The Saline County Journal.

VOLUME 1. SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1871. **NUMBER 33.**

THE
SALINE COUNTY JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT
SALINA, KANSAS.

OFFICE.—No. 60 Santa Fe Avenue, nearly opposite the Real Estate office of Maj. JOHN W. BERKS'.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, one year, ... $2 00
One Copy, six months, ... 1 25
One Copy, three months, ... 75

ADVERTISING RATES:

	1 WEEK.	1 MONTH.	3 MOS.	6 MOS.	1 YEAR.
1 square, ...	$1 00	$3 00	$5 00	$7 00	$10 00
2 squares, ...	2 00	4 00	7 00	10 00	15 00
3 squares, ...	3 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	20 00
4 squares, ...	4 00	7 00	12 00	18 00	25 00
¼ column, ...	8 00	12 00	20 00	25 00	30 00
½ column, ...	12 00	20 00	35 00	50 00	80 00
1 column, ...	20 00	35 00	50 00	80 00	120 00

Nine lines or less of Nonpareil type constitute a square. Double column and all advertisements out of the usual shape will be charged fifteen per cent. above rates.

Bills for regular advertising will be collected quarterly. Where for a less period than three months payment in advance will be required.

Regular advertisements will be entitled to be changed once in three months without additional cost.

Regular advertisers will be charged fifteen cents per line for local notices and all others twenty cents per line.

Address all communications to

THE JOURNAL,
Salina, Kansas.

Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

J. H. PRESCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas.

SNEAD & HODGKINSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Salina, Kansas.

F. A. & S. A. WILDMAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office, No. 38 Seventh St., Salina, Kansas.

J. G. MOHLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Iron Ave., east of the postoffice, Salina, Kansas.

JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas. Particular attention given to land contests and any business in U. S. Land office.

LOWE & HILLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW., No. 96 Santa Fe Ave., Salina, Kansas.
G. G. LOWE. C. A. HILLER.

JNO. G. SPIVEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him in Saline and the adjoining counties.

JOHN FOSTER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Government Claim and Land Solicitor. Office over Lihle & Davis' Harness Store.

A. J. INGERSOLL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office in County Building, Minneapolis, Kansas. Will practice in the counties of Dickinson, Saline, Ottawa and Cloud.

JOHN W. BERKS,
NOTARY PUBLIC. Office at the Central Kansas Land Agency.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

WELT M. DURHAM,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT, Salina, Kansas.

PHYSICIANS.

J. W. CROWLEY, M. D.,
(LATE SURGEON 7th MO. VOL. CAV.) Office, No. 84 Eight St., Salina, Kansas.

J. W. JENNEY, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office No. 89 Ash St., Salina, Kansas.

J. W. DAILY, M. D.,
SALINA, Kansas, has just received a complete case of Dental Surgical Instruments and is prepared to extract all kinds of teeth.

DENTIST.

DR. R. E. NICKLES,
DENTIST. Office No. 96 Santa Fe Avenue, (upstairs).

BANKERS.

D. W. POWERS & CO.,
BANKERS. Exchange sold on all principal cities of the United States and Europe. Collections made. Interest allowed on deposits. Banking house on Iron Avenue.
D. W. POWERS. J. W. POWERS.
D. B. POWERS. J. LUBBERS.

HOTELS.

AMERICAN HOUSE.
G. J. LAY, PROPRIETOR. Charges moderate. Corner of Santa Fe and Iron Avenues.

TRAVELER'S HOUSE,
J. W. THOM, PROPRIETOR. Good stable and good accommodations. Minneapolis, Ottawa county, Kansas.

DURFEE HOUSE,
E. A. SKINNER, PROPRIETOR. Corner New Hampshire and Pinckney Streets, Lawrence, Kansas.

MECHANICAL.

H. C. STANLEY,
CARPENTER, BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR. Shop opposite Eberhardt's lumber yard.

ED. ROBAYES,
WAGON MAKING AND REPAIRING done in first-class style. Shop in rear of Seitz's Drug Store.

NORTON & CONRAD,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS. No. 122, Eighth St., Salina. Lime, [illegible] building purposes, for sale.
J. I. NORTON. J. D. M. CONRAD.

