THE CARLISLE HERALD.

J. M. WEAKLEY.
J. M. WALLACE.

CARLISLE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1871.

(TERMS: $2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. $2.50 if not paid within the year.)

CARDS.

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ATWOOD, RANCK & CO.,
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COYLE BROTHERS.
NOTIONS, WHOLESALE
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Constantly on hand, such as
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COYLE BROTHERS.
No. 24 South Hanover street, Carlisle, Pa.
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Carlisle, Penn'a,
Will put in teeth from $10 to $20 per set, as the case may require. All work warranted.
10feb70

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HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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HOLL, KIRKPATRICK & WHITEMAN,
Wholesale Dealers in
MANUFACTURED TOBACCO,
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Philadelphia.
R. L. HOLL, JOHN C. SWARTZ
F. KIRKPATRICK, S. W. BERTOLETTE,
C. L. WHITEMAN.
4jan71

C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER.
HUMRICH & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office on Main street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle. 10se70

JAMES H. GRAHAM, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 14 South Hanover street,
CARLISLE, PA.
Office adjoining Judge Graham's
24mb70

JOHN CORNMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office No. 7, Rheem's Hall, in rear of the Court House
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JOSEPH RITNER, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SURVEYOR,
Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Railroad street, two doors north of the Bank.
Business promptly attended to. 10se69

JOSEPH G. VALE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Practices in Cumberland and Dauphin Counties.
Office—Bridge-st., Pa. Post office address—Camp Hill, Cumberland county, Pa. 12ja71 1y

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Carlisle, Pa. No. 9 Rheem's Hall. 10se70

A. K. M'CLURE. J. H. M'KEEHAN.
M'CLURE & M'KEEHAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
141 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.
1jo77tly

P. H. SHAMBARGER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Plainfield, Westpennsboro' township,
Cumberland County, Penn'a.
All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 20se70

J. M. WEAKLEY W. P. SADLER.
WEAKLEY & SADLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office, 22 South Hanover street, next the Good Will Hose House. 10se63

WILLIAM KENNEDY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Volunteer building, Carlisle. 10se69

W. J. SHEARER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in northeast corner of the Court House. 10se69

WES. B. HIRONS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Fifth street below Chestnut,
Cor. Library,
PHILADELPHIA.

HOTELS.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
Nos. 621 and 623 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Terms, $2 50 per day, or rooms without board, $1 per day.
20mb71ly J. B. DEAVEN, Proprietor.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
CARLISLE PA.
The undersigned having taken and entirely refitted and furnished this hotel is prepared to furnish good accommodations to all who desire to make it their home. A share of the patronage of the surrounding country travelling public solicited. Rooms large and comfortable. Table always supplied with the best.
N. W. WOODS,
5ma70 Pr'pr'tor.

ST. CLOUD HOTEL,
ARCH STREET, ABOVE SEVENTH,
PHILADELPHIA.
Entirely new, with ample capacity for 250 guests. Terms, $3 per day. The St. Cloud is newly and elegantly furnished throughout, and is open for the reception of guests, by one, under good, who have so successfully conducted for the past ten years, the well-known Mansion House, at Cresson Springs.
G. W. MULLIN & BRO., Proprs.
23mb73ms

THE "BENTZ HOUSE,"
(*Formerly Corman House,*)
NOS. 17 AND 19 EAST MAIN STREET,
CARLISLE, PA.
The undersigned having purchased and entirely refitted, and furnished anew throughout, with first-class furniture, this well-known, and old established hotel, solicits the custom of the community and traveling public. He is well prepared to furnish first class accommodations to all who desire to make a hotel their HOME, or pleasant temporary abode. The custom from the surrounding country is respectfully solicited. Courteous and attentive servants are engaged at this popular hotel
GEORGE Z BENTZ, Proprietor.
N. B. A first class livery is connected with the hotel, under the management of Joseph L. Bentz & Brother.
30apo9ly

Cucumber Wood Pumps.

THERE WERE sold in the year 1870,
8,841 of Blatchley's
CUCUMBER
TRADE (B) MARK.
WOOD PUMPS,
Measuring 218,500 feet in length, or sufficient in the aggregate for
A Well Over Forty Miles Deep.
Simple in construction—easy in operation—living no taste to the Water—Durable—Reliable and Cheap.
These Pumps are their own best recommendation.
For sale by Dealers in Hardware and Agricultural Implements, Plumbers, Pump Makers, &c., throughout the country. Circulars, &c., furnished upon application by mail or otherwise.
Single Pumps forwarded to parties in towns where I have no agents upon receipt of the regular retail price.
In buying, be careful that your Pump bears my trade mark as above, as I guarantee no other.
CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manuf'r.,
OFFICE AND WAREROOM,
624 and 626 LIBERY STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
20mb71ly

Dividends.

