



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 42

YOU ALL
MAY HEARD OF
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in 1825.

THEY CURED YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS, And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonic. They are not laxative, purgative, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicine. They are the greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE, Bileases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Bowels.

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD. Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Headache, Burn, Disrupt for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Feet, Dropsical Swelling, or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocation, or any of the above when in a Lying Position, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Eyes, Pains in the Head, Debility of the Nervous System, Swelling of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, or Limbs, Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirit. All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts, the Roots, Herbs, and Bark from which these extracts are gathered. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific process. These extracts are then pressed into this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcohol or substance of any kind in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Sarsaparilla, and is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these Bitters are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere concoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its use is required in a plethoric state of the system, in dyspepsia, debility, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY. There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone to the system, strengthen the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the cause of disease, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a sickly, nervous, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a healthy, stout, and vigorous man.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are the best of all medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of fifty.

Blood Purifiers ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition by the use of these remedies. If you have no disease will ever assail you. The best man in the country recommends them. If you have a honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, April 28, 1867. I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" to be an infallible remedy for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system. Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, April 28, 1867. I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of indigestion, or dyspepsia. I can certify that from my experience of it. Yours, JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH E. KENNARD, D.D., Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of all different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice of medicine, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it will yield, but usually, I do not see it will be very beneficial. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION. Hoofland's German Bitters are counterfeited. The genuine has the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Price of the Bitters, \$1 00 per bottle; Or a half dozen for \$5 00. Price of the Tonic, \$1 50 per bottle; Or a half dozen for \$7 50. The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recalled that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters that are so universally used and so highly recommended, and do not mention any other medicine to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a large profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 633 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO. These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere. Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, to see if it is the genuine. sept 25 '68.

POETICAL.

BE-KIND TO OLD AGE.

Be ever kind to those who bend
Beneath the weight of time;
For they were once like thee, my friend,
In blooming manhood's prime.

But bitter cares and weary years
Have borne their joys away;
'Till nothing remains but age and tears,
And wasting, dim decay.

Life's sweetened hours have hasten'd past,
Its bloom has faded now;
And dusky twilight deepens fast
Along the furrowed brow.

And soon their shattered remnants all
A narrow house receive;
For, one by one, they silent fall,
Like withered Autumn leaves.

Cheer thou the weary pilgrim on
To Jesus' Heavenly fold,
And may the same for thee be done,
When thou, thyself art old.

SPRING.

With a dancing step, and a voice of song,
With a flowering wreath her locks among,
Gaily tripping the fields along,
Cometh joyous Spring.

With a mantle of green, and an eye of blue,
With a breath as fragrant as morning dew,
Bright as a rain drop the sun looks through,
Cometh fairy Spring.

Anon with a smile, and again with a tear,
Brushing away the dead leaves sere,
And strewn flowers of 'er Winter's tier,
Cometh gentle Spring.

With hope in her hand, and joy in her eye,
Scattering blessings as she passeth by,
And we catch her vanishing form with a sigh
For departing Spring.

About the middle of July, my conviction was verified by the appearance of a dark-complexioned cavalry captain, who registered his name on the tavern books as plain John Smith. This interloper on my rightful domain no sooner established himself, than he commenced courting the schoolmistress with all his military might and faculty. His advent brought home to me—the knowledge that I had a deeper feeling for Miss Gardner. I met them one moonlight night returning from a drive along the beach; and as they rolled past, a great throb of my heart told me that henceforward there was to be a struggle for victory between myself and the cavalry captain.

Thus matters stood at present, and I turned them over in my mind as I waded through the clover-tops and crossed the long meadow below the house. It was a sunny, dreamy August day. The elms along the road dropped their branches listlessly in the heat, and the sun shone like a silver shield. The captain had gone fishing, and I had taken advantage of this glorious opportunity to ask the little schoolmistress to go rowing with me. She assented, for it was her half-holiday; and so we had rowed leisurely around the Point to the beach, where we had just now found the crab, and where, incredible as it may seem, she had actually called me a dear.

'Aunt Mary,' said I, when I reached the door of the porch, 'I want a basket.'

