CARLISLE, PENN'A., THURSDAY MORNING MARCH 14. 1872.

THE CARLISLE HERALD. Published every Thursday morning by WEAKLEY & WALLACE EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. Office in Rheem's Hall, in rear of the Court Hou

Terms--\$2 00 per annum, in advance. RATES OF ADVERTISING : 1 sq | 2 sq | 3 sq | 4 sq | 1/4 c | 1/4 c |

12 lines constitute a square tuditors' Notices, issignees' and similar Notices, early Cards, not exceeding six lines, impourcements. 05 cents per line, unleseor amountements. 05 cents per line, unloss co tracted for by the year. For Business and Special Notices, 10 cents per line. Double solumn advertisoments le solumn advertisements extra. ss of Marringes and Deaths published froe.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

' BY WILL M. CARLETON . They've got a bran new organ, Sue, For all their fuss and soarch;
They've done Jist what they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church, They're bound the critter shall be seen, And on the preacher's right, They've hoisted up their new machine In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'n MY voice and vote,

For it was nover Mr desire To praise the Lord by note. I've been agjster good and true For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear; I've sung the bymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read.
And twice, when Deacon Tubic was sick, I took the fork an' led!

And now, their bold, new fangled ways Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days, To-day the preacher, good old dear, With tears all in his eyes, Read-"I can read my title clear

1 s'pose 1 a'tays will; It some ow gratifies Mr whom, In g * d old Ottonville: But when that choir got up to sing, I couldn't catch a word They sang the most dog gone lest thing A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was staudin' near Ap' when I seed them grin I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in. . I thought I d chase their tune along, An' tried with all my might;

But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low, And I too fast or they too slow

An' after every verse, you know They played a little tune; I didn't understand, an' so I started in too soon.
I pitched it pr'tty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone, But oh, alas! I found that I Was single there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told,
But I had done my best; And not a wave of trouble rolled Across my peaceful broast.

Ald sister Brown-I could but look-She sits right front of me; She never was nejsingin' book, But then the allays tried to do
The best she could, she said; She understood the time, right through An' kop' It, with her head; But when she tried this mor I had to hugh, or cough! It kep' her head a bobbin' so,

It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tabbs-he all broke down We took one look at sister Brown. And meakly scratched his nose He looked his hymn book through an' through And laid it on the sent,
And then a pensive sigh he drow,
And looked completely heat.

An' when they took another hout He didn't even rise ; But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes. Pve been a sister, good an' true, For five an't hirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do.
An' prayed my duty clear;

But death will stop my voice, I know For he is on my track : And some day, I to church will go, And never more come back;
and when the folks get up to sing-"hono'er that time shall benot want no PATENT thing

> T WAY OF THE WORLD. Reed classbared over rocks and

es. among which blackbarry riof, fling their long arms here and everywhere in wild ng the hill. But there was com the top of it, they told t from choice, fine view what he was in search of bered on, tearing his clothes a top, and sat down to rest look over the landscape. really a beautiful

she said. and itself out before his eyes a was a charming little valneadows a river ran singing to the sea. Willows leaned from the low banks to dip their you will see me back again." a branches in the limpid waters. .rm houses were nestled here and

there in clumps of gnarled old apple trees, and lilac bushes grew beside the me." And he was gone. gateways, odorous now, with bloom Beyond the valley, mountains lifted their purple summits to the soft blue summer time, shutting it in like a wall from the world outside.

"It is like Acadia." he said, "I mu make a picture of it." He heard a crackling in the dry leaves of the last year's growth, and turned to | That was to be the golden summer of see from whence the sound proceeded. A girl was coming toward him, un

conscious of any presence save her own. She had been gathering ferns and flowers, and had, wove herself a crown of trailing arbutus and featherly maiden's hair. Basil Reed had a keen eye for the

beautiful, and he watched her intently. Her face was a pretty one, fair, clear, and oval, with tints of the wild rose in cheeks, and stains of the strawberry on her lips, which curved away from teeth like ivory. Her eyes were like a childs, deep, blue and beautiful. Her hair rippled at its will over her shoulders. out and in among its meshes, where the supplies seemed to have tangled itself

sketch her just as she looks now." She sat down on a fallen tree and be- want you to like each gan sorting her forns and flowers, and sale."

he opened his sketch-book and began to sketch her. For half an hour he was busy; stroke by stroke his pencil trans; erred the scene to paper, and wrought out the features and form of that girl. who imagined herself the sole occupant of that wild, lonely, beautiful spot.

"There !" he exclaimed as he added the last touch. I will work it into a picture some day, autheall it the ! Nymph of the Woods,' or something like that." She sprang up as he spoke and started to run from the spot. Hearing her steps, he hastily recollected himself, and called at her not to be frightened. She stopped at the sound of his voice

and he came toward her with his sketchbook. He held it out for her inspection. She took it shyly, and glanced over the site torture. It is so hard to wake up sketch. A pleased look came into her

"OH it's beautiful," she cried. "Die ou draw it?'

"Yes, I drew it," he answered. "I am glad you like it. I am going to paint a picture from it sometime In that way Basil Reed began his ac quaintance with Cassie Farley. An acquaintance which developed at once, into an ardent admiration for the artist or her part, and an interest in the ignorant

country maiden on his.

