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[For the Sunday Republican.]

WOMAN.

HER EXCUSABLE FAULT AN UNPARDONABLE INCONSTANCY.

I would not have a woman all perfection,
Her little faults I view without alarm;
She's none the less deserving of affection,
And each small error hath its special charm.
She's irresistible when most capricious,
Quite interesting when inclined to fret,
And absolutely to all men delicious—
When in society a gay coquette.

I like to see her at her victims glancing,
With eyes that triumph in her own sweet power;
I like to see her in a ball room dancing,
Where mirth and music gild the rosy hour;
And when she cuts one lover for another,
Making some fellow wild, another glad.
The ecstacy I feel I scarce can smother,
Though, on my conscience, it doth seem too bad.

I love her vanity in finely dressing,
With an absurdity that's scarce denied;
Lacing her corset in a way distressing,
Making herself a martyr to her pride.
Squeezing her waist into etherial slightness,
Although I'd much prefer a larger span
As best rewarding amorous politeness
When she is clasp'd by that dull creature—man.

I love her foreign airs and native graces,
When in mixed company she seeks to shine,
At "vulgar wretches" making up sly faces
And smiling graciously at dandies fine.
She is the most enchanting of all jilters,
With ankles cased in silken stockings fair,
Displaying them by careless fling of "tilters,"
Driving all hearts to regions of despair.

I'm rather fond of that entrancing fashion,
The low-neck dress, when things are smooth and white,
Provoking admiration and some passion,
And thrilling souls with rapturous delight.
Her arms ablaze with many a precious jewel—
Plump, naked arms that we so long to fill—
She may be most tyrannical and cruel,
But we forgive her, and must worship still.

You laugh at her ridiculous head dresses—
A flattened nondescript, with ribbons bright—
Yet he who gazes inwardly confesses
There's fascination in the pretty sight.
You sternly view the bugles of the misses,
And all the nonsense which her soul exalts,
While you could eat her up with frantic kisses
And take her as she is, with all her faults.

She is the object of sarcastic mention
To half-brained writers and to envious apes,
Because she'll not accept their dull attention.
Therefore they raise the cry of "sour grapes."
Her favor drives them all to mad distraction,
Her frown doth send them muttering away,
They preach their calumnies for satisfaction,
And imitating donkeys loudly bray.

Let moralists condemn—to us is given
Appreciation of a woman's grace—
When we approach her we are nearer heaven
Than we can e'er attain in earthly place.
We don't affect celestial aspirations;
Woman, with all her errors, rapture brings;
Most exquisite of all mundane creations
An angel here below—without the wings.

There was a lady with a dark blue eye,
And voice with music in its every tone,
Who often heard a sentimental sigh,
For she was desolate, and sad, and lone.
I've breathed my sympathy into her ear,
Chasing the sorrows from her soul's dark cloisters,
And o'er her woes dropp'd many a scalding tear,
And even paying for her beer and oysters.

They told this maiden I had stores of gold,
That I, in short, possessed abundant cash;
I laughed to think how badly she was "sold,"
For I could scarcely raise my daily "hash."
But she, believing in my fabled wealth,
Set all her wits to work for "roping in,"
And ate more pickles than was good for health,
Just to reduce her flesh and make her thin.

And she was all attention to my wishes,
Plying a sportive fairy's jocund part,
Just dropping in and washing up the dishes—
And shedding sunshine in my pensive heart;
Once, in defiance of her parent's frown,
She sent a beauteous present unto me—
A meerslaum pipe, in color a rich brown,
Made from the white foam of the sparkling sea.

She never ventured, like the rest, to tease me,
Nor at my eccentricities would smile;
She always dressed especially to please me,
Showing her person in the modern style;
Loose in her costume, like the belles of France,
Above the waist small covering sufficing,
And cultivated many an ardent glance
To make herself deliciously enticing.

She'd murmur, "Darling, when we get united
We'll pass our honeymoon away from home;
We'll visit Italy, and be delighted
With the antiquities of classic Rome."
I fondly asked: "Oh! where shall come the money?
Whereat she fondly pulled my (dyed) moustache,
And saying, playfully, I was too funny,
Spoke of my ample store of solid cash.

On summer beaches we have often sported,
In winter, "warming," we have passed our time;
We've sat up all the livelong night and courted,
Till Sol at morn the rosy east did climb.
Our love did long survive the wind and weather,
We thought our fond affection ne'er could die;
Our lips in rapture closely glued together,
And sweetest pleasure freighting every sigh.

But purity distinguished our communion;
No passion desecrated virtue's kiss;
We waited for our matrimonial union
To consecrate our great and mutual bliss.
The maiden still persisted in believing
That she'd become a very wealthy bride
In wedding me—as I was not deceiving,
I nursed her error, and so "let it slide."

One day the maid received communication
That I was poor as Job's most ancient fowl;
That filled her with the greatest consternation,
She sought my lodgings with a furious howl.
I quick confirmed the story; she departed—
I don't regret this lady's loss, nor fret
For her like a poor fellow broken hearted;
I have no faith in "woman's love," you bet.

FLORENCE.

MABEL'S STORY.

[From the Argosy.]

We lived far away in the country in a rustic district. My father was postmaster of the little place, and kept a few groceries for sale. But he had enough to do to maintain his family scantily, and clothe them decently. I was sixteen, and housekeeper; my mother was dead, and I was the eldest of us four children. The rest being younger, I strove to do my best for them.

My one great trouble then was my clothes. Other young girls of our station that I associated with, dressed better than I could, and it grieved me. Vanity begins earlier than that in the female heart. I had made up and remade every article of my mother's wardrobe for the children or for me, had worked up every shred to the best advantage; and now all was gone, and I did need a new dress for the coming winter. I made my shoes last as long again as other girls did, for I knew my father needed every sixpence he could earn, and I dreaded wanting anything. Not that he was cross, but he often sighed, and looked so pained and sorrowful when I asked for money, that I tried to do with as little as possible.

