# THE STATES AND UNION.

"THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

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**Book and Job Printing**

IN THE NEATEST STYLE

AND UPON THE

**MOST REASONABLE**

**TERMS,**

AT THIS OFFICE.


## Select Story.

### THE LOST POCKET BOOK.

It was a cheerless afternoon. A biting freezing wind drove the slowly drifting snow before it like a blinding mist; and the clouds hung so low as to almost touch the black roofs of the houses.

"How desolate it is," Mrs. Halpine sighed, glancing from her attic window on the gloomy prospect below, as she smoothed and folded the garment she had just completed; "and the cold's bitter. I don't like to send you out, Louise, but there's not a lump of coal, or a dust of flour, and Willie must have that medicine. I'd go myself, but—"

"O, mother, no! let me go—I don't mind if it is cold. I'll hurry back;" and the little girl sprang up from her low seat beside the infant's cradle, and began to fasten on her faded cloak and hood.

"Well, I suppose you must," the mother continued as she wrapt up the delicately embroidered garment. "You know the place? Mr. Rawdon's on Tenth street—that brown stone."

"Yes, yes, mother! I know."

"Well, dear, run fast, and keep yourself warm, and say to Mrs. Rawdon that I'd have finished the work before, if Willie hadn't been so sick—Three dollars she owes me. You can call by the baker's and get a loaf on two."

The child took the bundle and vanished out of sight down a dreary flight of steps; while the mother turned back to the cradle, where the sick child lay. He held up his little hands and moaned piteously. "Give me some more tea, mamma. I'm so dry."

"Yes, darling, just as soon as Louise comes."

Her eyes filled with tears as she raised the little fellow to her bosom, clasping him closely to keep him warm for there was no fire in the stove, and the desolate attic room was comfortless. Yet there had been a day when this same palefaced, meek eyed woman sat in a luxurious chamber, with every comfort that heart could wish within her reach; and a doting husband's strong arms of love to encircle and protect her. But her husband was dead, lying unknown on some distant battle-field, and her riches had made themselves wings and flown away—Forlorn and friendless, sick at heart, and weary of incessant toil, she sat, with her wailing babe upon her bosom, gazing out with hopeless, tearless eyes upon the dismal scene beneath her attic window.

In the meanwhile, little Louise made her way through narrow by streets and squalid alleys into the most populous and fashionable parts of the city. The biting wind still continued to blow with a dreary, saddening wail, drifting the low, leaden clouds, and the mist like snow. But she walked on bravely, and reached, at last, Mrs Rawdon's.

A dazzling glow of light poured from all the lofty windows, and sounds of music and merry making floated out upon the frosty air. Mrs. Rawdon was giving a grand party in honor of her eldest daughter's birth night.—Louise crept up the marble steps, and pulled the bell. A footman in livery answered her timid summons.

"Can I see Mrs. Rawdon, please sir?" she asked.

"See Mrs. Rawdon, indeed! and she in the parlor in the very middle of the company! Of course you can't."

He was closing the door, but Louise caught at his sleeve, and cried imploringly:

"O, sir, please wait! Here's the work she wanted; Miss Violet's frock, you know. Mother promised by to-night; do let me take it up to her."

The man hesitated a moment and then turned back.

"Miss Violet's frock," he said; "she wanted it, I know. I heard her fussing because it didn't come home—May be she'll see you. I'll try, anyhow. Come here and wait."

Louise followed him through the arched hall, and past the glittering parlors, into a kind of ante-room adjoining the supper apartment. Here motioning her to a seat, he went in search of his mistress. But it was a full half hour before Mrs. Rawdon could disengage herself from her guests; and poor little Louise, tired out with waiting and benumbed with cold, was just on the point of bursting into tears, when the lady stepped into the room.

"This is pretty business, now isn't it?" she began, as she received and unfolded the bundle that Louise proffered her. "I thought you promised to bring this yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am; but little Willie was so sick that mother couldn't sew."