"I want to get board in some family near by," he said, as he rose and began to prepare to descend the hill, after an | be found written on the faces of the pass our had slipped away in conversation. 'Can you tell me where I can find it?"

"Perhaps mother would take you in" she said. "That's our place," pointing of trees. I wish she would."

as he did from the city. hill together.

low to board" after much deliberation, and vices of mankind. There is beant but then one didn't make nruch difference anyhow, and she liked to 'commodate' if she could. So Basil Reed became an inmate of

Mrs. Farley and her daughter. Mr. Farley had been dead for some years, few possessed, carried on the farm, with

things than the life of work and scham- over dry shod, and ask with their pleading diudgery. She liked to read, to tend her flowers, to dream. She knew nothing of the world outside the hills, save what she had learned from books. It was like a fairy land to her imagination.

wondered at that Basil Reed impressed her with a sense of superiority to the is ten degrees below zero. Where do men and women she knew. Ho was they all find an abiding place? That's educated, cultivated, and fascinating. the question. Cheap lodgings and the

Let me do Basil Reed justice and say air with corruption, tell one part of the that I do not think he tried to win her story; Petter's field and the Penitenlove. He pitied her, and tried to make tiary tell the rest. her life more pleasant. He could feel how barron it was, and he tried to put the picture is still made interesting by a little sunshine in it, by giving her his the people you meet. The social and

so sweet, so dangerously sweet to Cassie, may olbow your way among celebrities She thought he loved her. His voice who range from a prize-fighter to a was tender and soft, his face gentle and | President. Take my arm for a saunter kind. She could not know that he was down Broadway and let me point out a always as deferential to other women as

tion of going back to the city next day. And the next day he went. He bade axurianco. It was tiresome gate. The girl's face was white with which he has maintained since he abanhim go.

"You musn't forget me, Caesic, little ummer to me, and among its, pleasantest memerics is your friendship. "Oh, I won't forget you," she said,

simply; but he knew she meant what "I shall come back next summer." he said holding her hand in his for a moment; "I shall get tired of the city and roses will prove irresistible, and-

Her eyes lighted up radiantly. He was coming back again! "Well, good-bye, and-don't forget

Gone! but he had left such a sweet promise behind him. He would come back again. Amid her loneliness, that thought was like a ray of sunshine Cassic got to thinking by and by, only of the time when the man she loved would come back to her. It was always of next summer that she dreamed,

The winter ended, and the spring came, and violets blossomed on the hills, and arbutus made bright the shady nooks. 'And Summer is near,' she said, "and when Summer is here, he will come."

And Summer came. Cassie made her beauty. Her face was full of glad. ing like a bird all day. Her mother

girl, she was so chipper." down on the shoulders of the heavy of a dungeon. He had followed ambiand the delicate forms wound themselves stopped at the gate, and he alighted, and romance in his composition, a single career. He had mingled with men who with him a woman, young and beauti- look into a pair of gray eyes that you his heart loathed, he had sought out the ful. Something made Cassie shiver. She would make a beautiful pie - 'I told you I would come back," he rel, dispels the notion that there is any land had breathed into them the madness ture," thought Basil. "I wish I could said, gayly, "I have brought some one nonsense about the man-anything but of revenge. He had drawn his sword with me Cassie; this is my wife. I

His wife ! and she had looked forward o eagerly to this coming of the man she oved! Looking in her face, he read the struggle which was torturing her and knew she had loved him.

"Poor child, "he thought, "she know so little of the ways of the world. I'm sorry for her."

It was a hard and bittor lesson which Cassic learned of the world's ways That night she sat beside her little win So absorbed had he became in the dow, and wondered if she was the same finishing touches of the sketch that he girl she had been that morning. She had forgotten the presence of the girl felt so changed-so old-so weary of everything.

"Oh, I loved him sod" she sobbed 'I loved him so !" God pity her and us ! We have so of us had just such lessons to learn, and we know how they wrench the heart, and make every string quiver in exqui-

dream was nothing but a dream. OUR NEW YORK LETTER. 5 A STROLL ON DROADWAY—STREET SCENES -THE PEOPLE WE MEET-PEN POR-TRAITS OF AN M. C .- BUFFALO BILL-

from our dreaming to find that ou

A MYSTBRIOUS STRANGER-STEWART S OPENING. NEW YORK, March 9, 1872. If Lavater, the physiognomist; could brought to life and walk down Broadway, the old man's heart would be gladdened at the verification of his poculiar knowledge of human nature that would

ing crowd. I suppose there is no place in the world whore a man sees such distinctive shades of nationalities and expressions to a picture sqc old farm house in a nest as in a stroll on a fair afternoon down Broadway. Intellect in rags and reseal-He smiled at hey artlessness. It was ity in broadcloth; countenances creased something he was not used to, coming with crime and care; eyes alight with the excitement of traffic in bodies and "I think I will go home with you and souls; lips with their last lie upon them, see," he said; and they went down the almost quivering and in sight; an "human forms divine" that have be Mis. Farley decided ! to take the fel- come the temple of the worst passion She "hated to be bethered," she said, enough to make a bachelor break his vows, but, robed in the fashion of the day, you cannot tell whether it belongs to the great harem represented by thirty thousand houses of prostitution, or to the Farley family, which donsisted of virtuous home. There is age, venerable, aristocratic and adorned with its silver ocks, but, for all you know, it is fresh and his widow with an energy which from the battle fields of Wall street, where it has been instrumental in sendhired help, and "made it pay," she ing a skeleton into a score of households. them! The poor sewing girls in their

