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Mrs. Stirling's Reception.

"When thou makest a dinner, or supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors."

"And so we are really settled in our own house. It seems too good to be true, don't it"

As John Stirling's pretty wife was speaking, she let down the soft, heavy-falling, brocatelle curtains of the handsome room, half parlor, half library, where she sat with her husband; turned on a little more gas, so that the Italian peasant girl, and the dark, Spanish woman, on the alabaster shade of the drop-light, might display their beauties yet more glowingly; and then seated herself in a little easy-chair, beside the lounge where her husband lay stretched out in the enjoyment of the masculine comforts—evening ease and household sovereignty. Taking up a dainty bit of bright-colored knitting, she went on:

"It was very nice, to be sure, boarding at mother's, but it was a sort of vacant life, after all. This is so much better. I have something to do now."

John Stirling smiled.

"And something to govern. After all, I believe it is the love of power that makes you women so delight in homes of your own. I don't doubt, gentle as you women seem, that your servants find you as austere as the Great Mogul.'

"I declare, John, you are too bad; I never scold and I'm sure everything has gone on so nicely since we have been here—'

"A whole week and all the brooms new. But don't look sober. I have every confidence in your ability to keep the wheel moving."

She sat silent awhile, until her husband began to want to hear her voice again, and rallied her from her abstraction.

"What is it, little one? You seem in a brown study about something.—Remember I'm your prime minister, and must know all the state secrets and cares of government."

"I was only wondering, John, whether you would see a certain matter as I do. Do you realize how many parties we went to while we were at mother's? There were the Hurlbuts asked us three times, and the Graysons twice, and you know we went everywhere."

John Stirling knew that very well. Somewhat reserved of nature save to those of his own household, and not fond of general society, going to a continual round of parties had been one of the sacrifices he had made during the first winter of his marriage, to please his gay little wife. The idea crossed his mind, as she spoke, that she, too, had wearied of so much excitement, and was going to propose, for the future, a quieter life.

"Yes, I like it," she said, with a little embarrassment, for her woman's intuition divined the course his thoughts had taken. "I was only thinking, John, that, having accepted so many invitations, every one would say we were mean if we did not give at least one large party in return. It would be just the best time now, don't you see? Everything we have is so fresh and new—our drawing-rooms are really elegant! I should so like to gather our friends round us, and give a sort of house-warming!"

"That's a primitive, comfortable-sounding term, Nellie. How much would this friendly little affair cost us?'

"Oh! I've thought that all over.—We should have to ask every one we know. It wouldn't do to slight any. Besides, the more the merrier, you know. We could have Smith get up the supper and furnish the decorations. His bill would be about three hundred and fifty—say fifty more for music; and a new dress for me."

"Five hundred dollars, eh, Nellie?"

"Yes, I'm sure I could make five hundred dollars do it handsomely. I could send out the invitations for week after next."

"Well, dear, you must let me dream over it I really didn't know receptions were such expensive affairs.—Five hundred dollars for an evening's entertainment; and the prospect of a hard winter, and much suffering among the poor! Well, I'll tell you in the morning. If I can make up my mind that it is right, you shall have the party.'

The rest of the evening was a little constrained. The young wife, seeing that her husband did not care to talk about the reception any more just then, struggled bravely to avoid the subject, and, inasmuch as it held possession of all her thoughts, was rather an absent-minded companion.

That night, after his wife was quietly asleep beside him, John Stirling spent an hour of not untroubled thought. Unlike Nellie, he had been brought up in a quiet country home, where five hundred dollars would have been thought by no means inadequate provision for the support of the whole family during the entire year. Was it right, could it be right, to spend it upon one evening's entertainment, for the sake, too, of people who would be in no wise benefitted thereby—whose choicest pleasures were so common that they had already palled upon their senses? But then, as his wife had suggested, they had been out so much—would not this drawing back from a return of civilities look very mean? And John Stirling shrank, with all the pride of a sensitive man, from the least imputation of meanness. They were not rich. True, his capital was his own, and his business was good; but he had not felt that he could spend more than three thousand a year on home expenses, and here was five hundred extra, upon which he had not counted, coming at once. Surely he could not dare, for such a cause, to stint his contributions for the relief of the suffering? Could he afford it without? Nellie, the indulged child of wealthy parents, knew nothing of such anxious thoughts; she only heard the result in the morning. Before he gave her his good-bye kiss, he said, in a tone a little more sober than he meant it should be,

"Well, dear, you shall have your party. You can begin making your arrangements at once. Here is a hundred dollars for the feminine adornments; I will pay Smith and the music afterward."

