Sweet hearts around us throb and beat

Sweet helping hands are stirred And palpitates the veil between

With breathings almost heard

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SISS AND BOB: OR OLD TIMES OVER AGAIN. BY JOHN D MISSIMER.

Come now, Thomas, hear me please, don't talk harsh bout Siss! You know she don't deserve from you hard fool And if she did do wrong this once, if we

You know Siss always loved And did her day's work with the rest-as smart as and hand-

For this you called her often times the bast And, Thomas, think while we are here, and talk-

And softly whitspered in

Who lifted many a heavy load, and dol the work

The model girl for miles around, the pet of you

And Sias was twenty-one last May, which made her

Had formed opinlops of his own. I did not care for I married you, and thought myself the happest in

We never should, while life was spared e'er

threshold more And how you wondered in the gloom what made fancied that Millicent was not averse to Yet all the reason father had: - you were not rich receiving his little, attentions. They

Now Rob's the same, but yet he is the smartest on

So don't be augry with them; more forgive, and try Bob's strong and well and may in time an honored mark make yet; Besides be's saved a little stort, and Siss and he can

If you will—as my father did—the owing tradite forgive. You do? Well that's a husbund dear'l and can I Yes? Oh, but won't she cry for joy on hearing news

like this!

And can I send for them right off? You will not

THE RECTOR'S ENGAGEMENT. The rector of St. Mary's threw himself proud and worldly as his mother had the glance of Millicent, gave her a vague on the sofa in a most disconsolate mood. He was young and handsome and unmarried, and Millicent Dunallan had given him back his troth only the night

Oh. how his heart ached-that heart that had so long been indifferent to the principles. blandishments of the many eligible young ladies of his congregation! With what balmy indifference he had heretofore accepted slipper patterns, all the way from fast. His mother looked quickly up. plain worsted to satin and velvet, claborately braided or embroidered in the richest and softest colors! With what great need, and I like the field. It will book-marks a yard long, in which ro martic misses, had worked so many pleasant for a time, but irksome and unhopes and fears ! And as to dressinggowns, he had a wardrobe full of them, of all shapes and colors. There was gray for meditation, blue for hope, and a look that puzzled him till shot excrimson for comfort. Smoking-caps plained it. also abounded in all variety of styles, from the Persian to the Japanese, although the rector never smoked. And so he had passed through several Christ- asked, when they were alone by them-

came. Millicent, stately and beautiful, with eyes that made one think of heaven, with great coils of golden hair wreathed abharound her head, with a smile that enchanted all who were thrown under its spell-yes, at last a look had conquered the man who at twenty-eight could say, I have never yet seen the woman

hould wish to marry.'
The rector lived in his brother's house and that brother, a wealthy morehant, was Millicent Dunallan's guardian. She was an orphan, and had come there at she added, in the sweet, caressing tone his desire, and that was how the rector met her; and his cool blood was stirred,

"Handsome!' he answered, with hort laugh. 'No.'

'They say she's a good Church-womn,' Mrs. Regley went on, rocking in worldly. No parents for years, you see, call her handsome.

livinely-beautiful, muttered Paul had been so long burning within him. Regley to himself, as he sought his own roum. 'I never saw a woman to comnare with her—never. 'Have you heard Miss Dunailan sing ?

asked his brother, one day, as Paul was standing in the hall, preparatory to leaving for his church study. It was choir night, and he always made it a point to be present at rehearsals. 'No,' he replied, pulling at his gloves

has been here-at least, I don't kno he added, with some confusion. 'Oh yes, two or three times, but you were away. You remember the night you were at Bentley's wedding? We church. It was there I first heard you had a treat. I don't know what to compare her voice to; its melody is perfect

She will brobably run into the choir necting with Stelta. That young lady loes. May be Miss Millicent will sing." vas one of the choir.

'Pshaw! what nonselfse!' he muttered holding the prayer-book upside down for the last five minutes, as, scated in as beautiful in its gioruments as St. his study, he listened for the pleasant Mary's, but, for all that, it is a noble oice that took the lead in the merry at as well as singing.

new leader. Hark! that's not Jenny's oice;' and he held his breath as he the arches of St. Mary's, echoing along the empty chancel, till it seemed like the power to change his purpose. voice of some angel, so clear, so triumphr ant, so soulful. How could Paul for-

nto the dimly lighted church, whose pillars stood like solemn ghosts draped eyes, timid, yet proud and truthful too. sparkled at the few words of commendation that fell from his lips.

'She is a rare jewel,' said Paul to himself. but, I fear, beyond my reach; and and lovers, began to torment himself. But Millicent, though naturally a little

eserved was very gracious to him. Little Stell, his brother's only child, was My father did not like you well, but still I'm groud an innocent and unconscious stiffrulant

Miss Dunallan; and, child that she was, pened. would wonder at the flush in her uncle's the warmth with which he kis

The months passed on, and Paul talked together in the sweet twilight hours, and she sang for him, while the moments, golden-footed, fled, till he was other like;
And when I saw they level as we-1 could not stop together on the Sabbath, and the young look! said Stella, a moment after, quite upon her, or lent their cars with forced attention when she sang; for it was evident to the lookers-on that the rector

was very deeply in love, and that a stranger, scarcely more than a school girl, had carried off the prize. By-and-by it was rumored that the two were engaged. The rector had never seemed so handsome, so radiant, so per- had gone out, as was his wont on that feetly happy in all his life before. Strive particular day of the week. She came against it as he would, when he preached, forward slowly, her soft robos trailing

atry,' he sometimes said to himself, as walked quietly past them with a smile needd or swear?

