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Portable Engines of any size required,  
Mining Machinery and Blast Cylinders  
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Bolts, Axle Blocks, and  
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Wheat and Corn Mills,  
set up in frame all ready for running.  
We keep on hand French, Bar, Enopus  
and Cologne MILL STONES, to which  
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Particular attention paid to the  
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The highest cash prices will be paid  
for Old Brass, Copper, and Castings on  
delivery.

WEBSTER & MANN.  
Chattanooga, March 17th, 1859.

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## The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.  
"Fledged to no party's arbitrary sway,  
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

Subscriptions for a shorter time  
than one year must be paid in advance.  
Hereafter no club subscriptions  
at less than the regular price (\$2) will  
be received. However, when a club of  
five subscribers is sent us, we will allow  
an extra copy gratis to the getter-up of  
the club.

Single copies sold at 10 cents.  
When credit for the paper is given  
to the end of the year three dollars  
will be invariably charged.

Postmasters throughout the country  
will do us a favor, as well as be doing their  
duty, to inform us when a subscriber re-  
fuses his paper, or when the paper lies  
dead at their office.

Clubs.—We will supply either  
Harper's Magazine, or Graham's, or Go-  
doy's and the Home Journal, one year, for  
four dollars. Arthur's Home Magazine,  
or Peterson's, and the Home Journal, one  
year, for 3 25.

Cisterns.—Of all water in the world  
we love good cistern water the best  
for drinking, and it is best for many  
other purposes. And in no town here-  
abouts are there to be found more  
cisterns than in Winchester. And we  
know of four or five being dug at  
present. It does not cost much to dig  
and finish a cistern, and every busi-  
ness house in town would do well to  
have one, if they would have good  
water convenient, and not trouble  
neighbors. Besides, in case of fire  
they would prove of vast benefit.—  
And as the people will not insure their  
property, liable as it is to be burned  
up from a fire that might start almost  
anywhere in town, we do think it be-  
hooves them all to have good, large  
cisterns dug on their premises.

By the way, should we not have two good  
ones on the square. They are needed  
and, our word for it, unless they be  
dug, we may some day regret it.

RICHERS—A BEAUTIFUL FABLE.  
There is a German fable which  
says: "On a sultry, hot summer day,  
an honest old man was plowing his  
own field, when suddenly, under the  
shade of an oak, he beheld a god-like  
figure approaching him. The man  
started back.

"I am Solomon, said the phantom in  
a confiding voice. "What art thou  
doing here, old man?"

"If thou art Solomon," was the re-  
ply, "how canst thou ask me? When  
I was a youth you didst send me to the  
ant. I saw its method of living, and  
it taught me to be diligent, industri-  
ous and persevering, and gather the  
superfluous for a stormy day. What  
I then learnt, I still continue to do."

"Thou hast studied thy lesson but  
halt," replied the spirit, "go once more  
to the ant and learn of it also, how to  
find the rest and quiet in the winter  
of thy years, and how to enjoy that  
which thou hast hoarded up."

There is a world of wisdom in this  
fable, and there is no lesson in human  
philosophy that should be more pal-  
pably impressed on the understanding.  
Riches are desirable, but their great-  
est use is to make the decline of life  
happy, and he who, after acquiring  
them, fails to enjoy them, is certainly  
to be pitied. It is an imposition on  
one's self to toil in the summer's heat  
and winter's cold to accumulate prop-  
erty, and then to be parsimonious to  
enjoy it. One of the greatest privi-  
leges, one of the most glorious condi-  
tions that a human being can enjoy,  
is to be happy to withdraw for a time  
from Mammon, look up to God and be  
truly at peace with himself and all  
mankind. The ant toils through the  
spring time and summer, but when the  
cold winds of autumn come, when the  
snows of winter fall, it nestles down  
in its warm chambers, lives on what  
it has accumulated; and we have no  
doubt enjoys its short existence.—  
What a striking lesson, and how wor-  
thy to be followed by men.

RECIPE FOR MAKING MOLASSES CAN-  
DY.—Dr. Cummings, of the Brattle-  
boro's Phoenix, who knows many things,  
and all of them thoroughly, thus treats  
his readers to a recipe for making mol-  
lasses candy, which is one of our "pecu-  
liar institutions." "Take two cups  
of molasses, one of sugar, one table-  
spoonful of vinegar, and a piece of  
butter the size of a walnut. Boil  
briskly and constantly 20 minutes,  
stirring all the time. When cool  
enough to pull, do it quickly, and it  
will come white rapidly. Use the  
above proportions, and follow direc-  
tions, and you will have good candy."

