CARLISLE, PENN'A, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1869.

ting a little before his power, but retain-

ing the composure and courage which

She took his arm and drew him to the

window, pointing toward the distant

graveyard bathed in the soft light of

"Because, when you laid him dow

there to rest, you buried my heart also.'

She went out of the room in silence

leaving him, for the time, so much

subject either by argument or threat.

shaken, that he could not pursue the

Three years more had gone by. Mr

Linn was grown an old man, and, as he

neared the grave his rugged nature began

to soften. He turned from his son's

coarseness, and sought comfort in Annie's

affection and gentle ministering care,

which did not fail him : and cheered by

her presence, he went on toward the moment when he put off humanity and

its trials like a worn out garment that

The brothers were greatly dissatisfie

with the will-Annie shared equally with

them. It would have been quite enough

for lier to have been left in their care.

What did she know about the use of

It was of no avail to grumble, however

he matter was settled. Her elder brothe

was coming to take possession of the

omestead, and as Annie could in nowis

regard it her duty to live with his wife

she made preparations to depart. While

she was meditating upon her plans, ole

"I thought you considered yourse

"I do. I have no one left but you

"Then come home, my daughte

So the matter was arranged. Anni

ny house is your rightful home now.

settled quietly down in the dear old

prown house-dearer even than be

shildhood's home, from its association

with Charley's memory-as if she ha

Of course people wondered a little

out after all it was natural enough, and

ner brother's wife's peculiarities of dis

position were sufficiently known to ex

olain Annie's declination to make hi

It was the fifth spring since the funera

ook place from the farm house. Annie

She had been out for a long walk,

t was already twilight when she ascend

ed the hill. She passed through the yard,

and as she leached the outer door, Mr.

Manson's voice reached her car. Sl

was startled, it sounded as if the widov

"Mother," she called out, "mother!

"There she is!" the old lady exclaimed

Richard, go and tell her-don't let be

ny ithout --she'lldie. O, Annie, Annie!

She rushed into the hall before the

rightened girl could, stir; she 'caught

"A letter, Annie," he said, trying t

ontrol himself. "We're all mistaken

case forsook her in the agonizing joy of

When she came to herself, Charley

Manson was supporting her-was calling

was there -alive -as she had sometimes

dreaded might be the ease, only to throw

cide the thought as impossible in her

It was, very natural, improbable as

seems. After writing that letter to his

nother, he had hurried to Liverpool and

her name wildly. It was no dream. He

her in her arms, weeping and trying to

speak, while Richard followed, little le

zeitated.

Charley---"

"Is alive !"

quieter moments.

was giving was bysterical emotion

vas twenty-four years old.

peen indeed the widow's child.

my daughter," she said.

the eager soul despised.

noney?

The old man's arm fell to his side

she had gained from sorrange.

"I should like to know why?"

JOE JONES. Don't you remember ame Sally, Joe Jones, Lanie sally, whose now was so brown, Who holice like a clum if you gave nor a smile, And went into fits at your frown? In the old goose-pond in the orchard, Joe Jones, Where the goslings are learning to swim, Lame Sally went fishing one wet, windy day,
And-there by mistake tumbled in. that winds at the foot of the hill,

Under old Sim's brush fence, Joe Jones, Together we've seen the old camel go round, Grinding cider at Appleton's mill; The mill wheel is oven wood now, Joe Jones, The rafter fell on to a cow, And the weasels and rate that crawl round

gaze, Are the lords of the cider mill now. Bon't you remember the pig pen, Joe Jones, Which stood on the path to the barn? And the shirt button trees, where they gree

boughs.
Which we sewed on our jackets with yarn?
The pig pen has gone to decay, doe Jones..
And the lightning the tree averence; and down where the onions and carrots once g

Don't you remember the school, Joe Jones! And the master who were the old wig?
And the old shady nook by the crook of the brook,
Where we played with Aimt Catharine's pig?
Mice live in the master's wig, Jon Jones,
The brook with the crook is now dry— And the boys and the girls that were play

Have all grown up ever so high! LOVE IN A COTTAGE. BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER. Uncle Calch and Ritth his wife.

Varying little for outside weather,
Fifty years of their wedded life

bookt in this tony house together Mossy the roof and gray the wall. Narrow the window, low the door But love's own sunlight hallowed it all, From raftered relling to sanded floo

Silent to-day; but silver sweet Voices of children long ago, Keeping time to their restless fee Followed the mother to and fro. Scattered atar from East to West.

Not one stays in the olden nest Where such beautiful memories hide Stranger feet on the time worn state Wake the meloos of other days! Stranger voices are lifted where

Caleb once "tunned the fime" of praise. Caring naught for the desolate para Of the wind in the pure tree tops. Caring naught for the greeving rain That so saily over them drops

Heading as little the sunbeam's kiss Falling sweet from the summe on narrow a house than this Calch and Buth, is gether lie. Up where the many mansions wait,

Is there, I wonder, a cottage onall-Not too stately its pearly gate, Not too shating its golden wall-Where these two may in peace abide?

Heaven were none if these must part— alch away from her gentle side ? Rich afac from his feithful heart! Hand in hand from morning to night Traveled these two the long earth day Surely they walk through the fields of light Hand in hand on the shiring way.