Not Thank you Tommy dear for that, I know you'll he caught sight of the fair, bowed head, for Stella, not for Paul, and should at the love the pairs | on his entrance to the chancel, and then | window at the farther end of the room, and live to learn that Sistand Bob, like us, are just straightway forgot every thing but his | her slender form perfectly defined, even love What more could be desire? in the fast deepening twilight shadows.

Millicent was beautiful, accomplished, Stella turned her attention upon her well educated, and devout. He would not allow himself to fear that she was Something in Paul's eyes, as he caught

> saint. But the time of trial was at hand. Paul Regley was now to show the strength of his character, the power of his manhood, and the stability of his

'How is it, Paul, about the down-town parish of Ascension?' his brother asked him one morning, as they sat at break-'I think I shall decide to take it, Paul answered briefly. They are in caroless, gentle smiles he had received give me plenty to do, at present I am like a gentleman at retirement-very profitable for one of my temperament.' Millicent's eyes met his; there was new expression in their violet depths-

That was a week after. 'i

'Are you really going to that poor, old-fashioned church down town? she mas seasons uniscathed, till Millicent selves, little Stella's presence excepted. The child sat at the piano, playing her lesson over, and the sweet chords made a pleasant accompaniment to their murmured speech.

'Yes, I am really going. I decided some days ago, and have so signified to my bishop. It is a splendid field for

'But look at what you leave,' Millicent, in a low, melodious voice; 'I should think such a parish as this much more suitable for your gifts and graces, which made her every word musical. to his own great astonishment. I feel drawn toward old Ascension, and Do you call her handsome? his from the start I have coveted harder mother had asked, indifferently, when, work. The schools, the poor and the

Mary's. There is no denying, Millicent,that St. Mary's is somewhat given to pomps and vanities.

Millicent looked troubled. She was her cozy chair before her bright little not prepared for any sacrifice-hardly coal fire; 'still I'm afraid she's a trifle knew the meaning of the word, in factdearly as she loved Paul; and she did and she a rich girl. Her dresses are very love him, though as yet heart had only costly, though very charming too. I'm spoken to heart in mute but cloquent Sundays.' She bent closer to him until rather surprised, my doar, that you don't language. And presently they talked of her innocent lips reached his reached. other things, and Paul sent along the passionate tide of his love the words that looked like an angel.' 'Handsome! She's gloriously-almost

> 'But if I am to be your wife, dear Paul,' said Millicent, after a rapturous hour had flown, 'you must give up Ascension and stay with St. Mary's. ~ Give up Ascension, my love! I have

the rector there. You surely could not ask me to go back of my word?" It is as sacred as my plighted troth to you' 'But for my sake, Paul. I don't want P don't think she has sung since she so go to that parish; she pleaded, her give me, Millicent beautiful eyes bewildering him. . Here I am at home, and so happy! I have made many friends here: Lam getting more and more attached to the dear old

preach, Paul; for my sake don't leave 'Dearest,' it pains me to hear you tall so,' said Paul, his hearthand his courage aucies she can go wherever uncle Paul sinking. You strely would not charm me even from what I hold to be my Paul was in a tremor at this. It was bounden duty. If it is only the forming nore than likely, as his brother's wifer of new ties you dread, that will soon be accomplished. Hand in hand we will go together, and in our grand work forget o himself, when he found he had been our own petty, personal feeling. You will soon like it. Ascension is not quite | one can ever be inspected in tell me the

old church, and more suited to my taste," Millicent looked pained. Little Stella had quietly glided from the room long gan. I hope they will get on with the ago. The rays of the moon, glorious in its fullness, stole in at the Essement and revealed the face of the beautiful girl; istened, and his heart beat faster. It its expression pained Paul bevend dewas Millicent Dunallan's clear, bird-like scription. In vain she plied him with soprano, ringing, flute like, through all arguments; nothing, not even Millicont's sweetest smile, not even hor tears, had

"Proud and worldly!" how the words rang in his ear; his Millicent -his angel How on the farm and in the house she worked bear to thank her! He made his way of home that was to be: 'proud and worldly !

At last Millicent coldly arose, and, n white down the long aisles, into the with shining eyes and trembling lips, choir seats; and Millicent's great viglet | pronounced the words that shut out hope from his heart.

'Millicent, my love ! my love !' he reerated in a voice of anguish, 'you can not surely frean it So trifling a mafter must not separate us. - You are not I kissed her kindly-wept with her-and whisp red forthwith, after the fashion of other men yourself now; by-and-by you will revoke this cruel decision.

'I do mean it, Paul. From this time forth we are only friends;' and she swept out of the room. He tried to think that she" could not

be in earnest, that this mood would pass 'Isn't Miss Milliegut beautiful, uncle away and leave her better a nature a 1 Paul? she often said. 'O, I do love her chance to assort itself. He was mistaken. Paul Regley. Does he know it, I wonso dearly! She's nicer than all the young | She was coldly polite at the breakfast | der? ladies I know. Don't you think so? table next morning, absent at lunch-And then she would repeat some little time, and quiet and distant at dinner: pleasantry, some trifling word she had so much so that it set everybody, even caught as it fell from the ruby lips of the butter, to wondering what had hap- going to Ascension with him, I don't

It was at the close of that unhappy uncle Paul day he threw himself, sick at heart, upon found him there; his face buried in his folded arms, and she came lightly forward and touched his hair.

