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Poetry.

David Gray's Estate.

Over his forge bent David Gray
And thought of the rich man across the way.

"Hammer and anvil for me," he said,
"And weary toil for the children's bread;

"For him, soft carpets and pictured walls,
A life of ease in his spacious halls."

The clang of bells on his dreaming broke;
A flicker of flame, a whirl of smoke.

Ox in travis, forge grown white hot,
Coat and hat were alike forgot;

As up the highway the blacksmith ran,
In face and mein like a crazy man.

"School house afire!" Men's hearts stood still,
And women prayed, as women will.

While o'er the tumult the wailing cry,
Of frightened children rose shrill and high.

Night in its shadows hid sun and earth;
The rich man sat by his costly hearth.

Lord of wide acres and untold gold,
But wifeless, childless, forlorn and old.

He thought of the family 'cross the way;
"I would," he sighed, "I were David Gray."

The blacksmith knelt at his children's bed,
To look once more at each smiling head.

"My darlings all safe! Oh, God!" he cried,
"My sin in thy boundless mercy hide!

"Only to-day have I learned how great,
Hath been thy bounty and my estate."

—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

Our Selected Story.

THE MOUNTAIN SHANTY.

"You are to carry the valise to the depot, Joe, and have it checked—or, no no; wait until I come; you'll be sure to make a mistake. I wish—" and Walter Ducliff turned from the footman to his mother—"I wish the time had come when machines could take the place of servants. One advantage in a machine is that you know its capacity; it doesn't make pretensions of being a rational human being, and then fail at the critical moment."

Mrs. Ducliff, a fair, delicate woman, who was drawn close to the open fire, with a velvet mantle wrapped about her, shook her head gently, and when the man was gone, said:

"Walter, indeed you have too little consideration for your inferiors. There is no need to mortify the man in that manner."

"Bless your heart, mother, you know nothing about that kind of people. Joe did not understand, and if he had, he would not have cared. I pay him high wages, and there's not a day when he does not have an odd half dollar, or fall heir to some of my boots or clothes. That's all he needs for happiness."

"Joe's feelings at the bottom are the same as ours, my son."

"I beg your pardon," flushing hotly, "but that I cannot believe. The lower classes, black and white, have been hardened by generations of need and hard work. Now your tastes and emotions have come to you through many lives of ease and culture; they lost them, if they ever had them, in the fight for daily bread. The music or noble thought that would stir your soul to its depths, would fall off from Joe as a drop of water from an alligator's back."

Walter had fallen into a sort of oratorical twang, which he had brought with him from college. He was absolutely sure of his opinion, as boys and girls of seventeen usually are, and like to set them forth fitly in plenty of words.

"You are too vain of your birth, my dear," said his mother quietly. "You will feel differently when you are older."

"Mother, is it possible that you mean to say that the material of a man's character and life does not depend largely on his birth? Why, look up here to the faces of my ancestors; they have borne a high, honorable part in the history of civilization, in politics, art and literature. I begin every day feeling that their eyes are upon me. I am glad and proud," picking up a pen and flourishing it over a blank book, "that the name I write is the name they bore; that it is their very blood which flows in my veins. What has Joe to remember beyond two nameless slaves, who were his father and mother?"

"All very true, Walter. Yet 'God made of one blood all the people on the earth,' and some of these days you will recognize your kinsmen, I think. It is nearly time for the train, isn't it dear?"

"It's quite time," glancing at his watch. He drew on his furred overcoat, and unconsciously passed his fingers over the waxed ends of his very small moustache. "Good-by, mother darling. I'll write from Harrisburg. I do hope I may manage the business well and satisfy father."

"No fear of that, Walty."

She held him a moment, as he stooped to kiss her, with her hands holding each side of his face, looking fondly at his delicate features, and clear, intelligent eyes.

"God send you safely home, my son. You'll try and be back by Christmas? There is a ball at your cousin's and—you are all of my holiday, remember!"

"Oh, I'll be back; I'll not fail in that, whatever comes," and then with another hasty kiss he was gone, springing down the stairs, trolling out some college catch.

