JNO. W. BAUGHMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF
The Republican Citizen.

Office on Court Street, midway between Patrick and Church Streets, (West Side.)

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

THE CITIZEN is published every *FRIDAY MORNING*, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; if not paid within the year, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be required.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID, unless at the option of the Editor.

The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 49. FREDERICK CITY, MD., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1870. NO. 28.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN
The Republican Citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a quare will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent of insertion; longer advertisemente in tame proportion. Unless the advertiser states she number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear, it will be continued UNTIL FORBID (tf), and charged for accordingly

JOB PRINTING
Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.
Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional Cards.

Carlton Shafer.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city. Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office.
july8 6m pd

John B. Tyler.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—On Court St., nearly opposite Court House. [may6 6m

I. Thomas Jones.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—Old Postoffice, next door to Citizen Office. [may6

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
Shellman & Wood,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

REMOVAL.

MILTON G. URNER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
HAS moved to the office of the late Hon. GRAYSON EICHELBERGER, on Church St., immediately South of the Court House, and adjoining the residence of Mrs. Eichelberger.
By request, I will attend to the unfinished legal business of Hon. Grayson Eichelberger, deceased, *for the benefit of his estate*, and persons having unsettled business in the hands of Mr. Eichelberger at the time of his death, will please call on or address the undersigned with reference to the same,
apr8 3m MILTON G. URNER.

Dr. R. T. Hammond,
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional services to the inhabitants of Walkersville, Georgetown and the surrounding country.
His Office is in his Dwelling, the property formerly belonging to George A. Winebrenner. [may13 tf

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McSherry, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

NOTICE.

I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

Dentistry.

T. H. Schaeffer, D. D. S.] [J. N. Rentch, M D., D. D. S.
DRS. SCHAEFFER & RENTCH.
Having entered into co-partnership for the purpose of practicing the Dental Profession, respectfully offer their professional services to the people of Frederick city and vicinity. Those who will favor us with their confidence may expect our first endeavors to please. Charges moderate.
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Frederick Savings Institution. [sep16 tf

Dentistry.

Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞ Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E 3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

OREIDE!

Hunting-cased Watches as low as
$7.00.
Good Gold and Silver Watches cheaper than at any Auction Room or New York swindling concern. TEA SETS, CASTORS, and other plated ware at cost, at
CHAS. H. O. FOX,
NO. 6,
West Patrick Street, opposite Frederick County National Bank.
apr15 tf

STILL AHEAD.

THE greatest attraction on Market street is the Show Window of D. G. Crise's Temple of Fashion; here you will find a splendid assortment of
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS
of the very latest styles. Call and see for yourselves, as you can't help being suited.
D. G. CRISE,
apr22 Temple of Fashion.

KID GLOVES! KID GLOVES! Jouvin's Kid Gloves, reduced to one dollar and fifty cents a pair, at WOLFES', next to First National Bank. [may27

BULL RINGS.—Steel Bull Rings, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
mar4

REMEMBER the old established Cheap Book Store—look for the "Big Book." Remember the name, HENDERSON, corner of Market street and Market space.

GO TO HENDERSON'S
Send to HENDERSON'S
For anything in the Book business.

Real and Personal Property.

FOR SALE.
THE subscriber, residing at Point of Rocks, Frederick county, Md., offers for sale 12 FINE PEN HOGS. Apply at once.
sep16 3t JAMES H. BESANT.

EXECUTRIX'S SALE
OF
Valuable Real Estate.
BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Frederick County, Md., the undersigned, Executrix of Gideon D. Cronise, late of said county, deceased, will sell at public sale, at the City Hotel, in Frederick city, at 11 o'clock, a. m.,
On Saturday, October 15th, 1870,
that very valuable FARM on which the deceased resided, situated one-and-a-quarter miles South-east of the city of Frederick, adjoining the lands of Col. Charles E. Trail, Jacob Lewis and others, containing 105 ACRES, more or less, of
FIRST-CLASS LIMESTONE LAND,
improved with a good and substantial
TWO-STORY HOUSE,
built of frame and stone, with two Wells of pure water—a Pump in each—also a Cistern, affording abundance of water for domestic use;
Switzer Barn,
in good repair; Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Hog House, and other necessary out-buildings. The land is all clear and in a high state of cultivation, divided into six convenient fields with post and rail fences. There is also a
LIME KILN,
in first rate order—and
Two Orchards,
of Apple and other Fruit Trees, in good bearing condition. The farm offers special inducements to persons wanting a home in a healthy and pleasant neighborhood, convenient to the city, churches and schools.
At the same time and place will be sold a
WOOD LOT,
containing 52 Acres of Land, more or less, lying about 1½ mile South-east of the farm, in Urbana District, near Andrew J. Delashmutt's mill. The growth of Timber on this lot is principally Oak, and is regarded as valuable. It will be sold entire, or divided into lots to suit purchasers, if desired. Persons desiring to see the property will call on James Whitehill, Agent, Frederick, Md.
The TERMS, as prescribed by the Orphans' Court, are—one-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the Court; the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest from the day of sale—the purchaser or purchasers giving their notes with good and sufficient security, to be approved by SARAH R. CRONISE, Exr'x.
JAMES WHITEHILL, Agent.
Levi Vanfossen, Auct.
Possession given on the first day of April, 1871, or sooner, if desired.
sep16 ts