As he started up, almost wildly, the the hope that it might have been Millicent, repentant.

sobered. *Oo 1? It's the fire-light, perhaps, he answered, wearily.

'Where's Millicent? asked the child.

constanted to see them together. 'I don't know my darling; and then he held his breath, and Stella touched his arm softly, with an arch look. 'Millicent had cuteres, thinking Paul

Millicent's were the eyes for which he along the carpet, and started at Paul looked, hers was the praise he longed and Stella, both regarding her with intent eyes. Then she made a movement God forbid that my love become idelas if to return, but checked herself, uncle again. She felt uncomfortable. said; her face was that of some sweet discontent, child though she was, and she fell to smoothing his hair and kisa-

ing him. Millicent stood like a statue. "Uncle Paul, won't you tell me story?' coaxed Stella, after a pause. My little one, I'm all out of

said Paul, in a changed voice.
'But please tell me one of the old ones,' the child pleaded; only one, and won't ask you for another. It's a long ime since you told me the Rosa story Ah, darling uncle Paul, don't say no !'. 'I have told it a hundred time stella, said Paul, anxious to be gone. 'No matter; come, begin-I'll help you,' the child responded, gracefully You needn't say you were called out a a late hour one night, but begin where you saw the wo nan. What did she say.

'She said she was dying,' repeated Raul, listlessly. 'And a poor little boy--'

'A poor little boy stool sobbing at her hedside.' _!But, it wasn't a boy! Stella, with renewed interest. 'No, it was a little girl dressed in boy's clothes. She had supported her mother by playing the violin on the street, and

the dress was her protection-at least her mother compelled her to wear it, ioping it might save her from rudeness, 'And the mother had been a lady.'

'Yes, once ; years before.'
'No; with proper nourishment and avidently talking with an offort.

Millicent turned, swopt softly by them child from Paul. mother had asked, indifferently, when, work. The schools, the poor and the fillicent turned, swept solly by subject after had dinner, lie lounged into her charities there will be more congenial to like a shadow, and went softly out of me than the pomp and fashion of St. the room. even to his meals,' said his mother half so I trust that the immensity of my and tell me what is up,'

he sensitive child, watching the yearning look with which he gazed after the

treating figure. 'God bless you; little one !', he anwered, in a broken voice. 'And you do look just like an angel your white robes, in St. Mary's, on

haughty fashion.

Millicent said that once; she said you A heavily drawn, almost sobbing breath was the answer. Poor Paul ! he

flame of his love burned higher than Not long after that Stella ran into accepted, and am already looked upon as Millicent's room. "There !"I forgot!" she cried in childish dismay, as she caught Millicent brushing a handkerchief over her eyes.

'I ought to have knocked. Please for-'You are always we Dunaller said, gently 'Do you know what ails uncle Paul?' eried Stella.___ Millicent lifted her head in her old.

'I know!' she answered. tell, child. Your uncle has his moods, like other folks, I suppose. 'Oh!' said Stella, turning her eyes to shone on her clustering curls, on the wise little face resting on one, tiny hand. 'I thought maybo you were displeased 'We with him,' she added, artlessly; 'he tated. looked so. But then I don't see how any

'I heard it between you, said Mills cent, smiling at the recollection. "I wanted you io," said Stella clapping Ler hand, gleefully, "Wasn't it good? He tells it better sometimes -how the and Stella was radiant. So Millicent room was so mean and plain and poor; and there was only a candle on the table, half barned out; and the little vioin lianging at the foot of the bed; and

was just as pretty as a picture then. You've seen her.' "I, child! when have I seen her?" 'Don't tell uncle Paul I told you she's Miss Craymer! and Millicent looked at the child, her face quite hanged.

'Yes, organist at St. Mary's; only hink of it. Millicent did-think of it. For a me ment she was struck dumb. Miss Cray ner! about whose she had thought so often, noting the delicare tints of the girl's complexion, and sweet refinement of her face; noting, also, that Paul always addressed her with almost studied formality; noting how the warm blood

dees just such things all the time. I'm want to hear anybody preach but dear

Millicent's cheeks flushed crimson; the soft in the west parlor, where they there was a choking feeling in her throat, -to March, 1872 :—ED.] had so often sat together. Little Stella and her lips were dry. Through, and through her brain went echoing that name, Miss Craymer; and again she isked herself does Paul know it? Did child laughed. His soul had thrilled to color? did he divine the quick confusion of her manner, or even the pains which she took to hide it? and might not that be one of the reasons why he was so auxious to leave St. Mary's. Dear, self-forgetting Paul !

All at once there came over her an verpowering sense of this man's worth nd grandeur of character. Was he not prines among men whom she had refused because he would not yield to her how the love, true, real, tempestuous, surged up in her heart just then! What had she done. Wreeked her life's house in the country... The wintering of happiness, perhaps. Paul had right to my horses and wild animals, salaries of time forget her; this sweet-faced girl might win him at last. And for a furiously.

