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TERMS

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

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All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.

A Highly Concentrated VEGETABLE EXTRACT.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY

Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Phila'd, Pa.

WILL effectually cure Liver complaints, Dyspepsia; Jaundice, Cronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or stomach, such as constipation, inward piles, fullness or blood to the head, accidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vission, dots or webs before the sight, fever and pull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest limbs, &c,, sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits. And will positively prevent yellow fever, bilious fever, &c., they contain no Alcohol or Bad Whiskey! They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Induced by the extensive sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, [purely vegetable,] hosts of ignorant Quacks and unscrupulous adventures, have opened upon suffering humanity the flood gates of Nostrums in the shape of poor whiskey, vilely compounded with injurious drugs; and christened Tonics, Stomachics and Bitters.

Beware of the innumerable array of Alcoholic preparations in plethoric bottles and big bellied kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters which instead of carring, only aggravate disease, and leave the disappointed sufferer in despair.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!

Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale are not rivalled by any similar preparation.

The propietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent Clergymen, Lawyers, physicians and Citizens, testifying of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS,

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoofland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were frequently used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life to use his own language, has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862

Messrs Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my *life*. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case.—I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Capt. R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflamation of the lungs, and was for several days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dissentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 20th of June, Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kinly, procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vauge fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALON E.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CUDDLEBACK, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C., 11th. Maine.
JOHN JENKINS, Co. B. 106th Penn.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," is on the Wrapper of each bottle.

Price per bottle 75 cents, or half doz. for $4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory, No 631 Arch St. JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United State.

☞For sale by DAWSON & BRO., and L. H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers prices. [July 21-1y

DEATH.

Painter her slow steps fall from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say;
"I am content to die—but oh, not now!
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe,
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing,
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe
Spare me great God;—lift up my drooping brow:
I am content to die!—but oh, not now!

The spring hath ripened into summer-time—
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun has reached his burning prime,
'Oh, must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
Let me not perish while o'er land and sea
With silent steps the Lord of light moves on,
Nor while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear, with music in its tone.
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
I am content to die!—but oh, not now!

Summer is gone; and Autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues;
Shouts the hallo, and winds his eager horn.
Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with rudy gleam;
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
I am content to die!—but oh not now!

The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound;
Yet still that prayer ascends: 'Oh laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
Our home-fire blazes broad and bright and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud,
Spare me awhile—raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die!—but oh, not now!

Hints to Newspaper Editors.

One reader cries your strain's too grave,
Too much morality you have,
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch and wizard tales,
Of slip shod ghosts, with fins and scales,
And feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words those novels,
Composed of kings, and priests and lords,
Of border wars and Gothic hordes.
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded lovesick stuff
To craze the fair creation.
Give us some recent foreign news
Of Russians, Turks, the Poles, or Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of dull scholastic lore
Would like to see a little more
Of first rate scraps of Latin;
The grocer fain would learn the price
Of tea and sugar, fruit and rice,
The draper, silk and satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus, or a riddle;
Some wish for parliamentary news,
And some perhaps, of wiser views,
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges or schools,
He cuts the greatest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety;
Variety in all things,
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed (I only give the hint)
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss,
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain,
None suffer from drought, 'tis plain,
At least, not one in twenty.

I want to hear of death, says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses fire, or fever,
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of raccoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a favorite dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should confute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
So, brother editors, pursue
The path that seems best to you,
And let the grumblers grumble.

[From the New York Mercury.

A HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

WANTED—A housekeeper. No one but an elderly person, competent and of the highest respectability, need apply. Call, between the hours of three and four, Thursday, April 6, at No.—, Michigan avenue.

Kate Franklin read this in the paper which lay on the counter in the little grocery, while waiting to have an ounce or two of tea done up, and a roll of baker's bread.

She repeated the number of the house over to herself, as she received the change from the grocer.

She prepared the tea, after she returned to the little bare attic, and ate her scant meal mechanically. She forgot how unsatisfied her appetite still was, in her busy thought.

