

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUNNIE.

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Poetry.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

BY SAMUEL F. JONES.

The Eastern star that o'er old Bethlehem hung
In blazing splendor, while the angelic tongue
Announced the coming of that holy child,
Whose face beam'd gladness, for the Saviour smil'd.
So did the Star of Freedom proudly stand,
To shed its radiance o'er Columbia's land;
And point the way where all the sons of Earth
Might view the infant Liberty's proud birth,
They would ring to its cradle gladly run,
And saw their saviour in George Washington.

The narrow'd muse thro' time's protracted scene,
On history's page shall keep his memory green;
Fathers shall teach their sons to reverence thee,
Thou friend of Virtue and Equality;
For, when oppress'd and struggling to be free,
Thy valiant arm struck firm for Liberty—
Pluck'd from a tyrant's brow the brightest gem
That ever glitter'd in his diadem—
Saw'd the foundation of our country's shame,
And gain'd Columbia's land a deathless name.

Venerable chief! a long, a last farewell!
In death's cold, narrow house, you silent dwell.
No poignant grief, or life-corroding care,
Can e'er disturb thy peaceful ashes there;
For playful cherubs round thy crumbling clay,
Have borne each atom to Eternal Day;
Fair as the Moon, brighter than the Sun,
In Heaven now dwells Immortal Washington!

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE

MARTYR FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Vertitia, left alone in the arbor, and with the shades of evening gathering fastly around her, had a multitude of conflicting thoughts. Her mind, however, was fully made up on one point—to renounce the world, and become a Christian. She had experienced, she thought, the necessary change; and nothing now remained for her, as she urgently felt, but the duty of speedily professing her faith before the world. As to the odium that everywhere attached to the name, or the fires of a speedy martyrdom that everywhere blazed around her,—these things had never once occurred to her mind, nor had they in any way influenced her in this all-important decision. Her experiences, and above all her hopes of another and better life,—a life, some scintillations of whose untold glories had played before her eyes, and awakened the slumbering energies of her soul,—had absorbed her thoughts and banished the fear of death.

And now as she sat, thoughtful—thinking of the glory to come,—of her dear sister in heaven, and joying inly over her own happy change, her eyes closed, she gradually sank into a dreamy unconsciousness, and her thoughts were all away from earth.

She seemed all at once to be in the very world of which she had just been thinking; and a "loved one" too, now much more in her thoughts than ever, passed in a living, graceful form before her.

As to the place itself, it seemed to be just like this earth, and yet very unlike it. Some things there were just as they are here, and yet there was a strangeness about even these, that, any attempt to depict in words, were utterly useless. There was the green sward,—the bubbling brook,—the scented flower,—the undulating slope,—the blue line of hill, and the tall spires of a city, glittering in the dim distance. But then about every thing there was an indescribable something,—an unutterable hue,—a sort of spiritual transparency that fascinated while it be-dimmed the eye.

The light of the land, however, seemed the strangest thing of all. There was no sun in the clear, still skies, and yet the light streamed all through the air, above that of the clearest and brightest days. No day on earth could be likened to it,—in its balmy freshness, or in its elastic effects upon the spirits.

And now as Vertitia seemed to herself to stand on the margin of a gently-flowing rivulet, its green-swarded banks strewn with flowers of nameless varieties, and gazed off in the direction of the city, the gentle breezes bore to her ear the soft, sweet sounds of distant music. Then, presently, a long train of white forms appeared moving down a gentle slope, but were soon lost again behind an intervening copse of mingling trees and flowers.

At sight of these, she felt a strange timidity steal over her, and she quickly concealed herself behind a flowery knoll.

More and more audible grew the music, and more varied and enchanting its strains, till, at length, peeping through the flowers, she observed the train issuing from the copse, into the clear, open lawn, at a short distance from her. Her fears increased, but her curiosity, in spite of herself, kept her blue eyes peering through the flowers.

The forms were light and airy,—their step elastic and bounding,—their dress a shining white, long and flowing,—their eyes bright and lustrous, and their long hair hung in glossy folds over their shoulders. On their heads

were bright, dazzling crowns, and in their hands small harps of the finest gold, and from from which, at the touch of their white, delicate fingers, proceeded the enchanting music.