That was all. John Stirling had a sunny, unselfish temper, and when he had made up his mind to grant his wife the indulgence she craved, it would not have been like him to spoil her pleasure by any indication of dissatisfaction.

Still, as I have hinted, her intuitions were strong, and her nature sensitive and impressible, and she had a certain sense of having persuaded her husband somewhat against his own wishes, that rather disinclined her to commence her preparations. It was nearly eleven o'clock before she dressed herself for the shopping expedition. She was just tying the strings to her elegant fall hat when she heard a ring at the door, and presently a servant came in with the information that a little child, who had brought home sewing, waited to see her.

Mrs. Stirling was motherly by instinct, and her heart warmed at once to the shy little creature who came timidly in. It was a girl not more than seven years old—quite too young, Mrs. Stirling thought, to be trusted alone in the streets; but then she herself had been brought up under the successive rule of nursery-maid and governess.

She took the bundle from the child's hand, and said, with the same bright, kind smile which had wiled John Stirling's bachelor heart away:

"Where did you come from, and how did you find your way here alone, you poor little thing?'

"Sister Annie sent me, ma'am.—She had done your embroidery, and she thought, if she could get the money for it to pay Mr. Jenkins, may be he would let us stay in the room till she got a little better."

"She is sick, then?'

"Yes'm. She didn't feel well enough to come. It has been hard getting along all summer, 'cause the ladies she works for were almost all out of town, and some of them owing her; and I s'pose the worry and not not having much to eat did it, ma'am."

Mrs. Sterling leaned toward the little creature, and looked at her more closely. Could it be hunger, she thought, that made those blue eyes look so large, and the skin so transparent? Was this little thing actually suffering for bread, and she going to spend five hundred dollars in one evening, feasting those who never felt a want even of dainties?—She knew not what thoughts had been in her husband's mind when he spoke of suffering among the poor. She said pleasantly:

"Well child, you must have some luncheon, and then I will go with you to see your sister. I had better speak to her about the work."

"Isn't it right? Can't you pay her?" The child gave a start of alarm and spoke with premature womanliness and natural apprehensions of misfortune which are among the saddest fruits of poverty.

Mrs. Stirling relieved her with ready sympathy.

"Yes, indeed, the work is all right. It's done beautifully; but I want to see your sister about some more, and perhaps I can do her some good."

It would have made the kind lady's heart ache could she have seen the eagerness with which the half famished child devoured the lunch which was set before her in the kitchen.

In a few moments they were ready to start. Mrs. Stirling had replaced her velvet mantle by a Scotch shawl, her French hat by a simple straw; and with a basket in her hand containing a few dainties with which she hoped to tempt the sick girl's palate, she followed the child across the city toward C——street—a locality hitherto *terra incognita* to her.

In a half-dilapidated wooden house, in a narrow court, she found the object of her search. She went up two flights of stairs and entered a back room lighted by one window. The atmosphere struck her, in spite of her warm attire, with a sudden chill.

Evidently the sun never came there. The dampness on the wall, the general aspect of gloom and cheerlessness, was only relieved by an air of scrupulous neatness which prevaded everything. Mrs. Stirling had already noticed this quality in the attire of the child, which, though cheap and poor and patched, was as immaculate in its cleanness as her own.

At the window, attempting to sew, the older sister sat, but she was evidently very ill. Every now and then a spasm of coughing seized her, which compelled her to lay down her work and clasp both hands to her side, while the paleness of her thin cheek flushed into hectic. Mrs. Stirling had not seen her before since spring, the work returned that morning having been sent to her by a servant. She went to her and sat down in a chair which stood near.

"Your sister said you were sick, and so I came to see if I could be of any use to you," she said, in gentle tones, which, of themselves, carried a certain comfort with them. "You have changed terribly since spring. I must hear all about it; but I want you should eat what I have brought you; here is some jelly, and a bit of cold chicken—they will do you good."

The poor girl looked at the viands with the involuntary greediness of hunger. Then she blushed deeply, and said in a low voice:

"I am very grateful, madam; but if you please, I will wait until you leave me. Allow me at present to attend to you."

