CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 44.--NO 6. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873. WHOLE NO. 2,293.

BYERS keeps a complete stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Notions, Blank Books and Stationery, and is prepared to sell low at retail or wholesale.

W. H. TURNLEY. W. J. ELY
W. D. MERIWETHER, Jr.

TURNLEY, ELY & CO.

TOBACCO

—AND—

General Commission Merchants,

FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE,

CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.

Advances made on Tobacco in Store.

We have secured the services of Col. W. F. Young, the well-known auctioneer, who will sell all of our Tobacco for us.

We have erected a shed in New Providence, opposite the store of Messrs. McDaniel & Barbee, where we will receive tobacco and dray it to our warehouse free of charge for those persons who do not wish to haul it to Clarksville. Messrs. McDaniel & Barbee will receive, weigh and receipt for Tobacco delivered at our shed in New Providence.

Oct 1 '71 -tf.

Captain Jack Captured!

Owing to the Breaking of a Worthless Bridle.

If he had purchased one of Joslin's make he could have bid defiance to Gen. Davis and the dynasty at Washington.

I have a splendid stock of Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Buggy Whips, Etc., of any kind desired at prices which defy competition. Nothing but the best material used, and none but the best workmen employed. So come along and get the worth of your money.

When you want anything in the above line, be sure to call on

M. L. JOSLIN,

Saddle and Harness Maker,
June 14, '73-ly. Clarksville, Tenn.

W. A. QUARLES. G. M. QUARLES. W. M. DANIEL

Quarles, Daniel & Quarles,

Attorneys at Law,

CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties.
April 27, 1872-tf

EMOND B. LURTON. CHAS. W. TYLER.

LURTON & TYLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Will practice in the courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties
June 15, '72-tf.

JAMES W. RICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Will attend the courts of Montgomery, Stewart and Houston counties.
Office on Strawberry Alley.
Jan. 4, 1873-ly

BAKER D. JOHNSON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE,

Will practice in the various Courts of Houston, Stewart, Robertson and Montgomery counties. Prompt attention given to past due claims, which will be collected in all parts of the United States,
Nov. 1, 1873-tf.

BARKER & COURTS,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND

QUOR DEALERS,

Franklin St., Sign of Sugar Hogshead.
an 18, '72-tf.

H. WESTENBERGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Opposite Tobacco Exchange,

Clarksville, - - - Tenn.

Feb. 22, '73-ly

National Hotel,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

T. D. SCOTT, - - - Proprietor.

This house is complete in all its appointments, and the table supplied with the best the market affords, at reasonable rates.
Jan. 29 '69-tf

S. OPPENHEIMER,

DEALER IN

Hides, Furs, Wool, Ginseng, and all kinds of Metal,

Public Square, CLARKSVILLE.

I am no candidate for office, but will pay cash for all articles in my line. Come along with them.
Sept. 28, 1872-tf

R. B. TARPLEY,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

SHOP ON COMMERCE ST.,

Clarksville, Tennessee.

Nov. 1, '73-3m

J. H. PETTUS. W. P. HAMBAUGH.

J. H. PETTUS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Groceries, Liquors, Hardware,

—AND—

FARMING IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

At the old stand of Pettus & Bro.,

New Providence, Tenn.

Oct. 4, 1873-3m.

Dr. T. Berwick Legare,

DENTIST,

Graduate Baltimore College Dental Surgery

Rooms Third St., Next to Franklin,

On Lot of Wm. M. Daniel.
Aug. 30, '73-tf.

WALTER M'COMB & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS,

IN THIS MARKET, FOR

Draughon's Celebrated

ROBERTSON COUNTY

WHISKY,

Invite the attention of Merchants, Druggists and others desiring a pure article for medicinal or other purposes, to their present large supply of this well known Whisky.

WALTER McCOMB & CO.
Nov. 29, 1873-tf.

DRUGS!

CHEMICALS!

DYE-STUFFS

PAINTS!

Oils, Window Glass, &c.

FOR THE MILLION

S. B. STEWART,

at his new store, on Franklin street, nearly opposite Court-house. Call and examine stock and prices, as I propose to keep a full stock of all goods in my line, and will not be undersold by anybody.

Special attention will be paid to the prescription department, which is in charge of Mr. Geo. Valliant, and persons sending prescriptions to me may rely on having them prepared with accuracy and promptness at any time, day or night.

S. B. STEWART.
Jan. 11, '73-tf.

Millinery!

