RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one insertion,	$1 00
For each additional insertion,	50
For Mercantile Advertisements,	25 00
Legal Notices,	4 00
Professional cards without paper,	7 00

Obituary Notices and Communications relating to matters of private interests alone, 10 cents per line

JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the lastest and most complete establishment in the county. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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.

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

JOHN CORNMAN, Attorney at Law Office in building attached to Franklin House, opposite the Court House.
15may 68-1y.

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.

W. J. SHEARER, Attorney at Law, Office, North East Corner of the Court House.
12feb 69-1y.

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.

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

DR. J. S. BENDER.—Homœopathic Physician. Office in the room formerly occupied by Col. John Lee.
15jan 69-1y.

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, 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.
18July 1, 64.

E. L. SHRYOCK, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office, No. 3, Irvine's Row.
7may 1y.

JOHN DORNER.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

In Kramer's Building, near Rheem's Hall, Carlisle Pa., has just returned from the Eastern Cities with the largest and most

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

consisting of
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Vestings,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.,
ever brought to Carlisle.

His cloths comprise
ENGLISH,
FRENCH, and
AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS,
of the finest texture and of all shades.

Mr. Dorner being himself a practical cutter of long experience is prepared to warrant perfect fits, and prompt filling of orders.

Piece Goods by the yard, or cut to order Don't forget the place.
15may 68-tf.

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, Pencils Gloves, 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.
31my67 No. 15 North Hanover St.

GAS FITTING & PLUMBING.

The subscribers having permanently located in Carlisle, respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Their shop is situated on the public Square *in the rear of the 1st Presbyterian Church, where* they can always be found.

Being experienced mechanics, they are prepared to *execute all orders* that they may be entrusted with in a superior manner, and at very moderate prices.

HYDRAULIC RAMS,
WATER WHEELS,
HYDRANTS,
LIFT & FORCE PUMPS,
BATHING TUBS, WASH BASINS and all other articles in the trade.

PLUMBING AND GAS AND STEAM FITTING promptly attended to in the most approved style.

☞ Country work promptly attended to.

☞ All work guaranteed.

Don't forget the place—immediately in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church.

CAMPBELL & HENWOOD.
July27 66-1y

THE FARMER'S BANK, OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA,
Recently organized, has been opened, for transaction of a general banking business, in the corner room of R. Given's new building, on the North West corner of High street and the Centre Square.

The Directors hope by liberal and careful management to make this a popular institution, and a safe repository for all who may favor the bank with their accounts.

Deposits received and paid back on demand, interest allowed on special deposits, Gold, Silver, Treasury Notes and Government Bonds, bought and sold. *Collections made on all accessible points in the* country. Discount day, Tuesday. Banking hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M.

J. C. HOFFER, *Cashier.*

DIRECTORS.

R. Given, President,	Wm. H. Miller,
Thomas Paxton,	David Haikes,
John W. Craighead,	A. J. Herman,
27mar 68-tf	Abraham Witmer.

THE CARLISLE COOK STOVE.

Manufactured at F. GARDNER & Co's Foundry and Machine Shop, Carlisle, CANT BE BEAT This is the testimony of scores of families in Cumberland, Perry and Adams Counties, who are now using them. Call and see them.

CORN SHELLERS,

running either by power or by hand—constantly on hand and for sale by F. GARDNER & Co. Foundry and Machine Shop, East Main Street.

STEAM BOILER MAKING.

We are prepared to make Steam Boilers of all sizes and kinds promptly and on the belsost terms. A Smoke Stacks and all articles in that line. REPAIRING OF BOILERS and Engines promptly attended to in the best manner.

F. GARDNER & CO.
Foundry and Machine Shop, Carlisle, Pa.

N[illegible]—ALWAYS ON HAND, Fine Lot of Dried Beef, Beef Tongues, Hams, Shoulders and Sides Also, a fine lot of Choice Teas Dried Fruits of all description, such as Brunellas, Seedless Plums, Prunes, pared and unpared Peaches, Apples, pared and unpared Pears, German Cherries, &c., with a full line of Groceries usually kept in a first quality Grocery store.

GEO. B. HOFFMAN,
12feb69 No. 88, East Pomfret Street.

A GOOD THING

Important to Housekeepers, Hotels, Banks, Offices, &c.

THE PATENT WIRE

Adjustible Window Screen,

WILL FIT ANY WINDOW,

Give ventilation and light,
Screen from view and exclude
Flies, Mosquitoes, and other Insects.

THE ADJUSTIBLE WINDOW SCREEN COMPANY
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
623 Market Street, Philadelphia.
For sale by Dealers in House Furnishing Goods.
25june 3m

AGENTS WANTED FOR PROF. PARSON'S Laws of Business. With full Directions and Forms for all Transactions in every State by THEOPHILUS PARSONS, L. L. D., Professor of Law in Harvard University. A NEW BOOK FOR EVERYBODY. Explaining every kind of contract and legal obligation, and showing how to draw and execute them. The highest and best authority in the land. *Send for our liberal terms; also for our patent Bible Prospectus.* SENT FREE.

PARMELEE & CO., Phila. Pa.

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 69. CARLISLE, PENN'A, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1869. NO. 31.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARQUART'S
CELEBRATED
LINIMENT,
FOR MAN OR BEAST.

This Valuable Preparation is admirably adapted to the Cure of all those Diseases for which a Counter-Irritant or External Remedy is required.

REFERENCE.

Abram Marquart, Esq., has shown me the receipt of which his Liniment is composed.—From my knowledge of the ingredients, I do not hesitate in certifying that it will be beneficial where an external application of the kind is indicated.

A. STEWART, M. D.

Shippensburg, Sept. 15, 1868.

Fully conversant with the chemical components and medical effects of A. Marquart's Liniment, I cheerfully commend it to those who may need it.

Jacksonville, Pa. S. N ECKER, M. D.

Mr. A. Marquart:—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in saying that I have used your Liniment for chapped hands, and it cured them and made them feel soft—I think it the best I have ever used, and would cheerfully recommend it to the general public.

WM. GRACY.