"No, indeed!" Mrs. Stirling spoke in her pretty, absolute fashion. I am not going yet. I want to talk with you awhile, and I shall not do so until you have take something to strengthen you. Little Jane has lunched already."

So the the gay, bright lady sat, and waited, feeling, in the new prospect of being actively useful, a genuine glow of delight. When the girl had finished her generous meal and taken up her work again, Mrs. Stirling began to talk to her.

"Is this consumption, Annie?" she asked, gently, "your cough alarms me."

"No, ma'am, I am sure it is nothing of the kind yet. There is no consumption in our family. My father was a country minister, and had a strong and healthy constitution. He died young, but it was from a violent fever, caught in attendance on a sick stranger. I think it was grief which made my mother follow him in three months. She had always been delicate, though not sickly, and she lacked the strength it required to live and suffer. It is seven years since she died, on the very day little Jane was born."

"How old were you then?"

"Fifteen, and there was no living children between us two."

"And you have supported yourself and her ever since?'

"Oh! no. My father's books and furniture sold for enough to keep us some time, and my aunt, who lived here brought us to Boston. We both lived with her. She took care of Jane, and I worked in a shop, and earned enough to buy our clothes and help aunt Martha with the living. It is only since she died, three years ago, that I have been all alone with Jenny."

"You came out of the shop then?"

"Yes, because I could not have Jenny there with me, and she had no one else to see to her, and indeed I have made more money since, I have embroidered so much.

"But surely you have suffered more than usual this summer?'

"Oh! yes, ma'am. The ladies that I work for are mostly out of town in the summer always, and so winters I try to save something to help us through. But last winter was so hard that I had not as much work as usual, and this summer we have not been very well off. I had to give up the comfortable room I used to have, because I could not earn enough to pay for it, and I suppose the dampness here has not just agreed with me."

She tried to smile, but the tears came instead. Mrs. Stirling took her hand with a comforting pressure.

"Don't cry. Better times are coming to you now. I am sure I can influence you a great deal more work. You shall have enough to do, and we must see that you move out of this damp, unhealthy place."

Sister Annie smiled sadly.

"The landlord has seen to that, madam. I can only stay here three days longer. He wants to let the room to a tenant who will pay more, and I have been troubled for fear I should not be able to go out and find another place."

"Well, you must not feel anxious. Just leave that till to morrow. Then if you are not able to go, I will find a place for you. It can not be a difficult matter to find one as good as this. At any rate, to morrow you shall see me again; and, in the mean time, the pay for the work little Jane brought home will make you comfortable."

So saying, she put into the girl's hand twice the customary price for the embroidery she had done, and without waiting for the thanks which trembled on Annie Hadley's pale lips, she went out of the room, down the stairs, and returned home after this, her first charity visit.

On the way she stopped but once, and that was not to look into any of the windows gay with autumn goods, or to exchange her hundred dollar note on the Suffolk Bank for silks and satins. She only went for a moment to a neat, respectable looking house on Myrtle street, and then hurried home.

She met her husband, when he came to his five-o'clock dinner, with a beaming smile. The meal was well cooked and neatly served; the wife opposite him was young and fair; and when John Stirling rose from the table and went with her into her evening room, it is no wonder he said to himself, that this being in one's own home wasn't so bad a thing, after all.

"What is it, Nellie?' he asked, after a while, in answer to a questioning look in his wife's eyes. She drew near him.

"You are sure, John, you can spare me that five hundred dollars without putting aside any rightful claim?"

"I hope so Nellie; if I had not thought so, I should not have given it to you, much as I love to please you."

"Then what," she spoke hesitatingly, "what if I wanted very much indeed to use it for something else?"

"I do not understand what you can possibly mean."

For answer she detailed to him the different events of the day. When she was through, she said:

"It seems so hard, John, for that poor girl, a minister's daughter, too, to be suffering for want of food; and living, or rather dying, by inches, in that miserable, damp, unhealthy place. I can see how, with five hundred dollars, I could make her so comfortable. I stopped in at Nurse Smead's on my way home to-day, and I found that she had a nice, bright, good-sized room, where the sun shines half the day, which she will let for seventy dollars a year. There is a stove in it already, and a carpet on the floor, and thirty dollars more will supply it with everything needed for comfort. Now, if I could pay the rent of the room a year in advance for Annie Hadley, and fit it up neatly, what a fine start it would be for her! It would give her such rest—such freedom from care. She would have time to get well. She's very skillful with the needle, and, with the work she could easily do, she could live so nicely, and Jenny could go to school. I have it all planned, and there, with your permission, goes the hundred dollars in my pocket."