Blossed love of Eusband and wife, Love that lasted through cares and feats Filling this place with the chrism of life,

THE OLD MIRACLE. The children went laughing and sing ing down toward the village, the clouds began to pile up in the west for the coming sunset, and the first flush of spring beauty tinged the hills and woods with peculiar radiance.

As they stood in the the giver below, and the voices of the anown, half these sanctimonious people children from the road, mingled together like the bass and soprano of some exquisite melody; but if they heard it at all it was with the impatience which come over one when happy sound break in

upon restlessness and trouble. She had come down there to bid him farewell-not from any girlish desire for a quarrel which ends in a pleasant recon ciliation, but from a settled conviction of the necessity of the step, which, once

taken, must be irrevocable They were both young. A year before they had been for a short time engaged but all that had long since been broken off, and this last interview was a great deal worse than useless, though perhaps without it neither could have brough their minds to regard that book in their

lives as completely closed. Charles Manson was the oldest son a widow. He had been a spoiled, hand some boy-I fear he was a wayward, reckless man, just one of those young fellows whom everybody likes, and whose agree able qualities and faculty of making friends prove their awn greatest snare

and temptation, I should have made one exception when I said everybody liked Charley, for old Mr. Linn had detested him from off-don't send me away utterly desperhis boyhood. He was a close fisted, grim old chap, who always prayed as if he meant to frighten the angels into doing their duty, who had toiled incessantly all his life, and could not understand why anybody should expect an existence

Now, as a boy, Charley would not his mother's part—those few words tell trust to your affection to lead me right; erg, upon which the smothered grief of the story of her life-and considerable but now-" on his own. He played tutor during the vacations; a distant relative helped him,

and so he went on. But, alas, during the last year of his e course everything changed. Charley made the acquaintance of an entirely new set-young men of fortune and expensive habits, whom he ought to have avoided -and his natural disposition did the rest. He left college very suddenly-good natured people said he was expelled-and the next the village heard of him he and wait. Who can tell, if you did as

nobody knew. Before he came home, old Mr. Linn discovered the engagement existing between him and Annie, and, with his

usual peremptoriness, broke it off at Charley wrote her scores of reproach- growing so faint and weary that she ful letters, which her father coolly burned before her eyes. Then a long silencethon terrible stories of bad habits and dissipation. Nobody ventured to question en whom village gossip did not dare to approach with their affected sympathy when you are gone," she returned. and ill concoaled quriosity. As she sat "Don't make these last moments so bit out the minful image her own words had ity. in her place at church, people noticed ter." how, week after week, the smooth hair gained an added tinge of gray, and the he implored her with all the fervor of already.

with hidden anxiety and trouble. Annie met her but seldem, and then

cet which-filled both their hearts. Mr. Linn had forbidden any intercourse be tween the families; but the widow had. known him too long not to understand the truth, and to exonerate Annie fron Il blame in the matter. Old Linn loved money. . If Charley

had been as steady as young Solon, he would not have given him his daughter. It was convenient that the young man offered him a reasonable excuse for the course he bursued. Annie held her father in great awe.

She had inherited the feeling from her mother, who, ten years before, had faded in her grave, perhaps glad that, for once, she could do something in peace and quiet. The neighbors talked still about her resignation; the old minister, often by home through the chill twilight. alluded to her death bed as the most edifying scene he had ever witnessed.

I suppose Mr. Linn was sorry. Her health had been failing for a long time, and she had been obliged to neglect her dairy, and that fact helped to support him in his bereavement.

He never married again, and Annie grew up under the shadow of her father's presence, and the tyranny of two elder brothers who were really prototypes of their parent. One of them was married now, and his bustling, active wife gave the leave taking meant suicide. She She visited the widow frequently.

Annie a word of good advice, and set grew almost mad with the horror of the Her father never made any opposition, her face against Charles Manson and all belonging to him, with a praiseworthy

There they stood in the maple grove. with the sunset gathering about them, and the black sorrow swooping down over their souls like the heavy clouds that hovered above the radiance of the

west. He had been pleading so earnestly. But though her heart trembled beneath old affections, his passionate language beat vainly against the fortitude with which her ideas of duty and right had

"You never loved me, "he exclaimed. with all a man's selfishness and cruelty. "Your are cold and hard-you can't

She only shivered a little-her tears refused to flow now. It seemed to her that they were slowly freezing there, and would press life out beneath their

You see me going crazy before your which led to the cove. face, and will not speak a word to me." "I can't say anything more," she anewered slowly.

me off as everybody else has done? I but at that season of the year the cur have not lied to you-I never pretended that I was a good man; but you might make me what you pleased."

"O; Charley, Charley !" -the utterance of the old familiar name was like a sob-"if you cannot be all that you ought from a higher reason, no efforts of mine would avail.

"Theý would-theý would!" She shook her head sadly, retaining all the while a forced composure though inwardly she trembled so that she could hardly stand.

"They have made you hate me," he exclaimed. You look upon me as a monster. After all, how am I so much worse

than other men? If the truth were who abuse me have done things worse She put up her hand pleadingly, and

he stopped. She could not bear to hear him attempt such self justification. With her religious feeling, the excesses of which he had been guilty, appeared much more terrible than they would have done to a woman of the world; but she loved him in spite of everything, for when did such doubts ever change affec-

"O, Charles!" she said suddenly, "for your own sake, for your mother's be true to yourself—make your life all that it

ught to be." "What do I care for myself? As for nother she'has a son to depend appon-I am of no consequence-no one will care

"You are breaking my heart. Do not make us all so miserable." She rung her hands with a sudden pas sion which startled him. She was usually

so quiet that, with his impetuous nature, accustomed to give vent to every feeling, he had at times accused her of a want of "It is my heart which is breaking,"

he answered, "Annie don't throw me

world, you ought not to be that. I can't never be anything to you; my father will not permit it." "And can you hesitate between us?