But here it was the last of October; my summer dresses, poor enough at all times looked very thin and paltry now.

One Saturday afternoon I shall never forget. It is what I am going to tell of. My work was all done, the children at play in the orchard, I combed out my long brown hair, put on my best cotton frock, selected a plain linen collar of my own making, and pinned it around my neck with an old breastpin, the only bit of jewelry I had ever owned. With me I think it was instinct to dress well. Not fine; only neat. Then, taking out my last winter's best frock, I sat down by the window to see what I could do at renovating it. It was a light blue merino—very light indeed now—and I knew it was too short for me, as I was still growing, and was very shabby. But by turning and putting in a wide band of trimming which I had, I thought it might be made to answer; so I set to work with a will.

The work was vexing. I was trying to do what scarcely could be done; and as I sat sewing and contriving, I felt fit to cry over our poverty. Just then the dog on the shop-sill set up a loud barking, and I looked to see what it was at. A man was coming in at the gate with a pack on his back; a traveling peddler, I knew. He smiled and came in, although I said I did not want anything, and the children, seeing him, came running in too.

"I can not afford to buy; indeed I can not," I kept saying. But the man only kept on smiling, and opened his pack on the parlor floor. And it was too great a treat to me to see the things to make great opposition.

The first that came out was just the very thing I had most longed for—a beautiful fine French merino of a dark crimson color. I had once seen a dress of this kind, but none had ever been offered for sale in our little place that could equal this in shade or texture.

The peddler looked at me with his keen black eyes as I knelt down to feel the prize I had no hope of winning. "The lady will buy," he said; but I shook my head, and crossing my hands behind me, stood up resolutely, trying hard not to long for the much-desired piece of goods.

"Not buy!" he exclaimed in a broken language of some sort, I could not tell whether German or French; and he looked so astonished, even pitiful, that I felt sorry at once, and confessed that I had no money, and could not purchase.

"But the beautiful young lady have some old silver, old jewelry, old silk dresses—just good as money!" said he.

I laughed at the idea, but he only opened another package to display to the boys some dumb watches with very gay chains, and handing them each one, he took out a small doll for my little sister, and told them to run away now, "till sister bought her dress." I motioned to the boys to stay near the door-step, and then taking up the much coveted dress-piece, I again examined it. Satan was tempting me, or some vexatious spirit that does duty for him, and never had I been so sorely beset. How could I let it go, yet how pay for it?

The black eyes never left my face, but the fellow was respectful, oddly bowing lower as he said, "You think it good!"

"Oh, yes!" I replied, "too good for me."

"Not so," he said. "It suits you much, and you shall have cheap."

"I tell you I have no money."

"No matter, I trust. You give me something to keep for you, and I come again," he said.

"But I have nothing," I insisted. Still he only seemed more eager; said something of hard times, of having to stay at the tavern, and expenses over Sunday, of being so "very tire"—and I with the merino in my hand all the while.

Suddenly he stepped close to me pointing to the poor brooch I wore. I could give him that, he said; that is, lend it to him in trust until he came again. Did I think much of it, he asked.

I laughed as I undid it. I did not think much about it, but it was all the jewelry I possessed in the world. I showed him my name on the back, "Mabel." But it was worn nearly illegible now.

"Nearly quite," said he, turning it about in his hands. "It is very poor."

And this was true: the poor thin gold, if it was gold, was all dinted and mashed flat, the original pin gone, and a needle tied in by the eye with a thread served to fasten it. One large stone was set in the centre as large as a pea, surrounded by nine smaller ones, but one of those was lost out long ago, and I had often tried to find a piece of white glass to fit the small cavity, but had failed. The stones were all glass as I believed. Some of the girls of the village would ask me why I wore the old fashioned thing, and then I would show them the dim "Mabel" on the back, and tell them I had been named after the name there. Some one had given my mother the pin for me when I was born; and she said I should bear the same name. The peddlar kept it in his hand, and I noticed that his fingers trembled.

"I'll bring it back to you in three months' time," said he; "'twont be o' no good to me, but I'll take it on trust. Or, if you can pay sooner, I shall be about the neighborhood all next week, and shall sleep each night at the inn."

Be you very sure I did not hesitate very long; the temptation was too great; so, thrusting the old pin carelessly into his breast pocket, he tied up his bundles, and with low bows left the house.

I could scarcely believe in my good luck. I spread out my new frock on the bed, and held it before me to try the effect. And then I began to repent. My father, I knew, would not give me one cross look; but still I did hate to tell him of the twelve shillings I owed the peddler. I would be so saving for the next three months that he would lose nothing by my bargain, for I'd scrape it together myself.

When I picked up the linen band to put it round my neck, I did not know how to fasten it at first without that familiar old pin; then I recollected how often the girls had told me that a bow of ribbon would look so much prettier. So, looking up a small piece of black velvet, I formed a bow, and felt more than satisfied.

My father did not get home to tea or to supper. I put the children to bed after their slices of bread and treacle and a good washing.

At ten o'clock a note came, saying some business had detained my father; that I had better close the house and retire. This was nothing very unusual, as his business matters often kept him late. I was quite a staid little woman in management, and did as I was bid. My father would come in with his latch key. On Sunday morning at breakfast the children showed him their watches and doll. I said nothing about the dress, for it struck me he was looking anxious.

"Where's your breastpin, Mabel?" he asked, as the children ran out before the door after breakfast.

The breastpin! I was frightened at once. He had never asked after it or noticed it before. He must have heard of what I'd done and was angry.

"Father, I have not got it!" I exclaimed once, ready to cry.

"Not got it! What do you mean, child! You surely wore it yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "and it's all safe. I was just going to tell you about it when you frightened me."

