CARLISLE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, MORNING, APRIL 4, 1872.

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louble solumn advertisements extra. Intices of Marriages and Deaths published free. GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON. The supper is over, the hearth is swep; And the wood fire's uglow, The children cluster to hear a tale Of that time so long ago. When grandmamma's hair was golden brown, And the warm blood came and went O'er the face that could scarce have deen swe

Than now in its rich content. The face is wrinkled and careworn now And the golden hair is gray : But the light that shought the young girl's eres Has never gone away, And her needles catch the fire light, And nor needed cated the granding loves, As in and out they go, It is the clicking music that granding loves, Shaping the stocking for.

And the waiting children love it too; For they know the stocking song Brings many a tale to grandma's mind Which they shall hear evel to g. But it brings no stery of olden time To grandina's heart to night = Only a seemon quaint and short Is sugg by the reedles bright.

" Life is a stocking," grandina say, "And yours is just begun"
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done. With merry hearts we begin to anit, Some are tay colored, and some are white, And some are ashen gony

But most are made of many a hue, With many a stitch set wrong, And many a row to be sadly ripped bee the whole is fair, and strong. " There are long plain spaces without a break, And many a weary tear is dropped.

As we farlied the heel with care.

But the saddest, and happiest time is that Which we court and yet would thus When our Henvenly Father breaks the thread And says that our work is done."

The children come to say good night, With tears in their bright young eyes, Finic in grandma's lap, with broken throad, The finished stocking lies.

A LOVER LOST BY A LIE. We were just fairly established Aunt Rebecca's for the summer, and was waiting for Rob to come down by the evening train from the city, my hands folded in delicious idleness, with nothing to do but to watch the exeming shadows darken over the fields. Aunt the corner, while the kitten played with the ball of yain, and Rosa sat at the table slowly studying a difficult lesson in thttle Rosa, eye and check kindling. geography. There were voices out on the veranda, at the end where the honey suckles grew thickest-and, moving my chair a little, I could see Bert Morley Kate Devine at a distance of about two feet of moonlight, entertaining him. I my heart towards her. smiled as I thought how becomingly she had arrayed herself that morning after she heard that Bert Morley was expected by train, with rifle and fishing tackle, to spend two weeks' vacation She had previously confessed to me that she found the country horribly dull. And as for Bert, when he came, I fancied I saw

eyes as he bowed to Miss Devine, for he had heard of her in society, and he need not fear stupid evenings with a town helle, and no other man near for a rival "It is a case of diamond cut diamond," I said lightly to myself; and meet Rob, who came in with his pockets full of magazines and papers, making me feel as if we were not in the

country after all. Next morning Rob was off to the city again by six olclock, and even earlier than that Bert Morley had betaken himself to the lake for a long forenoon of fishing. I heard him whistling as he I met about nine o'clock at a delicious late breakfast; and as we sipped our creamy coffee together, I gave her all wish you could." the glances I could spare admiring her little slippered feet, the dainty fluting on her white wrapper, her magnificent hair and long lashes, and her languid grace. Aunt Rebecca was busy in the name down upon her ivory tablets. Kitchen, and Rosa had gone off to school, so we two had all the cool part of the house to ourselves, reading a little, but just at this point Rob called, and we practicing a little, and talking a little. Miss Dovine was very affable; but afterward, thinking it over, I tried in vain to through the parlor, Bert Morley stopped

bushes and stumbled upon Rosa, study- spray twining in and out ing a long lesson. I liked Rosa-she wirl-so I sat down by her, and by and by took the book to hear her recito her lesson. It was Roman history, and Rosa recitedoin her own words, with the first time in my life, that I was getting a clear idea or the stately line of Crosars . We had just got down to Constantine when there was the sound of laughing voices in the lane, and looking over the raspborry bushes, we saw Bert Morley and Rate Devine coming home. She had met him, and turned back with

"Oh dear! I do think it is bad," said Rosa, with a frown. "So many pretty toporch and mullet dragged out of the lake in agony just to make sport for a man!"

" And far below, in the coral grove,

sang Bert, in triumphant tenor, as he came through the gate and laid down his trophies. "There was no coral grove, but I am sure these are the gennine purple mulle Mrs. Hathaway look at the splendid colors?"

And he pointed to the flashes of red and purple on the still quivering scales. Kate Devine went to examine them, with smiling admiration; but little said Rosa. Rosa, turning her back with childish disgust, walked away to the house.

when I saw the rest thrown carclessly away, I wished with Rosa that they were alive and happy again in the lake. But dear me! when Bob came he entered right into Bert's enthusiasm, and wished he could have gone fishing He bad his chance the next morning,

however, not being obliged to go to the

city. He and Bed were off by the dawn, with a big limin in their basket, and singing like nnineels. The rest of Devine secluded herself to write letters, and I most unexpectedly got my treassomething new in little Rosa. I had taken a book, and was going across the big, strong and brave, like Ida Peisser, fields to a picturesque old oak tree that and go traveling all over the world. shaded a corner of the pasture. I kept along the wall, carefully skirting the grass with its bluish purple heads, so as upon Rosa, and she was making a already soaring safely in her sketch, as chords be played upon even by the carenatural as life. She was drawing a less hand, and responded sweet music. single clump of grass with its featherv heads, a gold belted spidor weaving her web from stem to stem, and a patient

"Oh, Rosa, Rosa!" I cried, watching her pencil, "how did you ever learn to do it?" For she was only a little nine year old school girl, you know, going to a country school. She threw back her hair, and looked