Yes, she must decend to menial service.—Why not this? It would be better than a lower grade. Yet her soul and pride shrank from it.

A stranger in a strange place successively she had tried to find a situation as teacher, copyist, in a store, sewing. She had failed in the first three, and was starving on the last.

She would apply for that place, but she would need references. Only one person she knew, in the whole great city, of sufficient influence—Mrs. Davenport, the rich, haughty stepsister, who had ill-treated her gentle mother while she had lived, and had hated Kate herself with double hatred since the first and only one she had ever loved had turned from her brilliant beauty to offer heart and hand to her young and disliked step-sister, only to be rejected in his turn. The beautiful, imperious beauty had, soon after, married an old man for his wealth, but she had not forgotten her hatred for Kate, and disowned all connection with the now orphaned and penniless girl. Perhaps, though, Kate thought, she would permit her to refer to her, because glad to have her descend to menial employent.

Kate felt competent for the situation, for, during her mother's long illness, and her father's absence, she had entire charge of their large family and splended house.

But "an elderly woman." Now Kate Franklin was not an elderly woman, being only twenty; but she remembered, with a sort of pleasure, that in private theatricals, in happier days, she had imitated the voice and assumed the character of an old woman with great success. She knew how to stain the skin to give it an old and wrinkled appearance, and she had, in the bottom of a box, some false gray hair and a muslin cap, worn on one of these occasions.—She did not need to look so very old—only to present a mature and matronly appearance.

Mr. Edward Dayton waited at home after his dinner to see the respondents to his advertisement. He was a handsome man, not yet thirty with a gay, frank, good-natured countenance.

"Now for a dozen or two of good old dames, all competent, all respectable, and each confident she would give satisfaction."

He lighted a cigar.

"I shall shock the dear old souls, but I shall take the liberty to smoke in my own house in the parlor or anywhere I please; they may as well know what to expect."

He leaned back in a nonchalant way, his feet on another chair.

"There ought to be, I suppose, a Mrs. Dayton to manage these housekeeper matters. Well, there's time enough."

Two applicants were seen, and dismissed in Mr. Dayton's gentlemanly way.

"Would let them know if he decided to engage them."

A third was ushered in. Mr. Dayton instinctively laid aside his cigar, and placed a chair for his visitor.

The lady-likeness and propriety of her manner pleased him at once. "Fallen fortunes," he commented to himself.

She answered his questions readily, but in few words.

"A silent woman—a good thing," was his inward remark.

"I think you will suit me, Mrs.—, what did I understand your name?"

"Franklin."

"Mrs. Franklin, you will be required to go out of town, about seven miles to my country-house—Oak Grove—in the town of Enbury, on the Central Railroad. The salary I propose to pay is six hundred per annum. Do my terms suit?"

Suit! Six hundred to the half-starving person before him seemed Indian's wealth!

She answered quietly that they suited.

"Then it is all settled. By the way, I suppose you have references, though all that is a mere matter of form'."

The name of Davenport was given.

"Davenport! Robert Davenport? I know them. All right, then. If convenient, you will please go to-morrow, Mrs. Franklin, or the next day. I shall not come down till the middle of next week, and shall probably bring a friend or two with me. Have the chambers in the centre and wings prepared, if you please. The housekeeper there now will not leave till Saturday. She will show you round."

"Is Mrs — Is your wife there, or to go soon?"

He laughed.

"Mrs. Edward Dayton! No, she is not there, and I do not know of her going at present."—Adding, more seriously, "I have not the pleasure, Mrs. Franklin, of having a wife," with a slight stress on "pleasure."

A vivid color came into the brown cheek of the housekeeper, and her manner showed evident embarassment.

"I thought—I believe—I cannot—" And stopped.

He did not notice it. His mind had already turned to other things.

He rose.

"It is all settled, I believe. By the way," his eye falling on the rusty black dress, "you may like an advance, as an evidence of the bargan. It is quite customary, I believe, to do so."

