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CARDS A DDISON HUTTON ABORITECT. 582 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. PLANS, DESIGNS, PERSPECTIVE VIEWS. SPECIFICATIONS, AND WORKING DRAWING A TWOOD, RANCE & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Wholesale dealers in all kinds of

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21ap70 RAILROADS.

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

ON and after Monday, November 15, 1860, Pas-enger Trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad com any will report from Harrisburg and arrive at Phindelphia and Pittsburg as follows:

niladeli ha at 6 30 a. m.

Fast f.ine leaver Harrisburg daily (except)

st 5 2 a. m., and arrives at West Philadel Monday) at 5 3 s. m., and arrives at west rhinder-phina. 9 4 s. m.

Mail Irain seaves Attoona daily (except Sunday)
at 3 00 p. m. and arrives at Harriaburg at 9 10 p. m.
12 10—Pacific Express leaves Har isburg daily
(except Sunday) at 12 10 p. m., and arrives at West
Philadelphis at 4 2 p. m.
10 43— inclinanti Express leaves Harriaburg daily
at 10 45 p. m., and arrives at. West Philadelphia at
3 10 a.m. except Monday) at 2 50 p. m., and articeast. We bilished plays at 7 * 0 p. m.
Harrighing Accommodation leaves Altona dail Bunday arcepted at 7 8 p. a. m., and artice at Ha isourg at 1 55 p. m.

8 56—Harrigaurg, Accommodation leaves Harrigaurg at 3 55 p. m., and artice at Talindelphia . Mon. m. 6 p. m., and artice at Talindelphia . Mon. m. 6 p. m., and artice at Talindelphia . Mon. m. 6 p. m., and artice at Talindelphia . Mon. m. 6 p. m., and artice at Talindelphia . Mon. m. 6 p. m., and artice at Talindelphia . Mon. m. 6 p. m. 6 p. m., and artice at Talindelphia . Mon. m. 6 p. m. 6 p

WESTWARD. 4 20—Eric Fart Line west, for Eric, leaves Har-iphorg fairy (except Sunday) at 4 30 p.m., arriving t Brie at 10 a.m. 12:10—Cincinnal Express !eaves Harris! urg dally except Sunday) at 12:10 a.m., arrives at A.touna at

(except Sunday) at 12 10 a. m., arrives at lattoms at 4.6-a. m. and arrives at Pittsbur, at 12 20 a. m. 2 40-Pittslurg Kryrtis leaves Harrisburg daily (oxcept Sunday) at 2 40-a. m., arrives at Altoona at 8 00 a. m., takes breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 3 p. m. 4 10-Pacific Express leaves Harrisburg daily at 4 10-Pacific Express leaves Harrisburg daily at 4 10 a. m., arrives at Altoona at 8 50 a. m., takes breakfast and arrives at Pittsbur, at 1 50 p. m. Past Lino leaves Harrisburg daily (exc pt cuuday) at 415 p. m., arrives at Altoona at 8 50 p. m., takes suppor and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 45 a m. whill Train leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 1 15 p m., prives at Altoona at 7 25 p. m., takes suppor and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 25 p. m., takes suppor and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 25 p. m., takes suppor and arrives at Pittsburg at 1 25 p. m. Bupt. Middle Harrisburg November 30, 1860.

READING RAIL ROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT. Monday, December 27, 1869.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE North an orth West for Philadelph's, New Y-rk, Reading Stiwille, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanot Hentowa, Esston, Ephrata, Litis, Lancaster, Co umbia, Ac., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follow, at 5.35 * 10 a. M., 12.20 a con, and 2.05 r. M., connec ing with similar traics on Penosylvania 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 5.36 a. M., and 12.20 noon trains without change. rning: Leave New York at 9.00, A. M. 12.00 and 5.00 P M, Philadelphia at 8 15 A. M.

ua, Minersville, åshland, Shamokin, Pl.-e Grillentown and Philadelphia, at 8:10 A. M., and 4:10 f. W., stripping at Lebanon and princewsy-tations; the 4:10 F. M., train counseting Philadelphie, Pottsville, and Columbia.only, Fottsville, Schuyikili Haven and Auburn, Schuyikili and Susquehabna Railroad, leave Hannya at 3:40 F. M.

Schuyikili and Susquehabus Railrood, leave Harrisburg at 3 40 P. M.
Way Pavsenger Train leves Philadelphis at 7.30
M. M., connecting with similar train on East Pennsylvania Railroad, returning from Reading at 6.85 P. M., stopping at all Stations.
Leave Pottaville at 6.40 and 0.60 A. M., and 245 P. M., stopping at all Stations.
Leave Pottaville at 6.40 and 0.60 A. M., and 245 P. M., villerudou at 9 30 A. M., Shamokis at 5.40, and 12.30 neon, Tamaqua at 8.33. A. M., and 2.20 P. M., for Philadelphis and New York.
Leave Pottaville via Schuyikili and Snaquehanna Rail Road at 8.15 A. M., for Harrisburg; and 11.30 A. M. for Plus Grove and Trefon at.
Heading Accommedation Train, leaves Pottsville at 8.60 M. M., passes Reading at 7.30 A. M., arriving at Philadelphis at 4.45 P. M., pussing Reading at 7.40 P. M., arriving at Pottsville at 9.30 F. M.
Pottatown Accommodation Train, leaves Potts town at 6.45 A. M., returning leaves Philadelphis at 4.40 P. M., pusses Reading at 7.16 A. M., and 6.16 P. M. for Ephrata, Litis, Jauca ster Columbia. &c.
Perkloment Rail Road Trains leave Perklomen June.
Perkloment Rail Road Trains leave Perklomen June.
Perkloment Rail Road Trains leave Perklomen June.