"Well, I don't wish to frighten you, my dear; I had no thought of such a thing. Calm yourself, Mabel, while I tell you of a letter I received yesterday, and then you can get the pin at your leisure. You can get it!"

"I can get it, father; or rather you can. But I hope you will not blame me. What have you heard about it?"

"Well, my dear, listen. We have never attached any value to that old pin, only that a good, kind woman gave it to your mother to keep for you, and so we did keep it because of that. She was a stranger to us, poor lady, and was in distress, and your mother was kind to her. But she left the place soon after you was born, and we never heard more of her. Yesterday, however, I got a letter from a long distance, asking about that very pin, and even to the name on the back. It is very valuable, Mabel."

My heart was beating ten strokes where it should have beat but one.

"The pin we have set no store by is of great value, Mabel. The centre diamond alone is worth what to us poor people would be a fortune. And it is all yours, my dear; you can convert the diamonds into money and be at ease for life."

What with the overpowering surprise, and what with fear of my father's anger, I fainted. When I came to myself on the sofa in the parlor, the children were there, and it was too late to go to church. I felt bewildered, and trembled yet, but listened attentively to my father as he read the important letter from London. Then I sprang up wildly.

"Oh, father, father, go down to the Black Horse," I exclaimed. "The peddler is there, and he has my pin."

My father's first thought was that the good fortune had turned my brain. I explained all to him. He was very kind, never scolded me; but, as to finding the pin and the peddler, he knew more of the world than his foolish child, and was not so hopeful.

However, he thought it best to go, and for me to go with him. So in a few moments we were walking down to the Black Horse. The landlord was sitting alone in his front porch, smoking quietly. He looked surprised when we walked up the steps, but very politely invited us into the parlor, explaining that his women folks had gone to church.

"Is there a peddler staying with you, Mr. Ford?" began my father.

"A peddler?—no," exclaimed the landlord, as if the question vexed him. "I have not seen a peddler for three weeks, and the one that was here then did not pay his bill."

I must have turned very pale at this, and felt faint again. Mr. Ford wanted me to take a cordial. My father turned it off, saying I was tired. Then he said that I had made a little bargain with a peddler the day before, and that we wished to settle with him.

"Got cheated, I warrant," said the bluff old landlord; "but no such man came to this house yesterday. I do recollect now that Joe, my ostler, said he saw a fellow with a big black box or bundle come up from the bank of the creek just after the stage passed, but I didn't pay any attention to him."

My father gave up all hope at once, but I could not believe my fortune was gone. He tried to comfort me, saying I was just as well off as before, and had a new dress into the bargain. How I hated the thought of my beautiful merino.

Well, it is of no use to prolong my story, or tell you of all the efforts made to catch the adroit thief. He was no peddler, but a clerk in that very law office from which the letter was sent telling us of the diamonds. He managed to delay the letter to my father for a post or two, hastened away himself, and obtained my diamond pin.

We never found him; we never heard of him. He must have got off somewhere over the sea with his prize. My poor, toiling father, always gentle, did not reproach me; but even to this day the remembrance lies heavily on my mind; for what might I not have done for him and the dear children with all my money!

And the lady who had given me the pin did not know until she was dying the value it was of; and that caused the stir. Ah me! it was one of those chances in life that perhaps we all miss on occasion; "the tide in the affairs of men that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." And about my crimson dress? For a long while, shabby though I was, I could not look at it or let it be made up. But time soothes troubles. And I must say that it made a charming gown; and one who was an artist saw me in it and made me his wife. So, perhaps, it all happened for the best.

But I am sure I hope that wicked peddler—who made believe to speak like a foreigner the better to take me in—came to be hanged!

Confederate Reunion.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

LEXINGTON, MO., October 10.—The confederate reunion to-day was a grand success. A most bountiful preparation had been made for thousands more than were on the ground. Over five thousand persons were present, and more than two thousand of them confederate soldiers. Eloquent, conservative, conciliatory and patriotic addresses were delivered by Colonel G. S. Rathburn, General John S. Marmaduke, General William Shields, Colonel Hiram Bledsoe, Captain Farris and Captain Kulisly. Eighty head of cattle, sheep and hogs were barbecued. In addition, hundreds of baskets of delicacies were supplied by the ladies, and a magnificent dinner was spread by them over the fair grounds. The barbecue pits, presided over by William Benton, were three hundred feet in length, and the cooking could not be surpassed. The whole dinner was made up by the voluntary contributions of the citizens of Lafayette county. Among the distinguished gentlemen present were Generals J. S. Marmaduke and William Shields, of St. Louis, General Bradshaw and Colonel Gates, of St. Joseph, Colonel Thompson, of Platte county, and Colonel McCarty, of Clay county. Among the members of the press present were Major Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times*, Mr. Child, of the Richmond *Conservator*, Mr. Southern, of the Independence *Sentinel*, N. J. Colman, of the St. Louis *Rural World*, Mr. Kennedy, of the Springfield *Leader*, Major George B. Clark, of the Potosi *Journal*, Captain Williams, of the Carrolton *Record*, and many others.

The Quebec (Canada). *Chronicle* of the twenty second says: "It would appear there is truth in the story recently set afloat to the effect that Vanderbilt, Jay Cooke & Co., and other leading capitalist and railroad kings in New York, offered the Dominion government to build our Pacific railway on certain conditions, including, of course, extensive grants of land. The Ottawa Ministers did not see fit to accept it, or take any important steps in the matter till the meeting of the federal parliament. Meantime it is reported that a Canadian firm, at the head of which is Sir Hugh Allan, contemplate undertaking the work, and making proposals to government. The surveyors are out on the plains, and moving toward the Rocky Mountains, and probably their reports as to the nature of the country and the best route for a railway will be made up by the next session. Then an intelligent estimate of its cost can be formed, and we doubt not capitalists either here, in the United States, or in England can be found to undertake the great work."