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.
BY virtue of a power of sale vested in us by a mortgage executed by Lewis E Dorcus and Jane S. Dorcus, his wife, dated on the 5th day of August, 1867, and recorded in Liber D. S. B., No. 1, Folio 588, &c., one of the Land Records of Frederick county, the undersigned Mortgagees will offer at public sale on the premises, situate in Frederick county, on the road leading from Woodsboro' to the Copper Mire, adjoining the lands of Mrs. Riley, Jacob Dorcus, and others,
On Saturday, October 8th, 1870,
at 2 o'clock, p. m., all the following real estate situate in Frederick county, State of Maryland, being parts of tracts of land: "Wood Chance," "Richard's Good Will" and "Standing Stone"' containing
75 *Acres and* 10 *Roods of Land*,
more or less, and being the same land heretofore conveyed by Francis W. Barnes, Attorney for Wm. E. Burdock and wife, to Lewis E. Dorcus; also, at the same time and place a part of a tract of land called "Blacksmith's Delight," situated in said county and State, adjoining the above described property, and containing
5 Acres & 14 Square Perches of Land,
more or less, being the same property heretofore conveyed by S. S. Phipps and wife to said Lewis E. Dorcus.
This property is divided into six fields, under tolerable fencing, and upon it there is a young Orchard of Apple Trees. The land is of good quality slate land. The buildings consist of a two-story LOG DWELLING HOUSE, a Frame Barn in good repair, Hog House, and all other necessary out buildings; there are two good Springs on the property and a Well of water at the Barn.
Also, at the same time and place one White and Spotted cow. The crops growing reserved.
TERMS OF SALE AS PRESCRIBED BY THE MORTGAGE:—One third of the purchase money cash, to be paid on the day of sale or ratification thereof by the Court, the residue in two equal annual payments, the purchaser or purchasers giving his her or their notes with approved security, dated on the day of sale and bearing interest from the day of sale.
JACOB DORCUS,
DAVID H. DORCUS.
sep9 Mortgagees.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE in W. VIRGINIA.
The subscriber will sell at public sale, in the city of Cumberland, Allegany county,
On Tuesday, the 18th of October, 1870,
at 10 o'clock, a. m, the following described valuable real estate. viz:
1st—A TRACT OF LAND,
on Little Wolf Creek, on the East side of Cheat River, and near the North-western Va. grade,
CONTAINING 591¾ ACRES,
heavily timbered with Oak, Poplar and Maple, and near the Steam Mill of M. L. Shafner & Co., well watered, and a large portion arable, and after the timber is cut off well suited to grazing or agriculture, and adjoins the lands of Pelo Wiles, Wotring, and others. This land is in Preston county, W. Va.
2nd—A TRACT OF LAND,
near the Maryland Line, in Tucker county, W. Va., extending across the Big Backbone Mountains, from the head waters of the North Branch to the settlement on the West side of said mountain, near the Stane & Shook Factory of Perry & Co. This Tract is heavily timbered, and a large portion of it with Hemlock, Cherry and Oak, and is well suited for grazing and agricultural purposes, after the timber is cut off. The contemplated improvement up the North Branch will pass through or near this land. This tract contains some
FIFTEEN HUNDRED ACRES.
All taxes on these lands have been paid, and the title is clear of all incumbrances.
TERMS:—One-third cash on the day of sale, the remaining payments to bear interest payable in one and two years from day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give their notes for the deferred payments. On the payment of the whole purchase money a deed will be executed for the same, clear of all incumbrances.
Hon. Patrick Hamill, Oakland, Allegany county, or the subscriber, can give any further information desired by purchasers.
sep23 GEO. W. BEALL.