said with a great deal of pride in the Then, there are the pure -God help Basil Reed discovered that there was threadbare garments; the poor old wo-not much similarity of tastes between men who sit in the cold blasts on the mother and daughter. Mrs. was a born street corners and sell newspapers; the "calculator" as the phrase goes in the poor Chinese patiently waiting for some country; one who liked to work for the body to purchase their cheap cigars; the sake of the money it brought in. She poor blind people who grand out the sad cared little for the higher things of life. dirge of their life on a hurdy-gurdy, Books and flowers never "bothered and are grateful for a trifle; the poor boys and girls who brush the mud from Cassic had a mind and taste for other the street crossings that you may pass

ing eyes and pinched faces for "Ouly" penny, please, sir;" the omnibus driver -those Cossacks of city civilization whose hand is literally raised against which she new so little, it is not to be tals like so many animated icebergs, never so lively as when the atmosphere station houses, where humanity is packed together in a filthy mass that taints the

Yet outside of these graver shadows, political "lions" are always visible, and On those summer days. They were with true democratic independence you

few. That finely dressed man in front he was to her. He had an intrinsic of the Sterling House, with the form of gallantiy in his nature that womanhood an Apollo, and a figure that looms up a head above the majority of the passing But the summer of Cassie's love, like people, is Heenan, the "Benicia Boy." all other summers, ended at last; and His broken nose, the relic of a twentyone day Basil Reed announced his inten- four foot ring, but-slightly disfigures a modest countenance, and the unassum. ing and peaceful bearing of the man is in Cassic good-bye by the maple tree at the keeping with the general character pain of parting. Something in her eyes | doned the muscular profession. He has told him how much she dreaded to let thousands of friends, especially among the local politicians.

Perhaps we shall meet John Morrissey, friend," he said; "it has been a pleasant albeit when in town he holds forth at the Hoffman House. Take six feet of human stature, pad it solidly with two hundred and ten or twenty pounds. avoirdupois, give it a pair of broad shoulders and hips, a steady underpinning, and a gait every motion of which is indicative of power; crown the whole with a massive head, black hair, keen, again, and the memory of your pinks dark eyes, an immobile face and mouth, though slightly shaded by a monstache and beard, and marred by another broken

nose, and you have as good a pentograph as I can make of the famous fighter. M. C. and millionaire.

Speaking of fighting, here comes nan in whom you will be interested-Buffalo Bill, a real border hero, who for he first time has traveled east of the brow, the indefinable shadows of hidder Mississippi river. William Cody is his emotion—the involuntary sight of sorrow true name, but in his wild life among in which we are forbidden to participate he frontiersmen, scouting among Indians and scalping Apaches, he has won | The wife essayed once more... soubriquet that has already been made famous in romance and the drama. Ned Buntline has cleverly "done" him in a when you were willing to confide your ave-act play full of thrilling border secret joys and sorrows to one who has

scones that has set the Bowery boys wild | never, I trust, betrayed your confidence with delight. You will notice that, ap- Why then my dear Edward, is this cruel parently, there is not a spare ounce of reserve? You are troubled and yet re flesh on his superb frame; that it is knit | fuse to tell me the cause;" together as with hooks of steel, and is lithe and clastic. Ho moves along with softened for an instant the cold severity little garden bright with bloom and an easy swinging stride; his feet and of the husband's features, but it passes hands are small, but he feels uncomfortcarer expectancy. Her eyes shone like able out of the moccasins and leather reply. stars. She went about the house sing- leggins. He has a young face, but what a world of character is written on it. "couldn't think what had got into the Although the long brown hair swooping

Hawkeye, to "Sarcumvent the pesky fallen, miserably fallen, and was doomed redskins." He returns to his post in a to die the death of a traitor. few days.

by his wife and daughter; that one died and the other was ruined, since which time he has pursued his lonely way

walks as if he owned the street. There is a wild glare in his eyes, secret might escape them. Altogether guise the proud form of her husband in it is a face which even in the crowd of female garb. Broadway prints itself on the memory and comes up among the ghosts of after

But I am transgressing the proper limthe middle of my chapter, I might go on by the hour and describe notabilities -the Japanese princes, Greeley, Oakey Hall, John Gaham and his loarned wig, Walt Whitman the poet, Mark Twain,

Of local events there have been non the rest of the procession of New York but beautiful corpse of the devoted tems. The weather grows decidedly Wife 'Marchy," and, though clear, the clouds of dust that play their mad pranks and whirl in eddies up to one's eyes, ears and nose, make a day's tramp anything but agreeable. It may interest the ladies to snow that Stewart has had a grand

pening of coming fashions, which for ex and constituted the most magnificent ry goods spectacle ever seen in America. The Appletons are about producing ne of the most beautiful books ever published-"Picturesque America"series of exquisite pictures and decriptions of picturesque localities. Wisdom Teeth for Little People." ollection of useful knowledge for children in the nursery and out of it, has been prepared by Mrs. F. G. Do Fontaine, and promises to be a valuable

By the way, the cheapest place in New York for the publication of a book or pamphlet is the Journeymen Printers' o-operative Association. They are arning out elegant 'work in every department of the art, and making stoady headway as an "institution" that illustrates the power and profits of proper ombination among skilled artisans.