Columbia Rail Road Trains leave researing as a set.
A. M., and 6.16 P. M. for Spirata, Littis, Janua ate
Columbia. &c.
Perklomen Rail Road Trains leave Perklomen June
tion at 9.09 A. M., 300 and 5.30 P. M., return
ing, leave richwenkerille at 8.05 A. M., 12.45 noon
and 4.16 P. M., connecting with similar trains o
Reading Rail Road,
Colebrookdale Railroad trains leave Fotstown s.
404 A. M., and 6.20 P. M. returning, leave Mt. Plev
ant at Y. Oan 11.25 A. M., connecting with simila
trains on feeding Rail Road,
Chester Vailey Railroad trains leave Bridgoports.
S.30 A. M., and 2.05 and 5.02 P. M., returning, lea
Downingtown at 6.30 A. M., 12.45 norm, and 6.16 P. y.
connecting with similar trains on Reading Rail lies
On Fundays; Leave New York at 5.00
M., Philadelphia at 5.00 A. M., and 3.15 P. M., (the 8.
A. M. train ranning only to Reading Rail lies
On Fundays; Leave New York at 5.00
M., Philadelphia at 5.00 A. M., and 3.15 P. M., (the 8.
A. M. train ranning only to Reading Rail lies
on Fundays; Leave New York at 5.00
M., Philadelphia at 5.00 A. M., and 3.15 P. M., (the 8.
A. M. train ranning only to Reading Rail of 55 A. M., a
4 10 P. M., and Reading at 7.16 A. M. and 10 05 P.
for Harrisburg, at 7.12 A. M., for New York, and
0.40 A. M., and 4.25 P. M., for Philadelphia.

G. A. NICOLLE, Gen Sup't, Reading, Pa. December 27, 1869.

UMBERLAND VALLEY R. R

WESTWARD!

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN loaves Harris \$100 I: m , Mechanicaburg \$135, O-rilisis 9:14, A ew 9:48, Bibppensburg 10:20, Chanhersburg 10:44, Gradie 11:16, a rriving at Hagerstown 11:46, a m. MAIL TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 1:35, F. M. chanicaburg 2:07. Carlisis 2:40, Newillo 3:16, bensburg 3:45. Chambersburg 4:29, Greencastic articles 2:40. pensburg 3.43. Chambersburg 4:29, Greencaalle 4:b strivine at lagerstown 5:04, 9 M.

BE/RESS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 4:15, 7 M Mechanicsburg 4:47, Carlisto 6:17, Newville 5:05, Shi, pansburg 6:17, artiving at 1 hambersburg 6:48, 9 M.

A MIXED TRAIN leaves Chambersburg 8:30, 4 1 Breencastle 0:25, arriving at Hagerstown 10:10, 4 M

EASTWARD

OMMODATION TRAIN leaves Chambe s, Shippensburg 5:29, Newville 6:00, (Mechanicaburg 7:42 arriving at Har 6.33, Mechanicaburg 7:42 Arriving at Harribburg 7:30, az .

MAIL TRAIN layer Hageratown 8:00 a M. Green-catte 8:35, Chambersturg 9:10, Shippensburg 9:40, Newville 10:14, Carlisle 10:30, Mechanicaburg 11:24 arriving et Harribburg 11:35, a M. EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 12:00, Mechanicaburg 11:24, Green-caste 17:28, Chambersburg 10:5, Ehippensburg 1:45, Newville 2:10, Carlisle 2:50, Mechanicaburg 3:18, griving; at Harribburg 11:45, a Milks Durkain leaves Hagerstown 3:15, King Green-caste 4:12, arriving at Chambersburg dick, p. M. 25 Making close connections at Harrishurg with trains to and from Philadelphis, Now Jork Pittaburg Haltimore and Washington.

O. K. LULL, Supt. 1

Railroad Office, Chamb's, Nov. 9,:1809.

BE A WOMAN. Oft I've heard a gon'le mother, As the twilight hours began,

Plosding with a son on duty! . Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue eyed daughter,
Through with love's words quite as ready. Points the out the other duty

"Strive my dear, to be a lady," What's a farly? Is it something Made of hoops, and silks, and alre; Used to decorate the parlor; L to the fancy rugs and chairs? Is it one that wastes on nove's Every feeling that is human!
If 'tis this to be a lasty,
The not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter Speak of something higher far.
Than to be a mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brighter star.
If ye, in your strong affection, Urge your son to be a true man Urga your daugh or no less strong! To arise and be a woman.

ce a woman! brightest mo iel Oft that high and perfect beauty. Were the mind and soul, and body Blend to work out life's great duty Be a woman! naught is higher On the gilded list of fame; On the cat dogue of virtue There's no brighter, holler name