A company of Yankees, in June last, sent the brig Nellie Gay, from Providence, fitted out with machinery for submarine explorations, to search for treasure supposed to have been lost on the San Pedro de Alcantara, a ship of war, which sank off the coast of Venezuela, half a century ago. Arrangements have been made with the Venezuelan government for a satisfactory division of spoils in case the object of the expedition is successful, and late advices state that the wreck has been found lying in ten fathoms of water. All three decks are broken down, and with their guns in a confused mass in the lower hold, leaving the ship's sides still standing. Large quantities of copper fastenings, brass trimmings and lead have been raised from the wreck, but the explorers, on the second of September, had not found the kegs of dollars and doubloons, which form the objective point of their search, although they were sanguine of soon reaching them. When through with the wreck, our enterprising fellow-countrymen propose to test the riches of some large beds of pearl oysters near by, which lie in from five to twenty fathoms of water, and are beyond the reach of native divers.

The pastor of one of our churches was catechising the pupils of his Sabbath school, and remarked:

"Remember, dear children, that God is everywhere."

The words had hardly escaped his lips, when a roguish little fellow rose up and said to the pastor:

"Please, sir, did you say that God was everywhere?"

"Yes, my son, everywhere."

"Is he in my pocket?"

"Yes, he is in your pocket."

"Well, I guess I've got you there," was the triumphant retort; "'cause I ain't got any pocket."

A girl called to apply for a place in Boston. The lady of the house asked for her reference. "I have lived five years at my last place," said the girl; "if you want to know any more about me ask Father Hawley." The lady was favorably impressed with a girl who had lived five years without changing her place, but she concluded to call on Father Hawley. "Do you know a girl named So-and-so?" "Yes." "She lived five years at her last place?" "Yes." All correct so far, but as the lady turned to go Father Hawley inquired, "Do you know where her last place was?" "No, she did not mention that." "It was in the State prison!"

A man at Lawrenceburg, Pennsylvania, recently put up a nice new house, in which he inserted an imposing stone chimney. A few mornings after the place was occupied and a smart rain had fallen, he found a large hole in his roof and two wagon loads of slaked lime on his hearthstone, limestone being the material with which he innocently built.

Says the Bay St. Louis *Gazette*:

Everybody knows that Bay St. Louis is a watering place, but it does not follow that all its ladies have waterfalls on their heads, cataracts in their eyes, creeks in their backs, forty springs in their skirts, or that they all wear high-tied shoes. True, some of them have a notion in their heads, and are occasionally swimming in tears.

NO NAME.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

What shall we call our baby, wife?
The queer wee mortal thing,
With battling hand and restless foot,
And ear like midge's wing.

We'll give her chrism sweet and small,
A word that's soft and low,
A sound to hear from lips of love,
As lays of earth life go.

Pansy, or Rose, or Daisy, dear?
Helen, or Grace, or Fay?
We've called her "Baby" long enough,
'Tis near her christ'ning day.

You don't care, do you, baby, dear?
You'll gabble, cry and crow,
If we should call you Polly Ann,
If we but speak it low.

But by and by, my woman child,
For tones you love to hear,
Your name shall be a fairy boat,
To bear sweet love notes near.

And so it shall be soft and sweet,
No grate as sounds go by;
So, sweet, I can't decide to-day—
I'll find one by and by.

* * * * *

Ice cold, like a waxen thing,
The quiet sleeper lies,
With hands unfolded on its breast,
And soul gone home to Paradise.

Its small life lived, its sheaf of tears,
Bound in a bundle small,
It folded thus its waxen hands
At some Almighty call.

Our list'ning ear no accents caught,
No name like earth-born word;
But still methinks an angel called
"Baby," and baby heard.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

A Story as He Told it Himself.

He was a tall, one-eyed man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and a red flannel shirt. He sat on the railing of the bridge, whittling and talking to three or four others, standing near by.

Yes, sir (said he), I was dead once. It was the strangest thing you ever saw in your life.

You don't believe it, ha!

Well, I don't wonder much. I don't suppose any man ever went through such an awful siege, and I can't expect anybody to look at it as I do. You see it happened like this: It was that winter we lumbered on Whitcomb Creek, six or eight years ago. It was war times then, and wages were good. I was getting forty dollars a month, and worked like a beaver till this little affair came off. We went at work about a mile from the shanty—Jim Robinson and me—and had slashed into the pine like all possessed. The boys were hauling pretty lively, for it was early in January and sleighing was good. Jim was at work on a big tree about twenty rods from where I was.

Pretty soon after he yelled to me, his tree toppled over and fell. It was as handsome a piece of pine timber as you ever saw, and I watched it as it fell. Crash it went, right into the branches of an old grub oak, and hung fast there. I never saw a fellow madder than Jim was. He tried every possible way to loosen the pine, but couldn't get it off. Finally we made up our minds to go for the oak tree, and in about ten minutes we had it cut through so it trembled like a leaf with every stroke of the ax, he cutting on one side and I on the other. When it was almost through, as I was the biggest and best chopper, says I to Jim:

"Let me finish her, Jim. Get out of the way, and I will have her through in half a minute."

I had been chopping a minute or two, when Jim let loose a scream that would have made a Injun's blood run cold. I just had time to look up and see that pine tree tumbling down, when I dropped my ax and run. I couldn't have got far when something seemed to hit my eyes, and then everything was dark.

I suppose I was dead.

