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 August 22, 1877.

[Original.]

PASSING AWAY.

Surely, how surely the days are passing,
 Hopes, joys and sorrows are swept from
 view—
 Friend after friend to the grave is hasten-
 ing—
 Soon we ourselves will lie under the yew,
 How can we then seize the best gifts of
 time?
 How reap most good in binding our
 sheaves?
 Ah! there is no truth in story or rhyme,
 Now watching that sweet fancy weaves,
 No gift nor grace born of heart or mind,
 But we should seek to own their magic
 spell.
 Oh! Time, oh! mystic power that doth bind,
 This life and that to come, stay your kneel;
 Let us hold more hearts in affection's bond!
 Let good deeds like benedictions fall,
 Fobless with remembrance true and fond,
 In those hearts held by affection's thrall,
 July 23d, 77.

Written for the Guardian.

WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

CHAPTER I.

It was amid the glories of a Summer's sunset; all nature was silent, not a leaf was stirring. The sweet songsters of the woods had ceased to warble their notes of joy and praise, and had sought their cosy beds amid the bowers—all, everything seemed conducive to inspire intense thought in the one gazing upon the rich scenes before her, rich in varied light and shade. Outspreading before her, beyond the clump of trees shading the yard, was a lawn fresh and green, with here and there groups of wild flowers, yellow and violet, nature's choicest tints of coloring; an occasional mound that relieved the eye, and a time-worn leafless tree, about which clambered the wild vine, suggestive of tender helplessness, yet strong to bind up the aged and infirm. The sweet calm of evening, as twilight shades shut out the fast lingering ray of light of day, called her thoughts away from all outward scenes to the contemplation of that which more nearly concerned her self, to think more calmly, more judiciously, and decide more satisfactorily the all-absorbing question that had been agitating for several days the mind of this blitheome girl. She was young in years, but had grown prematurely old in the last few days, thinking, thinking, what she would do to "keep the wolf from the door" of her widowed mother, and smaller ones of her family now suddenly thrown upon her for support, for her mother was too enfeebled by ill health to do much, or anything even, for her family, besides was worn with anxiety at the bedside, watching continually her husband, now shortly laid away in peaceful slumber in the quiet churchyard near-by, after a long and painful illness. This and other misfortunes in the way of finances had left this little family in a sad and destitute condition.

Bertie, the eldest, whose thoughtful care was aroused for her mother and smaller children, was scarcely sixteen years of age. She had been reared with tender solicitude, not in affluence in an elegant home, but with all her surroundings suggestive of simple refinement. She had never for one moment thought it would ever be hers to go out in the cold, bitter world and ask for work—for that work the remuneration of which would make comfortable the dear ones at home.

Sitting as we found her in thought, trying to work out a plan, endeavoring to decide what she could best do; she thought of a rich relative, living in a not far distant city, of whose bounty she might ask a small sum that would suffice till something lucrative might "turn up." At the thought, this would be considered begging, her cheeks tingled with a sense of shame; her proud spirit rose in rebellion against such

an idea as her asking alms of those who in their grand opulence had never deigned to recognize the tie of relationship by any social overture, since her mother had condescended to marry the man of her choice, the one she truly loved, though a poor clergyman, and now that obstacle in the way of their social intercourse was slumbering in death, she could not do violence to his principles by begging. No, she could not. She would not beg, but she would work—and after turning over and over one plan after another, she decided she was too young and inexperienced to offer herself to the public as teacher, but she knew she could act in the capacity of help about a house, attend to children, do plain sewing, and be useful in many ways. So she decided she would present herself a stranger at the house of this rich relative, and was fully persuaded the plan would work charmingly. A sigh of regret heaved her bosom as she began to think of leaving home—the home of her happy childhood days, where she had ever sported blithe and gay amid the smiles of loving parents. Yes, she must leave this pleasant home. The sweetest memories of our lives, the most tender associations of love, and all that is softening and elevating cling about the name "home; we love to dwell in fond memory about the scenes of childhood days, and we are loth to give up those loving attentions and endearments that will ever live as years glide upon our lives, and throw a glamour of beauty about the past more efficacious than all the scenes imagination can picture of the days yet to come. With a heart overflowing with emotions of gushing tenderness she turns from these thoughts to consider as how best to disclose to her mother her new formed plan in answer to the oft repeated question, "What are we to do?"—Oft repeated mental soliloquies among the poor when abject poverty stares them in the face, and sometimes uttered among the rich, as our story will show.

