

ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS,
Published every Wednesday Morning.
J. C. VIALL, Editor.
Terms, \$2 per year in advance.
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McDonald Block.

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Alpena Weekly Argus

Independent in all Things—Neutral in Nothing. Politically Democratic.
Vol. VI.—No. 18. ALPENA, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1876. Whole No. 276.

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Where he is prepared to do all manner of work
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Alpena, April 18, 1875. 88

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**The Old Home with Father
and Mother.**
There's one hallowed place in childhood,
Where we ever feel free from ill—
Where the sweet, holy hush of the twilight
Seems a whisper of "Peace, be still,"—
While a fond mother's kind, gentle teachings
Fall lovingly then on our ears,
And a father's dear smile of affection
Is a balm for all sorrows and tears.
One severed from this, there is never another
That seems like the Old Home with Father and
Mother.

Sometimes we grow tired of the old ways,
And like robins that flit from the nest,
The world seems so smiling and sunny,
We think its broad highway the best!
So we leave a good-by to the homestead,
And fly out there where gayety sings,
But we find there is a world full of danger
For poor little unguided wings.

My Own Story.
"We've been married just a
twelve-month come next Friday,
haven't we, Jennie?"
"Just a twelve-month, John!"
He was standing in the doorway,
my handsome young husband, his
dinner basket on his arm, his hon-
est eyes all aglow with love and de-
light.

"Just a twelve month, and now
I've got a baby as well as a wife.—
Oh, Jennie, girlie, I'm the happiest man
alive. Come here and kiss
me before I go, and tell me what
you would like me to give you on
the anniversary of our wedding
day."

"What's the use, John," I said,
as I received his kiss; "you know
you haven't an extra shilling to
spare."
"So I do; but we'll play at make
believe, as children do. What
would you like to have, provided
you could have it? Speak out,
girlie!"

I laughed and fell to thinking.
"Let me see. There's so many
things I want, John, 'tis hard to
decide; but I think I'll take that
pattern of brown silk that we looked
at Wilson's the other day."
"All right, and what for baby?"
"Oh, a christening robe, of course."
My husbands brown eyes danced.
"Poor Jennie," he said, "I'm
afraid you'll not get 'em, unless we
keep up our game of make-believe.
Bye-bye, take good care of Bloss-
som." And with a kiss for us both
he was gone.

I got baby to sleep, and fell to
cleaning my kitchen and baking
tarts. We could not afford keeping
a servant, John's wages being small,
and I had all the housework on
my hands, but I did not mind it at
all. I loved my husband, and he
loved me, and a happier couple did
not live.

In the midst of my busy work in
comes Miss Dorcus Dent, an old
friend of my mother's. An old
maid, too, was Miss Dorcus, a great
scuffer at matrimony, and at man-
kind in general.

"So, you're hard at it, Jennie,"
she said, sitting down and throwing
back her bonnet strings, "a-drag-
ging yourself to death, and that
child on your hands, too! Such a
trim, handsome lass as you used to
be, and look at you now! A poor,
fagged slattern! What a fool you

was to marry, Jennie! Weren't ye,
now?"
"No, indeed, Miss Dorcus; I'd
do the same thing over again to-
morrow."
"Pah! Such simpletons as you
lasses are. Well, you'll open your
eyes to the truth soon enough. A
working your hands to the bone
and spoiling your good looks, as if
any man that ever had breath was
worth it. I say why don't John
keep you a hired girl?"

"He can't afford it, Miss Dorcus."
"Can't he? May be not. Has
to squander to much on his own
pleasures, does he?"
"No, indeed," I answered indig-
nantly, "he never squanders a sin-
gle penny."
Miss Dorcus shook her ample
sides with sarcastic laughter.

"Never squander a penny!" she
repeated: "and never stays out
o' nights, either, and goes gallivat-
ing round the town with other
women, and ye a-sitting at home
a-darning his stockings! Don't
tell me about 'em, Jennie—these
good husbands—I know 'em. I
haven't got two eyes for nothing.
Didn't I see John, only night before
last, a-walking down town, and an-
other woman beside him?"

"John!" I gasped—"my John!
Oh, you must be mistaken."
"I never mistake. 'Twas your
John."
"And who was the woman?"
"Can't tell—didn't see her face."
When John came home to supper
I determined to ask him; but a
feeling of shame kept me silent
while we were at the table, and the
minute he was done he arose and
took down his hat.

