THE CARLISLE HERALD.

J. M. WEAKLEY.
J. M. WALLACE. } CARLISLE, PENN'A, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1870. { TERMS: IN ADVANCE, $2.00 a year.

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RAILROADS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
WINTER TIME TABLE.
Eight Trains (Daily) to and from Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and Two Trains Daily to and from Erie (Sundays excepted).

ON and after Monday, November 15, 1869, Passenger Trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad company will depart from Harrisburg and arrive at Philadelphia and Pittsburg as follows:

EASTWARD

2 10—Philadelphia Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Monday) at 2 10 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 6 30 a. m.
5 20—Fast Line leaves Harrisburg daily (except Monday) at 5 20 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 9 40 a. m.
Mail Train leaves Altoona daily (except Sunday) at 3 00 p. m., and arrives at Harrisburg at 9 10 p. m.
12 10—Pacific Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 12 10 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 4 25 p. m.
10 45—Cincinnati Express leaves Harrisburg daily at 10 45 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 3 10 a. m.
2 50 Southern Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Monday) at 2 50 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 7 00 p. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation leaves Altoona daily (Sunday excepted) at 7 30 a. m., and arrives at Harrisburg at 1 55 p. m.
3 55—Harrisburg Accommodation leaves Harrisburg at 3 55 p. m., and arrives at Philadelphia at 9 50 p. m.
8 00—Lancaster Train, via Mount Joy, leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 8 00 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 12 55 p. m.

WESTWARD.

4 20—Erie Fast Line west, for Erie, leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 4 20 p. m., arriving at Erie at 10 a. m.
12 10—Cincinnati Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 12 10 a. m., arrives at Altoona at 4 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 at Altoona at 8 00 a. m., takes breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 30 p. m.
4 10—Pacific Express leaves Harrisburg daily at 4 10 a. m., arrives at Altoona at 8 55 a. m., takes breakfast and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 30 p. m.
Fast Line leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 4 15 p. m., arrives at Altoona at 8 55 p. m., takes supper and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 45 a. m.
Mail Train leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 1 15 p. m., arrives at Altoona at 7 25 p. m., takes supper and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 30 a. m.
Way Passenger Train leaves Harrisburg daily (except Monday) at 7 15 a. m., arrives at Altoona at 2 20 p. m., and at Pittsburg at 10 30 p. m.
SAMUEL A. BLACK,
Supt. Middle Div. Penna. R. R.
Harrisburg, November 30, 1869

READING RAILROAD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
Monday, December 27, 1869.
GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE North and North West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Lititz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: at 5.35 a. m., 12.20 noon, and 2.05 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Pennsylvania Rail-Road, and arriving at New York at 12.15 noon, 5.40, 6.50 and 10.00 p. m. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 5.35 a. m., and 12.20 noon trains without change.
Returning: Leave New York at 9.00, 9. m., 12.00 noon, and 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m., and 3.30 p. m. Sleeping cars accompany the 9.00 a. m., and 5.00 p. m. trains from New York, without change.
Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10 a. m., 2.05 and 4.10, p. m., stopping at Lebanon and principal way stations; the 4.10 p. m. train connecting for Philadelphia, Pottsville and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3 45 p. m.
Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia at 7 30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Pennsylvania Railroad, returning from Reading at 6.35 p. m., stopping at all Stations.
Leave Pottsville at 6.40 and 9.30 a. m., and 2.45 p. m., Hereford at 9.50 a. m., Shamokin at 8.40, and 10.40 a. m. Ashland at 7.05 a. m., and 12.30 noon, Tamaqua at 8.15 a. m. and 2.20 p. m., for Philadelphia and New York.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road at 8.15 a. m. for Harrisburg, and 11.30 a. m. for Pine Grove and Tremont.
Reading Accommodation Train, leaves Pottsville at 5.40 a. m., passes Reading at 7.30 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 10.20 a. m. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.45 p. m., passing Reading at 7.40 p. m., arriving at Pottsville at 9.30 p. m.
Pottsville Accommodation Train, leaves Pottstown at 6.45 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4.00 p. m.
Columbia Rail Road Trains leave Reading at 7.15 a. m., and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrata, Lititz, Lancaster Columbia, &c.
Perkiomen Rail Road Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9.00 a. m., 3.00 and 5.50 p. m., returning, leave Schwenksville at 8.05 a. m., 12.45 noon, and 4.10 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Rail Road.
Colebrookdale Railroad trains leave Pottstown at 9.40 a. m., and 6.20 p. m. returning, leave Mt. Pleasant at 7.00 a. m. and 1.25 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Rail Road.
Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Bridgeport at 8.30 a. m. and 2.05 and 5.02 p. m. returning, leave Doylestown at 6.30 a. m., 12.45 noon, and 5.15 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Rail Road.
On Sundays: Leave New York at 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.00 a. m. and 3.15 p. m. (the 8.00 a. m. train running only to Reading) leave Pottsville at 8.00 a. m., Harrisburg at 5.35 a. m., and 4.10 p. m., and Reading at 7.15 a. m. and 10.05 p. m. for Harrisburg, at 7.23 a. m., for New York, and at 9.40 a. m. and 4.25 p. m. for Philadelphia.
Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.
Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.
A. READING, Pa. December 27, 1869. G. A. NICOLLS, Gen. Sup't.
1feb70

CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R.
CHANGE OF HOURS.
On and after Monday, November 15th, 1869, Passenger Trains will run daily, as follows, (Sundays excepted):

WESTWARD!

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Chambersburg 5:00 A. M., Shippensburg 6:20, Newville 6:00, Carlisle 6:35, Mechanicsburg 7:12 arriving at Harrisburg 7:30, A. M.
MAIL TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 8:00 A. M., Greencastle 8:35, Chambersburg 9:10, Shippensburg 9:40, Newville 10:14, Carlisle 10:26, Mechanicsburg 11:24 arriving at Harrisburg 11:55, A. M.
EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 12:00 M., Greencastle 12:28, Chambersburg 1:05 Shippensburg 1:37, Newville 2:10 Carlisle 2:50, Mechanicsburg 3:18, arriving at Harrisburg 3:50, P. M.
A MIXED TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 3: 5 P. M., Greencastle 3:42, arriving at Chambersburg 5: 5, P. M.
☞ Making close connections at Harrisburg with trains to and from Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburg Baltimore and Washington.
O. N. LULL, Supt.
Railroad Office, Chamb'g, Nov. 9, 1869.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The subscriber is prepared to deliver, by the car load, to Limeburners, and other consumers along the line of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, the celebrated
LYKENS VALLEY COAL!
AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES FOR CASH.
This coal is of a very superior quality, and will be furnished at prices which will defy all competition.
The subscriber will deliver coal at Carlisle, by the car load, during the current month, at the following prices, per ton of 2,240 lbs:

Pea	$3 00
Nut	4 00
Stove	5 25
Egg	5 25

And to other points of the road he will deliver it, adding or deducting the expense of difference in freights.
The above rates will be subject to the rise or fall of prices, on 1 month, at the mines.
GEORGE ZINN.
Office—corner of Main and Pitt streets.
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A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.
JUST PUBLISHED IN A SEALED ENVELOPE.
Price, Six Cents.
A lecture on the nature, treatment, and radical cure of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Emissions, Sexual Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally, Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, Mental and Physical Incapacity, resulting from self abuse, &c., by Robert J. Culverwell, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.
The world renowned author, in this admirable lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of self abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself, cheaply, privately and radically. This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.
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127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4,586.
24feb70

LOVE UP A TREE.

There was a seat in the apple tree,
A most delightful and cozy nook;
And one afternoon about half past three,
Kitty sat there reading a book;
Her fair head bare, no hat to mar,
And her dress just shows one dainty little foot;
And he saw her as he smoked his segar,
And he came and stood at the ladder's foot.

Kitty half blushed, and then smiled and said,
"Won't you come up and sit here now?"
And Kitty's brother, a boy to dread,
Saw, and determined to raise a row;
So he crept softly under the trees,
Listening to all they had to say,
Did the impish brother, and sly as he could be,
Seized and bore the ladder away.

Then they saw him—and she with a frown,
Said, "What will the awful boy do next?"
And she called him the greatest scamp in town,
Yet I do n't believe she was very much vexed,
For her lips half cried, while her eyes half smiled,
And she saw the position of affairs just now;
And he came over and sat by her side,
Leaving his place on the opposite bough.