W. B. SCHOLL,
BLACKSMITH. Shop, Rear of No. 103 Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kansas. Here his old friends and patrons will find good material, skillful workmen and low prices. All kinds of Repairing executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. The best Fort Scott coal always on hand and for sale at a small advance.

SALOONS.

THE LONE STAR SALOON.
BARNY BOHAN, PROPRIETOR. Billiards and Liquors. Brookville, Kansas.

ELKHORN BILLIARD SALOON.
O. TRUBY & CO., PROPRIETORS. New Billiard Tables and elegant furniture. Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kansas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. T. WATSON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCERIES, Queensware, Provisions, Etc., No. 98 Santa Fe Avenue.

J. B. CHAPMAN. J. H. GIBSON.

Chapman & Gibson,
HOUSE, SIGN & CARRIAGE
PAINTERS.
Glazing and Paper-hangin done with neatness and dispatch. Cor. Iron Avenue and Seventh Street, SALINA.

ATTENTION!

EVERY ONE IS SUITED!!!

The Pacific House
is complete, beingentirely new and well furnished with good rooms. It is located nearly opposite the county buildings, where good board can be obtained at all times with or without rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed.
JEFFRIES & POSTEWAIT, Proprietors.

THE EDITOR'S GUESTS.

BY WILL M. CARLTON.

[Read before the Michigan Press Association at its recent session at Bay City].

The Editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care,
His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair,
His chair-arm an elbow supporting, his right hand upholding his head,
His eyes on his dusty old table, with different documents spread:
There were thirty long pages from Howler, with underlined capitals topped,
And a short disquisition from Growler, requesting his newspaper stopped;
There were lyrics from Gasher, the poet, concerning sweet flowers and zephyrs,
And a stray gem from Plodder, the farmer, describing a couple of heifers;
There billets from beautiful maidens, and bills from a grocer or two,
And his best leader hitched to a letter, which inquired if he wrote it, or who?
There were raptures of praises from writers of the smooth and mellifluous school,
And one of his rival's last papers, telling him he was a fool;
There were several long resolutions, with names telling who they were by,
Canonizing some harmless old brother who had done nothing worse than to die;
There were traps on the table to catch him, and serpents to sting and to smite him;
There were gift enterprises to sell him, and bitters attempting to bite him;
There were long staring "ads" from the city, and money with never a one,
Which added, "Please give this insertion, and send in your bill when you're done;"
There were letters from organizations—their meetings, their wants and their laws—
Which said, "Can't you print this announcement for—the good of our glorious cause?"
There were tickets inviting his presence to festivals, parties and shows,
Wrapped in notes, with "Please give us a notice" demurely slipped in at the close;
In short, as his eye took the table, and ran o'er its ink-splattered trash,
There was nothing it did not encounter, excepting, perhaps, it was cash.

The Editor dreamily pondered on several ponderous things—
On different lines of action, and the pulling of different strings;
Upon some equivocal doings, and some unequivocal duns;
On how few of his numerous patrons were quietly prompt paying ones;
On friends who subscribed "just to help him," and worldly encouragement lent,
And had given him plenty of counsel, but never had paid him a cent;
On vinegar, kind hearted people were feeding him every hour,
Who saw not the work they were doing, but wondered that "printers are sour!"
On several intelligent townsmen, whose kindness was so without stint,
That they kept an eye out on his business, and told him just what he should print;
On men who had rendered him favors and never pushed forward their claims;
So long as the paper was crowded with locals containing their names;
On various other small matters sufficient his temper to roil,
And finally coatrived to be making the blood of an editor boil:
And so one could see that his feelings could hardly be said to be smooth,
And he needed some pleasant occurrence, his wakened emotions to soothe:
He had it; for lo, on the threshold, a slow and reliable tread,
A farmer invaded the sanctum, and these are the words that he said:

"Good mornin', sir, Mr. Printer; how is your body to-day?
I'm glad you're home; for you fellers is always runnin' away.
Your paper last week wasn't so spicy nor sharp as the one week before;
But I s'pose when the campaign is opened, you'll be whoopin' it up to 'em more.
That feller that's printin' The Smasher is goin' for you pretty smart;
And our folks said this mornin', at breakfast, they thought he was gettin' the start.
But I hushed 'em right up in a minute, and said a good word for you:
I told 'em I believed you was tryin' to do just as well as you knew;
And I told 'em that some one was sayin', and whoever 'twas it is so,
That you can't expect much of no one man, nor blame him for what he don't know;
But, layin' aside pleasure for business, I've brought you my little boy;
And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor outen o' him.