MRS. WM. ROSENFIELD,

Takes pleasure in informing the public that she is now supplied it with a large and varied stock of

FALL AND WINTER

MILLINERY

—AND—

Dress Trimmings,

Fancy Goods, of all kinds;
Fans, of every variety;
Bonnets and Hats, of every shape;
French Flowers; Point Apliques;
Gimpure Laces, etc.;

SCARFS,

Real Hair Braids

and all goods to be found in a first class Millinery establishment.

DRESS MAKING,

in all its details, by Mrs. Estes, an accomplised dress maker, at reasonable prices.

Ladies are invited to call and examine my stock.

Respectfully,

Mrs. Wm. ROSENFIELD.
Sept. 20, 1873-ly

Cash Buyers

Will find it to their interest to call on

L. FROEHLICH,

who has one of the

Largest and Best Stocks

in the city, which he will sell to those who have the

MONEY

at the very

LOWEST FIGURES!

PRICES ARE

NO OBJECT!

He wants money and must have it. Bring along your greenbacks, and get goods at

PANIC PRICES!

Nov. 15, '73-tf.

FOR SALE, or RENT FOR '74.

Four farms on the south side of Cumberland river, one of which is the best in the county. Address, at Clarksville, Montgomery county, Tenn.,

M. G. GHOLSON.
Oct. 4, '73-3m.

ATTENTION!

REMOVAL!

JNO. F. COUTS & SON

Have this day purchased Geo. W. Hillman's elegant stock of

FURNITURE!

and will immediately take possession of the Furniture House heretofore occupied by Mr. Hillman. With the united stocks of the two firms, and large additions now being received, we will have the largest and most elegant stock of

Furniture

ever in Clarksville in one season. We invite all persons in need of any article of

FURNITURE OR BEDDING

to call and examine our stock. Especially would we call your attention to our excellent

Chamber Sets!

in all grades, from the plain serviceable styles to the finely carved and marble-topped sets. In addition to our usual full stock of

Mattresses, Comforts, Blankets

etc., we will pay special attention to the making and filling

Feather Beds, Pillows, and Bolsters,

with the best feathers and at prices as low as can be found anywhere. We will pay the highest market price for good feathers and warrant our lady friends that we will use the nicest and best quality in their pillows, etc.

We will also keep on hand a good assortment of

White Curled Hair, Moss, Cotton, and Excelsior Mattresses, Bolsters and Pillows,

to which we invite careful attention. Also Bed Sheets and Pillow-Cases at short notice. The latest and best styles of

Patent Bed Springs!

we keep constantly on hand.
We have an excellent and

Most Satisfactory Method of Supplying

Parlor Furniture!

Be sure to call and examine, if your Parlor needs furnishing.
We will still continue our

Undertaking Business!

keeping on hand the best qualities of

METALIC and WOOD

CASKETS and CASES!

We will pay careful attention to all burials in town or country. Can furnish hacks when desired, and see to preparation of graves. Call at

HILLMAN'S BLOCK,
(Near Court-House)
Clarksville, Tennessee.

J. F. COUTS & SON.
Nov. 1, 1873-tf.

CLARKSVILLE

FEMALE ACADEMY.

The next Term of this Institution will open Sept. 1st. The Scholastic year is divided into two Terms of twenty weeks each.

FACULTY:

Rev. J. M. WRIGHT, President and Instructor in Mental and Moral Science.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT,

Mrs. WRIGHT,
Mrs. GUNN, Miss P. A. TARRANT,
Miss V. DRYDEN, Miss A. V. CHILDS,
Miss A. DRYDEN. Miss LIZZIE FRAZER

LATIN AND FRENCH,

Miss BELLE DROMGOOLE.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT,

Miss S. E. HUGHES, Miss A. SPEAR,
Miss E. S. HALL.

ART DEPARTMENT,

Miss KATE CARNEY.

GOVERNESS.

Miss ANNA BENNETT.

Others will be added to this corps as they may be needed. Our organization shall be complete, and thoroughness will be our aim in every branch.

TUITION—Per Term—Primary, $15; Preparatory, $20; Collegiate, $25; Incidental Fee, $2; Board, $90; Washing, $1.50 to $2 per month. Optional branches at moderate rates.

All charges must be paid on entering except by special contract.

Send for Circular.

Rev. J. M. WRIGHT, Pres't.
June 28, '73-tf.