Nature had given him a clear, tenor voice, of which he was not a little proud. Indeed, he thought sometimes, justly enough, that nature had given him her best material, and that it would be his own fault if he turned out a failure, instead of one of the foremost class of men. He had just left college and had been taken into his father's counting-room as confidential clerk. This was his first journey on the business of the firm; he had a shrewd suspicion it was meant to test his capacity. He was quite sure of it from the fact that Sanders, the old cashier, met him at the depot and placed in his hands the sealed paper of instruction, instead of sending it by a messenger.

"Don't you neglect any trifle, Mr. Walter," said the old man significantly, "Your father requires absolute precision in the least clerk, and he'll require it more in any one whom he wishes to be his partner."

Walter nodded and buttoned up the package in his breast, and in a few moments he was whizzing away over the snow-covered fields.

The business for a week or two was easy and pleasant enough. Money was to be collected, and remitted by draft. The hotels at Harrisburg and Johnstown were comfortable, Walter had plenty of money, and threw it about like a young lord. He was a generous, frank, genial fellow with his equals, and "the Ducliffs of Philadelphia," he wrote to his mother, "had the entree, of course, to the best society everywhere."

His last work was the settlement of some claims in the mountain countries; then he could go home. These people with whom he now had to deal had never heard of the Ducliffs, but they were well bred and educated, and Walter found friends on every side. It was himself, he thought, not his ancestors, which gained him friends here. Gentlemen themselves, they know a gentleman by instinct. He was confirmed in his theory that the educated classes form a sort of Free Masonry everywhere, of mutual help and brotherhood. As for ignorant boors, as Walter was fond of calling them, they were out in a general limbo of vice, and want and greed. "What I can do for your favorite poor, I will, mother," he wrote loftily, "but the more I see of them the less I like the habits of either their souls or bodies."

Now, Walter was not strong, and the change from this hot-house life to the bitter cold of the mountain range began to tell on him. When the last paper was signed, and he stepped into the cars, he was hot and feverish. In two days he would be at home.

"Barely in time for Jennie's ball," he thought.

When he reached Altoona, then only a small wayside station, it was late in the afternoon. As he went into the waiting room, a telegram was handed to him.

"If possible, go to Wright's Furnace and take directions from Sutton as to railroad iron."

Walter dashed down the valise.

"Where is Wright's Furnace?" he asked of the station master.

"Back sixty miles on the branch that you crossed at noon. The express has just gone. No other but the freight train. You had better wait until morning." Seeing that the boy hesitated: "There's a storm coming up."

To go at all was to give up the ball which he and Jennie had talked of for months. "He says, 'if possible,' and it is not possible." The next instant he blushed with shame. If he waited until to-morrow, he would be too late for Christmas, and disappoint his mother. "I will go to-night," he said.

"Freight train's not heated, mind, young man."

"I'll go."

"Plucky little chap," said the station master, as Ducliff, valise in hand, sprang upon the dirty cars as they lumbered along. He crept into the corner of one and fell asleep. About 11 o'clock the conductor shook him.

"Here's your landing place, my lad."

"Eh? How? The Furnace—"

"No, the nearest station. Wright's Furnace lies two miles up that road. You'd better stay aboard the train, and come down from Finville in the morning. It's a rough tramp in this snow; and there's no tavern at the Furnace. Unless you've got friends there—"

"No—no."

The snow, mixed with a sharp sleet, was falling heavily. Walter looked out at the ghostly shapes of the mountains, and the break in the great forest up which he was to walk. The solitude of the night was in itself terrible."

"Good night, I'll risk it," he said, jumping off. The old knights among his progenitors had not shirked danger; and he could do his devoir if it were only to keep a promise to his mother, or be prompt in his work as a merchant's clerk. Besides, the Suttons were a throughbred people of his own class. They would make him welcome, of course.