THE WIFE.

saw hor. She was standing up at the steps at a time, to his own room. Here tied to the fence, and I know by the look side of her lover at the marriage alter he pulled om a pair of calf-skin boots, every man, as they invite him to come She was slightly pale-yet ever and took off his blue freek, and substituted in out of the cold, and who sit from anon, as the ceramony proceeded, a therefore a white linen coat. nt tinge of crimson crossed her beau at intervals his manly forehead, and Eddie Trowbridge into scerecy, he stole

melted in beauty on his lips. And they gave themselves to one every heart blessed them as they went and handkerchief. Then seeing a scartheir way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw hose lovers. They were seated together ing glance in the mirror, deshed down where the light of sunset at de through stairs, slammed the front door after him, the half-closed crimson curtains rending and has gone. a richer tint in the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishment of the had slightly changed them in outward | the fast receding figure of her son. appearance. The girlish buoyancy of her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than | home before Harry leaves." bis arn micht warrant; anxiety, and ambition; and pride, had grown over it ton I know of," exclaimed Mrs. Gray hair, which had become thin around his and she thinks the world and all of temples, almost to baldness. He was Harry, and her folks are always inviting reading on his splendid ottoman, with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he exca let her look at him if he can help, kettle. foared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppraced him were visible upon his feature.

"Edward, you are ill to night," said his wife, in a low, 'sweet, half-inquiring roice, as she laid her hand upon his own. our love refuses to ask our sympathythat he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal-dreadful to watch the convulsive and the gloomy and whose character we cannot know.

"Edward," she said slowly, mildly and affectionately; "the time has been

Something of Teturning touder away, and a bitter smile was his only

Time passed on, and the twain wer separated from each other. The husband sat gloomly and alone in the damp cel down on the shoulders of the heavy of a dungeon. He had followed ambicannot help associating with a rifle bar- flored and wronged spirits of the land, the tense, sharp, high-strung courage against his country; he had familed other for my of one who carries his life in his hand, rebellion to a flame, and it had been "Edward," said his wife, in an earn-

Yonder goes another character-a est but faint and low voice, which instrange compound who for ten years has dicated extreme and fearful debility, walked Broadway, apparently "the "we have not a moment to lose. By world unknowing and by the world an exchange of garments you will be unknown." I have never yet seen a able to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or nan who knew his name or business; we may be too late. Fear nothing for usband doarer than life itsoii."

among men. He dresses meanly, but air of this dreadful cell." "Oh, speak not to me, my dearest heightened perhaps by a pair of iron can endure anything for your sake. of course, wanted to talk of love, but pectacles, and a savage firmness about Haste, Edward; all will be well," and how could be with that urchin's eye the lips, as if he feared some mighty she aided with a trembling hand to dis- fixed upon him?

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," disguised wife, as the officer storaly reis of a letter, and must close even in time allotted to her visit had expired. "Farewell! we shall not meet again," sponded the wife; and the husbane

passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life. They did meet again-the wife and osh Billings, Timothy Titcomb, Thomas husband; but only as the dead may Nast the caricaturist, and dozens of meet, in the awful communings of anersons whom you are likely to-meet in other world. Affection had borne up walk; yot they must be held in reserve her exhausted spirit until the last great purpose of her exertions were accomplished in the safety of her husbandworth recording. The trial of Stokes and when the bell tolled on the morrow. drags its slow length along; that of the and the misoner's cell was opened the Mayor is still pending. Murders, sui- guards found, wrapped in the habilicidos and mysterious dead men make up ments of their destined-victim, the pale

HARRY GREY'S ADVENTURE Harry Grey was plowing away on the last 'land' of a twenty acre let, and feeling very comfortable over the thought that his spring plowing was almost done. hice days attracted thousands of the when he saw his neighbor, Mark Trowbridge, driving slowly past, in company with his wife, who was seldom to be seen

away from home. "Hang me, if I don't run over and see Lucy," said Harry, as he hit his horses a smart cut with the whip, to hurry them to the end of the bout. "They are going to town, and will be gone three hours, at least, by the way old Mark drives. I can stay two hours and a-half with Lucy, and got back again before they come home." means of education in the hands of

And the young man hitched his team to the fence, over which he bounded and walked away to the house in a double quick, as though every minute now was doubly precious.

He was almost out of breath when he entered the house, which gaused his mother to inquire rather auxiously what was the matter. Without heeding her question he pulled off his brogans, leaving them lying in the middle of the room -a thing his wondering mother was seroshadad nora seen killed do tofore. Then he surprised her still more by run-She was a beautiful girl when I first ning, rather leaping, up stairs, three

tiful check, like the reflection of a Trowbridge, when he started for town, sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a had put on his overcoat. But Harry's quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her blood was at a fever heat, and he imaghand within his own, gazed on her a fow incorting linen coat and straw hat would moments with unmingled admiration, be just the thing. After filling his and warm and cloquent blood shadowed pockets with chestnuts were with to bribe to his sister's room, and emptying the contents of the cologne bottle into his another in the presence of Heaven, and hand, applied it without stint to hair let ribbon on the table, he appropriated it for a neektie, gave hinself an approv-