Newton Township, Pa., Nov. 24, 1868.

I hereby certify that I have used A. Marquart's Liniment for Scratches and Spavin on two of my horses with the greatest success, and would recommend it to all that are in need of anything of the kind.

C. MELLINGER,
County Treasurer.

Stoughstown, Pa., Nov. 18, 1868.

Mr. A. Marquart:—Dear Sir: I have used about half a bottle of your Liniment on my horse for a bad Collar Gall, which was the most obstinate sore of the kind I ever saw; also on my arm for Rheumatism, and it has given entire satisfaction in both cases. I would not do without it for ten times it cost and cheerfully recommend it to the public.

MICHAEL LATSHAW.

Jacksonville, Pa., Nov. 20, 1868.

A. Marquart, Esq:—Dear Sir: I had a very severe attack of Rheumatism in my back, so that I could scarcely walk, which was very painful. After using half a bottle of your celebrated Liniment, I was entirely cured. This is not a recommendation, but the plain truth. You can make any use of this you please.

JACOB LONG.

Walnut Bottom, Pa., Nov. 20, 1868.

Mr. A. Marquart:—Dear Sir: I have used your valuable Liniment in my family for different pains and aches, and it has proved satisfactory in every case. I do think, as an external Liniment, it stands without a rival. I would cheerfully recommend it to the public. Respectfully.

GEORGE W. YOCUM.

Jacksonville, Pa., Nov. 21. 1868.

A. Marquart, Esq.:—Dear Sir: It affords me pleasure to certify that I have used your Liniment on my neck, in a case of very Sore Throat, which was much swollen and very painful. After two or three applications, I found it to act like magic, and would recommend it as an excellent Liniment.

JACOB SEVERS.

Walnut Bottom, Pa. Nov. 10, 1868.

☞ AGENTS WANTED! Address

A. MARQUART,
Walnut Bottom, Cumb. Co., Pa.

For sale at HAVERSTICK & BRO. Drug Store, Carlisle, Pa.

11dec 68-1y.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup.

Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, will cure Consumption, Liver Complaint, and Dyspepsia, if taken according to directions. They are all three to be taken at the same time. They cleanse the stomach, relax the liver, and put it to work: then the appetite becomes good: the food digests and makes good blood: the patient begins to grow in flesh, the *diseased matter ripens in the lungs, and the patient outgrows the disease and gets well.* This is the only way to cure consumption.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrelaxed success in the treatment of pulmonary consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs, nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for *when the phlegm or matter is ripe, a slight cough will throw it off,* and the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

To do this, the Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver, so that the Pulmonic Syrup and the food will make good blood.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills act upon the liver removing all obstructions, relax the duct of the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved; the stools will show what the Pills can do; nothing has ever been invented except calomel (a deadly poison which is very dangerous to use unless with great care), that will unlock the gall bladder and start the secretions of the liver like Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

Liver complaint is one of the most prominent causes of consumption.

Schenck's Seaweed Tonic, is a gentle stimulant and alterative, and the alkali in the Seaweed, which that preparation is made of, assists the stomach to throw out the gastric juice to dissolve the food with the Pulmonic Syrup, and it is made into good blood without fermentation or souring in the stomach.

The great reason why physicians don't cure consumption is, they try to do too much: they give medicine to stop the cough, to stop chills, to stop night sweats, hectic fevers and by so doing they derange the whole digestive powers, locking up the secretions, and eventually the patient sinks and dies.

Dr Schenck, in his treatment does not try to stop a cough, night sweats, chills or fever. Remove the cause, and they will all stop of their own accord. No one can be cured of Consumption, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Cancer, Ulcerated Throat unless the liver and stomach are made healthy.

If a person has consumption of course the lungs in some way are diseased, either turbercles, abscesses, bronchial irritation, pleura adhesion, or the lungs are a mass of inflammation and fast decaying. the lungs that are wasting, but it is the whole body The stomach and liver have lost their power to make blood out of food. Now the only chance is to take Schenck's three medicines, which will bring up a tone to the stomach, the patient will begin to want food, it will digest easily and make good blood; then the patient begins to gain in flesh, and as soon as the body begins to grow, the lungs commence to heal up and the patient gets fleshy and well. This is the only way to cure consuption.

When there is no lung disease, and only liver complaint and Dyspepsia, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are sufficient without the Pulmonic Syrup. Take the Mandrake Pills freely in all bilious complaints, as they are perfectly harmless.

Dr. Schenck, who has enjoyed uninterrupted health for many years past, and now weighs 225 pounds, was wasted away to a mere skeleton, in the last stages of Pulmonary Consumption his physician having pronounced his case hopeless and abandoned him to his fate. He was cured by the aforesaid medicines, and since his recovery many thousand similarly afflicted have used Dr. Schenck's preparations with the same remarkable success. Full directions accompanying each, make it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck unless the patient wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his Principle Office, Philadelphia every Saturday, where all letters of advice must be addressed. He is also professionally at No. 32 Bond street, New York, every other Tuesday, and at No. 35, Hanover street, Boston, every other Wednesday. He gives advice free, but for a thorough examination with his Respirometer the price is $5. Office hours at each city, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic each $1.50 per bottle, or $7.50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists

DR. J. H. SCHENCK,
april23,69-1y. No. 15 N. 6th St. Phila. Pa.

Wheeler and Wilson and Elliptic
LOCK STITCH
Sewing Machines.
The Best Simplest and Cheapest.

THESE machines are adapted to do all kinds of family sewing, working equally well upon Silk Linen and Cotton goods, with Silk, Cotton and Linen threads, making a beautiful and perfect stitch alike on both sides of the article sewed.

All machines sold are warranted.

Call and examine at Rail Road Telegraph Office, Carlisle, Pa.

May 24, 1867-tf. JOHN CAMPBELL,

DR. W. D. HALL.
AND
DRS. MARY S. HALL.

HOMOEPATHIC Physicians and Medical Electricians. Office and residence, No. 37, South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Penna. All Acute or Chronic diseases successfully treated.

Fulmer Donaldson, Uniontown, Pa. Cured of Heart Disease, of two years standing, in five weeks. Had been given up to die.

