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5. If a carrier has been sent...

6. If a carrier has been sent...

7. If a carrier has been sent...

8. If a carrier has been sent...

9. If a carrier has been sent...

10. If a carrier has been sent...

War News.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Position of our Pickets.

General McClellan's Division—Affairs of Langley's and Lewinsville—An Anticipated Scene.

WASHINGTON, October 10

The pickets of our army, since the morning...

Yesterday afternoon the army in this...

General McClellan's division is thus occupying...

McClellan's division is thus occupying...

McClellan's division is thus occupying...

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VALLEY SPIRIT

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

VOLUME 15.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 16, 1861.

NUMBER 17.

that the action of the committee thus far...

The Military Strength of New York and Pennsylvania

While the male portion of the population...

All is quiet down the Potomac.

Decision of Appeals to the Secretary of Treasury.

The Secretary of the Treasury has made...

The duty of 2 per cent ad valorem...

The duty of 2 per cent ad valorem...

The duty of 2 per cent ad valorem...

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The duty of 2 per cent ad valorem...

well's Hill, a mile and a half this side...

Batteries were drawn up in prominent...

A portion of the troops under Fitz...

On Friday, however, word reached Hat...

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FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

FROM HATTERAS INLET.

Naval Management at Hatteras Inlet...

On the 24th inst, the day after the capture...

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On the 24th inst, the day after the capture...

On the 24th inst, the day after the capture...

out in front of the Marshall's office, and...

A scout just arrived here from Spring...

On the 24th inst, detachments from several...

On the 24th inst, detachments from several...

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On the 24th inst, detachments from several...

I DO NOT WANT TO MARR HIM PRAY.

I do not like to hear him pray. He always bowed low to me, and asked her how she was, and even on her fête day had brought a single rose which was carefully received. Jean was also a capful in summer, and ran on errands, and often came to the house to buy perfumes, soap, &c., for his employer, who appreciated his honesty and desire to work, freely trusted him with purchases.

YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me—my head had drooped low in my grief. When I thought of shelter and in the night, when the holy emotions lay upon my heart, I thought of you, my dear, my dear, my dear. You were held me fast—of your arms, and I heard you respond to heart in that possible way. Your fingers seemed drawing my aching up to my eyes. As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the sky, and you lips cling to mine, I feel I am no longer a poor orphan, but a child of heaven.

PAULINE.

Pauline was an only daughter adored by some worthy citizen of the Rue St. Honore, Paris, who having brought her up to the age of sixteen, had placed her in his shop—a perfume warehouse—to dispense his goods at the counter. Women in France are almost universally and practically heads of commercial establishments. The master of the house when he does not lounge away in a cafe, play billiards or cards half the day, or walk about like one living on his means, is contented to occupy a retired and dignified position, attending, not to sales, but to wholesale purchases. But such was not the case with M. Bouland, the adopted father of Pauline. Both he and his wife shared the labor of the shop together, he keeping the books while Pauline and Madame Bouland attended to the details. The young girl was very pretty and very modest, and her presence contributed not a little to the success of the business.

of La Tuile and others, was still not wholly a novice. "A young man," said he to Jean, "that you have heard what you tell me the evening. If you have done this from a mere motive of caprice, and invented a tale, you will pay dearly for it; but the Bastille for life!" "But as to the rank, if you please, I repeat that the King is in danger. I will offer my life as a security for my truth."

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He had discovered an awful and frightful secret, and he was a dead man if found in that room, the ill-fated wambler of which allowed everything in the next to be distinctly heard. "What shall I do?" thought he to himself; "shut the door is the fete-day of St. Louis; I have no time to lose."

It was the eve of St. Louis, 1758, and the King was Louis XV. The servants hesitated, looked at one another, and an agent of police, struck by the man's tone, made them pause. "Go, repeat his words to Monsieur le Lieutenant," said he; "and show this person into his privy to cabinet." Jean, recovering his breath, followed his guide, and soon found himself face to face with the magistrate, whose mien was severe and inquisitive, and even incredulous. He bade the fretful sit down, and asked his business in a somewhat petulant tone—the tone of a man disturbed in the midst of his dinner. "I come here," said Jean, firmly, "to inform you of a plot against the King's life."

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will receive him better than I would a courtier." Bertin de Belleisle went out, and returned leading the *frotteur* by the hand. Jean Provost stood, silent, looking at him with a troubled, light-down his face, and turned and twisted his cap in his hands, quite unaware that he was pulling it to pieces. "Eh! what your King," cried Louis XV, with a protestal tear in his eye, "this is your life reward."

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words of the old couple through the half-open door. "It is you," cried M. Bouland, with a sigh; "though what a poor *frotteur* can do with such a wife is more than I can imagine!" "I am not a poor *frotteur*," said Jean Provost; "I am an honorable gardener of the royal gardens of Versailles, with a hundred louis of monthly income, and a house large enough to hold us all, if you will come and live with us, and sell your business. That you may understand my sudden rise, I may tell you, my new parents—husband and wife—have been married, and I have been lucky to meet the King from the attempt of an illustrious assassin and that Louis XV had shown his gratitude to the poor *frotteur*."

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It was a question little Marie asked herself again and again as they lay there watching the fire glow as the flames struggled through the window. And she asked it often after the hot rice and cream had cooled, and she remembered that day. They were all fast asleep now, and she lay clasping her feet together. Suddenly a bright light came to the little daughter. She remembered having seen in the office house a young girl, no taller than she, sitting upon the counter. Perhaps they could try her. "If very young," she murmured softly, "a handy, quick and patient, and I would try to be hard to outgo." I am pretty, too, she might truly have added, had there been a spark of vanity in her heart; for she was a sweet child, with a brown hair as sunny as gold, and eyes like the spring violets that nod in the woodlands. "I will try, at least, and see what I can do," she uttered watching a moment the weary sleep of her parents, she whispered to the little boy that she was going out to get some bread for the baker, but her pitiful story failed to touch her heart, and there were tears on her cheek as she turned away. Even if she secured a place, she could hope for no wages till Saturday, and there were two weary days between this and that. If all a girl be to do is to wait till the West should she do that? She asked herself the question with a quivering lip. Never before had her poverty troubled her so much, and it was now that she was to be put to the test. She had just to supply a mother's wants.

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KENTUCKY.

There stands the old Kentucky inn, And on its roof the stars are seen, They gleam with more brightness than ever, And in the night they shine so true.

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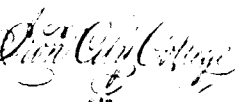
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