Louisville Advertisements.

Robt W. Ramsey,
MANUFACTURER OF
STEAM BOILERS,
Eleventh St. bet. Main and Market.
Louisville, Ky.
STEAMBOATS, Mill, Theshing and Forcing Boilers of every Description, Lard Tanks, Sth Pans, etc. Boilers Repaired at short Notice. Second Hand Boilers for Sale.
Work of the Best Material and Workmanship. sep18-12m.

C. HENRY FINCK. HENRY DUERKEN. XAVIER SCHUTLER. ALBERT GERMANN.
C. HENRY FINCK & Co.
IMPORTERS and DEALERS IN
Wines and Liquors,
keep constantly on hand a Superior Article of
Old Bourbon Whisky.
No. 97 West Market Street,
sep13-12m. LOUISVILLE, KY.

J. A. Hendricks and R. B. Wall, of Tennessee, with
HARVEY & KEITH,
DEALERS IN
BOOTS & SHOES,
235 Main st., between 6th & 7th.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
march 1—ly.

JNO. A. CARTER. JAS. G. CARTER. Jos. C. BETHEL.
Carter Brothers & Co.,
Successors to
Carter, Fisher & Co., and Garvin Bell & Co.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
AND NOTIONS,
262 South Side of Main Street, below 4th,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
March 1—ly

WM. CROMEY,
WHOLESALE
PAPER DEALER,
agent for the sale of
Gun Powder.
290 West Main street,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Has also for sale the Books published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House.
march 1—ly.

D. P. FAULDS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PIANOS, ORGANS,
—AND—
Musical Goods,
AND PUBLISHER OF MUSIC,
No. 70 Main street bet. 2d and 3d,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Sole agents for Steinway' Chickering's Gabler's and other Pianos, Mason & Hamlin's and Smith's American Organs and Martin's Guitars.
Price lists and Catalogues mailed upon application. Any music published mailed to any address post paid on receipt of the retail price. march 1—12m

J. JOHNSON. W. H. NEWMAN. A. G. GILBERT.
G. W. HARRIS with
Johnson, Newman & Co.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
—AND—
Commission Merchants,
No. 274 Main St., between 7th and 8th,
sep6-6m LOUISVILLE, KY.

Z. T. COLLIER with
H. R. HAYS & CO.,
Formerly Hays, Curry & Bohrer,
Notions & Fancy Goods
199 MAIN STREET,
Louisville, Ky.
TERMS STRICTLY CASH OR ITS EQUIVALENT.
Sept6—12m

J. N. STEGALL, with
E. BAMBERGER'S DETAIL. E. BLOOM. E. BAMBERGER. J. F. BAMBERGER, of New York.
Bamberger, Bloom & Co
WHOLESALE
DRY GOODS,
242, 244 & 246 Main st., and 34 & 35 Seventh st.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
march 1—6m

WM. PIATT. J. P. ALLEN.
PIATT & ALLEN,
Wholesale Dealer in
Boots and Shoes.
196 Main street, between Fifth and Sixth sts.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Jan 4—ly

Ripy, Hardie & Co.,
Distillers and Dealers in
Pure Ky. Whiskies
No. 423 West Main Street.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Jan 4—ly

NOTICE.
All parties indebted to the firm of J. W. Smith & Co., will please come forward at once and settle, as the old business must be closed. T. H. FRANCIS & CO.,
Nov22tf Successors to J. W. Smith & Co.,

BOOT AND SHOE
MANUFACTORY.
M. MAGINNESS,
Dan. McKinlay's Old Stand.
LAFAYETTE STREET.
JACKSON, TENN,
ALWAYS on hand custom-made Boots and Shoes of my own manufacture, of the very best material. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Oct 25-6m M. MAGINNESS.

PIANOS,
REMARKABLE for durability and brilliant eye-sight. Prices $300 to $450.
Superb Parlor Grands of 7¾ octaves. Price $600 cash. Piano stool and cover gratis for five years. L. F. WHITAKER,
Dealer in Pianos and Organs.
Jackson, Aug 6—ly.