47th Dividend.
CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK,
Carlisle, Pa., May 2, 1871.
The Board of Directors have this day declared a
Dividend of FIVE per cent.
for the past six months on the Capital Stock free of State and National taxes, payable on demand.
J. A. DUNLAP, Cashier.
1ma73m

LEGAL NOTICES.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
All persons interested in the distribution of the assets in the hands of Noah Cockley, assignee of Joseph A. Frantz, will meet the Auditor at his office, corner of Hanover and Pomfret streets, Carlisle, on the fifteenth of June, 1871.
H. NEWSHAM,
25ma71t Auditor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of testamentary on the estate of Godfrey Gockler, late of Carlisle, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Cumberland county to the undersigned executrix residing in said borough. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to.
MAGDALENA GOCKLER,
4ma71tt Executrix.

U. S. Internal Revenue, Assistant Assessors' Office, 9th Division, 15th District, Penn'a.
CARLISLE, May 31, 1871.
The following instructions have been received at this office:
1. The tax on "interest or coupons" paid on bonds or other evidences of debt, imposed by the Act of July 14, 1870, is applicable to interest paid subsequently to August 1, 1870, and prior to January 1, 1871.
2. The tax on dividends of earnings, income, or gains, imposed by the same Act, is applicable to dividends declared subsequently to first August, 1870, and prior to first January, 1871
3 Officers and employees of the United States, are required to include in their income returns, for 1870 the pay or salary received by them during the last five months of 1870, on which no tax has been withheld.
NOTICE is hereby given to all persons, whose income is derived from the sources included in the above instructions, to make return of their income for the year 1870 to this office, within ten days from the date of this notice, or the penalty of 50 per centum will be added to the amount of the tax.
WM. B. PARKER,
1je7121 Assistant Assessor.

The Weekly Sun.

THE SUN.
CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.
THE DOLLAR WEEKLY SUN.
A NEWSPAPER OF THE PRESENT TIMES.
INTENDED FOR PEOPLE NOW ON EARTH.
Including Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants, Professional Men, Workers, Thinkers, and all manner of honest folks, and the wives, sons, and daughters of all such.
ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!
ONE HUNDRED COPIES FOR $50.
Or less than a One Cent a Copy. Let there be a $50 Club at every Post-Office
SEMI-WEEKLY SUN, $2 A YEAR,
of the same size and general character as THE WEEKLY, but with a greater variety of miscellaneous reading, and furnishing the news to its subscribers with greater freshness, because it comes twice a week instead of once only.
THE DAILY SUN, $6 A YEAR.
A preeminently readable newspaper, with the largest circulation in the world. Free, independent and fearless in politics. All the news from everywhere. Two cents a copy; by mail, 50 cents a month, or $6 a year.
TERMS TO CLUBS.
THE DOLLAR WEEKLY SUN.
Five copies, one year, separately addressed, FOUR DOLLARS.
Ten copies, one year, separately addressed (and an extra copy to the getter up of club,) EIGHT DOLLARS
Twenty copies, one year, separately addressed (and an extra copy to the getter up of club) FIFTEEN DOLLARS.
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Fifty copies, one year, separately addressed (and the Semi-Weekly one year to getter up of club) THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS.
One hundred copies one year, to one address (and the Daily for one year to the getter up of club) FIFTY DOLLARS
One hundred copies, one year, separately addressed (and the Daily for one year to getter up of club) SIXTY DOLLARS.
THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN.
Five copies, one year, separately addressed EIGHT DOLLARS.
Ten copies, one year, separately addressed (and an extra copy to getter up of club) FIFTEEN DOLLARS
SEND YOUR MONEY
in Post Office orders, checks, or drafts on New York, wherever convenient. If not, then register the letters containing money. Address,
I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher,
3ap71m Sun Office, New York City

FURNITURE, FURNITURE.

A. B. EWING,
CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER,
West Main Street,
OPPOSITE LEE'S WAREHOUSE,
Premium for Best Furniture awarded at all County Fairs since 1857.
Furniture of all varieties and styles of Foreign and Domestic manufacture, from the finest rosewood and mahogany to the lowest priced maple and pine.
PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM, KITCHEN AND OFFICE
FURNITURE.
Embracing every article used by House and Hotel keepers of the most approved and fashionable design and finish. Including also Cottage Furniture in sets; Reception and Camp Chairs, Mattresses, Gilt Frames, Pictures &c., &c.
Particular attention given as usual to funerals; orders from town and country attended to promptly, and on moderate terms.
Special attention paid to the selection of Wall Paper.
A. B. E.
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Groceries, Family Flour, &c.

