CARLISLE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1871.

## J. M. WEAKLEY, ] J. M. WALLACE. THE EMPIRE MUTUAL. • CARDS. A TWOOD, RANCK & CO., TYNEXAMPLED! COMMISSION MERCHANTS, THE EMPIRE MUTUAL lers in all kinds of PICKLED AND SALT FISH No. 210 North Wharves, LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Above Race street, PHILADELPHIA, COYLE BROTHERS. NOTIONS WHOLESALE AT CITY PRICES. Constantly on hand, such as hosiery, gloves, suspenders, neck ties and be shirt fronts, cambric and linen handkerchiefs, lin and paper collars, and coffs, trimmings, braic spool cotton, wallets, combs, stationary, wrappin paper and paper bags, drugs, soaps and perfumery shoo black and stove polish, indige, clears, &c. &c. COYLE BROTHERS. No. 24 South Hunover street, Carlisle, Pa. 30mb71tf OVER FORTY-FIVE HUNDRED POLICIES INSURING OVER \$8,000,000.00 and taking in Premiums \$500,000.00. ENTISTRY : 4 by any company in the world DR. J. B. ZINN, Having recently removed to No. 61 North Hanover street, THE REASON FOR IT. (In the house lately occupied by Dr. Dale. Ordinary wholé-life policies are abso feitable from payment of first annual Carlisle, Penn'a,

Will put in teeth from \$10 to \$20 per case may require. All work warranted.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
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TOHN CORNMAN,

JOSEPH RITNER, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SURVEYOR,
Mechanicsturg, Pa. Office on Railread street, to
doors north of the Bank
Business promptly attended to. 1080

Counties.

Office—Bridgeport, Pa. Postoffice address—Cam fill, Cumberland county, Pa. 12js6711'y

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144 South 80xth street, Philadelphia

P. H. SHAMBARGER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

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

J. SHEARER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in northeast corner of the Court II

WES. B. HIRONS,

14gep716t\*

Plainfield, Westpennsboro' town

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

723 Walnut Street,

LEGAL NOTICES.

A DMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

A. Letters of administration or the estate of Pet Busobore, deceased, late of Hampden township, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland count to the subscribers residing in said township. As purgars indebted to said estath, will please mak lame light payment and those having chains to pre-sent thom, duly authoritisated, to the undersigned for sottlement.

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE .-

DISSOLUTION.—The firm of Strohn

The business will be continued by David Stredt I. W. Strohm, under the name of Strohm &

The patrouage of the public is respectfully sal

section to regarder or enumerrand county, to it, subscriber residing in the borough of Carlisle. A persons indebted to said estate will pleake make in mediate payment, and these invites claims to prove them duly authenticated, to the undersigned for sottlement.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE. - Letter

Lee, sr., late of Dickinson township, de-ceased, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county, to the under-

signed executors. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate pay-

sent them, properly authenticated, to the

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!

FRED'K WATTS,

JOHN MUNRO

testamentary on the estate of David late of the horough of Carliste, deceased, he send by the Register of Cumberland coun

Carlisle, September 14, 1871.

21sep713t

undersigned

14so716t

JOHN LINTSHER,

JOHN EICHELBERGER,

втвоим асо.

HENRY SAXTON, Executor

PHILADELPHIA.

A. K. M'CLURE.

ATTORNEY office No 7, Rheem's Hall, in re

TOSEPH G. VALE.

No. 14 South Hanover street,

WM. B. PARKEI

C. P. HUMRICH.

Office in the room formerly occupied by Gol. John Lee. Vo accumulation of interest on Loans or Defe

Dividends on the progressive plan, and also upo he guarantee interest plan. Business of the company conducted on the Mutua Policy simple and fair in its provisious. Incontestability of Policies.

It is the purpose of The Empire to fulfil all is has no convenient refuges by means of which it can ape a just demand. Proven fraud on the part of he insured will always invalidate a policy. Also micide, if committed previous to the payment of the second annual premium; or death caused by engaging in any specially hazardous business within the first two years. But after the expiration of two years. The policy will be held incontestable for all causes

## Non-Forfeiture of Life Policies.

No policy of insurance with continuous paym or life will be forfeited or become void by the nor

Practices in Dauphin and Cumberland ium shall have been paid, shall not be paid on the day when due, and the said assured shall, within thirty days thereafter, give notice in writing of ira-bility to pay the same, and of a desire that said policy shall be continued in force under the following conditions. Then, and in such case this policy, shall not be forfeited or become void by the non-payment of the said premium due thereon, until after AW, LOAN AND COLLECTION
OFFICE OF JOSEPH F. CULVER & BRO
PONTIAC, LIAIN-118. We have the best of facilitios for placing capital on flost-class improved farms.
Titles investigated, and Abstracts formibled from
our own office-y Ten per cent Juterest and prempt
payment giurastote-d. We have correspondigate in
every part of the West, which furnishes us every
facility for sneedy collections. the expiration of a period, to be determined as folium becomes due, shall be determined by act arial calculation, and after deducting from such not value the loans upon said policy uncanceled by divi-dends, and any indebtedness to the company, foarev ry part of the West, which furnishes us every facility for spuedy collections.

REFERENCES: Hon. James II. Graham, Wm. Penrose, caq., Wm. J. Shearer, esq., C. E. Maghaughlin, csq., Carlisle. Hamilton, Alricks, isq., Harrisbura. Hon. C. P. Culver and Hen. Horstin King, Mashington, D. C. George II. Stuart, Philadelphia. Chambers & Pomroy, New York city.