'What for?' she asked.

No one ever laid down a proposition to Aunt Mary that she did not reply to by asking either 'which' or 'what for?' It was a weakness she had.

This time I laughed in her face.

'Well,' she said snappishly, 'the only one I know on that isn't in use your Uncle Hezekiah's got, down to the Cove, clammin'. That one's in use, tew.'

I turned away and rummaged successively, the barn, the corn crib and the carriage shed, in a fruitless search for something that would answer my purpose.

I had offended Aunt-Mary by not answering her question, and she would give me no assistance. Finally, after nearly an hour's delay, I seized as a last resort the waterpail and started back to the beach.

When I arrived at the spot I had left, the schoolmistress was no longer there. I looked up and down the shore, but could see nothing but my hat, which propelled by some unseen power, was slowly and laboriously traveling up the beach. The boat, too, was gone. I recovered my tile, and in so doing liberated our ugly captive, on whose account I had already been put to so much trouble. But where was Miss Gardner? Was she playing me some trick? Had the cavalry captain made a coup d'etat in my absence and carried her off? Neither of these things seemed likely, but where was she?

I ran along the sand and mounted a great rock which jutted out into the water. In a great deal of distress, I shaded my eyes with my hand, and gazed earnestly, far and near, over the sleepy, shiny sea. Ah! could that be she? That black speck upon the water? Yes, for in a moment I could distinguish the waving of a handkerchief. There could be no one with her, and it needed but little reflection to convince me that the schoolmistress was alone in the boat, and was drifting out to sea.

Still I was puzzled to know how it was that she had left herself float helplessly away from the shore without making an effort to save herself, for I knew that Miss Gardner was almost as good a sailor as I. However, there she was; at all events; and I ran up and down the shore several times in a state of semi-distraction. There was not another boat within miles, and every second of delay separated me farther from my life. At that moment I knew how much I loved her.

At last, in utter desperation, I threw off my coat and boots, and waded into the water. I had been an excellent swimmer from boyhood, and with so smooth a sea and the tide running out, I felt hopeful of gaining the boat.

I swam steadily on until I was tired, and then turned over on my back to rest. It seemed an age before I reached the schoolmistress, and I became so thoroughly exhausted that I was several times on the point of letting myself sink in despair. Then the thought of sharks came over me, and I became seized with a wild panic, and swam on as though swimming for life, as at last it really was. I had gone so far from shore that to return would be impossible, and I knew that the only chance for my own salvation was to reach the boat.

As I neared the boat, I saw the poor little schoolmistress in the bow heading towards me in agony of supplication. By my direction she retired to the farther side, while I clambered in, and then suddenly fell down at my feet, sobbing bitterly.

I raised her up and waited until this paroxysm had subsided.

'There,' said I, 'you are quite safe now.'

'Alas, no,' she said, 'You will be one more. What hope is there for either of us?'

I looked around the boat, and my heart sank within me. Not a thing did it contain beside ourselves. The oars had been left on shore.

'There is hope where life is,' I replied.—'The flood tide will surely carry us back again.'

'We could do nothing but sit still and await its turning. I tried to lead Miss Gardner's attention away from our fearful situation, and with that end in view, I talked of other things. I told her stories, I quoted poetry, we discussed botany, geology, and philosophy; we sang songs together; and when we tired of all these things, we made puns at each other, and laughed until tears rolled down our cheeks.

The sun descended into the sea a scarlet, fiery ball, and then the heavenly hosts came out in countless myriads, and we saw the

glittering armies form together and take up their march through space. Under the glorious dome of night we drifted out upon the darkening sea.

I was wet and cold, and so the little schoolmistress modestly removed one of her skirts and insisted on wrapping it around my shoulders. I told her that we would divide the night into watches, and that mine should be the first, but she stoutly declared that we should watch together. Before long, however, her eyelids began to droop, determination gave way to nature, and Miss Gardner leaned against me and fell fast asleep. For the first time in my life I clasped her tightly in my arms. We were alone beneath the stars, drifting helplessly out upon an unknown sea, but I would not have exchanged those precious moments for the happiest ones I had ever passed on shore, nor would I for a kingdom lose my remembrance of them now.