"What in the world is Harry up to now?" exclaimed Mrs. Groy, in wonder, rich and gorgeous apartment. Time as she paused from her work to watch "He is going to see Lucy Trowbridge, the one had indeed given place to the I guess," replied Harry's sister, a degrace of perfect womanhood, and her mure little damsel, who was busy ironing. lips were somewhate paler, and a faint "You know, mother, that her father line of care was rlightly perceptible on and mother have goue away. Won't

there be a seene, though; if they get "Your brother is the biggest simple and left their traces upon it; a silver with spirit. "There's Clara Beamer, nue had mingled with the dark in his just as good-looking and smart as Lucy, beau' was locked in the smoke house him over, while Lucy's father won't smoke house and removed the smoking

" Ducy is worth a dozen such rattlebrains as Clara," said her daughter, "and I do believe Mr. Trowbridge had Have you taken that confounded thing rather have Lucy marry Harry than any out? I'm blind as a bat, and my throat one else. But he thinks a girl should is full of snot and ashes," Indifference from those we love is never think of a lover till she is a horrid errible to the scusitive bosom. It is old maid, and too ugly to get one. He ground, as if the sen of heaven refused its wonted keeps Lucy as close under his eye as cheerfulness, and glared upon us with though she were a baby instead of a Harry; father has the key. But I'll a cold, dim and forbidden glance. It is grown up woman. I declare if I were bring you some supper, and when he breadful to feel that the only boing of in her place now I'd clope the first dark goes to bed I'll get the key and release night. But I believe Lucy would see you." In a few minutes a plate of Harry married to Clara Beamer, and edibles was shoved through the aperture pine away to a shadow about it before and the board returned to its place.

by the window, where she sat quietly about the crevices, that his smoke had lown-her work and stood gazing for a to got the kettle, but instead of that girl Jessie; wish you would overcom few moments down the pleasant road | Harry's untouched supper was brought along which they had disappeared. .Then she bushed her hair till it shone

ribbon among the braids, after doing which she resumed her sont and her with a dull thud, sending a cloud of work. Did she expect that Harry Grey ashes into the farmer's face, for he was would come? He had not been in her still kneeling before the hole. tern father's house for a year; she had not upoken with him in a month, though | Well, I've got to search into the matter she could see him at his work in his or I shall always think the smoke hous fields beyond her father's meadow al. | was haunted." nost every day. Her father, she knew, would be angry if he visited her, and it the form of Harry, unrecognizable in his should come to his knowledge, and yet coat of ashes and soot, rose up before she hoped he would come. Lucy was him. not long kept in uncertainty, for he was

closely by Eddic, with his hands full of The young man's pants were tucked in his boots, and the wind was flapping the dirty coat. shirt of his coat about unmercically, while the straw hat was only kept in its Mr. Trowbridge, and by this time all I place by its owner's hands. and brains enough, in the language of quenched in human blood. He had Lucy wondered what freak had brought spot.

nature had not so much as put on a leaf of hers.

Harry tossed his hat on the floor, and sat down before the glowing fire, stretch ing out his hands over the blaze, appreci atively, for, truth to tell, he felt rather chilly than otherwise, while Lucy sat down by the window to watch the road only this, that he came from Europe in me. I am a woman, and they will not lest some mishap should bring her well-to-do circumstances, accompanied injure me for my efforts in behalf of a parents home permaturely, and Eddie took possession of the rocking chair, where with the cat purring in his lap,

"Margaret, said the husband, "you ook sadly ill. You cannot breathe the he amused himself by watching the young people, and occasionally throwing a chestnut at Harry's nose, which hap Edward," said the devoted woman, "I pened to be a prominent feature. Harry, But Eddie was all unconscious, and

ate his chestnuts with a relish, saying to himself, "It's most all-fired stupid whispered the husband in the car of the here, and I'd just like to go and fly my kite. There's a glorious wind, (how it minded the supposed lady, that the did toss his coattail, though,) but I won't budge an inch till he gives me the rest of them chestnuts. His pocket is bulging out with 'em." Had Harry had the benefit of those whispered words his pocket would, without doubt, have been emptied in a trice, but he was kept in

ignorance of the youngster's wishes, and Eddie remained obstinately stationary notwithstanding Harry made several remarks well calculated to let the uvenile know that his chair might, with propriety, be vacated. At length the clock struck four, and Lucy went about preparing supper. She put the kettle over, made biscuits and then signified her intention of going to the smoke house for a ham. Harry took his hat and followed, glad of a chance at last to

escapo Eddic's vigilance. Lucy unlocked the door of the smoke house, and Harry stepped in to get one of the hams. He took it down, and holding it in his hand, was on the point of saying something sentimental which he had been rehear ing in his mind all the afternoon, when the old people drove up to the gate Lucy snatched the ham from her lover, and whispered in an agitated voice, a she closed the door:

"You can't come out now, Harry, stay where you are till you hear me singing 'Old Hundred,' and then run acre the fields."

So Harry was left in utter darkness "I've a good mind to go right out and beard the lion in his don," he muttered as he leaned against the smoke-begrime wall of his prison. Presently he heard the key turned in the lock, and realized that he was fastened in. The farmer, in passing from the barn to the house, saw that the smoke house was unlocked and locked it, putting the key into his pocket.