"I suppose I take it from my father," she said, simply. "He was an artist." And then I remember how Aunt Rebetca had told me of the poor artist who died young, and, quickly followed by his wife, had left this child an orphan. He had never attained to any eminence, but that there was something genuine in him, was proved in his heritage of this child. She had no joke poor Rosa's heart-speeches. training ; her eyes and fingers scomed to travel right of themselves. The short girl " ejaculated Bert. Does she have of it was, I took her over to the pasture with me, where she made me a drawing of my favorite old oak, with the empty crow's nest in it; I was in an ecstacy. "I will make you my little comrade," I told her, "and you shall attend us in

gems of pictures to remember the summer by; and when Bob and I go to the Rebecca nodded over her knitting in Continent we will take you with us to

After she had finished her drawing she carelessly laid her book upon the ground, and we sat and talked about her dead | then, starting up. "I believe I'll go to father, whom she spoke of in tones of the woods. I can get two hours shootlounging lazily on a bench, with Miss esteem and reverence which warmed my ing before supper.

It was past noon when we got back to Kate Devine, "I would ask you to get the farm house, and found the fishermen me a grey gull's wing, Mr. Morley, I in a corner of the yard ; but Bert and Miss Divine sat at ease in the verandah any great brilliant bird comes in sight, earnestly discussing monograms, then first the rage, and Bert had some pretty specimens in his note book to show. He ad made a few scrawling attempts to a look of not unpleasant surprise in his weave together his own initials but in

> hing really original and artistic, you know. Come, Miss Kate, isn't that the Devine's feet and one at mine. soit of thing you ladies are supposed to

"That's a dangerous promise, sir!" she said, bending her lustrous cyes never could bear to do.". meaningly upon him.

"Can't help it," he replied recklessly; I'm perishing for a monogram. Take ny name, my purse, my life, but give me monogram! The truth is, Miss Kate. I believe it is an impossible combination went down the lane. Miss Devine and Just listen, Bertram De Witt Morley Who could ever make anything out of such a sot of initials? Could vou? I

"I'm afraid I have not the power said Miss Devine, with what sounded like a real sigh; but see made quite a show, nevertheless, of writing his full

Rosa and I had stopped for a few minutes to glance over the monograms went to watch his amateur performance Two days after, as I was passing

re-call any charm deeper than the charm | me with a very pleased face, and said manner, of attitude, of glance, and he-had something pretty to show mo. It was a slip of paper with a monogram "But I am not very brilliant myself," on it-his own, B. D-W.M. as protty I thought, humbly, "and, of course, she and graceful a design as you can imwould not shine in full radiance on a agine. I can't describe it, but you can little gray moth like me." In the after- compose it for yourselves out of these noon she put on a bewitching gipsy hat, | materials-two rustic bar posts, with two and went strolling down the lane, while stanting down and two in place, and I wandered out among the raspberry then a perfect wealth of running rose

"Isn't it charming?" he asked? "and

"In whom," I'inquired. "Why, Kate Devine, you know I've been thinking her all along a mindless original comments. I really felt, for flirt; and here she puts me to shame with this pure dainty bit of fancy. How long it takes to find you women out! I'm really beginning to like her now; I young eyes. could hardly help liking anyone-with such a touch of grace as this shows."

right, after all." him. He had had good luck, as the But a moment after he was looking all long string of fish that he carried bore through the house for Kate Devine, to now," he said, "drawing a map of tempt her off with him for a delightful Greece, and it's a regular gom. Do come row upon the lake after water lillies, and see her, Mrs. Hathaway." Of course she went, in a bewitching boating costume, and came home three hours

of Troy.

She did not seen so much like a stately Helen, however, when towards twilight I heard her over the garden wall talking with Rosa as I walked down the lane. "-On the stairway, after you had gone up with your arithmetic," she was saying (what could she mean?); "and now ·I want so very much to keep it."

"And you won't tell any , one? pleaded Miss Devine, in an eager, anxi-We had some of the mullet broiled for ous way; "you won't tell, if you happen supper, but I am bound to say that their to see it again, that it was yours-that flavor did not equal their color; and is, that I did not do it myself, you know? And I will give you such a pretty, good set, with ear rings, Rosa." "I don't want the set," said Rosa, slowly. "I don't know what you mean,

Miss Devine; but, of course, I shouldn't speak of the paper unless some one asked mo." By this time I had joined Bob, and

was out of hearing. After this Kate Devine was very gracious to Rosa, and took unusual notice of her; except, indeed, when Bob and. us being left to our own, devices, Kate Bert were around. One sultry afternoon we three-Kate, Rosa, and I-sat under the shadiest apple tree fanning ure out of that day, by discovering ourselves, and now and then talking a

"Alone?" asked Kate Devine, incredulously. "Would you love it? not to spoil the mowing, when, sud- think of lovers and Ausbands, just like denly, nestled down in the grass, I came other girls, for I shan't believe you?" I was provoked at Kate for speaking sketch-the daintiest thing you ever so to the child; for what is the use of saw. She had her sitters and they were giving a girl fancies? Let them come and then, with some half-uttered apolpainted ones, all but one-a great, blue of themselves. But Rosa surprised me ogy or explanation turned and left us, dragon fly, who soared uneasily just by having her ideas already formed; over the grass tops. But she had him and child as she was let her heart's dropping some of the honeysuckles as

blushing and honest. "But I believe a lover ought to be brave, and lofty, and oble, and like a stainless knight. caterpillar meffectually elimbing at the I should not think of looking for him, for he would be sure to find me." "When you are sure there is this wonderful 'he' somewhere for you on earth?' demanded Kate Devine, with a laugh.

