CARLISLE, PENN'A, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1870.

CÀRDS Addison hutton, ARCHITECT, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. PLANS, DESIGNS, PERSPECTIVE VIEWS. SPECIFICATIONS, AND WORKING DRAWINGS

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RATLROADS

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. WINTER TIME TABLE. winter Time, Table.
Eight Trains (Daily) to and from Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and Two
Trains Daily to and from Erio
(Sundays excepted).

ON and after Monday, November 15, 1869, Pas-eng-r Trains of the Pennsylvania Rallroad com any will depart from Harrisburg and arrive at 1° 1° adolphia and Pittsburg as follows: EASTWARD.

2 10—Philadelphia Express leaves Harrisburg daily (exc-pt Monday) at 2 10° a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 6 30 a. m., and arrives at Monday) at 5 20 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 6 20 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 6 20 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 6 00 p. m. and arrives at Harrisburg at 9 10 p. m. 12 10—Parline Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 12 10 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 4 23 p. m.
10 45—Clocinanti Expressienves Harrisburg daily at 10 45 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia, at 3 10 a. m. 10 a.m. 2 60 Sou'nern Express leaves Harri-burg, daily except Monday) at 2 50 p. m., and arrives at West Miles at 7 2 5 m. initiadelpha at 7 00 p.m., and arrives at Wes initiadelpha at 7 00 p.m., and arrives at Wes Harrisburg Accommodation leaves Altoona daily (Sunday excepted) at 7 3) s.m., and arrives at Har-risburg at 1.5 p.m.

(Smanay exception at Tisburg at 1 55 p. m. 359—Harrisburg At 25 p. m., and arrive at Phi adelphia at 9 50 p. m. 25 p. m., and arrive at Phi adelphia at 8 0 m.—Lancaster Train, via Mount Joy, leaves Harrisburg daily (except vanday) at 8 00 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 12 55 p. m. WESTWARD.

WESTWARD.

WESTWARD.

4' 20-1 ric Fast Line west, for Eric, leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 4 2: p. m., arriving at Eric at 10 s. m.

12 10-Cincinuati Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 12 10 a. m., arrives at Altoona at 50 a. m. and arrives at Pittsburg at 9 20 a. m.

2 40-Pittsburg Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 2 40 a. m., arrives et Altoona at 8 00 a. m., takes breaklast, and arrives at Pittsburg \$ 60 a. m., takes breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 30 p. m.
4 10—Incific Express loaves Harribburg daily at 10 a. m., arrives at Altoena at 8 55 a. m., takes breakfast and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 50 p. m.
Fast Line leaves Harribburg daily (exerpt Sunday) at 3 15 p. m., arrives at Altoona at 8 55 p. m., takes suppar and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 45 a. m.
Yail-Train leaves Harribburg daily (exerpt Sunday) at 11 p. m., arrives at Altoona at 7 25 p. m., takes supper and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 36 a. m.
Way Passenger Train leaves Harrisburg daily (exerpt Monday) at 7 45 a. m., arrives at Altoona at 2 20 p. m., and at Pitt burg at 10 30 p. m.
SAMUEL A. BIACK,
Supt. Middle Div. Pet m. R. R.
Harrisburg Novembr 30, 1869

READING RAIL ROAD. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Monday, December 27, 1869. MORRAY Determine Trib Morth and North West for Philadelph a, New Y-rk, Reading Pottaville, Tamayun, Ashland, Shamekin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litir, Lancaster, Commbin, &c. &c.
Trains leave Harrirburk for New York as indiges at 5.35 × 10 a. Mr, 12.29 : 100, and 2.03 P. M. connecting with shalfur trans on Pennylytech Rail Road and arriving at New York at 12.15 mon, 5.46, 6.54 and 10 00 P. M. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 5.33 a. M., and 12.23 noon trains without hange.

A. M., and 5.00 F. M. trains toom New York, without charge.

Ineard Harrish arg for Reading, Pottswille, Tamaqua, Miners He. Ashband, Shamokin, Pine Grove,
Allentown and Philadelphik, at 8.10 A. M., 205
and 4.10 F. M., atopping at Lebanou and principal way stations; the 4.10 F. M. frain connecting for Philadelphia, Pottswille, and Columbia only. For Pottswille, Schuyikili Havo, and Aburn, vis Schuyikili and Isaacood, leave Harrishurg at 3.47 F. M.
Way Passenger, Train-denves Philadelphia at 7.30
A. M., connecting with similar train on East Pennsylvania Ruiteod, returning from Roading at 6.35 F. M., stopping at all Stations.

Lavre Pottswille at 5.49 and 0.00 A. M., and 2.45 F. M., Herudon at 9.20 A. M., Shamokin at 5.40, and 10.5 C. M., Ashland at 7.60 A. M., and 2.30 noon, Ta-

maqua at 5.35. A M. and 2.207 M. for financipals and New Yorkille via Schuylkill and Surquehama Rall Road at 816 A. M. for Harribourg, and 11.30 (M. for Pine fireve and Trem at Eastley at 1.30 A. M. passes Reading at 7.30 A. M. parriving at Philadelphia at 10.30 A. M. Reterning, leaves Philadelphia at 1.35 P. M., pushing Real in at 7.40 P. M. arriving at 7.44 P. M. parriving at 7.44 P. M. parriving at 7.45 P. M., pushing Real in at 7.40 P. M. pushing at 7.44 P. M. pushing at 7.44 P. M. pushing at 7.45 P. M. pushing Real in at 7.45 P. M. pushing at 7.45 P. Pushing at

Ohnwhia. Ac.