'Are you going in to rehearsal tonight?' asked little Stella, after a long

'Yes; is it time?' And Millicent store thom. mrriedly threw on her wraps, telling onorous voico.

As Millicent entered, the quiet little rganist turned, and their eyes met; out this time it was Millicent's glanco hat fell, her cheek that crimsoned, her

ardly looked up. Millicent was fit for nothing the evenng By fits and starts she was gay, but always before he had sought her out; suggested here, commended there. All the singers were talking about it,

her heart was crying out, O, Paul, Paul ! I have lost you !' So the time went on, and Millicent was reconciliation. Paul became the rector of Ascension, and was much of the day busy with his parish duties; so she saw him but soldom.

What was St. Mary's now to Milliegnt, Paul? A good man took his place, a

marry and take a house down town.' 'He is going to," said the merchant. 'What I' exclaimed Mrs. Regley.

Millicent grew cold to the heart. 'I mean he is going down town,'

aid the elder son; laughing at the cousaid Paul would be the single man of the family. But he told me only yes- day. It is very curious to terday that he was looking for a boardhe will find one suitable in that part of had forgiven the impetuous girl; the the city, unless he goes to Mrs. Craymer's : she keeps a few boarders 'near distance of a mile. the Park.'

> How like a dagger every word struck upon Mi'licient's ear! She left the room soon after, and in the privacy of her own 'What shall do? I cannot lose him!' she cried, in agony.

This was on Sunday morning. Presently Stella knocked at her door. 'O, Millicent!' she cried, us she let her in, won't you go to Ascension with me? Uncle Paul can't come for me; he would not go to Ascension; but you will won't von? 'Ho said I wouldn't go " queried Mil-

icient, her heart throbbing hotly. 'Yes; I told him maybe you would ward the glowing grate. The light take me, and he said no, he never expected to see Miss Millicent at Ascen-

'Well?' seeing that the child hesi-

'Then he said, if he only might, or mething like it, and looked so sad. But I told him yes, I knew you would; and you will, won't you? I don't like St. Mary's a bit,' she added with childish energy. 'Wo'n you?' 'Yes, dear, I'll go with you,' said Millicent, crowding down a great sob;

arrayed herself, feeling very humble, but, withal, more really happy than she had ever been in all her life before. It was a little late, and the choir was no fire and no food; and the poor child singing as Millicent entered the old gray herself in rags and tatters, though she loor-way, following the impetuous child to the minister's seat, near the chancel. Paul saw her, and a strange, sweet

peace dropped into his soul 'And a little child shall lead then he thought, with a swelling bosom. He knew Millicent well enough to augur history of zour-Saviour. They earnestly good from her presence. He did not ook up when she rose from her knees, but more than one in that vast congregation thought that day what Millicent and little Stella had said-'He looks like an angel !'

That evening he spoke to Millicent a cy met in the hall. 'Will you go with me, Millicent, to Ascension?

'Yes, if you will take me,' she said, formality; noting how the warm blood would come up in her cheeks at sight of him; remembering how she had said to herself more than once, 'that girl loves Paul Regley. Does he know it, I wonder?'

'Uncle Paul is so good? spoke up the best with the could just hear; and then he opened his arms, are; she found has in the past with the could just hear; and then he opened his arms, are; she found has a plant the past with the could just hear; and then he opened his arms, are; she found has a plant the past with the could just hear; and then he opened his arms, are; she found has a plant the past with the could just hear; and then he opened his arms, are; she found has a plant the past with the past

pen of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as it WHATTEN BY HIMSELF. [The following advance sheets of the he is editor, the N. Y. Christian Union of Feb 28th, 1872 :

oublic.

publication. It brings his history down set some limit to the enterprise of Brother Barnum; with reference a In sending these last pages to the least, to the considerations of public printer in March, 1872, I may say that safety? Here upon our desk, lies an inmy manager, Mr. Coup, his assistants, dication of his last perilous venture! He and myself, have been busy ever since linvites us "and one friend"-no condihe see the timid glance, the varying New Year's in re-organizing our great tions as to "condition" specified—to a travelling show, building new wagons private exhibition of four living canniand cages, and painting, gilding and re- bals, which he has obtained from the pairing the others. One of the great Fiji Islands, for his travelling show, We carved, mirrored and gilded chariots, have beaten up, in this office, among the from England, used by me in 1871, is a lean and tough, and those most easily grand affair, made telescopic, and when spared in an emergency, for volunteers extended to its full height reaches an to visit the Anthropophagi and report altitude of forty feet, on the top of which, but never has the retiring and self-disin our street processions, we place a trustful disposition of our employees young lady, costumed to personate the been more signally displayed. This es-Golders of Liberty. The re-gilding of tablishment was not represented at that in humoring her selfish whims? Oh, this one vehicle preparatory to opening exposition. If Barnum had rememour spring campaign cost about five bured to specify the 'Feeding-time,' we thousand dollars-enough to build a nice might, have dropped in, in a friendly way, at some other period of the day:? I may add that at the above exhibit despise her now; perhaps he would some employees and expenses of fitting up tion several editors brought their properly for the next season, cost over daughters. These blooming young \$50,000. During the winter my agents ladies refused to sit on the front seat, in noment Millicent hated Miss Craymer abroad have shipped me many interest- the fear of being eaten; but I remarked ing and expensive curiosities. Indeed, that there was more danger of some ship after ship has brought me so many of the young gentlemen swallowing rare animals and works of art that I have them alive, than there was from the cansometimes been puzzled to find places to nibals. The bells subsided and were And now comes a joke so huge and