FOR RENT OR LEASE.
PROPOSALS for the rent or lease of the Fair Grounds of the W. T. A. & M. Association will be received by the undersigned. The same will be rented for one year or longer, but not to interfere with the usual Fall meetings of the Fair, and subject to the conditions and instructions of the President and Board of Directors.
JOHN A. TOMLINSON,
J. M. CARTMELL,
JOHN Y. REITH,
Nov. 8—tf. Committee.

J. M. REAVIS
Manufacturer of
TIN, COPPER
AND
Sheet Iron Work,
And Dealer in
GRATES, STOVES,
AND STAMPED
JAPANNED
AND
BRITANNIA WARE.
ROOFING AND GUTTERING done in the best style, and all kinds of repairing in my line.
Cheap for Cash.
Extra Stove Vessels always on hand. All goods warranted.
SIGN OF BIG COFFEE POT.
7, Lafayette street,
sep 11-ly JACKSON, TENN.

TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

The Favorite Home Remedy.
This unrivaled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance,
BUT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,
containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. IT WILL CURE ALL DISEASES CAUSED BY DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND BOWELS.
SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, OR MEDICINE
Is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering, and many a dollar in time and Doctor's bills.
After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most
EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC
For Dyspepsia or Indigestion.
Armed with this ANTIDOTE, all climates and changes of water and food may be faced without fear. As a remedy in MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, RESTLESSNESS, JAUNDICE, NAUSEA,
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
Ask the Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the world. Manufactured only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.
Price, $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.
Dec. 6, 1873—12m.

INSURE YOUR LIFE
IN THE
LIFE ASSOCIATION
OF AMERICA.
Parent Office, ST. LOUIS, MO.,
West Tennessee Department,
MEMPHIS, TENN.
THOMAS H. ALLEN, President.
N. ADAMS, Vice President.
C. B. WELLFORD, Secretary.
S. H. TOBEY, Treasurer.
R. R. MATHY, Medical Examiner.
GEN. B. H. ROGERSON, Manager.
Reasons for Insuring in the Life of America.
It keeps the money at home among its Policy Holders, and is loaned on real estate.
It pays a dividend at the end of the first year.
All policies non-forfeiting after two annual payments.
No company has ever reached its business to so short a time. It is now about three and a half years old, and has issued over 3,000 policies.
Total income since organization near 6,000,000
Gross amount insurance in force, 7,000,000
Total effective assets, 3,476,232 26
Total liabilities including premiums reserve, 3,316,923 59
Surplus or assets over liabilities, Dec. 1, 1873, 93,329 48
Agents wanted in every county and town in West Tennessee.
THOS. CLARK,
District Agent, Jackson, Tenn.
feb 10—tf

MADISON COLLEGE,
Spring Creek, Tennessee.
SESSION begins August 7th, 1873. Board 8 per term. For further particulars apply to
THOS. B. DRAKE, Principal.
July19-tf.

W. L. W. KING.
Contractor and Builder,
and JOB SHOP,
Corner of Madison and Smith sts.,
East Jackson.
Sept. 6—ly
Furniture repaired and all kinds of Brackets, Reliches and Blackboards needed in schools, churches, colleges, &c., made to order on short notice.

Administrator's Notice.
HAVING been qualified as administrator of the estate of James Toone, Jr., deceased, at the December term, 1872, of the county court of Madison county, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them according to law, and those indebted will come forward and settle, will be found at the corner of Church and Vincent.
J. Y. KEITH, Adm'r.
Dec. 13, 1873—4m

FARM for SALE
I WISH TO SELL MY FARM OF 125 ACRES, lying north-west of Jackson. Said farm is in a good state of cultivation, with good buildings and well watered. There are about four acres in choice fruit trees, and about three or four acres in strawberries and raspberries. The farm is well suited for a fruit vegetable and produce gardening business. For 2600 cash I will sell one-half of her farm.
I will also sell four or five unimproved town lots. I will also sell my fine house that I now live in. I will sell for the reason that my health is bad and I want to retire from business and get out of debt.
L. GOODELL.
July 29, '72 tf

Original Attachment.
State of Tenn., Madison, co'ty.
W. E. Butler vs. Allen Crump, and Walsh & Harris vs. Allen Crump.
IN these causes, it appearing by affidavits, that the defendant, Allen Crump, is justly indebted to the plaintiffs, and is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee, so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on him. And that original attachments, have been levied on his property.
It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the WHIG AND TRIBUNE, a newspaper published in Jackson, for four successive weeks, commanding the said Allen Crump, to appear before me, at my office in the Court House, on Monday, the 12th day of January, 1874, and make defence to said suits against him, or they will be unrecorded with ex-parte.
J. R. CHAPPELL, J. P.
nov 29 4 w