"Yes I do believe in love," she said,

"I don't know," said Rosa, gravely but if there is. I pray to God every day keep him good.' A little blush fell on us at this, and then Aunt Rebecca called Rose from the

vindow, and away she ran. "Was there ever such an odd little thing!" exclaimed Kate; and when, presently, Bert Morley joined us, anguidly fanning lumself with his handkerchief, she told him as a good "What! that sun-burned little schoo

fancies-like that? Why what a darling is now ten years later. Bert Morley is she is, just like Mrs. Browning's little, to-day a noble man, and a blessing to the Ellie, that had the swan's nest among world. And Bob and I smiled gladly in the reeds. It used to be the dream of each other's faces when, last evening, my youth to go roaming about till I we received a wedding invitation, with found just such a love as that. But the a monogram of dainty design and curiworld knocks the notions out of one. all our sails and rides, and make me You and I have grown more practicable, haven't we, Miss Kate?" She smiled half absently

"Oh, Bert!" I said, with sudden feeling, "don't throw away all the gold of your youth so lavishly.

"Perhaps there's a mint that keeps coming," he said, smiling at me; and "If we were at the sea shore," said

had returned. Bob was cleaning perch want one so much for my hat. But maybe you can find something else. If shoot him for me." "I obey, lady fair!" said Bert, with a low bow! and then he was off for his

rifle, and directly we saw him crossing the fields to the woods. Just before sunset-he returned, tired "I wish some one would design me a flushed and successful, with three beauti- some folks are no better than they ought ing in his hand. He laid one at Kate of it! No wonder that Deacon Pipples ers, and we praise God by proxy.

"Oh, how gorgeons!" cried Kate in a me, won't you, Mr. Moriey ; for that :

"Oh, yes, I'll dissect it," he said lightly, and yours too. Mrs. Hathaway." I did not want the wings myself, but remember two sisters at home whose hearts they would rejoice; so I thanked him cordially.

"The other bird is for the little girl that dreams," said Bort. "School girls like such things. Where is Rosa ?" "Out at the back door feeding the chickens," replied Aunt Robbcox, con-

urrounded by her flock of downy pets. Bert made his offering of the red-winged black- bird, and explained. Rosa took it in a sort of pitiful amazement; caressing the dead, drooping head. Then, as we waited for what she would say, to our surprise she burst into tears.

"Oh, how could you, how could you," she sobbed. "He was so free, and glad. as he is, out under some beautiful tree." Bert colored, and Kato exclaimed, 'Well!" as Rosa stopped crying and walked off, carrying the bird in her

hands. "La, child," cried aunt Robecca, was such a bright, honest little school would you have thought it in her to do robin. Those nasty black birds cat the corn up as fast as it grows."

But Bert followed Rosa silently, looking like the knight of the rueful countenance, and I imagine he made his peace with her, and helped her dig the bird's grave; for when they came back the indignation had died out of her houes

I was amused when Bert sought me out the next morning with a sort of ea-"Don't be a rash boy, Bert," I said ger interest, and told me that Rosa was waringly. "First impressions are often | really one of the brightest little things that over lived. "Bhe's sitting out en the door step

ing costume, and came home three hours later wreathed with the beautiful white and if he would look through her atlas her own compositions, and could have I told him, with an air of superior

ing than map, "her father was an artist, you know," I concluded. Away he went at once to take possession of the atlas and I followed, well pleased to see my little comrade get appreciated. Shertook it very quietly—his delight over her slight pencil sketches, studies out sliding on the seat as some men do. of old stumps, bits of grey wall, lichens, a bough with a bird's nest, a clump of "You may keep it and welcome," eaves, he came to something that made

im start and change color. He fooked m in a dazed sort of way. "What's the matter, Bert?" I asked "Oh, nothing," he said, drawing a ong breath; "only I felt just now as some one had struck me in the face ! Did you draw this, Rosa?"

"Yes," she said, simply. I looke over his shoulder and saw on the paper precious child, and did not ask to see the he held out the first rough design of the monogram Kate Devine had given him; less claborate, but the same dainty fancy.

"Then perhaps you drew this, too?" he remarked taking the cherished monogram from his note book. "Yes," said Rosa. Miss Devine, impelled by merciless

moment, in one of her prettiest morning little. Rosa said she would like to be dresses, her hands full of honeysuckle "Ah, what have we here?" she asked

lightly, as she joined us. "Oh, a host of things-a Now don't tell me, Rosa, that you don't grams?" said Bert, looking-her-full in they listened to hear what tune would the face, with a cold brilliance in his eyes. She saw what he meant, faltered

tried to laugh carelessly, but failed; gliding away over the green grass again,

Ah, how the wheels of life turn round if we only wait a little while and watch! A few days after, when I drove Bert Morley in the light chaise over to the station, his vacation being ended, I said to him a little maliciously. "Miss Devine has been quite an acquisition to our society this summer, hasn't she?" He looked round at me with an almost

omical earnestness in his handsome "I've got a new idea about some things, Mrs. Hathaway," he said. "I'm coming back here next summer, and next; and I am going to win little Rosa's love by-and-by, if I can !"