As the train moved along opposite the place of her concealment, and just as they swept away off again in the direction of the city, one of the forms quickly separated from the rest, and, with a smile, approached the flowery knoll.

"Sister," said the form, in a sly, calling voice; and wheeling, sped away again after her companions, her long ringlets of black, glossy hair flowing in the breeze.

Vertitia looked—sprang to her feet—tried to speak,—tried to fly after her, but not a word could she articulate—not a limb could she move; and with these efforts—awoke.

"Och! it's all a dream," said Vertitia, as she sat thinking of the strange sight;—but then it was Fiducia; it certainly was,—and didn't she call me Sister, too! But how did she know I was there?—How queer!" and she sprang to her feet, to carry the glad news to her father.

Just as she rose, and looked up, she saw a hideous monster standing only a few paces from her side.

"Poor Vertitia! she screamed, and threw up her hands, and would have fled, affrighted, into the house, but the monster stood directly in the narrow walk,—the only egress from the arbor. And she sank back again in her seat, trembling with horror.

"Timid as a fawn, eh!—foolish girl!" said the monster, in a voice that greatly be-lie'd its looks.

Vertitia, after a moment, ventured to raise her eyes, with a view to making her escape, when, lo!—before her stood one of the most beautiful, smiling creatures she had ever beheld. Still would she have fled, but now, alas! she felt spell-bound to the spot, nor was she able, with all her efforts, to take her eyes from off it.

"It's all a cheat,—a lie,—a delusion," said the now beautiful creature, in the most mild, winning voice.

Again did poor Vertitia make an effort to rise, and flee—but in vain.

"They would cheat you out of all your pleasures, and make life a misery to you," continued the creature, in the same sweet, mild voice.

"What!—what!" exclaimed Vertitia wildly.

"This new faith,—this life to come. It's all a moonshine—nonsense!" said the creature.

"O! didn't I see her—see her just a little ago!—and doesn't my dear sister live!—live, too, in that strange, happy place?" said Vertitia, in a quick earnest voice, as if the veracity of her sensitive nature had been insultingly questioned.

"Ha! ha!—lies!—yes, may be,—to be sure; but then not a whit better off than if she had served the idols of Rome, and sip'd the pleasures of the world. Foolish girl! It's all happiness—all heaven hereafter;—and why not live, every one, as they list? That is to say, if folks—"

Here the smooth speech of the speaker was cut short, by a rustling noise in the dusky air above the arbor; and at the sound of which the beautiful creature was instantly re-transformed into the hideous monster, and with a horrid grin and a quick, loud gush of the teeth, sunk straightway into the earth, and disappeared.

Vertitia, like a bird, released from the fowler's snare, or the serpent's charm, sped along the narrow walk, and, in a moment, was in the house.

"O, father! he told me it was all a cheat—a lie—a delusion!—that I was fooling away my pleasures," exclaimed Vertitia, as she rushed wildly into the hall, and stood before her father—trembling, and deadly pale.

"Who?—what told you?" said Valens, in astonishment.

"Something—somebody,—I do not know who or what it was. It stood in the walk right before me;—at first, frightful-looking;—then, all at once, it became so bright and beautiful, and had such a kind, sweet voice. O! I wonder if it was't an angel!" said Vertitia quickly, her eyes still staring with fright.

"Yes!—a fallen angel!—himself the very father of lies. Beware, my daughter! It was your adversary, the Devil. He would cheat you out of the life to come,—ruin you in soul and body forever;—that's his business, depend upon it, and a busy Devil he is," said Valens in a voice that showed no very good-will towards the person spoken of.

"But he seemed so beautiful, father; and had such a smooth, nice way of saying things,—it's queer he doesn't appear himself on such business," said Vertitia, thoughtfully.

"If he did not want to deceive, so he possibly would; but he transforms himself into an angel of light, and then lures us by his honeyed words and flattering assurances. Thus he beguiled the common mother of us all, and brought all our sin and misery upon us," said Valens, looking up earnestly at his daughter.

"Now I see, father; he was trying to deceive me! 'O! I'm so glad you told me,—I'll know how to treat him now, should he ever show himself again.'"

"You may oft' encounter his assaults, my daughter; but resist him, and he will flee from thee."

"How strange!" said Vertitia, after a mo-

ments silence, in a serious, thoughtful voice.

