WHIG AND TRIBUNE.

VOL. XXVIII. JACKSON, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1872. NO. 30.

State Librarian

Professional Notices.

JAMES C. & JNO. T. HOGAN,
ATTORNEYS
And Counsellors at Law,
AND
Solicitors in Chancery,
JACKSON, TENNESSEE,
Office—In Tomlin's Block, room formerly occupied by Campbell & McCorry. mar9-tf.

JNO. A. HARRISON,
Attorney at Law,
—AND—
COLLECTING AGENT,
No. 517½ CHESTNUT STREET, Room No. 1.
Dec 23-1y ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. B. CARUTHERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Jackson, Tennessee,
WILL practice in all the Courts of Madison and surrounding counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of Tennessee. All civil claims attended to promptly.
☞ Office Second door South East Corner Public Square. jan 28-tf.

Bullock & Bullock,
AND
JNO. L. BROWN,
ARE now occupying those elegant offices over Collin's China Store, in Anderson and Taylor's block, corner of Market and LaFayette streets. Entrance at the West end of Collins' store, on LaFayette street. dec2-1m

JNO. L. H. & H. W. TOMLIN
ATTORNEYS AND
Councellors at Law,
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WILL practice in the various Courts of Madison and the adjoining Counties, and also in the Supreme and Federal Courts of West Tennessee. All collecting entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.
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STODDERT CARUTHERS. E. S. MALLORY
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COLLECTING AGENTS,
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☞ Office in Luckey's new building. oct21-1y

DENTAL CARD.
J. A. ARRINGTON, D. D. S. N. N. HAYS, D. D. S.
DRS. ARRINGTON & HAYS,
OFFER their services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity in the practice of their profession—Dentistry.
☞ OFFICE—Over Hall's store, East side Public Square. sept 15, '66-tf.

DENTAL CARD.
DR. WM. B. SPENCER,
Surgeon Dentist
Office over J. W. Glass & Sons' corner Main and Market streets.
JACKSON, TENNESSEE. (jan.26 39-tf.

Dr. S. R. Hubbard,
Having located in
JACKSON, TENNESSEE,
Offers his services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity. Special attention given to diseases of women and children.
Office at his Residence, on Main st. mar. 9 1y.

Dr. L. B. HERRON,
Having permanently located in
Jackson, Tennessee,
TENDERS his professional services to the city and surrounding country.—He is a regular graduate of Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, and has an experience of sixteen years uninterrupted practice. His charges will be moderate, and all calls promptly attended. Headquarters at Pendleton & Duncan's, No. 5 Bond's Block. Residence on College street, first door West Mob. and Ohio railroad. Feb 17, 1872-tf.

DR. JNO. CHESTER. DR. SAM. H. CHESTER
Dr. John Chester
Has associated with him in the practice of medicine, his brother,
Dr. Sam'l H. Chester,
And offer their services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity.
☞ Office on the corner of Royal and Chester Streets. may29-tf

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OFFERS his professional services, in all branches of Medicine and Surgery, to this community and its vicinity.
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N. B.—Dr. D. will treat diseases of the eye, and perform all the surgical operations necessary to their radical cure. Jan 9-1y

Timely Notice.
I have a large amount due me on my old business, which I must collect. Those who come forward and pay me before the *First of June,* will save cost. *I mean what I say*
THOS. J. BARNS.
apl 27 6w

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ONE PRICE STORE!
L. & S. Solomon
ARE now opening at their new store, on South side of Lafayette street, one door East of Keith & Vincent's,
Their Fall and Winter
STOCK OF
DRY GOODS,
Ready-made Clothing,
SHOES & BOOTS,
HATS, NOTIONS,
And a general assortment of Gentlemen's
FURNISHING GOODS,
All of which they offer to the public at very small profits, FOR CASH, and to all at the SAME PRICES. They most respectfully asks those wishing to buy goods in their line to call and examine their goods and prices. It will at all times afford them pleasure to show their goods to all who visit them.
Jackson, Tenn., Jan. 6, 1872-tf.

Jackson Marble Yard.
W. B. McNABB,
DEALER IN
American and Italian Marble,
MONUMENTS,
Gravestones, and all kinds of Marble Work, at Lowest Prices.
☞ Yard on corner Main and Church streets. jan13-tf

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—AND—
SCOURING HOUSE
Ladies Dress Goods Dyed and Cleaned. Gentlemen's Clothing Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired to look New Again.
Carpets Cleaned.
Damask Window Curtains and Piano and Table Covers Re-Dyed
OFFICE:—LaFayette Street, Opposite Anderson & Taylor's Block, Jackson, Tenn.
mar. 16 tf A. HEY, Prop'r.

TAKE
SIMMONS'
LIVER
Regulator.
LIVER disease and Indigestion prevails to a greater extent than probably any other malady, and relief is always anxiously sought after. If the Liver is regulated in its action, health is almost invariably secured. Want of action in the Liver causes Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Pain in the Shoulders, cough, dizziness, sour Stomach, bad taste in the mouth, billious attack, palpitation of the heart, depression of spirits, or blues, and a hundred other symptoms which Simmons' Liver Regulator is the best remedy for that has ever been discovered. It acts mildly, effectually, and, being a simple vegetable compound, can do no injury. It is harmless in every way: it has been used for forty years, and hundreds of the good and great from all parts of the country will vouch for its virtues.

SYMPTOMS
The symptoms of Liver Complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general costive, sometimes alternating with lax. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility, and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them; but the Liver is generally the organ most involved.
LIVER DISEASE
Price $1.00 per package; sent by Mail, postage paid, $1.25; prepared, ready for use, in bottles, $1.50.
Manufactured only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
Macon, Ga., and Philadelphia.
For sale by all Druggists.
mar. 2 6m.

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Recreation
AND
PLEASURE.
D. H. KING. Proprietor.
The proprietor of the widely known KING'S HOUSE, desires to remind the public whose inclenation or business confinements induces them to seek amusement and exercise, that they will find KING'S HOUSE, as heretofore, the
FAVORITE RESORT
in the city of Jackson, and that no pains or expenses will be spared to add to its attractions in the future. His
BILLIARD HALL
Is fitted up with superb style, and is supplied the best of Billiard Tables and appurtenances, affording a pleasant and harmless recreation as well as amusement.
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WINES,
LIQUORS,
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Of all kinds, and the most fastidious taste cannot fail to be satisfied.
Lighted up with Gas.
KING'S BLOCK OF BUILDINGS, including Bar Room and Billiard Hall have been Lighted up with GAS, which will be recognized by the Knights of the Cue as a great improvement overhe Coal Oil lights.
In short he isdetermined that the KING'S HOUSE shall be the Great Centre of Attraction to those who desire an hour's recreation or are in quest of amusement, and most cordially invites his friends and the public generally to come and see.