What could they do? they were captives there,
Held as if by an iron band:
Kitty tossed back her golden hair,
And reflectively leaned her cheek on her hand.
"If," said she, "we for help should call,
They'd laugh to see us in such a plight,
So we'd best stay here until the shadows fall,
Or till some one or other comes in sight."

And someone did come. It was Kitty's papa,
Who past the tree his footsteps traced,
And he saw through the leaves a lighted segar,
And a masculine arm around a feminine waist,
Kitty looked down and blushed at one,
And then looked up and blushed at the other;
Said her father: "These are nice things going on!"
Said she: "It was all the fault of my brother."

What was the end? I'll tell you what,
Some months after, 'mid silks and lace,
And ribbons and ruches, some ladies sat,
Who were discussing the time and place
As to when—so ran their debate—
And where a certain wedding should be;
Then the impish brother was heard to state,
"It had better come off in the apple tree."

WINNING HIS SPURS.

A pleasant, shaded place, in a deep woods, with a brook slanting downward through the shadow, and dropping in miniature cascades over low ridges, or murmuring over the mossy stones at the bottom. The trees about were of patriarchal growth, and some had braved the storms of a century. The leaves underfoot formed a soft couch, and beneath one of these, with his head resting on his hand, a young man lay asleep. There was something in his attitude as he lay there, which bespoke power of mind in a high order. His forehead white as a woman's, was high and bold. His nose aquiline, his features angular—too much so for beauty, and at a first glance, one might have thought him to be a homely man. But a second glance was sure to be followed by another, until his intimate friends was ready to swear that he was handsome. He lay there with a smile upon his lips, like a boy asleep. The birds in the branches flitted to and fro, and doubtless, if they could think, wondered what that great fellow was doing under the trees. He slept on for hours. He had been a worker, no idler, in the great battle of life. A man who had taken the cup of human life and had drained it to the dregs. A man whose life was embittered even now, and who had hungered for better times from the men of the earth, until he grew weary of watching and waiting for something that never came. Many a man, before his time had lost heart in this bootless struggle, and Gabriel Lee was no stronger than they. It is a sad thing when a man, of thirty years gives up life as a useless thing. "Get money; for money is power." And Gabriel Lee had not even this to labor for. He had money enough, and his was not the nature to go on hoarding for money's sake. He only cared for it for the good it would do. But he was weary of the city, and had come to the place where he was born and bred, and hoped to lie down among the flowers on the old farm and forget that the millennium had not come nor was likely to come soon. He found himself better in the country. His heart opened and grew younger. He felt better, purer, nobler, than he was before, when going a round of a young man in society in New York, at theatres, at sparring cribs, at balls and the opera. There was something in this quiet country life full of strange pleasure to him. Coming out that morning for a walk he had found out this shady nook, and remembered it as a place that he had frequented when a boy, driving the cows home from pasture on the other side of the woods. Chance had protected this old haunt. It had been the property of an extremely rich old man, who not a tree to be cut down. He was dead now and the axe of the chopper could be heard on the other side of the grove; but had thus far been spared.

Lying there in the shadow with the light streaming through the openings in the foliage overhead, and making light and shade upon the leaves underfoot, he was not aware that some one had broken in upon his solitude. A girl had come down the forest path, and seeing him lying there, laughed slyly to herself, and lifted a little water in her hand to drop upon his upturned face. But something in that face restrained her, and she sat down upon the bank, not far away, and opening her apron let fall a heap of wood flowers, violets, daisies, and butter cups about her. Then she took them up one by one and began to arrange them into a bouquet with quick and skilful fingers, and that taste which many women have in arranging flowers, but which man never has. She became interested in her work, and soon forgot him, and began to sing some sweet, low melody—a tender, touching air. The subtle music stole into his ears, somehow, and charmed him out of sleep. He awoke without moving, and saw her sitting there, thought a naiad has arisen from the stream, and was weaving a garland for her bright, brown hair. Then he knew her well. A woman, who like himself, had tasted the sweets and bitter of a New York life, and had tired of it. A woman, who was called in society visionary—one who looked for things impossible. One who believed that a lady of intelligence and refinement had rights at least equal to those of a common laborer, and that some day the world would see it. Gabriel had rather shunned her in society. She had a reputation as a brilliant talker, and he was rather afraid of clever women. They are apt to show up too plainly the inconsistencies and irregularities of this world of ours. He had always thought her handsome, but she had a new charm to day sitting among the flowers. He thought of the young Squire who heard.