'Then you must make yourself brave, and lofty, and noble, and like a stainless knight," I said, quoting, Rosa's words, remember that, Bert!

"That's the work I have set myself to do," he said bravely; and I put faith in That faith has been fully justified.

ous " interweaving. You could read "Rosa" in among the larger letters, if you looked sharp enough at each vine, tendril, and bud.

> WHAT THE ORGANIST DID. BY CHARLES BARNARD.

It nearly divided the church. The protested. Parson Mildmay poured what little oil he had upon the troubled waters,

Dreadful proposal was it not? The Jar-well, you know as well as I that late. said the rising generation was a way-

just then the step I had been listening do? Make me a monogram, and I'll rapture. "Just the thing for my black inventions.

for sounded on the walk and I ran to give you anything you like." rapture. "Just the thing for my black inventions.

A point of thing you make an Surrous and Surrous anything you like." rapture. "Just the thing for my black inventions.

A point of thing you make in Surrous anything you like." rapture. "Just the thing for my black inventions.

A point of thing you make in Surrous anything you like." I don't eare what instrument we use in church, Squaggles said I ought to be ashamed

soberly, as we ought. If a horn or It is sometimes very bad, and offends the door. violin will help us, I go for it. Deacon more than it elevates. This need not be I laughed, and told him that, if I read the Scriptures right, David danced beforce the Lord, and advised the Temple No matter how badly it sounds to you, they can already. No doubt many choir to use cymbals-even the loud sing away, catch the melody and sing young men in Carlisle would be glad to ounding cymbals."

He shook his head, and said there Perhaps the word translated dance neant something else. "Hop," I suggested.

ind said I was a backslider It is not a long story. Let me tell it

-sat under, in a figurative sense. We inflictions for a long time. She was organ will play the time over, and then, short (well, how can I tell it? her feet after an instant's pause, all join in sing-

and happy up in the tree tops. Put his did not touch the pedals.) The organ ing." pretty wings in my hat! No indeed, he seemed ready to topple every Sunday. shan't be robbed of a single bright Some folks said that the organ had no feather. I am going to bury him just bass notes. Bless you! What did they fire alarm bell, we could not have been one tune from another. She-the organist-had a weakness tent and horror. Deacon Squaggles for the reeds. The reed-stops, as you leaned his head on his hand and groaned | coal business; a school-teacher to teach | in the left hand stage-box, where the know, have their little weaknesses, like aloud. Parson Mildmay looked dubious, the rest of us. Their particular weak- and we were variously much shocked.

after her, "it ain't so had as if it was a ness is to get out of tune. "Novor The organ and the cornet band. It mind," said she; "they are sweetly sounded well, and some of us were inthrough a cloud."

> harrassed the parson and kept every- down. body on the alert, for who could tell when she was going to stop? Every Such a tremendous volume of tone had other minute we said: "This is the never been heard in the church before. end-the closing chord has come." The grand old tone fairly shook the But no; it had not. More closing chords house. When it was finished we sat followed, till we were nearly distracted down. I looked around, and found the with hope deferred

> At last some benevolent young man had the goodness to marry and take her floor with a cane-just a timid little rap, away. Bless him! How heartily we applause certainly. Deacon Pipple's congratulated him-and ourselves.

ing her short legs; but, then, she might, guished by a father's hand. lillies, lustrous-eyed and stately as Holen The would find it a perfect perfebble of safely neglected her beloved trumpots seemed peculiarly happy. That splendid waiting for luck or a rich relation to sponsible for that division of the house. from the bureau of her cottage. sketches and bits of design more charm- and oboos.

long sleeves, and his trowsers were extra large. They were none too long to be tion to do their best. He could sound the lowest pedal, manage

instant. Olever in both the English and American senses. The first Sunday he presided the folks heart and soul. The second verse was aid that the committee had repaired the even more successful than the first organ. It had not sounded so well for a Everybody felt warmed up to the work. long-time. Its deep and majestic tones shook the air, pervaded the church with olemn harmonies, and made Deacon leaned over the desk and said: "Brother Squaggle's youngest cry. He is not a

monkey. The music that day was a revelation to most of the people, and there was a were a fixed part of our service. At satisfied buzz among the folks on the first, I said, it nearly split the church. steps when the church was out. Things The choir resigned, (resignation no improved from week to week. One or accepted,) and a small tempest raged two who had backslid of late returned. and feally came to church half and to came to hear the music, Deacon Squag- anti-cornetists. The cornetists carried fate, came strolling towards us at that gles reproved their motive and act the day. The storm cleared, and now cepted their renewed pow-rent, com- all is serene. The unsold pews found a placantly.

About the fifth Sunday-after the new administration Parson Midlay announced that the last hym would be sung by the and growing congregation. The dear congregation. With fear and trembling old deacons lament the cause, but rebe given out. After the first bar their New York Independent fears were allayed. There was no mistaking the melody of "Duke Street,' played distinctly and accurately on a single loud stop. At the end the people struggled to their feet, and the singing began. The result was peculiar and not lovely. Did I not feel sure that you know all about it I would give you a detailed description of it. Congregational noise! You have heard it Doesn't congregational singing always remind you of those familiar lines con-

cerning who, "When she was good, she was very, very good And when she was bad; she was horrid," The sermon was lost that day. The cople went home to their dinners dis atisfied, and hoped it would not be tried again.