Perkipmen itali Boat Trains leave Perkipmen JuncLion at 9,00 A m. 3,00 and 5,20 r. m. retunling leaves chweeksville at 8,05 A m. 12:45 moon,
and 4,15 r. m., connecting with similar trains on
Reading KaN Road.

Colabroakdale Railroad trains leave Pottstown at
9,40 A m. and 6,20 r. m. returning, leave Mt. Penuntat 7, 9, and 11,25 A. M., connecting with similar
trains on leading Rail Revol.

M. Philadelphiant 8.00.A. N. ant ii.15 P. M. (the 505 A. M. trale romeing only to Receively leave Positivitie at 8.00 A. M., Harrisburg at 5.35 A. M., and 10 P. M., and Honding at 7.15 A. M. and 10 05 P. M. of Harrisburg, at 7.23 A. M. (or New York, and at 145 P. M. for Philadelphia Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates Baggage checked through; 100, pounds allowed self-baseinger.

(6. A. KIGGLLS, Com. Such

UMBERIAND VALLEY R R

chanicaburg 2:07 Curlisle 2:49, N. wville 3:15, Ship pendeurg 3:6 Chambes shurg 4:20, Greencastle 4:60 arriving at Hagerstown 5:..6, P.K., EXCHRAS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 4:15 P.M. Mcchanicburg 4:47, Carlisle 5:7, Newville 5:04, Ship pensburg 6:17, arriving at 1 hami crobing 6:45, P.K., A MIXED TRAIN leaves Chambes burg 8:00 A, P.K., Orsencastle 9:25, arriving at Hagerstown 10:10, A m.

EASTWARD! ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Chambersburg 5.0 a M, Shippensburg 5:20 Nowello 5:00, Carlish 33, Mechanicsburg 7: 2 arriving at Harrisburg 7: 2 MAIL TRAIN 1-aves Hage stown S:00 a'm, Grad

Nowville (914, Cartiele 1950), Mechanicsburg 112 artiving, 44 Earlaburg 1155, a. M., EXPEESS TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 12:00 x Greencastle 12:28, Chamborsburg 1:05, Shippe 45 w 1:37, Newville 2:19, Carlish 2:50, Mechanicsburg 3: b artiving at Her-laburg 3:00, p. w A MIXED TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 2:5 p. w Decembersh 1:12 artiving at Chamborsburg 5:5 p. w meastle 4:12, arriving at Chambers are 5: 5: r r 3- Making close connections at Har isburg with se to and from Philade Iphia, New York, Pitt-bur im round Washingt n

O. N. LULL, Supt Rail old Office, Chamb'g Nov. 9, 1869 MISCELLANEOUS.

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abitors of the first states in the

THE GOLDEN SIDE. There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land, If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust no'er fallet!

The grave is green, and the flowers bright, Though the wintry storms provalleth. Better to hope, though the clouds hang low, And keep the eyes shill inted;
For the sweet blue sky will soen peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the preverb goes,

Is the hour before the dawning. There is a many gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jeweled crown Or the miser's hearded treasure; it may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thank For a cup of water given.

Botter to weave in the web of life.

A bright and golden filling,
And to God's will with a ready heart, And hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the minute delicate thread And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

HANNAH FANTHORN'S SWEET HEART. Fifty years ago, and yet I've just to

ose my eyes and there comes Willie over the hill, as I used to see him coming as I sat waiting for him at the farm use window. Sometimes on horseback, but often afoot, for the Hall was not very far away. Nowadays you see the boys and men alike dressed in black, or with (maybe) a bit of grey or brown. It was n't so then. Will wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, and knee breeches, and silk stockings, and buckles in his shoes, and a blue vest; and on gala-days claret colored and white silk, handsom in one's eyes, and wonderfully so in my eyes; for I was a Quakeress, half Meth-

odist, and never wore anything gay my Tall? Surely he was tall. Never a Haslet-under-six-feet-and-broader-in-theshoulders than any of his age. Straight eatured, rosy, and just twenty-five. Will's father was rich Squire Haslet and they lived at the Hall, a grand house, we thought it, for we were plain people Father a Quaker, mother a Methodist, and he kept to the plain dress and language all his life. In those days there never was a Methodist who wore gay co!ors or new fashions, and mother took the

poke bonnets and grave dresses natur-So we were quiet- enough, not a pic ture nor an ornament in the house. Not fiddle; though Barzilla begged leave to bring one home. And at dusk, Saturday night work put away, and the house clean, and not so much as a mouthful cooked the Sunday through. . Every thing cold : and mother took the key in her pocket, and took us girls one way to Methodist meetings, and father took the boys to Quaker meeting-for that was a