"A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing a song that is known to me,
A passionate ballad, gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call."

He did not move, but something which she could not define told her that he was awake, and she looked up quickly and saw a pair of dark eyes gleaming at her, shaded by a handsome hand.

"Ah, you are awake!" she said. "Have you not had a pleasant sleep? Am I not kind to watch over you in this way?"

"You are my good angel," said he falling back on the style of compliment which is looked for by most women in society.

"You lie down in your shed, humble,
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And the maiden who walks in the meadow
Is shod like a mountaineer."

quoted the young lady. "Don't compliment, please. Do we not have a surfeit of that sort of conversation in town, Mr. Lee? I do, at least; and I assure you that I did not come to the country to hear the same sort of talk."

"Thanks," said Gabriel. "I won't do it again. No man can be more weary of such things than I. What has my life amounted to? It is a struggle to bring about a state of things which can never exist. I have hoped to see the world higher and purer, and it seems to grow more sordid every day. At least I think so."

"You are not the only one accused of being visionary, it seems. Ask any one in our set in the city and they will tell you that Ella Granger is a good enough girl, but she has the most absurd notions in the world. And it is all because it breaks my heart to see everything go on in the same way, no change for the better or worse. It is sad enough to think of when one wants to be melancholy. You have a beautiful haunt here. When did you find it?"

"I think it was about twenty years ago," said Gabriel.

"You are quizzing me," she said.

"No. Did I not tell you that I used to live here? I used to drive the cows through the brook yonder, and let them go home by themselves, while I lay down as I am doing now. I shall never be so happy again. And yet, lying here I felt a strange pleasure in remembering those dear old days."

There was silence for a moment. She was the first to break it, in her old, impulsive way, putting out her white hand.

"Do you know that I like you better for hearing you say that?" She said. "I used to think you were a proud man in the city. I am glad you think kindly of your old home."

"I will be frank with you, Miss Ella," said he. "I have been afraid of you for months. I am cured, now."

She laughed gaily. "One would think there was little enough to frighten any one in poor me. But don't mind. Let us sign a truce while here, and be good friends."

They staid at the same house in the village, which stood upon the shore of the great lake, Ontario. The hotel itself faced the lake, and they used to sit together on the high "stoop" in the pleasant summer weather, watching the passing craft—steamers, schooners, and sloops. He was getting over his fear of her rapidly, and wondering that people should call her odd or visionary. She loved to talk of idealities, to be sure. But she did it in such a tender, loving way that Gabriel was half in love with her before a week had gone by, and wholly so in another.

They had a thorn in the flesh at the hotel, in the shape of an old maid, who haunted Gabriel like his shadow. Miss Araminta Jessup was a woman of many trials. According to her account the men of his generation were a set of heartless scamps, who did nothing but trifle with the hearts of poor confiding woman. How many times the fossilized thing she called a heart had fluttered since Miss Araminta reached her teens is not to be computed in an ordinary way. It must be remembered that this was some years ago, and that Miss Araminta was very susceptible to the tender passion.

She met them, coming in from the woods together, and as Ella went singing up to her room to put her flowers in water, she drove Gabriel into a corner of the piazza, and opened fire upon him after this manner:

"I really must talk with Ella," she said. "She is very imprudent."

"In what respect?" demanded Gabriel.

"When I was a young lady—I mean when I was a young girl—I would have died before I would have walked with a young man to whom I was not engaged."

"Then you did not walk much in those days," said Gabriel, who was getting desperate, "or else you walked alone?"

She looked at him to see whether he meant this as a cut at her, but seeing him smiling as a summer morning, she went on:

"People were more circumspect in those days. They took their walks where other people could see them, not in the woods."

"How am I to understand you?" said he. "Am I to understand that you take exceptions to my conduct, or to that of Miss Ella? If the first, I care nothing about it; if the second, I assure you that any slight upon that young lady's discretion will be resented by me."