FOR RENT FOR 1874.

A desirable house, situated on corner of College and Kellogg streets, containing six rooms, out houses and good garden attached. For terms, apply to

WELLBORN MOONEY,
or H. M. ATKINS.
Nov. 15, 1873-tf.

COAL! COAL!

We are delivering St. Bernard Coal, within the limits of the city, for 18 cents per bushel. Pittsburg Coal, for 30 cents per bushel. Terms cash.

F. P. GRACEY & BRO.
Sep. 2, 1871-tf

Coal! Coal!

We have been appointed agents for the Diamond Coal and Mining Co., and will commence delivering Coal here about the 15th of October. We intend to supply a good article of Coal at as low a figure as will justify us in handling it; will try to be prompt and accommodating in every way, but we must have the Cash for Coal when delivered. Orders left at our office, accompanied by the cash, will be promptly filled, all others will have the bill sent with them. We respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

ANDERSON & BRINGHURST.
Sept. 28, '72-tf

M. C. PITMAN. ED. H. LEWIS.

PITMAN & LEWIS,

Dealers in

CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.,

FRANKLIN STREET, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Oct. 4, '73-1y.

Low Prices! Good Goods!

POPULAR PRICES!

TO SUIT THE HARD TIMES!

"Live and Let Live Prices" in Earnest.

No Longer are the Indispensable Boots and Shoes held at Fabulously High Prices!

But are Down! Down! Down! to Fabulously Low!

Take the Word of no One, but Examine for Yourself.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., Nov. 22, '73.

A new era has been introduced in the Boot and Shoe Business of this place by the reductions in price of these necessary articles of Clothing from the false high prices which they have attained during and since the war to the more solid and just basis of "live and let live prices." In other words, we will give our goods to our patrons at prices in proportion to what they received for their money producing effects. I know people are bound to have these articles, Boots and Shoes for winter wear, let the times be hard or easy, and in view of these hard times, I will sell my goods at such prices as will insure to all a just and liberal compensation for their money. I ask only a careful inspection of my goods and prices before buying, as I am willing to accord to all the privilege of comparing my goods and prices with any in the market.

Don't buy Ladies' Calf Shoes until you have seen mine. Unequaled all Calf Shoes, vamp and quarter, at $1 50 per pair. Don't buy Men's Kip Brogan's until you have seen my full stock, double sole Brogans at $1 50 per pair. Don't buy Men's Kip Boots until you have seen my nonpareil stayed seam Kip Boots at $3 50 per pair, and my extra long legged English Kip Boots at $5 00. No man can offer you better bargains in Boots than I can, prices ranging from the $3 00 Kip Boot to the fine French Calf, hand-sewed Boot at $11 00 per pair. To old gentlemen, who want broad bottom, low heel boots for comfort, I would say, look at my "COMMON SENSE" Boot before you buy any other. Children's Boots and Shoes in great variety, at very low prices. A child's splendid pegged Shoe, copper tipped, at 90c. per pair. Boy's Kip Boots from $1 50 up. Thes prices are not given on damaged boots and shoes, nor on old stock boots and shoes, but upon new, fresh goods, just received, and selling smoothly along at regular prices. A full stock of Arctic Overshoes, for warmth and comfort, as well as the Gum-tipped for damp, muddy weather, both for ladies' and gentlemen's wear. Give these Shoes a trial, as I am sure you will be pleased with them.

To those who have been buying elsewhere, I ask you to satisfy yourselves, by EXAMINING MY STOCK, that my best advertisement is my goods, and that it does no harm to "look around."

If you want a real CHEAP and GOOD hat, don't buy until you have seen mine. You will find a large assortment of all the fashionable styles, as well as the staples.

A full line of comfortable winter Gloves, Wristlets, Scarfs, Comforts, Ties, Collars and Gent's Furnishing Goods generally, at low prices.

I ask you to please do me the favor to call and examine my goods and prices, and compare them with any others in the market, whether you want to buy or not. I will show you my goods with pleasure.

Remember the place, Williams' Boot and Shoe Store, and be sure to call and greatly oblige,

Yours Truly,
V. L. WILLIAMS,
No 23 Franklin St.
Nov. 22, 1873-tf.

J. J. HAMLETT

Manufacturer and Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE,

HOUSE-FURNISHIG GOODS, ETC..

Franklin Street—Dorris' old stand,

Clarksville, Tenn.

Every description of Tinware made up in good style.