He had high cavalry boots, but the snow oozed in at the tops of them, and his feet were soon an inch deep in icy water. The two miles walk up the ravine lengthened to six, he wandered so often from the path. He sang, laughed at every fresh tumble, made jokes to himself, which seemed impertinent in the face of that awful solitude. But he could not help it. He was only a boy, and fun and jokes were the only stimulant for him against danger, which a man would have found in grim patience or whisky. But he could not hide the fact that his legs were racked with pain and his stomach was empty. He had forgotten to eat any supper. Just after the turn of the night a new moon threw a ghostly whiteness over the mountains, and he saw the shape of half a dozen houses black against the snow. He urged his still legs into a run. Now that help was near he felt how ill he really was.

"Furnace, blacksmith shop, carpenter's shop," he said, passing two empty sheds. But two houses were left; one a large handsome villa, the other a low shanty. "I'll not disturb the Suttons to-night," he said, knocking at the door of the last. The knock sounded threatening enough against unbroken silence. A window overhead was raised.

"Who's there?" in a woman's quaver.

"A gentleman on business to see Mr. Sutton."

"Mr. Sutton's in Washington. Been there six months."

Bang! down came the window. Walter pounded again at the door.

"You must take me in. I'll pay you well for lodging and supper," he said, peremptorily.

"Don't keep tavern. Go to Sutton's, if yer business is with Sutton."

"I ought to have done that at first," remembering his resolve never to deal with boors.

In a minute he was knocking confidently on the grim lion's head of Sutton's imposing front door. There was a great deal of confusion within, terrified voices calling to each other. Visitors of any kind were an unusual event in this mountain solitude; but one in the middle of a winter's night only suggested burglars or murderers. At last the door opened a narrow crack, and the coachman, in his shirt and drawers, stood peering out, candle in hand.

"Who's there?" in a broad Irish tongue.

"It's I," persuasively. "A messenger from Philadelphia, on business to Mr. Sutton."

"Mr. Sutton's gone. But there's a wheen o' men folks about the house," hastily.

"I'm no housebreaker," edging his way in. "Pray give my respects to Mrs. Sutton," loudly, for he caught a glimpse of white skirts on the stairs, "and say that young Mr. Ducliff is here and begs she will give him shelter for the night. I, well, to the truth, I'm exceedingly cold and hungry."

"Keep out, keep out young man; I'll consoolt Mrs. Sutton." And Walter heard a hurried confusion of tongues in the hall, the coachman's deprecatory and soothing "Nabbit but a cleet o' a lad, ma'am. No harm in him, I'll warrant yees."

But the lady's voice was sharp and decisive. "It's a mere feint to enter the house," and then followed some whispers of "plate" and "unarmed." "I know no Duncliffs," she said aloud, looking full at Walter. "Say to the man that it will be impossible for me to admit a stranger during my husband's absence."

But before the old man could reach the door, Walter was gone. She had seen his face plainly and had taken him for a burglar. He went over to one of the sheds and sat down. The cold and hunger mattered little. This insult from a woman filled his heart with a rage and a pain such as he had never felt before; it was a blow in the face when his own hands were tied. It was absolutely the first time in his life that an insulting word had been spoken to him. He laughed after a while, trying to recover his good humor.

"I wonder if that blockhead Joe feels like this when he can't give back my abuse," he muttered.

Just then the shanty window opened again. The woman had overheard all that had been said at Sutton's.

"See hyar, old boy!" she called.

Walter promptly crossed the road; he decided to lay aside his dignity till a warmer and less hungry time.

"It's a plaguey risky thing to take ye, for thar's nobody here but me and my darter," she said, with her head out of the window.

"I have every respect for you and your daughter, madame."

"Well; it's certain you'll freeze if you stay out thar. I'll venture it." She came down stairs and opened the door, which her raw-boned figure nearly filled. Beyond he saw a fire smouldering on the hearth. Jennie's ball, with all its lights, and brilliancy and music, was dull beside the delight of that dirty kitchen's warm hearth.

"I hain't got another bed," she hesitated, "and not much in the way of supper, neither," setting on the table a loaf of bread and some cold bacon. "Lor' sakes! why you're nigh onto starved," as she watched him eat.