"O, yes, that's always the way—you've some excuse ready; but I shant trust you again, you may depend upon it. Here Violet's been crying for an hour, and refused to come down because she was so disappointed about her dress. John, ring the bell for Jane to take it up to her. I must go back to the parlor now."

She was sweeping out again, her satin robes rustling after her; but Louise sprang up with a piteous cry.

"O, ma'am, I little brother's so ill, must have his medicine; please let me have the money!"

"I can't to-night—I'm entirely out of change. You can call day after to-morrow."

But Louise was not to be repulsed. She caught the lady's hand in both her little frozen palms. One of the rings that adorned one of Mrs. Rawdon's soft fingers would have procured all the comforts her mother and little Willie so sorely needed. Some such thought flashed through the child's mind as she made her appeal.

"O, madam!" she said, her blue eyes full of imploring entreaty, "you are rich and happy and have all you want; but my poor mother has nothing; and my little brother will die without medicine! Do let me have the money!"

"I tell you I've no change. You must call again. John, show her the door."

The footman obeyed, and Louise soon found herself upon the marble steps, while the lofty door closed in her very face with a heartless slam—The wind howled more dismally than ever, and the keen stinging sleet fell like a shower of shot. Louise descended the steps, and crossed over to the opposite sidewalk with a dull, aching pain at her heart, that almost took away her breath. How could she go back to her desolate home, and tell her poor mother that she had failed to collect her hard-earned wages; tell her that they were not able to buy even a loaf? Was it right that others should have so much while they lacked daily bread? Just then something beneath her foot, soft and slippery, almost threw her to the pavement.—Looking down she saw a pocket book. She caught it up with a suppressed cry, and, thrusting it into her bosom, she darted off at the speed of an antelope. At last, out of breath, and half beside herself with excitement, she passed beneath a lamp-post, and after glancing stealthily around her, drew the treasure from her bosom. It was large, thick and heavy. Her fingers fluttered nervously as she unclasped it; and when she caught sight of the green notes it contained, she uttered a cry of delight, and darted off again like something insane. Mother and Willie could have all they needed now.

Just beyond the baker's shop, toward which she bent her steps, a soldier met her.

"Little girl," he said, arresting her flying steps, "you didn't find a pocket book as you came along, did you?"

Louise paused [illegible] heart fluttering [illegible] bird; then as a [illegible] and Willie flash[illegible] she answered:

"No, sir!"

"Well, it is [illegible] the soldier pass[illegible] hurried away [illegible] tion.

By the time [illegible] she was in a tr[illegible] and her cheeks [illegible] she drew she [illegible] hiding place, an[illegible] the door, uncla[illegible] note. The sh[illegible] customers, and [illegible] turn before she [illegible] wanted. Her [illegible] the kind patrons of the late [illegible] would buy so [illegible] many new ones will find us. [illegible] that frosted ca[illegible] coal and flou[illegible] pocket book wa[illegible] it. Still her [illegible] her cheeks b[illegible] down at the n[illegible] with a start of [illegible] fifty dollars [illegible] Robbed that [illegible] he—a soldier [illegible] clutching the [illegible] and the fifty [illegible] she darted fro[illegible] the snowy st[illegible] two beyond th[illegible] Mrs Rawdon [illegible] icr. He was [illegible] from one side [illegible] the other with [illegible] look on his f[illegible] side in an ins[illegible]

"O, sir!" [illegible] hood thrown back, her blue eyes wild and startled and her bright hair blown all about her flushed face. "I did find your pocket book—here it is I took this note out, but couldn't spend it. Mother's almost starved and little Willie will die without his medicine, but I can't steal—I can't take it back!"

The soldier took the money from the half frozen little hands that held it up to him; then lifting the child in his arms, he smoothed back her pale, tangled locks, and looked down into her pale, tear stained little face with eager startling eyes. His swarthy cheek grew pale, and his bearded lips began to tremble.

"Louise, Louise!" he said, his voice full of thrilling tenderness, "poor little darling, don't you know me?"

The child looked up, and then her cry of wild delight rang out clear and joyous.