'Well, friend Coup, we have the only

'Yes, sir, that is all very well (but no

Two beautiful Giraffes, or Cameleopand that she must see Miss Craymer ards, were despatched to me, but one although there is serious aspect to it. paged to throw herself upon his bosom these tender and valuable animals that I Every shipment of curiosities that has aid say, 'I will go to the world's end have lost within a year. The only one arrived from abroad this winter, has

with you, if you will only take me back.' on this continent at this present writing served to put my worthy Manager Coup So Stella and Millicent found their way is mine. He is a beauty. I own another, in great agony. into the organ loft. Miss Craymer was which is now in the Royal Zoological 'I tell you, Mr. Barnum, you are getplaying, and Mr. Jackson, the long Gardens, Regent's Park, London, ready ting this show too big, has been reearded tenor filled the church with his to be shipped at any moment should I peated by my perplexed manager unfortunately be obliged to send a hundred times since New Year's. message by the Atlantic Cable announce 'Never mind,' I roply, 'we ought ing the death of my present pet. have a bly show-the public expect it, Other managers gave up trying to and will appreciate it.' import Giraffes several years ago, owing 'So here must go six thousand dollars more for a Giraffe wagon and the horses

som that heaved with an agitation not to the great cost and care attending be controlled, for Paul was there them. No Giraffe has ever lived two to draw it,' says Coup, 'and this make standing very near Miss Craymer, he | years in America. These very impedimore than seventy additional horses that ments, however, incited me to always your importations since last fall has renhave a living Giraffe on hand, at whatdered ndcossary. ever cost-for, of course, their scarcity her usually steady-voice was tremulous. enhances their attraction and value as Not once had Paul spoken to her, and curiosities. I hear that my example has Giraffe in America,' stimulated the manager of a small country can support such an expensive show to try and obtain a Giraffe. I show as you are putting on the road. am educating the public curiosity and with whisporings and sly glances; but taste to domand so much that is rare and plaint continually. valuable, that many managers will soon give up the show business, as several and here is where the joke comes in. I marks the sad history of this locality.

with all its pomp and show, without rate circus riders, a few acrobats or moves cautiously, and looks before he here a thousand times a day, when men's man upon whose locks had fallen more broken down 'ring horses ;' then buying February, 1872, Mr. Coup, Mr. Hurd, In a few moments I heard him pleading nedicial care, she recovered, said Paul, than a sprinkling of the snows of age some ready printed dashy show bills, and several of our leading assistants and with all the intense elequence of ear the father of a whole powful of children, mis-representing their show, they would counsellers called at my house. Their nestness for a loan of a few thousand Then you found that little Rose was little Stella said; and this yoloc was not announce a great menageric and circus, didn't you, and got her to musical nor his manner graceful, though and perhaps clear the cost of their show logubrious; their jaws seemed firmly a railroad contract in which he was then a genius, didn't you, and got her to musical nor his manner graceful, though and perhaps clear the cost of the special and altogether I discovered someongaged. He had been the Superintential for their appearance, and now she is a followed lost their charms a her splendidly sons who are bound to go to the show thing ominous in their appearance. I that was years ago; and now she is a faiends lost their charms; her splendidly sons who are bound to go to the show thing ominous in their appearance. I (It seems so to my friends, perhaps; young lady, and we all think so much of learned prayer book begame hatchil to whatever may be its merits. But the saw their was solid business ahead, but in the State-wealthy, and the companion of capitalists and statesmen. He little morocco, which was a gift to the same old story, and as my Broadway the morocco, which was a gift to the same old story, and as my broadway of the following and the same old story, and as my broadway of the region of the same old story, and as my broadway of the region of the region of the region of the same old story, and as my broadway of the region of the reg

'Uncle Paul, I love you dearly,' said fretfully, one day. 'I wish he would travelling show will serve to elevate and extend public expectations and improve public exhibitions.

Several immense Sea Lions and Barking Scals have also been captured by my serious. Although we, of course, like to he said, too proud to succumb to the agents at Alaska and are added to the 'innumerable caravan.' Some of these acknowledge that your experience is costly establishment, her retinue of sternation he had created. 'I don't marine monsters weigh a thousand greater than ours, we have had a long know about; the marrying. I always pounds each, and each consulmes from and serious consultation this morning, sixty to a hundred pounds of fish per and have unanimously concluded that reality. He further confessed, he leved them floundering in and out of the ing-place. I'm sure I don't see where immonse water tanks in which I transport them through the country. Their tremendous roar may often be heard the only chance of success is to sell off more knew that he was passing through the

Among my_equestrian novelties is an Italian Goat taught in Europe to ride on horseback, leap through hoops and over banners, alighting on his feet on the partment wept, struggled with herself. back of the horse while at full speed. I named him "Alexis" in honor of the Russian Prince. He appeared at Niblo's Garden, New York, in February, and created much onthusiasm.

Numerous artists in different parts of making for my show extraordinary has an extra service. He said you Musical and other Automatons and Moving Tableaux, so marvelous in their construction as to seem onchanted or to oe possessed of life.