Bo a woman! on to duty; Raise the world from all that's low Placeshigh in the social heaven Virtue's fair and radiant b.w. Loud thy influence to each effort. That shall raiss our nature human; Be not fa-hion's gilded lady-Be a brave, whole souled, true woman

A DOMESTIC TALE

IF THE SHOE FITS THEE, WEAR IT. Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitcher able paring potatoes for dinner. Some thing was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring water, waiting there to receive them. It was sultry weather; and through the pen window came the sound of mowers whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson-indeed everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door, might be seen a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow land, fringed with graceful belts of birch; and softly rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds, that went slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle down. But this also irritatedher; everything could be beauti-

son, in the plenitude of her present unsatisfactory mood, was telling herself that it was. To begin at the beginning. Jane Lawrence had been an unusually roman-'tic girl, and had gone for two years to a | me the money." oarding-school...She-had-always-fancied-

rude, and barren. At least. Mrs. Thomp-

notions, she married Robert Thompson. a plain, practical farmer; and instead of abode of the Thompsons for generations.

Dreams and reality are so very different Robert Thompson was a working far mer, as well as a practical man, and all his people worked. His mother had worked in her day, his sisters had worked and he expected his wife to work. She took to it gleefully. She had not been prought up with high notions by any neans, and at first the work did no seem so much. But every experienced ady knows how the labor seems to accunulate in a plain, farmer's household a the years after marriage go on. There were plenty of men and boys about, bu only one woman servant, was kept, and Mrs. Robert Thompson grew to find she elped at nearly everything, save per haps the very roughest of the labor. In place of lounging in olegant foreign studios, or gliding down famed canals or streams in picturesque gondolas, she had butter and cheese to make, and poultry o rear, and dinners to cook in the long, low ceiled kitchen, and the thousand and one cares upon her shoulders that make

up a busy household. Quite a contrast. as must be admitted. With things a little different she'd not have minded-the work so much. ould she have had nice carpets and tasteful furniture, and books, and a picture or two, and flowers. The home was so very hard and practical, and its surundings were getting so shabby. At irst she had not noticed this, or cared for it; but every year, as the years went Mrs. Thompson had not cared to be smart and nice; Robert nover thought about it. And what though he had? t is only natural for men to assume that what had done for a mother would do for a wife. In time Mrs. Robert Thompon began to ask that some renovation should take place, at which Robert only stared : the house that had done without ainting so long could do yet, and the old things in it were good enough for them. She did not venture to urge the point, but she did press for some flowers. There was a strip of ground under the south parlor windows where a shrub of liams, and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were old fashioned. common flowers, and she pined for the rare and elegant plants she had seen in

weet briar grew, and pinks, sweet wilonservatories and public gardens. But Robert Thompson would as soon have hought of buying the moon, as such eless things as flowers. The garden, ike himself, was all practical, filled with abbages, onions, potatoes, and sweet herbs. And so went on her unlovely existence, in which dissatisfac becoming a nightmare. Now and again, n those somewhat rare occasions, when she went out to visit her neighbors, and saw how protty many of them had things she came home more than ever out of eart. The worst was (or the best) there

should not be spent in making the same blis money getting, he did not realize liave got em so still it so prettier and happier, for Robert Thomp. his money getting, he did not realize liave got em so still it same out in his money mass his wife's different His wife's that gone out in his pony son was doing well, and putting fairly how monotoness was his wife's different His wife's different whether the label of the same of by. But inderstanding had not come weekly market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of into the man, and his wife was too meek. weekly market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of into the man, and his wife was too meek. weekly market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of into the man, and his wife was too meek. The united sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's wife's ever sorry of the market, cossip with his brother Thompson's ever sorry of the market with the market with the wife's ever sorry of the market with the marke perhaps too constitutionally tlinid, to The matter to-day—which had put her truth that the worn, shabby home told ing down on Robert Thompson's heart off."

very much out was this. A sewing club had recently to an established in the neighborhood. There was much distress amidst the poor laborers wives and families, and some ladies with time on their hands had set up a sewing club to make a few clothes for the nearly naked children. The farmers' wives had joined it. Mrs. Thompson among others. They met at stated intervals, taking the differ tempered ent houses in rotation, dining at home

was surprising how much work got done. made in the long afternoons. In less han a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's turn to receive the company—for net for an entertainment as well as for ewing-tea in the afternoon, a grand neal later when the stitching was over What was Mrs. Thompson to do? Their stock of plates and dishes conisted of a few odds and ends of cracked delf, that had once been a kind of mulberry color. She long wanted some new

white ware; she wanted it more than ever now. Grover, the keeper of the village crockery shop, had a lovely sat for sale, white, with a delicate sprig of I told you we had no time to waste toson had set her heart on the set and that morning had broached the st bject to her

nes?" askéd he. "Look at them." she answered They are frightfully old and shabby. "I dare say the food will taste as well off them as off Grover's set of white ware." "But there's not half enough.

have as good as none left." "Mother has some of the best china. Where is it ?" "That's nearly all gone. We couldn't ut the two on the table together," "Why not ?"