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GROCER
AND DEALER IN
STAPLE DRY GOODS,
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mar18-tf.

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The Best Stock in West Tenn.
THREE HUNDRED ACRES OF FIRST rate farming land, seven miles West of Jackson, with plenty of open land, plenty of timber, plenty of never failing water, and a comfortable improvement. Will be sold in a body, or divided to suit purchasers. Enquire of
feb10-1y. DON. CAMERON.

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Young & Frick,
Architects and Superintendents,
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DESIGNS, Plans and Specifications, with full and accurate Working Drawings prepared for any description of building, Stores, Hotels, Churches, Court Houses, School Houses, Hospitals, Private Residences, &c. may 4 1y.

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(The Oldest Crockery House in the City.)

Direct Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
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CHINA, GLASSWARE,
Lamps, Looking Glasses, &c
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We import our own goods direct from the Potteries of Staffordshire England and Lamoyes France, via New Orleans, hence pay no second hand profits which rightfully belong to our customers.
We have the exclusive controll of
MEAKIN'S
Celebrated Stone China Ware,
in this city. Our long experience in business and extensive facilities enable us to compete successfully with any house in the country. Special attention given to orders.
☞ Send for our price list.
mar. 4-1y

St. Louis, Memphis, Nashville
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Central Short Route,
VIA.
McKENZIE TO NASHVILLE,
AND POINTS IN MIDDLE TENN.
THE best and only direct route from West Tennessee to Nashville, and via. Nashville to Louisville, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, &c.
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Through cars on day trains, and sleeping cars on night trains run through between Memphis and Nashville, only by this route.
J. W THOMAS, Gen. Supt.
W. K. DANLEY, G. P. & F. A.,
jan28-tf N. & C. and N. & N. W. R. R.

WHIG AND TRIBUNE.
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—BY—
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W. W. GATES & CO.
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Sheriffs, Clerks and Rangers, who send us their patronage will receive the Whig without charge.
☞ CANDIDATES—For announcing candidates for County offices and the Legislature, $10; for Congress $20; for Municipal and civil district offices, $5—all in advance.

INSIDE THE FOLD.

BY ANNA E. STACEY.

Poor heart! so tired with weary seeking for the gate
That leads within the Fold,
My arms would fain encircle thee
And guard from storms and cold,
And bring thee in again, through Him
Who is the Way, the Truth, the Life.
Dear heart! it is not hard to reach the fold—
Come in, come in, and cease thy strife.

So thou wert went to wander in the past?
Out from the straight and narrow way
Into broad fields, by side of cooling brooks,
Culling forbidden fruits day after day,
And scattering one by one the fair fresh flowers
Upon its ever changing crest,
'Til like the tired child who sat beside the limpid stream
And cast her daisies on its singing breast

'Till all were gone, then shouts
"Bring back my flowers, bring back my flowers,"—
Thou mourned'st for beauteous youth,
And lost, neglected hours.
Sweet one! thy night, mayhap, is dark,
Yet CHRIST'S was darker in Gethsemane;
Thy lips are bitter with the taste of Sodom's fruit
But His more bitter when He died for thee.

Oh bridge this chasm of neglected hours
By Faith's strong cable—Talisman of prayer.
Do this dear love for CHRIST—the way is there
To gather all within His Fold.
Come in, poor lamb, for love and sympathy,
Where sin's dark waves ne'er o'er thee break,
And sorrow's tears are wiped away,
Come in! come in!

Ithaca, N. Y., Aug. 1871.

WASHING ON SUNDAY.

How the Deacon's Wife Introduced Deacon.

Deacon Flint had decided to move; had decided to commenced moving at precisely five o'clock, Monday morning, July 18; and so on that identical Monday morning you might, had you been an early riser, have seen the deacon, divested of his coat and his Sunday dignity, shaking the best room carpet in the back-yard.

There is no need of saying what he did next, or what Mrs. Flint was doing then. They went through the tearing-up process very much as other people do; and not being endowed with an over-abundance of this world's goods, the last load of furniture consisting of the deacon's wife and baby, the twins; and the best room looking-glass, was on its way to the depot at five o'clock P. M.

"Blessed be nothing!" exclaimed the tired little woman, as the deacon helped her out of the wagon. "If we had been 'Squire Ransom's folks, Samuel, we shouldn't have been more than a quarter through now, would we? My! how my poor bones would have ached through this time to-morrow night. I'm glad that the Lord knows what's best for me," she added, taking the baby from the deacon, and looked around for the twins.

It was but a few hours' ride to C., and just in the coolest dusk of the July twilight they walked up the street to their new home, very tired, and thankful they were not 'Squire Ransom's folks, but just themselves, if they did have to work late that night putting up the kitchen stove and unpacking dishes and bedding.

Tuesday was a day of many troubles. The babies were tired and fretful; daylight revealed a coating of dirt on doors and windows, the the depth of which they knew not before, and the heat was intense. But the deacon possessing untiring energy, and his little wife the sunniest of tempers, they succeeded so well that, by Thursday night, as he came into the kitchen with an armful of wood, where his wife was washing dishes, she commenced singing:

"The deacon thinks his work is almost done,
But I feel as if mine had just begun."

"Did you hear that, Samuel?" she said laughing and turning around to look at him.

It was prayer-meeting night, and the deacon went to prayer-meeting for the first time in C——, took an active part, and after meeting waited to shake hands with the minister and some of the brethren, answer their inquires and present their letters. He had the satisfaction of feeling, on his way home, that he had made a good impression; it pleased him; it would have pleased us; and he told his little wife that night, in his grave way, that he "hoped, coming as he did in the midst of a strange people, there might never be any occasion of remark against him while he remained among them."

"I'm sure I hope not, Samuel," she said, looking innocently up in his face, and adding, as she nestled her little brown head on his shoulder, "I don't feel much alarmed about it."

The next day, Friday, the deacon went back to the old home, having some business settlements to make there. "Can't tell certainly when I shall be back; probably not till Monday noon; guess there's wood enough split to last to till then. Good-bye," he said, and was gone.

The wee woman went singing back to her half-washed dinner dishes, and with one foot on the craddle-rocker, she scoured the knives, while she told the story of "Jack and Gill" to the twins. When the last kettle was washed, the kitchen-stove and table brushed and scoured to the usual shade of black and white, the baby asleep in her nest of a cradle—"bless her!"—she washed the pretty twin faces till they blushed like red peppers, and settled them in their trundle-bed for a nap.

Dear little woman! she did look so tired as she came out from the bed-room, and stopped to brush a fly from under the mosquito-net over the baby. It would have made your back ache to look at her. But the cherry heart in the weary body asserted itself, and she smiled with the thought of all she would do before the deacon came back.

