VOLUMB XXII.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1869.

YOUALL

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia.

1825. THEY CUBED YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS, And will care you and your children. They are entirely different to many preparations now called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for Liver Complaint. DYSPEPSIA, Mervous Debility.

JAUNDICE, Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD,

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stormach, Naussa, Heart burn, Diskust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinksing or Fluttering at the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Suffice at ing Sensations in a Posture, Poim ness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency

Hoofland's German Bitters
to entirely vegetable, and contains no
liquor. It is a compound of Finid Extracts. The Boots, Herbs, and Barks
from which these extracts are made
are gathered in Germany.
All the medi cinal virtues
are extracted from them by
a scientific chemist. These
country to be used expressly for the
manufacture of these Bitters. There is
no alcoholic substance of any kind used

Hoofland's German Tenic Hoofland's Gorman Tonic is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with rouns Santa Orus Rum, Orange, etc. R 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 remedies 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 decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidably one of the most pleasurat and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. It task is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while it life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have easied it to be known as the greatest of all lonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in the state of Debility. They impart a tone system, strengthen the appetite, cause

They impart a tone system, iteraphen as an enjoyment of the work the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the water food, enable the sto mach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bisom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a hort-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

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

Blood Purifiers ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from but blood. Keep your Liver in order; keep your gour digestive organs in a sound, healthy of these remedies.

The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD, FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Billers" is not an intoxicating benerage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debitity and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,

GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON, FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON.

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1888.

I consider
German Bit
medicine in case
In dig estion
I can certify this from my experience of
It. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

PROM REV. JOSEPH J. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadolphia.

Dr. Jackson—Duan Sin:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate phere, 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. Hoofdand's German Bilters, I depart for once from my estual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a preparation. Its fall; but usually, be very beneficial from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully, Etghik, below Coates street. FROM REV. JOSEPH SJ. KENNARD, D. D.,

Hoofand's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of G. III. Jackson on the front of the outside virappers of each bottle, and the mame of the article blown in each bottle. All others are

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.

The tonic is put up in quart bottless.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofand's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not to induce you to take may say is just as anything else that he go of the cause he sakes a larger profit seem by express to any locality upon application to the

PINICIPAL OFFICE, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia. CHAS. M. EVANS,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storokeepers, and Medicino Deals

with property in the con-

The state of the s

gista, Storokoopers, and medicine accom-cine everywhere.

Lines forget to common will the article general, to give the general, and the article general, to see 26-26-268. dismay.



"HE WHL NOT WOO AGAIN."

'Twas but a word—a careless word, In pride and passion spoken; But with that word the charm that bound Two loving hearts was broken. The hasty wrath has passed away, But bitter words remain ; In vain she looks with tender glance-He will not woo again.

No other love may light HER path; No other move His heart; Yet changing seasons come and go, And find them still apart; Her once bright cheek is paler now; His bears a trace of pain; Their days are weary, sad-and yet He will not woo again.

They meet as strangers, calm and cold, As calmly, coldly, part; And none may guess that tranquil mien Conceals a wounded heart; To him the world has lost its light; For her all joys are vain; Nor hope, nor memory bring relief-

He will not woo again.

Alas! that love, long tried and warm, Should wither in an hour; Alas! that pride o'er human hearts Should wield such fearful power; Oh! weep thou not for those who die-For them all tears are vain; But weep o'er living hearts grown cold Who ne'er can love again.

SUN AND SHADOW.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOMES.

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green, To the billows of foam-creasted blue, Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen, Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue; Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray, As the chaff in the stroke of the flail; Now white as the sea gull she flies on her way, The sun gleam ng bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of danger to shun-Of breakers that whiten and roar; How little he cares if in shadow or sun,

They see him who gaze from the shore! He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef, To the rock that is under his lee. As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted-leaf, O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim vaulted caves, Where life and its ventures are laid, The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves May see in sunshine or shade; Yet true to our course, though our shadows grow

dark. We'll trim our broad sail as before, And stand by the rudder that governs the bark, Nor ask how we look from the shore!