Mrs. Mason, Bertie's mother, was sad and sick. She was heart-sore, for her trial was indeed severe, four children to support and no visible means with which to maintain them, yet her Christian faith was strong in Him "who heareth the young ravens when they cry." Calling Bertie away from her retreat of meditation to come and listen to a few words she had to say, Bertie instantly obeyed and stood by her mother.

"What, mother, is it you wish of me?"

"My child, I have been thinking, what are we to do? It pains me to tell you how utterly dependent we are. Could your father have lived, we might never have known want; but an all-wise Providence knoweth what is best for the good of His children. Let us try to trust Him with an implicit faith."

Bertie's eyes were already suffused with tears ere her mother had ceased speaking, but rallying all the moral force of her character, almost sobbing she hurriedly told her to leave that knotted question, "What are we to do?" to her.

"To you, my tender, loving child; to you, so young, whose years have glided with such noiseless tread, bringing but little experiences of the realities of life; to you, so timid and untutored, save in the affections of home. To you, so?"

"Oh, mother, I am strong, I am brave, I can work, I have been planning, planning for several days, and have, after due consideration, decided my course of action, and trust it may meet your approval."

"My sweet child, you, too, have been burdened with the thought 'What are we to do?' Tell me your plan, your mother will ever yield to your wishes when she can do so, and at the same time be consistent with right."

"Well, mother, to be very brief, you know you have an aunt who lives in wealth, scarcely knowing how much. I thought to her I would go as a stranger, not to ask alms in the ordinary way, but to ask for work. Mother, please do not say No. There is so much I could do."

"My dear child, I know a noble incentive has prompted you to make this great sacrifice, for great indeed must it be to you, for one so young, with a proud yet loving spirit, to go out to work as a mere servant girl."

"Oh! mother, do not lay such stress upon servant girl, (though she liked not very much the name herself.) Just think, while I am serving others in the capacity of waiting maid I shall feel the happy consciousness that I am serving my mother; helping to send Annie and John and Kate to school." And as that bright thought rose to her mind her eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, her whole countenance

beamed with a holy, pure ambition. "But, my daughter," interrupted the mother, "have you thought there might be some obstacles in the way of your procuring such a position? You know before any girl can get a situation of that kind she must bring with her a recommendation, and that would necessitate your giving your real name. Thus, you see, your plan of presenting yourself as a stranger falls through at once."

"Mother, I had not thought of that at all. My plan was to ask Mrs. Morton to give me a trial, as it was my first experience in seeking work, and if she was in need of help, such as I would serve, why I would endeavor to give entire satisfaction. If not—wait mother, I know you are ready to say your little daughter, alas waiting maid pro tem, indubitate, will return discouraged, or will perhaps tell her tale of our recent sorrows and ask for assistance in money. No, no, mother, I will ask her, if she pleases, to direct me to the house of any lady that she knows needs a waiting girl. Oh, I must find work. Now you see, mother, you are bound to consent to my plan. 'Tis needless to prolong this interview, painful in some respects."

Suffice it to say, Bertie with mild persuasion gained her point, telling her mother if she failed *none would be the wiser*.

CHAPTER II.

Bertie began to make preparations for leaving home. The novelty of her new position lent considerable interest to her future work and to a great degree kept up her spirits, so that the parting with loved ones at home was somewhat mitigated, although it was still a hard struggle for her tender heart, clinging to every loved spot of that rural retreat, the home of happy childhood, now rendered doubly sacred that she must leave it to go among strangers in a strange city.