Maybe you don't believe me, boys, but that's all I can make out of it. All at once the light, the looks of the snow on the ground, everything was shut out from my sight. There was a kind of a uncertain, dreamy kind of a feeling, just as a fellow has when he's asleep. I knew something awful had happened, but I couldn't stir myself hand or foot. It seemed as though it was night and that I was covered up by something that pressed heavy upon me. Still there wasn't any particular pain, and and for a long time I couldn't think where I was. How long I stayed there I can't tell. I suppose it wasn't long; when I felt somebody pull my arm, and I heard Jim Robinson say: "O Lord! Poor fellow!"

I knew he was there and I could feel him touch me, and yet I couldn't speak or open my eyes. He thought I was dead. Then I wondered if all dead folks could know and think things as I did. I tried to move my hands; I tried to breathe; I tried to scream. But I couldn't do anything. Jim left me; and the next thing I remember of, I was pulled out from under the tree and hauled to the shanty on one of the sleds. You may bet there was considerable excitement among the boys when I was taken into camp. I could feel that I was dead. My heart didn't beat. I couldn't move. But I could hear, and had a kind of a misty notion about everything that was going on about me.

Some of the boys, after feeling of my forred, wanted to send for a doctor.

"It's no use, boys," said the boss, "the poor fellow's gone. His neck was broke. The most we can do for him is to take him home to his folks."

Well, they laid me out on one of the sleighs, and after fixing me up in as decent a way as a corpse could be in a lumber camp, one of the teamsters started with me for Oshkosh.

At first I didn't realize just how bad the situation was. When it began to leak into my head that I was really dead, and was going to be buried in the ground, and shut out forever from the light of the sun, it frightened me. The long ride to Oskosh passed like those things that happen in a dream. We got here and I was taken to my brother's house. He felt terrible bad when I was brought home. I hadn't any idea that he thought as much of me as he did, poor fellow. I could hear him cry and talk, and still I hadn't the power to move a muscle. I was put in a coffin and finally it came out that I was to be taken to Watertown to be buried. My old mother lived there you know. O, boys, I hope none of you may ever feel the horrors that I felt, when I knew that I was boxed up in a coffin and would soon be buried. Seven years have gone by since then, but I never think of it without a chill.

I could feel them putting on the lid of the coffin, and then I knew I was fastened up.

From that time until the cover of the coffin was raised again, I haven't any recollection of what happened, only that I was continually in motion. Though I couldn't open my eyes, I sorter felt that it was dark, and I was going somewhere. All of a sudden I felt that some one was turning the screws of the coffin lid, and after a while the cover was taken off.

My poor mother screamed as though her heart was broke. I couldn't stir, and yet I could feel the warm drops from her eyes upon my face.

I would rather die a thousand times over than go through the horrible suffering of that affair again. There I was, dead and going to be buried, and yet so near alive that I knew what was going on. Boys, you may talk, but there is nobody in this world that thinks as much of you as your mother. You can imagine my feelings—no, you can't have the least notion of how I felt when she was taking on so over me.

After a while I could feel that my mother had stopped crying. Then I thought she must have fainted. I never was much in the praying line, but if ever any one made a strong try to call on God for assistance, I did then. I could feel my mother's soft hand on my head.

"George," said she to my brother, "his forred don't feel very cold. How strange it is!"

Then George's hand was put on my forred, and I could feel him place his hand on my breast.

They seemed to think I might not be dead.

Pretty soon a neighbor came in, and there was a good deal of talking that I couldn't understand. Then I was lifted out of the coffin and placed in a bed. I was rubbed all over with a coarse towel.

Still I couldn't stir or open my eyes.

They gave up all hopes and left me.

Then my mother came to give me one last look. I could feel her near me just as she used to be when I was a boy, and her hand smoothed my hair in the old way, that seemed to take me back to the time when I wasn't so bad as I am now.

I tried with all the force I could to speak. I made one strong effort to rouse myself, and finally broke the spell and looked up.

My mother fainted, but help soon came, and after taking some medicine and doctor's stuff, I was able to think freely and breathe again.

In a little while I was well again, except an ugly scar on the back of my neck.

The doctors said I had a narrow escape. My spinal cord, they said, had been struck by a branch of the tree, and I was as good as dead. It was more than a miracle that I was ever brought to. They had a good deal to say about paralyzing my nervous system, and stopping my circulation, and all that, but at any rate I got well.

I didn't chop any more that winter.

Why Do the Men Propose?

A young lady, in a communication to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, makes indignant complaint of the unreasonableness of men in asking women to marry. She says:

I am pestered with offers. Now, I like men; I like gentlemen's society better than that of my own sex. I like them because their association is to me pleasing and profitable. I want information and knowledge of the world, and all the wisdom I can acquire, and all this I can better derive from personal association, and masculine association at that, than from all the books or the women in the world. Not that I'm going to put myself up as a thorough bluestocking, angular, shrunken, sharp featured, withered, spectacled and strong minded. My blood circulates pretty lively, and I am not averse to the feel of a coat sleeve or the sweep of a mustache to fill up the pauses in the conversation. But moderation, judgment and prudence in all things, say I. Because champagne is exhilarating that is no reason why any should drink themselves into any sort of a gutter.