"The disease is soon cured," he said, "and if you'll give me a bit of blanket or carpet I'll dry my clothes and sleep here on the floor."

"You're easy pleased," suspiciously measuring him with her half-closed eyes, and then satisfied that she could easily "scrunch him with one hand," she added, "you're not the sort of build they make housebreakers of. Them Suttons is a low, unchristian lot, for all their money."

"It was quite right for the lady to be on her guard," Walter replied haughtily, standing by his orders.

"Wal, there's my old man's breeches. Jest hang yer own to dry, and wrap yerself in that rug." She retreated up the stairs, and it seemed to Walter but a moment before he was stretched before the blaze, dry, and floating off into delicious sleep.

No trains stop at the station until to-night, you say," he demanded, as he rose from the breakfast table next morning.

"No. You've got to wait. As for crossing the hill to Wayne's Station, you might do it in the summer, but it's impossible now. The express stops there at noon."

"How far is it?"

"It's impossible, I tell you. It's only eight miles. But the snow is waist deep, and the road lies along the old track."

The old track was the line of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, around a hill. The rails had been removed, but the ties still remained on the abandoned road. Walter inspected it, and after a few rods, found it pleasant walking. He came back for his valise.

"The more fool you. You'll be back in half an hour."

It was in the day of gold pieces; he put a couple in her hand. "I cannot pay you for your kindness," he said, shaking it kindly.

"All right. We have got to help each other, but I don't take no money. I don't keep no tavern no more'n the Suttons," giving him back the money.

Walter laughed, and meeting the little girl on the road, he put it in her pocket. The woman called out after him that he'd be back in half an hour.

The sun was shining through a silvery gray mist when he started. In an hour the mist was wet and impenetrable, and as for the sun, it was gone. A mountaineer would have hurried to shelter, but Walter marched on shouting out the Marsellaise. Why not? None of his college books had taught him the alphabet of clouds, or fog, or winds. The valise grew heavier with every mile; the snow had drifted literally waist deep in the deserted track. He determined to try the hills, and make a short cut across them. Go back he would not. "I'll keep my promise to my mother," he said.

How long he wandered in that short cut he never knew. The gray, branchless trunks of oaks and birches stretched their thick ranks to the horizon; the soft snow lay beneath, white and trackless; the sharp sleet cut his face and took away his breath. He strapped his trunk on his back and plodded on, his face white and teeth set.

"Allons! allons! entans de la patrie!" he fairly yelled, without waiting for the tune.

It grew darker; but that, he thought, was only when the moon again came out—now low down the slope of the sky—that he had been wandering all day and far into the night. Another hour passed. The snow rose higher above his body; half-crazed as he was, it seemed a living grave creeping up to cover him; it was a matter of life and death for him now to go on.

"But I cannot go on," he said, with white lips.

An awful shivering seized him; for the first time in his life he lost control of his limbs. He looked up into the thick gray clouds with the feeling that God was there somewhere. If he knew Him better, he would pray to Him. But it was a long time since he had prayed; like many college boys, he thought that was a matter for women and children more than for men.

He unstrapped the valise and put it down under a dead tree, and then lay down beside it. The snow was soft and warm; he could not fight against the unnatural drowsiness.

"This is death, then?" he said. He had often thought of the agony of that last parting with his mother, and how could he overcome it with noble thoughts and soldierly courage; but now he only thought how comfortable the snow was, warm as a feather bed. If his feet were only dry! His eyes closed. The feathery flakes began to fall on his face.

Suddenly, but a little way off, a roaring voice began to sing:

"And the aunts and cousins
Came out by dozens;
All blood relations to me, Lord Donamore."

Walter moved uneasily, and sat up. The lethargy of coming death was heavily upon him; he knew through it that there was a chance for life; but rest was sweeter. He sank down again. Then the boy remembered the promise, and it stung him like a spur. He got up, clapped his arms weakly to bring back the circulation, and staggered on a few steps. Below him was a low hut, constructed of unplaned boards, the smoke pouring through a hole in the roof.