Is this your love? "My duty is stronger than my love," work, except to attain some special ob- she said, "and I shall obey. Were I ject. He hated a farmer's life, and was alone in the world, I might well hesitate determined to go to college. He had ac- | before I committed my happiness to your | complished that by dint of sacrifices on keeping, but I would do it-I would

> "Now you may do it. There is no one loves you as I do; you fear your father more than you love him; your brothrs tyranize over you. Only come with mo-bo my wife, and let us be happy in spite of the whole world."

"Dou you think Lebuld be happy with ther's anger hanging over me?" "He would forgive you in the end." "You know him better than to believe that. No, Charles, rather have patience

was in London, but whether in business you ought, worked hard and made yourself a good name, that he would not in the end yield?" "He hates me too much for that There is no hope."

The sunset was beginning to fale. Annie dared not remain, and she was longed to end the pang of parting, "You are too anxious to go," he said bitterly; "you grudge me even the last half hour .- Do not fear I shall ever as

Then his wild love came up again, and much of the tender beauty of age in it them never a word concerning the sub- "Then go !" he exclaimed. "I shall understood the other's heart.

never trouble you again. I swear you shall repent this to the last day of your life. You have made me utterly desperate-I have nothing to live for now.?

"Your mother-remember your mothmy life."

Then his mood changed. He claspe Annie for an instant in his arms, and beore she could speak he was gone. The last look of his white face, convulsed with mingled emotions, terrified her so unntterably that she had no strength even to pronounce his name. After a time she arose from the ground

where she had fallen rather than sunk from any will of her own, and went slow-For two days longer Charley Manson lingered about the village, then disappeared. It was supposed at first he had returned to London, but two days after years, his mother found a letter in the chambe which he usually occupied.

It only said that he would never trouble her again-neither her or any one. It was better that everything should end. At first she could not understand the Gradually it broke upon her mind that light. the leave taking meant suicide. She

thought. The report went abroad, and every body formed a separate opinion; but when the tidings reached Annie Linn, she could not doubt, even for an instant,

that he was dead. Mrs. Manson wrote to his city friends -He had not been seen; nowhere an idings. She could do nothing,

More than a week passed. It was bright delicious spring. The trees wer his words and swaved towards him with all given; the crocuses and snowdrops were blossoming in the little garden; colony of old robins haunted the old apple trees, and flew in at the open windows elling beautiful tales of their Southern flight. But there was no peace in all its growing richness of beauty and life.

It was the middle of the afternoon Her father and brother were out, and Annie Linn stood in the side door, lookhad crowded back upon her heart, and ing across the fields toward the river. She saw a group of children rush wild ly up the path she had last trodden with harles Manson. Out from the nearest iouse of the village ran several men tak-"Why don't you speak?" he said. ing the path the children had come up.

It was a beautiful spot in the summe time, when the water was low, sheltered between the high green banks of the "Then you give me up? You cast shore and the tall trees of the island rent was swollen by the spring rains that the island was half overflowed, and the pretty cove a deep black eddy, where the waters seethed and foamed in their in

sane whirl. Annie Linn stood motionless in the doorway. From the first instant-she saw the wild race of the children she understood what had happened. They had

found the body; he had-been drowned in the cove. Then the dreadful doubt whether and been accidental or the work of self destruction. She remembered his last words; but even in that hour of supreme anguish slre could not see her way to have acted differently.

She still stood there, while more peo ple went hurrying down through the fields, and the excitement became gen eral in the village. She heard some one passing through the next room. She must be alone or her very reason would

go. She reached the stairs-fairly crept up on her hands and knees to the solitude of her own room. · Perhaps an hour afterward'some im pulse forced her to the window. She looked out: Up the path came a train ment.

of men-carrying something over whiel was spread a white sheet that fluttered little in the wind. Only a glance—then she fell to the floor

and lost everything for a time in that blessed insensibility. The body was carried to that old brow farm house. The face was swollen and

enrecognizable, but the widow remem bered the clothes. It was the body of The evening before the funeral of po-

out of the house into the fields-not to wards the path which had formerly been her favorite haunts; she could not ever look towards that. She-saw the old brown house on the

hill, but did not venture to approach nearer. Some one came out of the door and walked down the hill. Annie knew "If you had lost every hope in the her in a instant-it was his mother." She did not attempt to avoid the meet ing. She stood there, passively await-

ing whatever might ensue, and even looked up as she heard the footstep coming nearer, , "Annie, Annie!" called the familiar

voice which had an undertone so like There stood the widow with her arms extended. Annie fell into them with one he past days went out. .

It was a long time before there was word spoken; then tears came, and broken whispers which made each heart dear to the other. "They say you blame me," Annie cried.