compact, and they never let religion once come between them. It was all so different at the Squire's The curtains, the carpets, and Mrs. Has-let's caps all aglow with color. And on Sunday a feast day, with more work for the servants than any other; and guests down from the city, and the piano-such wonder to all—and the harp a-playing sat in the Squire's high backed pew with curtains. Mother used to say-she was a bit prejudiced-that with the organ, and the altar cloths, and fonts, and carvings, and painted windows, and the gay

connets, the Episcopal church was for all the world just like a playhouse. Sis-Ellis used to say to me, "For all that I'd like a pink bonnet myself, and to go to a church where there was music." Eilis hadn't a Quarker bone in her bedy

nor a Methodist drop in her blood. I always wondered why Ben'did n't come a wooing her instead of me. I was a bit of a thing with blue eyes, and a skin like wax-not a drop of color in it, and didn't there come an artist who painted miniatures, to our place one summer and tell me my face was classical, and nearer the antique than any one he had ever saw. I was pleased with the first, but the last worried me, for do what

could, though it sounded like a comliment. I could not understand the word "Come to my house, and I will show

. So mother let me, and I went. There t a marble woman—that is, the face and eck of a woman down to the waist. A bast," he called it. Says Willie, that is antique. It is Pyche, and more like

you than any picture could be." 🕐 " Never like me," and then I blushed nd turned away, for not a tucker nor a scarf had she and I felt ashamed. It was a splendid house; to grand emed for me to live in; and he took ne all over the house even to the hothouse, where summer flowers grew in the

winter time, and he put some of them in "White," said he, "you look best i

One night I heard father and mothe alking by the kitchen fire. Says mother, "It's wrong to stand in the girl's way, although he is an Episce palian. And think of her mistress of the Hall, and riding in her coach."

"Thee thinks too much of the world, Cunice," said father. "But remember, Ellis," says mother it is a chance that comes to few," And she'd be good to Ellis if we died; and a ar would be off of our minds for the and save-and know a bad year for crops r sickness would swallow all. He loves er, and he'll be good to her; and she can

go to our meeting and he to his." 🕒 ---"Thee'll have thy way at last," said father. But I'd rather see her marry a be willing to wed for less. young friend with but one cow and two r three acres. I misdoubt the ways of

But his voice was mild and I knew he ad yiolded. As for the Squire himself a handsome, burly, red faced gentleman with a loud voice. He rode over to see fath er one morning. Mother went into the sit ing room, and I was sent into the dairy, but how could I when I know my fate was in the balance? I crept into the entry and listoned, stopping my mouth with my white apron least I should cry out. I and I fancied I hardly knew what. heard the Squire first. "My boy has set his heart on your lit-

folded his hands and sat looking ot the ward the hall. It was like a dream. I never thought of anything but your love. floor. At last he said: "have thy own | could scarcely believe myself awake. It vay Eunice ; she's a girl." *

Well, well, with joy comes sorrow. A room, and saw her lying wan and pale died. She dropped from her chair at the | had come over her ! dinner table, and when the servants had "You've come, Hannah Fanthorn," sped across the country to the doctor and she said; "thank you for that. I the grave and saw Willie so sad, dressed long while since we spoke together." for the first time in his mourning, and I had more reason to weep than I knew; for Sabrina Haslet was mistress of the said she. "You look as you did when Hall, and all along in secret she had set you stood by the hedge in the moonlight,

with me. As soon as she could, she began to fill he house with young company—young They've stung my soul ever since. Do ladies nearly all, handsome, fashionable, you know I lied then ?" dressed in finery and jewels; and Willie. must play the part of host and welcome them. He told me so, though I'd rather side, he said. "But Sabrina wants com-

pany to keep up her spirits." while; and there was dancing in the these years he has wandered over the vening and riding through the day, and world a lonely, sorrying man; and I, his he rode beautifully, and always with sister, the cause. And she-Dorcas-Willie. I thought to myself over and oh, you know my lover jilted me for her; and over again, "does she know that it all the place knows that." is my love she rides away with as though I looked at the poor dying woman.

was trying to forgive her, but I could not help speaking harshly. he was her's !" my heart, and I was not the same girl at times. Yet all the while he told me that it was fashion and courtesy, and he kept me quiet while he was by. He would have had time to repent." have had me at the Hall often also, but ined and grew thin and mother thought ding day, my blood would, boil, and I'd

"No-I'll marry no one who weds me ecanse he's bound to me, and from One night I stood by the garden pal ings and looked at the stars, and as stood there a woman in a hood came over the fields and stood beside me. It was Miss Sabrina Haslet. I started as if I had been shot, and she took off her hood, for it was warm, and looked har I at me.

say between my clenched teeth:

"What kind of a girl are you?" said "What kind of one are you?" said I "Not a civil one, to speak that way."
Said she. "What I want to know is this-Are you the person to hold my prother to a foolish bond, or to let him ree when he begins to struggle. You caught him cleverly; and though his heart has slipped through your fingers

Will you? "With his heart gone from me!" eried. "Has he told you it is gone?" "He'd die first," said Miss Sabrina 'His honor would not let him break troth with you. Butto see how he love Miss Dorcas Oakley, and she is a match for him in rank and wealth and beauty. People are talking of it and pitying him. "They shall pity him no more," I said