AT PRIVATE SALE.
The subscriber offers at private sale, the valuable Farm, containing 296 ACRES OF LAND, situate 2½ miles North of Point of Rocks, adjoining the lands of G. W. Snouffer, the late Charles E. Thomas, deceased, Curtis Grubb, and others, on the road leading from Tramelstown to Licksville. About 15 Acres of valuable Wood Land, the balance under cultivation and heavily limed. The improvements consists of a comfortable two-story
LOG WEATHER-BOARDED HOUSE,
2 Tenant Houses, Wheat Barracks and Stables, Corn House, Wagon Shed, Smoke House, Blacksmith Shop, Ice House, and other necessary out buildings; a
Young Orchard
of Peaches, Apples and Pears. The subscriber will also sell at private sale,
MOUNTAIN LOT NO. 3,
containing 24¾ Acres; this lot is situate in the Sugar Loaf Mountain, convenient to the aforesaid Farm, and accessible for wagons. For further particulars call on the subscriber living on the farm.
mar25 tf E 4t OTHO THOMAS.

Real and Personal Property.

AT PRIVATE SALE.
A Valuable Agricultural and Mineral FARM,
COTAINING 188 ACRES,
Situated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 48 miles West of Baltimore.
BY authority of Mrs. Mary W. Plummer, the undersigned offer at private sale, the VALUABLE FARM, containing 188 Acres, situated at Monrovia Depot, Frederick County, Md., on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. 40 Acres are in Wood and 40 Acres in Meadow. Roofing Slate, Limestone and Clay for making Brick on the property.
IRON ORE.
This Farm is very valuable on account of an immense vein of Magnetic Iron Ore, running through it; the vein is 35 feet wide; there is also an immense vein of Red Oxide of Iron. For Agricultural purposes, this is one of the best producing farms in the neighborhood. It is improved with a good DWELLING HOUSE, and other buildings. A Spring of pure water near the House, and running water through the Farm. This property is beautifully situated, and offers great advantages. There is no doubt that a purchaser who understands the manufacture of iron, could realize a large fortune from this property.
Mrs. Plummer, living on the Farm will show the premises, and give any information desired.
Price of the property $20,000. One-third cash, balance on easy payments. Possession as soon as sold.
GEO. F. WEBSTER & CO.,
Property Agents, Frederick, Md.
sep23 4t pd

AT PRIVATE SALE,
A Valuable Farm,
CONTAINING 207 ACRES.
PRICE $40 PER ACRE.
The subscribers, as Agents, offer at private sale, a desirable FARM,
CONTAINING 207 ACRES OF LAND,
situated on the road leading from Reich's Ford to Ijamsville Depot, immediately on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, 5½ miles distant from Frederick city, Md. It contains 207 Acres of Land, 40 Acres of which is in Wood, mostly Chesnut. On the place is a first-rate APPLE AND PEACH ORCHARD of very choice Fruit. There is a Spring of pure water near the Dwelling, and running water in every field. The improvements are a comfortable DWELLING HOUSE, good Barn, Corn House, Dairy, and other out buildings.
Possession April 1st, 1871.
TERMS:—Price $40 per acre: one-half cash, balance on easy payments.
This is a good producing place, and is well suited for a Dairy Farm, having both Baltimore and Frederick for markets. Purchasers will call on the undersigned.
GEO. F WEBSTER & CO.,
Property Agents, Frederick, Md.
sep16 4t pd

AT PRIVATE SALE.
A FREDERIGK COUNTY FARM,
Containing 165 Acres,
With good Buildings.
Price $11,000.
THE subscribers, as Agents for Henry C. Zimmerman, offer at Private Sale,
THE FARM,
situated on the road leading from the Woodsboro' Pike to Liberty, 8 miles distant from Frederick, and 3 miles from Walkersville. It
Contains 165 Acres,
25 Acres in Wood. Also, a good orchard. A Spring of water near the House, and running water in every field. The whole place under good fencing. The improvements are a superior
BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,
Brick Barn, Tenant House, Dairy, Corn House, Wagon Shed and other out-buildings.
Possession April 1st, 1871.
TERMS.—Price $11,000. One-third cash balance on easy payments.
This is a good producing Farm, situated in a pleasant neighborhood, improved with superior buildings, and enjoys many other advantages.
For further particulars call on Mr. Zimmerman, living on the property, or the subscribers, GEO. F. WEBSTER & CO.,
Property Agents, Frederick, Md.
sep19 4t pd