"I must slick my hair over a little, so if any one should come I wouldn't spoil the deacon's reputation," she said to herself, going up to a little glass that hung between the kitchen windows. Just then a gem of a sunbeam flashed in at the window, and seemed to tangle itself all up in her wavy brown hair. "Oh, how pretty," she said, with a blush and a laugh like a child's. "Guess if somebody had been at home I'd had a kiss, then!" and off she flew to her work.

How like magic the white curtains went up and the cobwebs came down; how the best room looking-glass shone after its polishing, and the old daguerreotype of "Samuel in his best days" never shone thro' so clean a surface as it did that day. So the time flew, bringing the deacon's return nearer.

One morning she awakened early, entirely free from a wretched headache she had the day before. 'I want it all done; the kitchen cleaned up and my dress changed before Samuel comes at noon." Quietly dressing so as not to awaken the children, she slipped out into the kitchen, built a fire and commenced operations. How she did work; every step told of something done, and at half-past ten, despite all her hindrances from baby, who was cross, she was hanging out the clothes, so snowy white they dazzled her eyes as the sun shone on them. One end of the clothes-line ran nearly out to the fron fence through the side yard, and the whitest, nicest clothes were hung there, of course. How many people are passing, she thought to herself, "and how they all stare at me; guess it must be the clothes though, instead of me," and she tenderly pinned the rear of one of the deacon's shirt to the line. Hark! was that the front gate? Before she had time to turn around, the deacon's energetic strides had brought him close to her; but what was the matter?

"Marthy—Pendleton—Flint!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing? Come straight into the house!"

With a look that defies description, the little body straightened itself up as high as it would go, as she said, "Not until you speak to me different from that, Samuel, and tell me why," her lip quivering.

"Don't you see the people all going to meeting, and you a hanging out shirts? It's Sunday morning!" Such a laugh as rang out then on the Sunday air, I'm sure the good people never heard before. "Oh, Samuel," she said, holding her sides, "it's so funny! no wonder the folks stared at me and my clothes. Oh, oh, oh!" and she sank down on the grass in a convulsion of laughter.

The poor deacon was scandalized. "Martha!" he said, in such a sadly anxious tone she only laughed the more, and it was not till she looked up in his face that she realized how he was touched; then she stood up soberly and walked into the house. The door closed behind them, she went up to him with a little caress, and said, "Samuel, kiss and forgive me, and I'll go to work and ravel it out. I truly will," and she laughed again with the thought of what she had been guilty of, till the deacon kissed her, and laughed, too, in spite of himself. Then he walked to the window and looked out.

"You're not going to let them clothes hang out there all day, are you, Martha Flint?"

"Of course I am; you don't suppose, now I've got them out, God's going to grudge me the sunshine to dry them with, because it's Sunday, do you? Why, it would be wicked to bring them in before sundown. But see here, Mr. Deacon, it's about time I called you to account, I think. How came you to be travelling to-day? Guess there's a little Sunday breaking on both sides, isn't there?"

The deacon turned slowly around and sat down. Then, perching herself on his knee, she took his honest brown face in her hands, and said, "Be a good boy, now, and tell me all the truth; remember George Washington, dear." The deacon smiled, just a trace of trouble in his smile, and taking the hand that held him captive in his own, said, "Well, little woman, I had everything up last night, ready to start home on the 5 o'clock train. Somehow I must have been uncommon tired, or else it was the heat, leastways I dropped asleep in the depot, and missed train. Then I thought I'd take the 9 o'clock train and get home at midnight, so you wouldn't be lonesome Sunday; but we broke down, and just got here half an hour ago. Then, to think, after walking through town from the cars, and folks a looking at me on their way to church!"

"To think, Samuel," she broke in, "after that dreadful trial, you should walk in at your front gate and find your wife hanging out clothes in your front yard, and you a deacon of good standing in the church! dear! dear! what do you suppose the Lord will do to me for thinking it was washing-day? I don't think," she added "he'll be very hard with me, because yesterday was my Sunday, though I had such a sick headache, it seems I didn't know much about the day. I'll tell you what, Samuel, I'll stay at home with the babies to-night, and you can go to meeting, and then piece out your Sunday to-morrow; won't that do?"

But the deacon couldn't get over it; his heart was heavy; and while his wife was busy in the kitchen he put on his hat, and with his hands clasped reverently behind him (his Sunday way) slowly and solemny he walked out to the clothes-line. Most of the clothes were dry, for the sun was very hot, and one by one he dropped the snowy things into the basket, unconsciously humming to himself, "Have pity, Lord! O, Lord, forgive."

Mrs. Flint was washing dishes, and nearly dropped her best glass dish, when the deacon walked in with the clothes. "I could not stand it, Martha," he said in explanation.

"Guess I must sprinkle and iron them, to-day, Samuel—would you?" she said archly.

The deacon merely ejaculated a disapproving "My dear!" and went into the other room to read his Sunday paper.

By and by the people began to come from church. What a sudden, surprised interest they seemed to have taken in his household premises; they gazed, they stared, and looked back, and gazed again, but the deacon was an humble man, it did not flatter him, he read his paper and sighed, opened his Bible to read, and sighed again, and then fell to thinking. A little while after two arms stole softly around his neck, and a dear voice said, "Forget all about it, my dear, and I'll—" a knock at the door interrupted, and she went to open it.

She had brushed her brown, wavy hair, and dressed in a cool white muslin dress, with far-between dottings of pink, and looked not a bit like the guilty little washer-woman she was. She opened the door, and Deacon Frost and Elder Cummins introduced themselves and walked in with stately bows. Deacon Flint rose from his open Bible, and more introductions followed, whereupon Elder Cummins cleared his throat, and in a piping voice, said:

"You must excuse, Deacon Flint, our coming on such a day, but we thought it best that some explanations should be made before our people again gather for evening service!"

"Oh, I know what you mean, I guess, Elder Cummins, you want to know why I kept yesterday for Sunday, instead of to-day, don't you? Well, the fact was the deacon was away, and I made a miscount of the days somehow, and I was so busy settling, and so yesterday was my Sunday, though I was in bed all day with a sick headache, and so didn't find out my mistake at all. Then wasn't it funny? I got up at five o'clock this morning and went to washing, thinking it was Monday, and I'd get all through before the decon came home; I declare I've laughed so about it that I fairly ache," and the little feminine offender laughed again, and so contagiously, that the three laughed with her.

"I've been so good, Elder, the rest of the day, I'm sure the Lord has forgiven me for it," and she smiled so sweetly, they both were completely won. When they rose to go Deacon Frost said to Deacon Flint, "It is our missionary meeting, to-night, brother, and a little explanation from you there will set the matter right, I guess."