FRESH GROCERIES!
FRESH GROCERIES!!
Always to be had at the
CHEAP STORE,
No. 88 East Pomfret Street.
And why are they always fresh? Because we sell a great amount of them, and sell them low. Therefore, turn our stock often, and consequently our goods must be fresh.
You will find everything you wish in the way of
Groceries,
Queensware,
Glassware,
Willow and Cedarware,
Stone and Crockeryware,
Choice Hams,
Dried Beef,
Bologna,
Beef Tongues,
Biscuits and Crackers of every description,
Pickles,
Spices and Fresh Oysters,
Sardines,
English Pickles,
Lemon Syrup, &c., and no end to
NOTIONS.
It is useless to mention them, come and see for yourselves; and parents if it don't suit you to come, send your children, as they will be dealt with the same care as if you were here yourself,
ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE
taken in exchange for goods, or cash
GEO. B. HOFFMAN'S SONS,
No. 88 East Pomfret Street,
10se70 CARLISLE, PA.

J. M. MASONHEIMER,
DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
FINE QUALITY OF TEAS, PURE SPICES,
Queensware,
Glassware,
Stoneware,
Wooden and Willowware
BEST BRANDS OF
FAMILY FLOUR
SALT AND FISH,
ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS,
AND CHEAP FOR CASH.
Cordwood taken in part payment for goods.

THE COQUETTE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"You're clever at drawing, I know,"
Said my beautiful cousin, Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

"She's painted already," quoth I,
"Nay, nay!" said the laughing Lisette.
"Now, none of your joking, but try,
And paint me a thorough Coquette."

Well, cousin," at once I began,
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I'll paint you as well as I can,
That wonderful thing, a Coquette."

"She wears a most beautiful face,
("Of course," said the pretty Lisette,)
And isn't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette."

"And then, she is daintily made,
(A smile from the dainty Lisette),
By people experts in the trade,
Of forming a proper Coquette."

"She's the winningest ways with the beaux,
("Go on," said the winning Lisette),
But there isn't a man of them knows
The mind of the fickle Coquette!

"She knows how to weep and to sigh,
(A sigh from the tender Lisette),
But her weeping is all in my eye—
Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she's a creature of art—"
"O hush!" said the frowning Lisette—
"With merely the ghost of a heart—
Enough for a thorough Coquette.

"And yet I could easily prove—
"(Now don't!" said the angry Lisette—
"The lady is always in love—
In love with herself—the Coquette!

"There—do not be angry—you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago
To paint you—a thorough Coquette!"

WHITE LILACS.

"Duncan, dear, I think that you had better visit your uncle a week or two. You know it would be best to keep on the right side of him, as he is very wealthy, and has neither chick nor child to leave his money to."

"Yes, mother, I'll go with pleasure. I long for a breath of the sweet meadow grass, and a sniff of the ocean breeze. Yes, I'll go—but not for his money! Mother, are we not rich enough to be independent of expecting anything from him?" and the handsome speaker turned from the window with a sigh.

"I do not know, Duncan; but your father says to keep on the right side of him. So if you go, humor him in everything if possible," said the dark-eyed, stately lady, as, leaving her easy chair, she went to the side of her handsome son, and caressingly stroked the dark brown curls on his noble head.

"Mother, tell me about him. You know I have not seen him since I was a boy of fifteen, and then I mortally offended him by giving his old wig to the cat as a plaything," laughed Duncan Chestwick.

"Well my boy, you offended him then, but I hope he has forgotten that—it is eight years since. All there is to tell you is, that he is your father's elder brother, and being disappointed in love, went to Brazil and made a great deal of money. Returning home, he bought Sunny Banks and settled down there, a confirmed misanthrope."

"Well mother, I'll get ready now. I can pack up my needfuls and catch the eleven o'clock train, and reach Sweetwater at two this afternoon."

Soon Mrs. Chestwick bade good bye to her only son, and Duncan left his home in Madison Square, on a visit to his old bachelor uncle. In three hours he reached the station at Sweetwater, and was soon before the great iron gates of Sunny Banks, through which he saw the beautiful white mansion with its green terrace sloping down to a little brook which was crossed by a rustic bridge. Beautiful flowers of all colors delighted the eye, and feathered songsters charmed the ear.