But perhaps the most rare and curious addition to my great show, and certainly the most difficult to obtain, is a company of four wild Fiji Cannibals! I have tried in vain for years to secure specimens of these 'man-eaters.' At last the opportunity came. Three of these Cannibals having fallen into the hands of their Royal enemy, who was about to execute, and, perhaps, to eat them, the issionaries and my agent prevailed upon the copper colored king to accept large sum in gold on condition of his majesty's granting them a reprieve and leave of absence to America for three years, my agent also leaving a large sum with the American Consul to be forfeited if they were not returned within the time stipulated. Accompanying them is a half-civilized Canniba voman, converted and educated by the Methodist missionaries. She reads flu-

ently and very pleasantly from the Bible printed in the Fijian language, and she already exerts a powerful moral influence over these savages. They take a lively interest in hearing her read the declare their convictions that eating human flesh, is wrong, and faithfully promise never again to attempt it. The are intelligent and docile. Their characteristid war dances and rude marches, as well as their representations of Can nibal manners and customs, are peculiarly interesting and instructive. It is perhaps needless to add that the bonds for their return will be forfeited. They are already learning to

speak and read our language, and I hope to see my show?' soon to put them in a way of being converted to Christianity, even if by so do 'Well,' I replied, '11' you have lost faith in the discornment of the public, I ing the title of "Missionary" be added to the many already given me by the The following happy hit is from the

Then, laughing beartily, I addéd . appeared in that excellent paper which advice; but I won't reduce the show a well's Island to the Tombs and other chances, that numbered not only refinement, prisons. The consequence is that there casy living and refinement, I will add five or six hundred dollars per are three and four int a cell, hopefully but equipages, velvets, diamonds. Edu-My assembled 'cabinet' eyes in astonishment. with a look of despair, 'Not much,' I replied.

braska, and within five days I will tell you what it will cost to transport my necessary, so as to hit good sized towns every day in the season. If I can do this with sixty or seventy freight cars, six passenger cars and three engines, within such a figure as I think it ought to be dene for, I will do it.'

At the appointed time all met again. The railroad telegrams were generally favorable, and we, then and there, resolved to transport my entire Museum, Menagerie and Hippodrome, all of the coming season, by rail, enlisting a power which, if expended on raversing common wagon roads, would

ANOTHER FLUTTER IN WALL STREET-

"LOTUS" CLUB-&C. And that is poor Coup's deleful com-While visiting a Wall Street friend the other day, I witnessed a revolation But now comes a more serious side, of the 'ald, old-story' that so often have this spring, while others must be had wintered about five hundred horses, A fine looking gentleman, well dressed, too phond to take the first stop toward more liberal and enterprising if they sue- and was proparing to add at least, and evidently possessed of business tact other hundred to my retinue. I induced and energy, came hurrying into the Other hundred to my retinue. I induced and energy, came nurrying the energy many small showmen who my son-in-law, Mr. S. H. Hurd, to sell office, and was accorded a private intercould raise eash and credit ro the amount out his business, take stock in the show, view. The expression of his face be of \$20,000, would get half a dozen cages and become its treasurer and assistant tokened a world of care. It was the of cheap animals, two or three fourth- manager. Hurd is clear-headed, but he same wild, eager look that you will see tumblers, a clown, and three or four leaps. On a cold, clear morning in fortunes are trembling in the balance. Gentlemen, I am right glad to see reviewed his entire career to show that

Manager Coup opened the ball I am very sorry to say, Mr. Barnum. said that honest, good-hearted manager, your show is more than twice too large her so tenderly that he would not ask to succeed; that you will lose nearly her to share his misfortune, and had four thousand dollars if you try to drag concealed from her the skeleton it all through the country, and that your | that was in his closet. She only than half of your curiosities and horses troubled waters of business as he had lone before, and had faith that he would and wagons, or else divide them into

three or certainly two distinct shows.' weather the storm. But now the worst 'Is this a mutiny, gentlemen?' had come and staring him in the face asked, with a feeling and countenance was utter bankruptcy. My friend reafar from solemn. oned with him, but it was of no use. "By no means a mutiny, father,' said | The man was wild. He almost went on Hurd, ' but really it is a very serious his knees in his supplication, and when affair. We have been making a careful the conversation was temporarily adand close calculation.' Here he drew journed, and he came out of the office, I from his packet a sheet of paper covered | never saw on a human face such a pic-Europe have been engaged all winter in with figures, and read from it: 'The ture of human grief. I only recite the expenses of your exhibitions, including instance as one of thorsands in which nearly a thousand men and horses, the men are to blame for not making confiprinting, boards, salaries, &c., will aver- dants of their wives whenever the happiage more than \$4,000 per day. But call it ness of the home circle is threatened \$4,000. You show thirty weeks - and in which women also are at fault for 180 days. Thus your expenses for the persisting in extravagance and indulgtenting season, besides wear and tear ing pride even while they read the telland general depreciation, will be at least | tale of misery in their husband's eyes. \$720,000. This is about twice as much | The pleasant part of the incident is its as any show ever took in in one season, sequel for the next day, the poor fellow except your own, last year. This is the was made happy by the receipt of a year of the Presidential election, which, check for the desired amount. on account of politicial excitement and Wall street recovers from one spasm mass meetings, always injures travelling only to enter another. The last, results