ROOFING and GUTTERING promptly attended to.

Special Agent for

Wallace's Patent Grate

And Tilton's

Steam-Washer; or Woman's Friend.

☞ All kinds of repairing done.

☞ H. P. DORRIS will superintend the workroom.

Aug. 9, 73-tf

W. M. POLLOCK. SAM'L JOHNSON.

POLLOCK & JOHNSON,

GENERAL INSURANCE

—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

(Office Up Stairs)

CORNER FRANKLIN AND FIRST STS.,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

Fire and Marine Insurance. The best and cheapest Life Insurance in the United States. The

OLD AND RELIABLE

New York Life Ins. Co.,

no new-fangled, untried, or experimental company, but one time tried and tested and ever found worthy. Undoubted indemnity at the

LOWEST KNOWN RATES CONSISTENT WITH SECURITY.

Be not deceived and misled. The best is the cheapest. If you wish to insure your life, choose a company of age, experience and ability, and you will select the "Old Reliable" New York Life.

Will give our attention to the buying selling and renting of real estate,
March 15, '73-tf.

MRS SANTA CLAUS' ADVENTURE.

BY CHARLES S. DICKINSON.

"There, Santa, don't you grumble so,
You know it isn't right."
Said madame Polly to her spouse,
One bleak December night.
"What matter if the children be
Increasing on the earth,
And stockings multiply by scores
Around the chimney hearth?
I'm sure I feel almost compelled
To box your naughty ears
For talking as you have to-day
About the precious dears."

At this old Santa shook his head,
Laid by his pipe, stood up, and said:
"Now, Mrs. CLAUSE, I've lived with you
Through many a Christmas season!
You know I'm not inclined to scold
Without sufficient reason.
Had you but ridden round with me
Through every Christian nation,
And entered by the chimney top
Each mortal's habitation;
Had you but seen what I have seen
Of this small generation—
Had you but heard the youngsters talk,
You'd have no hesitation
In calling them—to say the least—
A wonder of creation.
'Tis not because they multiply
So fast, that I'm complaining;
Ah no, indeed! I'm always glad
To see their numbers gaining.
What troubles me of late is this—
A serious trouble too:
You know the naughty words and deeds
That children say and do,
Are hidden deep, by Nick, the imp,
Within the chimney flue;
And thus sometimes they get so full
That when, at Christmas eve,
I seek to find an entrance there,
I'm sadly forced to leave.
I've often tried to press my way
Down through the mottled throng;
But find it hardly pays to face
The saucy imps of wrong.
I know the chimneys nowadays
Are smaller than of yore;
The children should remember that,
And guard their actions more.
For this result must come at last:
If chimneys still decrease,
And children will persist in wrong
My gifts to them must cease."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" returned the spouse,
With quite a wifely pout,
"I don't believe it's half as bad
As you make it out.
A chimney full of naughty deeds!
Well now, whoever heard
Such wicked slanders from your lips!
Pshaw, Santa! 'tis absurd!"

"Absurd but true, I grieve to say:
And if you choose to doubt it,
Just go yourself, next Christmas eve,
And learn the truth about it.
The presents, sledge, and Snow-flake too,
Are at your service, dear,
I'll tend the kitchen while you're gone,
And keep things cozy here."

"Indeed!—that's fair," said Mrs. CLAUS,
"'Tis very kind of you,
I'll go,—and mind, I'll make my way
Through every chimney flue."

The days rolled on; and Madame CLAUS,
With SANTA'S help, from trunks and drawers,
Brought out the Christmas treasure:
Great, life-like dolls with flaxen curls,
Adorned with silks and mimic pearls,
Red lips, and eyes of azure,
Gay cards, and books with gorgeous plates:
Nuts, candies, raisins, figs and dates,
And toys a boundless store.

There, in the grand old Christmas hall
In SANTA'S house, the presents all
Lay scattered round like leaves in fall,
On tables, chairs, and floor.

At length it came:—That Christmas Eve;
And in the hall, prepared to leave,
Warm clad in downy wrappings,
Stood Mrs. CLAUS, and SANTA, too,
Who on a silver whistle blew,
When instantly wide open flew
Two folding doors; and bounding through
A snow-white reindeer came, who drew
A sledge, ablaze with gold and blue,
Bedecked with silver trappings.

Five roguish sprites,—a merry band,—
Come tripping out and take their stand,
Awaiting SANTA CLAUS' command
To fill the fairy sleigh.
Then, at his word the nimble boys
Seize dolls and dainties, books and toys,
And stow them snug away.