"My family stock is increasin', while other folks seem to run short,
I've got a right smart of a family, one of the old-fashioned sort:
There's Ichabod, Isaac and Israel, a workin' away on the farm—
They do 'bout as much as one good boy—and make things go off like a charm.
There's Moses and Aaron are sly ones, and slip like a couple of eels;
But they're tol'able steady in one thing—they al'ways get round to their meals.
There's Peter busy inventin' (though what he invents I can't see.)
And Joseph is studyin' med'cine—and both of 'em are boardin' with me
There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' my farm for himself,
And Sam smashed his nose a shootin' and so he is laid on the shelf.
The rest of the boys are all growin', cept this little runt, which is Jim;
And I thought that perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen o' him.

"He ain't no shakes for to labor, though I've labored with him a good deal,
And give him some slappin' good arguments I know he couldn't help but to feel;
But he's built out of second-class timber, and nothing about him is big,
Exceptin' his appetite, only, and there he's as good as a pig.
I keep him a carryin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the jugs,
And take him among the potatoes, and set him to pickin' the bugs;
And then there's things to be doin' a-helpin' the women in doors;
There's churnin', and washin' of dishes, and other description of chores.
But he don't take to nothin' but to vituals, and he'll never be much I'm afraid
So I thought it would be a good notion to learn him the editor's trade.
His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment is rather too slim,
But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him.

"It ain't much to get up a paper—it wouldn't take him long for to learn;
He could feed the machine I am thinkin', with some good slappin' fellow to turn.
And things that was once hard in doin' is easy enough now to do;
Just keep an eye on your machinery, and crack your arrangements right through.
I used for to wonder at readin', and when it was got up and how;
But 'tis most of it made by machinery—I can see it all plain enough now,
And poetry, too, is constructed by machinery of different designs,
Each one with a guage and a chopper to see to the length of the lines;
And I hear a New York clairvoyant is runnin' one sleeker than grease,
And a-renting her heaven-born productions a couple of dollars a-piece;
An' since the whole trade has grown easy, 'twould be easy enough, I've a whim,
If you was agreed, to makin' an editor outen o' Jim."

The Editor sat in his sanctum, and looked the old man in the eye,
Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made his reply:
"Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both?
Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath?
Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart to his cheek?
Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a sixpence a week?
Can he courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an impudent dunce?
Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen things at once?
Can he press all the springs of knowledge, with quick and reliable touch?
And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows how to not to know too much?
Does he know to spur up his virtue, and put a check-rein on his pride?
Can he carry a gentleman's manner within a rhinoceros' hide?
Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage and vim?
If so, we, perhaps, can be making an editor 'outen of him.'"

The farmer stood, curiously listening, while wonder his vision o'erspread;
And said, "Jim, I guess we'll be goin'; he's probably out of his head."

But lo! on the rickety stair-case another reliable tread,
And entered another old farmer, and these are the words he said:

"Good morning, sir, Mr. Editor; how is the folks to-day?
I owe you for next year's paper—I thought I'd come in and pay;
And Jones is a going to take it, and this is his money, here;
I shut down on lendin' it to him, and then coaxed him to try it a year.
And here is a few little items that happened last week in our town;
I thought they'd look good for the paper, and so I just jotted 'em down.
And here is a basket of cherries my wife picked expressly for you;
And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie—she thought she must send somethin', too

BIANCA'S LOVE LIFE.

"Well, if I ever!" cried honest Mrs. Gaskin, staring delightfully at the tricks of the trained monkey that was attached to Michael Pierri's barrel organ.

The noon shadows slanted along across the green sward in front of the farm-house door; the tall white lillies and thickest of the blue larkspurs drooped in the hot sunshine, and the cornfields at the back of the house nodded their multitudinous green heads in the occasional zephyrs, as the farmer's wife, with the little ones clinging shyly to her skirts, stood in the door-way, listening to the drone of the organ and little Bianca's shrill, yet sweet voice, as she danced and sang, clattering her castanets high in the air.