On the eve of her departure next day she took a walk over the beautiful grounds surrounding her vine-clad home, to take a lingering adieu of her favorite haunts, seen perhaps for the last time for many months. Standing amid the shady branches of a thick justering grove, her mind all absorbed in memories of the past, a little doubtful as to what the future might unfold to her; whether an experience that would only add to her recent sorrows, may be, the bitter mortification of failure. Suddenly her attention was called to the present by the rustling of leaves behind her. She looked. Ah! too well she knew that manly, graceful form. In an instant he was by her side, and as he took her white little hand in his—a hand of such beauty and symmetry an artist might linger long upon in extatic admiration—he no need the pallor of her countenance—her trembling lips, as she tried to greet him, and at the same time to tell him she would leave on the morrow for the city of M—

not once intimating to him her mission there, only that she was going to visit a relative of her mother's. Henry Woodman had been Bertie's friend from the time they had first crossed the hills and lawns together, on their way to school. Often and again he would carry her, himself walking the log, across the swift running creek after a freshet, and ever insisted with manly courtesy on carrying the basket containing her dinner and her satchel of books so that she might ramble to gather the wild flowers and berries that grew by the wayside. Although four years her senior, he ever loved her sweet society, ever yielded to her gentle influence. He often acknowledged in his own meditations that he was a better boy for having known Bertie. She seemed to exert a magic influence over him—a charm he could not resist—subduing the rougher feelings of his nature and ever calling into action his finer traits.

Henry truly loved Bertie, and intended some day to tell her so and ask her to become his wife, knowing the strong principles of her nature, the honesty of her heart, she would not consent unless she loved him in return. This thought was the guiding star of his life. It dawned upon him in youth's bright morn, and inspired his every noble aspiration of soul. He determined to be good and great for Bertie's sake. When at college he applied himself assiduously to the task of abstruse studies, or relaxing from these, he would indulge in all the riches of ancient lore, regale imagination in fanciful dreams, or poetic visions, from the one incentive—he loved Bertie. Now he had finished his collegiate course, had returned home with high hopes, and anticipations such as young love only can inspire, to spend awhile in the society of Bertie. It was indeed a most bitter disappoint-

ment to him that she must so soon leave her home. All the yearnings of his soul were aroused—the bright visions, so beautifully woven by his ever too vivid imagination, served only to add to this new sorrow of his heart. Then, again, the bitter foreboding suggested itself to his mind that when Bertie became accustomed to the gay city life, and there, surrounded by admirers of such pleasing appearance and flattering wiles, she might lose her heart, forgetting her honest country lover. True, he had never breathed to her a word of his love, save in every tender tone and act of kindness. Now the thought sprang into his mind were he to tell her how dear to his heart she was; how long he had tried to be worthy of her love, she might regard them as idle fancies, without any appreciation save that of friendship. He preferred to moulder yet in the fond hope of future happiness, than when he was more worthy she would reciprocate his affection, than receive now a decided rejection, the thought of which seemed to him would crush out all that was good in his life. With these thoughts at intervals in their conversation, he chatted away the time as pleasantly as possible, yet in every tone there was a mingled sadness and regret. They bade each other a kind adieu, hoping yet to meet again.

[Conclusion next week.]

Wells and Anderson.

[Toledo (Ohio) Sunday Journal.]

MANFIELD, Ohio, August 30.—Nothing this year, except the Murphy movement, has created so much excitement and started so much speculation as the recent visit of Wells and Anderson, of the Louisiana Returning Board, accompanied by their bondsman, the rebel Gen. Gantt. They came very unexpectedly. Let me here remark, however, that previous to their arrival they had an engagement to meet Hon. John Sherman at Chicago. Subsequently this engagement was changed to Put-in-Bay, and after that there was no engagement. Why Secretary Sherman failed to meet these parties I am unable to say, but I know Secretary Sherman did not expect to meet them here. I also know that the first train running out to Mansfield, after the departure of the illustrious trio, Secretary Sherman took to Washington. I also know that previous to the arrival of these distinguished New Orleans visitors, Secretary Sherman did not anticipate going to Washington until after the 1st of September.