Much Edward Dayton knew about the custom of such things, but it was like his kindness and delicacy to say so.

The housekeeper's hand closed on the fifty dollars he gave her; and the words she would have said were left unuttered. She moved to the door. He opened it for her courtrously.

"Good morning, Madam."

"Good morning!" she replied.

"I cannot starve. I must go. I can keep up my disguise," she murmured.

Mr. Dayton, accompanied by a friend, arrived at his country-house the middle of the ensuing week. Everything within and about the house was in perfect order. If the new housekeeper had made a few mistakes at first, they were soon rectified. Every room that she had touched showed a magical change.

Her predecessor had been one of the kind who believed in the sunlight never entering a room, for fear of fading carpets and curtain; whose watchword was "order," and, therefore, the furniture was set primly back against the wall, as if fixtures, and their position had not been altered for years; and who, moreover, conscientiously believed cut flowers in a room unhealthy.

The new housekeeper's belief differed in these respects. The cheery sunlight was allowed to enter when and where it would; flowers were on the tables and mantelpieces; the furniture was disarranged with careless grace; ornaments were taken from drawers and closets, where they had been carefully packed away, and spoke for themselves on etagerres, marble shelves and mantelpieces.

Mr. Dayton felt the change without knowing the reason of it. He looked around him with a satisfied air.

"This is a grand, cheery old place, after all!—Do you know, Lyon, I have always shunned it as the gloomiest of all gloomy places. I haven't stayed here a fortnight, all put together, for the last five years. It must be your presence, old gloom was all in my imagination."

"Not altogether; for I remember it just as you do. You forget I have run down here with you once or twice for a day. Didn't you tell me you had a new housekeeper? Perhaps the change may be owing to her—some women have a singular knack at such things."

"Very likely you are right. I remember now that, notwithstanding all I could say, Mrs. Stone would exclude the sun; and the furniture is certainly arranged different from what it was. A marked improvement—which I hope will extend to and beyond the dinner-table."

It was not possible to find fault with the variety and quality of the food placed before them nor the manner of its being served; and the table-appointments were perfect; and Dayton congratulated himself upon having secured such a jewel of a housekeeper.

The two friends passed their time in reading, riding, driving, fishing, and occasionally visits to the city; the housekeeper hers in earning to the extent of her power, by attention to their bodily wants, the six hundred she received.—She had an easy master. Mr. Dayton was never fault-finding, always plesant and courteous.

He remained after his friend departed. Usually, if he did not go into town, he spent his mornings between the library and garden; the afternoons in driving himself, sometimes in taking the young ladies of a neighboring family, Lilly and Maud Grandison, to a driver. They were the only family with whom he visited familiarly. Through the servants, the new housekeeper heard rumors of an attatchment between the eldest daughter, Lilley, a fair and amiable girl, and Mr. Dayton.

The weeks passed, and a holiday came. Mr. Dayton had gone to town the day previous, to remain the rest of the week. The housekeeper had given permission to the servants to go also. She felt it a welcome relief to have the house and the day to herself. She locked the door carefully after the last servant. She would make the most of her day. She would have no dinner—only a lunch. She had almost forgotten her real character in that which she had assumed but to-day she could be herself without fear of intrusion or discovery.

She laid aside her cap and gray tresses, washed the stain from her skin, arranged her luxuriant hair in becoming curls, and donned a pretty fresh muslin, which fitted well the slight graceful figure. This done, she entered the parlor and steed before the mirror, as attractive a figure as one would often see.

"Truly, I have forgotten my own looks! I am Kate Franklin, after all!" she laughed.

Removed from the long restraint, her spirits rebounded. She felt gay, light-hearted, and like committing any foolishness.

"Mrs. Franklin," she said, in the mincing, and affected tones of an exquisite, "it would give me inexpressible pleasure to hear the music of that long-silent voice."

