, at Middlesex School House, June 22 and 23.

Silver Spring, at the house of George Duey, June 24 and at the house of A. Klink, June 25.

North Middleton, at the House of J. C. Beecher, June 26 and 27.

South Middleton, at the house of S. Rupley, June 29, and at the house of Jeremiah Hannon, June 30.

Mechanicsburg, at the house of J. T. Kerr, July 1 and 2.

Carlisle, at the Commissioners' Office, July 6 and 7.

The Treasurer will receive taxes at his office until the 1st day of September next, at which time duplicates for all unpaid taxes will be issued to the constables of the respective boroughs and townships, five per cent will however be added to all taxes, if not paid on or before the first day of August next.

C. MELLINGER,
Treasurer of Cumberland County Pa.

17april-5t.

S. M. HOOVER.

LUMBER AND COAL DEALER.

Office 158 West Main St. Carlisle,

Constantly on hand, clean, and in the dry,

Lykens Valley, Shamokin, Wilkesbarre,
&c., Nut, Stove, Egg, and broken
sizes of Coal, as Cheap as any
Dealer in town.

Also an excellent article of Blacksmith's Coal on hand

Seasoned Boards, Plank, &c.,
Also Scantling, Lath, Paling and Shingles

BEST BRANDS FAMILY FLOUR

by Barrel or Sack, delivered promptly to order.

A share of patronage respectfully solicited.

S. M. H.

17april-2m*.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—

Letters of administration on the estate of Esther Fondersaul, late of Monroe township, Cumberland county, dec'd., have been issued by the Register to the subscriber residing in the same township. All persons having claims will present them, and those indebted will make payment to BEN'J. NIESLEY.

Administrator of Esther Fondersaul, dec'd.

24apr 68-6t *

HENRY HARPER,

No. 520 ARCH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

Fine WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, and RODGERS' CELEBRATED SILVER PLATED WARE, *warranted triple plate, on the whitest metal, at*

MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.

17apl 68-3m

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.

POETICAL.

BROKEN PLAYTHINGS.

A shadow fell on our dwelling,
Yet the sun was clear in the sky,
Like some dark spirit fortelling
The cloud that was hovering nigh;
All through the sunshine of summer
And the misty autumn haze,
We welcomed a sweet new-comer
With her winsome looks and ways.

But when the roses had perished,
And the wind sighed thro' leafless bowers;
The one we tenderly cherished
Took flight with the birds and flowers.
Alas, for the days so dreary!
And the hours so strangely still;
The longing till the hearts are weary
For something the void to fill.

A picture hangs from the ceiling,
A fairy with silken hair—
Eyes the deep spirit revealing—
One little foot that is bare,
The sweet ruby lips are parting,
And the merry dimples play—
Alas, for our tears are starting,
Our darling is far away.

We tread the accustomed places,
But shadows darken our joy,
As the old familiar faces
Appear on each shattered toy.
The dolls, with their robes all tarnished—
The empty spools on a string—
Broken fans, that once were garnished
With many a lustrous thing.

Meek lambs, with enduring fleeces—
Shells, that in *oceans were found*—
Rattles all taken to pieces
To see what occasioned the sound.
Rubber rings, where memory lingers
Of four little teeth of pearl,
That sometimes shut on our fingers—
The weenie, mischievous girl!

Two little shoes of bright leather,
Defaced, and chewed at the toe:
For never, in the sunniest weather,
A single step did they go.
Ah, through what windings and mazes
Must those busy little feet stray!
Through paths all bordered with daisies,
Or climbing the upland way.

Strange are the mysteries hidden
In the hearts intermost fold,
Causing the tear-drops unbidden,
When trifles like these we behold.
Then tenderly gather the treasures,
Shrine them in casket and urn;
They bring remembrance of pleasures
That perhaps may never return.

[*N. Y. Observer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

NO. 10, BLANK STREET.