REAL ESTATE
AT PRIVATE SALE.
The subscriber offers at Private Sale his two desirable Houses and Lots, situated in the town of Burkittsville, Frederick county, Md.
LOT No. 1 has a front of 60 feet, and runs back 350 feet to an alley, and is improved with a good two-story
LOG DWELLING
of 35 feet front, good Stable, (sufficient to stall four horses,) smoke house, hog pen, and other necessary out buildings, also, some fruit trees of different varieties.
LOT No. 2 runs back to an alley, has a depth of 350 feet, and is improved with a two-story
HOUSE,
with basement that is suitable for a shop of any kind, back building and kitchen, cellar under the kitchen; also, a good stable, smoke house, hog pen, and other necessary buildings. The House is now used as a Millinery Store.
Any one wishing to see this property can do so by calling on the subscriber, living on the road leading from Middletown to Petersville, two miles north of the latter place.
TERMS MADE EASY.
jan14 HENRY SCHAEFFER.

BUILDING LOT
AT PRIVATE SALE.
THE subscriber offers at Private Sale a valuable BUILDING LOT, situate in Frederick city, on the North-east corner of Second or Catholic Street and Chapel Alley, directly west of the residence of the late Judge Nelson. The Lot is forty-seven feet front, and is pronounced by many to be the most eligible Building Lot in the city. Apply to PRED. J. NELSON.
feb11 tf

Notice!
TAX-PAYERS OF 1870!
SAVE YOUR FIVE PER CENT.
The Collector for Frederick county hereby gives notic that the Tax Books for Frederick county, for the year 1870, are made out and placed in his hands for collection, and he is ready to receive the respective amounts due by tax-payers. A discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed on all State tax paid before the first of September; 4 per cent. on all paid before the first of October; 3 per cent. on all paid before the first of November; and if not paid before the first of January, 1871, interest will be charged thereon.
Tax-payers would do well to avail themselves of the discount.
The Collector hopes that tax-payers will be prompt, as demands upon him are urgent, and must be honered. On account of the stringent provisions of a law passed by the last General Assembly, the present Collector will not be able to give tax-payers the same indulgence which they have received from former Collectors; but will be compelled to insist upon, and, if necessary, enforce payment within the year.
LLOYD H. HERRING, Collector.
july29 10t County papers copy.

Notice to the Stockholders of the Frederick & Penna. Line R. R. Co.
Pursuant to a Resolution passed by the President and Directors of the Frederick & Penna. Line R. R. Co., on the 30th of July, 1870, notice is hereby given that an additional instalment of twenty per cent. of stock subscribed, will be payable to David J. Markey, Treasurer, at his office in Frederick, on the third day of October next.
JOHN LOATS, Pres't.
sep2 JAS. MCSHERRY, Sec'y.

Office Board of School Commissioners.
FREDERICK, Sept. 14, 1870.
WANTED to engage the services of several First Grade Teachers for the Public Schools of the County. Apply at once to
sep23 3t JNO. W. PAGE, Examiner.

STEEL PENS, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Ink, Inkstands, Penhandles, in fact, a general assortment of stationery, at HENDERSON'S,
may13 62 N. Market Street.

MADELINE JERVIS.

It was years ago, although I remember as it were but yesterday. A fearful fever had been raging in the town, and my parents had both fallen asleep in one day, both been buried in one grave. They said I had it lightly. I do not remember of being ill at all; I only remember praying to die. How could I live? what had I to live for? and then Lucy would try to quiet me, and Dr. Rhodes come in, draw his chair by the side of the bed, take my hand, and, in his own peculiar way, talk to me till I had no will oppose him.—Nothing to do but to obey. Then he would lay his hand on my forehead, and the veins that had knotted up like tangled whipcords, binding my temples, would smooth out perceptibly, and sleep, quiet and refreshing, steal over me, while the doctor would tell Lucy what she must do; that, as soon as I was able I must go into the country—it would never do for me to stay there.