Sale of Real Estate,
In County Court of Madison County, Tenn.
Jno. Q. A. McClellan et al., vs. G. W. Yaden et al.
BY virtue of the decree pronounced in this cause by the County Court of Madison county at its March term, 1873, and removed into Madison, Mo., at its August and September terms, 1873, and again at its November and December terms, 1873, I will on
Saturday, 24th of January, 1874,
sell on a credit of seven, twelve and twenty-four months, the purchase giving good security, under bond, with a lien on the lands, subdividing each from 5 to 25 acres, and so situated, being within a short distance of Jackson, Tenn., to make them attractive to persons who may desire to make good investments.
The plan and number of said lots which is on file in the County Court Clerk's office, subject to inspection, are comprised of that portion of the L. D. McCall dower, made out of an original sale by Joseph D. Mason, and are to be sold on account of the purchase money, without equity of redemption.
R. C. McCOWAT, Clerk.
Brown & Bullock, Sol'rs. dec. 13—2t.

Election Notice.
IN pursuance of an order to me directed, from the Honorable Board of Mayor and Aldermen, of the city of Jackson, I will open and hold an election, at the various wards or voting places in the city of Jackson, on the
First Saturday in January, 1874,
for the purpose of determining, by the people, the question recently voted by an Ordinance, passed by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, authorizing a subscription by the city of Jackson, in aid to the Jackson and Birmingham Railroad, of stock to the amount of $100,000. Those voting in favor of the proposition, will put upon their tickets, for subscribing to said stock, and those opposed, will put upon their tickets, no subscription.
The following named persons, are hereby specially deputed to open and hold said election, in their respective wards.
1st. ward, L. Kendall Smith.
2nd. ward, John Brooks.
3d. ward, F. W. Wadley.
4th. ward C. F. Landis.
Who will make due returns to mind my office, in the city of Jackson, on the Monday after the election.
This 24th day of November, 1873.
R. M. MAY, Sheriff.
nov. 29-1w.

Evansville Advertisements.

J. R. FRICK & CO.
ARCHITECTS
AND
Superintendents
No. 66 North Fifth Street,
EVANSVILLE, IND.
DESIGNS, Plans and Specifications, with full specifications, Working Drawings prepared for any description of building, Stores, Hotels, Churches, Court Houses, School Houses, Hospitals, Private Residences, &c. may 23

GEO. BRINKMAN,
MARBLE WORKS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE.
Nos. 109, 102 and 104 Main street,
EVANSVILLE, IND.
march 22, ly

WHIG AND TRIBUNE.

VOLUME XXX. JACKSON, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873. NUMBER 6

WHIG AND TRIBUNE,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
D. M. WISDOM & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars a year, invariably in advance.
Single copies 10 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Advertisements inserted for a less term than three months will be charged $1 50 per square of eight lines, or less, for the first insertion, and $1 for each subsequent insertion.

Local Notices 20 cts. per line—for each insertion.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	3 MONTHS,	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 square,	$12 00	$20 00	$30 00
2 "	20 00	30 00	40 00
3 "	25 00	40 00	50 00
¼ column,	30 00	50 00	75 00
½ "	50 00	80 00	100 00
1 "	80 00	100 00	200 00

One inch space constitutes a square.
Where advertisements are ordered to be unusually displayed they will be charged for according to the space they occupy; one inch to constitute a square.

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

DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO GO.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
Come here, I would whisper it low;
You're thinking of leaving the homestead;
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vice and sin:
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins!

You talk of the mines of Australia;
They're wealthy in treasure, no doubt,
But, ah! there's gold in the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life's a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low:
Better risk the old farm awhile longer—
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the business mart;
And wealth is not made in a day, boys;
Don't be in a hurry to start.
The banker and broker are wealthy,
And take in their thousands or so:
Ah! think of their frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest;
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You are free as the air of the mountain,
And monarch of all you survey.
But stay on the farm awhile longer,
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys;
Don't be in a hurry to go.