"O, papa, papa! we thought you were dead! but you have come back to us again."

"Yes, darling!" his broad chest heaving with suppressed eagerness.—"Where is your mother? Take me to her."

Louise sprang from his arms, and shot off like an arrow down the brilliant street, through the squalid alleys and dark by lanes; and the soldier followed her.

Mrs. Halpine sat in her comfortless attic, hushing her sick child upon her bosom.

"Mamma, mamma, I'm so hungry, please give me some tea," the little fellow moaned, clasping his hot arms about her neck.

But the last spark of fire had gone out and Louise did not come.

"Wait a moment, darling, just a moment longer."

And the patient little one waited, and the cold, gray shadows settled down darker and darker; and the poor mother clasped the child closer to her bosom, dreaming of the happy days gone by, and of the dear husband who had gone to his last long home with no tender hand to close his eyes.

The shadows grew heavier and darker; the winds moaned dismally; the snow and sleet tinkled sharply against the windows.

"O, mamma, please make a light; I'm so cold, and the dark makes me afraid!"

"Wait a little bit longer, darling! Louise will come soon."

At last there was a noise below, a bounding, joyous step on the stairs, and Louise burst into the room, her face glowing and radiant.

"O, mother, mother," she cried, "father's not dead! He's alive! He's come back to us again."

The soldier's wife rose to her feet, grasping at the bed-post for support; as she did so, strong arms clasped her to a warm and loving bosom.

Louise crept up to her father's feet, her blue eyes swimming in tears.

"O father! what if I had kept it?" she asked with tears in her eyes.

"Then, dear, you would not have found me. Always remember that wrong wins its punishment, and right its reward."


**REMOVAL!!**

[illegible] this week removed into our [illegible]M, in the McNulty building [illegible] fitted up for our use. Where [illegible] tell the kind patrons of the late [illegible] many new ones will find us.

**NEW SPRING STOCK**

[illegible] turned from the Sea Board cities [illegible] chasing our immense STOCK of [illegible] Goods (previous to the great [illegible] advance in calicoes) at a less cost [illegible] prevailed for the past seven years. [illegible] Goods are selling at prices much lower than they have been for the past seven years. We have the other with [illegible] seedingly low prices.


### The Fate of those who Condemned Mrs. Surratt to the Gallows.

The Cambridge (Md.) *Democrat* alludes to the infamous witnessesess, for the government upon whose testimony an innocent woman, Mrs. Surratt, was murdered upon the gallows, by the order of an illegal packed military tribunal. It says:

"Conover, the particular friend and associate of Ashley, is now residing in the penitentiary; Cleaver has been convicted of an infamous crime, and is awaiting a new trial; Baker is an absconding criminal and fugitive from justice, and Richard Montgomery has been arrested, and is to be tried for embezzlement and swindling."

And Preston Kinr, who it is said, prevented Miss Anna Surratt from having an interview with President Johnson on the morning her mother was executed, committed suicide a few months after, by throwing himself into the waters of the Hudson. There are others in the bloody drama who will [illegible] America and the [illegible] ad with those extent of the co[illegible] re is a retribu- hardly be realized [illegible] l as well as in alone annually con[illegible] ose who com- on its landing, c[illegible] laws of justice. teen million of do[illegible]