"Oh! 'tis there you'll hear the thrushes warbling,
In the vales convaulent to swate Ballinafad."

The voice was unmistakably vicious and drunk.

"Some blood-thirsty cut-throat," thought Walter. "Who else would be watching at this time of night?"

He took off his seal-ring, gold watch, and diamond scarf-pin, and dropped them in his boots. There was no use in tempting him to murder.

Then he walked on and pushed open the door.

"God save us!" shouted a kindly voice, and with the next breath Walter felt himself lifted in a pair of strong arms and carried like a baby to the fire. The heat overpowered him. He tried to speak, and then lay as if dead on the man knees.

* * * * * * *

"And it's Christmas day, you say, Jim?"

"Christmas it is. Here's your soup now, hot as blazes. Be the powers, it'll be the job to stretch the pervissions till to-morrow, ye greedy young gossoon, you?"

Walter laughed and drew himself weakly up in bed, leaning against the man's breast, while he ate the steaming mutton broth, out of the yellow crock. "I never tasted anything so good," soaking the last drops in the crust.

"Well, three days ago, when ye came to that dure, I thought it was yer coffin I'd be makin' for yees instead of soup."

Jim pulled up the straw pillow at his back, and settled his head, stroking back his hair with fingers black, to be sure, but gentle as a woman's. On a chair by the fire hung Walter's clothes, clean and dry, but ragged with dragging through briars and rocks.

"If it hadn't been for you, Jim, I'd have needed a coffin sure enough," said Walter. "Who did you think I was that night?" a little curious to know if his rank had betrayed him through his rags and wet.

"Be jabbers, I thought you were a collier's boy from the pit. There's one there who has just the cut of your face. When I found the joorly in the boot, I knowed different, av course. There it is, by the by, on the shelf." He handed it to Walter, but the boy let the glittering heap fall on the bed, and took the red, grimy hand in both of his.

"Old Jim!" he cried. After awhile he said, "You couldn't have done more for me if I had been your brother."

Jim jerked his hand away with a "Sjcksh!" He was not given to talking sentiment.

"D'ye s'pose any man ud sit still wid a boy freezin' at his dure?" he said gruffly, but he was pleased. Walter saw it. He lay wondering why he had become so fond of this fellow, who was nothing but an Irish laborer, set to watch the railroad beside which his hut stood. It was not alone because he had saved his life; it was for the strength and tenderness, and a queer, pathetic humor, that lay under his dirt and ignorance.

"So you thought I was a collier boy," he said presently. "Why, I'm one of the Ducliffs of Philadelphia, Jim."

"All blood relations to me, Lord Donamore!" he sang. Walter's face grew red, but he laughed.

The shriek and whistle of a train were heard just then, and Jim disappeared with his flag, and came back grinning with delight, carrying a basket. "I told the stoker about you yesterday, and he fetched a bit of beef, and his owld woman sent some tay, and one of the firemen brought you a chicken. By golly, we'll have a Christmas dinner, after all."

"Why, they never saw me!" cried Walter.

"I reckon we've all got to help each other," said Jim, gruffly, cutting up the chicken. "Father Forbes said at mass on Sunday that was the rale manin of Christmas day."

The meaning of Christmas! It never had any meaning to him beyond Jennie's ball and some pretty gift for his mother.

Could it mean this brotherly love that these people showed him, that he felt for Jim, that he would feel for every man perhaps if he but knew them nearer and better? Could it be that which the child had come to teach, who had his birth in a meaner shelter than this, among men more ignorant and poor?

The long winter day stole on. Jim cooked and nursed, dashing out at intervals to signal approaching trains, and made a jolly day of it. Walter was very quiet.

"You're a bit homesick," said Jim, in the evening, noticing that the tears were in the boy's eyes as he lay looking over the snowy trees crimsoned in the setting sun, to the sky which seemed curiously near above them. "In two days you can go. But it's a pity you couldn't have gone to church wid the mother to-day."