When her parents and Eddie were scated at the table, Lucy took a pail and dred.' Then, without looking at the wife all this time in the presence of Miss smoke house, she came in and took her Limy's society. place at the table. "I wonder where Harry Grey is?" aid Mr. Trowbridge. "His horses are

he has'nt turned a furrow this afternoon." trod on his toes to make him keep still. "He's up to the house, no doubt,"

said his wife. "Clara Beamer is there, with her hair all in ringlets. There'll be a match, should'nt wonder." "Well, I should then," said Lucy's

want with such a gal about him as she is. Why soener than see that happen I'd give Harry leave to court our Lucy three or four years from now." Nothing further was said until the farmer grumbled :

"These hams wern't half smoked, must take them in hand," and true to his word, as soon as he rose from the table he procured an old kettle and made a smudge which he carried to the smoke house. Heremoved a plank which covered a small square hole, left there for the sake of convenience, through which he thrust his kettle of smoking corn cobs and saw dust. Then he re-placed the plank, and loft the hams, and, alas, Harry too, to be thoroughly smoked. Lucy watched these proceedings with interest, thankful that her signal had given Harry time to escape. But he celings underwent a change when Eddie with a comical look, told her that ther Without waiting to see whether she was observed or not, she hastened to the

"Harry, Harry!" she called in horse whisper. "Isthat you, Lucy? I'm in purgatory.

Harry's voice came from "I cannot liberate you at present But, as ill-luck would have it, the farmer Lucy Trowbridge had taken her sout discovered; by the absence of smoke ewing, until the buggy containing her gone out, so the board was again reparents was out of sight; then she throw moved and the farmer's arm thrust in

"Well, this put's the cap sheaf o like satin, and fastened a knot of blue everything I over heard tell of." Just then a ham fell to the ground "There, what on earth can that be?

> So saying, he opened the door, when The farmer stopped back and yelled

soon seen coming up the lane, followed as he voluntarily grasped his jack knife. "Murder ! Murder !" "Stop, man, stop. Don't call them all out," as he glanced ruefully at his

"A thief! A thief!" again reared with the exception of Lucy were on the

"It's only I, neighbor; don't you know me? Harry felt rather sheepish, and could not help speaking so.

"Who?" "Harry Grey. "Well, you're in a nice pickle. loubt if Clara Beamer would know you

or would own it if she did. What are you doing here?"? All at once Harry felt as bold as "I want your daughter, Mr. Trow bridge. Will you give her to me?"

"Were you lying here in ambush vatching your chance to steal her?" "No; but'if you don't give her to me you may repent it. I shall never asl again. "That means he will marry Clar Beamer, and I should repent it then,

thought the farmer as he scratched hi nead, meditatively. Presently he said "Eddie, go call Lucy." She came out, shortly, hanging her head and blushing deeply. "Lucy, do you want to marry this

himney sweep.' "If you please, father." "How long will you wait?" "As long as you say, if-"

"If what?

"If you will let him come over once n a while. "And, Harry, how long will you wait?" "One year."

The farmer scratched his head again. "Well, you can have her, and s'pose 'll have to let you come over as often as you please. But see that you keep out of the smoke house," and with that his business office, and returned to dinpoken gruffly enough, the farmer walked ner a little earlier than usual, to find the

Harry was soon on his way home, vhistling merrily, despite his forlorn ap-

He nearly frightened his mother and ister out of their wits when he bolted into their presence. They listened to his story, and at its conclusion agreed with him, that, although a ludicrous occurrence, it was a very fortunate one.

> HOW SHE CURED HIM. BY MINNIE DE ESTRANGE.

They were playing a waltz at Mrs. Moreland's, and as the wild German music floated out upon the air in entrancing strains, Jessie Lorain looked out upon the scene from the heavy win dow drapery, where she stood half concealed for the last two hours. There was a haunted look on the fair swee face, and a passionate pain in the great dark eyes, which deepened and intensified as they watched the waltzers, and one couple in particular, keeping exact time to the music. They were a lady and a gentleman. The lady, the fair, stately Miss Linly, whose blonde ourls swept her partner's shoulders and arm, as she leaned towards him in the dance. went out to the well, singing loudly and The gontleman, handsome Lawrence clearly that sweet old tune 'Old Hun- Lorain, who had forgotten his young

Poor Jessie Lorain was nothing but a country girl. A little innocent-hearted wildwood plant that had been transplanted to this perfumed atmosphere of hot-house pleasure and vanity. She was Lawrence Lorain, s mind. He drew his obliged to leave her cozy parlor night wife near to him, and said : or the theatre; then to be left in the corner and neglected, for some more regal beauty. All, because she had no taste for gayeties; didn't like to dance

and didn't know how to flirt. There was a pitiful look on Jessie's face just now, as she watched the father. "What does any sonsible man dancers, and wished she was more like Miss Lindly, then, perhaps, Lawrence would get sick of her so quick, and something very like tears arose to the wistful oyes, as she shrank back in the official. shade again, out of the sight of the two

oung fuen coming towards her. "I declare," said one, "it is a shame to see Lorian flirt as he does with that heartless coquette, while his poor young wife sits alone and unnoticed. Jessie gasped a little, then listened for

the reply. "I'd teach him a lesson, if I

hor place." "Ah !" exclaimed the first speaker, what would you do?" " I'd flirt as much as he does."