MISCELLANY. THE WRECK OF THE SYLPH

Long will be remembered the 14th day of June, 1850, by the inhabitants of Buffalo and Niagara Falls and their respective neighborhoods, as well as by the numerous visitors congregated at the latter place on that occasion.

then plying between Buffalo and Chippewa, It fi the former port on the morning of that children were seen hurrying toward the Falls eventful day, with some one hundred passengers, besides the officers and crew of the direction. boat, on her regular trip to Chippewa, situated at the head of the rapids above the Falls

As the majority of the passengers were persons who were traveling for pleasure, and as the scenery on the Niagara river is very beautiful and in some places quite romantic. in addition to the interest with which several spots are invested from the historical associations with which they are connected, the time passed very pleasantly.

All was gayety and hilarity on board. when, just opposite Chippewa, as the boat was rounding to, preparatory to landing, and, when about the centre of the stream, something gave way about the machinery and her engine stopped working.

As the wind was blowing pretty strongly down the atteam at the time, it seemed all imploring those on shore to come to their most impossible that they should be able to rescue, almost paralyzed them with despair steer her into shore, before she struck the instead of invigorating them with hope and rapids, which having reached, no human stimulating their exertions. power could save them from going over the

Every effort, however, was made that men such a catastrophe.

roaring and surging and chafing among the might be saved by others, but in vain. huge rooks with which it is covered, fret themselves into a foam, long before taking their final leap over the precipice.

What a chauge a few moments had wrought in the feelings and actions of those on board that ill-starred vessel. From joy and innocant gayety, accompanied by frequent bursts ids, in an incredibly short space of time a

While the captain and crew, together rapids toward the Falls. with those of the passengers whose presence These movements attracting the attention of mind prompted them to volunteer their of the crowd about the Falls, who, knowing the last song of the bird fades in the lap of assistance, did everything that men could do it to be some plan of rescue, and having silence; when the islands of the clouds are on their ingenuity devise, the balance, terror- abandoned all their own, the vast throng on bathed in light, and the first star springs up stricken, watched their every motion in the Canada shore now made a simultaneous over the grave of day. The state of the s

breathless suspense. They had already suc- movement to meet them. ceeded, by extraordinary exertions, in reducing the distance to the shore nearly one-half. when the wind suddenly ceased blowing.

They now gained the shore rapidly, and their hopes began to revive, as the boat approached almost near enough for a person to have jumped on shore, when the wind as auddenly broke upon them with redoubled proaching it.

And now hope died in the bosoms of all on board; and when, a moment after, the boat struck the rapids, yielding themselves up to despair, they involuntarily, as it were, and with one accord, sunk to their knees, as the most befitting attitude in which to meet their Maker, toward whose presence they were hurrying with such terrific velocity.

What an awfully sublime spectacle!-More than one hundred human beings in the attitude of prayer, with eyes uplifted; some frantically beseeching their Maker to save them from the impending destruction; while others were supplicating the throne of heavenly grace for mercy, and praying to their lives suspended as it were by a single their Saviour to intercede for them; borne away, as they were, with resistless energy away, as they were, with resistless energy however, with any very high hopes of its mighty-cataract, by whose side the most success, if undertaken. But until now they stupendous works of man dwindle into in had seen nothing that looked like an attempt significance, and man himself, proud man, feels that he is but an atom, an evanescent scintillation, as it were, and, from the abyss of whose vexed and boiling waters no living thing has ever returned to life, that has dared or endured the fearful leap.

Nearer and nearer they approach; the vessel gliding along with the swiftness of the winged arrow and tossed about on the bosom of the raging stream, like an atom of foam, created from its own fretting, but with infinitely more ease, apparently, than the giant rends the gossamer web that obstructs his pathway.