"I'm not homesick, Jim. And I've found something in the old shanty which I never found in church."—*Rebecca Harding Davis.*

The Boy Just Out of School.

Did you ever pause and contemplate that particular and peculiar phase of human nature developed by the anxious school boy when released from the study and discipline—when "school is out," and he is on his way home? Ordinary humanity, when released from the toils of the day is prone to seek rest and relaxation. The boy scorns all such effeminate ideas. He is composed of but three parts—legs, arms and yell, and the yell is the biggest part of him. His legs and arms have been kept in irksome, compulsory quietude all day, and must now be exercised. His voice has been seething and swelling in him for hours, and now must have vent. As soon as he is clear of the school house steps he stops and deliberately yells a yell that is ear-splitting, but which has no more object, meaning or direction than the midnight vociferation of a mule; and yet it appears at a full run, with his arms flying about like the scintillations of a pin wheel. He is no respecter of persons, and is utterly indifferent as to whether he runs down a smaller boy, spins an aged citizen three times around, or mashes a girl's hat over her eyes in his headlong career. "Mercy on us! If that boy were only mine. I'd—"but just then her own boy flies past, falls over a dry goods box, bounces up, kicks at another boy around the corner before she can get the "You Robert!" with which she intends to annihilate him, out of her astonished throat. There is but one thing that has the slightest effect on the boy when he is on the way home from school. He can see the old man farther than Prof. Hall can see a haystack with a telescope, and the moment that parent dawns upon his vision he becomes as proper as a model Letter-writer, and the neatly modulated voice with which he wheedles the author of his being out of five cents on the spot is a lesson for future ambitious savings bank and passenger railway presidents.

The amount of racing, jumping, pulling and hauling and howling that a school boy can concentrate into a transit of two squares is positively astonishing, and the preternatural coolness and the quietude with which he takes his red face and panting breath into the kitchen and asks if supper ain't most ready, is a human conundrum that calls for unqualified admiration. —*Boston Free Press.*

Sound Sleep.

It is wonderful how much may be done to protract existence by the habitual restorative of sound sleep. Late hours under strain are, of course, incompatible with this solacement. On this topic Dr. Richardson says it has been painful for him to trace the beginnings of pulmonary consumption to late hours at "unearthly balls and evening parties," by which rest is broken and encroachments made on the constitution. But, he adds, "If in middle age the habit of taking deficient and irregular sleep be maintained, every source of depression, every latent form of disease, is quickened and intensified. The sleepless exhaustion allies itself with all other processes of exhaustion, or it kills imperceptibly, by a rapid introduction of premature dissolution." There, at once, is an explanation why many people die earlier than they ought to. They violate the primary principle of taking a regular night's rest. If they sleep, it is disturbed. They dream all sorts of nonsense. That is to say, they do not sleep soundly, or for any useful purpose; for dreaming is nothing more than wild, imaginative notions passing through the brain while half sleeping or dozing. In dreaming there is no proper or restorative rest.

Advertising.

When we began the newspaper business we had not much faith in advertising. We distinctly remember how we timidly persuaded a man who had thirty swarms of bees to sell to put in an ad. We felt that we were doing wrong in thus misleading him, and when he came in three weeks later and ordered the ad. dropped, we felt quite relieved. Our astonishment can be guessed when he said:

"Well, I sold the last swarm yesterday, and have demand for more!"

We soon inveigled others into putting ads. into our paper, and never failed to give satisfaction. We had last spring a number of articles to sell, and by advertising we disposed of every one at our own price. The fact of the matter is, if you want to buy or sell and do it at once you must Advertise.—*McGregor News.*

A young poet out West not long ago said to his sweetheart, among other things, through a poem in a country paper: "I kissed thee under the silent stars"—at least, that was what he intended to say; but when she had refused to speak to him for six weeks, or to let him come within speaking distance of her, and he came to look over his poem with some care for the first time, he found that the printer had made him say: "I kicked thee under the cellar stairs," and then he knew why "she never smiled again."

Washington Letter.