Duncan opened the gate, and hurried up the graveled path. As the stones crunched beneath his feet, an old man stepped from the shadow of the maple trees. His long black hair, streaked with silver, descended to his shoulders, and beneath gray brows a pair of gleaming black eyes flashed. A gorgeous dressing gown of scarlet was tied around his gaunt form.

"What do you want here, young man? We allow no stragglers here," said the old man, sternly.

"Uncle, I am your nephew, Duncan Chestwick. Don't you know me?" said Duncan, taking off his straw hat and letting the breeze play among his damp curls.

"Uncle! Who are you that dares to call me uncle? The only relation that I have that would call me that has not seen me for eight years. Yes, I think, I know you now. You are welcome, Duncan. I'm glad you thought enough of the old man to come and see him," and the old gentleman extended his hand.

Together they walked up to the great white house, and Duncan was shown into a great airy room, which his uncle said was always to be his. After brushing his hair and removing his dusty clothes, he started to explore the grounds.

He passed flower beds, rippling fountains, and looking around, he exclaimed: "What a paradise!" Continuing his stroll, he soon came near the fence which separated Sunny Banks from the neighboring estate; and, as he walked by a grove of white lilac trees, he heard a sweet young voice thrilling on the air.

"I wonder what singing bird uncle has caged here," he muttered, as he passed beneath one of the trees, and looked around to see in what direction to proceed to find the unknown singer. Suddenly a burst of melody from the foliage above caused him to look upwards. Through the masses of fragrant white bloom he could just discern a gleam of pink, and, raising his voice, he exclaimed:

"Hallo, there, come down here and show yourself, nightingale, or if you disdain such an abrupt summons," said he, perceiving that not a leaf stirred in answer to his command, "will your gracious majesty be pleased to descend the tree and show yourself to the wondering eyes of your most humble subject?"

A gay laugh answered the second appeal, and the branch began to rustle. In a second, a little figure sprang lightly to the ground, and stood with downcast lashes before him.

"Well tree sprite, what were you doing up in that lilac tree?" he exclaimed, with a sober face.

"I was just picking lilacs, sir?" said the young girl, gently.

"Picking lilacs, indeed! Will your grace answer a few questions?" inquired Duncan, with great gravity.

"Yes sir," replied the girl.

"Well, how old are you, and what is your name," said Duncan.

"I am just fifteen, and my name is Gipsy Forrest; and for your further information, I will add that I am Mr. Chestwick's servant girl, and pet in general. I sit with him, read to him, and I make his bed too," she said, saucily.

"Miss Gipsy Forrest, you are a little brick! Do you know it?" asked Duncan, gazing with unequivocal admiration at the little figure before him.

"Please, sir, what is a brick, and who are you," inquired Gipsy, lifting the long, curling, black lashes, and displaying a pair of melting hazel eyes.

"I am Mr. Chestwick's nephew, Duncan. A brick is a sort of a jolly person."

Gipsy nodded her head gravely, and responded mischievously.

"You're a brick, I think, ain't you?"

"Yes I guess so," replied Duncan, smiling.

Gipsy Forrest, was a perfect little fairy. Long waves of satin black hair fell to the little waist, and were confined by a wreath of fragrant white lilacs; her features were regular, and twin dimples lurked in the rosy cheeks; her graceful little figure was clad in a close fitting, pink lawn dress and a dainty black silk apron.

Suddenly she turned and fled up the avenue to the house.

"What a pretty creature she is," exclaimed Duncan, as he wended his way in the same direction.

One evening, after he had been a week at Sunny Banks, Mr. Chestwick said:

"Duncan, is your heart free?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, surprised.

"I am glad, for I wish you to marry, and settle down at Sunny Banks, and so to-morrow I shall invite a few young people here, and all the young ladies I like, and I wish you to take your choice and marry one, or I will disinherit you," said the old man, fiercely.

"Yes, sir: I will, if like one well enough, for I despise all of our city belles."

"Very well; see that you are soon interested in one of them," replied Mr. Chestwick, as he left the room.

The next day the house was filled with a gay party of girls and gentlemen, and rides, picnics, dances, croquet and boating filled up the short week.

At its end they departed, and the great house was once more quiet. That evening Mr. Chestwick said abruptly:

"Well, Duncan, which one is it?"

Receiving no answer, he said, "Oh, you want me to guess; so here goes: Is it the fair Elvise Bernard, the heiress? No! Well, then, most surely, it is the dancing little Lulu Exter? No still! Well, I think I am pretty near right; it is the calm, stately Marguerite St Clair? I thought she would fascinate you. No! Well then it must be the belle of Sweetwater, beautiful Edith Hastings? No again! Well, there are but two left. Is it Mable Ainsworth, the doctor's dove-eyed daughter? No! Ah! then it is sweet little Daisy Castleton, the blond; after all I think I would prefer her for a niece. No? Duncan, what do you mean, sir—neither one? Are you crazy?"