"Yes; strange enough," said Valens; "but true, my daughter—all true. Every inch of our path-way to the life to come is fiercely contested. Let thy soul be ever on its guard. Watch and pray, my daughter.

"I will, father,—I'll try."

"The Lord bless thee, my daughter. The lot has been cast to us in troublous times, and many and sore are the trials of our faith and patience. But then it's all right—all for the best: an exceeding and eternal weight of glory will be ours. The more severe the trials of the present life, the more sweet the joys of the life to come;—heaven will be all the happier to us when we get there." Let thy faith, therefore, be strong, and thy courage cheerful, my daughter; and, yet a little while, thou shalt walk in white and join in the songs of another world."

Vertitia looked seriously at her father a few minutes, when, her features relaxing, and her large blue eyes sparkling with a strange glow of animation, she exclaimed:

"O! father,—didn't I see Fiducia—see my dear sister there,—in that very world?"

Valens said nothing,—only, that he looked at his daughter, while his eyes quickly filled with tears.

"I did see her," continued Vertitia; "it was't a dream—I think it wasn't, father. I was there myself—so, at least, it seemed—hid behind a knoll of flowers. I saw them coming—a long train of white forms—and, afraid, concealed myself;—how foolish that was in me, father, wasn't it? But as the train passed where I was,—I was peeping through the flowers at them,—one came running nimbly towards me, and smiling, and looking right at the bunch of flowers, called out, 'Sister,' and then sped away again. Oh! it was Fiducia,—it was, father! I tried to speak—tried to fly after her, but couldn't. It wasn't a dream—was it? But how did she know I was there, father?"

"They shall go from strength to strength, my daughter, and things that impossible here, may be very possible there. Now we see and know in part only, but there we shall see and know as we are known," said Valens, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"O! how I do wish these things weren't dreams," said Vertitia, with a sigh.

"It matters not, my daughter, whether they are seen in the body or out of it,—they are glorious realities, and we have these glimpses of the coming life, in this world, for our comfort and encouragement.

"O! I wish I were there there now, father,—it's such a bright, beautiful world. It has such sweet flowers—such sweet music, and the people look so happy there. O! how I would like to be one of that train, and walk in white at the side of my dear sister—it would be so delightful, and I should be so happy then," said Vertitia, sorrowful.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not, my daughter. For the present, we must endure as good soldiers of the cross. By and by, the life to come, with its robes, and crowns, and harps, and songs will be ours—ours forever!"

"But it's time we were on our way to the Cathedral; it's late—quite. Be ready as soon as possible, my daughter," said Valens, rising from his seat, and leaving the hall.

"Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven."
To be continued.

STEEL PEN MAKING.

The process is a very interesting one, and the work is done by machinery. The steel is rolled and otherwise prepared to be cut into pens by means of a press, in which the proper tools are fitted for cutting out the 'blank.'

Women work these presses, and one hand will cut 28,000 to 30,000 per day. When the blanks are cut, they are pierced—that is, the central hole and side slits are made—at another press; after which they are sorted by the application of heat, being placed in a heating oven for that purpose. They are then marked by the aid of a die, worked by the foot, which stamps the name of the maker on the back. The pens have next to be placed in a groove and converted from a flat surface into a cylindrical form. The next operation is to place them in small iron boxes and piled in a furnace or hot oven, where the pens are heated with a white heat.

On being withdrawn, they are plunged into oil, which renders them so brittle, that they might be crumbled to pieces with the fingers. They are placed in a cylinder, not unlike a coffee roaster, and revolved over a fire, which process frees them in a great measure from the oil. The heat changes their color from grey to straw color, next brown or bronze, and then to a blue, and renders them thoroughly elastic. As they emerge from the process with a considerable degree of roughness, they are put into tin cans, with a quantity of sawdust; and being made to revolve by means of steam, they come out clean and smooth, ready to be ground—an operation performed by young girls, holding them by the aid of a pair of nippers, for a moment over a grinding wheel.

They are then slit, an operation performed so quickly by means of a press, that one hand will slit one hundred gross a day. After this they are sorted, varnished and ready for sale.

Miscellaneous.