22je71 fifths of what remains shall be considered a net si t will insure, according to the age of the party

## Example of the Non-Forfeitable Plan the "Empire."

Age of party insured, 35. Ordinary whole life police One annual premium will con inue the policy is force 2 years and 3 days. Two annual premiums will cont force 4 years and 12 days. force 6 years and 27 days. Four annual premiums will 'continu | force 8 years and 46 days. W. F. SADLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Or of the Good Will

OFFICERS:

force 10 years and 56 days.

etc.;

G. Hilton Scribner, President.

George W. Smith, Vice Presi

Sidney W. Crofut, Secretary.

Lemuel H. Waters, Actuary.

Thomas K. Marcy, M. D., Medi-

cal Examiner.

MINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—

Letters of administration on the estate of Mrs. Catharine Etohelberger, deceased, late of Lower Allon township, Cumberhand county, have been issued by the Registor of Cumberhand county by the subteriber residing at Miremanstowe, Comberhand county, Pa. All persons indebted to saff estate, will please make lump riste payment, and those having chains will present tions, proportly authenticated for settlement, to

 $^{\circ}\mathbf{A}$  gencies.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE PRESS

ant them.

Either of the parties are authorized to settle the usiness of the late firm.

DAVID STROIM,

W. B. SPONSLER,

J. W. STROIM, The Empire is a pepular institution, managed diable men, on sound business principles, and i oulder with the oldest companies of its charac n the country. Its officers and directors "me nusinoss," and have organized with the view EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. - Letters shing a model institution .- N. P. Indepen nt, January 20, 1870.

"Having a nolicy in this Company, we feel a ju

"An excellent company."—: New's Herald.

"It is with poculiar pleasure that we speak of t iew candidate for public favor. We know man carasince the President of the company. We know um to be a man of energy, of character, of superio tess ability, and above all else, a suc whatever he undertakes. The truch is, the Con pany has adopted the best improvements of the day in its organization."—New England Insurance Ga-

GEO. S. EMIG. AGENT FOR Cumberland, Perry, and Juniata Cou-OFFICE WITH S. HEPBURN, JR.

MY OLD LOVE. I hear in the thicket the brooklet's fall; A thrush on the lilae.spray Sings, as of old, the vesper song Of the slowly waning day; And the fragrance comes down from the chestnut trees

In the meadow where daisies blow, As it came when the tender twilight In the springs of long ago.

Far over the dark and shadowy woods Comes floating the church boll's chime, And I wander and dream in the fading

As I dreamed in the olden time. When I lingered under the chestnu boughs, Till hushed was the sweet bird's strain

And the shimmering light of the moon beams fell On the leaves like a silver rain. But never again shall I wait and watch, In the hush of the sweet spring night, For a step in the depth of the rustlin

copsè, And the gleam of a garment white. And never again, 'neath the dew-ger med flowers, Shall linger my love and I, When the tremulous stars through the fleecy bars

Look out in the western sky. Yet a joy which is nameless and strangely  $\mathbf{sad}$ Throbs oft in my heart's deep core. As the sweet, sweet love of the days

long fled Is thrilled into life once more O. dear was I to the heart that is cold. And her love o'ershadows me still; And the stars shine down on her grave to-night,

n the lone churchvard on the hill -Chambers' Journal.

THE PEASANT HERO. It is a pleasant place in the summer, the village of Bogorodskoe—to those, at least, who are not above plain living, for neither hotel nor refreshment room has ever been heard of there. The whole place is simply one of those quaint little clusters of rough hewn log, huts, clinging like limpets to either side of the high road, which are nowhere to be seen to such perfection as in Sweden or Russia. Some few of the houses are of a grander sort actually two stories high, with brightly painted roofs and whitewashed balconies in front, that make hem look as if they had white ties on. These are the 'swell' mansions of the place, and look down upon the poor little shanties around them as a footma looks at a beggar; but, for the most part, our village is made up of little cabins of the regular Russian type, built with no tool but a short axe-one storied, thatched with straw, containing two c at most three rooms and topped by the cocked hat shaped "Tekerdak" organiet, n which the Russian peasant stows his hay, piles his wood, stores his provisions. dries his clean linen (when he has any) and, in a word, bestows everything that ne cannot cram into the little kennel be low stairs, where he, his wife, his children, and very often likewise his ox and

his ass, his pig and poultry, and everything that is his, eat, drink, sleep and vegetate. The beams of Mr. Ivan's and possibly if the story teller of the slightest sound. Hark! was not that a ouse fit into each other at the ends like the corners of a slate frame, his doors is old legend or two, handed down from was but the wind moaning through the chop meat in a sauce-pan." astened by strong wooden pegs, beside is big stove hangs the rudely-daubed picture of some Russian saint with a metz fought with the Nightingale Brig-time there is no mistaking the sound; candle burning in front of it, and in the corner of the room stards a hugo 'soon- | the Flying Tartar. But these men were dook' or wooden chest, painted red, and clamped with iron bands. This chest is ries, no laughter, every face clouded the peasant's greatest pride; he keeps with anxiety, every eye fixed moodily on his Sunday clothes in it—he and his riends sit upon it like a sofa, and whenever he changes from place to place, he