"She will never get well, with all these mementoes of her parents constantly in her presence. She must be roused from this state, or there is no hope." And I, half asleep and half awake, but quiet as long as the doctor was talking, would firmly resolve never to go; I did not want to get well; I did not mean to. But what was my resolve to his firm strong will?—his will that so completely mastered mine; and however much I might determine in his absence not to do, that very thing I was led to do readily, if he said so.

Therefore it was not surprising that one morning, after I had begun to sit up, I felt myself wrapped very carefully in numberless shawls and blankets, and then Lucy took me in her arms to the carriage, where Dr. Rhodes received me. There, nestled away among the cushions, he drew me up tenderly, laid my head on his shoulder, and talked me to sleep, while Lucy sat on the front seat, and tried to be very staid and dignified as she listened to the way and manner in which I must sleep, eat, and take excercise.

After a drive of about two hours, we stopped at the entrance of a charming place. The great bronze gates swung open, and the carriage wound along the gravelled way, and passed on to where the syringa-bushes were loaded with their creamy blossoms; past the fountain throwing its diamond spray over the japonicas, camellias, and pearly-hued lillies; the gleaming of statuary seen through the rifts of green leaves, while an endless variety of flowers and fruit nodded their welcome. Up to this time I had not even asked where we were going. We were going from home had been my only thought; where, had not troubled me at all. Just as this question was beginning to tax my brain the carriage stopped. I had only time to see that the house was large, with gables and turrets, and pointed roof, and that it covered an immense stretch of ground, with a veranda of trellis work covered with vines, roses and honeysuckle.

"A beautiful place," I mentally ejaculated, as a sweet-browed woman bent over me, her good, motherly face shaded my little lace cap with bits of pink ribbon and long, flowing lappets, while the light in her calm blue eye went to my heart like a ray of sunshine.

"I have brought my little patient, Mrs. Moore. Lucy will take care of her, and breathing the atmosphere of your home will revive her better than any medicine of mine." And the doctor seated me on the sofa, while Mrs. Moore put her arms about me just as my own mother used to, and said quietly:

"I used to know your mother when she was a little girl, my dear. I am very glad the doctor has brought you to me." The tears were in my eyes, while hers dripped over my face, and from that moment there was a warm feeling in my heart for the gentle woman who had promised the doctor to do all in her power to make me well again.

Those were happy autumn days, lying there in the shade of the trees, and looking out on the sea, filled as it was with great steamers, beautiful brigs, and graceful schooners—a picture gallery, with nothing stationary, save the great black hulls in the distance.

But if Mrs. Moore's house was large, it had no empty rooms. On account of my being an invalid, I was not introduced to the inmates all at once. Mrs. Holmes, a young widow, was the first one that I remember. Beautiful she was not, but there was a look in her great brown eyes, a tone in her voice that went to my heart at once, for it told me that she had suffered, and, I felt a nearness—a sudden outleaping of affection that joy never gives.

Mrs. Holmes was accompanied by her daughter, a little girl of ten or eleven years. Her hair just the color of a ripe hazelnut, was put away from a forehead not high, but full, and with blue branching veins in the temples. Her eyes, in hue just like her hair, were beautiful, but with a dreamy look, as if she was trying to fathom something too hard for her. She had a rich, creamy complexion, pale except when she spoke—then the red came in waves. The child had her governess—a good, practical woman who, as I grew stronger, used not unfrequently to let me lean upon her arms, while Lucy supported me on the other side, and told me stories of her home—of the green, dewy hills that cradled the little village where she was born, where one could walk at their ease, hearing nothing but the soft, continuous flowing of brooks, the hum of insect, and the gentle tones of the wind through the leaves—only these and the singing of birds, and the lowing of the cows in the pasture, and the crowing of the cocks as they called to each other from the distant farmyards.

My father had been from home, and this was, perhaps, the chief reason why I was so glad when Miss Young would talk to me in this strain. Besides these ladies, there was Miss Jervis, a niece of Mrs. Moore and the belle of the neighborhood—a beautiful girl, with rolling waves of fair hair, splendid in azure silk that changed to silver, and a great cape of white velvet with dropping buttons of carbuncle—a superb wowan—a witty, gracious woman—a woman that turned all hearts, yet kept herself cold as ice.

