The Cass County Republican.

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The Republican,

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Notary Public, and Agent for Phœnix, Manhattan and Irving Fire Insurance Companies. Will attend to all kinds of Conveyancing. Particular attention paid to collections of Soldier's Bounties and Pensions. Charges reasonable and all business attended to promptly. Office with James Sullivan. nov12v8y1

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Special Agent for the collection of all kinds of War Claims. All kinds of Conveyancing done with dispatch. Will give his immediate attention to the collection of claims throughout the State. All business promptly attended to. Office with James Sullivan, second floor, Jones' Brick Block. june26 10y1

C. M. O'DELL, M. D.

Homeopathic Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician,

Having bought out DR. BARNES and taking his Practice, feels happy to say to the citizens of Dowagiac and vicinity, that he is prepared to Practice his Profession in all its branches. He also keeps Medicines by the case or single phial for sale and Family Guides. Office over the Center Market.
Dowagiac, January 28th, 1861. jan31-41y1

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office at Alward's Book Store, Denison Block, Front Street. Residence first door below the Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v4y1

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JAMES SULLIVAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street. ap25v4y1

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassapolis, Cass county, Mich.

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GEORGE SMITH,

Tailor. Shop one door east of Howard & Comstock's. Cutting and Making done to order, and warranted to fit. july21v2

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Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.
DANIEL LARZELERE. | WILLIAM LARZELERE.

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General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Dennison Block Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v4

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Machinist and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v4

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Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State. ap25v4

EAGLE HOTEL,

CASSAPOLIS, - - MICH.

THE undersigned has just opened this house for the accommodation of the public. It has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished from parlor to kitchen. Mr. Custard intends to keep a first class hotel, and will use every endeavor to please. Prices to suit the times.
O. S. CUSTARD.
Cassapolis August 1st, 1862.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

Corner Randolph and Wells Streets,
CHICAGO, - - - - - - ILL.
BOARD $1,50 PER DAY.
B. H. SKINNER, - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
june5-7m3

MILK. MILK.

THE subscriber would hereby inform the citizens of Dowagiac, that he is prepared to furnish MILK to all who will patronize him.
Pure Milk is Warranted.
RUSSEL McKEE.
Dowagiac, Jan. 2, 1862. jan2-37m3

UNION HOTEL.

M. J. BALDWIN, PROPRIETOR,
CASSAPOLIS, - - - - - - MICHIGAN.
Good accommodations for man and beast.
☞ Board by the day and week.

ONLY $6
AT
ALWARD'S BOOKSTORE.

MORTGAGE SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the eighth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, William Scribner, made, executed and delivered, to the undersigned Reuben Town, a mortgage bearing date on that day, on the following described real estate, lying and being in the County of Cass, and State of Michigan, to wit: The south half of the south-east quarter of section eight. Also the south half of the south-west fractional quarter of section nine, all in township seven south of range fifteen west, which description conforms substantially with that contained in the mortgage which mortgage was conditioned for the payment of the sum of one hundred and ninety-eight dollars and fifty-eight cents, to be paid in six months from the date of said mortgage with interest—

And that said mortgage contained a power of sale in case of the non-payment of the said principal or of the interest thereon, or any part thereof at the time limited for the payment thereof.

And that said mortgage was duly received for record, in the office of the Register of deeds of the County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, on the fifteenth day of August A. D. 1860, at 3 o'clock, P. M. and was recorded in liber J of mortgages on pages 609 and 610. And that default in the condition of said mortgage has occurred, (by which the said power to sell has become operative) by the non-payment of the whole of said principal and the interest thereon, which now amounts to the sum of two hundred and twenty-six dollars and seventy-two cents which is the amount claimed to be due by the said Reuben Town at the date of this notice: And that no suit or proceeding at law or in equity, has been instituted to recover the said debt, now remaining secured by the said mortgage, or any part thereof. And further notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and of the statute in such case made and provided the said mortgaged premises above described will be sold at public vendue at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of October, A. D. 1862, at the front door of the Court House in the village of Cassapolis in said county of Cass (the said Court House being the place of holding the circuit court within said county in which said premises to be sold are wholly situated) by the Sheriff of said County to the highest bidder, to satisfy the amount due on such mortgage at the date of this notice, with amount and costs allowed by law, and the attorney fee mentioned therein.