"Aha!" laughed SANTA, "That's the gear
To make the children jolly."
Then to his wife he said: "Step here,
We're ready for you, POLLY.
The midnight hour is drawing near,
I smell the Christmas holly.
Now mind your p's and q's, my dear,
And keep yourself from folly.
You'll find, in there, a silver horn
To blow, in case you need it;
And you, ye spirites, keep "open ears,
And when you hear it, heed it!
Now kiss me, dear, and hasten on!
I'll keep the kitchen cozy.
Come back when o'er the eastern hills
The sky is growing rosy!"

"I will," returned the worthy dame;
"And not a stocking leg
Throughout the land, shall empty hang
Upon its fireside peg.
Good-bye, good-bye! Ge up, Snow-flake!
Don't keep me waiting here!
The children sleep,
The Elfinskeep
Their slumbers deep.
No eye will peep
While I glide down the chimney steep,
Nor have I aught to fear."

On sped the reindeer o'er the snow;
The winds could hardly faster go.
On, on, till Madame shouted, "Whoa!"
In front of Pinewood Hall.
An instant, and his tiny hoof
Was clatt'ring on the slated roof;
Another instant, and he stopped
Beside a chimney tall.

Then Madame CLAUS, with scarce a pause,
From out her hoard of prizes,
Selects a host of wondrous toys
Of wondrous shapes and sizes:
Enough to load the mantle-piece,
And cram each pendant stocking;
Then with a smile she mounts the flue,—
But ah, alas!—'twas shocking!
For there, protruding, like the nest
Of some gigantic swallow,
A great black falsehood stowed away,
Half filled the spacious hollow,
That story GERTRUDE MEANS had told,
Twice weeks ago or more;
And NICK, the cit, had captured it,
And placed it for a door
Just at the opening of the flue,
To guard his hoarded store
Of "Wont's," and "Cant's,"
And fretful "Shant's,"
Collected by the score.

Poor Mrs. CLAUS was quite perplexed
At this untoward dilemma;
And if she seemed a little vexed,
We surely can't condemn her.

"Well I declare!" the dame begins,
"'Tis shameful in you, NICK,
To use the little folks' sins
To plaster up the brick.
Ah, could I only have the chance
To lay my hands on you,
I'd seize you by your wicked ears
And hurl you down the flue!"
"Indeed! And would you now?" said
NICK,
Emerging into view.

A wiry, nimble, jaunty sprite,
Whose piercing eyes, so black and bright,
Shone through the darkness of the night
With such a strange unearthly light,
That Madame CLAUS shrank back in fright,
Exclaiming, "Mercy me!"

"Ha!" chuckled NICK, in great delight,
"You've changed your mind, I see
Well, don't you fret yourself, my friend,
But tell me, what's your name?"

"I'm Mrs. CLAUS, Sir, if you please,"
Replied the frightened dame.

"Ah, SANTA'S wife. I understand.
You're going down below?"

"That's my intention, Sir; but then
You've filled the chimney so
That I'm not sure of getting through,
If I attempt to go."

"But that's the children's fault," said NICK,
"I'm not to blame, you know."

"You are!" said Mrs. SANTA CLAUS,
Whose cheeks began to glow;
"But I'll notwaste my time with you,
I'm going down the flue.
In spite of all your tricks can do,
I'll find a passage through!"

Then with a jump,
She landed plump
Upon that awful whopper;
And strange to say,
Like yielding clay,
It neither changed to block her way,
Or for an instant stop her

But ah, poor lady! she was doomed
To meet a sad mishap.
Whenhalf way down, she tripped and fell
Upon a treach'rous trap,
Placed there by NICK
When truant Dick
Forsook his school for play;
And filled with all the naughtiness
Of that eventful day.

Strange beings flit before her eyes:
Embodied thefts and mean white lies,—
Minute, but all tormenting.
Around her head they fly and shriek;
Assault her ears with many a tweak,
So small, yet unrelenting.