-"What is the Hall to me? It was my Willie's love I cared for. Tell him he is "You must tell him yourself," she said. If you care to see him hapyy open his cage ;"and she tied on her hood and

sped away. That night there went a note to Willia Master William Has'et .- L've thought a long ong whi's that the bond between ne'was best broke feel sure of it now. It will be better that we should

And with this wish I sign myzelf HANNAH PANTHORN." This I wrote with a heart torn and rent is never flesh could be; and it was sent; not see him : and all was over between us. I waited only to hear that he was berothed to Miss Dorcas Oakloy. Instead looked at him? Surely I had never seen bend his body, and count his beds, is. of that, I heard a week after, that he had | that man before ! n the drawing room was a stand, and on left the country. Where he had gone not to be married, my heart smote me a and from the nocks of the stone lions on little, and I wondered wether I should the porch, streamers of crape were float-

have heard him speak for himself. Miss Sabrina Haslet did not marry. six months after; and then folk said ther

liked none of them, and lived on in the where was he? Hall quite alone but for the servants By and by saw no company, and shut up wretched than many a poor woman. All

her beauty left her too, and she grew to be a sharr, sour spinster, always dressed in black-she who had been both belle and beauty. I lived on at home. Ellis married, and so did Brazillai. The years did not seem children. It's hard to be poor—to pinch to give a gray hair to my mother, nor a wrinkle to my father. They were to placid to grow old fast. No one wondered I did not marry. They seemed to

think that having been so nearly Mis tress of the Hall, it was not likely I should The Hall! Bah! It was Willie loved, and not his house or lands. One winter night there came a lou

rapping at the door. I opened it, and there stood an old man servant from the Hall." "I'm sent by Miss Sabrina, Miss," said he. "She is very ill, and desires you to come alone, She has something particular to say to you." "Sabrina Haslet send for me!" I thought, and then my heart beat fast,

"Ill. did you say?" I asked. "Very ill," said the man, "The doc tle girl," he said. "He might of found a tors give her over."

richer mate but he couldn't have found a I went back to get a shawl and hood, I will not be master of the hall unless prettier or a better one. If you'll say and tell my mother where I was going, you will be my wife and its mistress."

Yes," neighbor Fanthorn, I will, and and then came out. The night was "The hall, the hall!" I cried. "D Sabrina's to be married bleak, and snow was falling and lay deep the hall woo me? Did I love the hall? Father said not a word for a while. He stopped in, and was whirled away to son all might have been different!

could scarcely believe myself awake. It "I forgot," he said, "'tis not young was still a dream when we stopped at Will Haslet now. My hair gray, the Oh! but it's sweet to have the first the hall, and I only realized that all was time for wooing is past." ove crowned by a parent's blessing. true when I stood in Miss Sabrina's. wouth after that day. Willie's mother upon the pillow. Oh, what a change think, but another woman with her

ack she was dead. . I wept as I stood by thought you'd refuse, perhaps. It's a "A long while," I replied. "Yet you have n't changed much," her heart against her brother's match and said, 'What is the hall to me?' 'Twas Willie's love I cared for. I re-

member the words, Hannah Fanthorn.

"Lied !" "Yes, lied. - Willie's heart never belonged to any one but you. He was true be with my Quaker beauty by the river- as Heaven. It was I who wanted him to heads are white as snow to-day. But wed Dorcas Oakley. I thought a poor girl like you beneath him. I told him I had a guess that she hoped to wean you loved that cousin who came to your nim from me, but I never told him so. home so often; and when your letter True love needs no chain, I thought, and came he believed it. I thought he would for a while he was my Willie all the same marry Dorcas then. I never meant to s before. But at last there came to, the drive him from home and kin; but he Hall the handsomest lady of all-Miss went, and the last words he said were, Dorcas Qualey. She staid a long, long 'Sabrina, my heart is broken.' And all

"I am only a stranger," I said. "What I have suffered is nothing to you. But -had-you no mercy on-your-brother? You

"Time!" she said. "Yes, Hannah Sabrina sent no message. She was the Fanthorn, it seems like eternity; but I nistress of the house, and I would not have sought for him in vain; for years I there without her invitation. So I thought him dead. Yesterday I learned that he is alive, and not many miles disne ill. So I was of heart, and not of tant. Old before his time, they say, but body. And when she talked of my wed- he lives, Look," she continued, drawing a packet from under her pillow, "in this I have written the truth. It shall be sent to-morrow. It is directed plainly. If I die in the night it can go all the same. Will and you may meet again, and be happy when I am under the turf." Then she began to wail-"Don't leave

ne : do n't leave me to die alone !'' I sat down by her. "Do not fear," I said, "and try to think of other things. Forget earthlook up to heaven.'

I never left her. Sitting by her side on the third night I saw a change come over her face, and bent over her.