Up spoke the feminine again. 'Oh, yes, Deacon Frost, Samuel was intending to explain, to-night. I only wish I could be there, but I can't leave the babies.'

"If you have no objections, Mrs. Flint," replied the deacon, "my Susie will come and stay with them, and let you go, she would be so delighted."

On, thank you, that would be so nice, you are very kind!" and she bowed them out of the door.

"Ain't you glad you married me, Samuel, instead of Abigail Howe?" said the small woman, smiling up to him. No matter what the deacon said and did.

As she was setting the tea-table, that night, she broke into another merry laugh.

"What's the matter now, dear?" said the deacon.

"O, Samuel, I was thinking how you must have looked, coming up the street with your Sunday walk, your hands clasped solemnly behind you, till you got to the gate and saw me hanging up your shirt in the front yard, then how suddenly you broke into your week-day stride! Ha! ha!" and they laughed together till the tears came.

Supper over, dishes washed, baby asleep, Susie telling stories to the twins, the deacon and his wife started for church. "Don't be too humble, Samuel," she whispered at the door, "work in a little spice, if you can, and I'll tread on your corns when it's time to stop."

The meeting was opened as usual; then Brother Dean was called upon for a report from India.

A little wiry, black-eyed man rose and said: "Brethren, it's not much use reporting from heathen countries, when right in our midst deacons travel on Sunday, and deacons' wives wash and hang out clothes before our very eyes as we walk to the house of God! I call for an explanation."

Deacon Flint tried to rise, but somebody pulled him down, and the next minute the whole congregation was electrified by the sound of a sweet womanly voice, saying: "Now, O Lord, stablish thy word unto thy servant, so shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me, for I trust in thy word." Then turning to him she said: "My brother, you shall have an explanation;" and in a simple, almost child-like way, she told the story of her mistake and the deacon's delay, then added: "My brother, judge nothing before the time until the Lord come. 'For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and every one shall give an account of himself to God; let us not, therefore, judge one another any more!' Your sleep, my brother, will be sweet to-night, if your heart is at peace with God, as mine is, for 'I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

"Why, bless me," said the astonished little body, blushing like a girl, "I felt so ashamed of myself after I got under the deacon's coat. 'Twas the first time I ever spoke in my life."

"I hope it won't be the last, Mrs. Flint, if you always speak as much to the purpose as you did last night!" said the minister, coming forward.

"Yes," broke in his wife, "Henry said he'd advocate women's speaking in meeting after this."

"It was capital," said Mr. Brown, recrossing the room to where the deacon stood. "That's what Joe Dean has needed for a long time, a good reproof, but no one had the courage to give it to him. Your little wife has done just what the whole parish will thank her for."

"Everybody I've seen since is just enraptured with you," said his wife to the laughing heroine, who had been rehearsing all the funny passages to her. "You have made yourself famous; look out for plenty of calls this week!"

"Oh, well," she said tossing the baby, "the washing is done, and I shall have plenty of time."

Mrs. Brown laughed and said, "I think I will send you word next Saturday night, that the next day will be Sunday, and you had better not wash till Monday."

"Mrs. Flint," said the minister, "I think you are fully compent to manage your own affairs, without any of my wife's interference, and so, laughing merrily, they started.

"Samuel," said his bonnie wife, as she reached the door, "don't you think I've introduced you pretty well? Will you ever call me Martha—Pendleton—Flint again when I am hanging up your shirt in the front yard?"

Somebody was chased out in the kitchen just then, and laughed so loud it wakened the baby.—*Chicago Advance.*

SWEET WESTERN WIND.

Sweet western wind, whose luck it is
Made rival with the air,
To give Perenna's lips a kiss
And fan her wanton hair;
Bring me but one, I'll promise thee,
Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalmed by me
And all beset with flowers.

Herrick.

The Marriage Altar.

I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me sketch for you now a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar; a lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she had just plighted her faith, to whom she had just given herself up forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if you dare that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, heroic devotion which impels her to leave country and parents for a comparative stranger.—She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping; she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and noble heart.

We have all read of the husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who but a few months before united her fath to his: "If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and your happiness." "And will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall go with you -I covet it not." "Alas!" she answered, "I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my maiden affection—of my buoyant hope—of my devoted love; can you give these back to me?" "No!" said the man throwing himself at her feet, "No, I cannot restore these; but I will do more; I will keep them unsullied and unstained; I will cherish them through my life, and in my death, and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and to cheer her who gave up to me all she held most dear." Did I not tell you that there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word?—See it here! the mild, gentle reproof of love, winning back, from its harshness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah, if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fierce battles would be unfought—how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided.

REASON.

I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Partially by the wayside, while I traced
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counsellor,
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers,
And there are motions in the mind of man
That she must look upon with awe.

—Bryant.

The Old Maid of the Family

As a rule we do not place much faith in signs. There is so much to mislead us in this life that if we want to preserve our reputation for sagacity it is advisable never to predict an event until it has happened. There is one prophecy, however, in which a man can indulge with the satisfaction of discovering that his prediction is very likely to be fulfilled. A close observer can almost invariably hit upon the old maid of the family. He can recognize her as quickly amongst the rest of her sisters as if she alone did not bear the mark, Going to be married. She may not be matter of fact; on the contrary, she may be far more idealistic in her temperament than the rest of her family. She may not be bad, or quick-tempered; for her character may be very sweet, full of the unobtrusive beauties of virtue that make up the perfect womanhood. She need not fulfill any one of the conditions which form the conventional theory of the old maid; and yet traits there are in her character which proclaim her. She stands "confest," to use an expression of the old poets, by the determinable eccentricities with which she variegates the routine of her life.—Eccentricities they must be, for they find no assimilation with the characteristics of other girls of her own age. Even when she pursues the path chalked out by the social practices of her own sex, her imitation has an air different from that suggested by that of the others. She is coquettish with an effort, though her coquetry may want no piquancy from beauty. With the, flirtation is love; and her love has an earnestness that repels by unexpected fervor. Indeed, earnestness is her great foible; it is the sign that betrays her future. She has no butterfly-nimbleness; the graceful capacity of lighting on flower after flower, imparting zest to the pursuit of the lover, who is as a child in the chase. Here is an undue tenacity of faith, a fixity of idea. She resembles some which all other stars pass and repass; forever beaming forth unbroken light from the high altitude of her own belief. She seems to have no mission but that of loneliness; yet her loneliness is not of her seeking. She is born with a stationary beauty; but her earnestness repels; for there can be no allurement where there seems so much eargerness to allure.