### Strange Cas[illegible] Land Some[illegible] Appoints th[illegible] Death and [illegible]

A few days sinc[illegible] nd somewhere,' cumstance occurr[illegible] point us; but we learn from a p[illegible] e to tell, of its ent on the me[illegible] sands; and the physician was ca[illegible] wonders and young man in his [illegible] m in this beau- amined the case [illegible] stible, for, thou- pulse, which app[illegible] ch of its pleas most healthy, p[illegible] rests, there are hopeful, and after [illegible] rth with their to depart. The [illegible] dane love were doctor to remain; [illegible] and unselfish, he should be dea[illegible] o-sible that the The doctor, supp[illegible] dise could win whim of the im[illegible] best not to heed [illegible] ressed her babe lay, with a rema[illegible] her lips grow would soon be [illegible] e, her disdainful left, the young [illegible] r, as it wings its his usual voice to [illegible] rld, and seeks to look at his wa[illegible] those who are for in just ten m[illegible] pure affiliation he spoke he s[illegible] before the great friend wishing [illegible] s very strange turn his attenti[illegible] a stronger love paid no attention [illegible] a mother to her some other sli[illegible] the summoning about five minu[illegible] " the child is the sick man ga[illegible] be wonderful if "why did you [illegible] ly come to the Five minutes [illegible] mbitions, and so only five minut[illegible] and fears, and friend then look[illegible] it "coos and crows" in its cradle, was in communion with spiritual beings, who out of humanity's folds, yet scarce out of Heaven, float invisible to our eyes, in the surrounding air? There's a wonderful country somewhere—and those who go to sleep—with life dissolving in sweet peaceful smiles, behold the opening gates, and the welcoming angels, ere the shells grow cold, that have so long, like dungeon walls, restrained the spirit's flight.

The pure, the good, the holy, "shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," and it may be those who die with their sins upon them—a heavy load of iniquity—are consigned to everlasting death—what if their punishment is that forever, and forever, they shall lie in life's narrow graves, insensate and moulder into dust; while the accepted live, blessed to all eternity? Such a doom as this were hardly less terrible than all the fire and torments of Dante's or Milton's hell.

Is it possible that those assigned to Heaven's bliss can know the doom of loved ones lost forever? It hardly seems possible that this should be, else Paradise itself were torment, to the accepted who are privy to the doom of friends so fondly loved on earth.

There's a beautiful land somewhere; and perhaps we shall all journey to it; the good, the bad, and those who are neither wholly condemned or approved, and it may be that in this purer, and better world, we all enter upon a new probation—none utterly damned, none perfect for the communion with their maker—and who knows but in this second life, with all our unforgiven sins, like mountains piled before us, each with obstacles to surmount, commensurate with his unrepented record, we may be commanded to climb, struggle and labor, to pass the barriers that intervene, until the goal of Heaven, and the glorious companionship of the spotless, shall reward our efforts. Guided by Hope and Faith, Heaven's ministering angels, let us struggle on. There's a beautiful land somewhere, and God grant that we may all reach it.

☞ The Japanese believe in the transmigration of souls, and that the souls of those who die the death of the righteous will take possession of a human body, while the souls of those who die after a life of wickedness will be condemned to reside in the bodies of inferior animals, and the worse the life the worse the animal.

### The Loss of the Steamer Sea Bird.

[Chicago (April 9) Dis. to Cin. Gazette.]

An appalling disaster, which cast a deep shadow upon Chicago, occurred this morning about six o'clock on Lake Michigan, off Waukegan, about twenty five miles north of this port. At that hour the steamer Sea Bird, running between this port and Manitewoc, Wisconsin, and which left Manitowoc yesterday afternoon about four o'clock, with not far from one hundred souls on board, was discovered to be on fire, and and in ten minutes was one sheet of flames, and every person on board, with two exceptions, perished, either in the flames or by drowning. the names of the saved are Albert C. Chamberlain, of Sheboygan falls, and Edward Hannebury, a sailor from Sheboygan city, who was on his way to this city to get work in his calling. The following is Mr Hannebury's statement, which covers the whole ground: "I went on board the Sea Bird, Captain Morris, about 4 o'clock. There were eight or ten others beside myself, who left Sheboygan. There were, in all, about one hundred on board, including the crew. There were ten ladies, and seven or eight children among the passengers. There was considerable of a cargo. About five o'clock this morning I left my berth. I had been up about one hour when I saw smoke arising on the main deck. In the stern quarter, just below the ladies' cabin. I hardly saw the smoke, when the fire began to blaze. It seemed to have been kindled right on the deck. There were a lot of tubs and some straw lying near, and the fire got among them right away. I immediately cried "Fire!" The crew rushed on deck; the bell was rung, and the passengers who were not up came tumbling out from their berths and state rooms. Instantly there was great confusion, and the fire increased so rapidly as to convince me that it must have been burning a long time before it was discovered. The flames sprung up and spread almost instantly into the ladies' cabin. In five minutes the after part of the boat was all on fire. I do not think that all the ladies had time to get out of their cabin, and several ladies and children must have been burned.