"It would be a great pity to deprive you of it then," she answered, in her natural voice, "and myself, also," she added; and going to the piano, she opened it and played a few pieces with exquisite taste and skill, and then she sung song after song, in a sweet, clear, cultivated voice.—She chose at first, the brilliant and triumphant, then the sad and plaintive succeeded. There were tears in her eyes when she rose. But today her moods were capricious.

"Mrs. Franklin, who is playing on the piano?" she asked, in an excellent imitation of Mr. Dayton's voice.

"It is only I, Sir, dusting the keys. They need dusting so often," she replied, in Mrs. Franklin's mature tones; and she dusted them vigorously with her pocket-handkerchief.

"Ah me!" she said. "Now, what other foolish thing shall I do to prove to myself that I am not an elderly housekeeper, but a young girl who, by virtue of her age, should be gay by right of birth, wealthy—and of consideration, visited and visiting, as Mr. Dayton's lady visits and is visited. He is noble, and good, and handsome," she said, with a sigh. "She will be happy.—How gracefully she danced here, at the party, the other evening, when the old housekeeper was permitted to look on. She looks good and amiable, too. Mr. Dayton danced with her three times. I wonder if I have forgotten how to dance!" and humming an air, she floated gracefully about the room.

She stopped breathless, her cheeks brilliant from the exercise, her splendid hair disarranged.

"I believe I feel like stiff old Mrs. Franklin, with whom dancing doesn't agree."

"One more song by that heavenly voice, Mrs. Franklin, and I shall go away dreaming I have heard the angels sing," in the ludicrously affected voice she had before imitated.

"And she laughed, yet half sadly, "the compliments poor old housekeeper Franklin receives I hope won't quite spoil her, and turn her silly old head."

She sat down again at the piano, and sang "Home, Sweet Home;" then played one of Beethoven's grandest, most solemn pieces.

She rose; closed the piano.

"The carnival is ended. Kate Franklin disappears from the scene, and Madam Franklin enters."

Neither Mr. Dayton nor the servants would have suspected from the placid, dignified deportment of the housekeeper when they returned at evening, of what strange freaks she had been guilty.

The housekeeper, as usual, when Mr. Dayton was alone, sat at table. It had commenced to rain violently, and the weather had grown suddenly cold. Mr. Dayton, as he had done occasionally, invited her to the library, where was a cheerful fire in the grate. He read the letters and papers which he had brought with him from town, while she knitted.

An hour or more passed in silence; indeed, the housekeeper seldom spoke, except when asked a question. At length Mr. Dayton looked up at her, and said, abruptly:

"Yours must be a lonely life, Madam. If it is not a painful subject, may I ask how long since you lost your husband?"

Two hands suspended their employment, two eyes looked up at him with an alarmed expression. In his serious, sympathetic countenance, there was nothing to frighten or embarrass, but the red grew deeper and deeper in the brown cheek.

"It is a painful subject," she said, at last, falteringly. "If you will please excuse me."

"Pray pardon me, Madam. It was furtherest from my wish or thought to give you pain," he returned, with a grave courtesy.

His manner, after this, was even kinder than before. It became his custom to invite her to sit with him every evening.

She commenced to decline; but as he invariably insisted upon a reason, it was not always easy to find one. If she gave household cares, he called one of the servants to attend to it.—Once, she frankly told him it was not agreeable, but she never did it a second time; for, for a week he had wrapped himself in impenetrable reserve, looked cold and gloomy, never speaking except from necessary civility.

At last, the poor housekeeper could bear it no longer. After tea, without an invitation, which had not been extended since that night, she took her knitting, and went into the parlor. The first approach to a smile she had seen on his face for many days brightened it then, but he did not say a great deal.

After this, it became the regular custom.—There could be no danger to him in the gray hair, the seemingly-aged face and figure before him; but was there none to her, evening after evening, sitting opposite the manly, handsome fellow, knowing his goodness and large-heartedness, listening to his intelligent and polished conversation?

One morning, he was speaking of the great loss to children, in being deprived of their parents.

