THE CARLISLE HERALD.

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

CARLISLE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1871.

TERMS: $2.05 a year, IN ADVANCE. $2.50 if not paid within the year.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Stratton, deceased, late of the borough of Carlisle, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscriber, residing in the borough of Carlisle. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment, and those having claims to present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned, for settlement.

MARY ANN STRATTON,
6ju71t*. Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of David Musser, deceased, late of East Pennsboro' township have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscriber, residing in said township All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for settlement.

ABRAM COBLE,
29ju71* Administrator.

EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, ss:—The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of Jacob Hicher, of Westpennsborough township, in the county of Cumberland and State of Pennsylvania, within said district, who has been adjudged a bankrupt, on creditors' petition, by the District Court of said District. Carlisle, Penn'a.

W. A. LINDSEY,
Assignee, &c.
27ju71d

Legal Intelligencer of Philadelphia insert one time, and send bill to THIS OFFICE.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of William Bloser, deceased, late of Frankford township, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscribers, residing in North Middleton township. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment, and those having claims to present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned, for settlement.

WILLIAM B. BLOSER,
SOLOMON GRISINGER,
27ju71* Executors.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Abraham Young, late of Westpennsboro' township, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Cumberland county to the undersigned executors residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to

ANDREW YOUNG,
JOHN YOUNG
29ju71d Executors.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John Noble, late of the borough of Carlisle, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Cumberland county, to the undersigned executors residing in said borough. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for settlement.

FREDK WATTS,
R. M. HENDERSON,
27ju71d Executors.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the next Legislature for the incorporation of a Bank of Deposit and Discount, to be located at Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, to be called the People's Savings Bank, with a capital of twenty five thousand dollars, with the privilege of increasing to one hundred thousand dollars.

6ju71on

NOTICE TO THE HOLDERS OF THE BORDER CLAIMS.—The undersigned commissioners appointed by the Hon. Jas. H. Graham, President Judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District, in pursuance of an Act of Assembly, approved the twenty-second day of May, A. D. 1871, entitled "An Act to authorize the liquidation of demands sustained by citizens of Pennsylvania during the late rebellion," to examine and re-adjudicate all of the said claims for the county of Franklin, hereby notify all parties in interest that they will commence the adjudication of the same, at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle, commencing Monday, the fourteenth day of August next, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

Notice will be served on all parties stating the particular days on which their persons will be heard. The commissioners will be obliged to officers who will give them any information in regard to important or fraudulent claims.

All communications should be made to John H. Mitchell, clerk to Damage Commissioners, No. 22 North Hanover street, Carlisle, Pa

W. F. SADLER
JOHN B. MILLER,
27ju71td Commissioners.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, to all persons interested, that the following account have been filed in the office, by the accountants therein named, for examination and confirmation, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county, for confirmation and allowance, on Tuesday, August 22, A. D. 1871.

1. First and final account of James S. Lind, administrator of Robert Lind, late of Penn township, deceased, filed by Jacob Cooper, agent for said James S. Lind.

2. The administration account of C. P. Hoffer, administrator de bonis non, &c., of Dr. John Zeisinger, deceased, late of the borough of Carlisle.

3. The first and final account of Samuel Godwin, guardian of Virginia C. Martin.

4. First and final account of Jacob Barber, administrator of George C. Barber, of Lower Allen township, deceased.

5. First and final account of Henry Strickler, guardian of Rebecca Sadler, minor child of Joseph Sadler, late of South Middleton township, deceased.

6. First and final account of Andrew L. Bangham and Abraham Margtart, executors of Mary Miller, late of Newton township, deceased.

7. First and final account of Joel Sheffer, administrator of the estate of Susannah Sheffer, deceased.

8. The first and final account of William Sadler, executor of the last surviving will of Samuel Sadler, late of Hampden township, deceased.

9. First and final account of Eva Boyer, administratrix of John Boyer, deceased.

10. The first and final account of David Shenk, administrator of Samuel Shenk, late of Silver Spring township, deceased.

11. First and final account of Jacob Musselman, David C. Richwine and Michael Gleim, executors of Jacob Musselman, deceased.

12. The guardianship account of Samuel Eberly guardian of the person and estate of Emma C. Smith born Emma C. Baker, minor child of Jeremiah Smith, late of Lower Allen township, deceased.

13. First and final account of John Orris and Adam Orris, executors of the last will and testament of David Orris, late of Silver Spring township, deceased.

14. First and final account of Geo. B. Hoffman, administrator of Lewis R. Hummell, late of the township of Silver Spring, deceased.

15. The account of William C. Black, executor of the last will and testament of Margaret Parker, late of Westpennsborough township, deceased.