This time there was no mistake in  
it; there was a perceptible motion of  
Anna Hawkes' pretty head, an unmis-  
takable light in her eyes, and a whole

## THE DYING SISTER.

Dear brother, do not chide me,  
Or bid me now be gay;  
A grief my lips must utter not  
Is wearing life away—  
For a cold, a chilling grief has come,  
And my spirit's sinking to the tomb.

Come, brother, and sit beside me,  
And kiss these lips of mine;  
Now let me rest my weary head  
Upon thy bosom kind—  
For a dark, a weary grief has come,  
And I'm sinking, sinking, to the tomb.

Nay, murmur not that I go,  
Nor have me longer stay;  
But rather bid my spirit fly  
From her frail house of clay—  
For I long in yonder home to dwell  
Where all are happy—where all are  
well.

Oh, hold me closely, brother,  
I'm lapsing fast my breath;  
And clasp thy warm arms round me,  
For cold, oh! cold is death!  
But see the angels, oh! see them come;  
Now kiss me, farewell, I'm going  
home. ELLEN A.

Sunny Side, June 10th, 1859.

## TOO POOR TO PAY.

We were so poor when baby died,  
And mother stitched his shroud,  
The others in their hunger cried,  
With sorrow wild and loud;  
We were so poor we could not pay  
The man to carry him away.

I see it still before my eyes—  
I lie upon the bed,  
And mother whispered through her sighs,  
"The little boy is dead."  
A little box of common pine  
His coffin was—and may be mine.

They laid our little brother out,  
And wrapped his form in white,  
And, as they turned his head about,  
We saw the solemn sight;  
And wept as children weep,  
And kissed the dead one in his sleep.

We looked our last upon his face,  
And our last "good-bye,"  
While mother laid him in the place  
Where those are laid who die.  
The sexton shoved the box away  
Because we were too poor to pay!

We were too poor to hire a horse,  
We could not get a pall,  
And when we drove him to the grave  
A wagon held us all;  
"Twas I who drove the horses, and I  
Who told mother not to cry.

We rode along the crowded town,  
And felt so lone and drear,  
And oft our tears came trickling down,  
Because no friends were near.  
The folks were strangers, selfish men,  
Who had not lost a baby then.

We reached the grave and laid him there,  
With all the dead around;  
There was no priest to say a prayer,  
And bless the holy ground,  
So home we went with grief and pain,  
But home was never home again!

And there he sleeps, without a stone  
To mark the sacred spot,  
But though to all the world unknown,  
By us 'tis never forgot.  
We mean to raise a stone some day,  
But now we are too poor to pay!  
Baltimore, Md. J. F. W.

## A Splendid Story.

### FERRULING ANNA HAWKES.

"Buzz—buzz—buzz!"  
"Indeed, I cannot stand this.—  
You'll drive me quite crazy with your  
buzz, buzz, buzzing. I must and will  
have silence. I find that plain pleas-  
ant persuasion will not do; I shall be  
forced to resort to a higher method.  
Now listen, one, and all, while I as-  
sure you that the first scholar, old or  
young, miss or master, young gentle-  
man or lady, whom I see whispering  
without leave, I will ferrule."

The teacher, Mr. Arthur Stone,  
closed his bearded lip firmly and  
glanced about the old-fashioned school-  
room with a determined expression,  
as he ceased speaking. He evidently  
meant just what he said—meant it in  
the face of stout, stalwart young gen-  
tlemen, and the pretty witching bright  
eyed girls about him. For a moment  
there was a dead silence upon all,  
while every eye was fixed upon the  
handsome, resolute face of the teacher.

But in the little crowd of eager,  
upturned faces, there was but one  
which his eyes caught, intuitively  
drawn as it were, by some strange,  
magic power. One face, and one at  
that moment which was a pretty pic-  
ture of piquant beauty, with his saucy  
blue eyes, which met his own full and  
daring; its strawberry-red mouth pur-  
sued by the most provoking and dar-  
ing of smiles, that said as plainly as  
words could have said it—  
"You won't ferrule me, Arthur  
Stone, if I whisper ever so much."

A sudden flash of anger reddened  
into the cheeks of the young man,  
and shot from the depths of his gray  
eyes, as he said, determinedly, in an-  
swer to the smile of the red mouth  
and blue eyes, and toss of the dainty  
head.