Now, I never offered to marry a man. I never had the presumption to say to a gentleman: "If you will be my exclusive companion for life, I will support you; I will be a mother to your children. As to congeniality, why, I've only seen you in company dress, but you please me in that, and I'll take it for granted that in all their intricacies and complications our natures will come into perfect sympathy and consanguinity with each other." But men will make such propositions after a six weeks' acquaintance, when in reality they know no more of the woman whom they ask to marry them than they do of the man in the moon. There are men who will propose marriage to us, whose business would keep them two-thirds of the time in the wilds of the continent. They seem to imagine that the honor of their name and alliance would be a sufficient compensation for a life spent two-thirds in the condition of grass-widowdood, or of one entirely subject to the privations of the backwoods. There are others, confirmed invalids, who, because we are pleasing to them, elect us to the station of their nurses for life. Others are poor as poverty, yet not for a moment do they hesitate to offer us shares in their like poverty. So they go. None of these gentlemen in the matter of association are unpleasing. All are possessed of qualities which render association with them agreeable. But the law of to-day seems to be that the moment a single lady sees in a man something to admire, and allows him to become aware of such admiration, that moment his lordship must imagine that she is head over heels in love with him. It is then that he either demands or importunes a return of his passion: it is then that he becomes furiously jealous of all her other male associates, whom she may have known and esteemed for years; and, to be sure, if she doesn't comply with his demand or importunity—if she doesn't feign an affection which she may not feel—his lordship goes into spasms either of despair or rage. He threatens either suicide or revenge. (Mr. Editor, I've got a trunk full of just such desperate letters, and I'm half inclined to publish one occasionally, without signature, of course, just in order that some of their lordships, who daily carry their heads very high on Montgomery street, may see how their insanity looks in print.) I ask again: Why may not a lady enjoy congenial masculine association, based on propriety, which might prove mutually profitable, without being continually pestered to marry? "Marry! marry! marry!" That's man's eternal cry. "Marry and settle down." Settle down into a house—"two-story back," perhaps—settle down into a kitchen, a cook-stove, a wash-tub, a cradle! and so keep settling, setting, settling into a weary, worn, faded woman—on whom the male importuner, after five or ten years of his exclusive companionship, may look and congratulate himself on having accomplished a successful ruin. You men are deluded on this subject of matrimony. You meet a woman attractive to you, and forthwith you conclude that the be-all and end-all of her existence here is a place in your own private cage, where she is to sing for your own exclusive benefit. You conclude because she is outwardly pleasant in your company that all is serene and quiet within. You have yet to learn that the best specimens of womanhood among you are fast cutting loose from this old-fashioned idea that marriage is the sole end and aim of her life.

This report of a homicide we copy from the Richland *Beacon*:

It becomes our painful duty, as the faithful chronicler of events, to record one of those sad tragedies which throw communities into a fever of excitement occasionally. It is hard even for a perfectly disinterested party, as we are, to detail the circumstances of events without any appearance of prejudice or favor. Hence we will state the case as briefly as possible from the evidence.

It seems that the most intimate relations—almost brotherly love—between two former partners, Messrs. Hanna & Nettles, at Girard, terminated in bitter hatred, as is often the case, occasioned by some misunderstanding in connection with their business, probably, of which we know nothing and care to know nothing, which culminated in the death of Mr. Hanna last Tuesday morning, from gun or pistol shot wounds. He received three shots, but the fatal one entered his cheek, and ranging downwards, broke his neck, and is said to have been fired by James L. Spencer, a young man who has always heretofore borne a good character and is of a good family.

Three parties, Joe H. Nettles, William Oliver and James L. Spencer, were accused of the homicide, promptly arrested, and, after a preliminary examination before Hon. W. S. McIntosh, parish judge, the two former were admitted to bail in the amount of $2000 each, and Mr. Spencer committed without the privilege of bail.

Such are the facts of the case as it now stands. All three are in jail yet, though Messrs. Nettles and Oliver will probably make bonds to-day.

A correspondent of the London *Times* says: "Mrs. Siddons was a lady's maid, I believe, to the Duchess of Ancaster, a relation of the Greatheads. She was at Guy's Cliff when young Greathead broke his leg. He was a remarkably clever boy, and the duchess' maid, for his amusement during the tedious hours of his recovery, used to read Shakspeare to him. The boy was delighted, and insisted upon Siddons going down to the drawing room to read before the duchess and the party staying at the house. Her grace remonstrated. She had no idea of her maid being so prominently forward; but the boy would not be refused. He was furious at the denial, and, with more zeal, perhaps, than discretion, he retorted upon his noble relatives in these words: 'My lady duchess, Siddons is one of God Almighty's nobles, and that is more than your grace can say for yourself.'"

The theory of physical deterioration in Massachusetts is illustrated in an address just delivered before the Farmers' Club at Princeton, by Dr. Nathan Allen. He says that in 1840, when the population of that town was 1347, "the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen was twice the number in 1870, when the population was 1279." For the last ten years one-seventh of all the births in this town have been in families of foreigners, though the population of this kind does not exceed 100 in number. Whatever may be the bearing of this fact politically, it certainly does not furnish a very good economical argument in support of the Know-Nothing doctrine.

Earnest Words by a Judge.

SALT LAKE, October 6.—Judge McKean has just adjourned the grand jury till November 13. There is nothing doing, and so his honor made the following remarks:

"Gentlemen of the grand jury—You have presented to the court some very important indictments, most of which are not yet made known to the public. You are all business men, and most of you are largely engaged in business enterprises. You have rightly comprehended your duties. The man is an idiot who does not know that the business interests of all human interests largely depend upon the enforcement of the laws, and the man is a knave who knows this and yet opposes the enforcement of the laws. The time is now at hand when even idiots will perceive and knaves confess that you, gentlemen, are among the best prompters of the highest interest of this Territory and of society. Your names and what you have done will be mentioned with gratitude by the good and wise in years to come.

"You ask permission to adjourn for a time. You shall have it. The court must remain in session for some weeks yet, but you may adjourn to Monday, the thirteenth of November next. Come back at that time, gentlemen, and there will be more work for you to do. You have the thanks of the court for what you have already done."

The semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ commenced this forenoon. The attendance is not as large as usual. The different elders have spoken, all to the glorification of the Mormon church, but generally the language and sentiment is quite moderate.

One of the apostles remarked significantly that he was willing, and so were the great bulk of the latter day saints, to obey every good and constitutional law enacted by the government of our country. With laws, however, which were designed to infringe on his or their rights as freemen, he could not say quite so much. It is expected Brigham Young, if able, will speak on Sunday. It is rumored authoritatively, that George Q. Cannon, editor of the *News*, and one of the apostles, will be arrested to-morrow on charge of lewd and lascivious cohabitation.