16. The first and final account of M. Williams, administrator of David Wagoner, late of Newton township, deceased.

17. Account of John Gutfelter, administrator of Mrs. Elizabeth Cretzer, late of Middleton township, deceased.

18. Account of Isaac Wagner, executor of Samuel Rhoads, deceased.

19. The first and final account of George W. Criswell, executor of the estate of Isaac Miller, late of Westpennsborough township, deceased.

20. First account of William A. Brown, executor of John Brown, late of Penn township heirs to find account of the personal property.

21. Account of A. J. Rissinger, guardian of Isaac W. Boyer, minor child of George P. Boyer, deceased.

22. Sarah Pierson, deceased, first and final account of Jacob B. Hoover, executor of said deceased.

23. First and final account of David S. Kerr, administrator of Nathan C. Weeks, late of Westpennsboro' township, deceased.

24. Second and final account of W. L. Craigmiles, S. W. Sherrett and J. T. Sherrett executors of the last will and testament of J. S. Sherrett, deceased.

25. Account of John Heffelfinger, executor of the last will and testament of David Hoover, late of the borough of Newburg, Cumberland county, deceased.

26. The account of Abraham Hostetter, executor of Abraham Mull, late of Shippensburg, deceased.

27. The first and final account of John Stump, jr., administrator of Philip Stump, late of Shippensburg borough, deceased.

28. The account of Jacob Spith, John Smith and Moses Myers, executors of Robert Smith, deceased, late of Southampton township.

29. The account of John H. Cressler and Michael Cressler, testamentary trustees of Elizabeth A. Wolf, under the will of Adam Cressler, late of the borough of Shippensburg, deceased.

30. The account of John H. Cressler and Michael Cressler, testamentary trustees of Sophia Armbaugh, under the will of Adam Cressler, late of the borough of Shippensburg, deceased.

31. The account of John H. Cressler and Michael Cressler, testamentary trustees of Margaret A. Lee, under the will of Adam Cressler, late of Shippensburg, deceased.

32. The first and final account of J. A. C. McCune, administrator of Sarah J. Routledge, late of the borough of Shippensburg, deceased.

33. The account of William H. Bloser and Francis Miller, executors of the estate of Susannah Kamarer, late of Frankford township, deceased.

34. The first and final account of Catharine Landis and Benjamin F. Landis, administrators of Christian Landis, late of Shippensburg township, deceased.

35. The administration account of John Watson, administrator of Harriet Watson, late of Westpennsboro' township, Cumberland county, deceased.

36. The guardianship account of Louis Gaulhart, guardian of Jane Sarah Patterson.

37. Account of S. P. Gorgas, executor of the last will and testament of Mrs. Barbara Jones, deceased.

38. Administration account of J. W. Eby, executor of Rachel Creigh, deceased.

39. The account of Benjamin Erb, guardian of the estate of Daniel Rupply, minor child of Levi Rupply, of East Pennsboro' township, as settled by Joseph Erb and Benjamin Erb, executors of Benjamin Erb, deceased.

40. Account of Wm. B. Mullin, guardian of D. F. Santee, settled by C. H. and Wm. A. Mullin.

41. The account of Wm. M. Henderson and Richard Parker, executors of the estate of Andrew Parker, late of Westpennsborough township, deceased, as settled by Wm. M. Henderson, surviving executor.

42. The first and final account of William D. McCune, administrator of Benjamin McCune, late of Southampton township, deceased.

43. The account of Perce W. Quigley, executor of John L. Waggoner, late of North Middleton township, deceased.

44. The account of Benjamin McKeehan, executor of John Q. Zinn, late of Westpennsborough township, deceased.

45. The administration account of Wm. W. Dale, one of the executors of E. P. Duboff, late of Carlisle, deceased.

46. The account of Levi Zeigler, guardian of Wm. H. Allen, minor child of George Allen, late of North Middleton township, deceased.

JOSEPH NEELEY Register.
27ju71td

Peter Hodge, Barber.

NEW BARBER SHOP.

Peter Hodge has recently opened the National Shaving Saloon, No. 5, East Main street, Irvine's row. Hair cutting, shampooing, shaving, moustache dying promptly attended to. Ladies' hair cutting executed in the latest City styles. My prices are as reasonable as any other saloon in this place. I have none but competent journeymen in my employ. Henry Kennedy will, also, be found at my saloon. Please give me a call.

29ju71tm PETER HODGE.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work;
And those who drink
Should not lament their doom;
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That letter men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show;
For let ads than you are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noblest worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain,
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
And lands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,
Or cater to a friend;
To fawn and wheedle, much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe;
For feuds and debts
And pampered pets
Unbonnetted mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain;
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
An humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even Kings.
For station high
That wealth will buy,
Not of contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song;
For age and youth must learn this truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success!
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

SILENT BILL.