'All rushed to the forward part of the boat. Some of the crew tried to get at the small boats, which were aft, but failed to reach them. I was perfectly cool all the time. I knew the time. I knew the boat was gone up' but, somehow, I felt that I was all right. In about ten minutes, with the assistance of others, I shoved the gang plank overboard, and in a few moments the engine stopped working. All the passengers were crowded into the bow and were crying, wringing their hands and moaning piteously.

"I waited until the gang-plank had floated past the wheelhouse, and I jumped overboard, and swam to the gang-plank, and ten or fifteen others followed me. There were so many on the plank that it sank, and we had hard work to keep it ourselves above water. I got along pretty well, until three or four, seeing that I was holding my own, got around by me and took hold of me. I shook them all off except a colored boy. He put both his arms around my neck, and I could not choke him off. I then helped him on the plank, and also one man who was about twenty five years old. I helped two or three others on the plank. We struggled hard, but not a man said a word. I could see around me men having hold of boxes, chairs, fenders, and two men I saw clinging to a bag of wool. There was a heavy sea, and after we had been in the water fifteen or twenty minutes the plank was capsized by a wave, and all who were on it, except me, were washed away and were seen no more. The water was almost at freezing point, and I was nearly chilled through, but managed to get on the plank, and was all alone. I got hold of the gang plank ropes, and steadied myself with them while I stood on the plank. I had no thought of death; the same confidence I all along had felt in being saved, still clung to me. I looked about me, and could see the lake's surface covered with pieces of the wreck, to many of which men were clinging. About half a mile away I saw a woman clinging to a fender. I soon saw her disappear. The wreck was steadily drifting toward the west shore. About twenty minutes after I had left her, I saw the passengers gathered on the burning deck. many of the men were stripped to their shirts, and nearly all had life preservers on, or were lashed to tables, planks, &c. This was about the last I saw of the boat. I did not hear any screaming or crying. The waves deadened all that. I watched her until she was burned to the water's edge.

"At about 9 o'clock I saw a schooner bearing south, about two miles away, and under full sail; and although I am sure they saw me and the burning wreck, it kept straight on and offered no assistance. About ten o'clock, when I was about ready to give up, I saw a schooner four or five miles to the windward. It bore down toward me, and proved to be the Cornelia. She sent out her small boat, and first took off Chamberlain from the forward netting, where he had lashed himself, and then took me aboard about 11 o'clock. I was nearly frozen, but was soon made comfortable."

As I have stated, Hanneberry and Chamberlain are the only ones saved out of abou one hundred souls.

The Sea Bird was a fine steamer, ranking A No. 1, and about 500 tons burden, valued at $70,000. She had no insurance. She belonged to the Goodrich line.

☞ An honest Hibernian, trundling along a hand cart containing all his valuables, was accosted thus:—"Well, Patrick, you are moving again, I see." "Faith, I am," he replied, "for the times are so hard, it's a great dale cheap a hiring hands carts than paying rints!"

### Sewing Girls in New York.

**Their Hardships and Privations—Long hours and small Wages.**

(From the New York Revolution.)

Of the thirty thousand women now out of employment in this wilderness of a city, twenty thousand are said to be sewing girls. There are, first, the shop girls, who sit in long rows up and down the length of the great dreary workshops, or pile in promiscuously in less pretentious establishments. Then there are the dress makers, and cloak makers, tailoresses, seamstresses, and takers in of slop work. A picture of one of the vast establishments where shop girls work will do for all the rest. Large well lighted show rooms, attentive salesmen, watchful floor walkers, spry cash-boys—all these will the eager buyer find in the lower rooms. Down stairs to see evening dresses, where brilliant gas jets flame out to show the effect; up stairs to see the bargains in cloaks and shawls; wherever they go the same genial light and soft radiance is thrown.