A gentleman can be accommodated with a pleasant suit *of rooms, at No. 10 Blank Street*. The house contains all the modern improvements. References required.

The *advertisement seemed* to me to promise well. I was tired of my present home. For five years I had occupied the same rooms and the same seat at the table. The penny postman was *not better* known on his beat than I was on my way to dinner. I did object to boarding-houses. I was willing to eat baked beans on Sunday, but I wished to partake of them in a new locality. Blank street leads out of Beacon, therefore it must be genteel. Probably a suit of rooms their would be expensive, but I could afford to indulge myself a little. I was thirty-five, *alone in the world*, very well off, and doing a business which promised a speedy fortune. It was time I began to take life a little more on the sunny side.

I went to No. 10 Blank street, on my way down. The landlady, Mrs. Lee, was a widow; handsome, stylish, apparently not more than thirty. I heard afterward that she *would never* see forty again; but as my informant was a boarder to whom she had been under the necessity of sending "small bills" a second time, it was doubtless a malicious slander. She was a very attractive looking person, and I was at home with her at once. I had no sooner told her my name and business than she seemed well acquainted with me. She bowed and smiled.

"I shall be most happy to accommodate you, Mr. Prescott. This way, if you please."

Her black silk dress rustled before me up two flights of stairs. Her full, light curls *shook* with a coquettish grace as she turned her head. The rooms were delightful—spacious and handsomely furnished. The terms were a little exorbitant—at least I should have thought so had I been dealing with a man of business; but surely one would willingly pay a little trifle to sit at the same table with Mrs. Lee. Her family she assured me was of the most select description; some three or four single gentlemen of high standing and as many gentlemen with their wives. To be sure she was obliged to fill her attics with cheap boarders, as she could not afford to keep empty rooms; but they were quiet, and she trusted, no annoyance to any one.

I went there, bag and baggage, the next morning. I moved my pictures. I loved Art in a modest, half-diffident fashion, and I had some fine prints, and a few choice paintings. When I had hung them up to my satisfaction, and put the Bust Clytie, the dreamy face I loved so well, on my mantle, I looked about my parlor with a serene satisfaction.

I met Mrs Lee's family at dinner. Some of the gentlemen were business acquaintances of mine. The ladies seemed pleasant and companionable, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Mrs. Lee did all the honors of her establishment so gracefully, that I was more charmed with her than ever. I pitied the dead Thaddeus—I had seen his name in the family Bible—because he had been obliged to resign so much youth and beauty, for she was but a young thing, she told me, when, she was left to depend upon herself. The very winds she said had never been allowd to touch her roughly. Mr. Lee had worshiped her as the Hindoo does his idol—I thought it an idolatry at once pardonable and pleasant—but he died suddenly, and in some way she was defrauded of all his property, and had been obliged ever since to take care of herself. But then she said, smilling with tears still in her eyes, every one had been so kind to her—she had found friends everywhere. Who could help being ready to befriend one so lovely and so winning? I thought as I listened to her.

Do not imagine all this confidence was bestowed on me at our first meeting. It came out gradually when I got into the habit of lounging for half an hour after dinner or an hour in the evening in the family parlor, of which she and I were often sole occupants. I certainly had no matrimonial intentions towards Mrs. Lee. I liked my freedom, and was determined to remain a bachelor; still I was interested in my landlady, and congratulated myself daily on having found a home where my buckwheats were always hot, and my cup of happiness and tea alike sweet and full.

"What a happy man your husband should have been!" I said to Mrs. Lee, as I watched, admiringly, her nimble fingers—for she insisted on mending my gloves. I was but expressing a frequent thought of mine. I saw no call for my landlady to blush, though it was not unbecoming. I had surely meant nothing sentimental, but she received my remark with a flutter of pretty, playful embarrassment.