Roman Punch—The Silver Tablet Presented at the Silver Wedding Celebration—Woman Suffrage Convention and What the Women Did — Senator Gordon, Etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16, 1877.

To the Editor of the Avant Courier:

Roman punch is a new notion in the refreshment line here since it was served at Mrs. Hayes' silver wedding celebration a fortnight ago, and it will be the rage at all sorts of entertainments this winter where refreshments are offered. This is how it was served at the White House on the evening mentioned: Little fanciful baskets made from orange-peel, but by cutting half the skin away leaving a narrow strip for a handle or bail, with all the edges scalloped, were filled with frozen punch and passed around in flint dishes with dainty teaspoons. Both the President and Mrs. Hayes expressed the wish that no gifts should be bestowed upon them. So the only testimonial of note was a silver tablet sent them from the members of Mr. Hayes' old regiment, the 23rd Ohio. It was a beautiful thing, the broad plate of silver, inscribed with eulogistic expressions to Mrs. Hayes, affectionately styling her "The Mother of Ours," embedded in ebony and handsomely framed in ivory. Colonel Hayes' regiment were very fond of their officer's wife, who took her little children and her sewing machine into camp and lived there two winters and one summer, sharing many hardships and doing many kindnesses for the brave soldiers about her. The man who at 18 enlisted as Mr. Hayes' orderly and held a position of service near the Colonel's person for nearly three years, now holds a similar one in the White House.

The Woman Suffrage meeting, held here last week, was partly a success and partly a failure. By aiming at a high standard (which they could hardly hope to reach) they hit a much higher mark than they have ever done before, in that the lady officers of the association obtained a hearing with the presiding officer of each House, Speaker Randall and Vice President Wheeler. Another means by which they hoped to obtain entrance to the floor of the Senate Chamber while the Senate was in sesssion was a prayer meeting held in the Senate Reception Room just before Congress assembled on Thursday morning. But this failed them and partly thro' the weakness and passion of one of their own members who spoke in violent language and in a most excited manner of wrongs and grievances endured by women in general and herself in particular through being denied the rights of suffrage. In the course of her harangue she alluded to "Henry Ward Beecher and his tribe." This was not only foolish and bitter, but absolutely rude and unkind, from the fact that Mr. Beecher's sister, Mrs. Hooker, was present and taking a prominent part in the meeting. But that good lady, instead of becoming exasperated as many expected she would, said nothing till the excited woman had talked off some of her frenzy and then went quietly to her, kissed her and with soothing words led her away from the crowd. On the day of the convention some of the ladies called on Mrs. Hayes, but, upon being told that she was engaged, left their cards and went to their hotel where shortly a note was sent them from Mrs. Hayes asking them to return that evening. They did so and received every attention from both the President and his wife, who devoted more than an hour to them and showed them through all the White House.

Gordon is the Senator who will carry eight scars (received in the late war) to his grave. Yet he is a fine looking man. His thin nostrils, expressive brows and sharply cut ears show his blood. His frame is hard, sinewy, wiry. His eyes are blue, quick and piercing. A large scar under the right one is from a sabre thrust.

The snow and cold weather of a week ago has all disappeared and after a day of warm rain and another one or two of sunshine, we are picking dandelions again.

ADAMS.

Not Contented.

There is a class of farmers who are constantly on the lookout for a better place to go to. Their farms are always "for sale," and they dream of luxuriant lands in some other part of the country which can be bought "for a song," where they imagine they would be more prosperous, and enjoy life better than where they now reside. Many of these men own mortgaged farms; and for such men to desire to remove when they can own a free farm, though it be far, far away, is but a natural manifestation to better one's condition, which the human mind cannot resist. But where can these men go, after selling their farms, and be contented? This is a serious question, which no man can answer of his own knowledge.

Severe Reprimand.

Chief Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a fashionable young man, who had removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey. Marshall stepped up and asked where he lived. Being told, he said, "That is my way, and I will take it for you."

When they came to the house, the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?"

"Oh! nothing," said the Chief Justice; "you are welcome. It is my way, and no trouble."