"Oh, Robert! Look at this. It is the habbiest old lot ever seen." "Twas good enough for mother." Mrs. Robert Thompson disdained com-

"You'd not have thought of this but for the sewing circle having to come here. If they can't come and eat from such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away." ful save her life, and that was cold, and There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's

yes. But she crowded them bravely back. He took his hat to go out to his mowing. "We really want the things, Robert. Those at Grover's are very cheap. I can

get all I want for a more trifle ; do give Grover 211 -have-to-keep 'em-for-us that she would marry some famous I've got no money to waste on fine artist or scholar, who would take her to china," returned the farmer. "By the Rome and Venice, where she might live way"-looking back from the doorin a perpetual dream of beauty. She "Jones and Lee are coming to give a oved beautiful things. Perhaps all helping hand. I want to get the south vomen do; and that may be the reason meadow down to-day if I can—it's a faso many are found ready to barter love | mous heavy crop; so I shall bring them in to dinner. Oh, and the Hubbards

But, contrary to all her preconceived want six pounds of butter to-night; do n't forget to have it ready." With these words, Mr. Robert Thomptouring it in Italy, she went to live at son had marched off, leaving his wife to and made distasteful by her disappointnent. She was both grieved and angry. was a little thing perhaps, but it is reply, given pleasantly. the little things of life that delight or

Existence seemed very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With her love of ease, and beauty, and ymmetry, how rude, and coarse, and hard looked, all her surroundings. It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil; unrelieved by any of the little sweetnesses and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not even think of it: but she remembered that day, with the faintest little air of regret, that she might have been far diferently situated, and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill. mbowered in a perfect forest of blosming vines, and caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something very l.ke sigh trêmbled on her lips. Burnham's wife does not have to beg for paltry bit of money to set out her table cently," she thought rebelliously.

And then in her spirit of aggrievement s'ie mentally went over the other things she needed, and Robert knew were needed. Why was life to be all toil and bare ugliness? There was no reason, he liad plenty of money. A new carpet for the best parlor, paper for the walls, so stained with time, whitewash, paint, some fresh chintz, she remembered it all, as she toiled through the long sultry forenoon with an aching head and discouraged heart. It happened to be on, made matters look dingier. Old washing day; and on those days she took all the work, that Molly might not be

disturbed in her help at the tubs. What business had she to marry Rob ert Thompson? she asked herself, her slender wrists heating away at the buttor for the Hubbards. For in the green and gloomy light that Mrs. Robert Thompson looked at the things to day, she quite forgot the fact that had fallen in love with the honest, steady and good looking young farmer, choosing him in preference to Joe Burnham, whom sh night have had, Joe had a patrimony of his own; two hundred a year at least, and a good bit of land, which he rented, and was called "Squire," as his father had been before him. He wanted to marry Jane Lawrence, and she would not. Likes and dislikes cannot be controlled, and she cared more for Robert Thompson's little finger than for the Burnham found another wife. And ing club, too, and see the miserable habbiness of the mulberry ware and the ome generally. The butter got beaten

savagely at the thought. Robert Thompson was not an unkind man, only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class, more especially farmers, who do not feel the need of was no real reason why a little money life's rugged pathway being softened ham. The Lawrences used to have should not be apput in making the home, with flowers. Absorbed in his stock, things nice in their home, and she'd work and care. He did not realize the of these, his warm friends, came crush

upon her, that alle needed some bright and brain like a bolt of fire. That she enting to come to it as a yearning want rejected Burnham for him, he knew, of life. And so, as the years had gone when she came home to the old homen, she grew dissatisfied at heart, hardly stead, and took care of his invalid understanding what she wished for or what she did not wish, the intensely unlovely, prosy, dull life somewhat sour in hard work for him; she, the mother wandered, she who used to be so sweet

All through the long fore noon Mrs. at twelve, assembling at one o'clock; and Thompson nursed her wrath Robert working steadily for several hours. It was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She would how many petticoats and frocks were not have the sewing club at the farm, come what might. The potatoes got boiled; the big piece of beef was simmering on the fire. Before twelve o'clock the first time—and she naturally began | had well struck, she saw her husband to consider ways and means. For they and his two friends coming through the from the clothes lines, when the sound orchard, with red and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot, and she hasten to lay the cloth in the cool room of the kitchen. Frank and Charley, her two boys, came running in from school, each striving to laim her attention. She felt tired.

heated, and very cross. "Why l' isn't dinner ready?" deactually on the table when he entered. convolvuli and fuchias, looking every day," he added angrily in his hurry and shall I put 'em?" hunger. "If I hadn't anything to do all it ready to time, I know. -

A bitter retort was springing to her lips, but ere it could be spoken. Charley clamorously interposed pushing his new copybook before her eyes. "Look, mother I am going into sent ences now, like Frank Mes-my first

I was to get it by heart, too, and always remember it. Do road it mother. Mrs. Thompson, her arms full of the cracked old mulberry plates, paused a moment to let hes eyes fall on the new "A soft answer turneth away wrath." was what she read. It was not that the proverb was new-she had read while. Oh, it was beautiful, that ware it scores of times-but there was something in its appropriateness to the present on her heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a mo Robert," she said quietly. Mr. Robert Thompson looked up. Evidently he had not expected so pleasant a reply. If the truth must be told, he had thought a good bit that morning of his wife's request about the white ware.