"I hope he was, she sighed." "I trust I made him so, and yet I did not love him as he loved me. He was a great deal older than I, and I think I was too young then to know what love was. I believe our affection is truer and fonder when we have seen more of life and learned what a precious thing it is to have some one to care for and protect us. But what am I saying? I am confiding in you strangely. Your gloves are done."

She hurried out of the room. It was my turn to be embarrassed. Had I said anything to move Mrs. Lee's sensibilities in so remarkable a manner? I thought not. Perhaps the memory of the dead Thaddeus, and his love, had been too much for her. I felt uncomfortable, and I betook myself to my own room. I always left my door open; it was one of my old bachelor ways—it seemed more social. As I went up stairs I saw a girl *standing* before it, looking apparently with absorbed attention at my Clytie. Her form was slight and girlish. I could not see her face, but her dress was of cheap material, and simply fashioned.

"One of the attic boarders," I thought; "or perhaps a seamstress bringing home work."

When I approached her she turned and glanced at me with a confused and distressed air.

"Forgive me, sir," she faltered; I was taking a liberty, I know—but the picture is so beautiful?"

"So you are," I longed to retort—but I did not. I had had enough of *complimenting* for one day. Her face was singularly lovely. She had a low, broad forehead—the very forehead of the immortal Clytie. Her eyes were large and blue, but full of the saddest, most wistful expression I ever met. Her face was very youthful, she could not have been more than sixteen—and her full red lips had something of the looks of a grieved child. I had seen and felt this in the instant my eyes met hers. I bowed courteously.

"Not at all a liberty! I am rewarded for leaving my door open if it has afforded you any pleasure. I wish you would step in a moment and look at my pictures. If you fancy the Clytie, I am sure you would like some of them."

There was a singular absence of all prudery or affectation in the child. I suppose she saw in me simply a middle aged man—for so I must have seemed to her youth—of honest face; and she bestowed on me at once a trust that was the most delicate of flattery. She came in unhesitatingly, and lingered for a few moments, while I told her about the pictures. I could see the fibre of mind by the expression of her countenance and the tone of her remarks as she looked at them

She had large ideality, strong love for beauty, which had probably been starved all her life. It was such a pleasure to see the light grow and deepen in her great eyes, as she stood with that wistful face, those parted lips, that I wished the resources of the Louvre had been at my command. When she had seen them all she thanked me in that simple, childlike way of hers,

"You have given me a great pleasure, sir. I must go now; but I shall have something to think of which will make many a day's work easier."

"Do you live here, Miss—?"

"Hastings," she replied. My name is Nora Hastings. Yes, sir, I live here—up stairs. I breakfast and dine earlier than you do, and sit at the corner table; so it is not strange that you have never seen me, though of course I had seen Mr. Prescott, the new boarder. Good evening sir."

She moved from me up stairs as she spoke. It was not quite sunset, in the long summer days, and as she went up the rays struck through a side window, and kindled some gold lights in her brown wavy hair; and somehow my boyish fancies of Jacob's ladder, and the angels going up and down it, came into my mind, and I said to myself, 'Heaven bless the child."

I flatter myself that I made use of a degree of diplomacy which would have done credit to the Chevalier Wykoff, in questioning the chamber-maid next morning. I had her in to dust my books, under my personal supervision, and I led her into conversation about several of the boarders. At length I asked;

"Was there any one in the house I could get to do some sewing for me, did she think? Had I not heard of a Miss Hastings, who was a seamstress?"

"Perhaps so, but Miss Hastings did *not* do such work as gentlemen wanted,"—with a hearty Irish laugh. "She finishes off dresses, and trims them, and makes mantillas. Most likely this was not what I wished to have done!"

"Most likely it wasn't. But perhaps the young lady was not always busy. If she were out of work she might like to do what I want in her spare time."