> you cannot get beyond that State in a live stocks in order to raise it. Some of single season, and we compute your re- the banks are suspected of being encoipts at not over \$350,000, which would | gaged in the transaction, and lamentaleave you'h loser of \$370,000. 'Are you not a little mistaken in some of 'corners' as it is called, has become a of your estimates?' I asked, difficult undertaking, however, for it re-'Mr. Barnum, figures never lie,' ex laimed Mr. Coup, with great carnestless, and, pulling a pocket map from Ifis the 'bulls' and 'bears' Crime just now seems to be flowing in

this summer, not going west of Ohio, for money, and compels the sale of specula-

from an attempt made to 'lock up' gold,

which, of course, increases the value of

appetite disposed to sup on horrors.

preast pocket, he opened it, and I saw that he was set down for the next spokesoads more than an average of twenty making a will in favor of his prisoner; broidery or a feather in her cap. She, miles per day,' continued Coup; 'now a woman stabled by a strumpet; a boy unlike myriads of other children, was please follow the lines marked on this cut to death by his consin, and both born to no inexorable inheritance of map, and you will find that we are com- lads less than lifteen years old; a bar- poverty or dirt or crime. The carpenpelled to make seventy-one stands where room tragedy in which a young German ter was a hard-working, honest, domestic there are not people enough within five attendant was forced, in self-defence to old man, whose highest ambition was to niles to give us an average of \$1,000 per day. That will involve a loss of \$213,5 tentiary bird—beaten to insensibility 'that they might never need to take to while attempting with his gang to kill shifty ways to earn a meal.' For Lucy, dents, storms, and other risks, the sea- the proprietor; a drunken wife killed son will be ruinous, if you don't reduce by a drunken husband. Surely all this His wife was a thrifty Scotch-Irish wothe show more than one-half.' 'Coup,' I replied, 'did not thousands

shows. We have carefully looked over

the towns which you will be able to touch

of people come fifty, sixty, a hundred miles last year, by railroad excursions, He confessed that they did.

lease. Writs of hubeas corpus have been | country. She never passed a rich man's have not, and I propose to prove it.' granted in nearly two hundred cases, daughter, delicately dressed, that she Gentlemen. I thank you for your and the prisoners Brought from Black- did not think of these 'chances;'

Father, are you crazy? asked Hurd,

'Now,' I continued, 'I see the show s too big to drag from village to village by horse power, and I have long suspected it would be, and have laid my plans accordingly. I will immediately telegraph to all the principal railroad centres between here and Omaha, Newhole show, taking leaps of a hundred miles or more in a single night when

The 'cabinet' adjourned for five days, and it was worth something to see how astonished, and apparently pleased, the various members looked as they with-

of thus setting on foot a mighty 'army which it is educating will soon demand married, high wages, and the protection of thus setting on foot a mighty 'army with banners.' But if it is wisely appointed that some other hand shall record it, I confidently trust that the American public will bear witness that I found great pleasure in contributing to their rational enjoyment.

P. T. B.

A monament to Shakspeare will be great pleasure in contributing to their rational enjoyment.

P. T. B.

Kickerbocker Life Insurance Company have purchased and moved into one of the most magnifleent buildings on Broadway. They have introduced into their way. They have introduced into their way. They have introduced into their way. They have introduced into the might so gentlemen came about the mill, or lovers to the fouse, but there was the clause compliment from young int as negotiable as a note, and the equiva-

A BLOODY RECORD-AN EXODUS OF borrowed. Each policy also entitles the CRIMINALS-NEW BOOKS-THE ALDINE holder to withdraw a specified amount -A MONUMENT TO SHAKSPEARE-THE

may allow it to remain and draw four SPEAKING of pages, a few years ago a fat drunkard accosted Sol. Shap, then a Senator, for some position, saying: "Bon't you remember me-I used to

him to the verge of ruin, and then burst "you have grown into a volume."

ing into sobs that shook the strong man THE OTHER WORLD. to his heart, and sounded/even through BY MRS. H. B. STOWE. the closed doors, he revealed the true It lies around us like a cloudthat our business here is important and cause of his necessity. He had a wife A world we do not see; Yet the sweet closing of an eye, May bring us there to be, bow to your decisions, and are ready to situation; too worldly to surrender her Its goutle breezes fan our cheek Ainid our worldly cares; Its gentle voices whisper love, And mingle with our prayers servants and dashing style; too hopeful to look through his eyes upon the gaunt

> And in a hush of rest they being The easy now to see.
>
> How lovely and how sweet a pass.
>
> The hour of death may be. To close the eye and close the ear, Wrapped in a trance of bliss And gently laid in other arms To swoon to that-from this. Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep, Scarco asking where we are, To feel all evil sink away, All sorrow and all en Sweet souls around us watch us still

Pass nearer to our side; Into our shoughts, into our prayers, With gentle helpings glide. Let death between us be as naught-A dried and vanished stream Your joy be the reality, Our suffering life the dream