I had been for nearly a year roaming over the West. In the course of my wanderings I came upon an emigrant train which was just starting out from "the States," and joined it.

The novelty soon wore off and I found the days fatiguing, the nights and sleep only being desirable. I had been conscious for days of a fever in my veins, but had scorned to complain, and taking a sort of savage delight in seeking to do an extra amount of toil. It was my turn to prepare supper for our mess, but once ready I went off as far as I could crawl from the noise of the camp and the odor of the cooking. The last I remember of that day was my dropping down by the side of some shrubs.

Two weeks afterward I opened my eyes upon a different team from the one I started with, and the driver was the largest, most uncouth looking man I ever saw. I was on a straw bed, made up on one side of the wagon, and in answer to my call, the strange man bent over me. I asked all the questions I had strength for, and then waited for the answers. He told me in the fewest possible words that I was missed from the train, and he sent back to look for me. That I had "been dead beat for two weeks, and had better keep still and go to sleep if I could."

I obeyed, because I could not help it. I received my food and medicine from the hands of my strange-looking friend, but it seemed impossible to get any information from him.

My recovery was rapid, and as soon as I made my appearance in the camp I was warmly greeted by our company and treated to many an extra dish by the kind-hearted people.

I learned that I had not been missed until nearly noon of the day that I was left, and then they had halted, and "Silent Bill" had volunteered to look me up, had found me, and had taken upon himself the whole care during my sickness. I could find out very little about the man who had thus brought me back to life. He had joined the company, like myself, at the last minute, had given only the one name, to which the boys added another, until he was called all over the camp "Silent Bill." His team was good, and he was well supplied with provisions, which he handed out generously to any one who had need.

With my returning strength, I felt a strong interest in everything, and would gladly have been companionable and useful, but he never called on me to do anything, unless some one needed help, then he would leave the care to me for a time. He was always ready to walk that others might ride; fatigue seemed unknown to him. Foremost, when danger threatened was his gaunt form, and it was always his rifle, which brought in the earliest game. It came about that he held the gratitude of almost every one in the train, but loud thanks seemed to offend him greatly.

I never saw him hesitate but once; then some children, two little girls, had been running along with their mother, and she asked him to lift them up into his wagon and give them a ride, as their own team was far behind. He went up to one of them, laid his hand upon the arm of one, started back, rubbed his hands together and finally called to me.

"Put them in, will you?" said he.

I lifted them up and gave each a kiss as I seated them upon the straw.

He was still looking at his hands.

"What's the matter?" I asked, "both of them together wouldn't be as heavy as the man you bore to camp that day, only a few weeks past."

He said nothing, but held his hands open before me. They were brown and hard. "Are they dirty?" I asked.

"Yes," said he emphatically, and shook them out at arm's length. Then he started up his team and did not speak again for hours.

All hearts became lighter as we ascended the Sierras and began to think of finding an abiding place.

When it came to leave taking "Bill" was missing, the others started on with their teams, and I staid by his until sundown. Any number of good-byes and kindly messages were left with me for him. And one woman gave me a little package saying: "He was so kind to Willie when he was sick, and his hand made that precious little grave on the mountains." I thought, to know the full value of the gift, Bill should have received it, as I did, wet with the mother's tears.

When he came back, we were alone upon the hillside.

He asked, "Why didn't you go on with the others?"

And I answered, "Because I did not choose to leave you alone, after all you have done for me. I shall go with you, if you will let me, it does not make much difference to me where."

He looked at me keenly.

"You had better not," said he slowly; "you will wish you hadn't some day."

We had started a fire, and I could see his face by the light of the blaze.

I felt drawn to him, not from any sympathy of feeling, but because I was convinced there would come a time when I could in a measure repay him for his kindness to me.

I reached out my hand, "We'll stick together a while, old fellow."

He wouldn't take it, but said: "The kettle boils, we might about as well eat our grub as to waste time a talking."

I gave him the messages, which were received in silence, and when I handed the package he only said, "Lay it down."

We made ready for an early start in the morning, then I rolled up in my blanket, and with my feet to the fire lay down to sleep. When I waked up the blaze had died down, but I could see Bill at a distance, bending over what proved to be a hole in the ground. After a while he broke off some green broughs, threw them in, and then hastily threw in the earth.

He came and sat down by the fire, I watched him for an hour or so, but he never moved, and when I woke in the morning, he had not changed his position.

We started off, but I made an excuse to return, and hurriedly opened the ground where I had seen him working in the night. I do not know what I expected to see, but I certainly was surprised when I found under the covering of earth and green, the little package, which had tearfully been entrusted to my care.