"No, sir, I am not," replied Duncan, calmly. "I mean that I cannot marry any of the girls you've mentioned. I do not love them. Not for all the gold of the Indies would I marry a girl I did not love."

"Indeed?" retorted Mr. Chestwick. "Pray, who does your fastidious self love?"

"I love sweet Gipsy Forrest, your little servant; I love her truly, and uncle, you need not stare, I intend to marry her."

"Really, sir, I must confess I do not admire your taste, when so many beauties were before you. Marry that chit of mine, indeed! If you will not marry the girl I choose, I'll disinherit you, sir," cried the infuriated old man.

"Very well, sir, do as you like; only I will not marry one that I do not care for—not for all your wealth."

"Very noble spirit, I've no doubt; but then I can't see it. Now, sir, I give you your choice. Will you marry Miss Daisy Castleton?" sneered the old man.

"No, sir; I will not," replied Duncan, firmly.

"Then leave my house, ingrate! Never approach me again until you're ready to comply with my request! Not one cent of my money shall go to your family."

"Uncle, I'm very sorry for this event. But, really—"

"Leave me sir! and my house too! snarled the old man.

Duncan went slowly to his room and packed his valise; then, bidding good bye to his uncle, he left the house. As he went down the avenue he turned and weft to the lilac trees; there, in their shadow, stood Gipsy, lovelier than ever. Running towards him, she exclaimed:

"Oh! Mr. Duncan, I'm sorry you're going!"

"So am I, Gipsy."

"Oh! how could you refuse to marry one of those lovely ladies?"

"Because, Gipsy," and he took the little brown hand, "because I loved you better."

"Oh! Mr. Duncan, you don't mean it?" she cried, covering her blushing face with her disengaged hand.

"Yes, Gipsy, I do. And will you promise to wait for me?"

"Yes, sir, I will; for I love you dearly, Mr. Duncan," cried Gipsy, impulsively.

"Then wear this ring to remember me by." And he slipped a tiny ruby ring on her finger.

"Gipsy, before we part, give me one kiss."

Gipsy threw her arms around his neck, and standing on tip toe, pressed her rosy mouth to his.

"Sweet girl! give me a spray of lilac; from this day I shall love its perfume, darling. We may never meet again; but, Gipsy, you'll be true to me?"

"Yes, Duncan, always." And, with one burning kiss, he was gone.

As Gipsy heard the iron gate clang after him, she threw herself on the grass and gave vent to her tears.

"Gipsy!" She looked up to find Mr. Chestwick before her. Blood Mr. Chestwick with a mournful expression on his worn face.

"Gipsy, do you love my nephew so very much?"

"Yes, sir, I do! she exclaimed through the last falling tears.

"My dear, could you love me well enough to be my adopted daughter?"

"I love you, too."

"Gipsy, from this day you are my child. Kiss me once." And as Gipsy's arms were clasped about his neck, and her warm kiss was on his cheek, old Mr. Chestwick felt for the first time the value of a fresh, innocent heart.

Four years have passed, and Duncan Chestwick sat in the oriel window, looking out upon the lawn. He is still unmarried, and there is a look of yearning in his blue eyes. Two years before, Mr. Chestwick, accompanied by Gipsy Forrest, had gone to Europe, and he had heard nothing of them for a year and a half.

"Can it be that Gipsy has forgotten me?" he murmured.

Just then his lady mother entered and said, at the same time giving him a letter:

"Here, Duncan, pray accept the terms inclosed. It is from your uncle, and your father has one. It is no use to wait for that Gipsy; for your uncle has just mentioned that she is going to be married.

"Mother, it is not true!" cried Duncan, as his face grew pale.

"I can't say; but read your letter," she replied.

Duncan opened it mechanically. The letter was as follows:

"Arthur Duncan—I wish you to come down to Newport. I've found a pretty wife for you. It is the last time I shall address you, if you refuse. Come at once."

"Oh! go, Duncan, it will do you good," said his mother.

"I will go," he replied.

The next day he arrived at Newport, and immediately went out on the beach for a stroll. The bathers were out in strength, and the pretty girls and their cavaliers were sporting playfully, splashing the glittering drops over one another. One of the gay bathers said saucily, as she observed the still form of Duncan:

"I say, Gipsy, just look on that Adonis! Ain't he gay looking though?"