"I repeat it, I will ferrule the first  
scholar whom I see whispering with-  
out leave."

This time there was no mistake in  
it; there was a perceptible motion of  
Anna Hawkes' pretty head, an unmis-  
takable light in her eyes, and a whole

unbroken sentence wreathed about  
the curl of her lips, as she turned  
carelessly to her book.

"You can ferrule me if you choose,  
she said mutely, not believing that he  
would venture to do it."

"And I certainly will," was the sil-  
ent reply of the young man, confident  
the while that she would not allow  
him an opportunity of putting his  
threat into execution. But he was ill  
at ease as he turned moodily around  
to the arithmetic class, from which  
his attention had been drawn by the  
unusual confusion. Affairs had taken  
a disagreeable turn, an unexpected  
course, and whatever he might do  
could not better it. There was but  
one way for him. He must maintain  
his dignity as a teacher, even if he  
was obliged to thrust roughly aside  
his own wishes and inclinations. An-  
na Hawkes, pleasant witchful and  
graceful Anna, the one bright star  
that threw so much light upon his ar-  
duous' tiresome duties; the warm-  
hearted girl who had grown nearer  
and dearer to him as the dull wintry  
days went by, till he had dared hope,  
silently yet earnestly, that sometime  
he might be more to her than any one  
else in the world—even she, if she  
came between him and his duties,  
must be sacrificed. It was a misera-  
ble thought, and he greeted it with a  
long deep-drawn sigh.

Not once during the afternoon did  
he venture to look towards Anna's  
seat, or allow himself to pause any-  
where in her vicinity, for fear his ear  
might be greeted by a provoking,  
odious whisper. Not once, I say, but  
I must except the long recess during  
which he addressed her eagerly as she  
bent over her slate, working out her  
algebraic problems, apparently lost to  
everything about her. Two or three  
times he half-started from his seat to  
go to her assistance, as she knit her  
white brow perplexedly, but a strange  
new feeling, like pride, kept him back.

He thought he had never seen her  
look half so pretty or loveable as then  
as she sat there, bending thoughtfully  
over her book, with one white hand  
running rapidly and gracefully over  
her slate. Her dress, of dark crimson  
cloth, with full sleeves, confined at the  
wrists, by black velvet bands, fash-  
ioned high upon the neck, but in such  
manner as to display her full, white  
throat, was strangely becoming to  
her. He had never thought of it be-  
fore, but there was a certain refine-  
ment in her taste that was truly pleas-  
ing. It was visible in everything she  
wore—the dainty cambric collar con-  
fined at the throat by a small cameo  
breast-pin; the knots of black velvet  
ribbon fastened about her luxuriant  
brown braids; the petite black, full  
silk apron, with its girde of silk cord,  
and even the slender, shining little  
kid boots, that peeped daintily out  
from the folds of her ample skirt. In  
all his life Arthur Stone had never  
looked on a face or figure so pleasant  
or captivating. But he watched her  
as she raised her eyes to his face. In  
a moment the pretty seriousness that  
had rested so becomingly upon her  
features was gone. A provoking  
smile curled upon her rosy mouth,  
and went with a sudden rush of  
triumph over her whole face, dilating  
her finely curved nostrils and sweep-  
ing like very sunshine over the blue  
of her eyes, making such rare dimples  
about her chin, as one might have  
supposed to have been fitted by the  
cunning forefinger of Cupid himself.

Arthur Stone was vexed, but he  
was too much of a man of the world  
to allow the young girl to know how  
much she was capable of annoying  
him, and so after the first flame of  
petty anger had died out from his  
cheeks and forehead, he said in a  
voice, the coolness of which surprised  
even himself:

"Can I be of assistance to you Miss  
Hawkes?"

"None, sir, thank you. I have  
quite conquered my exercises alone to-  
day."

Foolish fellow! The very coolness  
of his manner betrayed the secret  
which he strove to hide. There was  
a little need of covers if there was noth-  
ing to conceal. And so it was that  
the forenoon slipped pleasantly away,  
and the afternoon came in its stead!

The teacher's rule so far was a good  
one. The school was remarkable for  
its quietude. If Anna Hawkes had  
not been present, Mr. Stone would  
have counted it a success, but as it  
was, he was in a constant tremor of  
fear.