"And I don't believe she's a day older than my Maggie," said Mrs. Gaskin, as little Georgie, scarcely as yet able to toddle without assistance, crept across the short, dandelion starred grass to put his penny into the monkey's withered palm. "Dear heart alive! there's something sad about it, too!"

And when the song and dance was finished, Mrs. Gaskin beckoned to the brilliant-eyed swarthy elf who stood pushing the wavy, jet black locks away from her forehead.

"You're to come in, my dear," she said, "you and your father—"

"But he is not my father," interrupted the child almost impatiently.

"Well, the foreigner, anyhow, and get a slice of my home-made loaf and a good dish of milk. I'll go bail he won't object to that."

Little Bianca turned and chattered something to her companion. He displayed his glittering white teeth in a smile, and bowed obsequiously to the farmer's wife. Mrs. Gaskin led the way in, and with bustling hospitality spread the board for Peroni, Bianca, and even the poor shrivelled-face monkey.

"Isn't she a pretty child?" whispered Mrs. Gaskin to her old maid sister, Miss Drusilla, and she was right. Bianca was very beautiful, in spite of her sun-browned skin, bare feet and ragged scarlet frock. Her eyes large and liquid, were full of the deepening sunshine of her native Italy; her features were small and regular, and her mouth as ripe and rosy as the biggest strawberry now ripening on the vines under the south garden fence.

"Ah!" sighed Drusilla Peck, "it is a pity she should have to tramp round the country to sing songs and dance for a livin'."

And when Bianca turned away, fantastically returning thanks for the entertainment she had received, by kissing Mrs. Gaskin's toil-hardened hand, the good woman's motherly heart fairly ached for the lonely, lovely child, who seemed as if it were adrift upon the world.

Not until the party of foreign adventurers had been gone more than two hours, did Mrs. Gaskin discover to her unspeakable dismay that one of her silver spoons which had been heirlooms from her dead and buried grandmother, and the little silver mug that David, her eldest boy, had in the days of his babyhood, were gone also.

"I knew it!" dolorously groaned Miss Drusilla. "These foreign jugglers are all light fingered. What else could ye expect, Amanda Ann?"

Mrs. Gaskin fairly sat down and cried—not so much, it must be confessed, for the battered silver mug and antiquated spoon, as for the ruthless demolishment of the many castles in the air she had built around the sweet face of and fairy figure of black-eyed little Bianca.

"I never, never will believe in anybody again," sobbed the farmer's wife.

The purple shadows of twilight were just stealing down over the corn fields, and making a dreamy sort of chiaro-oscuro over hill and slope and misty river vale, when Mrs. Gaskin, rocking Georgie to sleep on her lap with one of the sweet, stereotyped old cradle songs, that all mothers know by heart, was startled by a light tap on her shoulder.

"Signora!" cried a soft voice in her ear.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Mrs. Gaskin, "it's the little foreigner!"

"I've brought back the cup and spoon of silver," said Bianca. "He took them—I saw it, but dared not speak, for he is cruel in his wayward moods, and bears a heavy hand. To-night, when he lay asleep under the hedge, I stole them from his pocket, and here they are."

Mrs. Gaskin stared first at the unexpectedly recovered property, and then at Bianca.

"Sit down and rest yourself a spell," said she, "before you go back. You're all out of breath."

"I am not going back," said Bianca, resolutely. "He would beat me to death. But you kissed me, gave me bread to eat and milk to drink. I could not let him steal your treasures."

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Gaskin, still mechanically rocking Georgie back and forth on her knee.

"I don't know," Bianca answered, recklessly. "I have run away."

"Run away! and you not twelve years old?"

The child gave a curious Italian shrug to her brown shoulders.

"What else can I do? I shall beg my way. I can sing, I can dance; I have my castanets here under my shawl. Oh, never fear. Bianca Nifanto need not quite starve while there are berry bushes by the roadside, and clear cold water in the glen."

"That's all nonsense," interrupted honest David Gaskin's voice from the angle in the porch, where he had sat until now unnoticed. "Mother, she must stay with us."