REUBEN TOWN, Mortgagee.
B. T. CHASE, Attorney.
Dated July 30, 1862. july31-15w13

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain indenture of Mortgage, executed by Wesley Sweet and Mary Sweet his wife, of Cass County, Michigan, to Daniel Driskel of the same place, on the twenty ninth day of October, A. D. 1860, and recorded on the thirtieth day of October, A. D. 1860, in the Office of the Register of Deeds of said County of Cass, in Liber K of Mortgages, on pages 86 and 87, on which, said Mortgage, there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of six hundred and fifteen dollars and seventy-eight cents, and no suit at law having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof. Therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said Mortgage now become operative, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the premises therein described, to wit: The south half of the north-east quarter, and the south-east quarter of the south-east quarter, and the east half of the north-east quarter of the south-east quarter of section two (2,) in township number six, south of range thirteen west, in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, will be sold at public vendue at the west door of the Court House, in Cassapolis in said County of Cass, on the twenty-fifth day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, to satisfy the amount then due on said Mortgage, together with the costs of foreclosing the same.

DANIEL DRISKEL, Mortgagee.
ANDREW J. SMITH, Attorney for Mortgagee.
Dated, this 21st day of July, A. D. 1862. july24-14w13

Commissioner's Sale in Chancery.

IN pursuance of a decretal order of the Circuit Court for the County of Cass in Chancery, entered July twenty-second, A. D. 1862, at the suit of Henry H. Coolidge, Complainant, against Seth W. Wilson, Defendant, and to me directed, I shall sell at public auction, at the west door of the Court House, in the village of Cassapolis, in said County of Cass, on the eleventh day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following described parcel of land, to raise the amount due to the Complainant, for principal, interest and costs in this cause, according to the aforesaid decree, which said land is situate, lying and being in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, known and described as follows, to wit: Commencing fifty links east and five chains south, five minutes east from the south-east corner of lot number twenty-five (25) in the village of Vandalia, first survey, thence north eighty-nine degrees forty minutes west ten chains twenty-eight links, thence south thirteen degrees west seventy four links, thence south one degree west seven chains eleven links, thence south ten degrees west one chain sixty-eight links, thence south eighty-nine degrees forty minutes east ten chains eighty-seven links, thence north five minutes west nine chains forty-nine links, to the place of beginning containing ten acres, magnetic variation four degrees east.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE,
Circuit Court Commissioner,
Cass County, Mich.
H. H. COOLIDGE, Solicitor for himself.
Dated, Cassapolis, August 22d, 1862. au28-19w7

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the County of Cass in the State of Michigan, in favor of Abram Conklin, Plaintiff, and against Eli B. Prater, Defendant, to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon and shall sell at public auction, at the west door of the Court House, in the village of Cassapolis, County and State aforesaid, on Monday, the sixth day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest of Eli B. Prater aforesaid, in and to the following described real estate, to wit: The west half of the south-east quarter of section thirty, in township six south and range fifteen west, except five rods square in the south-west corner for school purposes. Also, two acres and one-half off the southend of the west half of the north-east quarter of section thirty, township six south and range fifteen west. All of the above being in the County of Cass and State of Michigan.

B. W. SCHERMERHORN, Sheriff.
Dated, at the Sheriff's Office, Cassapolis, August 22d, 1862. aug28-19w6

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the payment of one hundred and seventy one dollars and thirty-five cents, claimed to be due at the date of this notice, on a Mortgage dated August 21, 1860, executed by Joseph A. Gilbert and Ann E., his wife, to Salsbury Curtis, and recorded August 24th, 1860, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Michigan, in Liber J of Mortgages, at page 622. Therefore notice is hereby given that the premises described therein, to wit: A parcel of land situate in Cass County, Michigan, being parts of the south-east quarter of section twenty-five, and the north half of the north-east fractional quarter of section thirty-six, in township six south of range fourteen west, commencing at the south-west corner of forty acres of land sold to Sarah Lancaster, in the south-east quarter of section twenty-five, thence south one hundred and ten rods to Donald's Lake, thence east along said Lake twenty-nine rods and two and four elevenths links to a stake, thence north one hundred and ten rods to the south line of said Lancaster land, thence west twenty-nine rods and two links and four elevenths of a link, to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres, will be sold at the west door of the Court House, in Cassapolis, in said County, on the eighth day of December next, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

SALSBURY CURTIS, Mortgagee.
CHARLES W. CLISBEE, Attorney for Mortgagee.
Dated, Cassapolis, Sept. 10, 1862. sep11-21w12

OFF FOR THE WAR!