I broke the string and found a small copy of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

"I will keep it," I said, "and when he needs me most he will need this too."

When we reached the first miner's camp, Bill waked up and was eager enough until he had scanned the face of every man. That day he looked weary, and it was the first time he laid down when I did for the night.

In the morning he sold his team, all but two horses, those he packed with blankets and provisions, and we struck off down the canon, stopping wherever any one was at work, and going out of our way if we heard of a solitary miner.

After a while he left off telling me to leave him, and I think the companionship made him feel more human. Once he stopped a week when I seemed tired out, but was restless and uneasy, and declared "another day would kill him."

"Tell me;" said I, one day, "why you will not rest; this life is wearing upon you; you cannot endure half the fatigue you could upon the Plains. Let's take up a claim and settle down, or if you will go on—let me help you; couldn't I?"

"No," he answered, "and I believe you are holding me back. I have felt it ever since I first looked upon your face when I found you half dead by those bushes that day. I wish I had left you to die."

He sprang up and confronted me, "I will have no more of this, I shall go on alone, and don't you dare get between me and my work or I'll——"

His eyes fell before mine, "Do you think I am afraid of you, who wouldn't harm even an insect? Haven't I seen you go out of your way rather than tread the life out of a crawling worm? Shall all those months of unselfish care for nothing, and your hasty words make me leave you. Besides," said I, "I have a work as well as you." He looked inquiringly at me. "Shall I tell you what it is?"

He sat down by the fire which he had lighted.

"Keep still," said he, "for one month more, then you may have your say."

In the morning when we started out, the air was heavy with smoke. When we reached San Francisco, after a day or two, we found there had been an extensive fire. Bill was unwearied in helping build tents for the homeless, and his money went freely to feed the starving hundreds, who were likely to find only a grave in the land which had promised them so much. I felt that I had never known half of his genuine goodness of heart until those days, and I left off watching him as I had done.

We were stopping at one of the places dignified by the name of "Hotel," and in those "early times" considered magnificent in the way of accommodations, quite worth the fabulous prices which were demanded for them. But our parlor was the bar room, and our "room" a bunk, one of a dozen or so in the same apartment. We had been staying there perhaps three weeks, when one night I was awakened from a sound sleep by the fall of some heavy body. I listened, but there was no repetition, then I groped my way to Bill's bunk. He was not there, though I had seen him "turn in" when I did.

I took my hat and passed out through the bar room into the darkness and night. Drunken men of all nations and tribes were to be met on the muddy sidewalks, their horrid oaths and obscene jests, muttered or shouted in half-broken language, reminded me of a terrible description I had listened to when a child, of the abode of the lost.

The gleaming lights from the drinking saloons and gambling hells only added another touch to the picture.

I hurried on, peering into every place where was light and sound, and I kept up the search until the first rosy tints in the East told of the coming day.

When I came round to our hotel, I found I had been sent for three times, and was to remain there until the messenger came. I waited two hours, and then saw the bar-tender pointing me out to a Spaniard. He beckoned to me, and I followed him without a word. We went through lanes and by-paths, until I lost all idea of locality. Finally we came to a cabin, when he motioned me to come round by the side, then he pointed me to look through a slight aperture.

Two men lay on the floor, which was covered with blood.

I saw at a glance that one was Bill, and the other bore the same face I had often seen in my dreams.

I thought at first that they were both dead, but a low groan came from Bill, and I rushed to the door. I knelt down by him and spoke.

"I did not do it," said he, "but I meant to."

I asked him no question, only if he was able to be moved.

"Yes, but never mind."

We made a litter of a door, and by the help of some men the Spaniard brought, we carried him to our boarding place.

I summoned a physician, who pronounced the wound dangerous, but not necessarily mortal.

I watched over him, and saved him in spite of his own desire. He chose to die, but by my care he came slowly back and took up his burden again.

One day as I sat by his bed, I took from my pocket the little book I had found buried under the green boughs. I read two or three chapters aloud, then put it up without a word. He became interested, and I read on from day to day, as he could bear it, until the book was finished.

Then he asked, "Where did you get it?"

"I dug it from the ground," said I, laconically.

He held out his hand for it, and so it passed into his keeping.

When he became strong enough we took walks together, which gradually increased in length until we would spend whole days down by the bay.

I knew he would tell me his story when he could bring himself to it. He was two weeks going over it, sometimes giving me a single picture, and at another time unrolling whole years like a panorama before me.