It was nearly midnight when she unclosed her eyes and looked up into my face.

'Where are we?' she asked.

'We're afloat, we're afloat,' I said, and cheerily tried to strike up 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'

She smiled faintly, but lay in my arms quite still.

'Has the tide turned yet?'

'I expect it has; but it don't seem to make much difference to us.'

'Is there nothing before us then?'

'I see nothing but water,' said I, looking around.

'And death?'

'And death?' I repeated. 'But death with you will be sweet. For me life is nothing.'

I bent down over her more closely. She made no reply; but her little hand stole gently and softly into mine.

'For all time?' I asked.

'For all time,' she said, whether we live or die.

Now might the winds and the waves do their worst. Now might the Heavens fall and the earth stand still. What would it matter to me?

We were floating, floating silently on, but in the depth of my joy I cared not. It was intoxication—delirium. Had I the means, I would not have returned. So I sat still, holding her closely to me, and showering my kisses upon her lips.

The night seemed scarce begun before morning painted her first gray streaks across the east. By our united exertions we succeeded in tearing off one of the long rib cleets from the side of the boat, and after half an hour's vexatious labor, I succeeded in raising it in the bow with the white skirt stretched across it for a sail, which, after all, was not so much of a sail as a signal of distress. I now began to feel the distress of a raging thirst; but my companion was so still and uncomplaining that I felt ashamed to say anything of my own misery.

Slowly, step by step, the sun mounted the stairs of day, and the sea became hot, and burned our eyes like molten metal. The land vanished in the night, and we were alone upon the barren waste of waters. At last, toward noon, I spied, far upon the horizon, a tiny, snow-white speck, and we sat breathlessly watching it as we came nearer and nearer. In an hour my straining eyes detected the white wings of a yacht, and then the little school-mistress plied me with a hundred eager questions.

Did I think they would see us? Was our sail big enough, or our mast high enough? Would they not be likely to pass us by and leave us? How far off are they? How long would it take them to reach us?

Our fears were soon put to rest, for the yacht suddenly altered her course a little, and bore straight down upon us. The wind was very light, and it seemed a year before it came within hailing distance. On the forward deck stood a tall man, whom I recognized at once as the cavalry captain. Strange as it may seem, the old feeling came back to me in a quick, hot flash, and at that moment I wished both him and his yacht at the bottom of the sea.

'Hullo, my boy! Here take this line,' he shouted, cheerily, throwing a coil of rope across to me, while the vessel luffed up into the wind. I made him no reply, but sat motionless.

'Zounds, man!' he continued, 'are you deaf? What's the matter with you?'

The boats drifted together, and he reached down and made fast to us with a boat hook. Then he lifted my school-mistress up over the side, and, to my utter astonishment, she immediately threw her arms around his neck, and burst into tears.

'Ho's my brother,' she said, laughing and crying together, and with this explanation I was satisfied.

I was so stiff with salt water and exposure that I could hardly move. The captain helped me tenderly into the cabin and put me to bed, while I resigned my companion to his care with a confidence as sudden as it was implicit.

It is nearly three years since I made my memorable voyage with the school-mistress. We live together now in a little cottage overlooking the beach where she first called me a dear; and the incidents of that eventful afternoon and following night have, to-day, been vividly brought back to my remembrance, by the reception of two newly engraved wedding cards, whereon were inscribed the names of the cavalry captain and my cousin Nellie.

A geological student being asked the other day where arsenic was found, replied that it was very often found in the stomachs of dead women.

An eminent Swiss naturalist says that without birds success in agriculture is impossible.

'Pride goeth before a fall.' It often goes before a waterfall.

Affecting Scene:

A correspondent writing from Liverpool, narrates a touching incident that happened on the voyage of one of our packet ships, so well told and so characteristic of a noble-hearted sea captain, that we copy it entire: "A little girl was returning to England in charge of the captain. She was the only female on board, and by her sweet simplicity had won the love of the noble captain and passengers. The poor child was very, very sick, nearly all the way; and became much reduced in strength. One dreary night, the fancy struck her that soda water would be refreshing. Spasms of the stomach almost immediately ensued, and before the morning came the little sufferer had passed away to a better world; mourning most of all, that no mother's gentle hand would close her eyes in their last sleep, nor a mother's prayer linger last upon her departing ear.