John Stirling looked at his wife, and it seemed to him, with the generous, unselfish light illuminating it, her face was the face of an angel.—But he did not say so then.

He answered her, in the tone of one raising an objection, "But what would you wear to the party, Nellie? I should not like you to look shabby."

"Trust me for that. I can wear my wedding dress. It is such a rich heavy white silk, and it is not soiled at all. With a little different arrangement of the trimmings, it will be as handsome as anything I could get. But are you quite set upon giving the party, John?'

"Are not you, dear?"

"I was."

There was a pause for a few moments, in which Nellie tied and untied the tassels of her little silk apron several times. When she looked up, an eager light shone through the mist which had somehow gathered before her eyes.

"I suppose there are many people in the city, John, just as worthy as Annie Hadley, and needing help just as much?"

"Without doubt, Nellie; plenty of worse cases, especially now as winter is coming on."

"Could you help me to find them?"

"I think I could. Some of the cases of destitution, which he can not not afford to relieve, make a business man's heart ache almost every day."

"Then four hundred dollars extra, which you would not have given otherwise, will do a great deal, won't it?'

"Yes, a great deal. It is a large sum."

"Yes, it is a large sum, as you said last night, John, to be spent on a single evening's entertainment for those who do not need it, but not large when we compare it with the wants of those who suffer. John, I have no wish to give that party.—Will you take the money for doing good?"

"But those who have invited us, Nellie? The Hurlbuts, the Graysons; all your many friends? One wouldn't like to be thought mean."

"We can ask them all, a few at a time—all those we care for. Your ordinary housekeeping allowance is liberal enough for that. If that does not please them, after all, John"—and the little woman hid her face on her husband's shoulder, for she was one who seldom uttered her deepest thoughts, or mentioned, even to him, the emotions which she held most sacred—"if they should not approve it, it matters so much more what He thinks who told us to invite to our feasts the poor, the maimed, the blind. I have been blind till to day, John. I don't care for large parties any more."

"You shall do as your heart has counseled you, Nellie. The money shall be at your disposal to morrow. We will give our reception to the guests whom God himself graciously chose for us."

He said no more just then, but Nellie Stirling had unconsciously gained in that hour a new and holier hold on the heart of her husband.—He had loved the gay, half-spoiled girl; what word expresses what he felt for the noble, self-sacrificing woman whom that day had revealed to him?

Annie Hadley's heart was lightened next day of a weary burden, and she was as grateful for Mrs. Stirling's delicacy as for her aid.

A Difficult Language.

A Frenchman relates the following anecdote of himself with great good humor: Shortly after arriving in this country, and while he could speak the language very imperfectly, he was engaged as teacher of French in a young ladies' boarding school. He kept his ears wide open to learn every new phrase, and progressed rapidly. One expression at the meals puzzled him for some time. He noticed that the young ladies often replied "Yes'm,' when asked if they would be helped to some of the dishes. He carefully consulted his lexicon, to find the meaning of "Yes'm,' but the word was not there. So he asked the principal, who informed him that it was the same as "*Oui Madame* in French. He then was able to use the phrase correctly himself. But one day when asked to partake of something he chose to decline, he answered "No'sm," greatly to the amusement of the whole family.—"They all laugh so happy," said he, in relating it, "I laugh too, very much."

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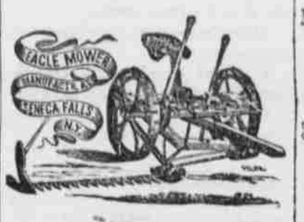
And all kinds of
COUNTRY PRODUCE!
Call on me at my room on Market street nearly opposite the Davis House.
30n51m1ly] A. H. BRUENART.

THE EAGLE MOWER!


COMBINED WITH
SELF RAKE, HAND RAKE,
AND THE
SELVERLING DROPPER,
IS THE MOST COMPLETE
REAPER AND MOWER
In the market, combining lightness of draft, convenience of handling, simplicity and
GREAT DURABILITY.
It will be to the interest of every farmer to EXAMINE THIS MACHINE before contracting for any other. Call and see the machine, or send for Illustrated and Descriptive circular to N. PORTZ & CO., Agents,
no22tf Fostoria, Ohio.