She may be a young girl, and still you can foreshadow her future by the subdued air of her present life. Her earnestness has taught her an odd experience, and later dealings shall embitter the knowledge. The secret of her celibacy lies in the intense refinement of the chasity of her thought and the purity of her character. Both these virtues are too often sickled o'er with a simple sort of sentimentalism. Her impressionability works her matrimonial ruin. She mistakes the shadow of love for itself; and hugs for a long while, incapable of being convinced of her error, the phantom of her heart, like the woman in the story, who was discovered fondling the smooth bones of the skeleton the sight of which had driven her mad. There is an infinity to be extracted from the life of the old maid of the family. The rude, undiscerning eye may see in her conduct and character only a woman's heart at variance with one of the most natural conditions of life. But a deeper gaze can penetrate the underlying secret, and mourn over the young carnestness sanctifying itself by its patience, but consuming itself with vain and idealistic longings.—She always loves when young, and loves with a singular purity and power. She has found some hero, and has proclaimed to herself his royalty. But her powers of demonstration are not tendered with the faculty of tact. She sees her lover in the light of her own love; never once dreaming that she has inspired him with no other emotion than a larger self-conceit. Her conduct towards him is animated with the enthusiasm of adoration. The curse of earnestness is on her. There is no effort to woo in her love; for the love having been inspired of courtship with her has passed; there is no other desire now than to mingle soul and soul. Rarely it happens that such a love meets with the sign and the response which it longs.—You can seldom liken to human two human souls to a silver rod, that vibrates with responsive echo at one end to the touch that at the other.

It is such fruitless love that first developes the character of the old maid. It is easy to grow cynical over such abortive sentiment and deride its unworthy views. But for the slaying of love makes tragical the life of the heart in which love lies dead—comes the influence that is to bias the whole future of the mourner. There is generally an instinct amongst families as to whom the old maid shall be. They look upon her as a *fait accompli.* There is a kind of comical pity. The girl seems to guess her fate, and accepts it smilingly. She is not piqued; she has tasted the bitterness of love; and should ever Fate proffer her again the cup, she knows how much of the memory of that bitterness would mingle itself with the sweets.—*London Leader.*

A Thought on Immortality.

When, in reflecting upon pleasures that add a zest and a charm to existence, on absent friends whom we trust to meet, on amusements which we hope to enjoy, on anticipations of which we expect the reality—when, in the eagerness of sanguine aspirations and the plentitude of desire, we paint the loved object with unreal beauty, and feed our minds upon baseless visions that naturally flow from our innate desire for worldly happiness, how often does the thought invade the solitude of our meditations, that these pleasures must all end, that we meet with the absent but to part again, that all amusements which earth affords are empty and transitory, that anticipations which we nourish, no matter how warmly, bring us in their realization not half the pleasure with which our ardent minds had at first clothed them, and that finally, no matter how fondly we may cherish the delusions of life, death must one day mark us for its own, and consign to its "statless and eternal slumbers" the hopes, the wishes and the anticipations of existence.

How unwelcome such a thought to him who can feel within him no perceptions of immortal principle, no assurance of a higher destiny than that which is bounded by an earthly existence and an earthly tomb—who, amid the clouds that lower and the storms that gather, sees no end to the murky darkness of the former, and no period to the horrors of the latter, save in the total annihilation of every perception that makes us acquainted with, the existence of both. To such life must appear a blank—promising nothing here and worse than nothing hereafter—a dreary vision, in the dim indistinctness of which the present good is ever overshadowed by the gloom of the coming evil.—And if such be the case—if our hopes of living hereafter are vain or illusory, who, I ask, would willingly bear to live, or living, dare to die?

PETER HOBHOSE.

Nothing Remains at Rest.

It is a fallacy to suppose there is any such thing as rest to matter.—There is not a particle in the universe which is not on the move, nor a drop of fluid on the globe that is perfectly quiescent, not a fibre in the vegetable kingdom in a state of inactivity. In animal bodies, from monads to the complicated organism of man, every part and parcel, even in the solids, are incessantly moving themselves, and their component elements never cease to act in accordance with the universal law till death stops the machinery. Even then a new series of movements commence at that culminating point. Chemical dissolution of organic structures is but a liberation of molecules, the aggregation of which was necessary for a corporeal beginning and subsequent growth, and then dispersed to enter into new relations and new forms, and thus one never-ending circle of activity characterizes the material universe.

Death is a dissolution of the union that existed for a limited period of what is called life with organized matter. How that union commenced is as much of a Divine mystery as their separation. They are distinct in nature and character, although one can manifest itself without the brain and nerves of the other.

Astronomy reveals the astounding intelligence that there are no fixed or stationary bodies in the unsurveyed regions of the celestial space. Even the fixed stars, as they were once considered, permanent landmarks in the heavens, are coursing with undefined rapidity in the train of countless globes of shinning glory, on a circuit too distant to be followed even by human imagination, in the boundless realms only known to that God who controls the mighty whole.

Everything, therefore, is moving. When motion caeses there will be a wreck of worlds, and a crush of an entire universe. Life in motion; inertia, to our finite minds, is death. Nature, however, neither modifies nor repeals a law, and consequently those now in force will operate with unerring certainty through the endless cycles of eternity.

The Value of Small Courtesies.

Civility costs nothing, and is often productive of good results.—Here is an instance:

A local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of twenty thousand dollars and a comfortable home left him by a lady who only known to him by once offering her a seat in his carriage.

A gentleman known to the writer once assisted a very old and feebel man to cross from the London Mansion House to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at midday, when the city is full of cabs, omnibuses, drays and other vehicles. When the old gentleman had got safely across, he exchanged cards with his obliging young friend, and there the matter rested. Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman, informing him that a legacy of five thousand dollars and a gold watch and chain had been left him by a gentleman, who took the opportunity of again thanking him in his will for an act of unlooked for civility. It is not likely that all will have gold watches and chains left to them, or a neat little bunches of crisp notes, but it is certain that acts of civility are productive of sufficient results to our inner selves to make it worth our while to practice them whenever we find the opportunity.

The Garden for women.

There is nothing better for wives and daughter, physically, than to have the care of a garden; a flower-spot if, nothing more. What is pleasanter than to spend a portion of every passing day in working among plants and watching the growth of shrubs, and trees, and plants, and trees, and to observe the opening of flowers from day to day as the season advances? Then how much it adds to the enjoyment to know that your own hands have planted and tilled them, and have pruned and trained them—this is a pleasure that requires neither great riches nor profound knowledge. The wife or daughter who loves home, and would seek ever to make it the best place for husband and brother, is willing to forego some goossiping morning calls for the sake of having leisure for the cultivation of plants, shrubs and flowers. The advantages which women personally derive from stirring the soil and snuffing the morning air, are freshness and beauty of check and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind, and purity of heart. Consequently she is more cheerful and lovely as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive and confiding as the wife.

Newspapers in the Country.