of a thing along with him. But I doubt whether any of you would roof is just a mixture of sapling and spiders; the walls a mish-mash of wood. les, like the plums in a Christmas pud-

ding! The hut I lived in had only just been built, so that I had nothing to disturb me worse than a regiment of black ants marching every now and then out of the cracks in my windowsill, or a swarm of osquitoes come 'ping-pinging' through ny open window. And, what's more. I Everett Clapp, Superintendent of had a little table fixed in the ground in front of my cottage, and a low bench put eside it, and there I used to have my breakfast and tea in the open air; and I can tell you that when I was sitting there about seven o'clock on a glorious sum mer morning, fresh from my early walk, vith my cosy little tea urn steaming in ront of me, a fresh roll on one side. couple of new laid eggs on the other and the soft, dreamy, sunny uplands stretching before me for miles, edged here and liere with dark patchés of forest, like fur trimmings on a velvet robe-I was as happy as could be. One may be com fortable in Russia as well as anywhere else; and when you come to travel there you soon find out that it's not the cold dark prison, full of spies, wolves and frost-bites, that we used to imagine it

that there are other things to eat there be sides soap and candles, and other things to do beside sitting all day close to a stove with a woolen comforter round your neck. While the heat of the day lasts you lon't see much of our villagers. Here

of the village 'shop of all sorts' that the great assembly is held. There fathers to go making wolf's meat of yourself? liscuss things in general, with their Nonsense, lad, stay at home, and take on family matters, or drive hard bargains among themselves; and their children of every age amuse themselves with ter and throwing dirt in each other's eyes, varied by an occasional bout at knuckel-bones, by way of variety.... But in winter a sad change comes ove

Merry Bogorodskoe. Instead of the charming little village, full of life and lost a dog last night; did the wolf cat of silent huts, half buried in the snow, cering above the great white desert that xtends on every side. All around, the be obeyed. bare desolate fields stretch their ghostly vastes to the horizon, while here and here a solitary raven, disturbed by your approach, flaps heavily away with a dismai scream, like some belated spectre yelp, and out rushed he and his mon returning to its grave. The few peasants | with lights and hatchets, and scared the who still linger about, muffled in their llick sheepskin frocks, survey you with an air of disdainful astonishment, as if wondering what business you have here at all; the leafless trees stand up gaunt give it to me." and grim against the cold, grey sky, like an army of skeletons, and over all broods dead, dreary, ghostly silence, broken only by the distant barking of a dog, or the moan of the wind through the distant forest. And worse still, if you happen to stroll beyond the village after dark, you will see pale spots of light like the flame of a half quenched coal flitting mong the trees—and hear a long melancholy howl, like the wail of the wind on vgusty winfer night, going drearily up brough the still frosty air—and suddenly ind yourself face to face with a luge, gaunt, grey wolf, as savage and blood

hirsty as hunger can make him, Well, it was on a bitter January even ng the winter before last, that six men ere assembled in one of the huts which I have described. It was a room of the common sort, a big bedy with a patchvork coverlet, filling up one side, the sual huge chest in one corner, a picture of the emperor on one wall, a picture of the bombardment of Sebastopol on the other, and the portrait of a saint as usual beside the stove, several clumsy rooden chairs, and a low table, on which stood a 'samovar,' or Russian tea urn with a teapot perched on the top of it while around it stood half a dozen tumblers, full or empty; for in Russia you know it's the way to drink tea out of as if a deadly conflict, from which he had tumblers instead of cups, a fashion little or no chance of escaping, were not which burns one's fingers shockingly, if awaiting him four hours later on. it does nothing else.

Beside the tea urn stood a small lamp of the company. They made a very gloomy depths of the encircling forest striking group under the dim lamplight, seem all the blacker. A shapeless mass these six men, and all the more so from lying out upon the hard snow of the the strange manner in which they were cross-roads, and a dark figure cronched behaving. In an ordinary party of Rusbehind a fence hard by, with something dess talking and laughing, boister- falls upon it. ous jokes, stories of Neighbor This and sung in this very place by the same kind of men in the days of Peter the Great, the ears strained watchful to catch the "A sauce-pan?" suggested in this very place by the same kind fingers clutching the heavy hatchet, and something with a flat bottom generation to generation since Russia first became a people; how Ilia Muroand, and how Alexey Papavitch slew silent and thoughtful, no jokes, no stothe ground.

And what was it then that made them so gloomy? Let us listen to their talk. and perhaps we may find out.

always drags this great heavy sentry-box "It is a sore judgment on us " said one who seemed to be the host-a big, like to live in a Russian cottage. The burly man, with a tangled yellow beard. "The like has not been seen since the year '61, when the wolves came right into earth and ear-wigs; the floor a paste of the village, and killed nine of our dogs straw and clay, dotted with black beet- in one night. But then there were many wolves, while now it is only one that does all the mischief; and yet we, as many as we are, can do nothing against

"And how the mischief can we do pearance.)

"Well, we must glo something to stop any wolf wounded like this one. Already who had had his nose taken off by a and is raising his knife for a sure stroke, frost-bite. "Mother Avdotia's only cow | when the flying grey shadow in front of to bits on Friday, Feodore Nikeetin's from, the earth like a rocket, and falls dog snapped up last night and our right upon the breast of its pursuer. watchman's shoulder bitten through- Down goes man and wolf april the whire et this go on !"