But the great stalwart Captain had almost a mother's heart. He whose voice could be heard high up aloft, when the tempest raged in his fury, had tones of gentleness and love for the poor-dying child; and though he scarce knew the word fear, tears fell like rain from his eyes upon the wasted face of the little corpse.

Beautiful, most beautiful—though full of gloom—was the scene presented in that cabin on that wild-winter's night—With exquisite delicacy and almost sacred tenderness was the corpse laid out and preserved. But another trying time for the generous Captain was yet to come, for he knew that the mother would hasten to the dock gates to meet her child the moment the ship's arrival was telegraphed. And she did. The Captain saw her in an instant, and as soon as the ship got near enough to enable her voice to be heard, she could no longer restrain herself, but cried out in tremulous accents—'Is Mary on board?'

The poor captain scarcely knew what to say, but requested the mother to go to his hotel and he would soon be with her. I dare not attempt a description of the subsequent scenes of this simple, though sad drama.—Suffice it to say, that when Thomas B. Cropper goes to his last account, of this touching incident it will surely be said—inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my little ones ye did it unto ME.'

Boundlessness of Creation.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led us to see a system in every star; the other leads us to see a world in every atom. The one taught us that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries; is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches us that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told us of the insignificance of the world we tread upon; the other redeemed it from all insignificance; for it tells us, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested the thought, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scene of the universe. The other suggests that beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisible—and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy had unfolded—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but nevertheless, where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of His attributes—where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of his glory.

Beauty of the Heavens.

How delightful to contemplate the heavens! We can find no limit, no boundary—Millions of miles may be traversed from any given point of space, and still the heavens appear limitless. Infinity is stamped upon them. And with what gorgeous splendor and magnificence is that curtain adorned!—In every direction is studded with worlds, suns and systems, all harmoniously moving in perfect and undeviating obedience to the Almighty will. The soul, in such a contemplation, is absorbed. Earth ceases to hold us with its silver chain. The mind, set free from grovelling pursuits, mounts up as if on the wings of an eagle, and soars away through immensity of space, surveying and admiring the innumerable revolving orbs, which, like so many 'crowns of glory' and 'diadems of beauty,' sparkle that firmament 'whose antiquity is ancient days,' and which so wonderfully attest that the hand that made them is divine!

The immense distance of the fixed stars claims our attention, and awakens the most enrapturing feeling in the mind. Reason is compelled to give the reins to imagination, which tells us that there are stars so distant that their light has been shining since the creation, and yet, amazingly rapid as light travels, no ray from them has yet reached us!

A LEARNED NEGRO.—Two Samboes were one day lying on a wood pile sunning themselves, when one of them suddenly broke forth in the following manner: 'I say, Ike does yer tink dis world turns round on a axletree?'

'Well, Sam, I does't know; what does you tink?'

'Why, de world can't turn round on de axletree, 'cause it would come in contact wid de 'chinery ob de globe, but de engine, run de cars off de track, and squash all de passengers!'

'Sam, you is a larned nigger.'

The Printer.

How few who read the newspapers stop to consider that every letter must be picked up separately, and that between each word must go one or more 'spaces.' Glance over the page of a newspaper, and think how many letters it takes to fill its columns.

One can imagine how swiftly the expert fingers of the compositor must fly over the case.

The book or newspaper printed, the types must be again replaced into their respective boxes. It requires no little skill to 'distribute' rapidly and with correctness. It is so easy to drop two letters instead of one, and damp type will stick together so provokingly sometimes.

The best informed of all large working classes are the compositors, they are familiar with the current literature of the day, possessing a thorough knowledge of national, State, and local matters, well versed in foreign gossip, belles lettres, and people, with geography, mathematics, and the statistics of the country.