"have you forgiven me?" "As I pray Gold to bigive me," I an-

Then fainter still she spoke: "Be kind to Will. Heloved you. Oh! to think that I should have lost my soul

you may be mistress of the Hall yet I that you might not be my sister—you And with those words there came a look into her eyes I never shall forget; and in the dawn of that winter day she

> lay on my arm dead. On Sunday they buried her. The graveyard was full. Every one came to see Squire Haslet's daughter laid in the great vault. I stood near it. But though the solemn words of the preacher rang the first builders of the earth had vainly in my ear, and the coffin was before my eyes, and I should have thought of nothing else, my mind would wander away to the past-and I saw Will as I used to see him, and myself, as in a mirror, young and blithe, leaning on his arm. Then I found myself praying for the dead woman, and murmuring, 4 God

forgive her, for she knew not what she did !'' I came back to the present with a start and a thrill. They were closing From the summit of the mound, far the vault. And beside the clergyman, speaking to him in a whisper, stood a tall man, with a foreign look about him and a heavy hat slouched over his eyes : antique" but old, so I asked Willie and and though he came to the farm I would a man all in black, with hair dark as night, but with here and there a silver thread. Why did my heart beat so as I

> I turned away and went homeward. and why, no one knew. When I felt The path lay by the old hall. I paused sure that Miss Dorcas Oakley could be a moment to look at it. Every window nothing to him, or that at least they were was shut. From the broad front door, not have put my pride down a bit, and ing. Oh how often I had seen every window ablaze with lights, and heard music and dancing feet and laughter The wedding was put off first by her from within! And now, in the winter mother's death, and then by her father's, twilight-for at five the day was nearly done, and the clouds lowered heavy with was a quarrel. But be it as it may, he coming snows—now, how dark and cold who was to have been her husband married instead that same Miss Dorcas lay, in their grim vault, master and mis-

Sabrina was handsome and rich; but she region-Sabrina Haslet. And Willie-

The gloom, the scene I had just wit essed, the memories, were all too much half the house, and seemed lonely and for me. I bowed my head upon the cold stone of the gateway and wept. "Gone, gone, gone !"

> I had heard no stop on the soft snow ; and seen no shadow. I never guessed any ne was near me until a hand came down upon my shoulder-a hand large and ong, but trembling like an aspen lea I looked up. Beside me stood the tall lark man I had seen in the graveyard When I turned he removed his list, and saw the face of Willie Haslet. A fac iltered and aged, bronzed, and sad, but

is, with love in it. "Hannah," he said, "Hannah!" And I, as though I spoke in a droam nurmured: "He has come back again! He has ome back again !"

"Yes, Hannah, back again," said the ow, sweet voice that had been in my nemory so many years. "Her letter rought me back. She was my sister and is dead. Hanuah, you know all?

"The hall, the hall !" I cried. "Did

"And I am old also," I said. "This is not Hannah Fanthorn, I sometime

"There is no change with you," ! said. "Oh, Hannah, must I go?" He opened his arms. I took one ster forward, and my head was against his reast as it had been ten years before

and I was his again. Thirty years ago, but I remember how the bells rang when we were wed, and how the people crowded to the church to see! And who so proud as mother? for her girl was the Squire's lady and mis tress of the hall, where they sat by the fire many a long day, and died in peace

and hope almost together at last. So may we die-Will and I; for w love each other still, though both ou midst the changes that have come in all these years we have never changed to

In one of his recent lectures Prof. Sill man alluded to the discovery of an enornous lizzard, 80 feet in length. From this the Professor inferred, as no living pecimen of such magnitude has been found, that the species that it represents has become degenerated. The verity of the wake of a sutler. He was fifteen his proposition he endeavored to enforce by allusion to the well known existence f giants in olden times. The following is the list upon which this singular hy-

pothesis is based:
The giant exhibited at Rouen, in 1830, the Professor says measured nearly 18 feet. Gorapius saw a girl that was ten Casar, was ten feet high. The gianthigh, on which was cut on gray, stones these words: "Kintolochus Rex." The skeleton was found entire, 25 feet long; ten acres across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast bone to the back. We have no doubt there were giants in those days. And the past was perhaps more prolific in producing them than the present. But the history of giants during the olden time was not more re

and Nut at the present time.

markable than that of dwarfs, several of

whom were even smaller than the Thum

A writer describes the present appear ance of the place where languages got mixed: "After a ride of nine feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks which here and there showed through the accumulated dust and rubbish_of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was Bier-Nimrod, the ruins of the Tower of Bable, by which hoped to scale high heaven. Here, also t was that Nebuchadnazzer built, for bricks bearing his name have been found in the ruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brick-work pierces th accumulated soil. With your finger you touch the very bricks-large, square shaped, and massive—that ware tho oughly burned, the very mortar, ino iard as granite, handled more than 4,-000 years ago by earth's infpious people. away over the plain, we see glistening the gilded dome of a morque, reflecting the bright rays of the mouning sur This was the tomb of the holy Ali. To pray before this at some period of hia life: to kiss the sacred dust of the earth around there at some time or other, to