"Child, my boy loved you; that was enough. I never blamed you-I never shall. We don't care what neople say-we understand one another

"I wanted to see you-to come "I know, I know, You can do so now, Annie; your father will never object any

"They ching to one another a little closer after these words.
"You musn't come to the house tomorrow," the widow said. "Come to

me when it is all over and they are all "I have been wishing-I want

"You will be sorry for such cruel words only look once. Don't, Annie, don't." She hid her face for a moment to shut called up-that pale, worn face, with so

patient lines around her mouth deepened passion not to leave Him; but though They had no words of comfort to she wopt in agony, her firmness was un- apeak to each other. It was very diffinarrow round had swallowed up the brief cheating a printer out of two years, subshaken. She could die, but she could oult to talk at all. But it eased their there was but little conversation between | not take a step that she felt to be wicked, | grief to stand together, feeling that each

Annie clung to her with sudden energy "Don't let them talk to you, I did love m-indeed I did.".

"I know it. You did what was right no one shall blame you in my hear " "I shall be better out of her way ing. I hope they'llict my boy alone now. I have always been a curse to her all O, my Charley! my Charley! my Charley!

mickly.

"I don't believe he did it on purpose Ie wrote-me a letter. I'think he meant to go away. I suppose he wandered off oward the river that night." A shudder completed the sentence, I

She checked the spasm of grief very

was fuller of agony than any words They parted almost in silence, and each stole home, shivering with a chill that struck deeper than the pleasant coolness of the Spring evening, and that would not wear away for months and

1 2 - F Charles Mason had been buried a year. Then came the second great trial of Annie Linn's life.

The Spring warmed into Summer, but the mourning in which Annie Linn's signature of that half illegible scrawl, heart was shrouded did not grow more She visited the widow frequently.

although he rather kept out of the way imself. However much he might believe himself in the right, it was not deasant now to meet the poor mother, and remember all the harsh words he had spoken concerning the young, man. ver whose grave the flowers -he had already began to spring. Mrs. Manson came to her

Of course after the first few weeks conderings, Annie was left in peace by er neighbors. They had begun to forget the sudden death, and probably suposed she was doing the same. But the nother knew the truth, and every day knit her heart more closely to that of. ie uncomplaining girl.

James Martin having been left a ower a couple of years before, and findng himself alone in the midst of his comforts his money brought about him, ast about in the country- for another wife, and as fate would have it, he fixed his choice upon Annie. It was very foolish of him, when there were scores of girls who would have been in the seventh | house her home. heaven at the bare idea of solacing his grief. But where such feelings are concerned, the wisest men are perverse; s no one but Annie could fill the void in

his heart. He became a frequent visitor at th ouse, but as he had u sually some ostenible business with her father, it nev ccurred to Annie that his visits had ny connection with herself. I fancy he gave Mr. Linn a bint from the first ; but the old gentleman wicely held his peace und-suffered events to take their course ever dreaming that any daughter of hi could be insane enough to refuse on of the richest men in the country, and in every respect all that a reasonable wo

nan could desire. When the truth did dawn upon Annie's mind, she was sorely troubled ; but

f was difficult to know what course Martin began to ask her to drive out with him, and, as the invitations we ven in her father's presence

t hesitation At last people began to, gossip and nake remarks. It was currently ported that the pair were engaged long pefore Martin had found the courage to show her moré than common civility. At length Martin made her an offer of

his heart and hand, with the 'air of a man who did not dream of a refusal, as was natural after her father's encourage-"I am sorry," (she was obliged to in-

terrupt him in order to speak); "I was not expecting this. I cannot be your wife, Mr. Martin." He stand at herein astonishment for an instant, but could not believe her in

" You think I ought not to have spoken o abruptly, and want to punish me for

t," he said:
"No, infleed." I cannot marry you. lon't want to give you pain : but please Charles Manson, Annie Linn wandered don't talk of this any more, Mr. Martin. I shall always be your friend, but I can never be anything more."

"But your father always gave me eason to hope," he said, turning red and pale with mingled pain and mortification. -ic I never gave him cause to do so, believe me. It was not until very lafely that I eyen dreamed your wishes were intended for me."

"But you will think differently-I will not take your answer now."

"You must, Mr. Martin;—indeed you urt. I shall never change."-

"Youdo not think me worthy of you?" e demanded, angrily. "It-is not that, " sho answered, sadly. I have no heart to, give any man." She grow so white that, for the first time, he remembered the talk there had had been concerning her and Charley Mason. That helped to check his rising

anger; but he began to plead his cause She-was very kind but perfectly firm, und tie was at length obliged to acknowledge, in his own mind, that she was me despair of the life hereafter!" His perfectly serious, and that no persuasions chergyman endeavored to soothe him. could induce her to take her station in

the world as his wife. He sought Mr. Linn, and informed it," he said to the minister. "You nim of his ill success. "She can't mean it!" exclaimed the old man, all the advantages of the match have only been a snare for my poor soul! rushing more strongly than ever upon I would give all I possess to have hope him. "These girls never know what for my poor soul!" In this sad state of

they want." "Miss Annie scens to, at all events." "Nonsense! She wanted to tease you." "I never saw a girl show less incline- away from his bed side impressed with on." the uselessness of such an existence as "I'll talk to her," returned the old the wealthy man has spont, adding house

man in his imperative way. "I shall see to house and dollar to dollar until he beyou to-morrow-it will be all right." Mr. Martin went his way, divided in a professing christian and a good man, his opinions, and greatly chagrined at as the world goes, but the terror and re-"No, nor O, it's dreadful. I could the probable overthrow of all the pretty morse of his death, hed administered eastles in the air he had been industriously rearing the past weeks of blind obscur-