"I never knew a mother," he said. "She died before my earliest recollection. I believe that, man as I am, if I had a mother, I should go to her with all my grief, as a little child would. I have sometimes thought of asking you to act as mother in these quiet evenings, when I have longed to confide in some one. My mother would have been about your age, I think."

Again there was a vivid color in the brown cheek of the housekeeper, such as is rarely seen in the aged, and it was accompanied by a quiver of the mouth, and a smothered noise, which ended in a cough, but both mouth and cheek were quickly covered with a handkerchief, and quite a violent fit of coughing succeeded.

Dr. Dayton, however, had not seemed to notice, though he had given her one curious glance, instantly withdrawn, and he continued:

"For instance, respecting matrimony, whose advice of so much value as a mother's? Who so quick to see through character, and make a wise selection? Had you a son, who about here would you select for a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Franklin?"

"I am not acquainted with any of the young ladies, Mr. Dayton," she answered, faintly, after a pause, during which he seemed to wait for an answer.

"True, but you have seen them all, and are, I should judge, a good discerner of character, from observation. Who should you select from those you have seen?" he persisted.

She reddened and paled.

"I have heard the Misses Grandison highly spoken of. Their appearance would seem to prove the truth. I doubt not you agree with me," she returned, quietly.

It was now his turn to color, which he did, slightly.

"I do agree with you," he answered, emphatically.

"It is to be, then, as I supposed," said the housekeeper to herself, as she went up to her room.

It was late in September. Mr. Dayton and the housekeer were both in the parlor. He had been unusually grave all day. It seemed to the housekeeper that his manner was changed toward her.

"I have a few questions to ask, if you will permit me, Mrs. Franklin."

She felt instinctive alarm at his tone.

"Certainly," with an effort.

There was an ominous pause.

"I have been told," he said, "that Miss Kate Franklin, a young girl, has, by disguising herself, palmed herself off upon me for several months as a Mrs. Franklin, an elderly lady.—Is there any truth in this story?" looking searchingly at her.

She had started to her feet, then tremblingly sank back again into her chair.

"Yes, it is true," she murmured, falteringly.

"I confess I fail to see for what object. My heart you could hardly expect to gain in that character."

"Your heart," she repeated scornfully. "I had no such laudable ambition. I had never seen nor heard of you till I saw your advertisement. Would you like to know for what purpose I took upon me a disguise so repugnant? You shall. To save myself from starvation—I had eaten but one meal a day for a week when I applied to you, and was suffering with hunger then. My money was all gone, except a few pennies, with which to buy a roll of bread for the next day's meal, and I had no prospect for more, for I had been refused further sewing. And why should you find fault?" her pride rising. "What matter if I were Miss or Mrs. Franklin, old or young, if I fulfilled the duties I undertook? Have I not taken good care of your house? Have I not made you comfortable? If I have not, deduct from this quarter's salary, which you paid me this morning, whatever you like."

"I have no fault to find, except for placing yourself and me in an awkward position, were this to become known."

Waves of color mounted to the poor housekeeper's temples.

"I thought—I meant no one should know—least of all, you—besides I—I thought when I engaged to come that you were—were married. Oh, what shall I do?" And she burst into a passion of tears.

Mr. Dayton's manner changed.

"Kate! Kate! I did not mean to distress you. Nobody knows but me—nobody shall know."—And he soothed her tenderly. "Kate, look up. I love you with my whole heart, and I want you for my little housekeeper—my wife always.—Kate, what do you say?" taking her in his arms and laying his cheek against hers: "My own Kate, is it not?"

She murmured something between her sobs that she must go away that minute.

"Nonsense, darling! Haven't you been here for months? What difference can a day longer make? You are safe with me, Katie. Oh, because now I know who you are. Kate, foolish little girl, I have known it for weeks. Miss Franklin, will you give me the inexpressible pleasure of hearing a song from that long silent voice? O Katie, you fairly bewitched me that day! I am afraid you will bewitch me always. But, Katie, let's leave off these trappings," untying her cap, and removing the gray hair, and with the action down fell the wreath of brown tresses.