Ellen thought she did not have any spare time. She made everything look so beauti- that the ladies kept her always busy,

"An she's the rale lady herself," broke out the warm-hearted Hibernian, in a gush of irrepressible panegyric. "She's so afraid of making any trouble, though sure I'd work my fingers to the bone to spare those white hands of hers. When I was sick and like to die with the favor, who but she took me into her room and nursed me, and sat up with me nights, after working hard all day; and when she thought I was asleep I heard her praying for me! Her prayers wasn't out o' the prayer book but I know the saints heard 'em."

She stopped and wiped her eyes on the corners of her calico apron. Man though I was, I could have wept with her easily. It went to my very heart to think of doing patiently and secretly such works of mercy. But I was not surprised. I had read the true earnest nature, the power of self-sacrifice in her eyes. "Good bless and keep her!" I said to myself every time I thought of her, and those times were not few.

That day I purchased a Clytie, the facsimile of my own. At night I took it home with me, and wrote these words to go with it.

"Will Miss Hastings permit her fellow boarder to offer her a gift, the acceptance of which will confer much pleasure? Her admiration of the Clytie was so hearty and genuine, that he thinks to possess it may contribute slightly to her happiness."

I rang for Ellen and begged her to take the bust and little note up stairs. Presently she came back bringing with her a few lines written in pencil.

"I accept your gift, as I am sure it was well meant. You have deigned to give pleasure to one who possesses few resources for amusement, and be sure that you have succeeded. I thank you more than I can say."

She had received it as I was sure she would, with a simple dignity and gratitude which, had my motives been evil, would have repelled me more effectually than any sarcastic refusal. I respected all women. It was the part of my early training at the hands of the best of mothers; but already I reverenced that young sewing girl more than any woman I had ever seen.

Mrs. Lee puzzled me not a little when we met, as we usually did, in the parlor after tea. One or two of the other boarders were there at first, but presently they went out and we were alone. It seemed to me that her manner toward me was far more like that of a young girl to whom I had been making love, than like a landlady's simple courtesy towards her inmate.

"I am not sure I had better stay here with you," she began, "You do beguile me, as you did last night, in saying such unwarrantable things, revealing all my heart to you."

I was utterly confounded. What had I been doing? I bethought myself of Mrs. Bardell's suit against the respected President of the Pickwick Club, and trembled in my patent-leathers as Mr. Weller's advice to Samivel came into my mind, and I answered a little stiffly:

"I had not meant to force your confidence, dear Madam, and did not know that you had ever said anything to which the whole world might not properly hear."

Perhaps she thought she had been progressing too fast. She smiled, shook her long, fair curls, and rustled the folds of her black silk. She said I was a naughty man, a very naughty man, to take up things so. Of course she had not said anything to me of consequence: only it was just possible some people might think it a little queer that she had confessed *not to have loved* Mr. Lee quite as adoringly as he had loved her. But why need she trouble herself, when she knew it would go no further?"

"Of course it would *not*," I answered. "Anythig that she did me the honor to confide to me was sacred."

There was a pause and I felt very awkward. It would be very difficult to say anything more, I thought. But Mrs. Lee did not find it so. Verily, the tact of women is wonderful! In five minutes we had gone back two days, and were talking together on our old terms of pleasant, easy familiarity. I was somewhat *more absent-minded* than formerly, perhaps, for many of my thoughts were with the little girl on the attic.

It was three days after I had sent her the Clytie *before* I saw her again. Then I met her on the stairs. It was eight o'clock or past in the evening. I was going out after my customary chat with Mrs. Lee in the parlor, and I met her coming in. Her face was very pale, and she stopped wearily. She smiled a little when she saw me, and, stopping, held out her hand.

"You are very kind Mr. Prescott, and I am more grateful than I can say."

"I only wish" I responded eagerly, "that you would let me *contribute to your pleasure* now and then. You look tired, and I can't bear to see a young girl like you wearing herself out."

"It cannot be helped, sir. I am only too thankful that I have something to do. I need nothing; all my wants are supplied. It is pleasant to feel that I have a *friend*, and I look on you as one, though I have no claim on you."