Miss Clara Gilbert, Germantown, Pa. Liver Complaint, of two years standing. Cured in two months.

Benj. Reeser, Uniontown, Pa. Inflamation of the eyes, with loss of the sight of one eye, of sixteen years standing. Cured in three months.

Mrs. Mary Gilbert, Germantown, Pa. Dyspepsia of ten years standing. Cured in two months.

Mr. J. T. Wood, Girard Ave., and Warnock St., Philadelphia. Cured of General Debility of three years standing.

Miss Emma Morris, 1221 Girard Ave., Phila. Pa. Dyspepsia and Gravel of three years standing. Cured in six weeks.

Frank Frier, 742 North 13th street, Philadelphia, Pa. "White Swelling" of nine years standing. Cured in five months.

Mrs. Augusta Browning, Belpre, Ohio. Womb disease of 18 years standing. Causing at times Insanity, so that her friends were compelled twice to put her into an Insane Asylum. Cured in two months.

All consultation free. Offices strictly private.

Drs. Hall respectfully refers to the following ladies, residing in Carlisle. Mrs. Jas. Masonheimer, Mrs. Wm. Hastings, Mrs. Wm. Jackson, Mrs. J. Faller, Mrs. Henry Snyder, and many others.

20feb 69-6m.

REMOVAL.

C. L. Lochman has removed his establishment to his

SPLENDID NEW GROUND FLOOR GALLERY,

opposite Saxton's Hardware Store, where he cordially invites the public to examine the place and his numerous specimens. The well known skill of the proprietor as an artist, with a superior light, and entrance and sky-light on the first floor, are sufficient inducements for the public to patronize this establishment. His pictures are universally acknowledged to be equal to the best made, in Philadelphia or New York, and far superior to any in this country. Please call.

C. L. LOCHMAN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.
AND
Central Pacific Railroad
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

This great enterprise is approaching completion with a rapidity that astonishes the world. Over *fifteen* (1500) *hundred miles* have been built by two (2) powerful companies; the Union Pacific Railroad, beginning at Omaha, building west, and the Central Pacific Railroad beginning at Sacramento, and building east, until the two roads shall meet. Less than two hundred and fifty miles remain to be built. The greater part of the interval is now graded, and it is reasonably expected that the through connection between San Francisco and New York will be completed by July 1.

As the amount of Government aid given to each is dependent upon the length of road each shall build, both companies are prompted to great efforts to secure the construction and control of what, when completed, will be *one and the only grand Railroad Line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coast.*

One Hundred and Ten Million Dollars ($110,000,000) in money have already been expended by the two powerful companies engaged in this great enterprise, and they will speedily complete the portion yet to be built. When the United States Government found it necessary to secure the construction of the Pacific Railroad, to develop and protect its own interest, it gave the companies authorized to build it such ample aid as should render its speedy completion beyond a doubt. The Government aid may be briefly summed up as follows:

First. The right of way and all necessary timber and stone from public domain.

Second. It makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, which, when the road is completed, will amount to twenty-three million (23,000,000) acres, and all of it within twenty (20) miles of railroad.

Third. It loans the companies fifty million dollars ($50,000,000), for which it takes a second lien.

The Government has already loaned the Union Pacific Railroad twenty-four million and fifty-eight thousand dollars ($24,058,000,—and to the Central Pacific Railroad seventeen million six hundred and forty-eight thousand (17,648,000), amounting in all to forty one million seven hundred and six thousand dollars ($41,706,000).

The Companies are permitted to issue their own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as they receive from the United states, and no more. The companies have sold to permanent investors about ($40,000.000) forty million dollars of the First Mortgage Bonds. The companies have already paid in (including net earnings not divided, grants from State of California, and Sacramento city and San Francisco), upwards of ($25,000 000) twenty-five million dollars capital stock.

WHAT IS THERE YET TO BE DONE?

In considering this question it must be remembered that all the remaining iron to finish the road is contracted for, and the largest portion paid for and now delivered on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific Railroad, and that the grading is almost finished.

WHAT RESOURCES HAVE THE COMPANIES TO FINISH THE ROAD?

First. They will receive from the Government as the road progresses about $9,000.000 additional.

Second. They can issue their own First Mortgage Bonds for about $9,000,000 additional.

Third. The companies now hold almost all the land they have up to this time received from the Government; upon the completion of the road they will have received in all 23,000.000 acres, which at $1.50 per acre would be worth $34,500,000.

In addition to the above the net earnings of the roads and additional capital, if necessary, could be called in to finish the road.

WAY BUSINESS—ACTUAL EARNINGS.

No one has ever expressed a doubt that as soon as the road is completed its through business will be abundantly profitable.

Gross earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad Company *for six months,* ending January 1st. 1869 were upwards of		$3,000,000
The earnings of Central Pacific Railroad, for six months, ending January 1st 1869, were		$1,750,00 gold
Expenses	$550,000 gold	
Interest	450,000 "	
		1,000,000 "
Net profit of Central Pacific Railroad, after paying all interest and expenses for six months		$750,000 gold

The present gross earnings of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads are $1,200,000 monthly.

HOW LARGE A BUSINESS IS IT SAFE TO PREDICT FOR THE GREAT PACIFIC RAIL ROAD?

We would give the following facts derived from Shipping Lists, Insurance Companies, Railroads and general information:—

Ships going from the Atlantic around Cape Horn, 100	80,000 tons
Steamships connecting at Panama with California and China, 55	120,000 "
Overland Trains, Stages, Horses, etc., etc.	30,000 "

Here we have two hundred and thirty thousand tons carried westward and experience has shown that the last five years that the returned passengers from California have been nearly as numerous as those going.

HOW MANY PASSENGERS ARE THERE.