They are now on the very brink. The roaring waters beneath are yawning to receive them. A piercing shriek goes up that rises above the rear of the mighty cataract itself. A crash is heard, a shock is felt, and all is silent, save the roar of the mighty torrent that is surging and breaking around

Surprised at the momentary respite, some of the bolder spring to their feet to ascertain the cause, when a cry of joy bursts from their lips, which rouses the rest from the state of almost suspended animation intowhich they had fallen, and restored them once more to consciousness. A more careful examination of their situation, however, was not calculated to inspire them with a high degree oi-hope.

They seemed to have been spared from instant destruction to be subjected to the tortures of a lingering death, with the prosbe raging and roaring beneath their feet for its prey.

The boat had lodged on a projecting rock, on the very brink of the precipice, and so far from the shore that any attempt at communication for the purpose of rescuing them from their perilous position seemed utterly hopeless.

And besides, from the tremendous force with which the raging waters beat against the boat, which now obstructed their free passage, it seemed impossible that she could hold together longer than a very few hours at the farthest.

And now the scene on shore beggars description.

The news that a vessel had gone over the rapids and lodged on the edge of the Falls, The ill-fated steamer Sylph, which was with a large number of persons on board, spread like wildfire, and men, women and on both sides of the river, and from every

The news having been telegraphed to Buffalo, the friends of many of those on board the vessel were soon added to the number of hundreds, if not thousands, who had already assembled to witness the tragic scene, and, on the arrival of the cars from Buffalo, the largest train by far that had ever passed over the road since it had been built and all crammed to suffocation, several hun dred more were added to the throng, All was consternation and dismay.

The agonizing shrieks of those on board the boat, which rose above the roar of the maddened waters, and their frantic gestion-

lations, which could plainly be seen through the surrounding spray, which vainly strove to conceal them from view, and by which they were constantly drenched to the skin,

A thousand plans for their rescue were suggested, discussed and abandoned, either as impracticable, as requiring too great a rades, as they linger on the way.

length of time, or as involving an additional Lot us stamp our footprints on the sands in such circumstances could make to avert length of time, or as involving an additional risk of life, without any adequate prospect Nearer and nearer they approached the of success. Large sums were offered to any point, where the waters, dashing percipitate one who would either save them himself, or ly down the shelving bed of the stream, suggest a practicable plan by which they

Several hours had elapsed, and both sides had almost entirely despaired, the one of saving and the other of being saved, when a small steamer was seen coming down the river with the speed of the wind.

Landing just above the head of the rapof laughter at some sally of wit, jest or livesmall boat was launched from her bows,
that we be not found in a listless demeanor,
soft-nearted men spending their date months, not in wild gries for mercy and
screams of remorse, not in wild gries for mercy and er took in tow, and started with it down the its final flow in the ocean of eternity!

the state of the state of

Having towed the small boat to a point

some two or three hundred vards above the Falls, the captain fastened the cable to her bow, and the crowd having met him some distance above, he explained to them his plan of operations, which was as follows:

Floats being fastened to the cable every few feet, to keep it on the surface, a suffifury, and in spite of all their exertions, the cient number of those on shore were to take boat was driving from the shore more rapid- hold of the cable, while he got into the boat ly than a moment before she had been ap- to steer it, and then they were to let out the

So confident did he seem of success that he inspired the others with a like confidence, and they joined in with alacrity, rendering him every assistance in their power.

Having got everything in readiness and explained the signals he should make, when to pay out rope, when to stop, and when to haul in, he embarked on his perilous but noble enterprise.

In the meantime those on board the Sylph were not indifferent spectators to what was done on shore. From the time the vessel struck and they found themselves alive, but hair they had been watching with breathless anxiety for some effort in their behalf, not, to rescue them.

In the course of a couple of hours the last

person on board the Sylph had left her to he was a capital scholar, very much thought that some one was standing at her foom door her fate, and reached the shore amid the of by the boys, we were soon on pretty good seeking an entrance. Speaking as loudly as congratulations of their friends, and in a terms; and so it went on for some time. half hour more she was floating in a million fragments below the Falis.

Filial Duty and Obedience.