"O Mr. Dayton, you were not—surely you were not home that day!" looking up, and covered with confusion.

"Yes, Mr. Dayton was—in the library," with an accent on his name which Kate understood.

"O Edward! and you teased me with all those foolish questions when you knew"—

"Yes, my Kate, why not?"

"And you looked so innocent."

He laughed.

"I shall soon, I hope, have somebody, if not a mother, to confide in; and Kate, it is my duty and pleasure to give you a husband, so that, in future you can answer without so much pain when he is inquired after."

"You are too generous."

"I can afford to be generous," he said, earnestly, "when I have had the precious gift of your love. Kate, blessed forever be the day that I first engaged my housekeeper!"

TWO THOUTAND PIGTH.—The Pittsburg Chronicle has a comical story about a man who had a peculiar lisp, and had bought some swine, applied to a neighbor for the loan of a pig-pen, when the following conversation ensued:

"Mitheth Young, I have bough two thowth and pigth, and want to put them in your pen till to-morrow."

"Why, Mr. Fisher, my pen with not hold a twentieth part of them; what in the world are you going to do with two thousand pigs?"

"Understand me madam; I don't thay two *thousand* pigth, but two *thoweth* and pigth."

"I hear you! Tow thousand pigs for one family! The man is certainly crazy."

"Mitheth Young, I tell you again I don't mean two *thouthand* pigth; but two thowth and *two* pigth."

"Oh—oh—Mr. Fisher, that's what you mean. Certainly my pen is at your service neighbor."

A GOOD RETORT.—The New York *Journal of Commerce*, quoting the oft-repeated commonplace that "the rebellion is on its last legs," asks peevishly how many legs the rebellion has got. The Chicago *Tribune* answers:

"There is a leg in Ohio called Vallandigham, one in Chicago called the *Times*, two in New York, the *Journal of Commerce* and *World*, and one in Cincinnati, the *Enquirer*, besides two very lame legs at Richmond and Atlanta. The Northern legs are the most serviceable."

Another Great Display of Falling Stars Expected.

The writer of this was among the fortunate few who witnessed the wonderful shower of meteors in the night of Nov. 13, 1833. Being at a large boarding-school, it chanced that some one of the boys caught sight of the fiery rain and he aroused the whole school. For an hour or two we sat watching the sublime spectacle with mingled interest and awe. The sky was constantly lighted with hundreds of stars, shooting forth from the neighborhood of the zenith, and streaming across the heavens; each leaving a bright streak in its track that gradually faded away.

This most impressive of all celestial phenomena has been the subject of much inquiry among astronomers. It is found that in November of every year the number of falling stars is more numerous than at other periods, and that there is less considerable display in August. The July number of Silliman's Journal contains the last of series of articles by H. A. Newton on the "November Star-shower." In these articles Prof. Newton has traced the history of this startling phenomenon from the first record of of its appearance in A. D., 902, and has discussed at length its most probable cause. He comes to the conclusion that there is a ring of small planets revolving around the sun; that the planets are distributed very unevenly in the ring, there being a small section of the ring where the bodies are numerous with a few stragglers scattered along the rest of its circuit; that the earth passes through the ring every year and each year in a new place; and that it passes through that part of the ring in which the planets are most numerous once in about thrty-three years. He further concludes that the period of the revolution of this ring of planets around the sun may be calculated with very great accuracy and that it is 351.621 days—a little less than a year. The motion is retrogade, and the velocity with which the bodies enter our atmosphere is 20.17 miles per second. The following are Prof. Newton's remarks in regard to the next appearance of the great shower:—

"If then, a shower occurs in A. D., 1864 (31 years after 1833), it seems most reasonable to look for its greatest display (on the morning of Nov. 14th) 144 degrees west of our Atlantic states, that is, in the western part of the Pacific Ocean and in Australia. In 1865, it may be looked for as central 97 degrees further west, or in western Asia and eastern Europe; and in 1866 on the western Atlantic. The year in which we have most reason to expect a shower, is 1866 since the cycle of 33.24 years is probably to be recored from some date between November in 1832 and 1833. These places and times are named with hesitation—rather to guide observation, than as predictions. The cause alluded to above, and the possible perturbations, and irregularities of structure of the group, may cause unexpected variations of time and place."