We make the following estimate:—

110 Steamships	(both ways)	70,000	(actual for '68)
200 Vessels	"	4,000	estimated "
Overland	"	100,000	" "
Number per annum		174,000	

Present price (averaging half the cost of the steamships), for both passengers and tonnage gives the following result:—

174,000 passengers at $100	$17,4000,00
460,000 tons, rated at $1 per cubic foot	15,640,00
	$33,010,000

Basing calculations upon the above figures without allowing for the large increase of business which can safely be looked for, then estimate the running expense at one half and we have a net income of $16,520,000; which, after paying the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds, and the advances made by the Government, would leave a net annual income of $9,000,000 over and above all expenses and interest.

The First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the First Mortgage Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Co. are both, principal and interest, payable in gold coin; they pay ix per cent interest in gold coin, and run for thirty years, and they cannot be paid before that time without the consent of the holder.

First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad for sale at par and accrued interest, and First Mortgage Gold Bonds of Central Pacific Railroad at 103 and accrued interest.

DE HAVEN & BRO.,
Dealers in Government Securities, Gold, Etc.,

No. 40 South THIRD Street

29Ap69 PHILADELPHIA

Select Poetry.

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

BY W. H. SHELDON.

Oh! call not this a vale of tears,
A world of gloom and sorrow,
One half the griefs that o'er us come,
From self we often borrow.
The earth is beautiful and good;
How long will man mistake it?
The fault is with themselves;
"The world is what we make it."

Did we but strive to make the best
Of troubles that befall us,
Instead of meeting care half way,
They would not so appall us.
Each has a spell for loving hearts;
Why should we seek to break it!
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—
"The world is what we make it!"

If truth, and love, and gentle words,
We took the pains to nourish
The seeds of discontent would die,
And peace and concord flourish.
Oh! has not each some kindly thought!
Then let's at once awake it;
Believing that for good or ill,
"The world is whan we make it."

Miscellaneous

THE HONEYMOONS.

Is it better to look more foolish than you are, or to be more foolish than you look? I have often heard the question asked, and have always been of the former opinion. And in this I have been especially confirmed by a certain experience at Boulogne sur Mer. I was very young at the time, and innocence was depicted on my countenance—not scribbled in pencil, but written in indelible ink, which the ways of the world have never ereased.

My cottage by the sea consisted of an apartment at an hotel, with the use of the *table d'hote* for such refreshments as can not be supplied by blankets and bolsters. I was thus open to the acquaintance of all the world, and the second day found me swearing eternal friendship with some of the most charming people I had ever met. But the Honeymoons were not difficult people to know. Their forte was frankness. They consisted of papa, mamma, and two daughters. Papa had a kind of "you-and-I" manner, and a style of address which, whether illustrated in that manner or not, always gave you the idea of a slap on the back. He had retired from something or other—I scarcely knew what at the time—and in personal appearance resembled a major of the old school, such as one seldom sees in these days except on the stage. He was bluff, and not only seemed a good fellow at bottom, but had the more practical advantage of being a good fellow at top. Mamma was more studiously pleasant in her manner, and with no approach to bluffness. Indeed, she made such pretty little ingratiating grimaces when she met you, and became so playful upon the smallest provocation, that ill-natured persons might have accused her of affectation. She was a few years younger than her husband, being not more than forty, if ladies reach such an age at all.

They were both very nice persons, as you see; but it is doubtful if I should ever have found myself an *ami* of their temporary *maison*—that is to say, their private apartments—but for their daughters; and when I say daughters, I mean one daughter in particular. The names respectively Rose and Blanche. I never knew a rose in a family without a Blanche to follow. Rose was the elder. They were particularly unlike in personal appearance, as well as in other things. If Rose's hair was of the agreeable carrot-color, then in the height of its popularity, the locks of Blanche had the advantage of a chestnut hue which can never go out of fashion. If Rose wore a *coiffee* after the manner of the beauties of the court of Charles II., chastened by that of the beauties of the court of Louis XV., Blanche had a style of her own which needed no models. If there was a fluttering fascination about one sister, there was something about the other more pleasantly to the point. If—but I need not go through a catalogue. The difference between the two girls may be summed up in the fact that while the one was very likely to take you by storm, the other was almost sure to undermine you. And I need scarcely say which is the more dangerous aggression of the two.

My prererence was made from the first, and marked, I fear, in too conspicuous a manner, not only in private but in public society. My favorite partner at the balls was Blanche; and when I say that Blanche was my favorite partner, I mean that I never danced with anybody else. Only once I gave Rose a waltz out of pique, Blanche having given herself up to a ridiculous *sous-officer*, with only half a pair of epaulets to match, before I could assert my usual claim.

We had all returned one evening from the *Establissement*, where dancing had been kept up until the late hour of half past eleven o'clock. I declined an invitation to give the Honeymoons another half hour of my society, thinking that they might possibly have had enough of it already; and Blanche, poor thing, looked decidedly sleepy. So we all went at once to our rooms. But I was not quite ready for rest; so, throwing open my *jalousies*, I stepped upon the balcony which looked over the port, now lit up by a full moon. I then did what most men would do under the circumstances—lit a cigar.

I dare say I was half an hour or so thus engaged, for during the reverie into which I fell, a large-sized regalia was burned half-way to the end, and the accumulated ash dropped upon the rail against which I leaned; when I became conscious of a tapping at my chamber-door. "'Tis some visitor," I muttered; but, remembering the lateness of the hour, I concluded that the applicant was only some scamp of an Englishman who had forgotten his room, and was knocking anywhere on speculation. Satisfying myself with the belief that it was only this and nothing more, I was about to resume my reverie and my regalia, when the tapping was renewed.

I have already assured you that I am not as foolish as I look; so you will, I hope, believe me when I add that I am not a nervous man. That a curious vibration, suggestive of trembling, ran through me, I am free to confess; but remember, I was in a balcony, and the night air was chill. I had even doubts about opening the door—a natural response to a knock in the daytime, but not so much a matter of course in the middle of the night, when one is alone, with a solitary taper, and so forth. But before I could quite make up my mind, the door opened, apparently by itself, but I have reason to believe impelled by somebody on the other side; for there immediately appeared a figure clothed in white, shrouded even to the face, which was almost hidden in drapery. It was a female figure, or at least gave you the idea of being such. The air must have been colder about this time, for I felt the vibration already alluded to stronger than before. I was about to exclaim, "Whence come you?" or to make some equally natural address under such conditions, when the appearance itself spoke, saying, "Julius, follow me!" If then turned back toward the corridor, and I dare say I should have locked it out and myself in very effectively, but I knew the voice.