How I disliked her, this woman, with all the fascinations of manner, the sweetest smile, and softest speech, and still without a heart! Oh! I didn't know her then, Madeline Jervis. Without a heart?—she was all heart, and that was the reason why she seemed cold and unfeeling. Her heart was preoccupied, filled, inhabited. She could not help being beautiful, fascinating, queenly; but she could not open the door of her heart for its owner had gone away—neither did she wish any body to enter till he returned; she knew that sometime he would come, and this made her cheerful, happy—and still, seemingly cold. I said I disliked her, and so I did; but as I grew able to join them in their rides, walks, and moonlight excursions on the shore, a strange fascination crept over me, and I was never happier than when walking by her side hearing her talk in that racy, piquant manner so becoming to her—the peculiar light in her large, melancholy hazel eyes—eyes full of lustre—the soft dark, golden skin—the faintly impinged cheek—the scarlet lip, the whole coloring of the face; and then a carelessness about her—the grace, the abandon of a little child.

I remember, one evening, the sunset light was so low upon the sea that it left nothing there but a great golden highway. Miss Jervis proposed a stroll by the water's edge. Lucy brought my cloak, and Miss Jervis let Mr. Weston wrap her shawl close about her, and they walked on a few steps in advance, Mr. Weston talking in a low, earnest strain, while it seemed to me Miss Jervis grew colder—more fearfully beautiful. The moonbeams that danced upon the waves leaped up and sparkled on her dress and in her hair; but to all his words of passionate entreaty, that I was sure from his manner he was uttering, she said nothing; his words only reached her ear—they could not touch her heart. At length she made a gesture of impatience and came and seated herself on the wooden seat where Miss Young, Lily, and I had ensconced ourselves, while Mr. Weston went striding up and down before us—sometimes stopping and looking down upon the white hands folded in her lap—almost as much in his silence as in another man's speech; still she did not notice it. Her manner, full of an airy sparkle, as though she lived in some bouyant atmosphere, and still it seemed to me an effort, as though she would have much preferred sitting there on the sands and dreaming of something long ago. Why I thought this then I hardly know—it was long afterward that I learned the truth, and knew what gave the far-away look in those unfathomed eyes.

It was the week that I was going home. Dr. Rhodes had been there, and given his consent; besides, the winter was coming on, and I longed so much to see the old rooms. Mr. Weston had been talking of going to Paris—Miss Jervis was sitting before the piano, dallying with the keys. Some measure was singing in her memory—some old sweet tune she seemed to hear—some words, once spoken, resounded again.

The light was soft, and softer in the room—the air was like the suspended bloom of a plum—a wind came wandering in, heavy with the breath of flowers, and from the fairy fingers thrilled out a faint, bewitching melody, that was little more than the murmuring air itself. A silver cord might shake so in the wind—a bell might prolong its vibrant undulation, tone after tone having pealed out in joy bells, or for midnight chimes—the faint waves rustle so along the shore—a honeyed, doubtful music; but a soul upbouyed its passion. Was it some chorus rising out of the sparkling water?—the echo of a song sung by the nymps who live in the coral caves?—or was it but the pining of a heart for other days? Whatever it was, I could not help folding my arms about the singer; and as I pressed my lips to hers, I felt the tears rolling over the white face and falling on the ivory keys.

"Have I troubled you, Miss Jervis? Indeed, I am very sorry; I had no thought you could be unhappy;" and I drew back.

"You have not troubled me, child." She put her hands on either side my face, while her kisses crowded to my lips. Then turning her dark eye full upon me, she said: "Do you believe in presentiments, Olive?"

"And something that tells us when any thing unusual is to happen to us?"

"Yes, that is it—the shadowing of our joy or grief before it comes."

"From a little child I have always known when any thing was coming to me sufficiently long before it came to become accustomed to it; nothing that has happened has ever surprised me."

"I thought so." And she drew my arm within her own, and we walked out into the silver pathway the moon was making. Then after a silence:—"Don't you think, Olive, that God is nearer to us sometimes than at others?—that you can speak to Him freely, and He answers at once? You know about my father, Olive?"

"Miss Lester told me that your father was a captain—that his vessel was shipwrecked, and the crew lost."

"Yes, that was the story—everybody believes it, but I do not. I know that my father will come back again. And there was another with him—Philip Atkinson—to whom I was to have been married. It is three years since the ship sailed; but I know they will come. I try sometimes to think otherwise, but Philip's face always looks at me so reproachfully, seeming to reprove me for my unfaithfulness. This is why I am termed so cold and hollow-hearted, Olive; but I can't help it—I know they will both come." And her eye led me up the dark, hollow sky, where shone but a handful of stars, and one great planet blazed down the purple depths, ploughing up a wake of light behind it.