THE WITCH WIFE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When a boy, I occasionally met at the house of a relative in the adjoining town, a stout, red-nosed old farmer of the neighborhood. A fine table he made of a winter's evening, in the red light of a birch log fire, as he sat for hours watching its progress, with half shut eyes, changing his position only to reach the cider mug on the shelf near him. Although he seldom opened his lips save to assent to some remark of his host, or to answer a direct question, yet at times, when the cider mug got the better of his taciturnity, he would amuse us with interesting details of his early experiences in the "Ohio Country."

There was, however, one chapter in these experiences which he usually held in reserve, and with which "the stranger intermeddled not." He was not willing to run the risk of having what was a bright reality turned into ridicule by scoffers and unbelievers. The substance of it as I received it from one of his neighbors, forms as clever a tale of witchcraft as modern times have produced.

It seems that when quite a young man he left the homestead, and strolling westward, worked his way from place to place until he found himself in one of the French settlements on the Ohio river. Here he procured employment on the farm of a widow, and being smart, active fellow, and proving highly serviceable in his department, he rapidly gained favor in the eyes of his employer. Ere long, contrary to the advice of the neighbors, and in spite of somewhat discouraging hints touching certain matrimonial infelicities experienced by the late husband, he resolutely stepped into the dead man's shoes, the mistress became the wife, and the servant was legally promoted to the head of the household.

For a time matters went on easily and comfortably enough. He was now lord of the soil, and he had laid in his crops of corn and potatoes, salted down his pork, and piled up his wood for winter's use, he naturally enough congratulated himself upon his good fortune, and laughed at the sinister forebodings of his neighbors. But with the long winter months came a change over his "love's young dream." An evil and mysterious influence seemed to be at work in his affairs. Whatever he did after consulting his wife, or at her suggestions, resulted favorably enough; but all his schemes and projects were unaccountably marred and defeated. If he bought a horse, it was sure to prove spavined and wind broken. His cows either refused to give down their milk, or giving it perversely kicked it over. A fine sow which he had bargained for, repaid his partiality by devouring, like Saturn, her own children. By degrees, a dark thought forced its way into his mind.

Comparing his repeated mischances with the ante-nuptial warnings of his neighbors, he at last came to the melancholy conclusion that his wife was a witch. The victim in Moor-erwell's ballad of the Demon Lady, or the poor fellow in the Arabian tale who discovered that he had married a goul in the guise of a young and blooming princess, was scarcely in a more sorrowful predicament. He grew nervous and fretful. Old dismal nursery stories and all the witch lore of boyhood came back to his memory; and he crept to his bed like a criminal to the gallows, half afraid to fall asleep lest his mysterious companion should take a fancy to transform him into a horse, get him shot at the smithy and ride him to a witch meeting.

And, as if to make the matter worse, his wife's affection seemed to increase just in proportion as his troubles thickened upon him. She aggravated him with all manner of caresses and endearments. This was the drop too much.—The poor husband recoiled from her as from a waking nightmare. His thoughts turned to New England; he longed to see once more the old homestead, with its tall well-sweep and buttered trees by the roadside; and he sighed amidst the rich bottom lands of his new home for his father's rocky pasture, with its crop of stunted mulleins. So one cold November day, finding himself out of sight and hearing of his wife, he summoned courage to attempt an escape, and resolutely turning his back on the west, plunged into the wilderness towards the sunrise. After a hard and long journey he reached his birthplace, and was kindly welcomed by his old friends. Keeping a close mouth with respect to his unlucky adventure in Ohio, he soon after married one of his school-mates, and by dint of persevering industry and economy, in a few years, found himself in possession of a comfortable home.

But his evil star lingered above the horizon. One summer evening on returning from the hay-field, who should meet him but his witch wife from Ohio! She came riding up the road on her old white horse, with a pillion behind the saddle. Accosting him in a kindly tone, yet not without something of gentle reproach for his unhandsome desertion of her, she informed him that she had come all the way from Ohio to take him back again.