Even when parents are ill-tempered and tom of it. unreasonable, they should be treated with respect and forbearance by their children. Olympus, mother of Alexander the Great, was a woman of ambitious disposition, and occasioned much trouble to her son. Nevertheless, when pursuing his conquests in Asia, he sent her many splendid presents out of the spoils which he had taken, as toshe would not meddle with State affairs, but allow his kingdom to be managed peace- you are Charles Everett, I'll talk to you.' ably by his governor, Antipater. When she sent him a harsh reply to this request, he bore it patiently, and did not use sharp language-in-return.

On one occasion, when she had been unusually troublesome, Antipater sent him let-ters complaining of her in very grievous terms. Alexander only said, 'Antipater doth not know that one single tear of my mother is able to blot out six hundred of his epis-

pect, every moment, of being dashed to atoms and swallowed up within the remoreseless jaws of that yawning vortex that seemed to he would not have taken them, he is so kind so to the moral power of a soft answer.

'You need not be afraid,' said one of his the moral power of a soft answer.

'I have been about the world a great deal whereiful God! it must be my husband.'—

out that you have taken them, he is so kind since then, and I believe' said the gentleman, with its wife atmost on the instant, as it the moral power of a soft answer.

'I have been about the world a great deal with a cry of horror, the party set forth and its wife atmost on the instant, as it the moral power of a soft answer.

'I have been about the gentleman, with its wife atmost on the instant, as it the moral power of a soft answer.

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'I have been about the world a great deal wife atmost on the instant, as it the moral power of a soft answer.

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'I have been about the world a great deal wife atmost on the instant, as it the moral power of a soft answer.

'I have been about the world a great deal wife atmost on the instant, as it the moral power of a soft answer. he would not hurt you'

my father would not touch me; yet my dis-obedience, I know, would hurt my father, soft answer, for the Scripture has it, a soft ing his throat. Beating him away from his and that would be werse to me than anything answer turneth away wrath."

A boy who grows up with such principles will be a man in the best sense of the word. It shows a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

HE DIDN'T THINK -So said a little boy as he stood by the side of a mouse-trap which had an unwilling tenant in it. 'What a fool he was to go in there,' said some one. The little boy wished to protect the character of the trembling prisoner, and added, 'Well, 1 suppose he didn't think.'

No 'he didn't think,' and for the very good reason that he was not made to think But what shall we say of that boy who is standing in the circus door waiting for it to be opened, or that boy with his straggling hair, a pert twist to his cap, and a cigar in his mouth, or the one who stands at the corper of the streets on the Sabbath, or frequents the company of profane and filthy talkers and sinners -- what shall we say of such as these? They will be caught in an evil net. They will fall into a hidden trap, and can they say, 'We didn't think?' Yes, perhaps they can, but if they tell the whole truth they will add, 'It was because we see not, ears have they, but hear not. Give a mouse their wit, and see if he will be caught in such a trap.

Thoughts For Reflection.

The current of time is bearing us along the journey of life, to its final goal! Not one moment stays its course, but onward, onward, is the voice of its murmurings as they faintly die away! Let us earnestly engage with its action, continually casting garlands of life flowers along the strand, that may be gladly gathered by our fellow? com-

of time worthy of imitation, which perhaps, may encourage some disheartened pilgrimfriend, sojourning with us on earth's rugged pathway! Soon the tide will cease to flow! Our frail bark is launched. And whence the final port? On the sunny banks bevond Zion's Jordan to strike the golden lyre and join the heavenly chorus, -or, in the dismal valo of eternal night, where there is no peace, but "wailing and guashing of

Beautiful is the dying of the sun; when

A Mighty Cure All.

Several gentleman were talking one evening at the house of a friend? when one of them exclaimed, Ah! depend upon it, a soft answered is a mighty constall. At this stage of the conversation, a hor who sat be-hind at a table began to listen, and repeated, as he thought, quite to himself, 'A soft answer is a mightly oure-all,' 'Yes, that's it,' oried the gentleman, starting and turning round; 'yes, that's it; don't, you think so my lad?' The boy blushed a little at finding rope gradually until he reached the stranded himself so unexpectedly addressed, but anvessel.