The *Christian Home* says: To know the genuine relish of a good newspaper, one must not read the dailies, nor live amidst much company in cities. It is in the country and apart from much social intercourse that one's appetite grows sharp. The paper is seized with avidity from the office, is borne home as as a treasure, is there carefully read, as one would read the terms of a bequest or will that left him a treasure. Every man has some favorite part of a fowl or flesh, and so every habitual reader turns at once to some favorite part of his newspaper for the first tastes; then to the next best, and gradually every paragraph passes under review; and at last the very advertisements are conned.—Then, on the eve of a new newspaper, the benevolent subscriber lends his paper to a poor neighbor, and it begins another round of pleasure. The newspaper—a window through which comes to them the whole course of time.

LIE DOWN AND REST.—Dr. Hall says that the best medicine in the world, more efficient in the cure of disease than all the potencies of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" as long as they can move a foot or crook a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others, the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate, and slow and typhoid fever sets in and carries the patient to a premature grave. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed or a cool room are the very first indispensible to a sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all beasts and birds to quietude and rest the very moment disease or wounds assail the system.

THE MOST VALUABLE HORSE IN THE WORLD.—Mr. Bonner's colt Startle would probably sell for more money to-day than any other horse in the world. His time on Friday, two nineteen and three quarters, is the fastest trotting ever made by a stallion, and he is not yet quite five years old.

Startle was sired by old Hambletonian, and his dam was a Star mare, the blood which has crossed best with the Hamiltonian. He is remarkably gentle in disposition, and honest and square in his trotting.—We suppose he would be considered cheap to-day at one hundred thousand dollars.—*New York Sun.*

Keep a straight, brave look ahead, no matter what seeming obstacle seems in the way. A heart full of hope and a will full of determination are the best remedies for all earthly ills.

Neatness.

In its essence, and purely for its own sake, neatness is found in few. Many a man is neat for appearance sake; there is an instinctive feeling that there is power in it. When a man consults a physician or a lawyer for the first time, or comes to rent a house or borrow money, he will come in his best dress; a lady will call in her carriage. A man who means business and honesty comes as he is, just as you will find him in his store, his shop, his counting-house. The most accomplished gamblers dress well; the most enterprising swindlers are faultlessly clothed, but countless multitudes are but whitewashed sepulchres. Too many "don't care so long as it will not be seen." Washington Allston, the great artist, the accomplished gentleman, suddenly left his friend standing at the door of a splendid Boston mansion as they were about entering for a party, because he had just remembered that he had a hole in his stocking. It could not be seen or known, but the very knowledge of its existence made him feel that he was less a man than he ought to be, gave him a feeling of inferiority.

As persons are less careless of personal cleanliness and tidy apparel, they are infallibly and necessarily less of the angel, more of the animal; more under the domination of passion, less under the influence of principle. Said a poor servant girl: "I cant explain what change religion has made in me, but I look more closely under the door-mat when I sweep than when I used to." Intelligence, culture, elevation, give purity of body as well as purity of sense and sentiment.

Where you see a neat, tidy, cleanly, cheerful dwelling, there you will find a joyous, loving, happy family. But if filth and squallor, and a disregard for the refining delicacies of life prevail in any household, there will be found in the moral character of the inmates much that is low, degrading, unprincipled, vicious and disgusting. Therefore, as we grow in years, we ought to watch eagerly against neglect of cleanliness in person, and tidiness in dress.—*Journal of Health.*

Tom Marshall on Jackson.

Thomas F. Marshall's celebrated speech at Nashville, in 1844, against Polk, contained an allusion to Old Hickory, then at the Hermitage, and even at his great age inspiring his hosts of friends, which should not be lost. I quote from memory. It is a little irreverent, but there is a spice in it that shows how freely we treated our idols years ago:

"What a career has been that of Andrew Jackson! A career of success by brutal self-will. No impediment stood in his way. If he saw and fancied a pretty woman, even though she was another man's wife, he took possession of her. If he entered a horse at a race he frightened or jockeyed his competitor. If he was opposed by an independent man, he crushed him. He saw the country prosperous under the Bank of the United States, and shattered it from turret to foundation stone. His rule has been ruin to this people, his counsel full of calamity. And now, when he is approaching his last hours, when good men are praying that he may be punished for his many misdeeds, he turns Presbyterian and cheats the devil himself."

Kindness Rewarded.

When Agrippa was in a private station, he was accused by one of his servants of having spoken injuriously of Tiberious, and was condemned by that Emperor to be exposed in chains before the palace gate. The weather was very hot, and Agrippa became excessively thirsty. Seeing Thaumastus, a servant of Caligula, pass by him with a pitcher of water, he called to him and entreated leave to drink. The servant presented the pitcher with much courtesy; and Agrippa, having allayed his thirst, said to him, "Assure thyself, Thaumastus, that if I get out of this captivity, I will one day pay thee well for this draught of water." Tiberious dying, Caligula, his successor, soon after not only set Agrippa at liberty, but made him King of Judea. In this high situation, Agrippa was not unmindful of the glass of water given him when a captive. He immediately sent for Thaumastus, and made him comptroller of his household.

CALVINISM.—If Calvinists have changed their style of preaching, it is equally true with respect to such as are Arminians. Preachers, instead now of denouncing Calvinism, (falsely so-called,) and guarding and defending their peculiar doctrinal views, so preach as is perfectly consistent with true Calvinistic belief. They represent man by nature as entirely depraved; that nothing but the renewing and sanctifying influence of the Spirit can fit him for heaven. They teach that God is the rightful and universal governor and disposer of all events, and who will ultimately cause all things to subserve His own glory.

Birth of the Presidents.

Of the eighteen Presidents of the United States, seven were born in the vernal season of the year, viz: James Madison on March 5, 1751; Andrew Jackson on March 15, 1767; John Tyler on March 20, 1790; Thomas Jefferson on April 2, 1743; James Monroe on April 28, 1758; James Buchanan on April 23, 1791; and Ulysses S. Grant on April 27, 1822. The only incumbent of the Presidential chair born in the summer season was John Quincy Adams, whose birth dates July 11, 1767. Those of the Presidents who were born in the autumnal season were: John Adams on October 30, 1735; James K. Polk on November 2, 1795; Zachary Taylor on November 24, 1784; and Franklin Pierce on November 23, 1804. The Presidents that were born during the winter months were: George Washington February 12, 1732; Martin Van Bureu on December - 1782; William Henry Harrison on February 9, 1773; Millard Fillmore on January 7, 1800; Andrew Johnson on December 29, 1808; and Abraham Lincoln on February 12, 1809. President Washington died in his 68th year; John Adams in his 74th; Jefferson in his 91st; Madison in his 85th; Monroe in his 73d; Jackson in his 78th; John Q. Adams in his 71st; Van Buren in his 80th; Harrison in his 69th; Tyler in his 73d; Taylor in his 66th; Polk in his 54th. Fillmore is still alive and in his 73d year; Pierce died in his 66th; Buchanan in his 77th; Lincoln in his 56th; Johnson is still alive and in his 64th year, and President Grant is 50 years old.