"Ah, it is all very well to say we must den shock of that death-grapple, Vladilo something—but who's to do it?" re- mir's knife has found time to come home. urned the second speaker emphatically. and the hot blood pours over his face and When we turn out, three or four together, the cunning rascal marks it, and sary. And so, far out on the lonely plain, keeps off; and there's not a man in the with the cold moon looking pitilessly illage, I take it, that would venture down upon it, begins the tug for life and upon him single-hauded. Who'll try it

think ye?" "I will!" It was a very low quiet voice that spoke the last words; but there was a firmness in it which no one could misand there you may fall in, with a stray take. The speakers started, and looked with certain death glaring at him from one creeping along the highway; or up. The sixth of the party, seated in straggling about the fields; but as a rule, the farther corner near the door, had the bulk of the population don't show up hitherto been so quiet that they had altill towards evening. Then, as if by ma- most forgotten-his presence, but now gic, the whole place suddenly becomes every eye was turned upon him. He awakes, sweeping away all memory of his alive with all kinds of queer figures; was a young man, but little over twenty, bearded laborers in greasy red shirts with though his heavy mustache and square, baggy trowsers stuffed into their high thick-set, muscular frame made him appoots, shouting children, shaggy as bears, | pear considerably older. His face was and brown as hazlenuts, with nothing course and commonplace enough—the againt-into-tine gaint muscular side on but a pancake colored night gown sallow, low-browed, weather-beaten well lined with dirt; short skirted we- countenance of the genuine Russian men, with searlet handkerchiefs round peasant; but there was a nameless ginning to tell; the flerce yellow eyes are staggered him, that he was obliged to only too plainly the dread effects of the family record to solve it. wanton carnager mouthed faces, that look like a penny and small deep-set gray eye, that would vulsively, and from their edges the froth "Do they miss 'me at home?" is not with a hole through it; sallow students have made you pick out that man among and blood crip in hot flakes upon Vladi. much sung in that family. with straggling black hair, and an earthy all the six for any work requiring courunwashed look about them, ogling the age, and he had performed more than effort, the wolf wronches his head from apothecary with a six infant. He gave prown-cheeked, barefooted lasses who one feat which the village gossips still the iron grasp of Vladimir's left arm, and her a powder, of which he directed her their way aft. The fallen spars and ome tripping by with their pails of romembered with admiration in their with one florce crunch of his strong teeth to give the child as much as would lie multifarious impediments effectually

The Maria Control

that have only been married two months, savage teeth fastening upon his throat everything swims around him, there is a rushing as of water in his ears, a thoumouths full of black bread and salted care of your wife, and leave wolf hunting sand sparks dance before his eyes, and cocumber; their mothers compare notes to them that's got nothing better to do."

ing vacantly around, and recognizing first

his wife, and then his host of the evening

"Where are you?" repeated Alexey

why in my but to be sure, where you've

been ever since we brought you in las

we followed at a distance; and as soon

we set off after you; but it's not every

atch you up till 'Uncle Greycoat' wa

And finally he recovered, sure enough

t least, when I met him at Bogorodsko

last summer, he was well enough to run

mile shoulder to shoulder with me, and

ing wax. And after the race I went hom

to tea with him, and saw the wolf's head

its skip he had sold to a Russian officer

nailed up above the door of his hut. And

given it to you; and he told me too that

COLD PINK. '

"Yes, Mrs. Haskins," said Tom

riend to the good lady with whom he

oarded, "You do keep a good table

believe you have had, since I have been

here, every favorite dish of mine, but

"And what's that?" said Mrs. Has

"It's one of the best things in the

"Cold pink I" exclaimed the good lady

'Why, I never heard of such a thing in

my life. It sounds like some sort of

"Oh! you mean a chopping bowl."

"Yes," said Tom, "that's it, I sup-

pose. Well, you chop it all up fine, just

"And what then?" asked the good

"Well, then, you just leave it in that

lady, seeing that Tom hesitated a little.

"Raw ones?" asked Mrs. Haskins.

"No, indeed! They must be cooked

ones, and mashed up and squeezed out.

as fine as you can get it."

vorld—cold pink.''

cooked turkey."

Bogatler," or the Peasant Hero.

just trying to get the best of it."

Vladimir answered never a word; but "God be praised, brother, that you are his features hardened like a mask of still alive?' said a gruff voice in Vladiiron, as he slowly rose to his feet. All mer's ear, as he recovered consciousness the national sports of rolling in the gut- present knew well that when his face while, at the same moment, a soft are wore the look that was upon it now they was thrown around his neck, and might as well try to move a mountain as fervent "thank God !" murmured by to persuade him; and they sat silent, sweet voice that he knew well. waiting to hear what he would say. "Where am I?" asked Vladimir, look

"You say that Nikeetin, the butcher, enjoyment you see nothing but a cluster | the whole carcass?" asked Vladimir of the noseless man, in the quick commanding tone of one who knows that he must

"No; he hardly got a bit of it, the night. You know, when you went out ascal—that's one comfort!" answered the old fellow with a grim chuckle. as we saw you start in chase of the wolf 'Feedore Stepanovitch heard the dog body that can run like you, so we didn' brute away. As for the doc, it's lying there in his yard now." "Go, one of you, and bring it; and it any one has a sharp wood-knife, let him