The next Sunday evening brought the explosion. It was announced in the morning that there would be an extra service of song at half-past seven. At seven the church was full; at halfpast crowded Word had gone about the day we would like to go back to live that something peculiar might be expected. Many backsliders and others came in. "To scoff," Deacon Pipples said. "Would they stay to sing?"

Perhaps so. The service was opened by reading and set piece by the choir. Then Mr. Jones, chairman of the music committee. rose, and to our amazement, called the organist from his seat and introduced him to us. Our organ is behind the pulpit, just where it ought to be. Everybody woke up, and you might have beard a pin drop.

The young man bowed and the follows: "My friends, we meet here every week for prayer and praise. We come several years, until lately; have never importance of music as an aid to these ministrations. From time to time impew owners were indignant, the deacons provements have been introduced into about providing for the table in this land lie I would break down in the delivery, and the choir resigned. The old meet- in all our churches, and trained choirs to with 19 out of 20 who came West with- and told me to "go ahead." He said, ing house was rocked to its foundations. sing the praise of the Lord with the best out a dollar to start are now rich—own "Take the largest house in town, and and all this turmoil because the music skill and art the world has discovered. | better farms than can be found in Cum- charge a dollar a ticket." The audacity committee had, at the suggestion of the organist, put a cornet-player beside the mand the best music, believing the best

people the French arc. Think of hav- spired command, Let all the people ng the same instrument they use in the praise the Lord, is saily neglected of "We have, The searching for high art.

tonogram," he said laughingly; "some | ful red-winged birds, lifeless and swing- to be. A French horn, indeed! Think | delegated our thanksgiving to paid sing-"My friends,' these things ought not ward generation, seeking after ungodly so to be. We should all sing. Let the solemn psalm or cheerful song of thanksgiving. I am aware that congregational provided we praise God musically and singing is viewed with disgust by many.

> me give them to you. " Firstly-Let all sing, young and old. with confidence.

or melody. Of course, the gentlemen will our singing will be easy and effective.

If a thunderbolt had split the gilded

cockerel on the steeple, and rung the graph wires, office, stove, chairs, ware-They could not tell more electrified. The people with one consent sat down in a puddle of disconpretty after the long prayer. Make you wardly set up with much joy. Then in fact every kind of business men rethink of angels, in long clothes, singing the congregation rose as one man, resolved to extinguish the descerating in- crosses at this point, and when com-

> We sang Old Hundred through twice. deacon's wife wiping her eyes furitively Some irreverent person rapped on the little boy said audibly, "Hurrah I wasn't

seemed peculiarly happy. That spiending wanting of old tune of "Christmas," by Father die. Skedaddie!

The next Sunday the man came. He | Handel, was played. Handel believed was a stout fellow, and his cort had very in horns and trumpets. When the glowing melody rang bravely through the church every body rose and scized their acoming. He could reach anything in hymn books with an ardent determina-

Everybody sang. Who could help it? The ringing tones of the trumpet bore everything along with it. At the inter ciofets. Suddenly as he turned over the and play on the lower bank at the same lude between the verses there was a profound hush. The people felt that at last they were really praising God with The congregation had made a discovery. It could sing.
When it was over Parson Mildmay

> Squaggles, let us sing all the verses." We did. From that night congregational singing and the cornet player for two weeks among the people. The church was divided into cornetists and market, Seats in the church became scarce. Even the gallery filled up, and Parson Mildmay is happy over a large joice in the prosperity of the church .-

> > [For THE CARLISLE HERALD.] WALNUT, Bureau County, Illinois, March 23, 1872.

EDITORS CARLISLE HERALD :- Per mit me to state to your readers something about myself and the growing West. I was married in Carlisle, and started for Illinois in the spring of 1850. My reason for going West was because I was poor; was not able to rent a fine house and furnish it, as myself and wife had been accustomed to live in at home, and to hang around Carlisle grasping at every flying straw to keep up a sham ap-You will hear some loud hints that you're solike and moan; pearance. We had too much pride for such a life, hence we resolved to cast

our lot among strangers at that time, in the Far West, hundreds of miles from railroads, markets and on the wild prairies, where we were Lord of all around, as far as the eye could extend; except here and there 15 or 20 miles apart could be seen log cabins. We have never seer in Carlisle. Yet we love the people and have no enemies there, but we could not be so abundantly provided for in Pennsylvania. We have now a valuable farm. and plenty of all kinds of fruit, from our

own planting of the orchard All the land we want, horses, cattle, hogs, honey, sorghum molasses, and everything that heart could wish. Instead of paying 50 cents for a piece of meat as large as two fingers, our smoke house is full of hams, and beef, our poultry yard full of chickens and turkeys. Indeed a salary of \$2,000 would not keep us one year in Carlisle as well as our farm keeps us, for we now number 13 all told; have not had a Doctor within 25 miles of us, for

meals per day and also considerable comour music, till now we have the organ, of plenty. We are surely blessed with anyhow. I was disconsolate now. But the most noble justrument in the world, enough to eat of the very best. So it is at last an editor slapped me on the back berland Valley. Eastern people now of the proposition was charming; days think all the best chances are picked seemed fraught with practical worldly organist, put a correspondent sing none too good for God's service. In this up in Illinois, that is not the case. There wisdom between The proprietor of pursuit of art there is great danger of are plenty of good sights to-day in Illi- the several theatres endorsed the advice, going to extremes. The trained choir nois, from two facts. The Companies and said-I might have his handsome idea of having a horn in church. A should be used everywhere, but not to French horn! You know what wicked the exclusion of the people. The inthe emigrant right through Illinois with- lars. In sheer desperation I took itout even giving them any chance to look on credit, for sufficient reasons. In them as far out into the interior as they lars worth of printing and advertising. can to help to keep up business for the and was the most distressed and fright road in the fiture. Hence don't be ened creature on the Pacific coast. built within the past eight months in was facetiousness in the line of my choir lead, and all join them in the lillinois, opening up a vast amount of poster's, but to me it was plaintive with new sights for the emigrant. One of a pang when I wrote it.