"Would to Heaven you had a claim on me?" I thought as I saw her toiling wearily up the stairs. Would that she were my sister, my niece, anything that would give me a right to take the work out of her hands and prescribe for her change of air and scenery, and a little pleasure! Then I fell to thinking, as I strolled *across* the common. What a sad, strange tyrant Custom is. Society would let me do what I pleased for my second cousins—*smile on me* if I sent clothes to the Sandwich Islanders or arithmetics to the Hottentots—but would by no means let me lift the burdens from this poor girl, who was my neighbor, with one of my *fingers*. I cried out against the absurdity of such a decree. Why must I pile up useless wealth and she suffer? *But for her sake I submit to* laws I could not change; for her own sake, I must not seek to help her."

As I came home, though, I did indulge myself *so far as to* buy a tea rose in full bloom and a pot of heliotropes. They stood in my room over night, and the next morning I sent Ellen to her *with them*, and the request that she would take care of them for me. I had taken it on trust that she loved flowers, and I was not disappointed when Ellen came back and told me that Miss *Nora was so* overjoyed to get them that she almost cried.

I happened to meet her that day as I went up from dinner.

"I have you again," she said earnestly. "I am grateful. The flowers will be such comfort for me."

I asked her then if she would find *time* the next afternoon to go and see some pictures with me. It was when the English collection was at the Athenæum, and there was one painting of Hinda, which I longed to have her see. It was the face of one who waited and watched, and somehow I associated it with hers. She could not refuse, she said; it would be such a rare pleasure, she must make time somehow.

While we were talking, Mrs. Lee came through the hall. She nodded to me, but she cast on my companion a look of singular distrust and dislike. I noticed it then and remembered it afterward.

She spoke to me that evening about Nora Hastings. She had observed me talking with her, she had, and would I *tell her* if I was going to marry her? I might think it a very strange question, one which she had *no right to ask*; but if I chose to answer it, she would convince me that she had good reasons,

I had no cause for hesitation. The thought of marrying Nora Hastings had never occurred to me, and I told her so frankly. I related to her, the beginning of our acquaintance, ann its slight progress, including my invitation for the next day. Then I waited her reply.

"*I hardly know* what to say Mr. Prescott," she began, in her soft, insinuating voice, shaking gently her head, with its long fair curls. I am sure it would be kinder to say nothing, and its not at all necessary since you do not think of marrying her, Mr. Prescott."

"But what if I had been intending to marry her, Madam?" I spoke a little sternly perhaps, for I had satisfied her curiosity, and I was determined she should make the explanation at which she had hinted. I think she was *unwilling* to refuse me, still she spoke with hesitation.

"It is nothing at least; if any other gentleman in my family had been going to marry her, I should have said it was nothing, and kept silence; but I have looked on you as my personal friend, and I should have told you that I considered her an artful, designing girl who had tried to entrap several of my best boarders into marrying her, and had failed hitherto."

I half wonder that she did not shake my confidence in Nora, but she did not for an instant. Her face, her pure noble face, was her best advocate. It rose before me then, and I replied unflinchingly.

"I am sure, Mrs. Lee, that you must be mistaken. As little as I know Miss Hastings, I would be ready to answer for her life, though she has a frankness and simplicity of manner which might possibly have mislead some. I am certain that you do her injustice."

"Let us hope that I do," she said with a smile: "It has ceased to be of interest to me, now that I know she is not likely to afflict the happiness of one whom I considered my friend."

She diverted the conversation into other channels; but I believe I had been a little vexed by her pertinacity in reminding me I had assured her I was not going to marry Nora Hastings. I had told her the simple truth when I said that the idea of such a marriage had never occurred to me. But now that she had put it into my head, it did occur to me again and again. I took such an interest in Nora as I had never taken in any one before. Perhaps I could not win her; but if I could—I paused, and strange, sweet thoughts drifted through my mind, of what it would be to be loved and watched and waited for by such love and beauty; to have her altogether my own. How she would love her husband. I mused—she with no other tie in the world!—My dreams that night were rosier than any of the hopes of my bygone youth.