In short, good SANTA'S valiant wife
Was in a peck of trouble.
Sly Fun and Mischief, saucy imps,
Had bent her glasses double;
Another still, called Selfishness,
The pet of Kate and Fanny,
Had snatched away the Christmas gifts
And hid them in a cranny.
And soon the dame begins to choke;

For heavy clouds of noisome smoke
Come floating up the flue.
Ah! Johnny, ah!
That first cigar
Is smoking still for you.
Just here a buzzing fills the place;
And ere the dame can wink,
Another troop comes pouring forth
From crevice, nook and chink.
They circle round poor POLLY'S head
With many a wond'ring blink;
Like monstrous humble bees in shape,
And all as black as ink.
These are the angry thoughts and words
Of GERTRUDE, JOHN, and DICK.
Each holds within its tiny hand
A slender pointed stick,
And, in their flight, they now and then
Just give the dame a prick.
Ah do you wonder, little folks,
That she is faint and sick?
At length, when all her cries are vain,
She blows her silver horn;—
And lo! the chimney flue is cleared,
The hateful imps are gone.
An instant, and the merry sprites
From Christmas hall are come,
Who raise her gently in their arms,
And bear her swiftly home.
They placed her in the big arm chair,
Excited, torn, and humbled;
She does not blame old SANTA now,
Nor wonder that he grumbled.

"Ha Ha!" laughed he, "So you confess
That children have their failings;
You've lost your specs, and torn your dress;
But what you've learned, if I may guess,
Will save me sundry railings."

"Upon my life!" returned his wife;
"I really can't contrive
How you get through that chimney flue,
And find yourself alive."

"Aha, my dear,
The secrets here:
I seldom venture down,
When I espy
A theft or lie
Upon the chimney's crown.
Where these abound,
I've always found
That other sins have grown;
And have by sad experience learned
To let such flue's alone.—
But now it seems that I must do
The work which you begun:—
Must traverse both the continents
Before the rising sun.
"Well, here I go! Come on, Snow-flake!"
Cried he, with a merry shout;
"The good shall have their gifts to-night,
The bad shall go without.
Away!
Away!
The breaking day
Must find our task completed;
And all good little boys and girls
To toys and dainties treated.
O'er ice and snow,
We swiftly go,
From lake, to gulf and isthmus.
Ye mortals all,
Both great and small,
Throughout the land,
From strand to strand,
A right good MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HETTY HENDESON'S ERA.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

Two neighbors, Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Carter, were taking tea with Hetty that afternoon. Now Hetty, though in the main a kind, prudent, good woman, a treasure of a wife and mother, had one bad fault, she was a sloven.

Why, sometimes her hair would not be combed for two days at a time, and as to wearing a collar, while about her work, she never thought of such a thing! Sometimes only her toes would be thrust into her rundown, flapping slippers, and if she tore her dress she always pinned up the rent and let it go.

Now every tidy woman knows this is a bad state of things—that if there's a hole in her dress no bigger than a gimlet hole, and she passes a barrel, or a box, a loose end of a hoop, or a jagged nail sticking out, will be sure to catch in the hole and tear it worse. That thing is conceded to be a certainty—no sane woman doubts that.

Hetty's tea-table looked tempting. She occupied the post of honor at one end.

Her face was flushed from the cooking-stove, and the rosy glow would have been exceedingly becoming if her hair had been smooth, and her dress freshly clean, but the dress did not fit well in the waist, and she had no collar on, and her hair hung in little tagged, slips about sneaking slips about her neck. Poor Hetty! her punishment was near.

Tea was over, but they still sat at the table conversing.

"Yes—yes, I think it was the winter that young Wiltsee, from St. Albans, taught our school," said Mrs. Ray.

"How pleasant the memories of that winter," said Mrs. Carter; "hardly a day passes in which I do not think of the good times we enjoyed together."

"How much older are you, Hetty, than Mrs. Ray?" said Mr. Henderson, looking first at one and then the other.

"Older! why, husband! I'm five years younger, and three years younger than Susie Carter," said the poor wife, blushing.

"Why, Hetty Henderson! I should have thought from appearance that you were almost old enough to be their mother, step-mother, at least," said her astonished husband, smiling and looking at the smooth, placid faces and neat appearance of the visitors, and then at the rumpled, creased head and face of poor Hetty.

No wonder; she sat there stooped over, her ill-fitting waist hanging loosely about her, making her back seems as broad as her husband's.

The untimely words only made her face flush still redder yet.

She felt as if she had been stabbed by the hand of a friend.

"Your wife works too hard, and is too loving and careful a mother," said Mrs. Ray, apologetically, although Hetty fancied that she smirked a little, and relished the compliment so freely and honestly given.

"Now I never fuss much over my children. I try to save myself," and her eyes sparkled, and she really did look winsome and pretty—that woman of thirty-three years.