It was curious to see how absolutely break a thick sapling like a stick of scalthis young man, the youngest and least important of the whole party, issued his orders; and how unhesitatingly the rest obeyed them. Here, as everywhere, the stronger mind took the lead, and the the old man who had lent him his knife weaker instinctively followed. told me the whole story, just as I have

The shost produced a huge, broad-

bladed knife, which. Vladimir slung from that day forward the whole village around his neck without a word; and, a called Vladimir nothing but "Majeck lew minutes later the carcass of Nikeetin's dog was lying beside the door. He then drained his glass and said-"You tell me this brute generally comes about midnight; so between eleven and twelve I shall take this carcass to the crossroads, and throw it there as a bait for him, hiding myself behind the fence hard When he comes up, I shall attack him; and then let it be as God wills. But you, my brothers, mind you don't say a word of this to any one, lest my Masha (Mary) should hear of it. If I get off, there's no need for her to know about the matter at. all; and, if I'm killed, she'll hear of it soon enough-God help her ! And now, Alexey Nikolaievitch, if you can spare me your bed for a while, I'll

dead net.' "Dead pet! My dear madam, you take a nap to freshen me for my work." vere never more mistaken in your life. And a few minutes later this nameless It's one of the best dishes you ever hero (himself all unconscious of doing asted. anything heroic) was sleeping as calmly "Well, well!" said Mrs. Haskins, "Do ou know how it is made?"

Midnight-cold, dreary, ghostly. A dead, grim silence over the lifeless vil-(gurgling and sputtering as if it had a lage and lonely high road. A faint glimbad cold), which threw a pale circle of mor of moonlight, giving a weird, speclight upon the heavy cross beams of the tral look to the half-seen outlines of the roof and the dark sallow, bearded faces dark, silent log-huts and making the sian peasants you would have heard in its hand which glitters as the moon pink, of course. But there always is

age happened to be of the party, an low howl from the far distance? No, it skeleton branches of the forest. Patience yet! Hark, again! and this not the long melancholy howl wherewith a supportess wolf may be heard bemoaning himself, on the outskirts of Moscow almost any night in the week, but a quick snarling cry, as of one who sees his food bowl awhile. Then you take some cran near at hand, and wishes to hasten its ar- berries." rival. And there, gliding ghost-like over the great waste of snow, comes a long gaunt shadow, straight, swift, unswerving, towards youder shapeless lump of Porhaps I ought to say that it's cranberry carrion on the highway, upon which he juice or syrup that you must take. At

pounces with a fierce worrying sharl that any rate, it must be so that it will pour makes even the brave heart of the listener out and run, for you've got togstir it up stand still for a moment with involun- with all that chopped turkey. tary horror. Now is Vladimir's time! "Stir it up?" said Mrs. Haskins. "Yes, you pour it right into the mid-dle of the pile of turkey meat. I guess To rush out at once might scare the beast away; he must first try to cripple it. The axe flies at the monster's head with it's hot when you pour it, but I don't the force of a catapult; but the dim light know, and then you stir it all up to deceives his aim, and it hits the fore gether." shoulder instead, tearing it open with a "And how much cranberry syrup anything," cried a second, "against a fearful gash, from which the blood gushes must be used for what is generally left brute that scurries about as if he had freely over the snow. With a sharp howl of a turkey?" wings? Pounce he comes into the villof pain, the wolf turns and flies; but the lage, gobbles up the first thing that swiftest foot in Bogorodskee is hard at comes to hand, and off again! and you his heels. After his long, weary vigil, nay try to recollect his name!" (This this breakneck chase is like the breath of is the popular phraze for utter disap- life to Vladimir, and over this hard smooth snow, his speed is a match for

"Well, you must pour enough to make t pink, and to make it all stick together when it's cold. You ought to know ho much. When it's all mixed just right, you put it in some sort of a dish, and you press it down tight with the bottom of another dish; I suspect, until you mak " said the third, a grim old fellow, he had almost come up with the game, it as solid as you can. Then you put it somewhere where it will get right cold. "In an ice cream freezer, perhaps?" killed last week, poor Ivan Masleg torn him suddenly wheels round, shoots up said Mrs. Haskins, smiling. "Well, now, I wonder if mother did bown goes man and wolf aprild the whire it. I don't know about that. I think bet this go on !! I don't know about that. I think bet this go on !! out on the silent air, for even in the sud-

the earth beneath a stifling weight, spent

with his long watch and headlong run-

the vellow, murderous eyes of the savage

brute, the stubborn Russian still fights

doggedly on. In the hot fury of that

mortal struggle, the flerce hunter-nature

comrades, his wife, his devotion, he feels

only the longing to tear and kill tingling

to his very finger ends, only the grim

enjoyment of plunging his knife again and

put it in an ico cream freezer, and freeze when the dish was turned upside down, and it came slipping out-on a dish of course—it came out as solid and fine as a piece of cheese, and all pink. You breast from the wounded side of his advercould slice it up splendidly. I used to do that part, together with the eating part of course. I don't know anything cold that's half as good as it is." death. Over and over they roll in the "And you called it cold pink?" said bloody snow, the wolf clutching at the Mrs. Haskins. throat of the man, the man burying his knife in the side of the wolf. Crushed to

"Yes, that was the name," replied "You shall have some, to-morrow," said she, "if I can only make head and tail out of what you have told me."-Hearth and Home.