> "What's this Martin tells me?" demanded Mr. Linn, abrubtly entering the room where Annie still sat, her thoughts was the first step that led to his ruin, going back to the previous year, whose when he answered: "The first step was summer of her life. Lile says you re- scription. When I done that, the devil for the benefit of his hairs, fused him." "I did, father," she answered, tremb- him off."

shipped to California without seeing one of his old friends. The body which had seen found was indeed dressed in his obthes things Charley had given on his arrival home to a poor tramp. He

was some stranger, a drunken wanderer whose name never transpired. Charley had not for a long time writte back, and when he did, the letters never enched their destinations, so that h selved that day in the village to find hiros elf recorded as comfortably disposed for five years post.

There is nothing more to tell Basiness had prospered with him; hi early habits had been flung aside, and the true nobleness of his character shone out without a stain. So the old mirac had done its work.

A DEATH BED SERMON. A gentleman died last week at his in dence in one of the uptown fashronable streets of New York, leaving \$11,000-900. . He was a member of the Presbyltrian Church, in excellent standing, good husband, and thrifty citizen. ns death bed, lingering long, he suffere with great agony of mind, and gave cor tinual expressions to lis remorse, for what his conscience to him had been an ill spent life." . " Oh ! if I could only live my years over again. "Oh!-if I couldonly be spared for a few years longer, would willingly give all the wealth I have amassed in a life time. It is a life devoted to money gefting that I' regret. is this that weighs me down and makes

but he turned his face to the wall, "You have never reproved my avarieious spirhave called it a wiso economy and forethought, but I know now that riches three miles. mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many camo the uselessness of such an existence as here dry, and is not heavy, and as it lays came a millionaire. All knew him to be

warm enough for any pupose, what it wealth for a single hope of heaven, may be when the season oppriges Lwill let you know in future correspondence. An old oriminal was once asked what got such a grip on mo I could never shake

lesson not to be lightly dismissed from

memory. He would have given all his

FROM MONTANA The following letter from a soldier in Montana Territory, is to a friend in Car lislo; as it gives a description of the coun

try, we publish it: FORT ELLIS, Montana Ter.) To day I am on guard, and have four ours at leisure before again going on post, therefore I feel inclined to address you again. I wrote you last Sabbath a few lines, in order that you might know where to find me, and I will now endeavor to add somewhat to those dis-

ointed remarks.

better here than I did at Carlisle, I arched, and is encased in a number six should not be speaking the exact truth, ulthough, I must say, that there exists a eling which I never experienced at arlisle, viz: that of having something do, having been kept busy ever since ny arrival at this place. Here it is all work and no rest except, while on guard, t is only then that the best clothing is worn; but soon this thing will be something lighter. It seems necessary, in fact, it is actually necessary to furnish ourselves and horses with warm quarters, and that, too, while the weather is propious, and here let me quote an article which I can corroborate, consisting of a lescription of the country, or at least portion of it through which I passed beinning at Omaha, and called the Plains. The erroneous idea has gained ground, nat_what_are_known_as_the_Plains skirting the tributaries of the Missouri (and a portion of which we occupy,) are worthless for agricultural purposes.

Nothing is more easy of controversion and on no point is information more nice sary. The valley of the Platte river for ten miles on either side of the stream. capable of irrigation, and possesses all requisites for successful cultivation. alone is more than 500 miles long, and fords over 10,000 square miles of fertile on yesterday, he blushed deeply, and ad fall through this valley, as I came ong, I noticed settlements in a thrifty indition, also cities, such as Laramic, North Platte, Cheyenne, Sherman, Carer, &c., each having a look of thrifty adustry, but of course tame compared with our cities along the line of the raiload. At intervals of five, but oftener of 20 miles, I noticed the anot extensive fields of grain that I ever saw, with hord of cattle roaming over the Plains, feast-

ing on the rich untritious grass; in apcarance, this grass seems withered and of a young girl. orthless, which is in consequence of the dry air, which absorbs much of the mors ture, leaving only the sugary parts. - (I alled-it-ready made hay.) . Herds o inffalo have ranged over these plains, and all kinds of live stock fatten more apidly on this than on any other grass; the beef exceeds any I have ever seen; he cattle never taste any grain, but re

nain out all winter: Fort D. A. Massel about three miles from Chevenne, is furnished with this kind of stock, killed by parties in the city, all of which is fattened without any addition to the grass ound in the immediate neighborhood. By actual experiment it is found that the cost of raising and fattening an ox will not exceed five dollars, an amount which designates this region the stock growing centre, not only of America, but

of the world. Numbers of the richest nining, resort as the only means of support to stock raising and agriculture, Cabbage, beets onions, &c., altain size unequalled in any part of the world. and the secret is found in the natural strength of the soil developed by irriga-tion. Will hay is cut from thousands of aeres; the grass is mostly a wild bunch grass growing from twelve to eighteen

unches high, and covering the entire country, and along some of the streams it ises to a height of six and eight feet. The same may be said of the Smoky Hill and Republican rivers, south of the railroad, and the large streams which have their rise in the Rocky Mountains, is the Yellowstone, from which we are

istant some 20 miles, the Muscle Shell, Elkhorn, and others. The line of our march however exends through the most dreary desert I ver saw, yet the Mormons have made ont of this (the portion they occupy,) gardens of fertilty, (a sample of which of false calves, cost from eight dollars saw at Montepelier, a city built criticaly of logs, yet very neatly laid out through which I passed after leaving the Bear river.) simply by this process: Ditches were running in every quarter of the city, carrying the pure "aqua fontain" o the thirsty land in copious draughts.