His first remembrances had been of a hole where rum had left nothing but ruin. Had never heard a kind word, or had a kiss left upon his childish face, but he hated the meanness and filth which surrounded him and ran away to sea, when only fourteen years of age. When he came back, grown to manhood, his old home had been swept away by the tide of improvements, and his relations were all gone, save one fair-headed sister, who might have been his idol, but she vanished out of his life without a word of farewell, and for years he never heard of her or the man who had lured her away.

The year that I met him, he had been through the West; he couldnt tell what for, except that he had made money and wanted to spend it. Vice and luxury were strangers to him, so his wants were few and simple.

He came to a cabin, one night, and as it was late, asked to be allowed to stay; the man consented, and bade the woman provide some supper for the traveler.

His host went out, and his voice could be heard at some distance from the front of the house. The woman eyed him closely from a window, then motioning to Bill, led him to a side window at the rear of the cabin, whispered to him that "twas only a mile to the next house, slipped a piece of paper into his hand, and bade him run for his life.

He said he could not tell how it happened, but for the first and only time he ran from danger. He aroused the people, and was given a place on the floor to sleep.

Saying nothing about his adventure, he managed to read, by the light of the coals, the paper which the woman had given him. Imagine his surprise when he found that he had seen his long lost sister, and that she had sought to save his life by getting him away from her husband, who mistrusted that he had money, and would not hesitate to murder him in order to obtain it. She said she had witnessed dreadful things, but begged him not to try to meet her, as his life would be imperiled.

The next morning he determined to return and have an interview with her, and if possible persuade her to accompany him.

The house was closed, boards nailed up before the windows, and no sign of life upon the premises.

He looked for his horse; that, of course, was gone, and he was about leaving, when he heard moans. Again he listened, and traced the sound to the window out of which he had escaped the previous night.

He wrenched off the boards and soon found the sister he sought, but she was in a dying condition. She had been terribly beaten by the brutal husband; upon her had come the full brunt of his disappointment when he discovered his victim had left. She told of terrible sufferings and crime, but death hastily closed her recital, and poor Bill held a lifeless form in his arms. He called in the only neighbors, within several miles, the people where he stayed over night. Together they buried the bruised and mangled body, and over the grave the brother vowed to revenge the life which had been sacrificed for him.

He heard of "his man" crossing the plains, and so had followed, nursing all the time the deepest hatred in his heart, never doubting that he should find him, and then the end was plain.

He held up his hands. "I have seen his blood upon them all the way," said he.

"That night," he continued, "I could not sleep, and something whispered that he was not far from me. So I went out and continued my search. I heard his voice on the street. I should have known it anywhere. I followed him to his cabin and entered close behind him. I had something to say to him, and you know I could'nt shoot him down without giving him a chance; 'twant in me to do that.

"But he turned upon me quicker than thought and gave me this shot through my shoulder. My right arm dropped powerless, but I sprang upon him, and as we closed he gave me a stab in my side, his own pistol, pointed toward himself, went off, either by accident or design, I shall never know which, and we fell together on the floor.

"That Spaniard came in, attracted by the firing. I had helped his family to food and shelter, so I easily prevailed upon him to go for you, not because I thought you could do anything for me, but I did not want you to spend your time hunting me up.

"The wretch died; although I didn't kill him, I meant to, so I am a murderer to you. My work on earth is done, and you had better leave now. I am afraid I shall get to care for you if you stay, and that would be foolish, as there hasn't been any more talk. I guess I have lost my right now to the title the boys gave me."

As soon as he was able, we went back into the country and pitched our tent among the grand old trees. There came days when the hushed stillness brought thoughts of rest, peace and almost believing.

Under the branches where the stray sunbeams touched us with light and healing, I told the story of Him whose blood can wash the deepest stain from human hearts and hands, and into nature's temple came the great, invisible, loving presence which stands human as ever, though unseen—in our very midst, and whose coming into any life will lift it from its mire and defilement, into the lost Paradise which lies about us everywhere.

As I dwelt upon the wondrous love and compassion, he asked earnestly, "Why has my life been so dark and loveless?"

Ah, how many aching hearts have asked that, as they look back over dwarfed and thwarted lives.

But there came a time when his questionings ceased, and he changed his lifelong burden for a cross.

And for years, "Silent Bill" was known all through the mines and camps as "The Big Elder."

THE PHILADELPHIA PARK.

Philadelphia has the reputation of being a slow town. It takes its own way and its own time in adopting new ideas, and is not quick to follow the example of its neighbors, but when it ever gets under way it is most sure to do something substantial and noteworthy. The Central Park had been for ten years the pride of New York before the Quaker City bethought itself of doing anything worthy of mention in the same direction. Now, however, it is fairly started, and its 'Fairmount Park' is promising, in some respects, to outstrip the world. It contains an area of two thousand seven hundred and forty acres, so disposed as to cover both banks of the Schuylkill and of the Wissahickon for many miles, and to bring within the reach of visitors the finest scenery to be found near any large city in America.