Poor Miss Jervis! and she was cherishing this deep love for the absent all the time that I had thought her cold and heartless. My tears fell on the soft hand that clasped mine.

"Are you crying, Olive? Do you think this impossible?" said she.

"Possible, certainly; but I was thinking whether it was probable in this case."

"Yes, they will both come." And she went on to tell me of the many incidents in her childhood, all of which had been mirrored out to her so that she was prepared to meet them.

The moon had gone beyond a cloud; the pathway of silver was gone. We turned and entered the house.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted. Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Holmes reading the evening papers—Miss Lester and Lily having a game of chess, while the gentlemen were scattered about, discussing the all-absorbing question of politics, and the probabilities of the coming election. The moonlight lay white on the water again, and the foliage of the trees looked mottled with silver, while their shadows lay underneath in great black flakes. From a long range of clouds just visible above the western horizon, flashes of lightning kept leaping out. The reading gradually passed into talking, and the political bias soon merged into the small talk most acceptable in the drawing-room.

Again the livid flash, only to be followed by the startling, crashing thunder, flash after flash, and the whole artillery of heaven seemed to be collected into one place, while the long, deep, gutural thunder reverberated along the shore, and the lurid flashes brought into bold relief each cord, and spar, and mast rising out of the black hull on the water.

There was a nameless fascination in the storm, and one by one the rooms were deserted, the lights were partially extinguished, and all, with faces more or less white with fear, collected on the sheltered side of the veranda, looking out upon the bay so lately sleeping under the silver moonbeams. Now the waters were leaping up like some maddened monster, intent on his prey. In a moment it came again, the terrific lightning, and deep, guttural thunder, and again a minute gun at sea. Eagerly they looked, straining their eyes out into the darkness, for the flashes of light blinded them; but nothing except gray mist was to be seen. The wind struck the long, low stone house, planted out there on the reef, eddied, mounted, and rushed on. The rain rushed with it, and all the sounds of the tempest. The very light from the lighthouse tower that stood far out seemed to be stripped off and off in broad flakes and patches, like split fragments of crysolite and beryl. Dimly could they descry great towering giants of billows leaping this way and that, flinging forth and falling in shooting storms of spray; white acres of foam rose over the darkness and dispelled themselves in powdered blast; huge columns were flashing up and winking; the backs of long breakers, gored and torn, plunged their angry masses of foam flecked billows, with a deafening roar.

Suddenly all was wrapped in the blackness of death; night and annihilation shut down over the world; no ray, no glimmer, the indescribable din and echoes of the night, broke all about; the great sea seemed to be rolling overhead with a weight of darkness and tumult; the light had gone out; and still more terrible through the murk the minute-guns boomed on.

Once more there was a vivid flash, and then a terrific peal—a huge ship with masts and cordage brought out distinctly. Would she ever anchor?—could she live through such a gale? Closer and closer drew that little group while Miss Jervis held my hand with the grip of the dying.

Again the whole sea was lit up. Oh! the ship was still there, and two men were seen coming over the side, and swinging themselves down into a small boat, and then pulling for the shore.—Would they ever reach it? What daring, to think of riding the billows in such a shell! What is it Miss Jervis expects as she strains her eyes to catch but a glimpse of the frail bark?

Again that lurid glare, followed by a tremenduous crash, as though the whole artillery of heaven had spent itself, while the little boat could just be seen—the two men still there, battling manfully to keep her from being submurged, while the wind and the driving sleet leapt up into our faces; for by this time we were down to the very edge of the water, Miss Jervis still clinging to me, all her thoughts and feeling concentrated on one object. Then a fierce wild cry broke from her lips: "Oh! will no one save them?" and she tore away from my grasp, out into the surf, where a little pleasure-boat was tossing up and down.

"Let me go," as a strong arm was flung around her—"Let me go. It is my father and Philip!—I knew they were coming;" while the sharp flashing, and fading gleams, the gray haze, shining scud, and flying foam-wreathes, magnified her into something supernatural.

And then I perceived this man had a long staff, and great coils of rope, and another rope wound around his waist, and held by clusters of half-dressed hands—a shadowy throng that seemed suddenly to have come out of the darkness. Then another man, still larger, taller caught up, Miss Jervis, and gave her into the care of a murky group, while strange cries came now upon the wind—sad wild sounds—and in a lull, when the listening storm also held its breath, I seemed to hear the cries of of drowning men.