From the Argosy.

ELISE.

The secluded little village was that of Leahold, and situated in one of our most secluded country districts, a primitive village, such as those that railways and telegraph stations are rapidly sweeping from the face of the earth.

Strolling out of Leahold amid clusters of farms into the country, along a shady road, you came upon Leahold Hall, a commodious but unpretentious dwelling-place, most secluded of all, for it nestled amid its towering trees and shrubs, as if it did not want to be seen by the world. It had been a thorn in the sides of the village residents for fifteen years or so, this isolated dwelling, inasmuch as that, with all their curiosity, they could not get to know anything of the family inhabiting it. A gentleman had come one day to Leahold, went over the place with the agent, and purchased it. His name was Radnor. Later, he took possession with his sister, Mrs. Courtney, a silent, haughty dame, much like himself, his daughter, then a toddling little child, and some respectable old servants, who seemed as reserved and silent as their master and mistress. More than that Leahold could not get to know. They heard of the improvements and decorations made in the rooms, which workmen from a distance came to execute; they saw the fine grand piano brought, the parcels of books delivered once a month at least; they watched the close carriage drive out with its inmates daily; and that was all. They seemed to have no friends; two or three people who had ventured to call upon them, were received courteously, but their visit was not returned. Twice every year the gentleman rode away on horseback to the county town, a long distance. There he left his horse at the livery-stable, took the train, and went steaming away somewhere. At a month's end he would come back again, pay for the keep of his horse, mount him, and set off on his ride home. Naturally all this was exasperating to a lively public curiosity; but at the end of fifteen years the public had become none the wiser.

The child, Elise, was the care and joy of the household. The servants adored her; her father and her widowed, childless aunt trained and taught her. An accomplished scholar himself, speaking French and German and other languages as a native, Mr. Radnor sought to make his child as good a scholar as he was. Mrs. Courtney, a thorough musician, trained the little fingers over the ivory keys, and taught the young sweet voice its modulations; while old Karl, the only indoor man-servant, a German, had the little lady in the saddle as soon as she could sit erect. Altogether, she grew up as carefully trained and accomplished a young lady as the world ever saw. But that same world was to her a far-away place, of whose kingdoms and republics she read in history—whose love and hates were subjects for the poet's pen, but of which she never thought to know aught save from hearsay — whose temptations, trials, daily struggles, toils, pleasures and pains were mouncaning words on her ears. Far more unsophisticated than many a child of ten years was Elise Radnor in her early womanhood.

It was her eighteenth birthday. She sat in the simple room called her own, reading from a book that had been her morning's present, a beautifully-bound Goethe. It was her father's gift; her aunt's was a dressing-case, inlaid with silver. Elise was far better-looking than she knew herself any idea of. Her figure was slender and graceful; her face, refined by inborn courtesy, gentleness, and intellect, was one of rare sweetness, its eyes expressive genius. Her brown hair shading it like a halo. A child's face yet, but promising to be one simply perfect in its maturity.

She was thus sitting, poring rapidly over the quaint German characters that she loved so well, when a summons came for her from the library, and she went at once.

They were waiting to receive her, her father and aunt, that gentleman and lady now growing into years; tall and stately both, and very much like each other—not in the least like Elise. Of the blonde type, their snowy locks, blue eyes and gentle faces, carrying the pain of buried sorrows, were strikingly unlike the brilliant girl, whose youth contrasted with their memory-haunted age. Something solemn in their aspect struck Elise, and her usual buoyant step was stayed. She saw with a kind of dread that some explanation was going to be entered on—an explanation that thrilled every vein within her. Seated between her father and aunt, they told her that it was judged by them time, now she was eighteen, to speak to her of her mother, of whom she had never heard. Elise had supposed her dead.

It was a sad story. Mr. Radnor was nearly a middle-aged man when he had wedded his wife, a girl young and lovely as Elise. He was in extensive business as a merchant, wealthy, having a house at a house in India. The did not love him; she ha in who was poor, and was forced upon her But of that Mr. Ra nothing. The death of his partner in India had caused Mr. Radnor to undertake a voyage there soon after the birth of Elise. The vessel was wrecked, and all souls were supposed to have perished.