"I meant no slight," said Araminta, elevating her nose at a lofty angle. "But when I was a girl such things were regarded in their true light."

"You will excuse me if I say that the period of which you speak was *many years ago*, and the society has different opinions now." With which terrible cut at the age of the lady, he went in search of Ella. He found her in the parlor, looking out toward the lake.

"It looks threatening to the north," she said. "Don't you think there will be a storm?"

"No doubt. Do you see the cloud on the edge of the horizon? It looks ragged and threatening; there is wind in that cloud. The vessels must keep a good way from the shore to day. I have made the landlord promise that if there is a wreck I am to be called."

"Oh Gabriel—Mr. Lee! Why should you go? There are men enough without you."

"I am mistaken in you if you believe I would stay on account of danger, at an hour like that," he said. "See how the cloud lifts! It will be a terrible wind; it is rising now. Hark!"

They listened, and could hear a low, sullen moan from the lake as the wind was slowly rising. From the window they could see the ships flitting by like silent ghosts, in all haste to get to port. Several turned into the little harbor of Claytown, preferring that insecure roadstead to the perils of the iron bound coast. While at supper the storm broke suddenly, accompanied by fearful claps of thunder and flashes of lightning. Miss Jessup screamed, and clasped Gabriel about the neck. Ella was a little pale, but looked contemptuously at the ancient damsel.

"Don't be foolish, Araminta," she said.

"I shall die if he goes away," said Araminta. "It will be impossible for me to live under the circumstances. We shall all die."

Gabriel put up his hands and unwound the long arms of the lady from his neck. "You had better go to your room, Miss Jessup," he said. "Perhaps *you* will be safer there, Ella."

"I am not afraid, now," she said. "I was for a moment. Are you going out?"

"Yes. Do you not hear the men passing? They are going down to the beach?"

"Yes," said the landlord, coming in, "and as sure as you live, the *Eastern Star* has gone ashore on the Point. They've got fires lighted. Miss Granger, if you go to the north window you can see the wreck by the fires."

The landlord ran out. Miss Jessup ran after him, screaming to him not to leave her. Ella put out both hands to Gabriel, and he pressed them one after another to his lips. Then dropping her left hand, he passed the disengaged arm about her waist and kissed her lips. It was their betrothal. Miss Araminta, coming in at that moment, started back in holy horror at the sight.

"Gracious Heaven!" she cried. "What do I see?"

"Good by," said Gabriel, kissing Ella again. "Get out of my way, Miss Jessup: you have had shocks enough for one night. Go to your room."

He pushed her aside rather rudely and ran after the landlord. He was already at the beach. Ella went up to the window of which the landlord had spoken, disregarding Araminta's advice to get between two feather beds, which safe retreat she sought at once. From the window, by the light of the flaming fires, Ella had a good view of the wrecked ship. She was not fifty yards from the shore, in the full power of the breakers, and her crew were clinging to the rigging, not daring to attempt to approach that perilous shore. They had seen one man try it, and he was hurled back, with a skull crushed like an egg shell. Ella saw the men on the shore grouped together, and she lost sight of Gabriel. The next moment he stood upon the edge of the surf line, with a rope about his body, having nothing on but a tight woolen shirt and drawers. The next moment they lifted him in their arms and ran out upon the sand after the retiring wave had cast him into the sea. He disappeared from view, and when she saw him again he had emerged from the breakers and was swimming toward the wrecked schooner; a species of fascination chained her eyes to his form. She was conscious that he was in terrible danger, and to be forced back upon that shore was certain death. He was a noble swimmer, and at last, with a thrill of joy, she saw him lay his hand upon the rigging of the schooner. A wave breaking over her covered him from head to foot. She uttered a cry. But the next moment he rose triumphant from the water and fastened the rope he had brought to the stump of the foremast. The men on shore cheered him, and the unfortunates on the schooner shouted feebly. The rope was hauled taut, and one by one the shipwrecked men came to shore. Gabriel came last, and the shout of welcome they gave him was heard above the storm. She saw the saved men crowd about him and clasp him by the hands, and then she laid her head upon the window sill, not daring to look up in her great joy. Footsteps sounded behind her, strong arms were about her, and she looked up to see his brave, earnest face, surrounded by dripping hair and beard, close to hers.

