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Contr

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HAUR SHIPS."

In these bright summer mornings when

Up from the Bay upon the Broad Maumee, mid the stately boats that come and go, I meet the toy ships going out to sea-Each ship a board propeiled by paper sails, And given with shouts to billows and to gales

Ah, happy boys! that launch your ships away, Playing the merchant long before your time.

We men are like you to our dying day, Still sending ships to every distant clime; And some men's ships come back to their own

shore, And some men's ship 3 come back to them no

In youth, our ships to fetch us Love we sent, (Long since they went in those glad days of old).

Some went for Fame, and some for Power went,

And then we sent whole fleets to bring us gold, And of all the ships we sent across the main

Not one in thousands came to us again.

But I believe our ships are gone before-Gone to some Better Land, to which we go Gone to some Better Land, to which we go, There one by one they gather on the shore, Blown safely in by all the winds that blow, And we shall find them on some Happy Day, Moored fast, and waiting at the Golden Quay.

WHAT CAME OF THE EARTHOUAKE. girl in this town."

"I've found an old pack of cards! now, granny, tell my fortune." And Cicely Lee seated herself on the cushion at her gar.' grandmother's feet.

The pretty little old lady shuffled the cards with a practiced hand, looking ever and anon toward the door. "If the deacon should come in," she

murmured ; "deacon is dreadfully severe on cards, and -Hark !"

"Grandpa's gone out for a walk, dar ling," said Ciceley, her sweet face ear-nest; "please hurry !" And she com-posed herself to listen, adding, with a little quavering laugh, " Tell me whom I shall marry.'

"You'll marry John Saunders," was the reply. Cicely shook her head; a shadow

crossed her face.

"But I say you will, deary," repeated the little old lady in decided tones. "No, granny, it's impossible now," half whispered the girl, "for John and I have quarreled."

" Lovers' quarrels, child ; makes no difference whatever," responded the old lady, sharply, still shuffling the cards. "I tell you I feel it in my bones."

"Then don't you see it in the cards ?" "Don't I? Of course I do. Thure you stand, with a light girl between you-very light; she faces you, and he faces you. He's John Saunders, and you're going to marry him. Let me see -diamonds are months; there's eleven in all; less than a year. I told you so, Massy sakes! is that the dea-And under the breadth of her con ?" generous linen apron went the cards.

into the momentary kindling of anger. the white teeth ; but her good angel had Nobody noticed how quiet she was, as, deserted her. "I could survive it," she said, coldly, after her sewing was done, she went about the usual preparation for the even-ing meal, except Bob, a rough boy of twelve, who watched her furtively whenflashing a glance into his face which could not be supposed to know was halt

asked me?" "What?" Cicely was betrayed into

auguish, half resentment, and all plead-ing. Then one of Cicely's old admirers, ever he glanced up from the battered who had been watching his opportunity. copy of "Robinson Crusoe" which he came round, and Cicely talked as fast as "Say, Cicy, I saw Let Davis coming she could, and smiled, and was coquethome from school," at last he said, and went on reading with all his might. tish, without knowing or caring what she did, persuading herself that she was

F 2

Now Lettie Davis was the light girl in the cards standing between Cicely and punishing John. So she was; but John was proud, her lover. Poor Cicely had of late been and-he said it himself-mad clear a little jealous of her. "Did you?" was her tardy response, as his sister laid the knives carefully. "Yes, I did; what do you think she through.

"Miss Lettie, shall I see you home?" Cicely heard the question, saw the old blackboard wiped clean for the morrow's algebra, heard the long-legged singingmaster dismiss the school, and answered

asking, with an eager look. Rob chuckled, after the manner of something her old admirer said with closed teeth. For a moment it seemed to her as if she should die, she turned so "Nothing, only if you was going to singing-school. I told her that would cold-such a deathly faintness came over her.

devend upon whether John Saunders Say, Cicy, I'm going with Tom Bentley," said Rob, stretching his curly head "Oh, Rob!" said Cicely, sharply, her past Ned Waters, the old admirer, who had retained his seat.

face changing to pain. "Now you needn't look at me that "No, Rob, you must go home with me," said Cicely, holding her hands to-gether hard to keep herself from tremway, 'cause I never said a word about John; so don't cry 'fore you're hurt But you bet Let Davis is the prettiest bling. "Why, ain't John-?" "Don't say 'you bet,'" said Cicely,

"I shall be most happy to see you home, Miss Cicely," said Ned. "That's jolly !" cried thoughtless Rob,

irritation in her voice ; " it sounds vul-"No't don't, not if a boy says it; after the manner of boys of that age; 'tain't half so bad as 'by gun ' and lots o' boys say that at our school. gone.