hammedan.". An exchange truly says: "Thousand of young men are to-day drifting, helpessly about on the ocean of life, vainly noping that ere long some favorable breeze will spring up and drive their ves sels into some safe harbor. Where that safe harbor is they have no idea; benuse they have no definite object i view. They have never decided upo any course of life, but permit their actions to be shaped and moulded by the circumstances of the hour. Is it any wonder that disasters follow each other tress, and she who had been the pride of in quick succession? More men are Other suitors came, no doubt, for Miss their hearts, the toast and beauty of the ruined through indecision than from a wrong decision. Few men will deliberately lay out and pursue a plan of life that will ultimately work their ruin. Most young men of the present day enter the great battle of life without any well defined system of warfare, and consequantly spend their best days in aimless pursuits. Indecision is the bane of our existence. Could we look into the world of spirits we would find but few souls in the dark regions of woo that had resolved to reach that goal; nearly all who are there, and those who are hastening here, are in their present condition simply because they never decided whither they would go, and their inde-

cision has been their ruin. with a fat girl. She was very fleshy. She head from me. At last I thought I heard | county." a murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around; and there "All," I said.

He looked at me. I felt as though I dare not look at him. We were silent for a moment. Then he spoke, I found another slove. She to walk with, and two more to kick with, tune, and I thought you would have the that had wings and could if, and didn't to walk with, and two more to kick with, tune, and I thought you would have the that had wings and could if, and didn't to walk with, and two more to kick with, tune, and I thought you would have the I have not crossed that threshold. laughed at my conceit, as if the wore not and it wares its wings on the side of its grace to take myself with it," was the leave this country, I don't want for It rosts with you whother I ever shall. big enough to have two lovers at once." head."

POPPING CORN. And there they sat a popping corn, John Stiles and Susan Cutter;

John Stiles was stout as any ex, And Susan fat as butter. And there they sat and shelled the errn, And raked and stirred the fire. And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up higher

Then Susan she the popper shook, Till both their faces grew as red, And then they shelled, and supped, and ate,

All kinds of fun a poking.

And he ha-hawed at her remarks,

And she laughed at his joking. And still they popped, and still they ate, John's mouth was like a hopper, And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt, And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten, And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve
And still no sigos of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue, thought-The corn did pop and patter;

Till John cried out, "the corn's afire!

Why-Susan what's the matter!" Said she, " John Stiles, its one o'clock ;

You'll die efindigestion;
I'm sick of all this pepping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?" STORY OF A NEWSBOY.

The Boston correspondent of the Ch ago Journal tells the following: Years ago, about the time the wa oke out, one of the shrewdest newsboys that ever sung the song of the bulleting peddled the extra, managed to get down in Virginia with a Massachusetts regiment, and finally controlled the exclusive sale of New York and Boston papers, in

years old at the time, but he had the business capacity of a merchant's clerk. All he needed was opportunity. Brains was his capital, for the most part. In the course of a year the newsboy accumu lated \$2,700, which he invested in tobacco and cigars, and smokers' goods generally. Being a clever, accommodating boy, he feet high. The giant Galori, brought made friends with everybody, and consefrom Arabia to Rome, under Claudius quently did a thriving business. and went to Washington, were he hung out his ess Ferreguess, slain by Orlando nephew shingle as a grocer, in a small way, and, of Charlemange, was 28 feet high. In having an extensive acquaintance among 1814, near St. Germaine, was found the the Massachusetts soldiers, and knowing tomb of the giant Isorant, who was not almost every officer of note, he establess than thirty feet high. In 1850, near lished a large trade in the way of furnish-Rouen, was found a skeleton, whose ing luxuries, etc., for officers and skull held a bushel of corn, and who was their friends, and finally his place 19 feet high. The giant Bocat was 22 became a sort of headquarters for the outfeet high; his thigh bones were found in fit of sutlers. When the war closed, and 1705, near the river Moderi. In 1823, after Grant-and Lee held that memornear the castle of Daughine, a tomb was able confab under a certain apple tree, found 30 feet long, 16 wide, and eight our newsboy found himself good for \$30, 000 or \$40,000. But he did not leave Washington with the return of peace, He lingered there until profits were small and trade was on the wane, and when he did leave for Boston he brought home with him the heart of a young hoiress which he had the year before attacked

and which had capitulated to him. The events which rendered the young lady an heiress were fraught with sorrow When she was but a helpless, wailing abo, her mother fled her home and child. and was divorced. Her only brother, wild, but high spirited youth, shocked at his mother's conduct, put to sea in a merchant vessel engaged in the China trade. The vessel perished, and the crew were ver more heard of. Her father sole heiress she now was, sent the young lady to a fashionable boarding school (it was the year that the rebellion con ienced) were she remained until the mpletion of her eighteenth year. She had learned to sing, dance, play, and dress fashionably, and was well acquainted with the names or natures o patriotism, beneficence, social duty and oral responsibility; and life seemed to her a gorgeous banquet. She went to Washington with friends, hoping to captivate some young and brave, affluent and oble man, in the career of fashionable lating Boston newsboy, who proved him

life, when she was met by the perambuself as shrewd in love matters as he had een in business affairs. It is unnecessary to add that the in elligent glances of a pair of the handomest hazel eyes in the universe reached down into the palpitating heart of the heiress, and after a while, to make a lone story short, the epis olary correspondence conveyed by Uncle Samuel's mail bags between a certain quiet town in Mary land and the Boston post office was in creased, nor was it diminished until the "two souls with but a single thought the daily desire of every devout Motwo hearts that beat as one," were mad man and wife. The happy event oc curred on Washington's birthday, in this city. The young man save he owes his uccess in life thus far to a diligent at tention to business, Lonesty, go-aheada tiveness, and a polite treatment of both riends and strangers. Newsboys, even