"God bless you for the word, father," Mrs. Gaskin cried, starting up. "It's what I'd most wish for in all the world," but we've eight of our own, and it's a hard row for you to hoe, and I didn't just like to ask it."

"Can't turn a stray lamb away from one's door," said David, huskily.

And so little Bianca Nifanto stayed under the sheltering shadow of the farmhouse roof until one day, a stranger from the city, who was down fishing in the cool trout streams of the woods, chanced to hear her singing in the twilight.

"I never heard a sweeter voice in my life," said Mr. Milford. "It should be cultivated."

"She goes to singin'-school twice a week with Dave and Maggie, said Mr. Gaskin, with the air of one who feels that he has done his full duty.

"Singing-school! She should go on the stage. Such a talent as that ought not to be hidden away in a napkin."

The apshot of it was, that when Mr. Milford went away he took Bianca with him, to train her delicious young voice as he believed it was capable of being trained.

"That nightingale throat of hers will make her fortune yet!" predicted Mr. Milford.

"She'll forget us all," wept poor Mrs. Gaskin, when the hour of parting came.

"No, mamma, dear, I won't!" cried Bianca, with a passionate burst of tears. "I'll love you always—always—for you were my friends when I had no one in all the wide world to turn to."

Five years afterwards, and the voice whose wondrous strains George Milford had prophetically heard, had entranced the musical world. Bianca Nifanto was the prima donna of the operatic stage—the cantatrice whose ballads were worth a gold piece for every note; and she had come down to spend the summer with her old friends in the brown-roofed farmhouse.

As beautiful as ever; star-eyed and cream-skinned, with lustrous black hair worn like a coronal about her head, and unconsciously graceful ways. David Gaskin, her playmate of olden times, looked at her with mute wonder. Could it be possible that she was the little Bianca who used to climb the hay lofts with him in search of eggs, and follow, dog-like, at his heels when he went at twilight to bring home the cows?

"Ah, Bianca," he said, almost enviously, you are a rich lady now, and a great singer. I wonder you remembered us."

Bianca turned her soft eyes appealingly on him.

"Oh, David, whom should I remember, if not you!"

David got up, and began to pace up and down the floor.

"I suppose that young man at the hotel is rich, too?"

"What young man?"

"And the gentleman with the team of cream colored horses who is boarding at Deacon Moss'."

"Oh, Mr. Allaire?" said Bianca, innocently. "He is very wealthy too."

"It must be fine to have such a train at one's heels," said David bitterly.

"Is it my fault, David?" said Bianca, almost ready to burst into tears. "Can I bid them stay away?"

But David, determined at all hazards to be displeased, had turned sullenly into the house.

"Mamma," cried Bianca, for by this name she still addressed good Mrs. Gaskin, "what makes David so cross with me? What have I done to make him angry?"

But Mrs. Gaskin too went into the house without answering. What could she say to the beautiful cantatrice. Would it be fitting to make answer:

"My son, hard working farmer's lad, has ventured to fall in love with you, queen of song and beauty. Even so the feeble glow worm aspires to the calm glitters of the star."

But Bianca could not but notice that the eyes of the good farmer's wife were swolen and red the next day.

"Mamma," she cried. "what is the matter? are you sick?"

"Heart-sick, child," Mrs. Gaskin answered, with a great convulsive sob, "David is going away."

"David! Going away! Where?"

"To San Francisco, he says. Ah me! and I thought he would be the stay and prop of my old age!"

"But he shan't go," cried Bianca, resolutely. "I'll ask him not."

And she went out in the orchard, where David was moodily gathering a basket of gold-skinned "summer boughs. looking very handsome and very misanthropic in the green chequered light that came streaming down through the apple-tree leaves.

"David is it true, that you are going away?"

"Yes, Bianca; it is true."

"And why?"

"Simply because I am miserable here, Isn't that reason enough?"

"David"—the dark eyelashes dropped, and a soft, rosy pink, stole over the rich rosy cheek, as Bianca stood there before him in the attitude of a suppliant—"David, would you stay if I asked you?"

The gold-cheek summer-boughs went tumbling in a yellow cascade all over the short, green orchard turf. David Gaskin had unwarily let go his basket handle.