We had a couple of pleasant hours the next afternoon, looking at the pictures. Now that I had begun to think of Nora as one who might some day make my world, I saw new charms in her every hour. It was a pleasure to show her works of art. She had seen so few, and she enjoyed them intensely and apprecaited them with such fine inborn taste.

It was not the last afternoon we spent together. Ofteriest we went to some new bust or picture, but once or twice I persuaded her to let me drive her out into the country, and new life seemed to bound in her pulses, and youthful brightness and hope to tinge her pale face as the trees shook down their odorous blossoms upon her head, and the wind kissed her cheek, and lifted the hair from her brow. I had begun to think of her as mine, and to dream fond dreams of how I would cherish her.

I went home one evening when I had known her two months. I had intended to send for her, as I did sometimes, and ask her to join me in a little walk. I went into my room, and presently Ellen tapped on the door. I opened it and she placed a little note in my hand. She had been crying and she said, [illegible] gave me the paper: "that'll tell you about it, I suppose, sir. Miss Nora's an angel and nothing else, and I've given the mistress notice, I'm going next week, I won't say where they've treated her so, poor darlin."

I tore open the note, and bade Ellen wait while I read it. The handwriting was hurried and irregular; the words went to my heart.

"Mrs. Lee tells me she has let my room to a person who will pay more. I am obliged to go to-day. She intimates that I have lowered myself in your estimation by my forwardness, and that I have lost the respect of the boarders. This may be so, alas! I fear it is. I could bear all else, but to have lost your respect is terrible. You were very kind to me, and it was so sweet to have a friend. Do not think any worse of me than you can help. If I have been forward and presuming, it was because I knew so little of life. I shall remember your goodness and be grateful to you forever.

"NORA HASTINGS."

My poor wronged, innocent darling. If I had never loved before, I should have loved her then, and longed to shelter her from a cold world in my heart.

"Where has she gone?" I asked turning to Ellen.—"She does not tell me."

"She has gone to Mrs. Miles' on Derne street. The lady had given her a good deal of work and been very kind to her, and when Miss Nora found she couldn't stay here, she went to her with her trouble, and so Mrs. Miles said she should stay there till she could look about for a new place."

So there were still some kind hearts in the cold world, I thought gratefully, who could show pity to the orphan and the friendless. God bless them all! But she—my poor little love—should never need to seek another boarding house if she could only love me and let me care for her.

"I am going to see her," I said to Ellen, as she seemed to wait for my comments.

"Bless you, sir! The very sight of you will do her good. She took with her the white head you gave her and the two flower pots. I wish you could see how she's tended those flowers. They never had a dry leaf, and to-day she cries over them enough to water 'em."

I found Mrs. Miles without any difficulty. I asked for Miss Hastings at the door, and presently she came to see me in the little reception room where I had been shown. She looked as she had almost wept herself blind.

"You do not despise me, Mr. Prescott, or you would not have come to see me?" Her voice trembled.

"Despise you! Nora, I love you, with all the power of loving which God has given me.—I have come to ask you to be my wife. You hold my fate in your hands. Will you make me happy or wretched?"

No matter about her answer. She told all my heart craved of her. Looking into her truthful eyes, I knew that she was mine, my young, innocent love!

After a while I sent for Mrs. Miles to come to us. I recognized in her a lady whom I had sometimes met in society, and for whom I entertained a sincere admiration. I told her, in brief, the history of my acquaintance with Miss Hastings, and that I desired to make her my wife with as little delay as possible. Did she think the needful arrangements could be effected in a week?

They should be, she said. Nora should be married in her house, and a week would be long enough to provide all that was necessary. So it was settled.

The next day I gave Mrs. Lee notice that I should vacate my rooms at the end of the month.