Alas! it was somewhat the same story that has since been given to the world by the poet Tennyson, in the poem of "Enoch Arden." Mr. Radnor and a few more of the passengers escaped on a raft to an uninhabited island. Months elapsed before they were rescued from it; and more months yet before they were landed in China, to which country the rescuing ship was bound, and before Mr. Radnor could communicate with home. Some subtle instinct of ill, of dread, lay upon him; and he returned home without the delay of a day, neglecting his business in India, neglecting all. When he reached home and stood before his wife, he found she had been for four months the wife of her cousin. The shock was greater than she could bear. It acted upon a mind never very well balanced; an attack of brain fever came on, and it left her hopelessly insane.

Mr. Radnor gave up business and buried himself at Leahold. His visits twice a year had been to the asylum that contained his poor raving wife. The cousin was dead.

"My darling," he said to Elise, "I would have spared you all these details, but that you would inevitably learn them when you go out into the world, and you cannot be kept in this secluded spot forever. Circumstances have hurried the explanation. The poor blighted life is drawing to a close; and as your mother's strength fails her, reason is returning. I have had a letter from the resident doctor this morning, he says that a few days must see the ending, and her one haunting desire, her sole cry is that she may see you, her child. We must go to her, Elise."

"Yes, papa, we must go to her," was the echoing answer. But it came in a dull, dry, hard voice, as if the strange story were pressing too heavily on the heart and brain. Another moment, and the girl had burst into a storm of hysterical, irrepressible tears.

They started on their journey. No need to tell of the painful interview of the poor woman, then dying. Elise saw her own face reflected in the one, worn and wasted by disease, lying on its snowy pillow.

They waited for the funeral, taking up their abode in a neighboring hotel; and on the following day prepared to return to Leahold. No one knew what this had been to Elise, or how passionately she felt the wrong, unconscious though it had been, dealt out to her father by his wife. The unthinking love of her childhood was increased a hundred fold. To her mother who had crushed his noble heart, and she resolved that all the devotion of her life should be given to atone for it.

All being ready for their departure, they left the hall of the hotel, waiting while the luggage was placed on the carriage that would convey them to the station, when, to the extreme surprise of Elise, she saw her father, for the first time in her recollection, compose himself, as a gentleman had entered, and two names were called out upon impulse.

"Godfrey Huntingdon!"

"Thomas Radnor!"

Elise looked up to see a face as old as her father's, lighted by the warm sun of a glad recognition.

"Dear old fellow, how are you?" like a boy's tones the affectionate greeting. "We are fated to meet on the wing, Radnor. I have just returned home, and, lo! I meet you. Last time it was in Paris—how many years ago?—after your compulsory trip to China. How is Mrs. Radnor and the wonderful baby?"

"I have recently lost my wife," the quiet answer; and Elise, as the task smile hovered round the father's lips, "the wonderful baby is here. Elise, this is my dear, old friend, Col. Huntingdon; my only child, Godfrey."

Elise raised her crape veil, to meet the kindly look of eyes blue as her own father's, and full of loving interest.

"Where are you bound now?" was the next query of the old soldier.

"Home to Leahold! My place in the country. You will come with us, Godfrey. It is very quiet and dull; but Caroline is there, and we will try and make it pleasant to you. Poor Caroline has been a widow as ——" As long as I have, he was about to say, but cut short the words.

"I should like it of all things! But Leon is with me."

"Leon!"

"My brother's only son. You remember what Charley was, Radnor? Well, this boy's the same. A genius like his father, dreamy, impulsive, full of talent and fire, and with as much common sense as would rattle in a mustard-seed. I have had to take him; he'd do no good in the world without me. Sings a little, paints a little, writes well in a certain style, will write Elise pretty nothings, my modest income. He is with me here."

"And will come with us, of course," said Mr. Radnor. "He shall have no complaint to make of his welcome."

"The carriage is ready, sir," interposed the waiter. "There's not too much time to get to the station."

"Never mind; we'll take the next train," replied Mr. Radnor, unconscious that in that one sentence he sealed his own death-warrant.

They went back to the waiting-room, and Leon Huntingdon joined them. The two old men were soon deep in the discussion of by-gone memories, leaving the young people to look at each other.