While New York has had to make its park at enormous cost, from a most unpromising rectangular mass of rock, marsh and waste, Philadelphia has literally had only to open roads and make clearings to convert more than three times the area of Central Park into a pleasure ground, with which, in many respects, Central Park can never hope to vie.

For instance, Central Park was mainly covered with squatters' huts, and in its more fertile parts, with market gardens; that in Philadelphia is chiefly made up of the oldest and finest country seats and farms in America. The Philadelphia park has fully 10,000 trees larger than any single specimen in New York park. These are not, to any considerable extent, forest trees, but often well-grown specimens, set out about the time of the Revolution by the country gentlemen of that period, or superb native trees left to attain their perfect development in pastures and meadows, as has always been the custom in Eastern Pennsylvania.

The valley of the Wissahickon, a gorge about seven miles long, only wide enough for the beautiful creek and a comfortable drive, is such a hemlock-shaded, dell-like retreat, as we would expect to find in the Catskill mountains, rather than within the corporate limits of a large city; and it is refreshing to think that when all around shall teem with the busy life of a crowded town, this artery of rural seclusion and freshness will, thanks to the foundation of the park, maintain its country-like character, and be forever sacred to the free recreation of the people whose property it is; and that the scenery shown in our illustrations, which is repeated in character for miles and miles, can always be enjoyed and never despoiled.—*Hearth and Home.*

WOMEN'S CURIOSITY.

HOW ONE OBTAINED THREE DEGREES IN ODD FELLOWSHIP—A CURIOUS CASE.

An old man sixty-five years of age, named George Staats, who was the Janitor of Odd Fellows' Hall in Indianapolis, and has had charge of the private books and work, as well as keys, for some time past, has been under the domination of a woman named Pillbern, who acquired a fearful influence over him, and prevailed upon him to let her witness three initiations in Odd Fellowship while she was concealed from view. There is a room adjoining the main hall of the Odd Fellows' building designed for the reception of an organ, pending which it was curtained, having been in this condition for some time. Entrance to this room can only be obtained from the outside, and thereto Mrs. P. was admitted by the janitor upon several different nights, and witnessed three, if not five, initations. She was supplied with the private books and work of the Order, keys to the rooms, and one of the stools of the Encampment. These articles were taken from her by the Chief of Police. It is said the janitor instructed the woman in three degrees of Masonry. She makes her boast that she is an Odd Fellow and a Free Mason, and has given evidence that she knows more than she ought to about Odd Fellowship. Now for the reason for her seeking that which heretofore to women has been a sealed book. For some time past the janitor has paid twelve dollars per month for the rent of the woman's house. She wanted more money, and demanded one thousand dollars. This was refused, when she asked for five hundred dollars and a mortgage on one of the janitor's houses. This was also refused, when she told what she had seen and heard. The janitor has been tried by a Committee of Odd Fellows and expelled from the Order.

A WOMAN's husband being away from home, died while absent. One of the neighbors, being requested to inform her of her husband's death, found her at dinner, and when he informed her of the death of the man, she asked the neighbor to wait until she had finished her dinner when he would hear some bawling.

A PRIVATE in the army recently sent a letter to her sweet-heart closing with: "May heaven bless you and keep you from yours truly, John Smith."

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

Shall we sit beside the window?
The morn is leaden gray,
And the leafless trees seem pleadingly
To motion us away.

But the poor are out and stirring
Along the drenched street,
And their children patter through the rain
With naked heads and feet.

You can hear their voices faintly
Against the window cast,
Like a recollection calling from
A wild and painful past.

And their little hapless faces
Are full of reckless glee.
Ah! she may they hear their misery
It moves my heart to see.

For there's not a sight so painful
In the reach of heaven's grace,
As a look of sad experience
Upon an infant's face.

For it tells the whole sad story
Of a home without a sire,
And the bitter desolation
Of hearth without a fire.

Shall we sit beside the window,
With work to do without?
Hark! the shipwrecked poor in dirging raise
A wild, despairing shout.

And they strive to lift their children
Above the raging sea;
Who, who can shut his ear against
The tempest stifled plea?

Shall we sit and sigh, contented
To reach a languid hand,
To those whom waves, less cold than we,
Fling dying on the land?

When their children cry with hunger,
And shiver in the wind,
Will they cross the snows of aequatinancesh p
And beg us to be kind?

Will they hunt us in our mansions?
Will they halt us in our path?
But they feel their courage fail to hunt
The poor man from his lair.

Oh, the light-hearts, and the merry,
That easily can wait,
Till the poor child comes like Lazarus,
And lays him at the gate!