Don't you think, now that Let is a beauty?" If Cicely wept bitterly, and tossed and turned on a restless pillow all that night, she had the poor satisfaction of "I don't know," Cicely responded, pulling the white cloth into place with knowing that it was all her own fault. nervous little twitches ; " I suppose she's that she had trifled with an honest handsome ; felks seem to think so." heart.

"Pho! you girls never 'll say who you think's handsome. All the fellows "He overlooked my harsh words," she sobbed ; "he came after me ; oh, if I had are awful sweet on L t Davis; she cau only waited; and now I have driven him from me forever." It seemed so. John did not come again. Cicely bore her heartache in pahave any body she wants." " Can she ?" queried Cicely, in a voice devoid of all expression.

"Yes, she can; any girl with yellow curls and rosy checks and blue eyes and tient silence, but grew very white and sad; and it began to be whispered round that she was disappointed. It was like "Did you get that out of 'Robinson Crusce?" asked his mother, who had walking on live coals to Cicely, when she thought of that inevitable gossip. She tried her best to be brave. Every entered a moment before too silently for him to hear, and Rob subsided, with a Sunday she met John, who sat at the burning face, into silence. Cicely knew in her heart that pretty further end of the deacon's slip. Every Sunday she went home with a heart as heavy as lead, for there, sometimes just Let Davis was in love with her own "bonnie laddie," as the old grandmother often called John; she knew it by a hundred signs, and she thought somebefore her, walked John with happy Let Davis.

One Sabbath she returned from church. every village has at least one, spiced, like times that John himself suspected it. In pleaded a head sche, and went up into a daily newspaper, to suit the tastes of her own room. There she had a battle fact, Let was unconsciously at the botthose who are willing to listen and goswith herself. Her heart bled, her spirit tom of all their trouble; for it was while sip back again. talking of her that they had quarreled fainted, her soul cried out for strength, "Curious about Lettie Davis, isn't it ?" she asked, her sly orbs noting the tremor and sudden pallor of Goely, who had And now tea was over, the dishes all but no strength came. She had heard that day from one, the certainty of washed, the lamps lighted; and as yet Cicely had not made up her mind whose knowledge she could not doubt, made a self-winder of her left hand and whether she would go to singing-school that John and Lette Davis were en-or not. To be sure she had dressed for gaged to be married. The wedding was arm, and was slowly rolling a ball of gaged to be married. The wedding was yarn into vigorous proportions. place in a couple of months, and mayent you heard. queried sgain. her informant was to be one of the "I haven't heard any thing about Let bridesmaids. tie," said Cicely, not daring to lift her eyes, for the blending of sudden hope and "Everybody thought at one time it rould be you," added the news-giver; but I fancy Letty always liked him ar conspired to send the blood to her face, hot as fire, and to turn it back in a Poor Cicely! the terrible intimation fell current so cold that Cicely shivered inlike a thunderbolt on her heavy heart; for all along she had been hoping ternally, and almost dreaded that her against hope. She was stunned, frightteeth would chatter. ened at her own apathy when the truth was forced upon her. Her John, so be-loved, to marry another! Would God allow it? Had he forgotten his drep, "S'pose you remember Lettie's old flame of two years ago, Yorke Harris; sort o' cousin, I b'lieve. Let liked him, but the old folks wasn't satisfied on either side. He was a wild fellow at one manly possion-his vows? But then, time. Well, what do you think? Seems whose was the fault? " I sent him from me, and the punishwhen that earthquake begun Lettie run down out o' the choir, and never stopped ment is just," she cried to herself, walking blindly on, while her friend enumerated till she came to Colonel Harris's, nearly faintin' with fright, when who should the pretty things which Miss Lettie was going to the city to buy. she see but Yorke-Yorke Harris. He'e Every day after that Cicely had to come back the night afore. It's like i fight over the same old battle, till it story 'bout him. He's been going seemed as if her strangth was nearly exstraight all along; and, through his father's influence, they say, he's to become hausted and her will powerless. Every a pardener in one o' the fust houses in body noticed that Cicely looked ill, that Cincinnati or St. Louis, disremember she had lost her spirit-those at home. who saw her daily, being, as usual, the which. Nov Yorke is a harnsome fellow ; you know that, Cicely ; you've seen him. My dear, there's no young man in this last to take notice that there was something wrong with Cicy.