"Bianca, do you really mean it?"

"Yes David."

"And Mr. Allaire, and Sydney Willoughby?"

"One hair of your head, David, is more to me than both of them put together."

He clasped her little hands rapturously in his.

"Why didn't you tell me this before, my own darkeyed darling?"

"You unreasonable fellow! as if a woman wasn't always obliged to wait until she was asked!"

"I've been a jealous fool," quoth David beaming all over.

"I think you have," said the prima-donna, calmly. "And now let us go in."

David Gaskin did not go to San Francisco, and the two city gentlemen returned disconsolate to the metropolis and Bianca is to be married in the spring, and in the meantime her voice is sweeter than ever, as she warbles the love song of Italian romance, with an echo from her own happy heart.

Romance in Real Life.

From "Social Studies" in the N. Y. World.

A sufficient number of years ago for the purpose of the present exciting tale, a young man of good family in an Eastern state not necessary to mention, surprised his friends and bereaved his relatives by suddenly severing all his native, social and commercial connections and emigrating most desolately to Kansas. What drove him or drew him to that state, which was just then in its forlornly celebrated "bleeding" condition, only a few sagacious drawers of shrewd inferences could guess. These allowed other folks to speculate widely over the question for a time, and then gradually made it known that disappointed love had been the cause. Such, indeed, was the whole truth, as it had been, strange to say, in many another exactly similar case. The sensitive gentleman, after a shy courtship, in which even his excessive modesty thought that it detected some casual encouragement, had ventured to ask the proud lady of his heart to be his wife, and had been ruthlessly desolated by a musical negative. The maiden confessed some gracious approval of his customs and manners, but could not think of anything "so perfectly ridiculous" as a marriage, and the blighted swain left her with bitterness in his rejected heart and Kansas in his di[illegible] mind. History does not relate [illegible] he took part in any of the violences of his new western home—whether he was a "border ruffian" or a partizan of John Brown—but contents itself and us with a mere outline of his social progress. In the city of Atchison, where the care of business ultimately sufficed to divert his thoughts from morbid contemplation of the lackadaisical past, he formed the acquaintance of an amiable lady, admirably qualified to make any discerning man oblivious of all past sweethearts, and, being favored by the infant god this time, prospered notably in his suit and won the lovely prize. From thenceforth the current of his life ran smoothly as a woodland stream; small likenesses of himself being among its current events, and growing accounts among the deposits of its "banks." The memory of all that had been unpleasant in his earlier life was thus washed away, or retained only as the fitful shadow of a dream, and time went on without fresh incident worthy of record until within about six months of the present date. Even then the immediate occurrence did not suggest much of romantic interest. In answer to his wife's advertisement in the Atchison *Patriot* for a servant, there applied a female haggard of aspect and miserably dressed, but with traces of better days in her voice and manner, who introduced herself as an American woman, surprised by need in her search for a Western livelihood, and professed willingness to accept the situation upon the proposed pecuniary terms. The wife, with a womanly instinct in such matters, suspected that all the applicant's story was not yet told, and evinced an inclination to reject her; but the husband, influenced by some sympathetic appeal, for which he could not exactly account, in the woman's haggard countenance, favored her acceptance, and thus secured it. The new servant, while refraining from any further confidences respecting herself, and showing some awkwardness at first in her household duties, won her mistress' heart at once by an almost immediate devotion to the children, whom she fondled and watched with an affection and assiduity second only to a mother's. They, invited thus ardently, became strongly attached to her, and thus was created a bond between hireling and employers into which entered the elements of a more equal relationship. After his first vague sensation of peculiar sympathy upon surveying the worn face of the new-comer, the master of the house troubled himself with no speculation as to the cause of that sensation, but dismissed all save ordinary notice of his wife's domestic helper from his mind. The wife, more than satisfied with her household assistant—as noted above—came quickly to trust her in all things; and, having occasion to visit relatives in a neighboring town, asked her if she would be willing to keep house for her husband while she was absent. The question was asked in a pleasant matter-of-course way, and without the remotest expectation of other than a readily affirmative answer; but, to the lady's surprise, the servant refused most abruptly to assume the office named, and, upon being pressed for an explanation, retired hastily, with the expression: "You had better send me away and stay at home yourself!" Greatly puzzled by such unamiable conduct and enigmatical speech, the mistress of the mansion was still more surprised at being told by one of the children in a few moments thereafter that her servant had gathered her few articles of personal property in a small bundle, and left the house without a word of farewell. The mystery was to be explained to the husband, not to the wife. Seated in the counting room of his place of business, shortly after the above scene, he was informed that a lady wished to see him, when he directed that she should be conducted to the office. Astonished to see his own maid-servant enter very pale, visibly agitated, and with a bundle in her hand, he could only think her insane when she advanced swiftly to the arm of his chair and said hurriedly that she was leaving his home forever. His dignity would not allow him to pretend even that he felt any regret for what a servant chose to do thus whimsically, as he thought; and when she added: "You don't seem to care much, sir," he drew back from her with a haughtiness resentful of the implied familiarity. One long look she gave, under which some mysterious shade of the past crept into his unrealizing fancy, and then, in a voice which was the past itself, she spoke again: "Ah, you do not know me,—(calling him by his first name)—as I know you! You are a gentleman, with a fine, happy home, a wife and children; and I am a servant. We were nearer equals once when I was a fool, and you not wise enough to make me see it." He sprang to his feet like one electrified; but, warning him away from her, she retreated towards the door. "In five minutes more I shall be on my way from this place and your presence forever. I have seen that you are happy, and to know that is all the happiness that I can hope for in this world." Then she added a hurried good-bye, and was gone before the overwhelmed spectator of his dead youth could use voice or hand to detain her. A few moments later the spectre sped eastward on a train of the Missouri Pacific, and all of her history that lies between her rejection of a suitor in her pride and her servitude of him and his in her utter humiliation must remain a tale that is untold.