About Great Men and Boys..

Among the mountains of California stand some of the most wonderful trees ever discovered. They tower up more than three hundred feet, or taller than the highest steeple in this country. There they stood hundreds of years ago before civilized man ever saw them. But they were just as grand while alone in the solitude of the unbroken wilderness, when only visited by the winds, the wild beasts and birds and the equally wild Indians, as they are now, when travelers flock to admire their stateliness. So all truly great men possess the same nobleness of nature before, that they do after the world has discovered, acknowledged, and applauded it. Those who long for opportunities of becoming great, forget that greatness is in the man, not in the opportunity. The opportunity only gives occasion for greatness to exhibit itself. Washington possessed the same high qualities when he told the truth and loved his mother, as when he headed the American armies, and presided over the councils of the nation. A man may be great, though circumstances confine him to a narrow sphere, just as a ray of light is as pure, as cheerful, and as much the child of the sun when shining in a rude hovel, as when flashing from the mirrors of a palace. Goodness, courage, devotion, manliness, patience, perseverance, and love, will make a boy great, though he live on the most secluded farm in the back-woods. There are thousands of such boys—many of them will read these words written for their encouragement. The day may come when their noble qualities will be wanted in the public service, and all men see and acknowledge their worth. But if not, they are still rich in enduring wealth, and let them remember also, that life only *begins* in this life.

A WHOLESOME DRINK.—The excessive use of cold water during the sweltering heat of summer often results in serious and alarming illness. It is therefore advisable that some beverage should be substituted for it, of which those oppressed can partake with safety. For this purpose we are aware of no better or more refreshing drink than the following:

Take the best white Jamaica ginger root, carefully bruised, 2 ounces; cream tartar, 1 ounce; water, 6 quarts; to be boiled for about five minutes, then strained. To the strained liquor add 1 pound of sugar, and again place it over the fire. Keep it well stired till the sugar is perfectly dissolved, and then pour it into an earthen vessel, into which you have previously put 2 drachms of tartaric acid and the rind of one lemon, and let it remain till the heat is reduced to a lukewarm temperature; then add a tablespoonful of yeast, stirring them well together, and bottle for use. The corks must be well secured. The drink will be in high perfection in four or five days. This is a very refreshing and wholesome beverage, and one which may be largely partaken of without any unpleasant results, even in the hotest weather.

HOW TO HAVE SUMMER FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Gather the flowers on a dry day, and before they are fully spread in bloom. To preserve them you need a shiny-lined jar of earthenware, whatever size you will; but let the size be as it may, you must quite fill it. Then sprinkle with good claret or other light wine, in which a little salt is mingled. Tie up your vase or jar carefully, and deposit in some safe cellar.—You have no more to do but take out your flowers when you will, set them by the fire—and heigh, presto—bloom, life, perfume! Two hundred years ago you might have expired at the stake as a witch, now you are only the astonisher of delighted and admiring friends.—G. C. C.

THE PEACH SEASON.—The Bordentown (N. J.) Register says that Mr. J. L. McKnight, of that place, has commenced gathering his peach crop. The fruit is very fine, but not quite so large as that of some other seasons, in consequence of having ripened too fast. Mr. McK. has two immense orchards, and at a rough calculation, will net ten or fifteen thousand dollars.

The Monmouth Standard says that the veteran producers of peaches in Monmouth county, predict a crop above the average. Benjamin Reed, of Hightstown, has 180,000 trees in Ocean county that are in bearing, and is prepared to send to market 225,000 baskets