------THE STORY OF LUCY. Last week, in a neighboring city, a udden end came to a little domestic drama, for which we propose to make room here. We believe its meaning

bears more nearly on the lives of a large class of our readers than even the national debt or the choice of the next President. About, twenty years ago, a girl baby ras born to a carpenter and his wife the had five boys already swarming and quabbling about the three roomed-house The baby shared the fate of solitary tions are long and loud. This making girls among brothers. She was the

something rare and unwonted which had

never come into their common life bequires bold men and abundant capital fore; she was the bit of porcelain among since the famous Black Friday, to stir rough crockery; her father and the bigger boys dubbed her 'little lady;' carried her out proudly on Sunday an unusually bloody rut. A murdered afternoons, when their own clothes man found dead in the street, brained were coarse and patched enough; 'Our teams cannot travel with heavy and robbed; another poisoned after but she never lacked a bit of emshoot a ruffian dead; another-a peni- give each of his boys a steady trade, of course, he hoped for something better. in three days is enough to satisfy any man, who had lived in one house at service for fifteen years before her mar-The criminal population by the way, riage, and could command a high salary are in extacles over the decision of the at any time now as housekeeper. Girls Court of Appeals that the Court of Special in the old country,' she said, 'were set Sessions was illegally and unconstitution. to work from the time they could walk. ally organized, and nine-tenths of the They did not need to drudge so here. Penitentiary convicts are seeking re- There were chances for them in a free

> awaiting release. As these jail birds cation placed all men on a level. Her cannot be tried twice for the same of mother's heart was sore and tender. fence it is a reasonable supposition that they will soon be let logso upon the community. Of murderers awaiting trial munity. Of murderers awaiting trial there are twelve.
>
> But to a more cheerful subject, The annual sale of the Book Trade is now in progress, and many of the prominent dealers of the country are present.
>
> Among the new publications appeared. Among the new publications announced, was frank, earnest, affectionate; blushed is a novel by Julian Hawthorne. Scrib-ner & Co. are to re-produce "The Story of the Plebiscite," one of the Erekmain Chatrain series. Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, has issued a supplement to his "War between the States." The same apure maiden, a saving wife, a faithful mother.
>
> She went to school years after her

new novel of Mis. Marig J. Westmore-land, of Atlanta, Ga., published by Carleton, is meeting with a large sale, and has been dramatized. It is entitled "Heart-Hungry," and is well, worthy of the control of the contro perusal. The Appletons are about to who noticed the girl's readiness and issue a "Popular Science Monthly." Winning manner, told homother it was time she was making some provision for Good-bye Sweet Heart" is the last sen-lart, and offered to take her into their sation. Forty thousand copies have houses as servant. But menial work sation. Forty thousand copies have been ordered in advance. James Brooks, editor of the Erening Express, and William! H. Seward, are both engaged in writing up their voyage around the world. "Wisdom Teeth for Little People,"—an educational book for the household, is one of the successes of the day. Another grand success is the now famous "Aldine," an illustrated journal that has done more to stimulate the love of art and improve artists than any publication of the secretary which to Lucy's vague chances was an insult. Even drudgery at home was spared her, that she might run with her school companions, or road the cheap newspapers of the day. Gradually the fine delicacy faded out of her face, her voice grow lood, the quick step dragged. lazily, and it became at matter of course for her to watch her old father work for her while she sat idle. At last the truth came; the elders brothers married; the old man and his wife of ided; a deformed brother kept the house with Lucy, but and improve artists than any publication old man and his who died; a delor brother kept the house with Lucy, and improve artists than any publication of the combined influence of its exquisite typography and lealth are spared me till another spring, I will report the result which it is already telling upon other journals, and the public taste which it is adventing will soon demand.

> ousiness a no r feature, which gives to mill, or lovers to the nouse, but there was the chance compliment from young men on the streets; the encounter or it as negotiable as a note, and the equivalent of a bond, on which money can be. The street-cars going home at flight. There came a day watched over her since she was a baby with a sorer tenderness because no other woman could ever be near or dear to him, cursed her and drove her from the per cent intorest. The plan has been received with marked favor, and has given an impetus to life insurance greater than over.
>
> The 'Lotus' Club, consisting of the The 'Lotus' Clüb, consisting of the prince Bohemians of New York, had a Reception this week that was attended by nearly every artist, operatic singer, actor, editor, and literature known to fame in the metropolis. A woman has hung out her sign as a 'tooth carpenter.'
>
> The theatres have introduced fire and the prince are the prince to present the store are sufficiently with their heavy clang shut on the prince to present the prince of the prince of the stone archives of the store are the prince of the

come again. But she, still living, wont down into a grave from which there is no place of resurroction, though we seek it carefully and with ears. Perhaps it be a page?" "Well," responded Sol., is a story without a moral :- at least a has none, if mothers do not find it for themselves.—Tribune.

in eash, at the end of every year; or he

The theatres have introduced fire apparatus in the oreliegter, where it can be used at a moment's notice. Weather—charming; streets—thronged; fashion—at its full' Dolly Vardens—at a discount; and my pen—like a locomotive; it seems to require a mile or two of track to stop.

Let me 'switch off' here.

SPEAKING of pages, a few years ago: a

with their heavy clang shut on her, not to open for two years. Lucy Whether when they open, her ruined body will be there to drag itself out into the sunlight, again, mutters very little. It may live until old ago. But Lucy, honest, tinselfish, pure in thought, died long ago. If it had been only to sleep with her mother on yonder hill-side, we made the grass green above her, knowing that the child would come again. But she still living, went