ing town is being built up right before trouble will begin at 8." So many denots are laid out by the so if one or two rules are observed. Let Railroad Company, that the other improvements do not compete with them, from the fact that people are rushing all go into business somewhere in the West "Secondly-Do" not attempt to sing provided their capital would be sufficient. vero grave doubts about that passage. tenor, alto, or bass, give up these parts, Let me say a good wife and willing and join the sopranes in singing the air hands is the Westers capital; if you can get here, luck will follow. Six miles sing it one octave lower than the ladies. west of me, and only 119 miles from The deacon went away sorrowfully, The organ will give the harmony, the Chicago, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, voices the song. By aid of these rules in Whiteside county, is a station called Dear Grove; the Passenger House "Now, to help you, I will have the stands in the centre of forty acres, We sat under a huly organist for years melody played upon a cornet. This outcred twenty years ago. A switch instrument is, loud, penotrating, and and side track, a splendid large water had groaned inwardly under her weekly casfly followed. The instrument and tank and wind pump, while every train stops here. This is the great California Short Route, hence it is the Burlington's best line. And what do you think-this depot has just been completed ! Tele-

house and all, and the company have not a man to put there. Who wants that place? Also, a man is wanted to go into the forty acres; also, a lumber morehant is that I should need help, and would turn wanted, a carpenter, blacksmith, store keeper, tavern-keeper, dress-maker, and quired to make a town. The ship canal | investigate, but respond!" Her voluntaries were remarkable. She strument-resolved to sing the thing pleted will make this a great place. Here is a sight for land and good title; 'I will sell the forty acres at \$25 per acre. and thousands of acres can be had join ing, for \$5 per acre—the richest land in the world. If you doubt, come and see

Yours, &c.,

J. B. Donor.

P. S. Don't consider this as an adis not. These chances will be picked up oasy?"

ont him to the gallows, Nancy Buckson, soon. I have not seen in your paper in
My drawing infirmity of speech so afalive and well, though cross as sver,

H

LET IT PASS. Be not swift to take offence;
- Let it pass! Anger is a foo to sense; Let it pass f Brood not darkly o'er a wrong Which will disappear ere long; Rather sing this cheery sonz—

Let it pass

let it pass

Stilfe carrodes the purest mind; As the unregarded wind, Let it pass Any vulgar souls that live day condemn without reprieve! Tis the noble who forgive, Lot it pass

Echo not an angry word; Lot it pass

Think how often you have oured

Let it pass Since our joys, must pass away Like the dew-drops on the way, Wherefore should our sorrows stay Let them pass Let them pars If for good you've taken ill, Let it pass Oh! be kind and gentle still Let it pass ! Time at last makes all things straight, Let us not resent, but wait,

Let it pass Let it pass Bid your anger to depart, Let it pass Lay these homely words to heart Follow not the giddy throug; Therefore sing this cheery song—

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

And our triumph shall be great

PEOPLE WILL TALK

may get through the world, but 'twill be v slow, you listen to all that is said as you go; ou'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew or meddleseme tongues will have something to do-I quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed That your humble position is only assumed

You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're fool. But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool, For people will talk If generous and noble, they'll rent their spleen

if upright and honest, and fair as the day, They'll call you a rogue, in a sly, sneaking way-For people will talk. and then if you show the least boldness of heart Or a slight inclination to take your own part; They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,

For people will talk. f you dress in the fashion, don't think to escan For they criticise them in a different shape; You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpa But mind your own busines, there's nought to be

made, For people will talk. low the best way to do is to do as you please, For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ea rse you will meet with all sorts of abuse

For people will talk

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST LECTURE. HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF IT. I was home again, in San Francisco without means and without employment I tortured my brain for a saving scheme of some kind, and at last a public lecture occurred to me? I sat down and wrote one in a fever of anticipation. I to lift our hearts to heaven in thankful- paid a dollar Doctor bill or had a day's sickness in the family, we now have 39 all shook their heads. They said nobody make a humiliating failure of it. They-Scarcely a thought enters my head said that as I had never spoken in pub-

around, for it is to their interest to get three days I did a hundred and fifty dolfooled in that way. Second. Over one equil not sleep-who could under such thousand miles of new road have been circumstances? For other people there

these roads passes my place and a thriv- ... Doors open at 71 o'clock. The That line has done good service sinc I have seen it appended to a newspaper advertisement, reminding school pupils in vacation what time next term would begin. As those three days of suspense dragged by I grew more and more unmight not come. My lecture, which had I was so panie stricken at last that I voiced, and said:

"This thing is going to be a failure; the jokes in it are so dim that nobody many threats of violence. will over see them. I would like to me through."