Leon Huntingdon was one of those remarkably good-looking men rarely seen. Tall and exceedingly figure, with a classically beautiful face and attractive manners left nothing to be desired outwardly. But he was a selfish, vain man, not, indeed, possessing active vices, but very fond of his own gratification and self-importance. With talents of a high order, he had suffered them to lie dormant, and was drifting down life's current a useless member of society. Col. Huntingdon saw no fault in him; and Leon depended upon inheriting his uncle's small fortune, and left the future to take care of itself. He was about five-and-twenty now, and might already have made a name in the world had he chosen to do it. But he had better-looking than she knew herself any idea of. Her figure was slender and graceful; her face, refined by inborn courtesy, gentleness, and intellect, was one of rare sweetness, its eyes expressive genius. Her brown hair shading it like a halo. A child's face yet, but promising to be one simply perfect in its maturity.

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was a reception after dinner. My head ached with the noise and the music, and I found myself in a little place off the conservatory, and stayed there. Leon and another came in. They had no idea anybody was there; the shrubs hid me, and I—I heard—"

"Be calm, my love," said Mrs. Courtney, as emotion impeded Elise's utterance. "Go on."

"I learned that he was disappointed, weary—he must have married me for my money—and he—he loves another."

Mrs. Courtney gave an incredulous cry. "Loves another! whom does he love?"

"Emily Lewis—he knew her, you know, before he knew me; she was with him at the Nile. It was she who came into the conservatory with him, auntie. She is brilliant, accomplished, witty, and I—what am I? We will go back to Leahold, auntie, and I shall soon die and leave him free. It is my father's story over again, and the money is still our cause."

"We will not go back to Leahold, my darling. You are Leon Huntingdon's *wife*."

"But he does not love me."

"Have you tried to win his love?"

"I thought it was all mine."

"And so you have let it slip away from you."

"But, auntie, I cannot force my love on any one, even my husband. Kiss lips that speak contemptuously of me, press the hand that longs to thrust me out, court the voice that has no word of affection for me. I cannot!"

"We made you selfish at Leahold," was the reply, "by too much love, Elise, you think me hard and cruel; my dearest, I am only kind. I say to you enter the lists against this old love. Show your husband that the woman he has married is more worthy of his admiration than the coquette who can care to win the praise due to another. And a more heartless coquette than Emily Lewis it was never my fate to see."

"I, aunt Caroline! I shine in society? I?"

"You! Your education and talents fit you for it, Elise."

"Oh, Aunt Caroline, how can you say it? how think it? Everybody seems to despise me."

"Yes, yes, you have got into this absurdly morbid idea, Elise. My dear, you will just put forth your best attractions, your best powers, for plenty of them lie latent in you, Elise, and win your husband back to your side. Care for that heartless Lewis girl! No, that I don't believe he does, Elise. You will enter the lists against her, child."

"But for you," said Elise to her aunt, years later, "but for you I should be a lonely, forsaken, secluded wife, instead of what I am. I shall thank you, dear Aunt Caroline, forever and forever."

PARAGRAPHS.

HASTE AND HEALTH.—It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile in a minute for short distances. But locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who offended succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have things to do twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their heads against a post.—Fast races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive excitement. A steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even great fatigue, exercise, when it is jagged out, always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up stairs, to catch up with a vehicle or ferry-boat, are extremely injurious to every age, and sex, and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run twenty yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise they are keeping on it," and who perform all the every-day acts of life with calmness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people, and Quakers are a thrifty folk the world over.

WANTS TO SELL.—Any body wishing to speculate in real estate can buy a house up-town cheap. It is situated between two churches that have clocks; and that's the reason Mr. Johnson wants to sell it. One of these is invariably a second or two behind the other; consequently when Johnson stops out until one o'clock, as he often does, Mrs. Johnson says to him as each of the clocks strike one—

"There! A nice time for a married man to come home—two o'clock!"

Johnson, like the gay old sport that he is, thought he might as well stay out two hours, instead of one, to get the blame for it. So he stayed, and Mrs. Johnson she stayed too—she stayed up until he got in, and made him listen as the clock struck four. Then she threatened to go to her ma or get her ma to come and live with her, as it was impossible for her to live in the house. This kind of frightened the old fellow; so he came in next night before twelve o'clock, and as those clocks commenced a duet at twelve and jingled out twenty-four strokes, he looked at his wife with a smile, as if to say—

"Now I've got you!"