It was in vain that he pleaded his latter engagements; it was in vain that his new wife raised her shrillest remonstrances, not unmingled with expressions of vehement indignation at the revelation of her husband's real

position the witch wife was inexorable, go he must, and that speedily. Fully impressed with a belief in her supernatural power of compelling obedience, and perhaps dreading more than witchcraft itself the effects of the unlucky disclosure on the temper of his New England helpmate, he made a virtue of the necessity of the case, bade farewell to the latter amidst a perfect hurricane of reproaches, and mounted the white horse, with his old wife on the pillion behind him. Of that ride Burger might have written a counterpart to his ballad:

"Tramp, tramp, along the shore they ride,
Splash, splash, along the sea."
Two or three years had passed away, bringing no tidings of the unfortunate husband, when he once more made his appearance in his native village. He was not disposed to be very communicative; but for one thing, at least, he seemed willing to express his gratitude. His Ohio wife having no spell against intermittent fever, had paid the debt of nature and left him free, in view of which, his surviving wife, after manifesting a due degree of resentment, consented to take him back to her bed and board; and I could never learn that she had cause to regret her clemency.

ONE OF KENDALL'S STORIES.

Kendall, of the Peayune, who has recently joined the Texas Rangers, writes the following "good one" from Matamoros:

Rare nags may be found among the Texas Volunteers, yet the funniest fellow of all is a happy-go-lucky chap, named Bill Dean, one of the Chevalier's spy company, and said to be one of the best "seven up" players in Texas.

While at Corpus Christi, a lot of us were sitting out in the stoop of the Kinney House, early one morning, when along came Bill Dean. He did not know a single soul in the crowd, although he knew we were all bound for the Rio Grande; yet the fact that the regular formalities of an introduction had not been gone through with, did not prevent him from stopping short in his walk and accosting us.

His speech, or rather harrangee, or whatever it may be termed, will lose much in the telling, yet I will endeavor to put it upon paper in as good shape as possible.

"O, yes," said he, with a knowing leer of the eye; "O, yes; all goin' down among the robbers on the Rio Grande, are you? Fine times you'll have, over the left. I've been there myself, and done what a good many of you won't do—I come back; but if I didn't see nateral h—l in August at that—I am a teatop. Lived eight days on one poor hawk and three blackberries—couldn't kill a prairie rat on the whole route to save us from starvation. The ninth day came, and we struck a small streak of good luck—a horse give out, and broke down, plump out in to the centre of an open prairie—not a stick in sight big enough to tickle a rattlesnake with, let alone killing him. Just had time to save the critter by shooting him, and that was all, for in three minutes longer he'd have died a nateral death. It didn't take us long to butcher him, nor long to cut off some chunks of meat and stick 'em on our ramrods; but the cookin' was another matter. I piled up a heap of prairie grass, for it was high and dry, and set it on fire, but it flashed up like powder and as quick. But—"

"But," put in one of his hearers, "but how did you cook your horse meat after this?"

"How?—Yes, how?"

"Why, the fire caught the high grass close by, and the wind carried the flames streakin' across the prairie. I followed up the fire holding my chunk of meat directly over the hottest blaze, and the way we went it was a caution to anything short of a locomotive's doings. Once in a while a little flurry of wind would come along, and the fire would get a few yards the start; but I'd brush upon her with my chunk and then we'd wait again, nip and tuck. You never seed such a tight race—it was beautiful."

"Very, we've no doubt," ejaculated one of the listeners, interrupting the mad wag just in season to give him a little breath; "but did you cook your meat in the end?"

"Not bad I didn't. I chased the d—d fire a mile and a half, the almightyest hardest race you ever heard tell on, and never gave it up until I run her right plump into a wet marsh; there the fire and chunk of horse meat came out even—a dead beat, especially the meat?"

"But wasn't it cooked?" put in another of the listeners.

"Cooked? No!—crusted just over a little. You don't cook broken down horse flesh very easily, no how; but when it comes to chasin' up a prairie fire with a chunk of it, I don't know which is the toughest, the meat or the job. You'd have laughed to split yourself to have seen me in the race—to see the fire leave me at times, and then to see me a brushin' upon her again, humpin' and movin' myself as though I was runnin' agin some of these big ten mile an hour Gildersleeves in the old States. But I'm a goin over to Jack Haynes's to get a cocktail and a breakfast. I'll see you all down among the robbers on the Rio Grande."

And so saying, Bill Dean stalked off. I saw the chap this morning in front of a Mexican fondou, trying to talk Spanish with a "Greaser," and endeavoring to convince him that he was a "d—d robber."

Such is one of Bill Dean's stories; if I could only make it as effective on paper as he did in the telling, it would draw a laugh from those fond of the ludicrous.