It was one of the Honeymoon girls—I could not say which, for voices run so in families—so I had no hesitation in obeying the behest. Approaching nearer, I recognized the dress she wore. It was a white opera cloak, which I had frequently seen before, for the two sisters were usually equipped in such a garment when out for the evening But the hood being up, the identity of the wearer was not apparent.

However, we went into the corridor together, and I carefully closed the door of my room behind me. There was fortunately a window at one end of the gallery, through which the moonlight was streaming, so that we were quite independent of my lamp, which I had neglected to bring with me. The lady spoke first, as ladies usually do.

"You must not think ill of me for visiting you in your room," she said. "I knew you were up"—this was said with a pretty little air of confusion—"for my sister and I saw you smoking your cigar on the balcony; and as I have no secrets from her, I ventured, after a great deal of hesitation, to come down and see you. I have so little opportunity of telling what I have to tell"—I thought this strange, as we were so continually together—"and I must make the best use of what time I can find."

An uneasy suspicion now crossed my mind. I said:

"But why do you hide your face from me, as if you were concealing yourself from a stranger?"

She answered by throwing back her hood, and looking into my face with a loving glance, which made me start back in affright.

It was the wrong sister!

As she stood there, with her impetuous bearing and animated eyes, the ornaments of festivity in her hair, and her decidedly becoming costume, I might have felt that she was a being to admire; but loving, that was quite a different matter. A lady must have very red hair, wreathe it with very bright jewels, and get up very early in the morning besides, before she can capture a heart given to another.

Fortunately I did not betray my astonishment in words, or I would not venture to say what the consequences would have been, beginning probably with the burning down of the hotel. One reason, perhaps, for my prudence was that words would not come. At any rate I let her run on.

"Although our tongues have been silent," she said, "my eyes must have long since spoken to you as yours have to mine. Your studious attention to poor Blanche, painful as it may have been at times, has afforded me in my reasonable moments the greatest satisfaction. It has given me the greatest assurance of your strength of character. as evinced in your constancy and power of self-denial. Who but myself among each giddy throng, could have guessed the self-devotion which animated you in averting the suspicion of the world from the secret of our souls; or, in other words, which impelled you always to dance with Blanche, in order to prevent people from observing our attachment?"

This was a discovery indeed. But what could I do? I was alone with her, and defenceless. I could only mutter a few words, which must have sounded very like acquiescence, for she went on:

"I come, then, not to reproach, but to explain. I am not offended with you, as you may suppose. I understand the signs by which you reciprocate my affection. So I say, go on as you are going," (that was pleasant, at any rate,) "for it will disarm suspicion, which is the more necessary, as papa and mamma declare that they will never consent to the match."

This seemed a comfortable way out of the difficulty, and I took advantage of it with my usual dexterity. I assured her that the state of things was most painful to me, but that I would bear up as well as I could, and wait for those contingent days of happiness, when I trusted that every obstacle to our union might be removed.

I saw at once her proud spirit was broken. She threw her arms round me, and wept upon my shoulder. The situation was embarrassing, and I never felt myself a greater impostor in my life than when I mustered up courage to give her a salute in return, telling her however, at the same time, that she must retire to her room, unless she wished to compromise herself with the *garcon*, who would soon come to collect the boots. The practical picture which I suggested recalled her to herself. Snatching a ring from my finger, and pressing one upon mine in return, she rushed from my—or I should rather say *her*—embrace. The next instant her light foot was heard upon the staircase, and I was alone in the corridor—an engaged man.

The meeting next day was embarrassing enough—at least to me. Nobody besides seemed a bit disconcerted. No major and mamma were as usual. The a word, not a sign, indicated the suspicion of a change in the easy *bonhomie* in the one case, or the labored, playfulness in the other. Blanche was frank and beaming as ever. Was she in her sister's secret? I could not believe it. Rose was outwardly the same, but she perplexed me awfully by the expression which she threw into her glances. And she had a talent for expression which, I fancy, nobody knew better than herself.

I managed for two or three days, however, to conduct myself as before in our little excursions and festive gatherings, continuing to appropriate one of the girls, and to receive glances of love from the other. Those I occasionally returned; but in a manner which would, I suspect, have made any person with a respectable sense of the ludicrous laugh. It struck me, by the way, as somewhat remarkable, that the Major, notwithstanding his insuperable objections to a marriage between myself and Rose, never made the smallest objections to my marked attentions to Blanche, but seemed to take them as a matter of course; and in this liberal view of the case he was apparently joined by his wife.

A month was passed in the same manner; and I felt that a settlement of some kind must be come to before we all went away. How I should have emerged from my masterly inactivity policy I do not pretend to say, had not Rose brought matters to a crisis by grasping the nettle in a very determined way.

It was evening. I was alone on the sands. The sun was sinking in its usual manner, and my heart was bearing it company in its usual manner also, when I saw descending the steps by which the pier is approached at low water, a female figure whose identity there was no mistaking. She alighted in safety, and bent her steps in my direction. It was Rose, of course. Blanche never ran after me. I only wished she would. I saw as she approached that she had come to make a communication. Business was unusually blended with affection in the expression of her face.

"My dear Rose," I murmured, "you here alone—"

She interrupted me hurriedly. "Yes I saw no other opportunity to tell you what has happened, and I saw you from the pier, where I was waiting for my papa and mamma. He—my papa—is more than ever angry at what he knows to be your intentions toward me, and declares that to put an end to the possibility of us cheating him he will leave for London the day after to-morrow and take *all* of us with him!"

I felt considerably relieved by this announcement, though the idea of seeing no more of Blanche brought with it something like a pang.

"Yes," I said musingly, "it is very unfortunate; what is to be done? I suppose we must make up our minds to bear the trial with patience."