On their way home the two visitors talked of the painful affair.

"It was just enough for her," said Mrs. Ray; "no woman has any right to go looking like a scare-crow. If I went that way I'd hear from Ray, and in no very measured terms either. He has no patience with a slovenly woman; he thinks all women are pretty if they have a mind to be so."

"Almost old enough to be our mother; well, she's a tip-top cook, any how," said Mrs. Carter; "I like her good meals, and I know she's cleanly about her work. She don't seem to care much for herself, only for the comfort and happiness of Henderson and the young un's. Now, if I were in her place that fellow'd hear from me to-night, praising other women and comparing and measuring her beside them in a way that is no compliment to her."

"Oh, she'll never think any more about it; and if she does, it will do her good; it'll be a good lesson for her," was the answer, and the two women parted at the big gate in the edge of the wood-lot, each one feeling a pleasurable touch of pride from the effect of honest Tom Henderson's bit of flattery.

And how did it effect his wife?

In the twilight, as she stood in the milk-house, hurriedly doing up her work, flitting here and there, there was a brightness in her dark blue eyes, a compression of the lips, and a red spot on each cheek, and as she was nodding her head and talking to herself very earnestly.

"Time was," she whispered, "when Henderson couldn't have said that of me. The dear knows, I did use to almost grow tired of his words of praise. I was his choice of all the girls he ever saw. I've many a time heard'im say that Cad Weldon, now Mrs. Ray, had a real pretty face—no expression in it—and to-day he said I looked old enough almost to be her mother. Aha! Mr. Henderson, we'll see! it's only love and care for you and yours that's made me so forget myself and fall into careless ways. I'm just as good looking to-day as Cad Ray is—if I do say it myself—we'll see!" and the angry little woman's cheeks grew redder, and her eyes almost snapped in their glittering brightness as she turned the safety-valve and began to sing. That was her safety-valve, when her tensioned nerves could stand no more; she sang and was relieved without a flood of tears.

From under the mossy roof of that tidy little spring-house welled out the jubilant words of an old hymn to the inspiring air of Pisgah.

The next morning, after the children started to school and her work was all done up nicely, she washed herself and carefully brushed her hair and put it up in a pretty way, with a rose and a spray of myrtle at the side of the coil. She had brushed it until it shone with a luster. Then she put on a neat light-print dress, and a lace collar, fastened with a beautiful gold pin, a gift of the girlhood.

The gold hoops that her mother had worn long ago, of antique pattern, looked beautiful a-near the dark brown of her hair. She had not touched those gold hoops for years—her children had never seen them.

Then she clothed her feet in neat gaiters, and put on her wedding ring, and her nearest neighbors would hardly have recognized the careless slattern in the bright-eyed, sweet-faced woman of to-dsy. The change pleased her—it made her smile involuntarily, and that smile was her charm—always had been, why couldn't she wear it, too, if her heart was full of a joy so new and so rare and beautiful.

The whole woman was completely metamorphosed. The change beautified her, and the little bit of revenge was harmless and—*so sweet!*

When her husband came home at noon, he stopped in the doorway and stood still an instant, then he whistled a long, w-h-e-w!

She turned around in an innocent way, and—the expression of his eyes was the same as when he was a devoted, admiring lover.

"My wife," he said, and he folded her in his arms, his face twitched, and he laughed in a pleased, hysterical way.

Her eyes filled with tears, and there was a stifled sob on his bosom, but it was the best sob she'd ever made, it meant a great deal.

"I've been too thoughtless and careless about myself. Tom," she said. "I thought so much of you and the children, that I never cared how I went. I didn't think of myself."

"You are so sweet, little wife, so beautiful," said Tom, holding her off and looking at her, while she blushed and struggled to get away.

The turning of that leaf was a new era in Hetty Henderson's life. She never so neglected herself again, and instead of growing older, it does seem that as the years glide by she grows younger.

When the children came from school that evening, one at a time, they said, "Oh, where have you, been, mother?" or "Where are you going, mother?" and little Rosy, who had never seen the jewelry before, or a collar, or a rose in her mother's hair, said, in a subdued whisper, "What is the matter; you look like the pictures of the pretty ladies in the magazines?" and she felt of her face as though the vision before her might melt, or vanish into air under her touch.