Skip That.

[From the Grand Army Journal.]

After the capture of Mobile by Farragut's fleet the Secretary of the Navy wrote a letter of thanks to the admiral. He was in the cabin when the dispatch came on board, and as his sight was not good he handed the letter to his private secretary to read. The secretary read: "Sir—The department has heard with great pleasure of the capture of Mobile by the fleet under your command, and I take occasion to thank you in the name of the government of which you are so noble a servant. Your name, sir, will go down to posterity among"—"Stop, stop, sir! Stop all that flourish of trumpets. Skip all that, sir, and let us know what they want us to do next," said the noble old fellow.

Italy as a Maratime Nation.

The commerce of Italy is increasing rapidly since the reunion of her dismembered states. The number of vessels owned by the country in 1860 was 16,000, with an aggregate tonnage of 650,000 tons. In 1868 the number had increased to 17,500, and the tonnage to 883,000, a growth of 230,000 tons. The average tonnage of vessels built is increasing. The value of the vessels launched before the unification of Italy was scarcely ten millions sterling annually, while now, including Venetia, it is twenty-seven millions. This increase of ship valuation in eight years speaks well for the commercial prosperity of the country.

For the consolation of planters and others who are disposed to think that their successes and prosperity fall below the average of other industrial classes in the community, we will state that the following facts, derived from Captain J. E. Scott, assistant assessor at Homer:

The annual assessment returns of this (the fourth) division, comprising the parishes of Claiborne, Jackson, Bienville and Union, will be small compared with that of previous years. For these small returns there are two reasons; first, a large number of the United States taxes were removed during the past year; second, owing to the losses of the merchants and planters on cotton, the incomes of the last year exceeding $2000 were few and far between. In fact, in the whole four parishes but four income returns (that is, returns from those who gained in clear money over $2000) were made.

The number of merchants in the four parishes are eleven in Homer, three in Lisbon, three in Arizona, three in Shiloh, four in Vienna, two in Scottsville, two in Haynesville, one in Tulip, one in Colvnitt, one in Gordon, one in Athens, one in Summerfield, and about fifty others in the entire division. None of these, so far as we are informed, made any transaction in cotton without sustaining from $2000 to $10,000 loss.

A great many planters appear disposed to imagine that merchants are getting rich hand over fist, when sometimes, in reality, the contrary is the case. It costs in the absence of any railroad three and a half cents a pound to transport cotton from here to New Orleans. Consequently, when a merchant buys cotton at two cents below the New Orleans market, as they are now doing in Homer, the result is that they must still lose as a money investment. The particular advantage to them is that in so doing is that they receive immediate payment for debts which are due them. Except for the reason thus given, and for the purpose of facilitating trade, we doubt whether any merchant ever dreams of purchasing cotton at prices now paid with the hopes of making a profit. What, however, made their losses so heavy for the last year, was the sudden fall in its value after it was bought, and the fact that it brought less money in New Orleans than had been paid for it in Homer.—*Claiborne Advocate.*

[From the New York Times.]

General Butler has just received a letter from some colored citizens of New Orleans, in which they thank him for his deeds in their behalf in the past, and earnestly express the hope that he may be elected Governor of Massachusetts. They say: "Your name, sir, is treasured among us. We knew you in times that tried men to the utmost. You entered our city when it was pent with a thousand cruel spleens that menaced you on every side, and with but a barren welcome at the best from our few loyal white residents. Disorder everywhere prevailed. Your hand mastered it. An unhappy man dared rend down the national flag; in its descent he found a fatal at the other end of the rope. Three miscreants in the guise of Federal soldiers entered and robbed houses in our midst; they were shot. You thus avenged, and at once, the national flag and the national uniform as sovereign promises of peace and protection to all. You asked the black man to stand by you and maintain his inch of Union soil. You enabled him to assert himself, to earn his title to that soil, and to call the men of the North in your command his brethren. And you have done much for him since by zealously assisting to engraft his civil guarantees upon the same national charter that assures the defenses of the white citizens."

The total number of Germans residing in the United States is 1,690,533, distributed as follows: Alabama, 2482; Arkansas, 1563; California, 29,701; Connecticut, 12,443; Delaware, 1142; Florida, 597; Georgia, 2761; Illinois, 203,758; Indiana, 78,000; Iowa, 66,162; Kansas, 12,775; Kentucky, 30,318; Louisiana, 18,933; Maine, 508; Maryland, 47,045; Massachusetts, 13,072; Michigan, 64,443; Minnesota, 41,364; Mississippi, 21,960; Missouri, 113,618; Nebraska, 10,954; Nevada, 2181; New Hampshire, 436; New Jersey, 54,000; New York, 316,902; North Carolina, 904; Ohio, 182,897; Oregon, 1875; Pennsylvania, 160,146; Rhode Island, 1201; South Carolina, 2751; Tennessee, 4539; Texas, 23,985; Vermont, 370; Virginia, 4050; West Virginia, 6232; Wisconsin, 162,314; Arizona, 379; Colorado, 1456; Dakota, 563; District of Columbia, 4920; Idaho, 388; Montana, 1233; New Mexico, 582; Utah, 358; Washington, 645; and Wyoming Territory, 652.

The vintage in California will exceed eight millions of gallons, exclusive of brandy. To the lover of fruit this is of all seasons the most attractive for visiting the Golden State. It is worth a journey across the continent just to look at some of the vineyards in the grape-growing region, while to loiter at will amid their purpling fruit—that is the very acme of delightsomeness.