"Who is that old man who brought home my turkey?" inquired the young man of a bystander.

"That," replied he, "is Mr. Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my turkey?" he asked.

"To give you a severe reprimand, and to teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply.

Wisdom.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue.

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.

The hate we bear our enemies injures their happiness less than ours.

The man who can be nothing but serious or nothing but merry is but half a man.

The first book read, and the last book laid aside, by every child, is the conduct of its parents.

How many troubles might mankind be spared if they would only stop to hear each other's explanations.

Be cheerful, respectful and good-natured and every man has a secret for you worth knowing.

Through the eye beauty comes in, and griefs drop out. Thank God for tears, and pity him who cannot weep.

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.

A dry-goods merchant of Hartford was asked how he spent his evenings. His reply was: "At night I store my mind, and during the day I mind my store."

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved at it; but be sure, no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he who thinks himself the wisest man is generally the greatest fool.

The best way to keep out wicked thoughts is always to be employed in some good ones. Let your thoughts be where your happiness is, and let your heart be where your thoughts are.

Saying sharp things doesn't pay. It may gratify your spite at first, but it is better to have friends than enemies, and if you cannot make people happy, refrain from adding to their misery.

If your books do not foot up quite such large profits as in years before, what is the difference? You have done your best. Don't go growling and getting sullen; laugh and keep your manhood, and begin the year like a man should, full of faith and trust that it will be bright and prosperous.

What is not hope to man? The vitality of vitality, the life of his life, the great motive power of all exertion, the strengthener, the consoler, the stay, the great battle-sword that cleaves through the armor of all adversaries, the conqueror that strikes down opposition, tramples on reverses, bursts open the gates of the tombs and treads upon the neck of death!

Inattention to little acts of thoughtfulness and consideration often results from a mere habit of carelessness; but in its effect upon the happiness of a family, it is a most unfortunate habit. A few words of thanks, of appreciative recognition, are easily spoken, and such words are precious to the soul that hungers for them. They are highly prized, and not soon forgotten. Take notice of what is done for you.

The Death Penalty in Maine.

[Bangor Commercial.]

The Attorney General in his annual report does not express any opinion as to the effect of the abolition of the death penalty for murder. Two years' time is hardly enough to test it. In that time there has been only one conviction—that of Smith, at Ellsworth—where the prisoner would have been sentenced to death under the former law. Mr. Emery says: "While I doubt if much can be fairly argued either way from statistics of crime, I should say the statistics in this State were, if anything, favorable to the abolition of the death penalty. The experience of another year may reverse it. I hardly think the presence or absence of the death penalty has any direct influence on the number of murders. It is impossible thus far to know what the effect has been in the State."

A Rattlesnake's Attack.

When a rattlesnake is disturbed it sounds an alarm, and then, if compelled, it will fight. When the victim is within reach, the jaws of the snake are separated and the head thrown back so as to bring the fangs into a favorable position to penetrate the object. The head is then darted rapidly forward, the unsheated tooth penetrates the body of the victim, and the poison is injected into the flesh. The same muscular acts which open the wound inject the venom throught the duct, and into the part penetrated by the tooth. The divergence of the fang-points when the snake bites often causes a considerable distance between the two wounds. The power with which the venom is ejected from the tooth depends somewhat upon the amount contained in the gland and its ducts. If the snake fails to strike the object aimed at, the poison is sometimes projected several feet; and a case is on record where it was thrown into the eye of a man who was six feet from the snake, when it struck upward at a stick held above its coil.

—Young man, if you want to cutter fellow out, sleigh the girl.

When a faithful mother goes on a whaling expedition, she never fails to get all the blubber she wants.

It was Sidney Smith who retorted upon some one who had called him an every-day man, "Well, if I am an every-day man, you are a weak one."

A grocer who had pursued a runaway clerk named Galusha, and found him with the money, and repentant, telegraphed to his (the grocer's) anxious wife: "Found Galusha. Hope for better things." When she got the missive it read: "Found girl. Shall elope and get her things." She started for the scene of action by the first train.