The Atchison *Patriot*, while maintaining that the whole story, as here narrated is strictly true, remarks that it is not altogether unlike that much read English novel of "East Lynne." And, in truth, it is a kind of American version of that popular fiction, with an improved moral tone introduced and the point of the compass changed.

Shall We Meet Again.

The following is said to be one of the most brilliant articles written by the lamented George D. Prentice:

"But the fact of Nature is inexorable. There is no relief from the great laws which doom us to dust. Which flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his foot step. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass—and countless multitudes that throng the world to-day will disappear as the foot-prints on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their eyes the traces of loved ones, whose loving smile was the sunlight of their existence.

"Death is the antagonism of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb we do not want to lie down in the grave even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful drama of Iron, the instinct of immortality—so eloquently uttered by the death of the devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every heart. When about to yield his young existence a sacrifice to his fate, his beloved Clemantha asks if they shall meet again, to which he replied:

"'I asked that dreadful question of the hills, that seemed eternal—of the clear streams that flow for ever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my spirit has walked, and as I look upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in thy blood that cannot perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha.'"

A Plucky Temperance Man.

Twenty years ago a young man went to Washington with a petition to Congress from Massachusetts. While in that city he was invited to dine with the celebrated John Quincy Adams.

Many great men sat at the table. The young man was poor, and then only a mechanic of moderate circumstances. During dinner Mr. Adams said to him.

"Will you take a glass of wine with me, sir?"

The young man was a temperance man. But the eyes of many greater than himself were upon him. They were all wine drinkers, and it was no small matter to decline such an invitation from his venerable host. No wonder the young man was embarrassed, that he blushed and hesitated. It was a critical moment for him. But he was a true man. He had real manhood, and he stammered, "Sir, I never take wine."

Nobly said, young man! Massachusetts heard that answer and understood it. She saw in Henry Wilson a man that could be trusted, and she made him one of her Senators. To-day, as for several years past, he is known as Senator Wilson! God bless him! May our readers follow his example, and however and by whomsoever tempted, stick to their principles.—*Christian Monitor.*

A lady, impelled by the demand of fashion to seek recreation in the country during the summer months, writes back despairingly: "Did you ever revel in the gayeties of a half-horse village, where a walk to the grave-yard was the only recreation, and where, if you indignantly refuse to walk, you were shudderingly remained, 'Ah poor child, you may have to go there soon!'"