"Bear the trial with patience, indeed! that can never be. No, I have a better plan than that—we must elope. My father fixed the day after to-morrow. We must be in London before him. I am of age. There will be no difficulty about getting a special license. I have friends of whom my father knows nothing about. with whom we could both stay—who would do the proper, you know," she added with a charming blush, "until the necessary time has elapsed. And when once married, and it can't be helped, my family will forgive us, as a matter of course."

Had there been a shadow of difficulty in the way I should have had hope; but there was something horrible in the entire practicability of the proceeding. I clung to a straw.

"Yes, yes, of course we can do that; but suppose—suppose they stop us, and bring us back?"

My heart lightened at the idea, and I could feel that my eyes did the same.

There was Roman majesty in the manner of her response.

"Are we to be awed by such a possibility as that? What is our love made of if it will not make us dare all?"

I felt ashamed at the imputation upon my courage, which indeed was not deserved; for had it been with Blanche instead of Rose that I would have gone, like a shot from a rifled gun with all the latest improvements. But Blanche had never told me that she loved me, and I was tired of hearing of my happiness from Rose. A sudden idea seized me—a simple but masterly policy suggested itself.

"Of course we will dare anything; but before we take this extreme course I will speak to your father. I will see him to-night and—and perhaps I can induce him to overcome his scruples, whatever they may be."

I was not afraid of the major, nor any man but I trembled as I thought of the extent to which I was committing myself. She met my proposition with an expression of horror, and seizing my arm exclaimed in agitated tones:

"As you love me, do nothing of the kind! You know not the man you have to deal with. When roused he is desperate. Cool and pleasant as his manner, reasonable as he is upon general subjects, he is like a tiger when any man makes pretensions to the hand of either Blanche or myself; for he thinks nobody good enough for us."

The latter words were said with modest reluctance, and ought to have extracted some sweet rejoinder on my part. But it did not. My ideas were bent upon business. I could do nothing, however but faintly urge the expediency of the course that I had proposed, and fairly beaten in argument, at last gave up the point. If I was afraid of any body I was afraid of Rose I could have sustained a pitched battle with the father; I surrendered to the daughter after a mere skirmish. In short, the only position I was capable of defending being thus abandoned, I had no choice but to capitulate altogether; so, after a little more persuasion of a kind which is a very good imitation of force, I agreed to the elopement arrangement, with a vague hope of *something happening to prevent it*.

So determined was Rose upon running away that I found she had already taken two places in the Folkestone boat, which started at eight o'clock next morning; so that adopting the precaution of getting her boxes conveyed on board the evening before she could, under the pretence of going out to bathe, manage to get off before being missed. What can the mere will of man do against such feminine resources as these?

The meeting with Rose almost put out of my head an engagement which I had made that morning to dine with an old acquaintance, who was passing through the place *en route* for Paris. I remembered it just in time, and made for his hotel at once. There was no occasion to dress, as it was only a *table d' hote* dinner. There could not be a better man than Markwell, it suddenly occurred to me, to help me out of the difficulty. Markwell was a man of the world. He was still young—thirty or thereabouts—but he had the experience of a patriarch in ways of life to which he was a stranger. He had served since the age of eighteen in a regiment of foot, from which he had just retired with the rank of captain, and in the course of the changes and chances of his profession, had graduated in knowledge of men and things, and might have taken honors in many kinds of learning incidental to this sort of experience. As luck would have it he knew the Honeymoons, and told me more about them than I had ever known before. "The major," it seems had never been in the army, but held a post in the Ordnance which gave him considerable knowledge of the service, and he was as well known at Malta as the Strada Reale. He had made a great deal of money in the course of his career, not out of his pay, but from commissions of all kinds which he executed for his military connections. He was always buying something, and had always something to sell. Nothing came amiss to him from a horse to a walking-stick, and it was whispered nay, it was almost proclaimed from the house-tops—that he did a great deal in the way of "accommodation" of a pecuniary kind. He had two great objects in life—one was to make money and the other was to marry his daughters. In the latter he had hitherto been unsuccessful, notwithstanding the utmost determination and perseverance. There had been a great many nibbles, but never a decided bite. There had been "offers," indeed, but the men whom he knew best, and who thought it worth while to visit at his house, were not, as a general rule, good matrimonial speculations. They were mostly in debt, and there was a tendency among them to sell their commissions, if not to get cashiered. Occasionally a susceptible ensign of a better class would be keen at the bait, but he was never safely landed, as I have said. Why in this state of desperation he should object to me was more than I could say. It was decidedly mysterious, and even Markwell could not make it out

My friend, however, hit upon a notable way of getting me out of the difficulty. We discussed it well over our cigars; and after a great deal of reluctance I consented to carry it out. I returned home in a very nervous condition, knowing what was before me, but in better spirits than when I had sat down to dinner; for I had hope.

The next morning arrived with the usual punctuality of next mornings and the course of true love (by courtesy so called) promised to run remarkably smooth. Of course I was a couple of hours or so too soon for my appointment; for a man does not elope every day, and the idea of doing so makes him restless and fluttery. Rose tempered her impatience with discretion. She was only half an hour too soon. We met on the deck of the steamer and a most embarrassing meeting it was. Rose was radiant, but agitated, and hoped that she might not be carried away by her feelings for doing me such a service. Still, she did not forget business considerations, and was particularly anxious to make certain that I had not forgotten my baggage, which you may be sure I had not, for I had no immediate intention of returning to Boulogne.

I was always fond of the sea; but never regarded it with so much affection as I did that morning, for it was very rough, and by consigning Rose in a helpless state of prostration to the ladies' cabin, relieved me of a great deal of embarrassment during the journey. My soul is not in the habit of sickening o'er the heaving wave; but were such its weakness, I would willingly have braved the worst rather than have endured the pleasantest possible passage under the condition of billing and cooing with that determined young lady.

When we arrived at Folkestone our baggage—booked through, of course—was taken to the railway station, and I, with the object of my alleged affections, now wonderfully recovered, and full of playful little ways, prepared to follow it. It is a mere step to the train; but we had barely reached the platform when there came a catastrophe for which I was not unprepared. One of the railway policemen approached me, and putting his hand upon my shoulder, said, "Sorry to interfere, but orders by submarine telegraph to detain you until party arrives to make a charge."