Well, I ll explain, the said the gentle-man, wheeling round in his chair; for it is a principle you ought to understand and act upon; besides, it is the principle which is going to conquer the world.

The boy looked more puzzled than ever,

and thought he should like to know something that was equal to Alexander himself.

'I might as well explain; said he, by telling you about the first time it conquered me. My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle everything by fighting; it a boy ever gave me a saucy word, it was Fight 'em, Charley; fight 'em!' 'By-and by I was sent to the famous

school, and it so happened that my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the Academy, I began to strut a little, and talk about what my father was; but as of the ushers, and some how or other we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bot-

teach you to talk about me in this way;' but he never winced, or seemed in the least frightened, but stood still, looking at me as mute as a lamb. 'Charles,' he said, 'you may kens of his affection. He only begged that I shan't strike back again; fighting is a poor and entered the room—when, quick as she would not meddle with State affairs, way to settle difficulties. I'm thinking when thought, the savage dog sprang forward and

The Brave Colliers.

How do men feel when about to die-not after being weakened by disease or when the blood is heated by the strife of battle, but when they see inevitable death slowly but certainly approaching them, and know that in exactly so many minutes it will seize upon them and extinguish the lusty life that animates their frames? Do they rage and struggle against their fate, or do they meet it with calmness, resignation and dignity? In the recent terrible colliery explosion in Saxony all the miners were not killed immediately, as was at first supposed; a number of them were unharmed by the explosion, and were killed, after an interval of some time, by suffocation.

Some of these poor fellows occupied, the last moments of their lives in writing messages in their note books to their wives and children, and these were found when the pathos in some of these messages from the grave, but the calmness and resignation which they manifest is their most notable feature. These men, in the very presence of death, had thoughts for every one but wouldn't think. They have eyes, but they themselves. "Dear wife," writes one of them, "take good care of Mary; in a book in the bedroom you will find a thaler. Farewell, dear mother and sisters, till we meet again" One by the name of Schmidt had pinned a paper to the breast of his blouse, on which he had written the following words: My dear relations, while seeing death before me, I remember you. Farewell till we meet again in happiness."

A miner named Bahr wrote thus in his note book: "This is the last place where we have taken refuge. . I have given up; all hope, because the ventilation has been destroyed in three separate places. May God take myself and my relatives and dear friends who must die with me, as well as our families, under his protection. Another had written : "Janetz has died; Richterleft his family to God. Farewell, dear wife, farewell, dear children; may God keep you." One only uttered a complaint, and it was not a violent one : "Farewell, dear wife, and children; I did not think it would end no Oberman." One reads these simple mesto act kindly one towards another, is best sages with moistened eyes, and pictures to all. himself the scene of these rough handed but screams of remorse, nor in repinings against british and mosquito net. their ornel fate, but in sending these farewell words to the loved ones who were even: then bewailing them as dead. And the

The only persons who enjoy had bealth rara, the dostors. The transfer of the street of

and the first transfer of the second

A Villain Killed by a Dog.

The Augusta (Gr.) Chronicle prints the

following:
In one of the mountain counties of Georgia there live two families, each before the war noted for its wealth and refinement. One of them, the L's, consisted of Mr L, a gentle man of fifty five years of age, his wife, nearly the same age, and an unmarried daughter of about twenty five. Within about a quarter of a mile of their house lived one of the R's, a young man who had recently married a very beautiful young lady of the country.
and having left the paternal mansion, was
larming by himself a small tract of ground. The two families lived some distance from the country town, in a sparsely ishabited section of the country, and 'being 'each the nearest neighbor of the other, were, of sourse, on terms of great intimacy. Between the young wife and the daughter of Mr. L. a triendship was soon formed.