"How are you Broom?" asked a bluff old sailor of fop, who was always annoyed unless he was addressed as Mr. Broom and who responded, "I'd have you to know, sir, that I've a handle to my name." "Oh, all right, how are you, Broom handle?"

The Curse of Polygamy.

At the Mormon Endowment house, on Monday next, will be celebrated another polygamous marriage. On this occasion two more virgins will be offered upon the altar of the celestials, in pursuance of the policy of the "Lord's anointed," to tie his knots up right and snug. The story is of one of Brigham's chief clerks, who, in his family cannections, is decidedly unique, and it will not only constitute the last celestial' outrage against our common law, but also gives a striking caricature picture of the polygamic romances. It would be suggestive of a rich burlesque of Gloucester wooing to lady Ann, in one great sense, to be performed at the Salt Lake Theater on the next occasion of the variation of King Dick. Our hero who is a well to do widower of 45; although not in form an Adonis, has a handsome face. Being in search of delightful 17—emblems of a plural spring, to beautify his house on the beach—he found first, a charming maiden from mountainous Wales, who is, as her name indicates, a pure descendent of the ancient Britons. She was brought to this country by a missionary from Utah, who is a countryman of the fair damsel. To him she was engaged by a promise of maiage, which could not be performed in the old country, the young missionary being already married. Arriving in Zion the match was broken off, but one, the handsome faced widower from court, took pity upon the friendless girl, and a huge share of pity upon himself, and wooed and won the simple child of seventeen. A double marriage, to take place on the same occasion, was next proposed to the child, to which she consented, saying in her innocence and forexperience, that she knew that polygamy was according to the laws of God. The widower left to her the choice of his plural bride, and she chose her companion another experienced child of seventeen who has a father, however, to counsel her among the chiefs of Zion. But the widower has affluence and position at court, and these Mormon chiefs seem to resolve to press polygamic—conflict to their "last ditch," rather than resign it, or even to make a compromise to let bygones be bygones. We shall ever urge humane considerations of wives and children in the settle of the Utah difficulties," but to these leaders of the people and court favorites, who counsel and perpetrate outrages against the laws and in defiance of the nation, there ought to be given no consideration beyond the grant or an impartial trial.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

A Thrilling Incident.

The world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling chapter than an incident which marked the life of the late Rev. Mr. Lee, Presbyterian minister of the village of Waterford, New York.

Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about midnight preparing a discourse to deliver to his congregation, when he heard a noise behind him, and became conscious that some one was in the room. Mr. Lee exclaimed:

"What is the matter?" and turning around in his chair he beheld the grim visage of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered at a side window, supposing the occupants were locked in slumber.

"Give me your watch and money," said he, "and make no noise about it, or I will fire."

"You may put up your weapon, for I will make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the money and valuables that I possess," was Mr. Lee's calm response.

The burglar withdrew his menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee said,

"I will conduct you to where my precious treasures are placed."

He opened the door and pointed to the cot where his two children lay slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace.

"These," said Mr. Lee, "are my most precious jewels. Will you take them?"

He proceeded to say that as a minister of the gospel he had few earthly possessions, and that his means were devoted to one object—the education of his motherless children.

The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act he was about to commit.

After a few remarks by Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join in prayer; and there, in that lonely house, amid the silence of midnight, the offender poured forth his remorse and penitence, while the representative of religion, of peace and good will, told him to "go and sin no more."

Such a case has but few parallels.

A little travestie of fashionable correspondence was published some years ago, which puts in an amazing light the absurdity both of writing pet names and of fashionable precocity. The writers are supposed to be young ladies of eight years or thereabouts,—such young ladies as are now figuring in "children's balls" at the watering-places, if the correspondent truly reports. The first note ran thus: "Miss Minnie Smith's compliment to Miss Maggie Jones,' and desires the pleasure of her company this evening. Refreshments at eleven." The response was: "Miss Maggie Jones compliment to Miss Minnie Smith, with regrets that prior engagements preclude the pleasure of acceptance. She is to be whipped at seven, and sent to bed without her supper at eight."

"Doesn't this lovely scene animate you?" asked Anna of her lover. "No," said he, "nothing but you can Anna mate me. O, say yes, my darling." She did say yes, and his cup of animation was full.

Inviolable fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.