he raggedest gamins of them all, can learn a lesson from this bit of history. The Female Grand Jury at Larami City, Wyoming Territory, does not con sist entirely of ladios, eleven females only having been summoned. The despate from Laramie gives the charge of Chie Justice J. H. Howe, to this novel Grand Jury. It commences: "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury," alludes to the extension of political rights and the franchise to the female sex, and as sorts that women should have the nowe to protect and defend themselves from the vices, crimes and immoralities of me of which they are the victims... He as sures the lady grand jurors that there is not the slightest impropriety in their occupying that position, and extends the fullest protection of the court against the slightest interference, either by word or deed, to deter them from the exercise of their rights. He expresses the opin ion that it seems eminently proper for, woman to sit on grand juries and exer cise the opportunity of suppressing the dens of infamy that curse the country Don Piatt says: "I was in love once The above remarks, Chief Justice Howe says, he has made not from any distrust was enormous, but the course of true love of the males on the grand jury, who apame to grief. I was sitting with her in bear to be intelligent, lovers of law and the dim twilight one evening. I was sen- good order and of gentlemanliké deporttimental; I said many soft things; I ment. In the course of the address, he embraced part of her. She seemed dissays, "the eyes of the whole world are table in Salt Lake City, tant. She frequently turned her levely to day fixed on this jury of Albany divorce for a pretty and wealthy client. "Oh, we've get roast beef, corn beef, corn beef, boiled fried here."

CONTRACTOR CO

To think the more a man eats the fat ter and stronger he will become To believe that the more hours the

hildren study at school, the faster they will learn. To conclude that if exercise is good fo the health, the more violent and exhaustive it is the more good is accombadaila

To imagine that every hour taken from deep is an hour gained. To commit an act which is felt in itself

prejudicial, hoping that some how or other it may be done in your case with impunity. To eat without an appetite, or to con Jim Fisk, or a Vanderbilt!"

tinue to eat after it has been satisfied merly to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleas are that is experienced in the brief time lian? it is passing down the throat, at the ex-"My Lord!" said the foreman of a

pense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning. To remove a portion of the clothing immediately after exercise, when the most stupid drayman knows that if he does not put a covering on a horse immediately after he ceases work in the winter, he will lose him in a few days from

To presume to repeat later in life, a thing without injury, the indiscretion exposure, and intemperance, which in the flush of youth were practised with

To "remember the Sabbath day" by the stakes. vorking harder and later on Saturday, than on any other day in the week, with a view of sleeping late nextmorning, and staving home all day to rest, conscience being quieted by not feeling very well .-

-Hall's Journal of Health. , a gentleman who had just inished his first attempt at authorship, which met with a remarkable success was shortly after met by a seedy individual. The latter extended his hand, and in a tragic manner exclaimed : " Allow me, sir, to welcome you to our ranksthe ranks of authorship." The peculiar appearance of the individual rather amused Mr. C-, and he replied, "I thank you, sir, but may I venture to ask who you are, and what is your name?" "Certainly sir. Have you ever heard of ever heard of Charles Dickens?"

Tennyson, the poet laureate?" "Yes," said Mr. C "Well, I am not the. But have you ever heard of Longfellow? "Yes, but I never have seen him. Surely you are not he." Then who the dickens are you" "Ah, there, have you but I know you are not Charles Dickens." " No sir, I am neither Tennyson, Longfellow, or Dickens: but sir, I, the individual who stands prominently before you in the noble person of a man,-I, sir, am Jonathan Rawlings Picey Piggleton, and I am the celebrated autho of an invaluable receipt for taking grease and tar, spots and oils, and all stains and spots, out of marble, wool, carpets, &c., &c., to which I will be most happy to sell to you or any other gentleman that looks upon mo." Mr. C-

hearing, being somewhat advanced in took the trouble to find all them holes years. Her daughter Lydia was a bloom- and put them pieces of straw around who knew well how to get one up. Lydia had arranged a junket, and the young maids and men where all on hand. * In the midst of the fun in popped old Deacon -to see how the widow fared. This was a wet blanket to the merriment, and | We are going to have company, and I'll Lydia was out of all patience. She have to fry some fish for supper."

wished he would go, and finally he got not thing of going before ten. "Well, I rather think I will, as

folks will not expect me home until after dark." What did he say Lydia !" asked the Lydia had a ready answer. "He says he will not, to day, mother

nother. "O, well, some day deacon, won't you ?!' said Mother Call, as she showed "Smart girl; that," said the old deacan trudging along home, "She'll find

her way through, I'll warrant.'