Not in the way of granting it, but that of his courtship. she would probably be sulky over it when they got in to dinner. "It doesn't feel here as it does in that blazing meadow," he remarked to his friends as they went into the cool-north room to dinner. " "Folks that can keep in doors this kind of weather have an

easy time of it. They don't know what Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this was a slap at her. Her face looked scarlet enough for any amount actent. As to sitting down with them, she had enough to do to wait on the party. It was wash day, and Molly must not be

"This butter must have been kept in the kitchen. It's like oil," said Mr "I took it out of the celler since you came in; I will go down and get some more if you think I had better," was the

"Never mind. Well I declare ! do you call this meat boiled?" went on Mr Thompson as he began to carve. It's needn't be like this."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," she said, striving to choke down a rising ob-as well as an angry word. Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver Le tone, looked at his wife. His friends rlanced at one another. She sat down at

length, but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished his dinner in silence. He was watching his wife's face. Ther vas something in it he did not under stand-a kind of patient, hopeless look as if she no longer cared to structle on ward. The old mulburry ware did look dingy on the snowy white tablecloth: almost too bad for these chums of his to sit down to. He wondered he had never thought so before. Robert Thompson

grew thoughtful. He passed into the kitchen when the He passed into the kitchen when they said quite humbly, "We will do better were going out again—how hot and for the future, Jane: I'll try another stifling it felt with that big fire-as bad plan." as the south meadow. His wife had been in it cooking; that must have made her face scarlet. In doors was not, so omfortable a place, after all, if you had not work to do, was the idea that flitted through his mind. And-perhaps the work was over much for his wife, who wrath!" she murmured. "Robert, did

at best was but a delicate woman. A fresh, cool breeze had sprung up from the South, as he went out walking slowly, but the sun was burning ho still. Robert Thompson waited to wipe his brows; and in that moment th voices of his compades came toward him from the other side of the hedge where they stood in the little shade i

cast. "I never pitied a woman so much i my life," quoth one, "She workslike slave and does not get even 'thank ye for it from Thompson. He's a goo fellow, but uncommon down upon work. Strong as a horse himself, he thinks, L'suppose, women must

"Yes, Bob's a ster ling good fellow but Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she said 'Yes' to his asking," cried the other. "Jones, she was n't cut out for hole of poor, under sized Joe Bquire a farmer's, wife-especially one who keeps his folks to it like Thompson does Mrs. Thompson, this weary day was She's over sensitive-delicate, Any furiously envying her. Mrs. Burnham lady but her would have turned long ago would come amidst the rest of the sew- and bid him give her, proper help. He won't make his money out of her many years if he don't take better care of her She'll run down fast ... Awfully changed she is. She looks as faded as the old ouse rooms, and they haven't seen a bit ' paint since grandfather. Thompson's

day. P. art , hands with room do hear's "Ali she'd better have took Joe Burn mother. Tenderly had she done it, too

ing her spirit. Now and again Robert of his boys; she whom he loved well, for all his churlishness? Robert Thompson stole away—he could bear his thoughts no longer- and he felt that h could almost kill himself for his iblind The afternoon wore on towards even

ing. Mrs. Thompson had finished her in-door work—the washing up of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight—and was going in with an arm-ful of fine things that she had taken of wheels made her look round. "I've brought that white ware, Mr

And-could she be wearing out her life

lown carefully a larger hamper. "But I did not order, Mr. Grover, he rejoined in rather a frightened voice "The master did, though. Mr Thompson came down this afternoon emanded Mr. Thompson, not seeing it and said the things was to come up to you at once. 'There's the dinner set you

ver, springing from his cart, and lifting

admired, and a tea set as well. Where "Bring tham in please," she answered the forenoon but to get dinner, I'd have rather faintly. He did as he was bid.

and them drove off. Mrs. Thompson sat down by the han per of crockery and cried as if her hear would break. They were magical tears. too, for they washed all the weariness aud despuir from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She conv. The master wrote it, and he said forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot. She only thought how kind

Robert was, and what a wicked woman she had been for saying to herself in her temper that she'd rather have had Squir Burnham. Then she unpacked the reasures, pulling them out from amidst the hay, and singing softly all the -with its clear opaque white; and here and there a delicate tracing of fuchsia

Mr. Thompson came in and found he in the midst. "What is it, Jenny?" he asked-the old fond name he used to call

"O, Robert!" taking a step toward him. He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days

"I have been a brute, little wife," he hispered, huskily; "can you ever for give me?" "Forgive you? Oh, Robert? I never as so happy in my life! I have been

blame-I have not been as patient and kind as I might." "Yes, you have. You've been an angel compared to me. I have made a slave of you; but all that is over now. I did not think, Jenny; I did not, in-

"But--Robert-"You shall have more help in the use, another servant. We'll get her in, Jenny, long before the sewing club

night comes round." "Oh Robert, how kind you are! I feel as light as a bird." niling a little sadly as he looked into her eager face. "We'll all turn over a new leaf. Jane. Heaven knows I did

not mean to be cruel." "Robort, you were never that." "Well, we'll let it bo; bygones shall be bygones if you will. Oh, and I forget harder than a rock. If meat has to be to say that I saw Leeds, the carpenter, cooked pretty fresh this weather, it this afternoon. It's a very dull time just now, the poor fellow says, and he's give him one. They'll be here to begin

to-morrow morning." "You-are-not going to have the house done up?" she exclaimed in wild "Every square inch of it. And, once the painting and that's finished, we'll see what else we can do to make it look

a bit brighter." She hardly believed it; she burst into tears. 'And I have been so wicked!" she cried. "Only to-day I had quite wicked thoughts, Robert. I was envying Mrs. Burnham; I was feeling angry with everybody. It was the discourage ment. Robert."