Daily the written thoughts of our best and ablest men lie on their cases; the prose and poetry of this and other lands pass continually through their hands—thus while they labor they obtain knowledge. This very labor wearing as it is on life and health, improves the mind, and educates the compositor in a manner more useful, self-sustaining, and systematic than that afforded by our fashionable schools.

We would recommend those who never witnessed the labor of getting up a newspaper to visit the printing room and see the patience, toil, and practice it requires to produce a presentable sheet.

General Phil Kearney.

We are informed by a prominent lawyer of this city, that while sojourning in Amboy last night, he passed a pleasant hour in company with a former rebel officer, who was attached to Stonewall Jackson's division of the Confederate army—during the war, and who related an interesting reminiscence of the death of General Kearney, of which sad event he was an eye witness: 'The gallant Kearney,' he said, 'received his death wound from a private in my command, and when he fell from his horse, I hastened, with many others, to the point where he lay, not supposing that his wound was a mortal one.—Just as we reached his body, however, his limbs gave one convulsive quiver, and then all was over. Seeing that he was a major general, word was sent to headquarters at the spot immediately gave one glance at the dead officer's features, and exclaimed, 'My God boys, do you know whom you have killed? You have shot the most gallant officer in the United States army. This is Phil Kearney, who lost his arm in the Mexican war.' He then involuntarily lifted his hat, every officer in the group following the example, and for a moment a reverential silence was observed by all. Subsequently the body of the dead soldier was placed upon two boards, and when being removed by headquarters, was followed by General Jackson, General Ewell, and other officers, while a regimental band preceded it, playing the dead march.'—Newark Courier, N. J.

Noble Sentiment.

'This is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the objects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where before we beheld deformity, and listen to harmony, where before we could hear nothing but discord.—To be sure there is a great deal of anxiety and vexation to meet; we cannot expect to sail upon a summer sea forever; yet if we preserve a calm eye and a steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm as to avoid the quicksands, and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck.

'We are members of one great family; we are all travelling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the free air, we are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down on the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming then that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should injure neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellows; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to the tale of scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our lips; and from our hearts let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as from a fountain, so the 'golden age' will become no fiction, and the 'island of the blessed' bloom in more than Hesperian beauty.'

Fifteen Young Men.

At a respectable boarding-house in New York a number of years ago, were fifteen young men. Six of them uniformly appeared at the breakfast table on Sabbath morning, shaved, dressed and prepared for public worship, which they attended both forenoon and afternoon. All became highly respectable and useful citizens. The other nine were ordinarily absent from the breakfast table on Sabbath morning. At noon they appeared at the dinner table, shaved and dressed in a decent manner. In the afternoon they went out, but not ordinarily to church; nor were they usually seen in the place of worship. One of them is now living and in a reputable employment; the other eight became openly vicious. All these failed in business, and are now dead. Some of them came to an untimely and awfully tragic end. Many a man may say as did a worthy and wealthy citizen, 'The keeping of the Sabbath saved me.' It will, if duly observed, save all. In the language of its author, 'they shall ride upon the high places of the earth.'

The harness of life—the traces of time.

MISCELLANY.

SWIMMING FOR LOVE.

'Mercy! The horrid thing! What shall we do with him now?'

Miss Gardner applied the remark to a wretched crab which she had discovered in our peregrinations along the beach, and had succeeded, after half an hour's patient labor, in extricating from between the huge stones.

'I am sure I don't know,' said I. 'Can't we put him into the boat?'

'Oh dear! no. He'd crawl all around.—Besides, we've got the boat half-full of shells and things already.'

'Well, then, we've to leave him bebid.'

'No, we musn't. I want to keep him.—I'll tell you what. You run up to the house and get a basket—that's a dear.'

Miss Gardner turned her blue eyes toward me in a way that was not to be resisted.—She had never called me a dear before; and I became so exhilarated at the sound that I immediately clapped my hat over the unfortunate crab, told the young lady to put her foot on it, and started away bare-headed toward the house at the top of my speed.

I had run a dozen yards, when the conviction that I was making a fool of myself, made me stop and look back. Miss Gardner sat on the side of the boat laughing merrily, with her bewitching little foot on the rim of my hat, and waving me on with her hand. So I dashed forward again.