A raised hand in the neighborhood  
of her seat and a timid application for  
assistance was met with something  
like an unreasonable frown. In a  
hurried, nervous way he proceeded to  
explain away the difficulty to the tim-  
id applicant, anxious to be free from  
such dangerous surroundings.

Just as he was congratulating him-

self upon his success, and about turn-  
ing away, a rapid whispered volley of  
words rattled past his ears. There  
was no avoiding it. He knew the  
source from whence it came, as well  
as did every scholar that heard them.  
He could not pass thoughtlessly along.

The dread alarm had come with  
such sudden distinctness as to surprise  
him into an involuntary start. Every  
pair of eyes in the school room were  
turned inquiringly and curiously to his  
face. He was forced into doing his  
duty. The heavy beard about his  
mouth was friendly to him then, for it  
covered a suspicious pallor that set-  
tled there as he turned about and res-  
ted his eyes sternly upon the blushing  
piquant face of Anna Hawkes. She  
was the picture of innocence just  
then, with her brown lashes drooped  
low upon her cheeks, and the pearly  
white teeth crushed cruelly down upon  
the crimson of her lips.

"Miss Hawkes, can you tell me  
who whispered a moment since?"

"Yes, sir." The white lids were  
thrown wide open, and the clear eye  
fixed frankly upon his own.

"Who?"

"I, sir."

"You will oblige me by stepping  
this way a moment." He led the way  
out into the floor.

"Yes, sir, certainly." She followed  
him promptly, pausing beside the desk  
and resting one hand prettily upon its  
top.

"I suppose you listened to my rule  
this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"You understand it too, doubtless?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"Understanding it perfectly, then,  
you have been pleased to break it.—  
Can you name my duty?"

"It does not admit of question.—  
Ferrule me, sir." She commenced  
drawing a slender gold ring from her  
left hand.

"This hand?" she asked, looking  
up into his face.

"We have plenty of time, Miss  
Hawkes; don't hurry," he said, evad-  
ing her question, "I have something  
to say to you."

She leaned her elbows upon the  
desk, and her burning face upon her  
hand.

"I shall be happy to listen to you,"  
she said.

"I will not trouble you but a mo-  
ment, only to say that I regret more  
than I am able to express that a schol-  
ar whom I ever treated with uniform  
courtesy and respect, and in whose  
advancement I had felt a lively inter-  
est, should by so glaring a misde-  
meanor, such an utter contempt for  
my wishes, avow a disregard for me  
as a teacher and a friend. Such a  
display is unpleasant enough if a  
mere child willfully breaks the rules  
of a school, but when instead a young  
gentleman or lady so far forgets him-  
or herself, it is intensely painful. I  
assure you that I deeply regret this."

Anna bowed gracefully, as Mr. S.  
ceased speaking. Again her white  
teeth dented into her lip, while the  
brown lashes trembled close upon the  
deep burning red of her cheeks.

"Your hand, if you please."

The little white hand was reached  
forth as though it was to receive a  
caress instead of a blow. As it lay so  
tenderly and trustingly upon the broad  
palm of the teacher, he inwardly cur-  
sed the stars. He called himself a  
brute, a tyrant, a monster. He had  
a mind to get down on his knees and  
pray for a big-mouthed earthquake to  
come and swallow him; for a whirl-  
wind to sweep him with rapid rush-  
ing winds from the face of the earth.  
Strike that little dimpled hand with a  
cruel two inch rule! He had rather  
cover, eye blister it with kisses, in-  
stead. A thought struck him. He  
might strike his own hand and shield  
Anna's. He was in a mood for crack-  
ing every knuckle that he owned. He  
raised the rule. Anna raised her eyes  
to his face. His fixed determined ex-  
pression startled her. She would  
bear this blow without shrinking,  
without starting, but she would hate  
him so long as she lived! As the  
thought passed through her mind, a  
gay, dashing sleigh, drawn by a pair  
of fine horses, came rapidly up to the  
door.

Lucky, Lucky Mr. Stone, the rule  
fell harmless upon the fair rosy palm  
of Anna, as he turned his eye towards  
the window, and exclaimed hurriedly:

"The committee, Miss Hawkes.—  
You can take your seat now, but re-  
main to night after school. Even for  
this interruption I should not feel jus-  
tified in letting the affair pass."