They said they would. Then I wont to have left on a sailing trip, and Nancy to the wife of a popular citizen, and said was accustomed to depart-frequently, that if she was willing to do me a very without announcement, to visit relatives great kindness I would be glad if she in a neighboring town. But that afterand her husband would sit prominently in the new school-house going up on my whole house could see them. I explained | and heavied at a heap of sand, when the | before, though now his hat was buttered towards her and smile, as a signal, when I had been delivered of an obscure joke-"and then." I answered a don't wait to

> with smiles and good nature. He said : ticket. Come, now, what do you say?" the body.

formation of this kind, and doem it footed him that he laughed a specimen walked into the village fresh from a visit going West, should consider this point the article I wanted, and I gave him a the murder was never solved. The not think it enough for the son and I gave him minute instructions about

went away and left him chuckling placidly over the novelty of the idea. I ate nothing on the last three eventful days-I only suffered. I had advertised that on the third day the office would be opened for the sale of reserved seats. crept down to the theatre at 4 o'clock in the afternoon to see if any sales had been made. The ticket-seller was gone, the box-office was locked up. I had to swallow suddenly or my heart would have got out. "No sales," I said to myself. might have known it. I thought of suicide-pretended illness, flight, I thought of these things in earnest, for I was very miserable and scared. But of course I had to drive them away, and prepare to meet my fate. I could not wait for halfand end it-the feeling of many a man doomed to be hung, no doubt. I went down a back street at six o'clock, and entered the theatre by the back door. I stage. The house was gloomy and silent, and its emptiness depressing. I went into the dark among the scenes again, and for an hour and a half gave myself up to the horror, wholly unconscious of everything else. Then I heard a murmur; it rose higher and higher, and ended in a crash, mingled with cheers. It made my hair rise, it was so close to me and so loud. There was a pause, and then another; presently came a

third, and before I wellkney what I was

about I was in the middle of the stage,

staring at a sea of faces, bewildered by the flerce glare of lights, and quaking in every limb with terror that seemed like to take my life away. The house was full—aisle and all! The tumult in my heart, and brain and legs continued a full minute before I could gain any command over myself Then I recognize the character and the friendliness in the faces before me, and little by little my fright melted away, and I began to talk. Within three or four minutes I was comfortable and even ontent. My chief allies, with three mystery was solved-but only for a day. auxiliaries, were on hand, in the par- Of a sudden, 'Ada Ricard, as beautiful uctte, all sitting together, all armed as ever, returned from a month's wanwith bludgeous, and all ready to make dering at New Orleans among the solan onslaught upon the feeblest joke that night show its head. And whenever a been made. joke did fall, their bludgeous came down and their faces seemed to split from ear to ear. Sawyer, whose hearty countenance was seen looming redly in the gill of eighteen, had been engaged for centre of the circle, took it up and the nouse was carried handsomely. Inferior him, and without explanation forbade okes never fared so royally before. him to enter her house. Wilson plunged Presently I delivered a bit of serious into dissipation, and rapidly lost his

natter with impressive unction, (it was character, his business, and his small ny pet), and the audience listened with in absorbed hush that gratified me more fevered energy, to lay his ruin at her han any applause. As I dropped the door, and vowed revenge with the most last word of the clause I happened to determined bitterness. Shortly after he turn and catch Mrs. ——'s intent and made preparations to leave for Europe, waiting eye; my conversation with her but before doing so by some means flashed upon me, and in spite of all I persuaded the girl to take a drive with could do I smiled. She took it for the him. He gave out at the livery stable signal, and promptly delivered a mellow that he was going to an occasional picaugh that touched off the whole audi- nic resort, in a wild gorge among the nce, and the explosion that followed neighboring hills. Neither of them rewas the triumph of the evening! I turned, and two days after the body of thought that honest man Sawyer would | the girl, stabbed to death with a pocket choke himself; and as for the bludgeons, knife, sworn to as Wilson's was found they performed like pile-drivers. But in the turbid water of a brook that my poor little morsel of pathos was threaded "Pienie Gores ruined. It was taken in good faith as buried in an agony of sorrow, by her an intentional joke, and the prize one of loving parents, and the day after the the entertainment, and I wisely let it go | funeral Mrs. Wilson, nec Miss Wallace,

All the papers were kind in the morning; my appetite returned; I had abundance of money. "All'sawell that ends well.

CURIOUS MISTAKES IN IDEN-

TITY. From the volumes of law reports. rem the record of detectives' offices. we might compile page after page of scinating narratives upon this single were in the habit of patronizing a tailor theme, but our limited space permits us to give but a few examples. Those that we note, however, will be found, upon examination, to throw a shade even of idicule on that sublime "reasoning through consistency," upon that unerring calculus of probabilities through which Kepler arrived at the laws of the whole." matter. Newton deduced their formula. and without which we would be to-day almost as ignorant as in the time when Moses called the moon the second in

magnitude of the heavenly lights. In 1851, Captain John' Buckson, master of a sailing vessel, lived with his wife Nancy in a beautiful little cottage | One day, however, he met them, and in the village of Seckonk, near Providence. Rhode Island. He was a man of happy. I had sold 200 tickets among almost spotless character, religious al- how their clothes fitted. my personal friends, but I feared they most to Payitanism, but also very passionate, and that Nancy, being greatly emedia humorous" to me at first, grew younger than himself, and very fair to steadily more and more dreary, till not a look upon, should have grown very fretvestige of fun seemed left, and I grieved ful and unruly, did not add much quietthat I could not bring a coffin on the ness to his temper. They quarrelled stage and turn the thing into a funeral often, and late one evening a neighbor passing the cottage saw through the went to three old friends, giants in sta- open window the husband standing over ture, cordial by nature, and stormy the wife in a threatening attitude, with a long whipcord in his hand, and heard also an uncontrollable burst of rage, and

The next morning the cottage was have you sit in the parquette and help closed and deserted. This, however, ex- walk; as I approached them I heard recited no attention, as John was supposed there the corpse of Nancy Buckson.