For two months I had been pondering what mysterious attraction it was that drew me towards this girl. She was very pretty, but at that time this was no enchantment in my eyes. In fact, I was very chary of pretty faces, and never approached one without a certain degree of suspicion.

My first meeting with Miss Gardner was unpleasant. I felt that I almost disliked her. She had such grand hauteur, and seemed to feel such a serene indifference to my presence that my self-love was hurt. But at that time I was a victim to an unbounded admiration for my cousin Nellie; a fancy which, as the summer wore on, melted away under Miss Gardner's magnetic influence like snow beneath the sun.

She had come to us early in June in the capacity of a country school teacher, when the meadows were green and the pastures were sprinkled with a golden dust of dandelions. She carried her reserve into the school-room with her too; and yet the children, by her potent spell, were drawn to her at once. Withburg had about as wild a set of boys as any village in the country, but I don't believe there was one of them who would not have gone through fire and water for Miss Gardner.

In consequence of this, the female portion of the community called her 'stuck-up,' and little Polly Smith, whose mother kept the post office at the Corners, told me quite confidently one day that she thought Miss Gardner was awfully conceited, and 'put on a great many airs for a schoolmistress.' But when I came to know Miss Gardner better, I found a bithomes heart under this cold exterior, and discovered that after all she was as merry as a minx when occasion required, as any other girl in Withburg. So by degrees I learned to like her, and it soon became quite a regular thing for Nellie to ask her to join in our afternoon strolls. Alas! before the summer was gone, poor Nellie herself was left out of our calculations entirely.

I had a dim suspicion—I know not how it came—upon what it rested—that Miss Gardner had passed through the ordeals of what the French call an affair of the heart,

glittering armies form together and take up their march through space. Under the glorious dome of night we drifted out upon the darkening sea.

I was wet and cold, and so the little schoolmistress modestly removed one of her skirts and insisted on wrapping it around my shoulders. I told her that we would divide the night into watches, and that mine should be the first, but she stoutly declared that we should watch together. Before long, however, her eyelids began to droop, determination gave way to nature, and Miss Gardner leaned against me and fell fast asleep. For the first time in my life I clasped her tightly in my arms. We were alone beneath the stars, drifting helplessly out upon an unknown sea, but I would not have exchanged those precious moments for the happiest ones I had ever passed on shore, nor would I for a kingdom lose my remembrance of them now.

It was nearly midnight when she unclosed her eyes and looked up into my face.

'Where are we?' she asked.

'We're afloat, we're afloat,' I said, and cheerily tried to strike up 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'

She smiled faintly, but lay in my arms quite still.

'Has the tide turned yet?'

'I expect it has; but it don't seem to make much difference to us.'

'Is there nothing before us then?'

'I see nothing but water,' said I, looking around.

'And death?'

'And death?' I repeated. 'But death with you will be sweet. For me life is nothing.'

I bent down over her more closely. She made no reply; but her little hand stole gently and softly into mine.

'For all time?' I asked.

'For all time,' she said, whether we live or die.

Now might the winds and the waves do their worst. Now might the Heavens fall and the earth stand still. What would it matter to me?

We were floating, floating silently on, but in the depth of my joy I cared not. It was intoxication—delirium. Had I the means, I would not have returned. So I sat still, holding her closely to me, and showering my kisses upon her lips.

The night seemed scarce begun before morning painted her first gray streaks across the east. By our united exertions we succeeded in tearing off one of the long rib cleets from the side of the boat, and after half an hour's vexatious labor, I succeeded in raising it in the bow with the white skirt stretched across it for a sail, which, after all, was not so much of a sail as a signal of distress. I now began to feel the distress of a raging thirst; but my companion was so still and uncomplaining that I felt ashamed to say anything of my own misery.

Slowly, step by step, the sun mounted the stairs of day, and the sea became hot, and burned our eyes like molten metal. The land vanished in the night, and we were alone upon the barren waste of waters. At last, toward noon, I spied, far upon the horizon, a tiny, snow-white speck, and we sat breathlessly watching it as we came nearer and nearer. In an hour my straining eyes detected the white wings of a yacht, and then the little school-mistress plied me with a hundred eager questions.