After crossing the mountains, the first galace of any account was Virginia city, here agriculture is ignored, the region uround is gulched mid turned up side lown, presenting a hideous appearance, washed and ground and drained to ex haustion in search of the gold there hidthen, and the stream's around are rendered muddy and unfit for use by the washing process for which they are used, and this is seen for a considerable distance in the region of the gold lands, although many of the miners have now returned to their homes. Here 65 miles from Virginia there is no signs of mining, but I can't say how far I might have travel to find plenty of signs, 1 think f you refer to the map you may be now able to locate our position, and find Virginia and Gallatin, the latter 25 miles distant, and Helena, 90 miles distant, all on a line, or very near. A stage coach onnects them; the rodil by which we

ame branches to the left before reachng Gallatin, and a small city, Bozeman name, lays due east of us, distant I have never seen anything to equal the climate here, dry and salubrious health to the consumptive, and long life to the dweller therein. Even in the winter season a great difference is seen to that our eastern climate, the snow falls lightly on the ground, cattle which re main out easily procure a living by brushing it aside and gathering the rich. morsels of bunch grass. • The sun rises at six o'clock, a. m., and not be in lave. sets at the same hour p. m., or very near.

MILLARD FILLMORE. A Louisville correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial gives the following picture of the Hon. Millard Fillmore, as

His garments of black broadcloth, imare spotlessly perfect, and fit without a If I should say that I enjoyed myself foot is small and well turned, instep

ourteous and solidly remarkable.

His front face is open and dignified deep a crimson as ever mantled the face

THE WOMAN OF THE PERIOD. The cost of a woman of the period

when fully made up is said to be as follows : Her, beautifully luxuriant blonde hair is worth—if it be a wig-from fifty about a girl. For the moment he rebels to two hundred dollars; if it be a switch, om ten to one hundred dollars ; if it be eurls, from ten to fifty dollars. Her pure white brow, her dark, arched yebrows, from four to fourteen dollars.

Her white face and neck (when enam eled) are procured at a price ranging rom fifteen to thirty-five dollars. The glowing rose and virgin lily of her cheekigast anywhere, with the various caps and cosmetics, &c., five dollars.

cost her from twenty-five to two hundre

levelopers, for fourteen dollars. Her Grecian bond is worth anywhe run nothing to ten dollars.

Her plump arm (if padded) costs from othing to three dollars. Her fair white arm (if bare) costs from ne to three dollars. Her Italian hands and aristocratic nails

re worth two dollars and upward.

pendent of her dry goods and loves of FIRST LOVE.

that; through the day the weather is she forgets to draw-that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of was years ago-with Rebeccea Gratz, course, a woman may be colder, or later beautiful Jewess of Philadelphia; but a in development, or more self conscious, Washington ate pork, she refused t The latest case of singularity of con- may divide by more rigidly marked lines marry. This is another reason, and duct recorded is that of a man who dy'd the phases of her life. But even then, just published, why Washington Irving if she be a woman at all, she can have never married. Surely the resurrection Can'n butting contest between two dar- no first love. Feeling, with women, has ists will bring out the truth

phrase of her life begins with an act of he appeared at the Commercial Conven-

" Millard Fillmore is as faultless an old gentleman as there is in the world. naculatelined and standing collar, black. satin stockings, and neat glossy boots wrinkle too much. He is tall, well proportioned, and inclines to an embonpoint that is just right to a pennyweight. His ceeded in charming Octavius, she would have wendered equally at her infatua-

Mr. Fillmore is a blonde who, on the verge of 70, retains his original clearness of complexion. Extreme nicety, in a large sonse, overspreads him. His hair moderately plentiful, almost snowy white, and carefully cut to a standard neither long nor short. Only at the rown is there a partial thinning out. His ample double chin and large, oval, inky florid cheeks are firm and fair it exture, and have none of the purplish tints of high living. Mr. Fillmore is evidently a generous liver, scrupuously tem perate in diet, and scrupuously nice in dress. He looks like an immaculate disinguished man, produced by a republic whose aim as a public officer is to be always absolutely constitutional and correot, and as a gentleman, to be blandly

and his profile, with its convex aquiline nose and smooth shaved ample double chin, is decidedly patrician. For a man who has seen so much, of political life, Mr. Fillmore is remarkably modest. When introduced by Governor Stevenonce or twice indefinitely stammered over uttering the wrong word. On subsequently taking his seat on the small dias urrounded by growing shrubbery, on the stage, the rear legs of his chair lipped off the back of the platform, and the ex-President was saved from a most seemly fall only by the upright ce dars. He was assisted to rise by the gentleman nearest on the platform, and as the convention laughed rather broady over the incident, his face turned as