A FEMALE lecturer in Boston said ; Get married, young man, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millenium. when the girls are to become angels. You would look well beside an angel wouldn't you, you brute!" 🥂

those merciless stabs are at length be- lind at West Point, the conundrum so

mir's face. But now, with a mighty "Ah, Vladimir Mikhailovitch !" (Wal- limb drops powerless at Ms side. One "Perhaps your honor would be after But it is beside the rickety pump in front "what's this you're thinking of? You flesh of his enemy, and then he feels they haven't one, at all !!"

ENDEAVOR. meaning cry, as the world rolls by Through gloom of cloud and glory of sky Rings in my ears forever; And I know not what it profits a man To plow and sow, to study and plan,

And reap the harvest never "Abide, in truth, abide," Spake a low voice at my side, "Abide thou, and endeavor. and even though, after care and toil, should see my hopes from a kindly soil, Though late, yet blooming ever, Perchance the prizes were not worth th

pain, erchance this fretting and wasting brain

Wins its true guerdon never. "Abide, in love abide," The tender voice replied, "Abide thou, and endeavor." Strive, endeavor; it profits more 🕒 To fight and fail, than on Time's dull sho To sit an idler ever : For to him who bares his arm to the strife Firm at his post in the battle of life,

The victory faileth never. Therefore in faith abide," The earnest voice still cried, "Abide thou, and endeavor." -Cassell's Magazine .----JUST A. YEAR.

I cannot tell you why love. I sigh for you; .I only know I'd die love-Yes, die for you. 'It seems but yesterday, love, That first we met:

Time quickly flees away, love, And yet, and yet-Into a single year, love, With every kiss

Have been as now

Has come unmarried by tear, love, An age of bliss. And so we, joined at last, love, Are tlinking how We might through all the past, love,

Come ! lift your lips to mine, love ; And kiss me, dear; And pledge in more than wine, love, The coming year.

HIDING FOR LIFE. In the Autumn of the year 1866 ousiness necessitated my leaving Hong Kong, where I had for some years resided, and proceeded to Swatow, one of the ports upon the east coast of China, open for foreign traffic. I arranged my "Of course I do," said Tom. "I'm affairs at that place sooner than I ex sufe I've eaten it often enough to know pected; and as no steamer bound for that. My mother used to have it on the the South was in harbor, or expected tea table two or three times a week. We for some days, I determined to proceed were all so very fond of it. And this is in the Heather Bell, a barque-rigged the way you do it: You first chop up a sailing vessel of about, three hundred

cooked turkey, or rather I ought to say tons register. that you must take what is left of a I was well acquainted with her cap tain, but what perhaps chiefly induced "Oh! you mean the bones," said Mrs. me to take passage in his vessel was the fact of his daughter being aboard. Lot-Bouos I no; indeed. If there's noth tie Moore was a golden-haired, blueing but bones left, you can't have cold eyed darling, upon whose fair head some seventeen summers had smiled. Upgr some meat left, at least there always was her mother's demise, she had quitted Weary, weary work, croushing there in at our house. You take this meat—no her home in England to accompany her Neighbor That, snatches of old song, the cold and darkness, with stiffening bones in it, mind!—and you put it in bereaved father in his wanderings from

clime to clime. "A sauce-pan?" suggested Mrs. Has-The Heather Bell sailed from Swa ow just as day broke. On the even ing of the next day, a little before ten o'clock, I was sitting with Miss Moore in the saloon, admiring some water color sketches that young lady had executed, when the chief mate entered. "There's a large junk coming right toward us sir. By the number of sweeps she pulls, I reckon she carries a con siderable crew," he said.

I knew what he meant, and so did the kipper just as well as if he had spoken sea,... all that was passing in his mind; moreover, I appreciated his motive for reticiously with me.

Captain Moore ran upon deck; and ing intently through a pair of binocular calm, being propelled by an array of grave in the coral depths. pars, that flashed and glittered in the hosphorescent water.

"He's an ugly customer, and no misake. We shan't have much of a show, if he attacks us ! but I will let him see that we are on the alert. Perhaps we can manage to intimidate him," he said as he stooped down and commenced easting adrift the lashings of a small east-iron four pounder that was only iseful as a signal gun.

Directly this unformidable cannon was paded with blank cartridge and discharged, the junk altered her course and assed under our stern, to a considerable distance away. Captain Moore, when he noticed this movement, was inclined

At midnight I retired to my berth, and had just sunk in the sweet embrace of sleep, when I was startled to wake, fulness by the boom of a heavy gunwhile the crash of falling spars mingling with its echoing thunder, told me plainly that our vessel was attacked, and that the first shot had taken terrible offect upon her. I grasped my revolver and rushed

through the saloon toward the companion-way, only halting for an instant near the mizzen-mast to glean a cutlass from the rack which surrounded it, ere I ascended to the deck. The scene that met my eyes on gaining it baffles all description. Tangled cordage, rent sails, and riven spars lay in confused heaps around; and from under the chaotic ruins issued deep groans of agony from the wounded and dying, while It is said that when Brigham Young myriads of torches aboard a hugh junk where the life seems to lie so deep. See! was asked the other day which son he that had ranged along-side, shed across the sea a weird, yellow glare, revealing As the junk ran under our bows: T

nultitude of fierce demons, powde An Irish woman once called on an grimmed and insatiable in their lust for blood, clambered to our deck and pressed pring water; and spruce village police winter evening that round the tea urn. breaks the bone below the elbow. The on a sixpence. The woman replied: prevented any one passing along the port on with an air of fatherly superiority. ter the son of Michael) cried the host, more desperate stab into the quivering liendin' me the sixpence the while, as I and myself, the only survivors, rushed you see if it is done?"

deck house, and there stood resolutely at bay.