Interesting Supreme Court Decisions.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

Among the recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court given in Wallace's reports is that in the case of Ludlow vs. Ramsey, on appeal from the United States Circuit Court for the eastern district of Tennessee. The facts, briefly stated, are: That while Ramsey was voluntarily absent from his home in Knox county, Tennessee, serving in the confederate cause, a piece of property was sold and bid in by Vail for $5100 under decree to pay a note for $332 held by Cynthia S. White against Ramsey. Ludlow purchased it from Vail, and Ramsey, on his return, sued Ludlow for possession of the property, alleging that when the suit was brought against him on his note he was absent, and not in a condition to defend it. It appeared further that after his return from the confederate army he was pardoned by the President, and in his suit against Ludlow this pardon was produced.

The district court granted him the relief asked and set aside the sale, on the ground that the attachment issued at the suit of White was insufficient "for want of sufficient affidavit;" that the chancery court of the State in which suit was brought acquired no jurisdiction; that the proceedings there were "null and void;" and that as they had no other effect than to throw a "cloud" upon Ramsey's title, the removal of it the court regarded as ground for jurisdiction and relief. Ludlow brought the case before the Supreme Court, and that court decided in his favor for the reasons stated below:

It is averred by Ramsey in his bill in the present suit that at the time when the attachment was made out, and when the publication was made in the newspaper at Knoxville, notifying him to appear and defend the original suit, or that judgment would be taken *pro confesso* against him, he was in no situation to see or know of such publication, and he makes various allegations in confirmation of that statement, that he was in the country held by the confederate troops, etc.

On these allegations the question arises, why was the complainant in the country held by confederate troops? Why could he not return to Knoxville? Why could he not have communication with that place? It was his place of residence. He says that he left Knoxville a short time before the federal troops arrived. Why did he leave? Was he forced to leave, or was his return forbidden? Could he not have returned at any moment by submitting to the authorities of the United States? Was not his absence a voluntary one? The order of publication was made at the January rules, 1864. President Lincoln's proclamation of amnesty was issued on the eighth of December previous, offering pardon and amnesty to all persons who would take the oath of allegiance. Then what obstacle existed to prevent the complainant's return? The causes alleged were certainly insufficient.

The case differs from that of Dean vs. Nelson, decided at the present term. In that case Nelson and his wife were driven out of Memphis by a military order, and were not permitted to return, and the proceedings to foreclose their property took place during their enforced absence. The other defendant, May, was only nominally interested, and had always been within the confederate lines. But if, as in this case, a party voluntarily leaves his country or his residence for the purpose of engaging in hostilities against the former, he can not be permitted to complain of legal proceedings regularly prosecuted against him as an absentee, on the ground of his inability to return or hold communication with the place where the proceedings are conducted. That would be carrying the privilege of *contra non valentem* to an unreasonable extent. We think it can not be set up in this case.

A clergyman relates, in the *National Baptist*, the following comical incident: A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was entirely forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of "Amen," out he came with "Cheer, boys, cheer." On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apoligize, called out, "Sorry I spoke." The overpowering effect on the company may be more easily imagined than described.

Vice President Colfax contributes to last week's *Independent* a letter which is worthy of his reputation as one of the manliest and most sensible of our public men. After reciting the record of the Republican party, he points out clearly the measures that it must take up and carry through, in order to "show by its acts that it is the party of genuine, practical reform." These are: Retrenchment—bringing the expenses down to two hundred and sixty millions per year; the cessation of subsidies and land grants; amnesty, with a few possible exceptions; civil service reform, and a modification of the tax laws by a reduction of from sixty to eighty millions. Mr. Colfax is no trimmer, but he is a shrewd observer of public opinion, and his advocacy of these progressive measures is offered not less on the ground that they are wise in themselves than that the people demand them.

The Chinese are now studying navigation with all their might and main. At the various imperial arsenals throughout the empire native pupils have lately been instructed in this branch of knowledge; and for the first time in the history of China one of her sons has successfully passed his examination of competency as second mate. It is also now proposed to establish a system of examinations at the different government school of western learning, in order that those who most distinguish themselves may be sent to Europe to complete their education. The "heathen Chinee," that ignoble term which has been applied to the race for so long, ought to be given up, for, leaving out navigation, China possesses some of the most learned men in the world.

A Washington special to the St. Louis *Republican* says:

Eight prisoners, sentenced to the penitentiary under the Ku-Klux act in North Carolina, have just passed through here on their way to the Albany penitentiary, where prisoners convicted in the United States courts are confined. Most of them were plain-looking farmers. One, however, Robert Shotwell, was a handsome-looking fellow, well educated, and has been for some time editing a paper. They were under guard of a squad of regular soldiers from the Fourth regular artillery, and the procession looked like an incident of the late war.

The Iberville *News* says:

It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Mr. Joseph M. Grass, of New Orleans, which sad event occurred at the residence of his son, Adolphe Grass, Esq., in Placquemine, at half-past one o'clock Wednesday morning. Mr. Grass was a well known and highly esteemed citizen, and although he had passed the allotted three score years and ten of patriarchal age, his loss is no less a severe blow to the community than to his immediate family and friends. We tender our sincere condolence to the afflicted relatives of the deceased.

This, from the Richland *Beacon*, is cheerful:

The weather remains very pleasant and favorable for cotton picking. We are gratified to be able to state that the crop has been damaged very little by the worm; therefore, there will be a two-thirds crop made in this parish, for which it is to be hoped our planters will receive a good price. The corn crop is better on Bœuf river than in any other section we have seen, and some of the farms have yielded a full crop. Other portions of the parish have good ordinary crops.

The season has been an unhealthy one for fickle young ladies. Those who have read the papers have probably noticed the fact that within a month at least five unstable damsels have been murdered or horribly mangled by loving swains, with whom they have seen proper to trifle. The business of matrimony is now a practical reality. It is now "your hand or your life," and the lady who says "yes" to the first offer ought to understand the risk she is running.