Rose did not faint, but relieved her feelings with a burst of indignation which could scarcely have been expected from her affectionate nature. For my part, I had the greatest difficulty in concealing my satisfaction, and protested in such an equivocal way against the proceeding as to draw from the lady a withering taunt on the ground of being mean-spirited, and not having the courage of a man. I bore her out, however in her assertion that I was the wrong person, but without effect; for the description given by Markwell (need I say that it was Markwell?) agreed exactly with my appearance, and there was no doubt in the eyes of authority of my identity with a fraudulent cashier of an English bank, in search of whom the London detectives were at that time on a visit to Paris. Of course the honesty which I have already mentioned as inscribed upon my countenance was to the police made an additional ground of suspicion. It is a maxim, I believe, in the profession that the man they "want" is always the least likely, as far as appearance is concerned, of any number in a crowd to have committed the offense. I could not help thinking by the way, that it is very easy to arrest people upon false charges by electric telegraph and such is indeed the fact

Well they kept me at the railway station, which was a bore to be sure; I was treated with all the discretion due to a wholesale embezzler, and the hardship was not very great. I was relieved from one annoyance: Rose was not allowed to remain with me. They had nothing to do with the lady, they said who was free to go where she pleased. Her disinterested desire to share my captivity was therefore disappointed, and her sorrow had to find consolation at the hotel. I must confess that I felt a sentiment of pity at this point, for I had no unfriendly feeling toward her. But a man is not bound to marry a lady merely to oblige her, and self-preservation is the first law of nature.

The night boat brought matters to a crisis—that is to say, it brought over Markwell, accompanied, as I expected, by Honeymoon. My friend, as we had arranged beforehand, had gone to the major and told him what he had done in the interest of the family to stop the runaway pair; and that gentleman, as we expected, lost no time in appearing upon the scene. His object, as he told Markwell, was to take back his daughter from the heartless monster who had betrayed the confidence of friendship, and robbed him of the hope of his house. Markwell confessed afterward that he was puzzled at this expressed determination, but accepted the position, as in consistency bound. The major, however, was too much for us—I admit it in all humility. He had changed his mind during the passage, and so far from taking back his daughter determined to leave her with me. After the way in which I had compromised her, said the outraged parent, there was but one atonement on my part; and on condition that I married her at once he was ready to forget and forgive.

Markwell roared with laughter—it was a little too bad, when he heard this gracious announcement, revealing the nature of the plot of which I had been the victim. For it then became apparent, as was afterward proved, that Rose's mysterious course of action had been dictated from the first by the family, and was intended, in the last resort, to bring matters to their present issue.

I was fairly at bay, but made a last effort to escape upon pleasant terms. Markwell, having explained to the police that he had lighted upon the wrong man, released me from my state of durance, without much fear of the action for false imprisonment which he was assured I had a right to bring. He then took me apart, as a free agent, and consulted upon the future course of action. *My* course was already decided. I would appease the major's wrath by marrying Blanche instead of her sister. Nothing could be more agreeable to my feelings, and Markwell decided that it was the best thing to be done. He was a little ashamed—a great deal more than myself—at the manner in which he had been outwitted, and was glad of a compromise of any kind. So we went to the major, who had retired, to await the result of his ultimatum, into the refreshment room, and communicated our determination. But this was only for another disappointment. Blanche was already married. An ensign had put the seal upon his infatuation before leaving Malta, but family fears on his part had counseled concealment, and the match wat not yet proclaimed. Hence the plot to transfer me to the sister, which had met with such signal success.

I should have married Rose out of hand but for Markwell. He made a great demonstration on my behalf, and defied the major to force me into the other alliance. So under cover of our joint protest we got safely to London. But we had not yet heard the last of the Honeymoons. I had not been a fortnight in town when I received notice for an action for breach of promise of marriage, to be tried at Westminster in the ensuing November. This meant business, and as the verdict would certainly have gone against me, I had to compromise for a good round sum. It was hard to pay five hundred pounds for my autumn adventure, but that was preferable to paying fifteen hundred and costs—the major's idea of the loss which his daughter had sustained being considerably assisted by his imagination. In this resolve at least I showed my cleverness, and Markwell agreed with me that it was a master-stroke of policy not to go into court. But I must confess that I was not pleased upon personal grounds.—The pain of being deceived by Rose I could bear, but it was hard to believe that Blanche had connived at the deception, and I sincerely trust that she is happy by this time with her ensign. As for Rose, she eventually married an impecunious pay master, who lost his commission, published pamphlets about his case, promoted public companies, founded associations for ameliorating most people's condition by his own, and ultimately retired to Australia, leaving his wife with no other resource—why is that always a last resource?—but to set up a school. When last I saw her she was at Southsea, walking in the rear, with her assistant, of some five-and-twenty pupils, whom I sincerely trust she is bringing up in the way they should go.

For myself I have not lost my old belief that I am less of a fool than I look. But somehow when I go over to France I choose the rout *via* Calais rather than that *via* Boulogne.

Personal Habits of the Siamese Twins.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I do not wish to write of the personal habits of these strange creatures solely, but also of certain curious details of various kinds concerning them which, belonging only to their private life, have never crept into print. I knowing the Twins intimately, I feel that I am particularly well qualified for the task I have taken upon myself. The Siamese Twins are naturally affectionate and tender in disposition, and have clung to each other with singular fidelity through a long and eventful life. Even as children they were inseperable companions; and it was always noticed that they seemed to prefer each other's company to that of any other persons. They nearly always played together, and so accustomed was the mother to this peculiarity, that whenever both of them chanced to get lost, she usually only hunted for one of them—satisfied that when she found that one she would find his brother in the immediate neighborhood. And yet these creatures were ignorant and unlettered—Barbarians themselves and the offspring of barbarians, who now not the light of philosophy and science. What a withering rebuke is this to our boasted civilization, with its quarrelings, its wranglings, and its separation of brothers!