She began to cry, and said he stayed out until "all hours." Thus it is that Johnson is grieved and wishes to dispose of his property.

OLD LETTERS.—Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over years after. The ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words be folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and besides her form settled in a mirror much more congenial to her tastes than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the loved one who has journeyed before her to the far off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tender care and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than an image of the features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them forgive and forget them.

MARK TWAIN'S ADVENTURE.—I got into the cars, took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. The female's face was a perfect insurance company to her. It insured her against ever getting married to anybody except a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in a cup of cold custard. She appeared as if she had been through one famine and got two-thirds of the way through another. She was old enough to be great-grandmother to Mary that had a little lamb. She was chewing prize pop-corn, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a band-box and cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was on a mission of charity or going West to start a saw mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak. So I said: "The exigencies of the times require circumspection in a person who is traveling." "What?" says she. "The orb of day shines regardless of the vault above," says I. She looked as if she wished around uneasily like a [illegible] for her umbrella and said:

"I don't want any of your sass—git out!" And I got out.

An Obituary Editor.

The St. Louis Republican has an applicant for the position of obituary editor. His letter asking for the situation gives a sample of his abilities. He says:

Our parents were wealthy but honest, and of course we are now poor; but we can live on a very little, because Mary Ann and I have made ourselves into a grange and buy at wholesale prices.

May be you have a full corpse to do your funny writing, so if you will engage me I will do anything in the obituary line; it will suit our feelings better, for Mary Ann and I have been in affliction lately. Great grand-mother Peek died last week, aged CXLX. She died once before, when she was ninety-six, but just after she was laid out she seemed to remember somehow that she had forgotten to finish footing a stocking for her youngest boy, who was only seventy four years of age, so she came to again and as winter was coming on, and so much knitting to be done, she concluded to keep on for twenty years or so. The doctors think if she ain't disturbed she is gone for good this time. Me and Mary Ann sat up with her to the last and she was checked off in the full fruition of all her faculties. I couldn't help moralizing as I sat by her bedside how lean a person can get and yet consume so much gruel. She beat any thing all hollow that ever I saw. Poor old soul, she was so lean that the mosquitoes had ceased to be a burden, they used to light on her and hammer on her skull with their bills till the room sounded like a telegraph office then they would scratch their heads with their hind legs and sailed out of the window, worn out. She seemed to gain flesh after we came here from Chicago, and got new spirits; but somebody told her that her name was accidentally left out of Edward's directory, and she fell off again. She hadn't talked any to speak of in twenty-two years, and it used to console her to think how much she had saved on shoes. When I look at the calico cushion with its faded roses that she sat embowered in since she was 104, I heave a sigh at the transitoriness of all sublunarian comfort. Her eyes got so weak she wore seven pair of glasses for a spell, but they warn't strong enough for her to get the sense out of the Scriptures, so we had a pair of opera glasses mounted so that she could wear them on her nose. She sat up the heftest part of the day before she snuffed out and told me many things confidentially. She remembered distinctly when Gen. Washington got the check cashed that Oakes Ames gave him for signing the Pacific railroad bill—and she was quite a big girl when Cyrus Field and Pendrick Hudson brung the Atlantic cable over in the May Flower. What is home without a great grand-mother?

Castelar is said to be a Jew, which statement does not tally with the following sentence from one of his speeches: "If at any time I had to return to the world after I had left it, I would return to the beautiful altar which inspired within me the grandest sentiments of my life. I would return to bend my knees before the Holy Virgin that calmed with her smile my first passions. I would seek an asylum near the cross whose sacred arms extend themselves over the spot I most love and venerate on the face of the earth—the tomb of my mother."

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

A revival is in progress among the Presbyterian churches in North Carolina.

Bishop Paine is the senior Bishop of the Meth. Episcopal Church South. He was elected with Bishop Capers at the first Southern General Conference, held in 1846.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessey, has forbidden the practice of dancing at the closing of fairs and festivals. This puts an end to dancing at Catholic fairs and festivals in his diocese.

A careful calculation shows that in the middle of the third century the proportion of professed christians to the population of the earth, to be but one to one hundred and fifty. The proportion is now about one to five.