"You are my hero," she said. "You have won your spurs to-day."

"And I should not have spoken but for the danger ahead. I could not die and you not know I loved you," he said.

"Dear Gabriel," she said, blushing, "you do not know a woman's heart. I knew yours all the time."

He kissed her lips again. As he did so a sort of spluttering at the doorway caused them to look up. There stood Miss Araminta, her hair bristling and full of feathers, her dress rumpled and adorned like her hair, and her hands uplifted.

"Again!" she said, "I never thought you capable of this, Ella."

"Excuse me," said Gabriel. "To what do you object now? Ella is to be my wife. In the forgotten days of which you speak, when you were a girl did they object to kissing? We don't. Good night."

Araminta took the hint and vanished. Three months after, when she read the notice of their marriage, she told a select circle of her friends that she had "warned Gabriel Lee against that deep creature, but he would not hear her," and hazarded the sentiment that he would find out his mistake.

He has not done so yet, whatever fortune may have in store for him.

Some negroes that had mastered the Irish brogue played a trick on a boat load of emigrants who were so eager to set foot on the soil of the new world that they had left the ship before their companions.

"An are ye just over, boys?" said a jet black African, in the richest possible brogue, and with the warmest interest, as he bent over the wharf where he and his comrades were working. The strangers regarded him with a look of astonishment and terror, while one of them found breath to enquire, "Ah, how is it that ye're black?" "It's the climate, boys, it's all in the climate," was the answer.

"Ah, how long did it take," said the anxious spokesman, "to make you this color?" "Three years and never a bit longer." "Thin, bedad, boys," said the Paddy to his country men, "bedad boys, let's go back; it's too soon to be devils intirely."

A two foot rule—don't stumble.

A FUNNY MISTAKE.

The Chicago Tribune gives an amusing account of the adventures of an amiable old gentleman from the rural districts, who had been wavering between orthodoxy and heterodoxy for some time. He came into the city to hear Robert Collyer preach. It was his first visit to Chicago. Stepping into a North Clark street horse car, he rode out as far as Turner hall, where many of the passengers alighted, and he perceived a crowd of people, and inquired of the conductor if that was Robert Collyer's church. The conductor amused at the simplicity of the question, promptly answered in the affirmative, and our curious inquirer passed into the hall. He saw a vast crowd of men and women sitting at small tables, drinking beer. This rather staggered him for a moment, but he reflected that they were possibly receiving the communion. So he sat down at a table, and looked around him. Presently a young man, with a white apron, came up and asked if he had ordered. "No, he replied, he was not exactly a member of the society, but he came to hear Mr. Collyer. The youth with the white apron stared, and passed on. Very soon a number of gentlemen stepped on the platform, with trombones, and fiddles, and cornets, and began to play. These Unitarians have a queer way of worshipping, thought the old gentleman, but I have been living out of the world; that is what's the matter, I suppose. He thought it would come all right when Collyer came on. But after the music there was "communion," and after a long interval there was music; and by and by a man dressed in tights came forward, and commenced to swing round and round a pole. Then another man, dressed like the first, went through a course of exercises on the cross bar. And then there was more music, and no end of "communion." The stranger sat out the services very patiently, and then went home. He had come to the conclusion that Unitarianism was all very well in theory, but these new fangled notions of worship were not so edifying after all, as the good old Presbyterian psalms and prayers.

A good story is told of a gay and festive railroad stockholder, who visited Portland, Maine, from "away down East, on the occasion of an annual meeting and a fine dinner at the Kearsarge. He must have been one of those conscientious men who insisted on good dividends. He didn't dine at the Kearsarge, because he didn't got his gold "divvy." So, with all the importance becoming his position, he took a dignified stroll into an oyster saloon.

"Say mister, what do you ask for an oyster?"

"One cent apiece," was the reply.

"I guess as how I'll have one," said the stockholder.

The bivalve was duly opened upon a plate, and he was invited to "pitch in."

"Say, mister, is this all there is for a cent?"

"Yes."

"Can't you afford to give us another?" How d'ye take?"

"Well, some swallow it whole, and some cut it up into hash. A good many ways. You pay your money and take your choice."