THE undersigned having accepted a position in the Michigan 19th Regiment, gives notice that his accounts and notes are left in the hands of Mr. Boyd. All persons indebted are hereby requested to call and settle with him.
L. D. TOMPKINS.
August 28, 1862.

Fine Pocket Knives
AT
ALWARD'S BOOKSTORE.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Bethel.

We mustered at midnight, in darkness we formed,
And the whisper went round of a fort to be stormed;
But no drum-beat had called us, no trumpet we heard,
And no voice of command, but our Colonel's low word,—
"Column! Forward!"

And out, through the mist and the murk of the morn,
From the beaches of Hampton our barges were borne;
And we heard not a sound, save the sweep of the oar,
Till the word of our Colonel came up from the shore,—
"Column! Forward!"

With hearts bounding bravely, and eyes all alight,
As ye dance to soft music, so trod we, that night,
Through the aisles of the green-wood, with vines overarched,
Tossing dew-drops, like gems, from our feet, as we marched,—
"Column! Forward!"

As ye dance with the damsels to viol and flute,
So we skipped from the shadows, and mocked their pursuit;
But the soft zephyrs chased us, with scents of the morn,
As we passed by the hay-fields and green waving corn,—
"Column! Forward!"

For the leaves were all laden with the fragrance of June,
And the flowers and the foliage with sweets were in tune;
And the air was so calm, and the forest so dumb,
That we heard our own heart-beats, like taps of a drum,—
"Column! Forward!"

Till the lull of the lowlands was stirred by a breeze,
And the buskins of Morn brushed the tops of the trees,
And the glintings of glory that slid from her track
By the sheen of our rifles was gaily flung back,—
"Column! Forward!"

And the woodlands grew purple with sunshiny mist,
And the blue-crested hill-tops with rose-light were kissed,
And the earth gave her prayers to the sun in perfumes,
Till we marched as through gardens, and trampled on blooms,—
"Column! Forward!"

Ay! trampled on blossoms, and scared the sweet breath
Of the greenwood with low-brooding vapors of death;
O'er the flowers and the corn we were borne like a blast,
And away to the fore-front of battle we passed,—
"Column! Forward!"

For the cannon's hoarse thunder roared out from the glades,
And the sun was like lightning on banners and blades,
When the long line of chanting Zouaves, like a flood,
From the green of the woodlands rolled, crimson as blood,—
"Column! Forward!"

While the sound of their song, like the surge of the seas,
With the "Star Spangled Banner" swelled over the leas;
And the sword of Duryea, like a torch, led the way,
Bearing down on the batteries of Bethel, that day,—*
"Column! Forward!"

Through the green-tasseled cornfields our columns were thrown,
And like corn by the red scythe of fire we were mown;
While the cannon's fierce plowings new furrowed the plain,
That our blood might be planted for LIBERTY's gain,
"Column! Forward!"

Oh! the fields of fair June have no lack of sweet flowers,
But their rarest and best breathe no fragrance like ours;
And the sunshine of June, sprinkling gold on the corn,
Hath no harvest that ripeneth like BETHEL's red morn,—
"Column! Forward!"

When our heroes like bridegrooms, with lips and with breath,
Drank the first kiss of Danger and clasped her in death;
And the heart of brave WINTHROP grew mute of his lyre,
When the plumes of his genius lay moulting in fire,—
"Column! Forward!"

Where he fell shall be sunshine as bright as his name;
And the grass where he slept shall be green as his fame;
For the gold of the Pen and the steel of the Sword
Write his deeds—in his blood—on the land he adored,—
"Column! Forward!"

And the soul of our comrade shall sweeten the air,
And the flowers and grass-blades his memory upbear;
While the breath of his genius, like music in leaves,
With the corn-tassels whispers, and sings in the sheaves,—
"Column! Forward!"