As men the Twins had not always lived in perfect accord; but still there has always been a bond between them which made them unwilling to go away from each other, and dwell apart. They have even occupied the same house, as a general thing, it is believed that they have never failed to sleep together on any night since they were born. How surely do the habits of a lifetime become second nature to us! The Twins always go to bed at the same time; but Chang usually gets up an hour before his brother. By an understaning between themselves, Chang does all the in-door work and Eng runs all the errands. This is because Eng liked to go out; Chang's habits are sedentary. However, Eng always goes along. Eng is a baptist, but Chang is a Roman Catholic; still to please his brother, Chang consented to be baptized at the same time Eng was, on condition that it should not "count." During the war they were strong partisans, and both fought gallantly all through the great struggle—Eng on the Union side and Chang on the Confederate. They took each other prisoners at Seven Oaks, but the proof of the capture was so evenly balanced in favor of each other that a general army court had to be assembled in order to determine which one was the captor, and which the captive. The jury was unable to agree for a long time, but the vexed question was finally decided by agreeing to considdered them both as prisoners and exchange them. At one time Chang was convicted of disobedience of orders and sentenced to ten days in the guard-house; but Eng, in spite of all arguments, felt obliged to share his imprisonment, notwithstanding he was entirely innocent; and so to save the blameless brother from suffering, they had to discharge both from custody—the just reward of faithfulness.

Upon one occasion the brothers fell out about something, and Chang hit Eng and knocked him down, and then tripped and fell on him, whereupon both began to beat and gouge each other without mercy. The bystanders interfered and tried to separate them, but they could not do it, and let them fight it out. In the end both of were disabled, and carried to the hospital on the same shutter.

Their ancient habit of going always together had its drawbacks when they reached man's estate and entered upon the luxury of courting. Both fell in love with the same girl. Each tried to steal clandestine interviews with her, but at the critical moment the other would always turn up. By-and-bye Eng saw, with distraction, that Chang had won the girl's affections; and, from that day forth, he had to bear with the agony of being a witness to all their dainty billing and cooing.—But, with a magnanimity that did him infinite credit, he succumbed to his fate, and gave countenance and encouragement to a state of things that bade fair to sunder his generous heart-strings. He sat from seven every evening until two in the morning listening to the fond foolishness of the two lovers, and to the concussion of hundreds of squandered kisses—for the privilege of sharing only one of which he would have given his right hand. But he sat patiently, and waited, and gaped, and yawned, and stretched, and longed for two o'clock to come. And he took long walks with the lovers on moonlight evenings, sometimes traversing ten miles, notwithstanding he was usually suffering from rheumatism.—He is an inveterate smoker; but he could not smoke on these occasions, because the young lady was painfully sensitive to the smell of tobacco. Eng cordially wanted them married, and done with it; but although Chang often asked the momentous question, the young lady could not gather sufficient courage to answer it while Eng was by. However, on one occasion, after having walked some sixteen miles, and sat up till nearly daylight, Eng dropped asleep, from sheer exhaustion, and the question was asked and answered.—The lovers were married. All acquainted with the circumstances applauded the noble brother-in-law. His unwavering faithfulness was the theme of every tongue. He had staid by them all through their long and arduous courtship; and when at last they were married, he lifted his hands above their heads, and said with impressive unction, "Bless ye, my children, I will never desert ye!" and he kept his word. Magnanimity like this is all too rare in this cold world.

By-and-bye Eng fell in love with his sister-in-law's sister, and married her, and since that day they have all lived together, night and day, in an exceeding sociability, which is touching and beautiful to behold, and is a scathing rebuke to our boasted civilization.

The sympathy existing between these two brothers is so close and so refined, that the feelings, the impulses, the emotions of the one are instantly experienced by the other. When one is sick, the other is sick; when one feels pain, the other feels it; when one is angered, the other's temper takes fire. We have already seen with what happy facility they both fell in love with the same girl Now, Chang is bitterly opposed to all forms of intemperance, on principle; but Eng is the reverse—for, while these men's feelings and emotions are so closely wedded, their reasoning faculties are unfettered; their *thoughts* are free Chang belongs to the Good Templars, and is a hard-working and enthusiastic supporter of all temperance reforms. But, to his bitter distress, every now and then Eng gets drunk; and, of course, that makes Chang drunk too. This unfortunate thing has been a great sorrow to Chang, for it almost destroys his usefulness in his favorite field of effort. As sure as he is to head a great temperance procession, Eng ranges up alongside of him, prompt to the minute and drunk as a lord; but yet no more dismally and hopelessly drunk than his brother who has not tasted a drop And so the two begin to hoot and yell, and to throw mud and bricks at the Good Templars; and, of course, they break up the procession. It would be manifestly wrong to punish Chang for what Eng does; and, therefore, the Good Templars accept the untoward situation, and suffer in silence and sorrow. They have officially and deliberately examined into the matter, and find Chang blameless. They have taken the two brothers and filled Chang full of warm water and sugar and Eng full of whisky, and in twenty-five minutes it was not possible to tell which was the drunkest. Both were as drunk as loons—and on hot whisky punches, by the smell of their breath. Yet all the while Chang's moral principles were unsullied, his conscience clear; and so all just men were forced to confess that he was not morally, but only physically, drunk. By every right and by every moral evidence the man was strictly sober; and, therefore, it caused his friends all the more anguish to see him shake hands with the pump, and try to wind his watch with his night-key.

There is a moral in these solemn warnings—or, at least a warning in these solemn morals; one or the other. No matter; it is somehow. Let us heed it; let us profit by it.

I could say more of an instructive nature about these interesting beings, but let what I have written suffice.

Having forgotten to mention it sooner, I will remark, in conclusion, that the ages of the Siamese twins are respectively fifty one and fifty-three years.—*Packard's Monthly, for August.*

Small boy on tip toe to his companions—"Say, stop your noise all of you." Companions—"Hello, Tommy! what is the matter?" Small boy—"We've got a new baby, it's very weak and tired, walked all the way from Heaven last night, mustn't be kicking up a row round here."

Entire suits of fine white french flannel are much in vogue among young gentlemen at the sea-side. They are cool and becoming.