"Yes. It was the discouragement," he She cried silently for a minute longer soft, happy tears; feel ng that light had

superseded the darkness. "And it has all arison from my trying to carry out for a bit that blessed proverb-'A soft answer turneth away you ever before see such lovely white

Pittsburgh is lokated on the land side of the Ohio river, and kontains a population fully equal to its size.

To a stranger the bizzines done here would seem to be all smoke, but it is the most manufaktring place in America. The principal krop raised here, out of the ground, is kole. The atmosphe ris composed of oxigin and kole dust, which gives the face of natur, and man and lovely woman, a brunette look.

The best steddy bizziness for a nu beginner to go into here, is the clothes washing bizzines; a paper koller ha to be washed four times a day, and even then shows signs ov kolor. Pittsburgh is celebrated for the wealth and refinement of its inhabitants, and he buty of its wimmin sex. I saw more

protty sox here in 20 minuts than I ever

did before in the whole of my eventful life. If I was an inconsolable widower, I should at once move to Pittsburgh and nmonce married life again. Yesterday I saw my first storn wheel steembote. I that for sum time that it was a stasionery saw mill in the middle of the river, but after a while diskovered

what a condomn phool I was .- Josh Bil-

lings. "That razor pulls."" Well, no matter the whole troupe was compo for dat sali; if de handle ob de razor negroes, the two lidies left feeling wildon't broak, the beard's bound to come ling to wring the necks of "Abolish-

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLIT

TERS. The finest productions of the artist's pencil must be viewed from a distance o give their varied colors the fuller effect, and preserve that harmony, and connection of parts which is the chief nerit of the painter's skill; and were it ot for this optical illusion, of what value would be the beautiful portraiture of West, or the glorious landscapes o Bierstadt. If they were examined osely, as we would scrutinize an object ve wished to be perfectly familiar with they would appear but as irregular dashes, and splotches of color, withou

symmetry, or connection. This principle in optics is exemplified n the world, at large, by the erroneous and magnified views which people obtain hrough their mind's eye of situatious Thompson," said the brisk voice of Gro chances and enviable positions loom up efore their imaginations in such glitter ing splendor as to deccive them into the belief that the shining object is pure metal, rather than the worthless alloy it really is. They are unwilling to beeve that "distance lends enchantment to the view." As a rule, this illusion is ore peculiar to mankind in the morn ing and meridian of life. The youth of an ardent and impulsive character is frequently carried away by luminous appearances leading over the marshes and uicksands of life, toward some imagiiary and apparently not far distant oon; then leaving him like an ignus atuus, lost, perhaps, beyond recovery like the benighted traveler on the moors

of ancient Britain. In the majority of instances the object of his exertions is the acquisition of gold tself, laying all his sacrifices upon the was in pain, and you see a mist over-

burning altar of Mammon. .The seeming splendor of riches is de rived from an outside appreciation of childhood, remember them only as a dethose who appear to possess them; nothng is manifest to a casual observer but ever. In after years, as we stand beside the outside show and plentitude of the cold, dead body of our beloved mother, wealth; they know nothing of the mental strain, and nervous tension of the we were young, and which we had beman of means, nor of the absence, in his preast, of that which constitutes enjoy-

From that distance which intervenes etween riches and poverty, the pleasires and brilliancy of the votaries of one are but magnified by the sorrows and niseries of the other; and it is not strange that those who feel the horrors of penury should not perceive any drawbacks to the happiness of those who are possessed of riches.

According to the just proportions exsting between industry and thrift, there is no reason why a youth, who perseveringly follows, and attends to his occupation, may not achieve a competence, and provide for those storms of adversity which all meet between the cradle and the grave, and when his golden locks are turned to silver, have the comforts of a

home, and be able to end his days in retirement. Those who constitute the bulk of this class are not to be found among the wild adventurers, sailing on the sea of speculation, where failure is the rule, and success the exception; but among those who, by striving to make every moment what many, in a lifetime, never obtain. They are not leaving the prospect of an honest livelihood for the glittering uncertainty of opulence; but by untiring industry achieve independence and honor, as the lives of thousands testify. The ovil effects of the gilded treasures of life in captivating the youth or man