Did I think they would see us? Was our sail big enough, or our mast high enough? Would they not be likely to pass us by and leave us? How far off are they? How long would it take them to reach us?

Our fears were soon put to rest, for the yacht suddenly altered her course a little, and bore straight down upon us. The wind was very light, and it seemed a year before it came within hailing distance. On the forward deck stood a tall man, whom I recognized at once as the cavalry captain. Strange as it may seem, the old feeling came back to me in a quick, hot flash, and at that moment I wished both him and his yacht at the bottom of the sea.

'Hullo, my boy! Here take this line,' he shouted, cheerily, throwing a coil of rope across to me, while the vessel luffed up into the wind. I made him no reply, but sat motionless.

'Zounds, man!' he continued, 'are you deaf? What's the matter with you?'

The boats drifted together, and he reached down and made fast to us with a boat hook. Then he lifted my school-mistress up over the side, and, to my utter astonishment, she immediately threw her arms around his neck, and burst into tears.

'Ho's my brother,' she said, laughing and crying together, and with this explanation I was satisfied.

I was so stiff with salt water and exposure that I could hardly move. The captain helped me tenderly into the cabin and put me to bed, while I resigned my companion to his care with a confidence as sudden as it was implicit.

It is nearly three years since I made my memorable voyage with the school-mistress. We live together now in a little cottage overlooking the beach where she first called me a dear; and the incidents of that eventful afternoon and following night have, to-day, been vividly brought back to my remembrance, by the reception of two newly engraved wedding cards, whereon were inscribed the names of the cavalry captain and my cousin Nellie.

A geological student being asked the other day where arsenic was found, replied that it was very often found in the stomachs of dead women.

An eminent Swiss naturalist says that without birds success in agriculture is impossible.

'Pride goeth before a fall.' It often goes before a waterfall.

Affecting Scene:

A correspondent writing from Liverpool, narrates a touching incident that happened on the voyage of one of our packet ships, so well told and so characteristic of a noble-hearted sea captain, that we copy it entire: "A little girl was returning to England in charge of the captain. She was the only female on board, and by her sweet simplicity had won the love of the noble captain and passengers. The poor child was very, very sick, nearly all the way; and became much reduced in strength. One dreary night, the fancy struck her that soda water would be refreshing. Spasms of the stomach almost immediately ensued, and before the morning came the little sufferer had passed away to a better world; mourning most of all, that no mother's gentle hand would close her eyes in their last sleep, nor a mother's prayer linger last upon her departing ear.

But the great stalwart Captain had almost a mother's heart. He whose voice could be heard high up aloft, when the tempest raged in his fury, had tones of gentleness and love for the poor-dying child; and though he scarce knew the word fear, tears fell like rain from his eyes upon the wasted face of the little corpse.

Beautiful, most beautiful—though full of gloom—was the scene presented in that cabin on that wild-winter's night—With exquisite delicacy and almost sacred tenderness was the corpse laid out and preserved. But another trying time for the generous Captain was yet to come, for he knew that the mother would hasten to the dock gates to meet her child the moment the ship's arrival was telegraphed. And she did. The Captain saw her in an instant, and as soon as the ship got near enough to enable her voice to be heard, she could no longer restrain herself, but cried out in tremulous accents—'Is Mary on board?'

The poor captain scarcely knew what to say, but requested the mother to go to his hotel and he would soon be with her. I dare not attempt a description of the subsequent scenes of this simple, though sad drama.—Suffice it to say, that when Thomas B. Cropper goes to his last account, of this touching incident it will surely be said—inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my little ones ye did it unto ME.'

Boundlessness of Creation.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led us to see a system in every star; the other leads us to see a world in every atom. The one taught us that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries; is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches us that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told us of the insignificance of the world we tread upon; the other redeemed it from all insignificance; for it tells us, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested the thought, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scene of the universe. The other suggests that beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisible—and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy had unfolded—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but nevertheless, where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of His attributes—where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of his glory.

Beauty of the Heavens.