"Where, Ethel?" asked Gipsy, shading her eyes with one tiny hand.

"Right there, by the bathing house. But what is the matter Gipsy? You turned so white just then."

"Nothing, Ethel, at all."

Just then a spectator on the beach shouted:

"Swim, girls, swim to shore! A shark! A shark!"

The frightened bathers took up the cry and swam hastily towards the shore. Gipsy Forrest kept perfectly still, and the rosy flush on her cheeks faded away to a deathly whiteness. Ethel gave one look over her shoulder, and shouted:

"Oh, my God! Gipsy, swim. He is right behind you!"

Gipsy gave one startled look behind her and saw moving swiftly through the heaving waters the dreaded fin. She gave one despairing cry, and turned helplessly towards the shore. Just then a hand clasped hers and a voice murmured:

"Courage, Miss; cling to me."

Gipsy gave one more look over her shoulder, and cried:

"Oh! look; I can see his horrid teeth. Save yourself, sir." Then she fainted.

Duncan Chestwick—for it was he—clasped her closely with one arm, while with the other he struck out bravely for the shore. The white shark came nearer and nearer, sure of his prey. He turned on his side and snapped at his victim, and as Duncan felt it was too late, a boat shot between him and the disappointed monster, and they were lifted into the small skiff.

An old man said: "Pretty narrow escape, sir."

"Yes, very, indeed," replied Duncan, as he looked at the sweet pale face before him.

Why did no responsive thrill fill his breast? He did not know that the beautiful girl before him was Gipsy Forrest. Why should he? Four years had changed her greatly. The tanned skin was pure and white, and the delicate face had grown fuller.

On the beach the excited bathers stood shivering in their wet dresses, and when the pale, cold form of Gipsy was taken from the boat, they excitedly asked, "Is she dead?"

Sweet Gipsy was carried up to her room, where she soon revived. Meanwhile, Duncan, after changing his wet clothes, sought his uncle who seemed strangely excited, yet welcomed him warmly.

"Uncle," said Duncan, after they had conversed some time—"Uncle, who is the young lady that you've chosen to be my wife?"

"Never you mind; you'll see her to-night, said the old man."

In the evening Mr. Chestwick, leaning on Duncan's arm, went slowly through the brilliantly lighted hall. Fairy forms clad in floating, misty garments, passed, and repassed and smiled their brightest at the gallant New Yorker.

"Duncan, remember that if you will not marry this girl, I will never speak to you again," said the old man quickly.

"Uncle, does she love me?"

"I rather think so, Mr. Duncan; but we'll see. There, she is—the one in silver. Look! right by the column there."

Duncan looked as directed and saw a tall, stately figure, clad in a white gauze spangled with silver. A spray of white lilacs looped away the satin black curls from her fair face. Duncan recognized the flowers with a pang, for they were connected in his mind with memories of Gipsy. Slowly they elbowed their way to where she stood, the centre of an admiring crowd. As they approached nearer, Duncan recognized the fair girl whom he had rescued in the morning. Soon his uncle's words sounded in his ears:

"Mr. Duncan Chestwick, Miss Gipsy Forrest."

As Duncan caught the gleam of the merry hazel eyes, he looked at his uncle in surprise, and ejaculated:

"Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, sir; I've had my say. When I saw that your mind was set on her, I adopted Miss Gipsy. And now, you young scamp, will you accept my choice?"

"I will, uncle, God bless you!" and the two walked out on the balcony in the moonlight. One morning the church bells rang merrily, and Duncan Chestwick and Gipsy Forrest were married when the white lilacs were in bloom.

A PICTURE.

The following sweet poem is from the pen of Shillaber—"Mrs. Partington"—and is a perfect picture of his childhood home. It is touchingly beautiful, and our readers will thank us for publishing it. A friend and townsman of Shillaber attests to the beauty and truthfulness of the picture, and they will thank him also for the pleasure this gem affords them:

There's a little low hut by the river's side,
Within the sound of its rippling tide;
Its walls are gray with the moues of years,
And its roof all crumbled and old appears;
But fairer to me than castle's pride,
Is the little low hut by the river's side.

The little low hut was my natal nest,
Where my childhood passed—Life's Spring-time blest,
Where the hopes of ardent youth were formed,
And the sun of promise my young heart warmed
Ere I threw myself on life's sweet tide
And left the dear hut by the river's side.

That little low hut, in lowly guise,
Was soft and grand to my youthful eyes,
And fairer trees were no'er known before
Than the apple trees by the humble door.
That my father loved for their thrifty pride,
Which shadowed the hut by the river's side.