*The march on Bethel was begun in high spirits at midnight, but it was near noon when the Zouaves, in their crimson garments led by Colonel Duryea, charged the batteries, after singing the "Star Spangled Banner" in chorus. Major Winthrop fell in the storming of the enemy's defences, and was left on the battle-field. Lieut. Greble, the only other officer killed, was shot at his gun soon after. The fatal contest inaugurated the "war of posts" which has since raged in Virginia.

☞ The wife of President Tyler, who has come North, is a Northern lady, daughter of the late Col. Gardner, of Long Island, owner of the island known by his name. Miss Gardner was one of the belles of New York fashionable life, and her marriage with the then President of the United States created a great sensation at the time. She now returns a widow, with six small children, to the scenes of her childhood.

My First Year of Housekeeping.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

It is no fiction that I sit down to chronicle this evening. As I look back through the long vista of years, and review the early days of my married life, its perplexities and cares come up before me in far more vivid colors than its joys: though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was just twenty years old when I became the wife of a clergyman, a poor country pastor. It was a love match, and, with the usual thriftlessness of lovers, I think it did not then occur to us that we could not live upon love, or that it would need such vulgar appliances as roast beef and palatable puddings to preserve in its purity the divine essence of the grand passion.

Everybody said that I was totally unfit for a minister's wife. I was naturally exceedingly joyous and mirthful, and without a particle of the staid dignity expected from persons in my position; while my husband was a grave, thoughtful man, endowed by nature with a commanding personal appearance and prepossessing manners. I do not wonder now that people should not see the propriety of his choosing me for a wife, when so many pattern women stood ready to accept him. My own family had but one objection to the match; he was poor, and I had no idea of practical house keeping.

Ah, how well I remember the first washing day! My husband after vainly trying to persuade me to hire a washerwoman (I knew that he could not afford it,) came into the back kitchen to help me himself. We were very merry at first, but after rubbing off little patches of skin from every knuckle, and burning our arms till they looked like illustrated maps of some unknown country, we began to find out there was little poetry and no fun in the wash-tub.

But the ironing day was worse yet. Nothing but pride kept me from rolling those starched shirts into a bundle and taking them across the field to my mother's kitchen. I forgot to mention that we had taken up our abode in a parish but one mile distant from my father's house.

I had never ironed any starched clothes of any description, but from my brothers at home I had imbibed very exalted ideas in regard to the importance of immaculate shirt bosoms. My husband told me all that he could remember of his mother's method, and then betook himself to his study. Shall I ever forget my feelings when the flat iron, heated seven times hotter than its wont, and carefully applied to the glutinous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and when forcibly seperated left its whole immage and superscription behind, in black and brown colors. I have that shirt now. I keep it to show to those wise mothers who are training their daughters for future recklessness.

But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line, at the time I commenced housekeeping, had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake, connected in accordance with those impossible recipes which fill our modern cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Baker's bread served us for a time—for so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tested its excellence for many years.

We had been married and settled nearly a fortnight, when, one morning, my husband came in with a letter in his hand and a very anxious expression on his face. I sprang up from my seat, nearly upsetting the breakfast table, which was waiting for him.

"What is the matter, Frank? Is anybody sick or dead? Have you got bad news?"

"No. At least it ought not to be bad news"

"Well, what is it? Something serious, I know, from your looks."

"No, Hattie, nothing of the kind; only I feared it might annoy you. It is only a note from my college chum, Fred Knowles, saying that he is going to Boston, and will call on us, and—and get his dinner to-day," said my husband, finishing the sentence reluctantly.

It was my first call to entertain company, and, knowing by this time my ignorance, I shrank back affrighted from the prospect. I confess, too, a feeling of deep mortification that my husband could not receive his most intimate friends without so serious a drawback upon his pleasure. All my natural energy and pride was aroused, and I determined to become a good housekeeper, at whatever cost of time and labor. But the present emergency was first to be attended to.

"I suppose I had better get some fresh loaves from the bakery?" Frank looked at the dry, light slices on the breakfast table as he spoke.

"Yes, I think so. And some meat, Hattie. That forlorn old roast has lasted a fortnight, I am sure. I think I should recognize its bones if I saw them in Africa. Do you think you could broil a steak, Hattie?"