"The last committee man on earth  
that I would care to see," exclaimed  
Mr. Stone to himself, as he bowed low  
before the pompous young gentleman  
known by the cognomen of Dr. Wes-  
ley Barker, a young gentleman of  
wealth and education. But the teach-

er did not care a fig for his wealth—  
he did not envy him—neither did he  
envy his education—his own was  
quite equal to it. But what he did  
care for was, that Dr. Barker was a  
great admirer of Anna Hawkes, and  
in the present state of affairs he did  
not care about having rivals around.  
Everything went along smoothly dur-  
ing the school hours as it always did  
during the visit of the committee, but  
the moment the school was dismissed,  
Dr. Barker stalked across the school-  
room floor and up to Anna Hawkes'  
seat. Mr. Stone bit his lips with ven-  
eration. His rival had made his appear-  
ance quite in the nick of time. He  
despised meanness heartily, denounc-  
ed it, but now in spite of himself, he  
stood and listened eagerly to catch  
the few words that dropped from Dr.  
Barker's and Anna's lips.

"I will ask Mr. Stone to excuse me,"  
he heard Anna say.

"Which, of course, he will do," re-  
plied Dr. Barker.

"I am not so certain," was the smil-  
ing reply, as she started towards the  
desk.

"I hope you'll pardon me for daring  
to ask such a thing, but Dr. Barker  
wishes me to drive with him in his  
new sleigh, which I am very anxious  
to do, so I'd like to be excused from  
remaining to-night to take my ferrul-  
ing, promising to come early to-mor-  
row morning."

Mr. Stone bowed and said "very  
well," although the words quite chok-  
ed him. He secretly wished Dr. Bar-  
ker and his sleigh in China, and him-  
self free from the vocation of school  
teaching. He thought, as he stood  
moody by the desk, watching Anna  
Hawkes pinning the plaid shawl close-  
ly around her throat, and tie under  
her chin the blue ribbons of her quit-  
ted hood, preparatory to her drive with  
Dr. Barker, that he was the most mis-  
erable man in existence, and that he  
would purchase him a farm, work  
shoveling on the railroad, would do  
anything rather than teach school.—  
He had already engaged to take charge  
of the village academy the following  
spring, but now he resolved that he  
would not do it—he would throw up  
the engagement at once.

"No doubt she thinks me a very  
brute," he said to himself as the gay  
equipage went dashing down the  
street. Perhaps, after all, she had not  
made that ruthless attack upon his  
dignity and patience. Indeed, now he  
thought of it again, the whisper was  
more like a sudden exclamation than  
a whisper. Yet he had not given her  
the slightest chance for an explana-  
tion but like the executioner who loves  
his occupation, hurried her forward to  
punishment—the dolt, that he called  
himself. He had a very poor opinion  
of Arthur Stone just at that moment.  
He was sure that he would like to  
horsewhip him.

A fair counterpart of the pupil's  
thought and feelings were those of the  
teacher. It was a dull and dreary  
drive that Anna Hawkes took with  
Dr. Barker. She hadn't a heart to en-  
joy it after the folly of the afternoon.

"He thinks that I did not care for,  
or respect him," was the thought up-  
permost in her mind, whichever way  
she turned. "And this is the return I  
am making him for his kindness to me  
—all the interest he has taken in my  
studies, both in and out of school—  
Oh, if he could but know the truth!"

The truth! The young girl start-  
led herself by the words. And what  
was the truth? She buried her burn-  
ing face in her hands as she asked  
herself the question. It was this:—  
She loved Arthur Stone! loved him bet-  
ter than life itself! A cry of pain  
went from her lips, as the knowledge  
slowly settled itself upon her heart.—  
But what proof had she given him of  
this? What proof that she was any  
other than a vain, selfish, unwoman-  
ly thing? None, alas, none! Like  
any woman who is conscious of her  
power, she gloried in her's over Ar-  
thur Stone. But how was he to know  
that it was any but the glory of a fic-  
kle, heartless coquette, rather than  
that of a strong, loving, true-hearted  
woman, who makes her power a golden  
chain about the heart of the man  
she loves, by which she draws him  
tenderly and gently towards her?

How, oh, how was he to know this?  
The thought was agonizing to her.