Oh! the good work all unfinished,
Had been finished long ago,
If hands had sought the hidden poor,
And drawn them from their woe.

THROUGH THE WHEAT.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Once, when my heart and I were young,
We wandered, restless, by sea and strand,
And lingered a little space among
The grassy valleys of Switzerland;

Where watchful summits forever frown,
Through blue air slanting, clear and keen,
Wearing proudly the icy crown,
While happy hamlets smile between;

Where rapid torrents rejoicing run,
Leaping the cliffs in strength and pride,
Like snow-white ribbons in wind and sun,
Fluttering down the mountain side;

Where smoke-like cloudlings of tender blue
Dapple the slopes in sunny spots,
And sweetly change on a nearer view,
To drifts of fairest forget-me-nots.

Often at eve, when the sun was low,
And the mountain shadows grew dark and vast,
I watched the cottagers, wending slow
Home to rest when their toil was past.

Two walked lovingly side by side,
Speaking softly as lover's speak—
He with an air of manly pride,
She with a blush on her sun-browned cheek.

Hand in hand, through the evening red
They went—through the meadows damp and sweet—
Choosing a narrow path that led
On and on through the growing wheat

Sunset touched him with rosy light,
Sunset brightened her lo-soned hair—
Poor and plain, they were fair to sight,
For youth and love are forever fair.

And often as sunset charms the air—
For the time and scene are vanished now—
I think of that simple, loving pair,
And wonder whether they kept their vow.

Whether under some mossy roof,
Their wedded spirits serenely blest,
They wore the even warp and woof
Of their quiet lives in calm content.

Or whether they parted in grief and wrath,
As in frands of lovers have done before,
And choosing each a separate path
Where thence divided forevermore

Or whether still, as across the land
The dewy shadows grow damp and sweet
Perennial lovers, with hand in hand,
They walk, knee-deep in the growing wheat.—*Harper's Magazine.*

FOURTH OF JULY.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Oh, the washed face of Heaven is as much improved as is a school boy's face new fixed for Sunday! A rain is a revealer. Now the sky sinks back, and the heavens are deeper and bluer. Now the hills come forward, and throw off their vails, that you may look them in the very eyes. Yesterday there were no hills. A coppery haze covered them from sight. You gazed into the familiar places and saw only that dim, dull, obscuring smoke and vapor.

Down came the rain. Down came with it dust, vapor and smoke. Back came the hills. There they stand, looking over at me full of smiles—both they and I. The wind is north. The air is cool—is cold. On this very last day of June I smell frost. But we'll scare all that away on Fourth of July. Mr. Bonner, do you celebrate that day? Do you buy your boys heaps of firecrackers, wheels, grasshoppers, torpedoes, and everything else that will spit fire and make a noise? I do. The fact is, when a boy, I was so hungry for such things—an unfed hunger—that I look upon boys with compassion. I see to it that they have a bellyful of noise at least once a year.

I know all the sage objections. There is danger; they will spoil their clothes; it is a waste of money, spending many dollars that only amount to smoke; annoying peaceable folks; and turning creation generally into a Bedlam let loose; all of which objections are not worth a cracker, (fire cracker,) as I shall proceed to show.

1. As to danger. That shows that you have not taught your boys to take care of themselves. Parents are responsible for their children's knowing how to run, wrestle, climb, hunt, fish, swim, ride, leap, fence, row, box, and set off fire works, without danger. There is an alarming neglect in these things. We don't want a generation of milksops, that are always safe because they skulk. We want manly men, who can do anything and everything that is honest and honorable, and still be safe, and be gentlemen, too.

2. What were clothes made for, but to spoil, if using be spoiling? Put on old clothes; and if much fire is about, put on woolen ones. Don't let the girls have on *cotton dresses*—for girls are all boys on Fourth of July, and must take part with crackers and the lighter kinds of fireworks. Boys should have clothes that do not require thinking about. It is an ineffable nuisance to a spirited boy, to be checked at every step by the fear of a spot, or rip, or a dash of mud. This keeping the clothes clean is quite in order Sundays. It fills up the time which is apt to hang heavy on boy's hands. But in play time, and especially on high days, like "training" or "election day," or "Fourth of July," the boy who will keep his clothes clean is a little Pharisee, taking care of the outside at the expense of the inside.