The work room is a different place from the show rooms however. On the third floor are the first work-rooms. They are large and well lighted, though but poorly ventilated. The impression made upon one's mind is that a breath of fresh air has not entered that close atmosphere for a long time, and yet the windows are thrown up as high as they will go evey night at sweeping hour. But one must remember, when sixty human beings have of them with diseased lungs and horrid breaths, work in these rooms for ten hours daily, that ventilation is almost impossible. These are lace workers and muslin finishers.—They prepare those delicate articles of lingerie which so wins one's heart from the window or case where they hang. Infant' robes are made, babies' basks are thoroughly prepared here. The girls look tired even at an hour before noon. They bend over shockingly, and nearly all of them have sore eyes and sorer hearts, poor things. Six dollars a week is the average price paid here. Some there are who make nine. The majority only five. The fourth floor, one immense room, running over the whole floor from back to front and from side to side, is occupied by cloak makers. There are four long tables running down the centre of the room and smaller ones placed a little to the side. Here, during the brisk season, ninety-five girls work. Now the number cannot be more than twenty. The women working here seemed more cheerful than those on the lower floor; but they too are overtaxed, and allow themselves to die by inches, just because they fancy they are making an honest livelihood. They average more than the muslin workers.

Some of them can make ten dollars a week, but these are old hands at the business. On the fifth floor is a smaller work room than either of the others. It is devoted to the making up of plain under garments for ladies and children. There are about twenty-five or thirty employees here, pale, wan and sickly; but, strange enough, more contented with their lot than those on either of the floors below. I asked one old lady, whose age would surely entitle her to rest, how she liked to work there. She replied, "I thank God that I can take care of myself in my old age." She is seventy years of age and earns three dollars a week. God help her. I could not help wondering how in the world she managed to reach the fifth story, with her poor, rheumatic limbs and feeble strength. As if divining my thoughts, she said:

"To be sure, it's a good ways up, and I have to come very slowly; but after I once get here there's a good rest for me until night." A little creature of thirteen, but who looked no more than nine, was basting hems in a corner. Upon asking her "how much," she answered with a proud inflection of voice. "Five dollars a month." The faces of the employees throughout this establishment generally wore a shocked startled expression, as if they are forever on the rack. A great majority seemed to be suffering with lung and throat diseases. Poorly paid, illy clothed and fed, they go on from one year's end to the other.

### An Affecting Story.

A negro sat on the curbstone bare, brooding over his woes; sad was his heart and kinky his hair, his gizzard feet were exposed to the air, and exceedingly seedy his clothes. and as he sat in the cutting blast we had to pity the cuss; he wistfully looked at each person that passed, and we heard him soliloquize thus: "Oh! why did Old Abe, wid de hatchet face, go set dis darkey free? I was happy at home wid de oder nigs, wid plenty of whisky an' feedin like pigs, an' old Dinah was happy wid me. Old massa was kind, an' when I was sick he fed me an' kep' me at home. but now I feel sick, I'se got noffin to eat' an' has to set here an freeze in de street. Oh, why did de buro cum? In the winter time I sot by de fire, wid de young uns, buskin' corn but now I'se got no buskin' to do, an' no good fire or house to go to, an' my clo's is all tattered an' torn. In de summer time, when de day's work's done, we danced at de cabin door; for we all was gay. an' we dance away to de good old music Pete used to play, but I feels like dancin' no more. Oh! if old massa would take me back on de old plantation agin, I'd never leave for sich freedom as dis; but I'd work mighty hard, jis' to show dem how foolish I'd bin." When the darkey ceased, the big tears from his eyes rolled down over his cheeks very fast, and we left him there on the curbstone bare exposed to the cutting blast. And we could but think, as we passed along, oh! what has the "bureau" done? Is fed the negro all summer and spring, when he could get work at almost anything, but now lets him starve around town.