She resolved at last to go to him in  
the morning and confess her fault  
humbly as it was. He should know  
at least that she held his feelings  
too sacred to wound them wantonly.  
But in the morning she was sick and  
feverish, scarcely able to lift her  
head from the pillow. She could not  
see Arthur that day, and so she must  
contentedly wait for the next. Against  
her wishes, Dr. Barker was summon-  
ed, who croaked dubiously of a fever  
which was hanging about her. She  
must be careful, be very quiet, and

follow his directions, he said, and he  
would come again in the afternoon  
to learn how she was getting along.  
He came in the afternoon, but at an  
unlucky hour. Anna sat leaning back  
in the rocking chair by the window,  
looking eagerly up the street. But  
while he prated learnedly at her side  
he saw a rapid red stain through the  
whiteness of her cheeks, and an eager  
light break out from the clear blue of  
her eyes. Arthur Stone was passing  
the house, and viewing with a scorn-  
ful curl of the lips the handsome  
equipage of Dr. Barker. He did not  
look beyond it to the pale face bent  
so earnestly towards him, but turned  
his eyes coldly away and walked  
haughtily down the street, while An-  
na sank back with a sigh into the  
soft-cushioned chair.

The next morning she refused to  
remain from school another day. Ar-  
thur Stone would say that she was  
cowardly, that she feared ferruling,  
that she absented herself purposely,  
because of the misunderstanding on  
Tuesday afternoon, which she was  
too guilty to face again. She would  
go to the school though she drooped  
fainting on her way. She could not  
rest until her weary mind was unbur-  
thened of this heavy load. So she  
went, pale and trembling, at an early  
hour, to the school house.

"How he scorns me—how he hates  
me?" she thought, as Mr. Stone quiet-  
ly raised his eyes to her face, and  
bowed a silent good morning as she  
entered the room. How could she  
ever face that stern gaze, and make  
her excuses for not keeping her ap-  
pointment of the previous morning?

"I was too ill to come out yester-  
day morning," she said, in a trembling  
voice, "or I should not have broken  
my promise. Will this morning do  
as well?"

Mr. Stone glanced keenly at her  
face. The blanched cheeks and  
white, quivering lips testified to the  
truth of what she said.

"Are you able to be here now?"  
he asked in a tone of voice that had  
more of tenderness than of aught else  
rushing through it.

"Hardly. You can fer—ferrule  
me, and I will go home," she said,  
while her cheeks crimsoned with  
shame.

Mr. Stone bit his lips to keep back  
a reply which rose involuntarily to  
them. Again was that tender white  
hand before him, waiting meekly for  
its punishment, now weak and trem-  
bling from illness. Did she think him  
a brute! Quite evidently from her  
action.

"I—I—regret that I wounded your  
feelings on Tuesday," she said, rais-  
ing her eyes to his face. "I am  
thoughtless, though I hope not heart-  
less. Will you pardon me?" The  
question was asked in a low, quiver-  
ing voice half choked with tears.

"Pardon you?" Mr. Stone repeated  
the words slowly, in a clear, emphatic  
tone.

"Is it too much to ask? You would  
not refuse me if you knew—"

"What?"

"How utterly miserable I am; I can  
not tarry here—here is my hand—be  
quick—let me go home!"

With a quick rapid movement the  
teacher grasped the little feverish  
hand that outstretched to him, and  
covered it over and over again with  
fervent, passionate kisses.

"Forgive you," he said, while his  
fine eye grew deep and tender in their  
expression, "forgive you, yes, a thou-  
sand times, and then not be able to  
show you a millionth part of the love  
which I bear for you. Forgive you—  
but I'll dare ask more than you dare  
hope, perhaps more than you care to  
hope—that you will love me; that  
you will place yourself and this sinned-  
against, abused little hand in my  
keeping. Tell me, Anna, have I asked  
too much?"

The answer was faint and low that  
came from the lips of Anna Hawkes,  
but nevertheless it was a satisfactory  
one, for the sweet little mouth from  
whence it came took immediate re-  
ward in kisses.

So it all ended. And a few weeks  
after, Anna Hawkes became Mrs.  
Arthur Stone, much to the satisfaction  
of the wondering school at Elton.

"Patrick, the widow Maloney tells  
me that you have stolen one of her  
finest pigs. Is that so?"

"Yes, your honor."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, your honor."

"Oh, Patrick! Patrick! when you  
are brought face to face with the wid-  
ow and her pig on Judgment Day,  
what account will you be able to give  
of yourself, when the widow accuses  
you of theft?"

"Do you say the pig would be there,  
your reverence?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, then, yer reverence, I'll say  
Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig."

## THE SLAVE FINDER AND Thief Detector!

This is the title of a Newspaper which  
we intend to publish in the town of Win-  
chester, Tenn., and which shall be de-  
voted almost exclusively to the