"Yes. But, Frank, you must come out of the parlor and overlook me. And if you will get me some peas and lettuce, and other vegetables, I shall get up a famous dinner."

A half smile flitted over his face. he had heard of my famous dinner before.

"Well, we must do our best. The cars will not arrive till two o'clock, so there will be plenty of time for marketing and cooking."

"Is Mr. Knowles very particular?" I asked, timidly. "Will he notice if things go just a little wrong?"

"Perhaps not. But he will have a natural curiosity in regard to the capabilities of his friend's wife. But I think we shall do very well."

"I am sure we shall," was my encouraging response, inspired by a bright idea that suddenly occurred to me. In accordance with it, my husband had no sooner started for the market than I, slipping on my hat and shawl, started on a long walk through the fields and woods. I was going to consult my mother about dinner. I surprised her by bursting into the dining room, quite out of breath from my hurried walk, just as the family was sitting down to a late breakfast.

"Is it Hattie, or her ghost?" asked father, getting up to welcome me. "If my memory serves me, our Hattie used to be a late riser."

"Housekeeping improves me, papa."

"Don't wait to talk," said mamma. the coffee will be spoiled. Take off your bonnet Hattie, while I get another cup and plate, and we will chat afterward."

"No, I thank you. "I cannot stop a minute." Mamma opened her eyes in astonishment.

"You are not going to walk directly back again. Let me take your shawl."

"But I must go. We are going to have company to dinner — Frank's chum; and I want to know how long to boil the potatoes and other——"

Such a chorus of laughter as interrupted me. "Why, my dear child, boil them till they are done."

"I know as much as that, mamma; but when must I begin them to have them done in the right time? I have got peas to cook, and beefsteak, and I ought to make a pudding. Oh, dear!"

They all laughed again, as much at my distressed looks as at my ignorance. I did not join them; indeed, it was as much as I could do to keep back my tears.

"It is not her fault that she knows so little about cooking," at last said my father, kindly. "You must not mind our laughing at you, my dear. I have been longing to ask you what you put in that mince pie I ate at your table last Sunday? I have tasted it ever since. But I will not tease you, for I have no doubt you will in time be as good a cook as your mother, and now as it regards the present difficulty," he went on, pleasantly, I have a plan to propose. I will put the harness on old Fanny, and you, mother can take the poor child home and stay to superintend this dinner."

Mamma always assents to papa's plans—so my load of responsibility was gone at once. It was pleasant to see the look of relief on my husband's face as we drove up to the door. "I have been searching everywhere for you," he said, "and I could almost find it in my heart to scold you for causing me so much anxiety; but your safe return satisfies me. Especially as your excursion has brought your mother to aid us in our extremity. But, Hattie, I must insist on your having no more private walks."

"Ah, sir! if you had known you would have forbidden it. That would have spoiled all."

I have no doubt that Mr. Knowles left us that day under the impression that my husband had secured a matrimonial prize. But I felt like a hypocrite for weeks afterward.

It came to pass after many days, that bakers' bread became unendurable. I tried to believe in it—I praised and tasted it; but it would not do. Its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharoah's course in lifting the head of the chief baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I had a trifle better success in making milk biscuit, though I could never guess right as to the amount of soda required. Sometimes they were yellow enough to be mistaken for nuggets of virgin gold; but oftener they had the appearance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese press. My husband pretended that they were passed thro' heavy rollers like those used in iron foundries. At first I tried to work the cold biscuit into puddings and griddle cakes, but their peculiar solidity frustrated all such attempts to economize. But, when the case appeared perfectly hopeless, I stil had one resource. There was a wide ditch behind the garden, and in its dark waters I buried my biscuit out of sight. Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping with a convenient ditch at hand. But my troubles did not end here. In an evil hour a neighbor's hen hatched a young brood of ducklings, which in due time found their way to my *cache* of provisions. The biscuit so long in soak, had now a resurrrection, and I remember watching the poor fowls as they tried to divide them with their strong bills.

"My dear, dear Hattie," said my husband, one morning, after the usual toil of breakfast was over, "don't you think you could learn to make raised bread?"

"I cannot tell; I am quite discouraged."

"You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time," he went on, encouragingly, "that I am sure if you had some one to give you a few hints about the best method you would succeed admirably. Why don't you consult your mother? She is a superior cook."