"It won't hurt a fellow, will it though?"

"Oh, no."

So stockholder "went for it," and in about two minutes the good thing was out of sight, with four large soda crackers to keep it company. "Nobody hurt?"

"Say mister, don't care if I do have another oyster. Do you take less where a fellow eats two?"

"No."

"Well, don't mind. I'll have another."

Oyster No. 2 was disposed of and with it eight of the aforesaid crackers. Stockholder shelled out the two cents, and was about to depart, feeling greatly refreshed, when he was advised to keep his money, as he might need it to get home with, and he was welcome to the oysters. He took the two cents, the most thankful creature ever seen in those parts, and departed. It is not reported whether he arrived safely at home, nor whether he got the gold dividends. But he's one of 'em.

JOSH BILLINGS IN THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.—*His Answers to Correspondents.*—Fred. You ain't obliged to ask the girl's mother if you may go home with her from a party; get the girl's endorsement, and go in; it is proper enough to ask her to take your arm, but you have no right to put your arm around her waist unless you meet a bear on the road, and then you are at once supposed to relinquish your hold as soon as the bear gets safely by.

Whip.—You are right. Mules live to a lonely age; I have known them myself to live one hundred years and not halt try. You are also right about their being sure footed; I have known them to kick a boy twice in a second ten feet off.

Plutarch.—You're mistaken; the Shakers do n't marry. If young Shakers fall in love they are set to weedin onions, which cures them forthwithly. I can't tell you how much it takes to join the Shakers, but I believe the expense used to be, including having your hair cut and learning to dance, about sixty-five dollars.

Sportsman.—Your inquiry is not exactly in my line, but I haste to reply, as follows, to wit: The right length to cut off a dorgs tail has never been fully discovered, but is undoubtedly somewhere back of the ears, provided you get the dorgs consent. N. B.—It is n't necessary to have the dorg's consent in writing.

Kitty.—To my own personal views in the premises, it appears that the best rat and mice exterminator is a well regulated Thomas cat; beware of base imitations; sold by the respectable druggists.

The pranks of children are so amusing sometimes—so *very* amusing. A man in Doylestown sat down by the fire to put on his boot the other day. In about a minute he gave a jump and kicked the stove over on the baby, swearing meantime in a strictly grammatical but wholly improper manner. A calm investigation proved that his little girl had hid the kitten in his boot, and the gentle animal didn't like to be "scrouged" in that manner.

MARK TWAIN'S SALUTATORY.

On becoming one of the proprietors of the Buffalo *Express*, Mark Twain published the following salutatory:

Being a stranger, it would be immodest and unbecoming in me to suddenly and violently assume the associate editorship of the Buffalo *Express* without a single explanatory word of comfort or encouragement to the unoffending patrons of the paper, who are about to be exposed to constant attacks of my wisdom and learning. But this explanatory word shall be as brief as possible. I only wish to assure parties having a friendly interest in the prosperity of the journal that I am not going to hurt the paper deliberately and intentionally at any time. I am not going to introduce any startling reforms, or in any way attempt to make trouble.

I am simply going to do my plain, unpretending duty, when I cannot get out of it; I shall work diligently, honestly and faithfully at all times and upon all occasions, when privation and want shall compel me to do it; in writing, I shall always confine myself strictly to the truth, except when it is attended with inconvenience; I shall witheringly rebuke all forms of crime and misconduct, except when committed by the party inhabiting my own vest; I shall not make use of slang or vulgarity upon any occasion or under any circumstances, and never use profanity except in discussing house rent and taxes. Indeed, upon second thought, I will not even use it then, for it is unchristian, inelegant and degrading,—though to speak truely I do not see how house rent and taxes are going to be discussed worth a cent without it. I shall not often meddle with politics, because we have a political editor who is already excellent, and only needs to serve a term in the penitentiary in order to be perfect. I shall not write any poetry unless I conceive a spite against the subscribers.

"Such is my platform. I do not see any earthly use in it; custom is law, and custom must be obeyed, no matter how much violence it may do to any one's feelings. And this custom which I am slavishly following now is surely one of the least necessary that ever came into vogue. In private life a man does not go and trumpet his crime before he commits it, but your new editor is such an important personage that he feels called upon to