3. It is a waste of money. So is all spending. Yet men will buy bread, and meat, and apples! But there is nothing to show for it. Is such a thundering stirring up to the very bottom, once or twice a year, nothing? Is it nothing to the child's imagination all its life afterward, that there was one day full of wild delight; and one evening full of wheels, and fizzing whirligigs, and rockets, and all manner of things that never entered the head of the apocalyptic seer? Why, it stirs our blood to this moment, to think how we were forbidden (then at school at Hartford) to go out early on the "glorious Fourth"—how about four of the morning, the six-pounder rung out its sound of invitation—how the shouts came up the streets, how we were like to die with longings—how, at length, daring all threats, we slipped on our clothes, got out of the window upon a shed, and were on the point of jumping fifteen feet down—that was nothing to a nimble boy!—when, O woe! woe! a hoarse, infernal voice behind called, "Henry, Henry; come in, you rascal!" It was not the father. No, blessings on him. He had the boy in him to the end, and would have sympathized with a little wretch. No—it was—. Never mind—he's dead, and we'll say nothing. Very likely it might be indelicate to mention fire-works in his presence. Back we were pulled, and to pay for such disobedience were doomed to stay in the house *all day*, and that day Fourth of July! We were possessed not of seven, but of seven hundred Fourth of July demons all that day, and all that week; and to this hour we feel a slight resurrection of them, every time we think of this barbarity. Money *wasted!* Pa will smoke half a dozen cigars a day, and ma drink numberless cups of tea, all for evanescent excitement, and yet talk to the boy about wanton waste of money for fire-crackers!

4. It annoys peaceable folks.

Of course the sick must rule the well. Boys need but a hint, and they will take care of the infirm. But as to those in ordinary health, they might as well demand that winds should not moan, and thunder storms shake the earth, and that birds should not get up so early to sing, and that roosters should not crow, or asses bray, or crickets chirp, or katydids threaten to tell, and never do it.

But enough. Stand out of the way of the boys, Mr. Bonner. Let the *Ledger* be orthodox on that great matter of a real, robustious, joyful Fourth of July. We have no objections to other modes of celebration. Processions, orations, temperance lectures, Sunday-school frolics, are all right, and not at all incoustistent with rockets and crackers. But don't stop vigorous children from working off their exhilaration by real, physical, visible, tangible fun, that appeals to all the senses. There is just one kind of fire-works that ought to be left out of every Fourth of July, and that is, Liquid Fire-works. Then—all the rest will be joyful and harmless.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

THE BREAD PROSPECT.

REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

The July returns of the statistical division of the Department of Agriculture show a marked increase in the average of corn, amounting to fully 3,000,000 of acres, of which 2,000,000 are due to the determination of the Cotton States to supply themselves with bread and meat. It is assumed that the area in corn equals 42,000,000 of acres, or more than half of the total acreage of all tilled crops. The only States failing to increase their area in corn are New York, the New England States and the Pacific States. The percentage of increase in other States, is as follows: New Jersey, 2; Pennsylvania, 1; Delaware, 3; Maryland, 1; Virginia, 5; North Carolina, 9; South Carolina, 12; Georgia, 10; Florida, 7; Alabama, 11; Mississippi, 14; Louisiana, 15; Texas, 15; Arkansas, 24; Tennessee, 7; West Virginia, 5; Kentucky, 3; Missouri, 10; Illinois, 6; Indiana, 4; Ohio, 3; Michigan, 3; Wisconsin, 7; Minnesota, 11; Iowa, 15; Kansas, 50; and Nebraska, 30.

The condition of Winter wheat on the first of July was somewhat above an average. The Spring varieties presented a worse appearance than has been reported for several years at the same date. The ripening of Winter wheat has been fully a week earlier than usual, and a large proportion had been cut at the date of the returns. Never was there a better promise in early Spring, and the comparative prevalence of insects and local injuries from drought have been the principal drawbacks. The States showing a comparatively low condition are New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, and all the more Southern States, except Texas, while Kentucky presents an average of 35 per cent deterioration, Indiana 7 per cent and California 17 per cent.

Among the States showing high average are: Ohio, 4 per cent above; Michigan, 8; Illinois, 7; Missouri, 3; Kansas, 7; Nebraska, 10; Oregon 1. The Winter wheat of Iowa and Wisconsin is in high condition, but insignificant in area. The section having the largest area of Winter wheat is the one in which its condition is highest, though a majority of the Winter wheat States report comparatively poor condition. The only States from which favorable reports of Spring wheat are received are Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Oregon. The percentages below an average are: Missouri, 36; Illinois, 30; Indiana, 2; Ohio, 7; Michigan, 4; Wisconsin, 20; Minnesota, 30; Iowa, 18; Kansas, 15; and Nebraska, 11. Chinch bug has been very destructive to Spring wheat.

After allowing for the increase in acreage and the large yield of Winter wheat in good wheat districts, the loss in the Spring variety must reduce the aggregate yield, somewhat below an average. The hay crop will be a comparatively small one. Potatoes promise an average yield, if they escape drought and rot in the future. Notwithstan