### Poor Children In New York.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, in his last report directs attention to the fact that there are now in that city not less than forty thousand vagrant children between the ages of five and fifteen years. He adds that in spite of legislation and the strenuous efforts of organized and private charity the number continually increases. It must not, however, be inferred from Mr. Rice's remark that the money given to the children's charities of the city is wasted. Mr. Rice himself says of the Children's Aid Society that 'there is not a more beautiful or efficient charity within our borders." Last year this society gave food and lodging to twenty five thousand children, placed three thousand in industrial schools, and sent two thousand to "comfortable homes" in the Western States. In 1853 the society had an income of $4,733. Its income last year was $115,017. It has seventeen industrial schools, three lodging houses, three "children's homes" and four or five reading rooms. During the fifteen years of its existance it has taken 14,817 children from the streets and sent them into the country.

Mr. Rice thinks many children become vagrants through the faults of the existing laws. Their parents are sent to prison, and they are left suddenly without homes.

He says the State should make some provision for these children of criminal parents. It is a benevolent thought, but there are many reasons why the charities of the states should not be multiplied Mr. Rice also recommends the creation of a special force of police officers, whose duty it shall be to arrest vagrant children, and the establishment of reformatory and industrial school in different parts of the State. He suggests that the expense of these schools could be paid out of the money derived from the granting of licenses to sell liquor.

### Couldn't Get the Right Flop.

In the year 1843, during the Miller excitement, in the usually quiet town of Durham, Mass., old Aunt Sally H., who would weigh "nigh on to two hundred pounds," got all ready to "go up," and one evening in meeting, in the midst of a warm season of exortation, she arose and said:

"Oh, brethren and sisters, bless the Lord! I'll get away from this wicked world; I'll meet the Lord in a few days. My faith is powerful strong! Oh, yes; powerful strong, it is! So strong," continued the old lady, extending her arms, and motioning them like a goose on the wing, "that it does seem as if I fly right away now and meet the Lord in the air."

The minister who was as great an enthusiast on "going up," as the old lady, encouraged her by exclaiming: "Try sister' try! Perhaps you can fly, if your faith is only strong enough" "well, I can," she exclaimed, 'I know I can," and I will."

She was standing near the window, which was raised because of the oppressive heat, for it was summer. With her handkerchief in one hand, and her fan in the other, she mounted the seat, and thence to the top of the pew, and gave a leap into the air with a flying motion of her arms, expecting to ascend heavenward.

But the law of gravitation was to much for her and her faith and the *gravity* of the audience. Down she came, with an enormous and no very angelic grunt, shaking the whole house with the concussion.

She arose, folded her wings, and with great meekness sneaked back into her seat, and went swaying back and forth, evidently disappointed. The next evening some of the young folks asked her:

"Aunt Sally, why didn't you fly last night, when you tried so hard?"

"I couldn't get the right flop on," was the meek and conclusive reply.

### DEATH.

We have never read anything more beautiful than the following from the pen of George D. Prentice:

"There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next. And in the brief interval of painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us, that we are powerless, and He all powerful, and the faint pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter, we feel in the midst of the stunting calamity about to befall us, that the earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficial provision to soften its intenseness. When the good and lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness, that environs it."

☞ A young woman in Zanesville who was in love with a married man attempted to commit suicide a few days since in a fit of jealousy caused by seeing the man talking to his own wife. She took arsenic, and a physician being called by force used the stomach pump. the woman fought desperately and endeavored to bite off the pipe of the pump, being determined to end her life. If she will die, we should think she might do so in a better cause.

☞ A New Hampshire farmer, who had an invariably good natured wife, longed to hear her scold for a change, and was advised that a load of crotchety firewood would make her very desirably cross. He tried it. When the pile was gone, he asked if he should get such another supply. "Oh yes," said she, "for that crooked wood you brought before does lie around the pot so nicely."

### A Lodge Of Sorrow.

The late William B. Schnider, who was well known as the Tyler for the last quarter of a century, of all the Masonic lodges and other bodies meeting in Philadelphia, was, in many respects, a remarkable man.