A married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend on him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home.

CHEERFULNESS.—There are few christian graces more needed than cheerfulness—not levity. If any man has a right to be happy it is the christian, and hence long faces, except under the greatest affliction, and whining tones under any possible circumstances, have no place assigned in the divine economy.—There is a great deal of stuff in the community labelled religion that is no more like what comes out of the New Testament than a drizzle is like May sunshine.

ALCOHOL.

Down in the realms of endless woe
They held a council long ago;
And round their chief the dark fiends came,
Crowned with a diadem of flame.
"Peers," said Satan, "Powers of hell,
Gather ye near, that ye may tell
In what the subtlest curses dwell;
Where shall we search, where shall we find,
A thing with all the ills combined,
To crush and wither human kind,—
A drug, an essence, that unites
All crimes and curses, pains and blights,
On which may turn the human fate,—
Tell me, infernal powers of Hate?"
Then went a horrid murmur round,
As when an earthquake shakes the ground,
Or gaunt and famished beasts when they
Leap headlong on their helpless prey.
Said one, "Here's Famine's essence sore,
'Twill gnaw man's vitals to the core."
Another hissed, "This phial contains
An oil to burn up human brains,
And make man lower than the least
And vilest of earth's vilest beast."
"And this," another howled with glee
Contains the juice of Misery:
'Twill wring the tears from orphans' eyes
Like rain from out the summer skies;
'Twill rend the widow's heart, and freeze
The human blood, like polar seas."
"Fiends!" said a demon with a yell,
That sent a tremor throughout hell,
Away with all your aches and pains;
See what this grinning skull contains!
We brewed it in the lowest hell,
And know 'twill work the mischief well,
The essence this of every woe,
Of every crime that demons know,
Compounded in this skull you'll find,
To be the curse of Humankind,—
'Tis flavored with the hottest flame,
And ALCOHOL shall be his name.

C. Henry St. John.

THE MISER'S STORY.

"By the grace of God I am what I am." I was born in London, and remember nothing but poverty—stalking crime and absolute want.—The houses where I lived were all in various stages of filth and decay. Whether the old bleared-eyed man who kicked and commanded me was my father, I never knew. Whether the woman who sometimes fed and often beat me was my mother, I cannot say. All I know about it is, that I had a miserable, drag-about life of, going round after cold victuals, knocking small boys down to get the contents of their broken baskets, and hunting for rags in the gutter.

I suppose I was rather a good-looking boy; they call me good-looking now for an old man. I know I was smart, comparing myself with other children as I see them.

Of course I was like the rest of my class. I could fight a little, swear a little, and steal a little, and eat a good deal; that is, when I got a chance, which was seldom. I was ignorant—I didn't know one letter from another, and I didn't want to. What did I care about education—I, who never saw a book from one year's end to another? And love, gratitude, hope, I could of course understand neither. Nobody loved me, therefore I loved nobody. Nobody had ever made me grateful—had ever held out hope to me.

Some strange impulse was given me one day. I waked up, sprang from my bundle of straw, and involuntarily the words came from my lips, "I am going to do something to-day." What that something was I had not the remotest idea, but I put on my apologies for clothes, and sallied out in my vagabond way, whistling, and caring for nobody.

It was about noon, and I had not yet tasted a mouthful of food. I was hungry, and skulked about grocery shops, hoping I could get an opportunity to take something that would stay my appetite till I felt in the humor for begging. Passing round the corner of a public street, I saw a genteel-looking man, standing at his horse, gazing about him somewhat perplexed.

"Boy," said he, "won't you take care of my horse for about half an hour?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

I think it was the first time I ever put on the "sir."

"That's a man," he exclaimed, "I've got considerable fruit here, and you must guard it well. Here's a couple of peaches for you. Just stand here quietly, nobody will disturb you."

He went away, and I stood awhile till I was tired. Then, thinks I, I'll get a handful of the fruit and run. And for the first time I felt an instinct of shame of the suggestion.

"He trusted me—he saw that I was a mean-looking fellow, too; but he trusted me, and I won't abuse his kindness."

Something like this reasoning ran in my head, and I squatted down on the curbstone, feeling the importance of an honorable trust as I had never felt before. Presently some of my fellows came along and hailed me. I told them to go on. They peered about the cart, and saw the sunny faces of the peaches.

"We'll have some of them," they said.

"No, you won't," says I. I'm put in charge here, and I won't see the first thing stole. With that they began a rumpus. They reached over the cart. I struck them, and used such efforts that they all came pell mell upon me, and we fought till the blood came; but I vanquished them.

Just then, out came the proprietor.

"What's the matter?" says he.

"Oh, nothing; only I had to fight for your stuff here," says I.

"You did, eh? You've got a black eye for it."

"No matter," says I, "I meant them boys shouldn't steal a peach, and they didn't neither."

"Well, you're good pluck—here's a crown for you.

My eyes stood out.

"A whole crown," says I.

"Yes; do what you please with it, but I'd advise you to get you a pair of shoes."

"Thank you," says I, with a beating heart, "It pays to be good, don't it?"

He smiled a curious smile, asked me several questions, and ended by asking me home with him.

Home! I thought I was in heaven! albeit I had seldom heard of such a place. My heart beat heavily every time I dared to put my foot upon those rich carpets. The mirrors were something new to me. I was washed clean, and had on a good suit of clothes. Says he:

"Youngster, I am going to where you live, and probably I can make a bargain with your people. I want a boy, just such a bold, clever boy as you are, and if you behave yourself, I promise you that you shall have as pleasant a home as you desire."

"Well, that was good. I hardly dared to speak or breathe, for fear of breaking the illusion. I was never so happy as I was that day.—They gave me light tasks to do. I wished they were more important. From that day I was treated as one of the household. The man was a widower, and had no children; consequently I became to him as a son. He educated me handsomely, and when I was twenty-one he died and left me three thousand pounds.

Well, I considered myself a rich man. I gloated over my wealth; it became as an idol to me. How to increase it was now my first desire. I consulted competent men, and under their counsel I put my money out at interest, and bought stocks and mortgages.

I grew wealthier; my business (my benefactor had stocked me with a fancy shop) prospered finely, and I was in a fair way, I thought, to marry Lucy Manning.

Sweet Lucy Manning! the most artless, winning maiden in all the world to me. I loved her deeply, dearly. She was blue-eyed, auburn-haired, her disposition was that of an angel, and I had plighted my vows to her.