How delightful to contemplate the heavens! We can find no limit, no boundary—Millions of miles may be traversed from any given point of space, and still the heavens appear limitless. Infinity is stamped upon them. And with what gorgeous splendor and magnificence is that curtain adorned!—In every direction is studded with worlds, suns and systems, all harmoniously moving in perfect and undeviating obedience to the Almighty will. The soul, in such a contemplation, is absorbed. Earth ceases to hold us with its silver chain. The mind, set free from grovelling pursuits, mounts up as if on the wings of an eagle, and soars away through immensity of space, surveying and admiring the innumerable revolving orbs, which, like so many 'crowns of glory' and 'diadems of beauty,' sparkle that firmament 'whose antiquity is ancient days,' and which so wonderfully attest that the hand that made them is divine!

The immense distance of the fixed stars claims our attention, and awakens the most enrapturing feeling in the mind. Reason is compelled to give the reins to imagination, which tells us that there are stars so distant that their light has been shining since the creation, and yet, amazingly rapid as light travels, no ray from them has yet reached us!

A LEARNED NEGRO.—Two Samboes were one day lying on a wood pile sunning themselves, when one of them suddenly broke forth in the following manner: 'I say, Ike does yer tink dis world turns round on a axletree?'

'Well, Sam, I does't know; what does you tink?'

'Why, de world can't turn round on de axletree, 'cause it would come in contact wid de 'chinery ob de globe, but de engine, run de cars off de track, and squash all de passengers!'

'Sam, you is a larned nigger.'

The Printer.

How few who read the newspapers stop to consider that every letter must be picked up separately, and that between each word must go one or more 'spaces.' Glance over the page of a newspaper, and think how many letters it takes to fill its columns.

One can imagine how swiftly the expert fingers of the compositor must fly over the case.

The book or newspaper printed, the types must be again replaced into their respective boxes. It requires no little skill to 'distribute' rapidly and with correctness. It is so easy to drop two letters instead of one, and damp type will stick together so provokingly sometimes.

The best informed of all large working classes are the compositors, they are familiar with the current literature of the day, possessing a thorough knowledge of national, State, and local matters, well versed in foreign gossip, belles lettres, and people, with geography, mathematics, and the statistics of the country.

Daily the written thoughts of our best and ablest men lie on their cases; the prose and poetry of this and other lands pass continually through their hands—thus while they labor they obtain knowledge. This very labor wearing as it is on life and health, improves the mind, and educates the compositor in a manner more useful, self-sustaining, and systematic than that afforded by our fashionable schools.

We would recommend those who never witnessed the labor of getting up a newspaper to visit the printing room and see the patience, toil, and practice it requires to produce a presentable sheet.

General Phil Kearney.

We are informed by a prominent lawyer of this city, that while sojourning in Amboy last night, he passed a pleasant hour in company with a former rebel officer, who was attached to Stonewall Jackson's division of the Confederate army—during the war, and who related an interesting reminiscence of the death of General Kearney, of which sad event he was an eye witness: 'The gallant Kearney,' he said, 'received his death wound from a private in my command, and when he fell from his horse, I hastened, with many others, to the point where he lay, not supposing that his wound was a mortal one.—Just as we reached his body, however, his limbs gave one convulsive quiver, and then all was over. Seeing that he was a major general, word was sent to headquarters at the spot immediately gave one glance at the dead officer's features, and exclaimed, 'My God boys, do you know whom you have killed? You have shot the most gallant officer in the United States army. This is Phil Kearney, who lost his arm in the Mexican war.' He then involuntarily lifted his hat, every officer in the group following the example, and for a moment a reverential silence was observed by all. Subsequently the body of the dead soldier was placed upon two boards, and when being removed by headquarters, was followed by General Jackson, General Ewell, and other officers, while a regimental band preceded it, playing the dead march.'—Newark Courier, N. J.

Noble Sentiment.

'This is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the objects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where before we beheld deformity, and listen to harmony, where before we could hear nothing but discord.—To be sure there is a great deal of anxiety and vexation to meet; we cannot expect to sail upon a summer sea forever; yet if we preserve a calm eye and a steady hand, we