Assistant Bishop Lyman, of N. Carolina, will be consecrated at Raleigh on the 11th by the Bishops of Delaware, assisted by the Bishops of Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi and Georgia.

Out of the 114 counties in Missouri 69 only are occupied by the two synods of the Presbyterian churches and 45 have no church buildings; in the 69 counties there are 200 churches, with a membership of 8,621.

The withdrawal of Bishop Cummins is the one absorbing editorial topic of the Protestant Episcopal organs. The seceding Bishop seems to have found but little sympathy in the Church, if the expression of newspapers can be taken as a criterion.

The New York Nation says that it is difficult to see what Dr. Cummins and Mr. Cheney hope to gain by keeping up the episcopacy.—They both proclaim that nobody is bound to obey a Bishop unless he pleases, and the use of a Bishop who has no authority has not yet been revealed. Why will Mr. Cheney on his own showing be anything more than an itinerant preacher? His confirmation can be dispensed with, and his ordination is a mere form.

A female saviour is creating a prodigious sensation in the southern part of the Russian empire.—She claims to be the daughter of God, selected to suffer for the redemption of her sex, in the same way that Christ died for the salvation of man. She professes to be able to heal the sick, give sight to the blind and raise the dead.—Great crowds follow her, many believing in her pretentions.

The modern campmeeting originated in Kentucky about eighty years ago. There were in that region two brothers named McKee, one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist, both ministers of the gospel; as churches were few, these zealous ministers agreed together to hold meetings in the woods, and the open air, and found great and unexpected success. People came many miles to attend them, and much religious interest was awakened. The camp-meeting agreed so well with the spirit and ways of the Methodist that they adopted it as a regular part of their plans.

You should not only be religious and love religion; you should make religion attractive, useful, and agreeable to every one around. The sick will like your religion if it leads you to tend them, your family will be attracted to it if they see you more careful in your duties, more patient, more gentle in finding fault. If your husband sees that, as you become more devout, you are also more affectionate to him, more tenderly submissive, he will be won to your religion. In a word, let your religion be as winning to others as possible.

ABOUT THE LADIES.

The mother of a Danbury girl would not let her marry a conductor because she didn't want her doors slammed off.

The wife of a roofer being asked if she was not afraid to have her husband exposed to such danger, trustfully replied, 'O, he's insured.'

The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the quicker the sands of her life run out.

Visitor to mamma: 'I have some sad news to tell you, my dear; your doctor, Mr. Crushbone, died this morning.' Jimmy, (one of six):—'Then we shan't have any more babies, ma—shall we?'

A proper and sensible modification of past styles is the absence of all superfluous trimmings from dresses to be worn in the street in all kinds of weather.

Mrs. Law, of Vermont, called her husband a liar eight years ago, and he has not spoken to her since, though remaining in the house.

Dresses are now looped to resemble drapery, with the sides cut away, and very long front and back breadths.

Marie Seebach educated her husband, Niemann, the German tenor, until he thought his accomplishments wasted on her, and married some one else.

'I thought you were born on the 1st of April,' said a husband to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birthday. 'Most people would think so, from the choice I made of a husband,' she replied.

The daughter of a Sioux chief has appeared upon the operatic stage in San Francisco. Her voice is said to be a cross between the shriek of a panther and the fog whistle of a steamboat.

A Main street woman doesn't have any trouble with her husband. When he gets on a tantrum, and she wants to be rid of him so as to have the house to herself, she merely observes that there are a few skeins of yarn to hold, and steps out of the room to get them. Long before she returns the frightened victim is fleeing up the street.

'This seat is engaged,' said a pretty young maid, as I entered a car one day. 'To whom?' 'A young gentleman,' she peatingly said.—'Then where is his baggage, I pray.' Her rosy lips opened like rosebuds in spring; her face in deep blushes was dyed, as muttering crossly, 'You hateful old thing! why, I am his baggage?' she cried.

A new Parisian wrap is a quilted sacque or basque of heavy gros grain, trimmed on the back and front seems, and also on the sleeves, with bands of Lyons velvet.—Around the bottom is rich Brussels fringe. Fashionables admit this to be one of the most elegant and stylish wraps introduced here for a long time. It is called the Patti sacque, after the prima donna, it is to be presumed.

A beautiful dress was worn by a bride in New York last week, which is said to have been made by Worth,