That little low hut had a glad hearthstone,
That echoed of old with a pleasant tone,
Where brothers and sisters, a merry crew,
Filled the hours with pleasure as on they flew;
But one by one the loved ones died,
That dwelt in the hut by the river's side.

The father revered and the children gay
The grave of the world have called away:
But quietly all alone there sits
By the pleasant window, in Summer, and knits,
An aged woman, long years allied
With the little low hut by the river's side.

That little low hut to the lone'y wife
Is the cherished stage of her active life;
Each scene is recalled in memory's beam
As she sits by the window in pensive dream;
And joys and woes roll back like a tide
In that little low hut by the river's side.

My mother—alone by the river side
She waits for the flood of the heavenly tide,
And the voice that shall thrill her heart with its call
To meet once more with the dear ones all.
And form in a region beautified,
The band that once met by the river's side.

That dear old hut by the river's side
With the warmest pulse of my heart is allied,
And a glory is over its dark walls thrown,
That stateliier fabrics have never known;
And I shall love with a fonder pride,
That little low hut by the river's side.

THE SWITCH TENDER'S STORY.

It ran thus: "It's nigh unto eleven years, sir, since I came onto this road. For the first three years I was brakesman, and if I had stuck to it I might have become a conductor by this time—who knows. My character was good and I've always been a steady man, but you see it wasn't to be. My old woman always objected to me running on the train, it kept me so much away from home, not to speak of the danger, and at the end of the third year, when our little boy was born, she begged so hard for me to give it up that I consented, and the company put me in this place, where I've been ever since. It is not hard, I've only got to tend one switch and do odd jobs about the depot, the pay is just the same as I got before, only there's one chance for promotion, but then I'm always at home, which makes it up. I live only a little way across the bridge, in the outskirts of the town, yonder, on the other side of the river—a small white house with an elm tree in the yard. You can see it from the other end of the switch.

"So you think the river is very beautiful at this time of year? Well, sir, I dare say it is, I thought so once myself; but I don't take any pleasure in looking at it now, nor have I done so for many a day. Its green banks and its clear water, with the sunshine sparkling on it, only makes it seem the crueler to me, as if it laughed over the misery it has caused to human beings; but my opinions haven't got anything to do with what you come to ask me about, so I'll try and get to the point at once.

"It will be three years come Monday, the thirteenth of next month, which is May, and after eatin' my breakfast and smokin' my pipe, which latter operation I generally gits through with about seven o'clock, I started across the bridge, takin' with me my little boy Willie, who was at this time just risin' o' five years. He was awfully tickled at the idea of bein' allowed to go out with me, as his mother kept him mostly around the house, havin' like nearly all women, great fear of the trains. I don't think, sir, I ever seen a finer mornin'—the sun well nigh up, but not too warm, with a white cloud here and there in the blue sky, the trees and grass green and fresh, and glistenin' with the dew, and underneath us the river flowin' bright and clear just as you see it now, sir. My heart felt light, and havin' nothin' on my mind—I had just finished payin' for my house the week before—I began to think of comparin' my troubles with my blessings, that after all it would be hard to find a better place than this much abused world we live in.

"The time table was a little different then from what it is now. The freight train came down at 7:30 a. m., switched off, and waited for the express to go by, which followed in fifteen minutes later. I reached the switch about ten minutes ahead of time—I always do—and sittin' down on the tie, I filled a fresh pipe and smoked away, while little Willie gathered pebbles, and throwing 'em in the water, laughed and shouted at the splashes they made.

"Finally, growin' bolder, he ventured to the river's edge, and pinckin' one of the lilies that grow there in abundance, he came in great glee and laid it at my feet. I put the flower carefully in my pocket so as not to bruise it, intending to show it to his mother. He lisped out that pretty blue ones grew further down, and begged to go and get one of them, but as it was almost time for the train, I refused my permission, and taking him some ten or fifteen yards from the track, sat him down at the foot of a tree—you maple yonder—and bade him remain there till I called.

"The time for the train came and passed, and still no signs of it. I grew nervous and did not notice my boy. Minute after minute passed away, and at last when I began to be certain that some accident had occurred, it bove in sight just five minutes before the express train was due, which I knew could not be more than two miles behind. I saw at once the cause of the delay; the train was unusually long and heavy, and the engine No. 49, which the fireman had christened 'Old Ricketty,' was the worst on the road. The switch was all ready, but the train moved so slowly that the last car had hardly left the main track, when I heard the whistle of the express and the next moment she rounded the bend at full speed. I knew that I didn't have any too much time to get the switch in position, and went at my work with a will, when suddenly I heard a child's scream and turning round I saw little Willie struggling in the water. For an instant the sight of my child's danger overpowered every other consideration and I sprang for the river, but before I got half the distance the hoarse whistle of the approaching train rang in my ear like a trumpet, and the thought of my duty, and the hundreds of lives that would be sacrificed if I deserted my post, went through my brain like a flash of lightning, while all the time there was a feeling about my heart I can't tell in so many words—I only knew it was worse than death—beseeching me to save my boy.