Her large and liquid eyes, are worth

Her faultless, gleaming ivories, if fals

Her round, plump cheeks, if plumpers, ost five dollars. Her swelling bosom is gotten up, if ads, for one or two dollars; if respiraors, for five to ten dollars ; if balm and

that he is in love, and that love has made

Her corsets (therefore her waist) are worth from seventy-five cents to thirty Her hips are rounded at a price from one dollar to six dollars and fifty cents. Her delicious limbs, when in the shape

upward. Her pretty little foot and ankle cost from seven dollars to thirty dollars. Her blotches, tongue-scrapers, neck &c., are worth two dollars. The total beauty, therefore, costs her olf, or rather some man of the period, from about eighty-five to five hundred and fifty and upward, per occasion, just

for her personal charms, entirely inde-

It is one of the oddest points of difference between man and women that woman has no first love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any listinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible graduations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible graduation from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life to mark for women' the transition from girlfood to the suddon maturity of passion; she has been kissing and purring and petting and fondling from her cradle, and she will bet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than an intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colors are for a little while hightened as: the one raised. Presently the vividness of color will fade away, and the cool grays lower the tone, and the passion of life will have faded away. But there will be no definite movement at which one could fairly say that love came or a lover's car will always say frankly onough that she never knew what it was

There, is one obvious deduction which kies he considered a "skulling match?" no past, as it bas no future. Every thing else after a while.

blivion. Every love is a first love never loved any one before," is said, and said truly to a dozen living ears in suc "The first I would to meet it aradise," said Lady Wortley Montarue, "would be the river Lethe-the stream of forgetfulness." But women stage of her heart's career. If she renembers her past career at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the dealked about Caesar to Mark Antony, she passed, no doubt her fingers through her lover's hair, and wondered how she could have ever doted on such a bald pated fellow as the Dictator. Had he suc-

But in man's life it is a revolution. It is in fact the one thing that makes him a man. The world of boyhood is strictly orld of boys. Sisters, aunts, cousin nothers, are mixed up in the general growd of barbarians that stand without the playground. There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the chivalous friendship of schoolfellows; there is o more truer or more genuine worshi than a boy's worship of the hero of the crimmage or the cricket field. It is a ne world in itself, but it is a wonderfully arrow and restricted world. Not a girl nay peep over the palings. Girls can't ump, or fag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boy talk ; they never heard of that glorious wipe of Old Brown's; they are awful nilk sops; they cry and "tell mamma; they are afraid of a governess and of cow. It is impossible to conceive reature more utterly contemptible in a oy's eyes than a girl of his own age sually is. Then in some fatal moment omes the revolution. The barrier of ontempt goes down with a crash. The boy world disappears. Brown, the god f the playground, is cast to the owls and o the bats. There is a sudden coolnes

ment than there was last year when a great cheer welcomes the news that lugby has got the Ireland. .The boy's life has become muddled and onfused.. The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes sleyly, fitfully. It is only by a sort of comparison that he will own that he is making all this 'fuss' against the spell of that one little face, the witchery of that one little hand, he ingers on the border of this new country from whence there is no return to the old playing fields. He is shy, strange to this vorld of woman, and woman's talk and woman's ground, tumbles over foot stools, and fangles itself in colored wools The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat, trembles at the fouch of the tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet, among the tumult of football, bushes, and treinbles and falters in saving half a nso-of-mastery is gone.—Ho knows tha very chit in the nursery has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot, pair The clerk at the office touched his Ira ful thing, when the sisterly heads bond

what a fool he is. 'Yes, he is a fool, that is one thing which he feels quite certain about.'- There is only one other thing

ogether, and he hears them whispering

which he feels even more certain about-

man of him. A HOUSE OF WORSHIP. The New York Herald contains a very ull description-of the new Jewish-hous of worship, built on the corner of Fifth venue and Forty-third street, New York known as the "Tomple Emanuel!" dends in unconscious harmony six differ nt orders of architecture-Saraconic Byzantine, Moresque, Arabesque, Gothic and Norman. The interior decoration are finer and more costly than any Chris ian church in the land. . The Herald closes its articler with the following: In day ten millionaires, and from that poin back an aggregate of millions more is represented. Did there ever thus sit together, since the days that the fair and regal ruler of Sheba was escorted by the gorgeous retinue of the court of Solomo o the temple of that monarch's ambition, such a galaxy of wordly wealth, and it might be ventured; such a galax of beauty and refinement? The roof o he temple is flat and cut into squares by the transverse arches. A good deal of elaborate polychrome painting fills in the spaces. The best time to observe the nany beauties in this field of decoration s at night, with the aid furnished from he full radiance of the many blazing andolebra. ". The figures are brought out n happier relief and show with a lustre lenied them by daylight. Altogether the temple of Emanuel is a feature in tself, and has no parallel. Its exterior is an experiment in architecture oftentimes before attempted, but only in this nstance realized as a success. Its interior decoration, without being quite so great a novelty, has so many points of originality that it fairly divides the palin