is his folks expect him home before it's

dark. Why how very deaf you are

isbands as they ought. They not unequently learn the value of a good husband for the first time by the loss of him. Yet the husband is the very roof tree of the house—the corner stone of the edifice—the key-stone of the arch called in the beginning of Autumn, says Warome. He is the bread-winner of the family-its defence and its glory-the beginning and cuding of the golden chain maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in of life which surrounds it-its consoler. lawgiver, and its king. And yet we see how frail is that life on which so much pends. How frail is the life of the but he is more truly happy that hath no shand and the father! When he is need of his friend." aken away who shall fill his place? When he is sick, what gloomy clouds An anxious looking chap wandered into hover over the house! When he is dead, the Mayor's office the other day and what darkness, weeping agony! Then asked permission to look at the book in overty, like the murderous assassin. reaks in the window-starvation, like famishing wolf howls at the door.

sackcloth and ashes. Orphanhood toooften means desolation and woe. It was the advice of Seneca to his friend Lucilius, in order the more diligently to keep himself up to his full duty. to imagine some great man, some strict, quick-sighted, clear-brained man, as lato, continually looking upon him. So was in trade he never deviated from the the Christain, who would labor earnestly and successfully, must walk with Jesus-must feel that he is over by his him as the man who sold molasses at side, noting all he does. But, oh how blessed is the thought that he is more than a silent, spectator! He is an allpowerful helper-an ever-ready and

He sent in a bill for \$1,000. The next Josh Billings has issued a supplement if he was earnest in proposing to her, said the stranger, "Curlew? calm reply. The lawyer wilted,

GLIPPINGS.

A Louisiana man has a tame alligator to decoy others within rifle shot. An Eastern editor notifies correspon dents that "if we should desire stupid

articles we can write them ourselves. "He told me," said Artemus Ward. to get out of office. I pitied him, and

went." "A kiss," a French lady said, " costs less and gratifys more than anything

clse in existance." First newsboy-"Jim lend us three cents, will yer?" Second newsboy—Now ook here, what do you take me for-"A

An inordinate wine drinker is someimes called a bacchanalian. Can an excessive smoker be called a tobachcana-

Welsh jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the horse not guilty." The greatest wisdem of speech is to know when, and what, and where to

speak-the time, matter, and manner. The next to it is silence. "Would you be popular," says Voltaire n one of his essays, "startle your public -whether for good or evil it matters not

but be startling at any price.' A young lady in Chicago made a betof a kiss the other day, but the bet was leclared null because she did n't put up

A cotemporary speaks of the result of fight between two women as being that both were badly wounded in their toi-Ninety-nine speeches delivered, and nine bishops dead is the record of the

Œcumenical council. So it only takes

eleven speeches in latin to kill a bishop Most persons choose their friends as they do other useful animals, preferring those from whom they expect the most service. It is said that widows that cry easiest get married to their second husbands

brightness. Mrs. Jones, a farmer's wife, says-""I believe Live got the tenderest-hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of them to fotch a pail of water, but that he'll burst out a-crying."

oonest. After the warm rain the sun

comes out, and shines with renewed

dered a country pedagogue to an urchia at whose head he threw an inkstand." "I've got an ink-ling of what you nean," said the boy. John, said a victimized husband, how l

"Do you understand me now?" thun

wish it was as much the fashion to trade vives as it is to trade horses. Why so Pete? Cause I'd cheat some ne afore night. Eleanor Kirk in her book "Up Broadway," conveys her idea of marriage, as follows: That it is the same as renting a liouse-if the roof leaks or the chimney

smokes, all you have to do is to rent 'an A greenhorn sat a long time attentively musing on a cane bottomed chair. At Good old Mrs. Call was very hard of length he said: "Wonder what fellow

> "Kitty, where is the frying pan "-' Johnny's got it carting dirt and oyster shells up the alley, with the cat for his "The dear little follow! what horse." a genius he'll make; but go and get it. The Louisville Courier says : " When

you come to look at it properly, there is

nothing strange in the fact that no citi-

zen of Chicago has been converted to

mormanism. A man who can't live with one wife six weeks at a time, stands aghast at the thought of living with fifteen or twehty." There is a man in one of the Western States whose watch is so fast that he has to pursue it round his bed foom a dozen mes before he can wind it up. His brother's chronometer, on the other hand.

is so very slow that he has to take it to

the top of the shurch tower every eve-

ning to get it up to time.

.He is only worthy of esteem that knows what is just and honest and dares do it-that is master of his own passions, and scorns to be a slave of another's. Ladies sometimes do not value their far better man, and merits more respect than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rental and reverence. When I see leaves drop from the trees

nock, "just such, think I, is the friend-ship of the world. While the sap of

abundance; but in the winter of my need

they leave me naked. He is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need; A Memphis paper tells this anecdote which the names of candidates for office are entered. The clerk blandly asked "What office are you running for, sir? Widowhood is too often an associate of To which the other replied, "Wall, I dunno; thought I would look over and

> I'm beastly fond of orfis." A man now wealthy says that when years ago he opened his little country store in New Jersey he adopted the practice of selling molasses at two and sixpence per gallon; and so long as he figures. At was his advertisement, People for many miles around spoke of "two and six," and it carried a sort of reputation into regions where his name did not penetrate, and brought him many

go for any vacancy that might turn up.

"What have you got that's good?" roast mutton, boiled, fried ham and day the lady called on him, and inquired broiled curlew!" "What is curlew?"