of mature years, are not and perhaps never will be fully known; but there is daily evidence to show that many who without a job on hand; so Isthought I'd, had else amassed a fortune have been distracted from their business, and spent their lives in pursuit of the figures of their imagination, only to see them van ish in air, as the mirages in the desort. If, from the vast catalogue of human prow and disappointment, and the chain of incidents extending backwards through the line of our ancestors, of blighted hopes, and wasted fancies, seattered over the fields of dearly bought experionce, we could separate those misfor tunes which came of influences within from those without our control; we would then be able to trace the causes. directly and indirectly, to the insatiable grasping after something glittering, something resembling that world we shipped idol-Gold. The victims too. of this sad delusion, when contemplating with an eyo of retrospection the varie leaves of memory's sketch book, shaded and contrasted by the illuminations of iov and sorrow, with heartfelt sighs can

put their seals to the worth of that trusm—"All that glitters is not gold." The other night while the Newcomb Minstrels were seated along in a row at Masonic Hall, Nashville, quite an amusing incident occurred. Among the udience there were two ladies of more usticity than experience in the amuse ment line. They were from the unpayed portion of the country, and had before the war owned slaves, who had sinc sappeared, as ball and bayonet made history in the freedom process. The ladies were evidently mother and daughter, or aunt and nicce, we know not which. The naturalness of their

implicity was refreshing, to say the least. No sooner had the performance com henced than the two ladies in question commenced a whispered conversation in regard to the dramatis personae. La, me, that does look so much like

our Jake," said the younger of the two, eferring to the one on the right. "Yes, and it is our Jake," said the lder, adjusting her spectacles. "Well, I declare, and that's the widow Williamson's Sam too," said the other,

"Ain't he stuck up, though?" said

the other. "Yes, and that's what they've done : hey've gone and eddicated these negross, and now they think they're powerful smart, so they do," said the aunt.
"Did you ever?" said the nices. Somewhere in the West, a knight of "Heap better be back in the corn field, the lather and brush was performing the so they had," said the aunt, looking operation of shaving with a very dull around in amazement that any one sliould razor. "Stop, that won't do," said the be amused. Batisfied that one was "our sufferer. "What's do matter, boss?" Jako" and another "Bam," and that ed of real

losely eyeing Harry Robinson.

cling to our mother. Night after night, while we are tossing upon a bed of pain, she watches over us with untiring and gentle care, thinking of nothing but that which relates to our comfort. Look upon the battle field, after the conflict is over, and all is silent save an occasional moan from a dying soldier, and nought to light up the faces of the dying but the pale light of the moon. Here and there we see a fluttering figure darting to and fro among the dead, now and then peer proportion will be generally found among ing into the face of one who, she thinks, perhaps, may be her boy. What a picture of mother's love is this? No rest for her until she finds her boy; and when he is found, weltering in life's blood, the mother bends over him, and sob after sob escapes from her agonized bosom. Let us look into the hospital. See that poor fellow as he lies upon his couchkind nurses are around administering to his wants, but what cares he for these? his mother is not there. But look at him now. Why does his eye light up and his whole frame quiver with joy! It is because his mother is coming to see him. Does he not love his mother? Yet how many of us turn with scorn from her wise advice and regard it only as you are walking on the solidest esplatalk. But in after years, when we are thrown into the world, and have only ourselves to depend upon for support, then it is we call to mind the many lessons which she gave, and regret, when it is too late, that we did not follow her loving advice. Speak to the drunkard or criminal of his home and friends, you touch his heart; but speak to him of his mother, and recall to him the weary nights she watched over him while he

spread his eyes-he will bow his head and think over the pleasant days of his lightful dream that is past and gone forthe lessons which she taught us when before treated with contempt and scorn -those lessons we determine shall be our guiding star to beaven and to mother.

Quietly passed from earth, last week, at his residence in New York city, one Pat Mullin. Though possessed of many virtues, Mullin was chiefly dear to fame as the man whom Barnum paid for his "turn" at Tom Higginson's barber shop under the Park Hotel. The story is wel tnown, but it should be repeated once nore in honor of the dead, and in justice to the living. One day, a few years ago, Barnum rushed into Higginson's shop and found Pat Mullin, the deceased, just aking-his-seat--for-the-same-operation Barnum at once proposed to Pat to exchange turns, offering to pay Pat's bill Pat, with the quick wit of an Irishman assented. Barnum got his shave, and told Higginson to charge Pat's bill to him, and went on his way rejoicing. When Pat's turn came he deliberately proceeded to take a bath, a shave, and a shampoo," and wound up by having his hair curled, and his whiskers dyed.

Barnum-afterward paid the bill, and thought the joke was worth the When Daniel Webster was Secretary of State, Signor Blitz called on him,

When all was done he politely told Hig-

Washington, when the following dialogue took place : "What has brought you to Washington?" "I have come for an office, sir."
"An office! What office is there under he government of the United States for magician?" "To count the money in the Treasury. I should like you to take one hundred thousand dollars of Theas mey notes, and count them carefully. will then count them also, when it will appear that there are only seventy-five thousand dollars." "Ah! Signor,", said Mr. Webster," "that won't do. We have magicians in Washington who, if a

undred thousand dollars were to pass through their hands, would leave noth ing of it." Which nobody can deny. There are, other anecdotes of the great nen whom our popular Philadelphia professor of legerdemain has come in contact with in the course of his career, which the public may expect to see in forthcoming volume of his Reminisicences .- Lippincott's. Girls, you should always remember hat woman has no more valuable trait

of character than sweetness of temper Home can never be made pleasant without it. Let a man return at night tired and worn out with the turmoil of the world, wearied with wounds in the almost unceasing battle of life, and how soothing to his heart are the words that are dictated by love and affection ! It is like unshine breaking through a cloud, and under its genial influence the day's har rowing cares are forgotten. Where it is found in the wife and mother, the whole household feels it. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and poace has its dwelling among them. Study, therefore, to cultivate these social menities. There are more to be valued than fine gold; they captivate more than beauty; and to the close of existence they never lose their freshness, nor suffor diminution in their power.