Our murderous antagonists possess no fire-arms, but each one carried a short ponderous native sword called a pa keem . these, however, were of but little midst of the advancing horde, until it our ammunition was giving out. ,

"Find Lottie, Mr. Carter. We have o chance; but, for Heaven's sake, save her from these merciless wretches. I have my death wound now." cried the skipper.

I sprang down the cabin stair way, and found the fair girl kneeling at the table, imploring succor from on high. Her Tace was glastly pale, and a tremor visibly convulsed her frame when she saw ny blood-stained brow.

"Are they subdued? Where is my father?" she cried, as she sprang to her. I caught her in my arms, and bore her

bodily on deck. It had been my intentention to place her in the captain's gig, that hung in the quarter davits, and lower it into the sea; but hardly had we emerged from the companion hatch, when above the clash of steel and the groans of the wounded. I heard ring out from three hundred throats a word of dreadful import, "Shing!" (Victory!) and knew that my brave comrades had been beaten down—that the pirates held indisputed possession of the vessel

While in Swatow the ship's jolly boat or dingy, had been injured; and, since our departure, the carpenter had been employed repairing her bottom, as she lay inverted on the poop. I knew that I should not have time to lower the gig when I heard the war-cry change to a note of triumph; and I instinctively felt that our only chance of escaping death lay in concealing ourselves beneath the little dingy, as the cabin and hold would

be thoroughly searched for plunder. "Crawlunder quickly. I'will follow ou," I whispered in the ear of the terrified girl, as I raised the storn of the light

As if mechanically, she obeyed me; then, without much difficulty, I managed to creep under myself; and scarcely had I relowered our frail tenement to the deck ere it was surrounded by a horde of niscreants, who were vociferating loudly. Even at this hour I shudder when I emember the agony of suspense I endured during the ransacking of the

At length it became obvious that the irates had accomplished their work of olunder, for I heard one direct his satellites to set fire to the ship and hurry back to their own vessel.

Soon the sound of plashing oars told me that the piratical craft was speeding away from the hapless vessel she had destroyed; so I cautiously uplifted the dingy and crept from beneath her. A bright, glowing flame shooting skyward from the fore hatch, plainly indicated how well the marauder chief's mandate. had been obeyed, and told me in words all out." of fire that I must immediately bear Lottie from the Heather Bell and trust to a less greedy element for safety. I quickly lowered the gig, but she sank on touching the water; the pirates had staved in her bottom. The increasing roar of the grasping flames, that twined and masts, inspired me with extra en- "O sugar!" ergy. I uplifted the dingy, and when assistance bore it to the taffrail.

"We have no time to lower it; we must launch bodily," I said, catching soldier said when he touched his toes my darling in my arms. "Be not afraid, dear love," I cried,

then sprang with her into the seething were so formidable in battle is that they We sank deep beneath the briny flood, but I struck vigorously upward, and reads: For "setter pup" read "letter sence, for if he had said plainly that soon gained the surface. Then draw- press." ne feared she was a pirate, it would have ing the lovely girl's head upon my darmed the fair girl, who, thoughtless shoulder, I swam rapidly towards the gold. In these days, touch a man with of danger near, was chatting so viva, drifting dingy. It was on its keel and gold and he'll turn into anything. floating buoyantly; so I clambered in, drew Lottie after me, and then sank, when I heard him shortly afterwards tell weak and prostrate, from over exertion, by a man whose head is chuckful of live

he mate to call all hands, I also pro- in the stern sheets. My fair companion stock. needed to the poop, and found him gaz- raised my head, and gently tended me until I recovered my faculties-recovered | cause your clock stops; it can not get glasses at a Chinese craft that was ad-them just in time to see the pretty on without a weight vancing, with furled sails, in the dead. Heather Bell sink, a holocaust, to her Maxim for young Scotchmen who are Soon after a vessel, which proved to

be the Lily, rescued us from our perilous position, and carried us in safety to Hong Kong; in which city, six months closure, went to a blacksmith shop, and subsequently, I led to the hymeneal altar the dear, braye girl who had shared my peril on that eventful night. . . 

grand pas. -THE NEXT BEST THING. tween members of the same family by immense sale. It is entitled "Smith on way of rebuke are sometimes more the Evasion of Debts." effectual than words, if the parties are good natured, but they are too dan- nose off a judge and floored the jailo gerous agents to be safely used. Not with an inkstand, which adjourned the many men would have put up with the court. to believe that she was a mere trading loss of a dinner so quietly as the slack husband mentioned below, or stop to think whether he deserved it. "Mr. Moncton," said my grand-

nother, "I have no wood to burn today, What shall I do? "O, send Louisa around to pick up said my grandfather. "But she has picked up all she could

find." "Then let her break up some old ""But she has broken up everything

already." "O, well, then, do the next best thing, I must be off," said the farmer; and no doubt, wondering in his heart what the next best thing would be. Noon came and with it came my

grandfather and his four hungry laborers:

My grandmother stood in the kitchen, spinning on her great wheel, and singing | knife, he was taken with a fit of insapity pleasant little ditty, Louisa-sat scouring in the kitchen and cat sat purring on the hearth before a black and fireless chimney, while the table sat in the middle of the room, spread for dinner, but with empty dishes. "Well, wife here we are," said my

"So I see," replied she placidly. corn field?"

grandfather.