What followed I hardly know. All my thoughts, will, heart, swung there in the blackness, as I saw these two men plunge into the sea, the rope payed out by these black, shadowy hands.—Twice, thrice had I seen them plunged among the waves, that tossed them lightly back in cruel play; then again they were lost, an instant—but what eternities do some instants compress!

The great lantern swung round its swift, shifting glare; and ghastly in the green lustre of the ray a face gleamed up on the sands—a ghastly pale face, the water dripping from the hair—then another, while the stalwart swimmers staggered along, and were caught by those on shore; and the breakers dashed and hissed as they sucked down sand and weed, roaring, and still climbing up the bank as though maddened at the loss of their prey.

The next I knew, we were in the boat-house and Dr. Rhodes and Madeline Jervis were bending over me.

"Was it real?—was it? Did they come?" It was all I could say—while the joy in her face, the light in her eye burned down into my soul, and I knew that Captain Jervis and Philip Atkinson were both there.

A Slight Mistake.

An Irishman; being invited by a deacon to accompany him to church complied with great alacrity. His pious friend seated Pat in his pew, and with pious visage and austere aspects, awaited the commencement of the services. Pat looked about him, and observing none of the paraphernalia belonging to his peculiar mode of worship, whispered inquiringly of the deacon:

"Is this a heretic church?"

"Be still my good man, don't disturb the meeeting," replied the urbane but severe minister.

"Faith, an' I'll do that same."

Presently the elder commenced his prayer, which so excited the deacon that he shouted in the fervor of his heart, "Glory to God!"

"Howld yer whist," cried the indignant Celt.

The worthy preacher stopped, and looked around for the cause of the disturbance. Seen no and he began again.

Suddenly the deacon cried out "Amen."

"Will ye be quiet, ye thafe of the the world, and not be disturbing the people?" giving him a dig in the ribs.

The minister again stopped, and requested some one to remove the intruder.

"Bedad, an' I will," suiting the action to the word, he collared the offending but innocent worshipper, and pitch him out of the vestibule. Returning with considerable pride, he addressed the minister:

"There, plaze yer riverence, I've put the blackguard out, bad cess to him."

Josh Billings has been to Long Branch, and therof writes: "The biggest thing they hev got here for the present, is the pool of water in front of the hotels. The pool iz sed by good judges tew be 3,000 miles in length, and in some places five miles in thickness. Into this pool, every day at 10 o'clock, the folks all retire—males and females, and widders, promiskus. They dress in flannel attire of many colors, and look az near like when they are in the pool as a flock of ducks and drakes. The water in this pool haz stood so long that it has got salty, and ought to be changed."

A Chicago paper is responsible for the story that a few days since some boys in that city dropped an anvil weighing two hundred pounds out of the fourth story window on the head of an African who was passing, and he had them arrested. He said he was willing to let the boys have fun, but when they jammed a "gemmen's" hat down over his eyes and spoiled it in that way, the law must take its course

A fellow on the race-course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry. "Halloo! what is the matter now?"—said a chap, whom the inebriated individual had run against, "Why—hic—why, the fact is a lot of friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

A sailor, who had lately returned from sea, was at one of the stations looking at two young ladies on the platform very attentively, when he presently exclaimed: "Have the women got so lazy that they must have bags to carry their hair in?"

Provisioning Paris.

The correspondent of the Tribune writing from Paris says:

The most energetic measures have been adopted to victual Paris. The city at this moment contains 350,000 cwts. of flour, 150,000 cwts. of rice, besides immense quantities of potatoes and vegetables, 100,000 oxen, 500,000 sheep, with the requisite provender, stalled in the Bois de Boulogne. Then comes 60,000,000 rations of preserved and salted meats, three months' store of salt, spices, sugar, coffee, and of wine and spirits. In fact there seems to be little doubt that the city will be able to sustain a long seige, should it come to this. General Trochu requests private families to make provisions for the eventuality and to lay in their stock. Since yesterday the grocers' and other shops have been invaded, especially the former. One is obliged to *faire la querre*, that is to take one's turn at the shops. At the door of the most popular—those which have been most advertised for cheapness—a couple of *sergents de ville* regulate the order of going and coming. It is a singular and an amusing spectacle, though suggestive of reflections. I believe the new