"Why, John," I asked, are you
going out again! And it is rain-
ing, too."
"So it is, but I must go to-night,
Jennie."
"What for, John?"
His eyes fell, and he turned from
me in evident confusion.

"Well—you see, don't ask me,
Jennie, I've promised to go, that's
all; but I shan't have to go again,
may be."
My foolish, jealous heart rose in
my throat, and I stood hurt and
silent.

John kissed me and kissed baby
in her crib. Then he took off his
coat and threw it on a chair.
"If you don't feel too tired, lit-
tle wife, you might fasten in that
coat to-night."
He was gone; and after clearing
away our small table I sat down to
think, and soon made myself mis-
erable enough. At last I thought
of John's coat, and picked it up to
mend it. It was his best coat,
which he had only taken for com-
mon wear a few days before.
Brushing off the dust, I heard a
rustle of paper in the breast pocket.

Is there a wife loyal enough, un-
feminine enough to refrain from
prying into the secrets of her hus-
band's pockets when she has a
chance!
I drew the rustling paper forth.
It was a note—dainty, three-corn-
ered affair, with a rose bud on the
seal. I looked at the direction,
"John Dayton," my own husband's
name written in fine feminine char-
acters.

A sharp pang pierced my heart, a
mist dimmed my eyes. What wo-
man is this who dared to write to
my husband! I must know. I tore
open the tiny sheet.
MY DEAREST JOHN:—Do not
fail to come to-night. I am alone,
and shall look for you—
I could not read another word.
A blindness like that of death filmed
my eyes, a faint, horrible sickness
crept over me. Miss Dorcus had
told me the truth. John was un-
true to me. And I had loved him
so!

I crushed the fatal note into my
pocket, and caught my cloak and
hat.
"Come, baby," I sobbed, driven
out of my terrible pain, "we will
go. When he comes he shall find
us gone."
I gathered up the little one, and
wrapped her in a heavy shawl;
then we left our cheerful fire-side,
and set forth through the pelting
rain.

"Why, what in the name of won-
der has brought you out to-night!"
cried my father when we entered
the sitting-room. "And you've
brought the child, too! What's
up?"
I shrank down beside my mother,
and began to sob out my misery,
my head upon my breast.

"John untrue!" repeated my
father. "Is that what you're driv-
ing at? Oh, bosh, Jennie, you're
jealous, that's all. I don't believe
a word of it. A truer, better man
than John don't breathe."
I drew forth the crumpled note,
and held it toward him.

"He's gone every night," I sob-
bed; "and—and I found that in
his pocket."
Father pulled his spectacles over
his nose, and opened the note. A
minute, perhaps, he peered at it
curiously, and then he exploded
with laughter.

"O, Jennie, Jennie, what a sell!"
he cried. "What a precious little fool
you are. Take this note and look
at it again. Did you ever see it
before?"
I took the note and looked at it,
wondering what he could mean.—
The name at the bottom of the
tinted sheet caught my eye for the
first time. I grew hot with shame
from head to foot. The letter was
my own written to John by my own
hands in the days of our courtship.
I fell upon mothers bosom and
burst into tears.

"Come, Jennie, gather up the
child and I'll go home with you,"
said my father. "Now don't you
feel cheap?"
I did not: I only felt supremely
happy. Home we trudged through
the dark and rain. John met us at
the door.

"Why, here you are, Jenny," he
cried. "You've given me a terri-
ble fright. I was just shutting up
to come in search of you."
"She's not worth the trouble,
John," put in my father, and then
and there he blurted out the whole
story.

"Forgive me, John," I whis-
pered.
He bent down and kissed me.
"Nothing to forgive, Jennie.—
The fact is, I'm rather pleased to
see you care so much about me.
Sorry to have made you suffer,
though. I was wrong; I should
have explained before, but you see,
Jennie, I wanted to surprise you.
But we'll have it out to-night. I've
been doing a little extra work, you
see. I wanted the money to buy
anniversary gifts, and here they
are. To-morrow's the day, but to-
night will do as well."