I never exchanged one word with her on the subject of Nora's sudden ejection from her house. She had an undoubted right to let her home as she pleased. I sent her my wedding cards—it was my revenge.

Three years have passed since, and Nora, as bride and wife has been all that I hoped and even more.

A Beautiful Obituary.

MR. E. COWAN, the editor of the Warren *Mail*, in a late number of his journal publishes an obituary of his deceased wife, written by himself, which is so beautifully worded that we republish the following extract from it. After alluding to her worth, her virtues and her endurance during her long illness of consumption, the bereaved husband writes as follows:

"Dear reader, we are fully conscious that we have obtruded our private affairs on the public too long already. But we do not trouble you long with matters personal, and you are our only confidante now. There are times when the heart finds relief only in words or tears. For nearly two and a half years, disease sat in our household by day and by night, and threw its dark shadow on the wall. Hope and fear—gladness and gloom—have alternately flashed their shadows across our way. Many others, and you, perhaps, have had a similar experience; but the discipline is new to us, and this week we can think or write of little else. We have borne it, and shall bear it, with as cheerful a philosophy, as resigned a faith, and a strength as manly as we may; but God only knows how deep is the shadow of this *night after the funeral!* The children of her love and her care have gone motherless to bed. The kind neighbors and friends have come and gone with noiseless tread and many tears. The man of God has offered the solemn prayer and the singers have sung the solemn hymn. The bearers have borne away the shadowy form of her whose health and life and gentle goodness still linger only in memory and the picture on the wall. The house never seemed so oppressively still, and the clock never had so loud a tick. The playful cat, even, does not pur on the rug to-night, but dodges in, and runs out with a startled, pitiful look. The work-basket, with its half-finished articles laid aside scarce four days ago, seems only waiting for the once busy fingers, now, alas! folded under the pines in peaceful rest. Travelling back over the bridge of years, we recall the gathering of many of the same friends in the old homestead just eighteen years ago last week. Not the cross of flowers and the sad-eyed mourners were there, but the bridal wreath and the voice of mirth foreshadowed a future bright and beautiful. Since then, how many of that 'merrie companie' have passed 'over the river,' or known the darkness of to-night. Thus has it ever been—thus will it ever be, as we pass to that better land where there is no night after the funeral, and no river runs between the living and the dead."

Japanese Men and Women.

The Japanese women are as fair of skin as most Europeans, and are well formed, their arms, hands and feet being well moulded. Were it not for their awkward manner of walking, owing to their sandals, they would be graceful. When sitting and conversing, the movements of their hands and arms are particularly so. Their abundant black and rather coarse hair is bound up into thick masses at the back of the head, and a number of little arrows, made of gold, silver, or ivory, are passed through it, something in the same manner as with the peasant girl of the Rhine. Their coiffure once made, and the hair plastered with wax, it remains untouched for many days, care being taken not to disorder it in sleep. The teeth are an object of much attention, the young girls and the men have them white and even; the married women still even, but glossy black. Brushes, made of soft wood, and a fine powder, are used to keep them white; but the picture of an old woman, with her kanibox before her, blackening her teeth, is one of the most disgusting sights a stranger can look upon. Many girls also blacken their teeth, but the substance with which they do it is not very durable, as I have seen a brush and a powder make them white and glistening again in a few minutes. The women also extract their eye-lashes, paint their lips and cheeks with sufflcwer (rouge) and use rice-powder extensively in their toilette. Altogether, the Japanese men and women, if not strictly beautiful, have much which is agreeable, and certainly original. The young of both sexes are remarkably pleasing—ruddy, laughing, and very graceful in their actions—but though a young girl be like an angel at fourteen, she will be worn out, old and ugly at twice that age.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF TRAVELLING.—Man travels to expand his ideas; but woman, judging from the number of boxes she invariably takes with her, travels only with the object of expanding her dresses.