"The whole thing couldn't have lasted more than two seconds, and how the one feeling got the better of the other I never knew. I have no recollection of turning back, but the next thing I remember I was at the switch working away like mad. I never had such strength. I felt that I could have wrenched up the solid iron rails in my agony, and bent them like straw; and I did not seem to see anything about me distinctly, neither rails nor ties—but dimly and vaguely, as if in a dream, or at a great distance. What I did see as plainly as I do now, although it was behind me, was the clear and beautiful river flowing on in the morning sun, and in the midst of it little Willie, weakly struggling for help, while the bright, cruel waves smote him in the face and laughed. I had no ear for the nearing train, but all I heard—or seemed to, for I can't rightly say—were his cries to his father for help, growing fainter and fainter; and then the horrible bubbling sound, as he sunk finally, and his last breath found its way to the surface.

"At length the switch was in position, and although it's a short job at best, and I must have accomplished it at that time with a quickness I can never again equal, yet it seemed longer than the longest Summer day; but it was done, and I rushed to the river and gazed eagerly around for some sign that might tell me where to plunge in to rescue my child; but there was nothing, nothing but the sunlight that glistened brightly on the little wavelets that smiled mockingly in my face as they hurried onward. I don't remember anything further. There was a great choking in my throat, and a huge weight of lead seemed to fall on my brain, and all was black. When I came to my senses it was three weeks afterward, with my old woman—God bless her—sitting alongside of me holdin' my hand in hers. The doctor said I had made a close miss of it, and at first I felt sorry that I had lived at all; but that didn't last long, for I know there was another—she who sat beside me—who had suffered more than I had and stood it nobly, so I tried to get better in order to console her. It was two weeks more before I got out of bed, and quite two months before I was able to go around. I will never be the same man again.

"The company pensioned me, and didn't want me to work any more at all. But I couldn't bear to be idle—you see, sir, I wasn't brought up to it, and strange as it may appear, I didn't feel like working anywhere save in the old place; I seemed to be closer to my boy there. I found the lily he had gathered, just as I had placed it in my jacket pocket, and gave it to his mother. She has it yet all withered and colorless, in a little glass on the mantle piece, and there, sir, it shall remain in sight of us both until our time comes to join him."

How Mosquitoes Bite.—The mosquito has a proboscis like an elephant, only not so large. It will, however, look nearly as large under a good microscope. He cannot do as many handy things with it as the elephant can with his, but he can cause a good deal of annoyance in a small way with it. It it hardly the thing to say that the mosquito bites us, for he has no teeth. The microscope reveals the fact that he carries a pair of scissors inside of his proboscis—the neatest, and sharpest little cutting tools you ever saw. He gets his living by these. They are two delicate little blades, and are placed alongside of each other. When he is ready to make a meal off of us, he first buzzes around with those beautiful wings, and sings a pleasant little song. If we let him quietly settle down, he picks out a place on our skin which is just to his liking. He is very delicate about it. When he gets ready, he puts his proboscis down and pushes the little scissors out and makes a neat cut, so that he can suck the blood out. Then he drinks as much blood as he wants, and is done his dinner. But he does not leave yet. He is going to pay his bill. He has taken our blood, and he will leave us something in exchange for it. With all his faults, he is an honest little fellow—after his fashion. He has the pay in his pocket, ready to squeeze out before he goes. It is poison, but that makes no difference to him. It is the best he has for us. His poison pocket is at the head of his proboscis, and at the lower end of his proboscis he has another little pocket, into which he puts poison enough for one dose. This poison is very powerful. A very little of it makes the place where the mosquito puts it very sore. After he has sucked our blood he puts the drop of poison into the place he took the blood from. It is not the "bite" or the cut that the mosquito makes that hurts us, but it is the dropping of this powerful poison into our flesh. If this mosquito were large enough to give a powerful dose of this poison it would be bad for us. If he were as big as a kitten, and his poison as strong in proportion, a "bite" from him would kill us.

Mysterious Wit.—A renowned clergyman not a thousand miles from this city lately preached rather a long sermon from the text, "thou art weighed and