WHAT IS A MINIE RIFLE?

Every account received from the war in the Crimea is loud in praise of the "Minie Rifle." These fire arms in the hands of good marksmen, deal certain destruction at an immense distance, and the wholesale slaughter of the Russian gunners at the battles of Sevastopol, has won for this weapon of death, the sobriquet of "King of Fire Arms." So dreaded is this fatal ball that a Russian gunner goes to his station at an embrasure as to certain death.

The barrel of a rifle has, running the length of its inner surface, spiral grooves or channels—hence the name of rifle, which means a rifled or a grooved gun. The object of a rifled barrel is to give greater precision to the ball, by communicating to it a rotary motion. This motion it receives on its passage out of the gun, provided the ball is so crowded into the barrel as to fill up partially or entirely the grooves; and the more perfectly the ball fits into the barrel, the truer its course, and the less windage there is: that is, the less space there is between the ball and barrel for the strength of the powder to escape. It is estimated that when the windage is only 1-20th of the calibre of the gun, one-third of the powder escapes, and of course the strength is lost.

The great object therefore to be obtained, is a perfect fit to the barrel by the ball, thus to give the rotary motion, and to save the powder.

A French gunsmith invented a rifle which had its breech pin project wedge shaped, about two inches into the barrel. The ball, a conical shaped one, was then dropped into the barrel, and a few heavy blows by the rammer, drove the wedge or pin into the ball so as to fill the grooves in the barrel.

The minie ball, now so famous, is an improvement upon all balls, inasmuch as it makes the powder slug or spread the ball, instead of the rammer doing that work.

The ball is oblong with a conical point. In its base it has a conical hollow running half or two-thirds the length of the ball. A cup made of sheet iron is placed in the orifice of this hollow, which at the instant of firing is driven by the powder with great force into the ball, thus spreading it open, so as in its course out, to perfectly slug or fill the grooved barrel. This accomplishes the whole object; it saves time in ramming, it destroys windage, thus economizing in powder, and makes the ball perfectly fit the barrel so as to give the ball a complete rotary motion, and certainty of direction. Thus the Minie improvement—taking its name from a French officer named Minie—is a minie ball, not a minie rifle. The conical shape of the bullet gives it greater weight of metal than a round one, affords less resistance to the air, and greatly increases the distance it can be thrown. This shaped ball, however, has been used for a long time by sportsmen.

A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune some months since, was witness to experiments made by Major Minie himself with his ball, and saw that officer plant three balls in succession in a target the size of a man's hat at a distance of three-fourths of a mile. And this officer said he could do it all day long and teach any other man to do so. It is not to be wondered at that the Russians have a horror of the French chasseurs and their minie ball.

The present popularity of the rifle owes its origin to the skill of American sharpshooters, bred and trained in our new settlements, and who in our Indian and other wars have shown the efficiency of the rifle ball in picking off officers, gunners and prominent objects; but its perfection, we imagine, has been accomplished in the hands of the French.

MAKING BRIDES.

A traveller in Germany says:—"The Germans, by the way, have a queer way of making 'brides,' and of doing some other things in the courting and marrying way which may interest you perhaps. When a maiden is betrothed, she is called 'bride,' and so continues till she becomes 'wife.' All the while she is engaged she is a 'bride.' The lovers, immediately upon the betrothal, exchange plain gold rings, which are ever worn afterwards till death parts them. The woman wears hers on the third finger of her left hand, and when she becomes 'wife,' her ring is transferred to the third finger of the right hand, and there it remains. The husband always wears his ring just as the wife wears hers, so that if you look upon a man's hand you can tell whether he is mortgaged or not. There is no cheating for him ever after—no coquetting with the girls, as if he were an unmarried man; for lo! the whole story is told by his finger ring. A married Viennese lady was much amused when I told her that in our country we only 'ring' the women, but let the husband run at large unmarked! 'Oh, that is dreadful!' said she, more than half shocked. 'Think, there is Frederick, my husband—only twenty-four—so young, so handsome—and all the girls would be taking him for an unmarried man, and be making love to him! Oh, it is dreadful, is it not? They would never know he was married. I would not live there with Frederick for the world.'

The best thing to give your enemy, is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of her son; to yourself, respect; to God, obedience.