"You forget, Frank, how we resented it when my mother, and sisters, and aunts, and, in fact, all our friends, united in predicting our present perplexities. "No, it would be too mortifying to go home for comfort in this matter. Indeed, I am ashamed to expose my ignorance by consulting any one. I give all my visitors baker's bread, and they, having it only occasionally, seem to like it."

"Suppose we try boarding, Hattie?"

"We cannot afford that; and, besides, we want a home by ourselves. You would not be contented to give up our home liberties and privileges, Frank. If it were not for the eternal bread question, we could get a little enjoyment out of life; but comfort is now out of the question. I wish Frank," I added, pettishly "that you had married a housekeeper and I had gone in a convent!"

His face flushed.

"I was not finding fault, Hattie. I am as ignorant as yourself, and I am sure I could not get along with the countless details of kitchen work half as skillfully and cheerfully as you do. I think you will conquer this effectually in time."

"In time, if ever," I responded, ungraciously. "I hope there will be no bread making in eternity."

He looked at me in surprise for a moment, but did not reply. The marked irreverence of my language affected him painfully; but he saw that I was in too reckless a mood to be reasoned with.

After he had gone to his study I sat down to think. I felt wicked and unhappy. I knew I had spoken unkindly and ungenerously to my husband, whose unwearied forbearance and gentleness, amid the inconveniences caused by my incompetency, had so often excited my gratitude. Alas! that so much misery could result from the want of a good loaf of bread!

A sudden resolve inspired me. Without waiting to clear away the breakfast things, I went to a kind old lady in the neighborhood, and after confessing my ignorance, begged to be initiated into the mysteries of bread-making.

"There is no trouble," said the old lady, "if you have good yeast."

"But I have tried yeast, and my bread soured."

"You let it stand too long. It must be put in the pans as soon as it is light, and then stand till it begins to come up again."

"But where can I get good yeast?"

"At the bakery. I get mine there. You can't help having good bread if the yeast is right. Only be sure to bake it soon enough."

I was soon on my way to the bakery, a mile distant. The fresh air and pleasant sunlight soon had their usual influence upon me, and I began to get back my lost courage and cheerfulness.

"After all," I said to myself, "I must succeed if I persevere. I am not naturally dull, and I will learn to make good bread, if it takes me a year."

I procured a pint of yeast and hastened home with my treasure. I determined that the "hoisting" element should not be lacking in quantity, so I put into the flour all the yeast I had bought, only adding a cup of milk to moisten it sufficiently. It smelt very strong of hops, but I thought that would bake out.

I had scarcely placed it in a warm corner by the stove to raise, when I recollected Mrs. Lee's caution about baking it in time to prevent its souring.

"I must run no risk of that, at all events," I said. "I am sure there is yeast enough to raise it, if I bake it directly. "It can raise in the oven, to be sure. Dear me, how green it looks! But it will come all right in the baking, I dare say."

So without further delay I placed it in the oven. I would not, if I could, describe its appearance when it came out. I did not wait to test its quality, but threw it, almost hissing hot, into that long-suffering ditch. I am afraid it is there now. It is many years since I left the place, but I often fancy half a dozen ducks hard at work upon it.

I went back to the house, and for the first time sat down to have a hearty crying spell. It was no genteel sniffle, with just tears enough to add luster to my eyes; but a downright sobbing, that would have done credit to any whipped youngster of ten. I was utterly discouraged. In this condition my husband found me when he came down to dinner. There was no dinner cooked, and the breakfast table stood just where we had left it.

At first he looked much alarmed, but he soon comprehended the state of affairs. He came and sat down by me, and drew my head from the hard table upon which it had rested to his shoulder. How soothingly and encouragingly he talked to me! He seemed to have quite forgotten my provoking language to himself, and only to be anxious to comfort me.

After a time I told him the sad experience of the morning—the long, fatiguing walk, the attempt to obtain instructions, and the hopeless result. It was anything but a funny story, to me, but I felt him tremble as I proceeded, and when I concluded with the amiable wish that these ducks might be choaked to death if they ever brought that bread up to the light of day, he broke out into a fit of laughter such as I had never seen him indulge in. It was a long time before he was sober enough to talk.