He then put in my lap the glossy
brown silk that I had coveted, the
embroidered muslin for baby's
robe. I looked up with brimming
eyes.
"Oh, John, how good you are.
But let my happiness be perfect.
Miss Dorcus says she saw you
walk with—"

"Yes, she did," he interrupted,
"with old Mrs. Grimes. I built
her green-house; that was the ex-
tra work, Jennie."
Father laughed and buttoned up
his coat.

"You're a good natured husband,
John," he said. "She deserves a
sound scolding, for being such a
little goose."
"But I'll not scold her," said my
husband, with his dear hand on
my head, "and I'll never keep

another secret from her. Between
married hearts there should never
be concealment."
"Good-night, Jennie," said father,
"I'm sorry for you. I'm sorry for
you. I'm sure you feel cheap."
I only felt unutterably happy.

The Footprints of Time.
Time is relentless. The pendu-
lum swings back and forth mark-
ing the steady flight of the mo-
ments. The ticking of the clock
is the blended music about the
cradle and the dirge about the
grave. Birth—death, is the lang-
uage of the time piece on the man-
tle. Amidst the laughing glow of
the morning's blushes and the soft
shadows of the evening twilight,
amidst the bloom and fragrance of
Springtime, and the solemn slum-
ber of the Winter, over the altar
and the bier, the pendulum vi-
brates with the same solemn stead-
iness—the clock ticks off the life
of the seconds—time moves swiftly
into the past and we move swiftly
towards the future. The clock
will not always tick—the pendu-
lum will not always swing; its con-
stant friction against the past and
present will wear it out. By-and-
by we will listen for its salutation
to the coming moments, but it will
speak not. Dumb and motionless
as death! Like the heart of the
dead the pendulum sleeps—sleeps
in wakeless slumber; like the
tomb, the old clock is speechless
and the abode of unending silence;
like the stringless harp upon the
wall, its labors are ended—its mu-
sic is hushed—hushed forever.

But the flight of time goes on
the same. It comes with its gray
hairs, and scatters their through
the raven locks of youth—with its
yawning graves and open caskets—
with its funeral trains and tear-
fuls—its disappointments and
heart-aches. It leaves its foot-
prints on the hearthstone, the gar-
den, the homestead, the heart, the
cheek. Mother looks into the
cradle, but baby is not there; she
listens for its merry prattle—she
hears it—smiles—then weeps—she
hears only the echo of the darling's
voice—the echo which never dies
in a mother's heart. Time laid the
little bud in the cradle—time bore
it to the little grave among the
flowers; time thrust a pignard in-
to the mother's heart, and the
wound will never heal. In the sil-
ence of the night it aches and
bleeds as the mother dreams of her
sleeping pet, and while the hands
move in search of the absent one,
the lips part and in sweet, tender
tones she sighs: "Baby." The old
man goes back to the home of his
childhood. He left it but yester-
day, but oh, how changed. The
vine that crept over the trellise at
the door is dead; the trellise is
gone. The arbor in the garden is
a shapeless, uninviting mass of
rubbish. There is the spot where
the village pastor and the mother
kneled forty years ago to ask God to
bless the innocent boy who was
going out into the world, from the
sunshine of mother's love into the
cold companionship of strangers,
from among the flowers into the
midst of brambles, from safety into
danger. That boy comes back to-
day. With wrinkled cheek and
frosted brow he sits down upon the
crumbling door-sill, and weeps.
Mother is not there to greet him;
she is dead. The old pastor is not
there to shake him by the hand;
he is dead. Father's voice is not
heard among the hills; he is dead.
The old man rises, and half forget-
ting that he is old, goes down to
the banks of the stream that mur-
mors at the foot of the mountain,
to "meet the boys." They are not
there; they are dead. He goes
back to the old house, reclines up-
on the wellworn cot to rest, the
light begins to flicker in his breast
—his eyes grow dim—his pulse
grows weak—he goes to "meet the
boys," to see mother, father, and
the old village pastor. Time does
it all. It touches our lives and
they go out; it touches the flowers
and they wither; it kisses the
granite and it crumbles; it kisses
beauty and it fades; it steals over
septers and they rust; it flows
over thrones and they totter.

The moments are faithful reap-
ers—reapers for God. They come
with messages from heaven—with
the decrees of death; but not with

these alone. Time is not entirely
dreary of its flight. It fills the
grave, but it fills the cradle; it
blights the rose, but it fringes
the forest with golden beauty; it
crumbles thrones, but it gives light
to republics; it robs us of earth,
but it gives us heaven; it raised
the cross, but it burst open a lock-
ed paradise; it separates loving
hearts, but it again unites them;
it covers its own frowning wrecks
with loneliness and bloom and de-
stroys but to beautify and ennoble.