Have you had a good morning in the "Why yes, so-so. But where is the

"In the pot on the door step, won't into the alley way to starboard of the . And on the doorstop, to be sure, sat

the great iron pot, nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy.

My grandfather raised the cover, and there lay all the ingredients for a nice dinner, and the pot filled with the cleanest water, and all the vegetables avail against the winged messengers of and meat as raw as they had ever been. death our trusty revolvers sent into the My grandfather then started, and my grandmother joined a roll to the yarn, became apparent to them and to us that upon her distaff, and began another erse of her song.

"Why woman what does this mean?" began my grandfather; "this dinner is not cooked at all." "Dear me, is it not?" asked the good vife in pretended astonishment.

"Why it has set in the sun these four "Set in the sun !"

"Yes you told me to try the next pest thing to have a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about that."

. My grandfather stood doubtful for a noment; but finally his sense of injury vanished, and he laughed aloud. Then picking up his hat, said : "Come boys we might as well start for the woods. We shall have no dinner

till we've earned it, I perceive." "Won't you have some bread and cheese before you go?" asked my grandmother, generous in her victory, as women always are. And so she won he day.

HUMOROUS.

THE Cattle Plague-Gnats: A STAGE-COACH-A prompter THE tailor's horror-Clo'reform. A "LEADER"-A blind man's dog. "Nor at home"-An out-and-out lie. WORTH a rap-A bad boy's knuckless Double Bass-Two glasses of Bitter A SOVERRIGN BET-Queen Elizabeth A BAD omen-to owe men money. WHALE OIL merchants have "trying"

A NIGHT errand-Beauing the girls home from singing school. "Objets the Gout-People with the

Ir all flesh is grass, is hay beef a lo mowed? ---CHICKEN hazard-Their premature counting. A cure for dissipation-Stay-at-hor

How to get a roaring trade—Buy menagerie, WISDOM.—The loan at a loan office is best left alone. A SOLDIER can not be evan half a sol-

Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?-Not at all; but it's impossible. ARE ladies called "Mum" becau they talk so little?

dier if he is in quarters.

A FALLEN clown need not be cracked. although he is a tumbler. "FLAGS of distress."-City pavements n hot weather.

A MAN does not necessarily become four-handed when he doubles his fists. A SEAMSTRESS'S EXCLAMATION -A-

...A. DOCTOR'S EPITAPH\_"He saw then LEVITY .-- One point about some murerers-They "take life" cheerfully. How much cloth is required to make a

spirit wrapper? An Illinois man preaches Sundays, and ives stage, wook davs An exchange says that a Vermont like glittering serpents up the shrouds deacon is being disciplined for saying,

O NANKY! wilt thou gang wi' me?" Lottie crawled from beneath it, with her as the fellow said when he was trying to steal a goat. "I'm half inclined to do it," as the

with his fingers. THE reason why the ancient Britons were Pict men. An erratum in the Chicago Tribune

WHATEVER Midas touched turned into

An exchange, wanting to compliment n "Live Stock Journal," says it is edited It is unreasonable to complain be-

fond of dancing. "Youth must have its Fling." Paris, Ky., boasts of a horse which,

having cast a shoe, jumped out of his enhad himself shod. LADIES of the ballet are sometime unkind to their fathers and mothers, but they are generally very fond of their

A NEW legal work is now in the press Stratagems and practical jokes be- which it is anticipated will meet with an A NORTH CAROLINA widow bit the

"THE Watch on the Rhine" bas brought its composer a pension of 1,000

"spouted" for somuch. An Iowa editor, in noticing a church choir, said : "It's like driftwood in a stream; it drags on the bars, yet don't mount to a dam."

A GEORGIA newspaper, much annoyed by poetical contributions, proposes to charge hereafter nine dollars per line for all original poetry published in its

columns. , ! SCHNEIDER, of the Landwehr, is sad to hear that the army is to be on "a piece footing," and, considering the little work to do, thinks he would rather be paid by the day !. . ...

A Louisville barkeeper is in jail for murder. He says while chasing a man out of his wife's bedroom with a carving and the man died.

A MEMBER of the Missouri Legislature wrote to his wife, at home to find out what his religious belief was. She replied: "You had better call it Protest ant, and let it go at that." A HEARTLESS old bachelor sci

or the other day unmercifully flogged a ittle girl eight years old, becaus aid her sister wouldn't have him be he had such an úgly nose: A DUTIFUL wife and mother in Iowa ent to a sewing society, not long ago,

leaving her five year old little girl to reep house. She returned ju o see the roof fall in. The

Letters testamentary on the estate of Jasob A. Gardner, deceased, of South Middleton township, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county, to the subscriber residing in said town ship. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment

will please make immediate payment and those having claims to present then duly authenticated, to the undersigned R. R. WEBERT, FXECUTOR'S NOTICE, -Lotter

LIVE DEPTH & NOTICE, Lotter testamentary on the estate of Anthony Rain of Chicktown, Mouroe ternabili, decased, he spin sengle by the Register of Chimbelani control by the Register of Chimbelani control of the subscriber residing at Chimbelani control and the subscriber residing at Chimbelani control and the subscriber residing at Chimbelani and page 13 per sent them duly authenticated, to the undersigned for settlement.