A few days since, Mr. R. informed his

wife that he had received a letter which would compel immediate attendance in Atlanta, where he would have to remain for several days. Feeling that she had a protector in a large and very fierce yard-dog belonging to her husband, she took him into her bedroom, and, after securing the house, laid down and resigned herself to sleep.

About twelve o'clock she was awakened from-her-stumbers-by a noise in the house and, the angry growling of a dog, and discovered that the hall door had been lorced, and her fright would let her, Mrs. R. asked, After a while some fellows of my stamp, and 'Who is there?' A man's voice which she I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one did not recognize, replied by telling her to 'open the door,' Again she asked the same question, and again-received the same reply, the stranger adding that if she refused he "Tom Tucker! who is he?" I cried angrily, 'I'll let him know who I am; and I went dialogue, the dog still growling, crouched in a passion to Tom, and thundered, 'I'll upon the floor, as if ready to spring. Thinking to intimidate the man, who sought her ruin, Mrs R cried out to him that if he forced the door she would shoot him.

Laughing scornfully, the ruffian threw his strike me as much as you please—I tell you weight against the light door, burst it open fastened on his neck. The man, astonished 'Oh, what an answer was that ! How it at the sudden attack, attempted to kill the cowed me down! So firm, and yet so mild! dog with a knife, which he held in his hand, I felt there was no fun in having the fight but unsuccessfully, and the powerful animal all on one side. I was ashamed of myself, dragged him to the ground, still retaining my temper, and everything about me. I hold upon his throat. Stunned at first by longed to get out of his sight. I saw what this unlooked for deliverance, the woman, in a poor, foolish way my way of doing things a few seconds, regained her presence of mind was. I felt that Lom had completely got somewhat, ran screaming from the house, the better of me; that there was a power in never stopping until she arrived at the place his principles superior to anything I had evor the L's, where her cries soon aroused the er seen before; and from that hour Tom family. Her tale was rapidly told, and the A boy was once tempted by some of his Tucker had an influence over me which no companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree body ever had before or since; it has been of danger, when suddenly Mr. D. was missed, which his father had forbidden him to touch. | for good, too. That, you see, is the power, | and his wife almost on the instant, as if that nearly all, if not all, the quarrels which | ran as fast to the house of Mrs. R. as the 'That is the very reason,' replied the boy, arise among men, women, or children, in latter had run away from it a few minutes why I would not touch them. It is true families, neighborhoods, or even nations, can before. Arrived there, they found the man prey, they found the suspicions of Mrs. L. but too correct. It was her husband; but the teeth of the dog had done their work, and he was dead.

Fanny Fern says that "the coming woman shall be no cold, angular, flat-chested. narrow shouldered, sharp visaged Betsy; but she shall be a bright-eyed, full chested, broad-shouldered, large-souled, intellectual being, able to walk, and able to fill her nat ural destiny."

Dickens says : "I have known vast quantities of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust thatconversational idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if anything is to be got by it.' "There is no mystory," says Dumas, "so

its stealthy glance; and let the veil be wobodies were discovered. There is a curious ven ever so skillfully, there is always some pin-hole through which we may be seen. A citizen of Cincinnati, while on a visit to Maine recently, wrote home that it was

impenetrable that envy cannot pierce it with

no credit to the people that they were temperate as a class, since their water was so good and their whisky so bade A man has appeared in a country district in Poland, who pretends to be our Saviour come again to save the world. He has se-

the sick. In reply to a paper which called Gen. Sherman the coming man, a Georgia journal says it hopes that he is not coming that

lected twelve apostles and pretends to heal.

way again. A story is told of a young man who was going west to open a jewelry store. When asked what capital he had, replied, 'A crow-

bar. When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard, they evidently regarded him

as neither prophet nor loss. To think kindly of each other is goodto speak kindly of each other is better-but

to not kindly one towards another, is best of In a New Jersey camp meeting, the only baggage required is a hymn-book, tooth-

A horse thief in New Jersey has been

sentenced to 150 years imprisonment Why is a tight stoc like a fine summer? Because it makes the corn grow.

A series of the series of the