One night I was invited to the house of a prosperous merchant, and there I met a syren in the person of his niece, and black-eyed girl, whose charms and whose fortune were equally splendid. She was an heiress in her own right, and she was beautiful and accomplished.

Heavens, what a voice was hers—pure, clear, sweet raving; I was charmed, and she was pleased with me. Alas, I met her too often! In her presence I forgot my gentle Lucy; she magnetized, thralled me.

It was triumph to feel that so beautiful, gifted, and wealthy a woman loved me—me who had been brought up in the perlieus of the city, who had known misery and corruption all the first years of my life.

Gradually I broke off my intimacy with Lucy. I received no token from her; she was too proud. But that cheek grew pale, that eye languid, and though I seldom met her, I knew in my heart that she was suffering, and I branded myself as a villian.

At last she knew with a certainty that I was to marry Miss Bellair.—She sent me a letter, a touching letter, not one word of upbraiding, but not regret. Oh, what a noble soul I had wounded! But she could calmly wish me joy, though the effort made her heart bleed; I knew it did.

I tried, however, to forget her.—I could not. Even at my magnificent wedding, when my bride stood before me, radiant in rich fabrics and glittering diamonds, the white face of poor Lucy glided in between, and made my heart throb guiltily. Oh, how rich I grew! Year after year I added to my gold. My miserly disposition began to manifest itself soon after my marriage. I carried my gold first to banks and then to my own private safes.

I put constraint on my wife, who had very generously made over her whole fortune to me, and began to grumble at the expenses. I made our living so frugal that she remonstrated, and finally ran up large bills where and when she pleased. Against this I protested, and we had open quarrels more than once.

My clothes grew shabby. I could not afford to buy new ones, although the interests of my investments was more than I could spend for rational living.

I finally grew dissatisfied with every thing but my money. I neglected my wife, and grew careless of her society. Several gentlemen came to my house, among them a would-be author and celebrity. He came, I thought, too often for my good name, and I ordered my wife to discontinue his company. She refused, and I locked her in her room.—How she managed to set herself free, I never knew; but in the evening, when I returned, she was gone from the house. That caused me some uneasiness: not much, for I was soon absorbed in taking accounts of my gains.

It was, perhaps, nine in the evening. I had just managed to take up a paper for a moment to read out its business details, when the door opened, and in came my wife, dressed bewitchingly, as if just from an evening concert, followed by that moustached celebrity.

"Good evening, my dear," she said, in the coldest way imaginable, and placed a chair for her friend.

"Stop!" I cried, my jealousy aroused; "that man sits not down in my house."

"That man—a gentleman and my friend—shall sit here if I please," said my wife, firmly.

My passion was excited then as it never was before, and I collared the scoundrel. He was my match; but my wife put a dirk-knife that she drew from a cane into his hand, and he stabbed me. I fainted, and I remembered nothing more till I found myself on a bed in my own chamber, watched over by my housekeeper.

"Where are they?" I gasped.

"Gone!" was all she said.

It occurred to me then, like a flash of lightning, that somebody was near me at the time I was wounded, that my keys were about my person, and that I had been robbed, perhaps of all my available property.

The thought threw me into an agony of fear. I ordered my clothes to be brought to me. The keys were there. Taking one of them out, I told Mrs. Hale, my housekeeper, to go to my safe, and bring me the papers that were there.—She returned, her face white with terror, to say there was nothing there, all the little doors were open.

"Robbed! robbed!" I yelled with imprecations, and again my senses deserted me.

Brain fever ensued. For weeks I lay deprived of reason, literally treading the very verge of the grave. One morning I was conscious only of a sinking, deadly feeling, as I feebly opened my eyes. Was it an angel I saw standing beside me, her soft eyes full of pity, looking down upon me with the most commiserating gentleness? For a moment I thought I might be in heaven; but no, I reasoned with myself, I loved money too well. My treasure was all of the earth, earthly. Again I opened my eyes. The vision seemed wavering now, but oh, did it not wear the beauty of sweet Lucy Manning? A quiet, unutterable peace took possession of my entire being. I forgot wealth, health, everything. My past life seemed blotted out, and I was again untouched by the hand of avarice, true, loving and loved—and Lucy Manning was my idol.

But I recovered slowly, and at last as my strength surely returned, I missed her. As soon as she saw I could be left with safety, she had left me; and oh, the blank—the dreadful blank! I wandered around my rooms, now so desolate, and saw the many evidences of my miserly habits.

I know not why, but towards my wife my feelings seemed to have undergone a revulsion. I fear I hated her. She had nearly beggared me, deceived me, shattered my health, and destroyed all my hopes.

Months passed before I was able to estimate the damage that had been done me. Every means that could be put forth were used for the discovery of my money, but all in vain.

One night I sat by the fire, a cheerless, disappointed and lonely man. I had been thinking thoughts that only burned my brain, but did not purify my heart.

"If I had only married sweet Lucy," I said again and again, "all this had not been so."

My housekeeper came in with a letter—an unusually large package it was, and as it bore a foreign postmark, I opened it with a trembling hand. What was that? A rustling, crumpled bank note! Another and another came forth, until there lay upon my knees twenty bills of the largest denominations. A few trembling lines accompanied them:

"MY HUSBAND—I am dying! — My disease—there is no need in telling you. Forgive me, and accept this enclosed as a faint effort toward restitution. It is not much over half of what we took from the safe. The rest is—I know not where. I am deserted. Farewell, forever!"

An icy chill thrilled me. It seemed as if her spectral presence was near me. I shuddered as I rolled the bills together, and threw them across the room.

"Lie there, curse of my soul!" I cried. "Lie there till I have conquered myself! ay, if the victory is not won till you are rotten!"

I shut the door and sealed it, and for six months, I toiled like a penniless man, till I partially redeemed myself. By managing cautiously, I placed my business on a successful footing, and began life again, a new man.

It took many years to wear off my old habits of parsimony, but every effort gave me a new and agreeable pleasure. Meantime Lucy Manning became dearer than she had ever been in the flush of youth. I entreated her forgiveness! humbled myself to a confession, tested myself in all ways, and convinced her at last that I was as worthy now as once I was only in seeming.

On the day of my wedding, I opened the sealed door. The bank-notes lay where I had flung them.—I took them up with the pride of a conqueror, and placing them in her hands, exclaimed:

"They are no longer my masters; use them as you will."

Now I am a *man*—redeemed from the thraldom of covetousness. I have blooming children. Lucy is an angel of goodness, and I write myself as I did in the beginning:—"By the grace of God, I am what I am."

Courage and modesty are virtues which every sort of society reveres, because they are virtues which can not be counterfeited; also they are known by the same hue.—Geothe.