The people of the town flocked around the horror, recognizing the deceased, She promised. Down the street I been strangled with a cord, and chloride had been drinking, and was beaming body to hasten decomposition. The cottage was searched, and a whipcord know me, but that don't matter. I exactly to the mark on the victim's bad I wanted to laugh, you'd give me a chloride of lime like that scattered upon place where he could get sober.

"Is your laugh hung on a hair-trigger? | Buckson was arrested, indicted; but vertisement for land speculation, for it that is, is it critical, or can it get off on the day of the trial that would have One morning in 1861, a New Jorsey in the street."

NUMBER 14. how to detect indistinct jokes, and then wharfman complained to his employer that a barrel of pitch had been stolen, trom the pier. The same morning the clerk of a New York hotel complained to his proprietor that Mrs. Ida Ricarddnce well-known in Cincinnati under another name—a woman of marvelous beauty of form and no small charm of feature, but sensuous as Lola Montez, and as frail of character-had suddenly and inexplicably left without paying her bill. The next day there was found floating in the North river a barrel of pitch, and tied to it by a rope around the waist was the corpse of a most beautiful woman, clothed only in a night dress and a pair of stockings. A gag fastened in the mouth was the only mark of violence, but that was sufficient past seven; I wanted to face the horror to evidence murder. The form was of wonderful beauty—such voluptuous beauty as must have served for the model to Titian's Venus. It was noticed, though, the stockings were almost too stumbled my way in the dark among the large for the feet. Upon one of the ranks of canvass scenery and stood on the lower limbs was the cicatrice of an old

The body was interred without recognition, but the head was preserved. A few days after, a gentleman intimately acquainted with Ada Ricard, recognized the face as hers without the shadow of a doubt. The police then interviewed her quasi husband, Charles Ricard, cantiously concealing from him her supposed death. He freely entered into a description of her history and person, spoke with pride of her being obliged to wear stockings too large for her feet, in order to fit the well-rounded limb, mentioned the mark of an old wound and its position, regretted the injury to her beautiful teeth by the loss of one on the left side, and laughed at her having worn ear-rings so heavy as to cut lier ears and necessitate a second piercing yery high up. The stockings, the wound, the lost tooth, and the marks on the cars coincided perfectly with the corpse. Ricard was then shown the preserved head, and fell back in utter horror of sudden recognition. The diers. No further discoveries have ever

Our third and last case occurred in the Summer of 1866, in Luzerne Valley, Pa. Mark Wilson and Miss Wallace, a lovely some months, when she suddenly jilted means. He was frequently heard, with returned from New York with her newly-wedded husband. Who the murdered girl was, and how a knife like that of Mark Wilson's came in her heart, the most rigid investigation never

could discover. THE TAILOR WHO MADE CLOTHES FOR nis Betters.-In Boston, many years ago, there lived (as there do now, we venture to say,) two young fellows: rather waggish in their ways, and who strolled. Says one of them:

"Smith we've been making a bet

Now we want you to make each of us a

suit of clothes, wait till the bet is de cided, and the one that loses will pay "Certainly, gentlemen, I shall be most litppy to serve you," says Smith. And forthwith their measures were taken, and in due course of time the clothes were sent home. A month or two passed by, and yet our friend, the tailor, saw nothing of his customers thinking it was almost time the bet was decided, he made up to them and asked

"O, excellently," says one. bye, Smith, our bot isn't decided, yot.' "Ah !" says Smith, "what is it?" "Why, I bet that when Bunker Hill Monument falls, it will fall towards the south. Bill, here, took me up, and when the bet is decided we'll call and pay you that little bill?" Smith's face stretched to double its usual length, but he soon recovered his

wonted good humor. DRUNK! THAT'S ALL .- " What is it?" l asked a crowd of men upon the side peated shouts of merriment.

"What is there so amusing here?" "The fellow's drunk : that's all." Yes, I did see. It was a young man who, in different circumstances, might noon, a little dog accompanying a pic- have been called good looking. He had nic party in the adjacent woods, pawed evidently been well dressed a few hours merry party examined it; and found, and his clothes soiled ; and it made him a still more pitiable sight to see the evidence that he had come from a good. home. He sat on the dusty wall, his her clothes and her jewelry. She had nead wagging, his eyes winking, and an idiotic smile on his face. As he occa met a man I had nover seen before. He of lime had been sprinkled over her sionally made some senseless remark, the laugh went up from the crowd.

A police officer soon came, who ap-"My name is Sawyer. You don't was found upon the floor, which fitted peared to understand the case, and lifting the poor disgraced youth to his haven't got a cent, but if you knew how | neek; and in the cellar was a box of | feet, he led him off to his home, or some He was drunk; that's all !

And is that not enough? thought I. If that boy-for he was scarcely more than a boy-had a mother worthy of the name; if he has a father who knows what it is to be dishonored by a child; We could not blame Heaven for giv- that bu-" The last word was extin- right that those of your readers who are or two that struck me as being about to distant relatives. The mystery of if he has brothers or sisters, will they

The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,"