The party arrived here one week ago and drove up to the Wiler House. Rush Field met them at the door with an elaborate smile and with a very grave air welcomed them to his commodious hotel. He took them to be clergymen, as there was a Lutheran Convention then in session here. The tallest of the three went up to the register and put down his name R. Gantt and two friends, New Orleans. Then one of the party said to Field, "Where can we get something to drink?" Rush, not understanding the Murphy movement, pointed them out a wet place and they departed. Returning, the party called for a hack. Wells whispered in the hack driver's ear, "Do you know where John Sherman lives?"

"I do," said John.
 "Then drive there," said Wells.
 The party returned to dinner in about one hour, and after slumbering some hours returned, and they again interviewed John Sherman in two and a half hours. They called on the first train for Washington, which was 10 o'clock p. m. They called for one more and returned. At about seven the party came down stairs. At which time it became talked around town that Wells and Anderson were here, and at least one thousand excited citizens had gathered around the Wiler House. The party then settled their bill, took a hack and drove to the Baltimore and Ohio depot. The next day at 10 o'clock Sherman started for Washington.

The trial of Wells and Anderson comes off October 1, and I have the authority to state that Kellogg has two letters from Sherman saying if Louisiana was counted for Hayes, the new Administration would both take care of and protect the Returning Board. Of course, I have no positive knowledge of the business of Wells and Anderson, but there has been some fearful guessing here for the past week.

OLE BULL.

If those stupid Russian and Turkish generals would only subscribe to a few American newspapers that criticize their tactics so learnedly they might lick each other out of their respective boots in a jiffy.—*Ex-Oshkosh Christian Advocate.*

Hygienic Dress.

The main points insisted on by the dress reformers are that the entire body shall be uniformly protected—the neck, arms and lower extremities being as warmly clad as the chest and abdomen—and that the weight of the clothing shall be so suspended from the shoulders and distributed about the person that it shall not hang from the hips. The simplest and easiest way of compassing these points is the problem to be solved, and we propose to throw out such hints as may enable any woman to solve the problem for herself without buying either patterns or information. A careful reading of Mrs. Woolson's book on Dress Reform will be of great advantage to all women who wish trustworthy advice on this important subject. After examining carefully the various patterns and garments proposed by dress reformers and trying repeated experiments to test their comfort and utility—for simplicity of construction, ease of making, washing, ironing, and economy of cloth, we prefer those modified after Mrs. Everett's patterns. These any woman may make for herself by observing carefully the following directions:

For the garment worn next the person let the material be heavy, unbleached, English cotton flannel; take the lining of a well-fitting dress waist and a neatly fitting pair of drawers for patterns. Baste together and try on, making such changes as may seem desirable, until the garment fits exactly. Then from this cut a pattern for future use. This style may be varied for those who need a full waist by making the fronts with yokes. Let the edge of the piece where it is gathered into the yoke be straight, but that gathered into the belt be curved so that from top to bottom in the middle part of this piece it will be an inch and a half longer than on the front edge where the buttons are sewed. This form will give a graceful fullness to the waist. To the lower part of the belt sew the drawers, which are to be left open. This garment—indeed, all these undergarments—button in front. The sleeve is made after the style of a coat sleeve, and reaches to the wrist. When this garment is worn the stockings may be drawn over the lower part of the drawers and fastened to them by a small safety pin, thus doing away with all compression by elastics.

The outer garment is made in the same way, always omitting the yoke arrangement, having the drawers closed behind and buttoned neatly in front, forming a perfect protection to the person from cold and exposure. Of course this garment should be somewhat larger than that beneath it. The material should be of nansin and it may be trimmed to suit the taste of the wearer. It is simply a blouse waist with a pair of close drawers sewed to it. Below the knee the drawers are gathered into a band in the Turkish style.

In very cold weather, or by those whose circulation is feeble, a garment of knit woolen made in the same way as the other two, can be worn. The easiest way of getting it up is to buy the knit drawers and vests, and cutting off the lower part of the vest sew the drawers to it about the region of the belt.

It is easy to see that when the person is completely enveloped in these three garments, flannel skirts for warmth will be quite unnecessary and may be entirely dispensed with. The hoop may be buttoned to the belt of the outer garment or attached to a thin waist, or hung from the shoulders by the ordinary suspenders. The overskirt may be a very light affair, as it is needed only for draping. Quilted skirts, beds, and all others heavily trimmed with silks and ruffles are deprecated. In all cases the skirt of the dress should be sewed or buttoned to a waist. This may be of very thin goods (old dress linings serve the purpose very well), but it must not hang from the hips.