Table Etiquette.
The Abbe Casson, a professor in
the College Mazarin and an accom-
plished literateur, says Mrs.
Duffey's book on "Behavior," dined
one day at Versailles with the Abbe
de Radonvilliers, in company with
several courtiers and marshals of
France. After dinner, when the
talk ran upon the etiquette and
customs of the table, Abbe Casson
boasted of his intimate acquaint-
ance with the best dining out
usages of society.

The Abbe Delille listened to Cas-
son's account of his own good
manners for a while, but then in-
terrupted him and offered to wager
that at the dinner just served he
had committed numberless errors
or improprieties.

"How is it possible?" demanded
the Abbe. "I did exactly like the
rest of the company."
"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other.
"You did a hundred things which
no one else did. First, when you
sat down at the table, what did you
do with your napkin?"

"My napkin! Why, just what
everybody else did. I unfolded it
and fastened it in my button hole."
"Ah, my friend," said Delille,
"you were the only one of the party
that did that. No one hangs his
napkin up in that style. They
content themselves with placing it
across their knees. And what did
you do when you were served to
soup?"

"Like the others, surely, I took
my spoon in my right hand and my
fork in the left."
"Your fork! Who ever saw any
one eat bread out of his soup-plate
with a fork! After your soup
what did you eat?"

"A fresh egg."
"And what did you do with the
shell?"
"Handed it to the servant."
"Without breaking it?"
"Yes, without breaking it up of
course."
"Ah, my dear Abbe, nobody ever
eats an egg without breaking the
shell afterwards," exclaimed Abbe
Delille. "And after your egg?"

"I asked the Abbe Radonvilliers
to send me a piece of the hen near
him."
"Bless my soul! A piece of the
hen! One should never speak of
the hens out of the henery. You
should have asked for a piece of
fowl or chicken. But you say
nothing about your manner of ask-
ing for wine."
"Like the others, I asked for
claret and champagne."
"Let me inform you that one
should always ask for claret wine
and champagne wine. But how
did you eat your bread?"

"Surely I did that properly. I
cut it with my knife into small
mouthfuls and ate it with my
fingers."
"Bread should never be cut, but
always broken with the fingers.—
But the coffee—how did you man-
age that?"
"It was rather too hot, so I pour-
ed a little into my saucer and drank
it."
"Well, then, you committed the
gravest error. You should never
pour coffee or tea into your saucer,
but always let it cool and drink it
from the cup."

It is not necessary to say that the
Abbe was deeply mortified at his
evident ignorance of the usages of
polite society.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	one	two	three	four	five	six	seven	eight	nine	ten
1 square,	\$1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50
2 square,	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00
3 square,	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50
4 square,	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00
1-4 column,	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50
1-3 column,	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00
1-2 column,	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50
1 column,	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00
1 column,	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00	7.50	8.00	8.50	9.00	9.50

Business Cards, one year, one dollar for every
line.
Local Notices, ten cents per line each insertion,
and all notices mentioned for three months or
longer, a discount of 25 per cent.
Advertisements unaccompanied by written or
advertisements, under contract, ordered out be-
fore expiration of time, will be charged full rate.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are
paid, except at the option of the publisher.
Transient advertisements must be paid in ad-
vance.
P. O. Terms, CASH, payable quarterly.

These alone. Time is not entirely
dreary of its flight. It fills the
grave, but it fills the cradle; it
blights the rose, but it fringes
the forest with golden beauty; it
crumbles thrones, but it gives light
to republics; it robs us of earth,
but it gives us heaven; it raised
the cross, but it burst open a lock-
ed paradise; it separates loving
hearts, but it again unites them;
it covers its own frowning wrecks
with loneliness and bloom and de-
stroys but to beautify and ennoble.

Table Etiquette.
The Abbe Casson, a professor in
the College Mazarin and an accom-
plished literateur, says Mrs.
Duffey's book on "Behavior," dined
one day at Versailles with the Abbe
de Radonvilliers, in company with
several courtiers and marshals of
France. After dinner, when the
talk ran upon the etiquette and
customs of the table, Abbe Casson