His knowledge of men's names and faces, and their Masonic standing, was cultivated to the highest degree, and night after night he sat at the doors of the lodge rooms to recognize those who came, or admittance, and to report to the lodge within the name and standing of the visitor. Mr. Schnider inherited his talent from his father, and has transmitted it in turn to his son, Mr. Charles Schnider, who now performs the arduous and important duties of Tyler for the lodges most acceptably to the Order. Mr. William B. Schider had passed though all the degrees of masonry, and was held in high esteem by many thousands of Masons, who knew and appreciated his usefulness. His death was a great loss to the Order; and, as an evidence of the esteem they had for him, and the regret felt for his loss, it was determined some time ago to hold one of those lodges of mourning that are convened only on rare occasions, and in memory of the most eminent brethren.

This lodge, in memory of Brother Wm. B. Schider, was held last Monday evening at the Masonic Temple on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and was participated in by the members of Lafayette Lodge of Master Masons, Jerusalem Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, St. John's Commannary of Knights Templars, to all of which bodies the deceased belonged and by a large concourse of officers and members of the Grand Lodge and other Masonic bodies meeting in Philadelphia. The participants were in full Masonic dress and regalia. There was a full orchestra in attendance, under direction of Prof. John Ritter, whilst the vocal music was in charge of Prof. A. R. Taylor. Some seven hundred Masons were present many of the State to take part in the ceremonies. The Lodge Room was draped in mourning, and a coffin, bearing the regalia of the deceased, stood near the altar, whilst above the Master's chair there was a portrait of the departed brother.

The ceremonial was conducted in the Grand Lodge room, and continued over two hours. A monument had been erected there to Brother Schnider, which was surmounted by a vase of elegant flowers, evergreens, myrtle and other leavs; and the proceedings of the lodge were solemn and impressive beyond description. One by one the lights at the alter were extinuished in evidence of the Darkness, Decay and Dissolution of this life, and the brethren, as a last remembrance of their departed friend, followed his coffin in solemn procession around the Lodge Room, and placed his Masonic apron and their evergreens upon his tomb. Then at the thought of the world to come, and that by trust in God the dead may rise again to immortal life, cheerfulness gradually took the place of mourning, and the lights were illuminated again, emblematic of Faith, Hope and Resurrection. The deep solemnity of all that transpired, heightened by every human agency that can be brought to bear in expression of the littleness of this world of this world and the importance of the world to come, rendered the occasion one that will not soon be forgotten. The proceedings closed with a dirge, composed by Prof. William P. Cannington, and an eulogy on the virtues of the deceased, pronounced by Mr.—Robert J. C. Walker. No more sincere tribute of respect can be paid to the memory of any who has done this life's work well than the solemn, earnest and impressive ceremonial of a Masonic Lodge of Sorrow where hundreds of Masons unite in justifying their regret at the loss and their joy at the hope of the salvation of a departed brother.

### Leap-Year Privileges

This being leap year, we copy the following by Corry O'Lanus, for the benefit of lady readers:

It is leap-year.

Of which I wish to inform the ladies.

There is a division of opinion as to the right of a woman to vote, but there can be no question as to her right to a husband—if she can get one.

Now is her time.

But I would advise young ladies not to be rash

Although it is leap year, you had better look before you leap.

Because if you get a husband and he don't suit you, you can't change him for a better one, at least without going to Chicago.

There are several considerations to be observed in the selection of a husband.

Looks are a matter of taste—size, complexion, and color of whiskers may be left to individual taste.

They are of less consequence than disposition and pecuniary resources.

Particularly the resources.

Never disappoint your parents.

They will find one after they are married.

Husbands, like other domestic animals, when caught young can sometimes be trained to do a good many useful things. They have been known to get up in the morning and light the fire when the girl has gone away.

There are some professions not advisable to marry into.

Such as editors, for they never get rich.

Or reporters, who are never at home at nights.

Or politicians, who are not satisfied with one wife, but are always getting wedded to their country, and like most bigamists, abuse both their wives.

But as the great object is to get a husband, and as the supply is limited, it may not do to be too particular.