Not long ago a woman entered the pro bate office with four little "hopefuls," and with a countenance that would de justice to hard days, commenced her truly affecting appeal: Please your or, my husband died detected, and left four little children, and appointed me executioner, and I pray your honor will allow me to execute.

A Louisiana planter delighted his hands last week by paying them in silver quarters. One old negro exclaimed: "Federit money come and done gon and greenbacks is played, out, but dis i the stuff that rat's can't chaw. Do old time is come again, hoorayl". And then he went away and buried his money.

"Do Mamma, please to leave this room, so that my father and I can talk. I can not hear one word that he says t me," was the excited and norvous request of a boy of six summers, whose ling to wring the necks of "Abolish mother was rather a confusing loners" generall, "Bam" in particular. in the family.

OUR MOTHER. From our earliest infancy we learn t

counter, is the facility which some prople have for taking offense is meant "taking huff," as the phrase goes with reason or without, and making themselves and every one else uncomfortable, for nothing deeper than a mood or more than a fancy. Huffy people are to be met with of all ages and in every station, neither years nor condition bringing necessarily wisdom and unsusp but we are bound to say that the larger vomen, and chiefly among those who are of an uncertain social position, or who are unhappy in their tempers. Huffiness, which seems to be self assertion in what may be called the negative from, and which the possessors thereof classify as high spirit of sensitiveness, according as they are passionate or sullen, is a reality the product of self distrust. The person who has self respect and nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status and of happy private con dition, is never apt to take offence. Many and great are the dangers of action with huffy people; and sure as them, while you are innocently thinking

One of the oddest things to witness, if

not one of the most disagreeable to en-

you are to flounder into the bog with nade, the dangers of speech are just as manifold. The dangers of jesting are, above all, great. It may be laid down as an absolute rule, which has no exception anywhere, that no huffy persons can bear a joke good humoredly, or take it as it is meant. If you attempt the very simplest form of chaffing you will soon be made to find out your mistake; and not unfrequently the whole harmony of an evening has been set wrong, because a thin skinned, huffy person has taken a pleasant jest as a personal affront, and either blazed out or gloomed suddenly; according to his or her individual disosition and direction of the wind at the me. And even chaff, which was not neant to be applied by one more than other of the company, -chaff which ouched no one and included all, -is continually taken as specially designed. Should a chance cap, flung off at random, be felt to fit, it is perfectly useless to proclaim that it was a chance cap, and of random manufacture; your huffed friend, self hatted will not believe you to her dying day, and will always hold you guilty of having crowned her inentionally with a disfiguring headgear.

-The Queen. Ladies, never carry coarso embroidered or laced handkerchiefs. Fine plain ones

are much more ladylike. Avoid open worked stockings, and very fancy slippers. Fine plain white hose, and black kid slippers, with only a strap, or rosette in front, are becoming. Train yourself to useful occupation Remember it is wicked to waste time.

and nothing gives such an impression of vanity, and absolute silliness, as a habit of idling, and never having anything to If you are in your father's house, take some department of household labor upon yourself, and a part of the sewing, and make it your business to attend to ginson to "Charge it to the boss," and it. Do not let a call from this idle girl, a visit from that, or an invitation from

the other, interfere with the performance of your duty. Let your pleasure come in as a recreaon-not as the business of your life. If you can, cultivate some art by which you can gain an independent livelihood. Do it whether there is necessity for it or not. Do it quietly if you will, but do it. There is no telling when, or under what

circumstances you may need it. One fountain there is, whose deep veins: have only just began to throw up its sildrops among mankind-a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge; the fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear the vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt find thyself rich. Thou mayest go forth into the world and find thyself at home; thou canst cultivate in thy own little chamber, thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversations with thee; nature, antiquity and heaven are accessible to thee. The industrial kingdom of the ant, the works of man, the rainbow and music records, offer to thy soul hos-

pitality. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is as the early flower-exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled in the path of vice are named Legion A few hour's sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashes," war upon every function of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtasked and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint. until, like dilapidated mansions, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young men right about.

Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, recently went into the same barbershop, on the same day, to be shaved; one going in the morning, the other at noon, and the third at night. When the last one appeared, the barber, who was a German fropped his razor in astonishment, and xclaimed: "Vell, dat man hash doashtest beard I never saw; I shave him dis morin', shave him at dinner times, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash."

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from tables of the morality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce, from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of death for the first ten years after graduation is found in that ortion of each class of inferior scholarslip. Every one who has seen the currioulum knows that where Æschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozon,

نىيە**نىدە** سىنىلىسىنىڭ Why must your nose necessarily be in the middle of your face? Because it is