"Match him at his own game." "Yes. And if I dared, I'd advise hor o strike up a serious flirtation with your humble servant; but she scents so pure and distant, that I never dare approach her." said the last speaker, who was Captain Dubarry; wealthy, and something of a flirt himself, and not altogether such an one as young husbands would care to have their pretty wives

The two passed on, and scarcely were they out of sight, when Lawrence came up smiling, and saying. "Tired, are you, Jessie. Be patient

little while Pet, then I'll take you down to supper," as if that was recompense enough for the long, lonely even "Yes, I am tired," Jessie faltered, dropping her eyes to hide the tears that

would well up now.

"And I don't want any supper Law rence, but I want to go home.' "Pshaw! what a little country-fled thing you are. Can't think of going to now. Am engaged to waltz the Spanish with Miss Linly; polka with Mrs. Rock, and then a Redowa with Miss Linly again. She is a very stylish your prejudice, and get acquainted. She might learn you how to appear, and with these half heartless words Mr

Spanish. -Jossio-kept-back the rebellious- tears: and thought a moment in silence. " A married flirt is a detestable thing," she murmured.

Lorain went after Miss Linly for the

"Wonder if it's any worse for a wo man to flirt than a man. I'll try it any way. And with the light of a new resolve shining in her dark eyes. Jennie came out of the shade into the full glare of the gas lights, and went to the dressing-room to see that she was "all right," then came back, and then made her way to a group of chattering ladies and gentlemen, who noticed her, simply because she was Lawrence Lorain's wife. Captain Dubarry made his way to his circle after a moment, and seeking Jessie said:

"Do you over waltz, Mrs. Lorgin 21 " Nover."

"Sometimes." "Then will you favor me with yo and for the next Redowa?'

> "With pleasure, Captain Dubarry." "And allow me to take you to supper?" he whispered, bending a little lower. "Thanks, yes," in the same tone. The flirtation had fairly begun. When Mr. Lorain went after his wife

omenading down the hall with Captain Dubarry. "Jessie, I'm surprised," he whispered at the first opportunity.

to go to supper, she wasn't there, but

"At what?" was the innocent rejoin-"At you, for allowing Captain Du-

barry to take you to supper."
"Oh!" and Jessie elevated her dark eyebrows a little, just as the band struck ip for the Redowa, and Lawarance Lorain was obliged to seek his partner. Captain Dubarry led Jossie out upon the floor, and he was so very attentive

to her every want during the remainder assert that Mr. Lorain did not half enjoy his flirtation with Miss Linly. quietly, and neither referred to the Not to speak of mero paleness. events of the evening. Lawrence hoped don't see how the Americans can rethat Jessie would forget this little opisode in her life by to-morrow. He did is due to the laws of nature, to live to not care to have other gentlemen flirt the age they do, considering the amount with his wife; and he had just discov- of pie they eat, and the rapidity, with ered how lovely and prepossessing she which they generally cat it, I don't was, when properly noticed in company. The next morning, after kissing Jes-

the bell impatiently, and asked the maid where her mistress was. "Gone out, sir; she said you needn't wait dinner for hor."

" Who did sho go with?" "Captain, Dubarry," and the maid isappeared, leaving Mr. Lorain to reflect over Jessie's prosent conduct, compared with her past.

"Gone out with Captain Dubarry? What does she mean?" thought this injured husband, totally ignoring the many times that he had been out riding with Jossie Linly, Mrs. Rock, and others, while Jessie was left at home to are very ignorant of general subjects. I wait his return to dinner, or eat her cold and comfortless meal.

She came at last and Lawrence said "What do you mean, Jessie, by going but to be left alone, as one sometimes is, out with Captain Dubarry so much?" "So much : really I never went with nim before. I've promised to go to the

opera to night, though," said Jessie, her

checks glowing with excitement, and her lustrous eyes sparkling. "Jessie Lorain"!"

".Well, Lawrence?" "Captain Dubarry is no associate for pure young woman. "Why, Lawrence, I think he is pe feetly splendid, so distingue, you know, and all that," said she, imitating his

nanner the night before. "Jossie, do you love Captain Dubarry better than you do your husband?" "No; but then it's fashionable flirt, you know."

An inkling of the truth came into "I understand you, Jessie. You have ured me darling;" and she had, on homopathic principles: Similia similibus urantor. make them very delightful companion

To-day there is no happier couple tha wronce and Jessie Lorain.

A HARD QUSTOMER. "Faith, an' have ye iver a letther fo ne, yer honor?" "What name?"

Whose else?" "What is your name?" continued the It is by far the best way for gotting up a official, still urbane. "Faith, an' it was me father's afe no; and would be yet, but he's gone

"Why, me

dead." "Confound you, what do you call yourself?" "Bedad," said Pat, firmly, "I call

mysalf a gintleman, and it's a pity there

ain't a couple uv us." "Stand back," commanded cial, with dignity "The devil aback I'll stand ontill gets my letther."

"How can I give it to you if you won't tell me who you are, you stupid thick headed bog, trotter," "And is that what your're paid for abusing honest people that comes for

git ine papers." "You blundering blookhead," n the now really angry clerk, "can't you tell me how your letter is address d w

the whiskers of Kate Kearney's cat, I'll

"Dressed?" How should it be dress ed, barrid' In shoot of paper, like any other! Come, hand me avic." "The deuce take you I won't you tell

no who you are?" "Faith I'm an Irishman bred and born, seed, breed, and generation. Me ather was a cousin to one, eyed Harry Mywra, the process sarver, an' me mo ther belonged to the Mooneys of Kilma thouad. You're an ignorant old disciple, an' ov you'll only creep out of yer hole, I'll welt your hide like a new sho An' if yo get any satisfaction of me mo namo's not Barney O'Flynn.'

pile of letters. "There's your letter." A MINISTER asked a little boy who had been converted:

"Oh, that's your name?" said the

satisfied official, soizing and shuffling

. A Doos not the devil tell you that yo are not a christian?" "Yes, sometimes." "Well, what do you say to him?"