£ \$9,500. last number of the Allentown Den ocrat contains the following complimentary allusion to one of its old subscribera "Joe Lazarus, of Catasauqua, has been eading our paper since Aug. 1, 1800, without paying for it. Would like to went. A girl who is not whispering in see you come down with \$18.27, Joseph. If you don't, we are going to make the best 'local' of you that our readers have seen in a long while. So take yo

interest with the architectural design

t may be added, in conclusion, that the

first new sold realized the enormous sum

choice, Joe." Washington Irving fell in love -this

TATTLERS, PLEASE NOTICE Every community is cursed with the presence of a class of people who make it. their concern to attend to everybody's business but their own. These people are the meanesf, lowest, and vilest specimens of humanity which Providence permits to live. It is known that a large find a little rivulet of Lethe at every class of persons are disposed to speak ill of others, and tattling is a sin from which few claim to be entirely exempt, but there is a distinct class of tattlers whose ity of the present. When Cleopatra chief aim it is to make tale bearing the constant pursuit of their lives. They pry into the private affairs of every family in the neighborhood. They know the exact state of a neighbor's feelings towards another. They understand everybody's faults; no blunder or impropriety escapes their vigilant watchfulness. They are tion for such a ne'er do well as Antony particularly posted up in everything con-And so it is no wonder that a woman's nected with courtship and matrimony; rather small, steel blue eyes are still clear first love, even if she realizes it at all, know who are to marry, and can guess and alert, his teeth white and even, his goes down in the general wreck of the the exact time when it is to take place. They watch every movement of parties. suspected of matrimonial intention, and if there is there is the slightest chance to create a disturbance, they take immediate advantage of it. They try to excite jealousy, or, if possible, to break up a match, and do all in their power to keep up a constant quarrel. They go from gentleman to lady, from mother to daughter, from father to son, and, in the cars of all, they pour black and bifter whispers of slander and abuse, and, at the same time, pretend to be the best of friends of the those with whom they are talking. Their black and nauseous pills of maliciou slander are coated with smiles and professions of love. Tattlers are confined to no particular class of society. A They belong to all classes, and operate in all. We find them among the rich, and among the poor; the "upper ten," and the "lower million;" in the church, and out of it. They are people who have no higher ambition than to be well informed in regard to the other people's business; to retail scandal to their neighbors, and exult in their fiendish triumphs over the bruised heart and wounded feelings of a victim. Contempt of such unprincipled creatures should know no bounds. They are worse than the lowest class of thieves. n the friendship that was to last from and should be despised by every lover of to school to the grave. Paper chases peace and quietness; but no words can nd the annual match with the "old felexpress our hatred for them. What w" cease to be the highest object of purishment they deserve, we do not uman interest. There is less excite know; but God knows; and as sure as eternal justice reigns, they will receive retribution in proportion to the magnitude of their offences against the law of God, and the interests of injured humani-Standerers, ponder and reflect, and turn from your evil ways before it is too late, for the scriptures tell us that "all, lides and mischief makers shall, have their place in the lake of fire burning with brimstone!"

A SMART MICHIGAN GIRL. While our steamer Norman lay wooding up at Port Oneida, on the Michigania shore, there came aboard a pleasant barefooted German girl, with a pail of berries. She were a cheap calico dress. minus the heops, with a little gingham

shaker, nearly hiding her face. rather under size, with a supp and an air of modest assurance a noted a girl of genuine stamp & told the beys to keep out All the men about the ba seemed to know her. The bought her berries at her of

her as if in the presence of a duchess. "That's the smartest girl in Michigan," said the engineer, as she passed out the gangway. The girl gave no heed to admiring glances and compliments that followed her, but straightway sought her little fish cabin, where she was mending nets, by the shore. On inquiry of the old dockman, we learned that our little barefoot maiden, though only seventeen, was the oldest of a family of an even dozen, living in a little double lor cabin, on the high bank above the shore. Her father came here from Buffalo some dozen years ago, went to clearing timber, selling rood to steamboats, and raising stuff on his land. Lanie, the oldest girl, was the "little captain" from the start, and howed pluck beyond her years. In inter she would get on her boots and be ut among the wood choppers, before she ould hardly waddle through the snow. n summer she would wander off a berrying, or be down among the nets of fishing boats. It was her greatest delight to get on the water, to rock and toss upon the waves. At ten, she was a trim little sailor herself, and would coast off for miles alone. At twelve she would allow no boy to pass her with sail or oar. For the last three years "Lanie" has been master of a handsome fishing craft and a set of "gill nets." She puts them out early in April, and continues them till late in the fall. She is out overy morning at daylight, and again in the evening, except in the roughest weather. She takes a younger sister along to help set and draw the nots. She often brings in a couple of hundred fine lake trout and white fish at a hand. She dresses them, fries out the oil, packs and sends then away to market. Her August and September catch amounted to over \$200 Besides her fishing receipts she has taken in over \$170 this season for berries, picked at odd hours by herself and sister. All her money goes to her father. Month

after month, he packs it away in old sacks and stockings under his bed ; night after night he guards it with sabre and pistol. In all, she is said to have carned him over \$3,000. Of course the old man is proud of his girl, and tells of her exploits with the liveliest twinkle of satis faction. Danger and hardship seem unknown to her. She will go out in any blow and come in with full sails. Her white mast and blue pennon is known been nearly far along the coast. Boats salute her in passing; boys swing their hats in proud recognition. Without knowing it, Lanie Bortein is a heroine.

A young man in Napa county, Califor nia, named George Smith, not long since, went to bed in a room where there was u kox of powder which he thought was a or of nails, and loft a lighted candle sticking in the bung-hole. The next norning there was a coroner's inquest promises, at which the fragments Mr. Smith figured quite conspicuous having been gathered up for the occas

Cold weather approached