We must confess that we believe there is a little spice of mischief in it, when early every morning Hetty takes time enough to pin on a white collar and brush her hair smoothly off her brow, and remove every sign of the careless sloven from her attire. She knows very well that a neatly-dressed woman has the advantage over one who is not appearing well. This shows itself in the springy step, and the selfassurance that gives her head a queenly poise. So the two lady visitors, who cared more for her good dinners than they did for Hetty herself, taught her a lesson well worth remembering, and her married life will be the better and the pleasanter for it as long as she lives.

Love, Honor and Obey.

On the whole, married women, that is, real women, prefer being ruled to ruling. It is natural to a woman to seek advice. It is scarcely in her nature to go speechlessly on doing what she has to do without aid or counsel. Almost any one of the sex is happier if she can "talk things over" with some man upon whose discretion she relies; and in married life most wives, in the smallest things, adopt that which "he" likes, and fancy that they like it themselves.

Since independence has become the fashion, and strong-minded women have sneered at their more gentle sisters, there is great affection of despising the opinion of the gentlemen, but it is all sheer pretence. Almost every wife chooses her gloves and her sibbons of the tint the husband admires, the man she loves almost inevitably gives her her political opinions, and biases even her religious views. Her speech, her dress, her manner, changes under his influence. What he desires her to do she does, in nine cases out of ten. The tenth case we find in the divorce courts.

A Tower Taller than Babel.

Messrs. Clarke, Reeves & Co., proprietors of the Phœnixville Bridge Works, Philadelphia, Pa., propose to construct a wrought iron tower, one thousand feet in hight, to be completed for the American Centennal Exhibition in 1876. The tower is to be circular in section, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter at the base, diminishing to thirty feet at the top. It is proposed to have spiral staircases winding around the center tube for those preferring to walk up; but elevators will be provided, which are calculated to ascend to the top in three minutes. We have in process of engraving a full page illustration, representing the tower in contrast with St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Bunker Hill Monument, the Pyramids of Egypt, and other existing tall structure, all of which, alongside of the thousand feet tower, look like pigmies.

This is one of the greatest engineering projects of the age, and it is in the hands of constructors capable of completing whatever they undertake. The beautiful engraving we are having executed will be ready for publication in the Scientific American about Christmas. All new subscribers for 1874 will be furnished with the paper containing the engraving and description of this immense work.

Wit from the Pulpit.

It is related of a certain New England divine, who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations were supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper, in which occurs the passage, "And another said I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray the have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come"—he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking around on his hearers, said, with emphasis: "The fact is, my brethern, one women can draw a man further away from the kingdom of Heaven than five yoke of oxens."

LARGEST BOOK IN THE WORLD. We read of what promises to be the biggest book in the world. It is now in process of manufacture in Paris, and will contain the names of all the inhabitants of Alsac and Lorraine who have formally proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects. The list is said to comprise 380,000 names. One hundred and twenty-five compositors have been employed on the work during the last three months; it is being printed on seven presses, and the volume will include 13,163 pp. A valuable work, no doubt, but not one which we would wish to read through at a sitting.

Good Suggestions.

The Atlanta Herald, referring to the dispelling of the war-cloud, says:

Let our hot-headed soldiers, then, lay down their swords, and pick up their prunning hooks. We have an enemy inside our own boarders greater than Spain to fight, and that is—Poverty! Whenever we whip this foe we may then look beyond our own dunghill for another" man to whip."

GEN. KEMPER, the new Governor of Virginia, recently refused to receive a carriage and span of horses which were presented to him.

TRYING AN EXPERIMENT.

He came in with an interrogation point in one eye and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," says he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelinood in that way.

"Well I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went off calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth—

"Just so, I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and moistened his serviceable hand and resumed his hold on the stick as though he was weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added, in a somewhat louder tone:

"Mister, I came here here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so. I presume so. They told me before I come that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wan't much of a piece, I don't think: but I want to see the man that printed it, just a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm to home, and he gets how-comes you so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right if you keep out of his way: but when he's drunk, he goes home and breakes dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out a calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant."

"Not that I want to say anything about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk yesterday, and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece; it wan't much of a piece, and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and a square thing all around. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?" Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick, replied with increased emotion:

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but mister, it made him mad. It made him the madest man I ever saw; and Mr. John Smith is a bigger man than me and stonter. He is a good deal stoutter. Bla—bless him. I never knew he half so stout till yesterday, and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked innocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew, but I dont hold no grudge against John Smith. I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against, only I want to see that man