FURNITURE!
W. C. MYERS & BRO.,
ARE NOW OFFERING A LARGE AND WELL Selected stock of all kinds and styles of Furniture, which, for durability and finish, is not excelled in Northern Ohio. Our stock comprises
Parlor Furniture,
IN SETS OR SINGLE PIECES,
Upholstered in Hair Cloth or Rep.
BUREAUS,
TABLES,
BEDSTEADS,
CHAIRS,
LOUNGES,
WARDROBES,
DRESSERS,
SINKS,
STANDS,
WHAT-NOTS,
PIANO STOOLS,
SPRING BEDS,
MATRESSES,
EXTENSION TABLES,
In Ash or Walnut, best Table in market.
Our Goods are warranted of the best material, and workmanship. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, and see if we do not sell as cheap if not cheaper than any other place in the city.
Ware-Rooms Opposite the Market House.

UNDERTAKING!
Having a fine HEARSE, we are prepared to attend Funerals at all times, and would respectfully request the patronage of those who are in need of such services.
Tiffin, March 18, 1869—tf.

WM. ZIMMERMAN, Late of East Saginaw, Mich. A. R. BERGMAN, Late of Cleveland
ZIMMERMAN & BERGMAN
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Foreign Wines & Liquors,
DOMESTIC BRANDY,
Rectified Whiskey and Vinegar,
AND
PURE CATAWBA WINE,
No. 211 Water Street, Sandusky, O
no14-6m.

ADAMS & LETTERHOS,
Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER, DOORS, BLINDS,
DRESSED FLOORING, SHINGLES, LATH,
And every description of
BUILDING MATERIAL.
All orders filled on short notice.
☞Mill on Market Street, near the Wooden Bridge, TIFFIN, O. [no13no20y1*

REMOVED!
S. S. HUNTER,
(Successor to Miller & Hunter,)
Announces that he has REMOVED his
BOOT AND SHOE STORE
—TO—
Singer's Block, Directly Opposite the Court House,
Where he will continue the business of the old firm. He will always keep on hand a large and well-selected stock of
BOOTS,
SHOES,
GAITERS,
LEATHER,
FINDINGS,
And everything in his line. No shelf-worn goods kept, and customers may depend on getting good articles at low prices.
First Class Workmen Employed
IN THE
Manufacturing Department
and perfect work warranted.
It gives him great pleasure to be able to state that he has secured the services of that LION OF COBBLERS,
L. SWING,
Who is well known in this community as the best and most rapid repairer of Boots and Shoes in this City. Customers are therefore assured that their orders in that line, as well as in every other respect, will be filled with dispatch.
☞Particular attention is paid to the manufacture of Ladies' Prunella, Lasting, Kid or Morocco Gaiters, Shoes or Slippers. A first-class Workman gives this Department his entire attention.
Tiffin, March 25, 1869-1y S. S. HUNTER.

OF COURSE YOU DO!
EVERY NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE IN Seneca County will want a supply of Crockery to commence housekeeping with, and as I have one of the largest stocks of
QUEENSWARE,
Glassware, Silverware, Etc.
In Northern Ohio, I would respectfully invite attention to the fact, I am determined
NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD
AND WILL SELL AS CHEAP,
IF NOT CHEAPER,
Than any establishment of the kind in Ohio. My stock consists of
QUEENSWARE!
Of every style, pattern and quality
GLASSWARE!
Of all shapes and sizes.
SILVERWARE!
Of all varieties
KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS,
LAMPS, CROCKERY,
In fact, everything usually kept in my line.
GIVE ME A CALL!
And be convinced that what I say is true.
REMEMBER THE PLACE—GESSE BLOCK, one door south of Sullivan's Hardware Store, Tiffin, O
J. L. ALTENBAUGH.
Feb. 4, 1869-1y.

GO TO
NATIONAL RESORT!
Dining Rooms.
For Ladies and Gents, for your
WARM MEALS!
Oysters in all Styles.
Hot Tea, Coffee, and other Refreshments at all hours.
Rooms to the Right Second Floor, Railroad Hall Block.
Thankful for past favors, we invite a continuance of the same. A. J. KUHN.
Tiffin, O., June 18, 1868-1y