"I tell him," replied the boy, "that

whether I am or not, it is none of his

business." A BLACKSMITH brought up his son to whom he was very severe-to-his trade :- One day the old man was trying to harden a cold chisel, which he had made of Foreign steel, but he could not succeed. "Horsewhip it, father." exclaimed the young one, "if that won"

"What carot-boaded, ugly little ur chin is that madam? Do you know his name?" "Why, yes, he is my youngest "You don't say so, indeed What a dear little sweet dove-eyed cher- Paris doll."

harden it, I don't know what will !'

AMERICAN GIRLS AND PIE. David Macrae, a Scottish writer whe ecently visited this country, and apparently enjoyed unusual facilities studying the character and life of the people, has published some notes of travel, under the title of "How Things . re in America." The following extract suggestive, certainly. He was struck with the paleness of young women and

ays: This paleness in the American girls, hough often beautiful, is too universal an we from the old country begins to ong for a rosy check. Lowell said that olor was a thing of climate, and that I should find plenty of rosy cheeks among the mountains of Maine, where there is more moisture in the air. It may be so; I never got to the Maine mountains to see. But as far as my observation went, I never saw any either on mountain or valley in any part of New England. My private impression is, making all allowance for the influence of dry air, that the of the evening, that we will venture to peculiar paieness of the New England girls connects itself with metaphysics, hot bread, and pie. I have strong Mr. and Mrs. Lorain went home very convictions on this subject of pie remember that I ever sat down to dinner in America, even in a poor man's house, sie "good by," he went down town to without finding pie of some kind -ofter without finding that everybody partook parlor cold and Jessie gone. He rang of it, down to the microscopic lady or gentleman whom we should call the baby. Pie is indispensable. Take anything away, but leave pic. Americans can stand the prohibition of all intexi-

ating drinks; but attempt to prohibit pie, and you would plunge America into a revolution in a day. Paleness and pic not withstanding, the Amorican girls are very delightful. And in one point they fairly surpass the majority of English girls-they are all educated and well-informed. Its is a painful, but I fear a too incontrovertible fact, that most of the girls en this side don't blame them; I blame the system of education. Some girls are fascinat ing whother they are educated or not; with a girl who knows nothing, in a room with no piano, is exceedingly embarrassing-after the weather has been exhausted. There is never the same difficulty with American girls. The admirable educational system of New England, covering the whole area of society, has given them education, whether they be poor or rich; has furnished them with great deal of general information, and has quickened their desire for more An American girl will talk to you about anything, and feel, (or what has the same effect, seem to feel,) interest in it. Their tendency is, perhaps, to talk too much, and to talk beyond their knowledge. With the cleverer, (or as they would say themselves, the "smarter,") them, it seemed to me sometimes make no perceptible difference whether hey knew anything of the subject the talked about or not. But they gener ally know a little about everything, and their general intelligence and vivacity

THE KIND OF WIFE TO CHOOSE. -- After all, in looking out for a wife, a man must consider how sho will show at the fireside, rather than at parties. You can learn so much of literary and res thetic tastes, the favorite books that are always in hand, the music that is regu larly studied and sung, the kind of associations, and the general order of tastes. flirtation, which is not unpleasatly done under parental oyes, when such eyes are likely and benignant. Love-making is an uncommonly pleasant employment for the winter nights. You may talk of the perils of young men when they come up to town; but there is no better safeguard than giving such young fel lows the associations of home and sweet woman. Parents made an imnense mistake in taking two severely monetary a view of a soung fellow's prospected I never knew a young fellow inder ever so dun a cloud, who, with ourpose and ability could not work out his way into the sunlight. Better ever the long "engagement, or the early marriage, than may other suppositions their rights! Give me the letther, or, be that might be put. - London Society

> THE LANGUAGE OF FRUITS .--Apple-Discord. Pear-Marriage. Plum-Wealth. Pine-Languishment. Gooseberry-Simplicity. Modlar-Interference

Service-Assistance. Elderberry-Seniority Fig-Defiance. Sloo-Tardiness. Crab-Bour temper. Date-Chronology. Hip-Applause. Plaintain-Growth Pomogranato-Seediness Prunc -Retrenchm

A Boy's Composition on Sticks .--There are a great many sticks in the world, some big and some little. Some are sticky, and some are not. There are large sticks of wood, and that is one kind of sticks; and there are little bits of sticks. Some people when they are handling money, it sticks to their pockets, so that is another kind of stick. Sometimes when a boy is doing an example he gets stuck, and that is another kind of stick. Sometimes when a horse is going along in muddy weather he gets tuck in the mud, that is another kind of a stick. That is all I can think of now. so that is another stick.

FANNY FERN writes in references to the expensive toys now in vogue: "The neeked squash, with a towel for a dress, and a numerous progeny of little oncumbers for bables, and I was just as happy, and a great don't better contented. than the little girl of to-day with a \$100

DRINK nothing stronger than water,