"I think, Hattie," he said at last, "that you have at last taken one step in the right direction."

"How?"

"Why, after confiding in old Mrs. Lee, it will not now be difficult to tell her of your failure, and to ask for the privilege of mixing a few loaves under her direction. You will easily get the art in that way, and she is too kind to care for the trouble."

"To be sure, Frank, I wonder I did not think of that. I shall try very hard, and you will have a housekeeper yet."

"And you will not sigh for a convent Hattie?"

"Ah, Frank! it is fortunate that I have a considerate husband. Everybody would not forgive such a temper as I exhibited this morning."

We extemporized a lunch to serve dinner, and then I again set off to visit Mrs. Lee. At last I learned to make bread.

I could fill many pages with such doleful reminiscences, and should be willing to do so if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practicla houshold knowledge, or make her understand how much the comfort and grace of a home depend upon the domestic habits of its mistress.

But I will only indulge my vanity by stating what is true, that I can cook a dinner, clear-starch and iron, preserve and pickle, knit stockings and darn them, all in unexceptionable style. If any one doubts it, let him or her come and pass a week at the pretty parsonage in the rural village of Lanswood.

A Smooth Drink.

Dan says that a year or two ago he happend to have in his employ a couple of "broths of boys," who, like all the jolly, "old Ireland," like "a bit of a tast" of something consumedly well, and often indulged in it, to his grievous annoyance, for of course they usually chose the most inopportune moment to get "cordialed."

On one occasion, in her husband's absence, Mrs. Dan noticed that Pat and Mike had procured a supply of the "craither," and stored the jug that contained it upon a deserted shelf in the chimney corner."

Women, you know—God bless 'em, nevertheless!—hardly like us of the sterner sex to "liquidate," and with her sisters proverbial aversion to the "red eye," my friend's wife took advantage of the merry dogs' attendance to their chores, and abstracted the jug, substituted, in its stead, one exactly similar in appearance—outwardly but not in its innards.

At night the boys bunked in upon the kitchen floor, and Mr. D. and his lady retired to their own room, the door of which opened into the kitchen, where they could have a view from their bed of what might transpire between the bog trotters.

When Mike had given what he supposed was ample time for the "boss" to go to sleep, he "hunched" his neighbor saying:

"Arrah, Pat, let's have a drap."

"Begorry, so say I, Mike; it's as dry as a chip I am entirely, this blessed night."

Up both sprang, and Pat, reached the jug, took it down from its perch, and in full view of Mr. D. and his wife, who were watching the "motions," took a swig. But the expression of his face was anything but a favorable comment upon the contents. Mike noticed the contortion, and exclaimed:

"Pat, what the divil are you making such a bad look over the whiskey for?"

"Faith, Mike," replied his companion, recovering himself, "it was no bad look, at all, at all, I was after making. I was only thinking what a smooth drink it was, sure."

"Hand over here," cried Mik, impatiently, and applying it to his lips, took a generous draught.

"Blurenages!" he roared, rushing for the door, where Pat followed him, and the noise of their efforts at heaving Jonah made the night hideous.

My friend and his partner thought they would crack their sides in bed, laughing over the affair, and next morning he went to the jug and shook it, but it was badely depleted.

"Mike," he cried, addressing one of two sickly-looking Irishman as ever complained, "what on earth has become of the linseed oil?"

"Linseed ile, is it, sir?" exclaimed Pat, with an air as though something had cleared up a great mystery to him.

"Yes, I want some to oil the harness, and I see it's almost gone."

The poor fellow only muttered: "Linseed ile it was, sure, bad luck to it, then; it went down mighty smooth.

This was too much for my friend, as he had to give vent to pent-up laughter, at which Pat "vamoosed," but in such high dudgeon that the mention of a "smooth drink" wakes up the shillalah in him whenever one hazards to hint at it.

☞ At a recent meeting of a parish a solemn, straight bodied, and almost exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance in the parish.

"Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?"

He said he believed he had; but if any had been omitted, the omission could be easily corrected.

☞ Make home beautiful. Add to it some comfort, convenience and beauty each season. Make those who share it with you love it. Make your friends feel that your home is an attractive one. No other spot on earth is more worthy of improvement, and none other will so richly repay a display of good taste and liberality, as the spot we call home.