It will be readily perceived that these changes in the underwear will not in the least affect the outward appearance of her who is wise to adopt them, except in giving natural fullness to her waist, perfect freedom to her movements, and a delightful sense of proprietorship in all those muscles which have so long groaned and withered under the compression and tyranny of the corset.

The life of Brigham Young contains an example which the rising youth of this country would do well to imitate. He was a poor young man and started with only one wife. But as the result of frugal, industrious, and economical habits he leaves at his death no less than nineteen.—*Oshkosh Christian Advocate.*

The Assessors; and the Assistant Attorney-General.

The Assistant Attorney-General, Judge Egan, is giving close attention to the assessment business. The State Assessors have a great many questions which daily and hourly arise requiring legal counsel and solution. These are submitted to the Assistant Attorney-General, who carefully examines and decides each point submitted. The multiplicity of these points of law grows out of the loose and corrupt administration of the State government, and the confusion of the statutes and of the various judicial opinions which have been rendered by the extraordinary courts that have assumed to interpret the laws and administer justice in this State. These statutes and judicial decisions have not all been eliminated. But we are pleased to learn that the Assistant Attorney-General does not consider the decisions of the late Supreme Court, on many of the questions which it attempted to adjudicate, as binding on the present State officials, or as safe guides as to the interpretation of the laws and the performance of their duties.

Our new assessors have discovered a large number of exemptions from taxation which the Attorney-General declares are unauthorized by the constitution and law, but which have had the apparent sanction of the Supreme Court. These are the exemptions in favor of large and rich corporations, whose control over our late Supreme Court was supreme.

The Assistant Attorney-General is very emphatic in his instructions to the assessors, to recognize no other exemptions but those specified in the constitution, as religious, educational and charitable institutions, and even of these the property exempted must be that which is occupied and used for the purposes indicated. Certain corporations enjoying large dividends will no longer be permitted to evade their liabilities to the State. They will be afforded an opportunity of contributing largely to her revenues.—*N. O. Democrat.*

FROM THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE.

—One of the most remarkable escapes ever made was made by M. de Chateaubrun during the Reign of Terror in Paris. He was sent to execution with twenty other prisoners; but after the guillotine got out of order, and a workman was sent for to repair it. The six remaining victims were left standing in front of the machine with their hands tied behind them. A French crowd is very curious, and the people kept pressing forward to see the man arranging the guillotine. By degrees M. de Chateaubrun, who was to the rear of his companions, found himself in the front line of the spectators, then in the second, and finally well behind those who had come to see his head cut off. Before the man could get the guillotine in working order night began to fall, and M. de Chateaubrun slipped away. When in the Champs Elysees he told a man that a wag had tied his hands and robbed him of his hat, and this simple individual cut him free. A few days later M. de Chateaubrun escaped from France.

ORIGIN OF CHLOROFORM.

—We are indebted to the insect tribe for chloroform, one of the most powerful agents in alleviating pain. The little ant contains a substance called formic acid, about which old John Ray and Martin Lester corresponded a century ago; and they found that it contained an acid, and so it got into the books as formic acid. It was found to be composed of a compound radical formyle, and three atoms of oxygen. Dumas substituted chlorine for the oxygen, and thus obtained trichloride of formyle, which is chloroform. Then the Americans found that ether was capable of taking away all sensations of the human body, and Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, found that trichloride of formyle was more thoroughly adapted for this purpose than even ether. All this has arisen from a study of the habits of insects.

"Did you say I was the biggest liar you ever knew?" fiercely asked a Russian of a counsel, who had been skimming him in his address to the jury. "Yes, I did," replied the counsel. "I growed eagerly watched for my next fight." "Well, then," said the Russian, "I've got to say it is the only one I never knew."

An exuberant man, the subject of the "Throbbing B" & "Bleeding" until we reach the end of the world.