ruined all her hopes. Yet no ; it was all her own fault : and that was the reflec-

tion with which she always ended. Cicely sat near the window, looking dreamily out upon the little grave-yard, hearing the minister's voice as if it were a faint, far echo. There were tears in her eyes, and the little white and gray head-stones wavered before her misty sight. The silence grew awful; the air was stifling. Suddenly there came a strange, low, thunderous sound. The last note of old "Coronation" had died out; and Squire Huxley, the fat man of the village, mighty in proportions, knocked the cricket aside, stambling as he sat down. Was it that, Cicely queried. with an involuntary smile, that shook the seat so? But presently the pews were rocking; the house was moving;

the glass in the windows shivered and rattled and broke. The whole congregation sprang to

"My hearers," said the minister, " the great and terrible day of the Lord....." And then the floor upbeaved; the old house shook like a reed in the storm Dire confusion followed. Men and women and children cried out for fear. Cicely, half unconscious, yet terrified, tound herself struggling with the crowd Another vibration, that sent the throng of human beings swaying and falling upon each other, shrieking for mercyand the outer air.

At that moment, in the extremity of her terror, Cicely, with uplifted hands, seeing the face near her dearer than all the world, cried, in an agony of love and fear.

"Oh, John, save me! save me!" Ah! she was in those arms; held close, close in a passionate fold to that heart that she knew now beat only for her. How she clung to him, till the cries and terror subsided! Then he gently put her from him, with these whispered words :

"God help us both, Cicely; it is too late." His pallid lips trembled as he spoke.

She hardly remembered what happend after that, wasking home as one in a dream. She heard people talking about the earthquake, and vaguely wished the earth had opened and swallowed them up when her head lay on John's bosom. she trembled with rapture and horror by turns. She dared not think calmly. What should she do? How should she live?

A neighbor called in a few days after the earthquake-one of those angular specimens of the genus spinister of which

fied out of her wits as she was, true to instincts as item-gatherer for the community at large, she noted the circumstance; and having a little bone to pick with L ttie, whom she very much dis-liked, she imparted the matter to her, with a few variations, under the promise of eternal secrecy.

"It was natural, perhaps; you know everybody expected Cicely and he'd make a match, once; and I s'pose they both thought their time'd come.

Lettie was angry, jealous, but skep-tical. Whenever she thought of it, her vain, fickle little heart swelled with resentment; some way, when she happen-ed to be thinking about it, her cousin came in, and that was very often. He was a discrete young man, half aston-ished at himself at fluding the old love revived, and desperately unhappy because Lettie was engaged. It also oc-curred to Lettie that, compared to this Adomis, blonde hair, beard, and all, John, with his compact, mu-cular figure, looked a trifle coarse. There was no de-nying that; but he looked a trifle grand,

John had moped all the week. This was something new for him of late. Why could he not forget that one moment of bliss, so long, so heavenly sweet? In vain he called himself to task; in vain he threw all his energy into business for five minutes at a time; in vain he strove as resolutely as he could to out aside his uneasy thoughts.

Ever and anon he gave a downward lance, as if to assure himself that there, on his bosom, that dear face had rested. and ever the pitiful eyes seemed uplifted to his. What should he do? He must be honorable.

Lettie out with the whole matter one lay. It was after Yorke Harris had een sitting in a melancholy attitude, istening as she played the few simple airs he remembered of lang syne. John came in just as Yorke had gone

out, saying to himself, as he pretended to look, of women is born.

"So that's the fellow !"

Poor John! He had never dreamed of this, and the blood rushed to his face. What could he say, what could he do, but the most awkward things imaginable? It took him so completely surprise, that, leaning one hand on the slender table full of nick-nacks, the candelabrum, with its hanging pendants, the card-basket, and every thing movable went to dancing with the sudden, furious trembling and tingling of his nerves.

Lettie's conduct on this occasion arose to the verge of heroism. She even thought of Yorke's handsome face and his great love for her, poor fellow! It was her one little romance, and she determined to be generous. "You needn't answer, John," she said,

aking herself as tall and stately as pos-"I presume it is true. Of course, his time our engagement is ended ible; from this time our engagement is ended, and perhaps it is better for both of us. will

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. A Mormon Lady on Mormonism. Mrs. Godbe, wife of Mr. Godbe, lead-The first invoice of diamonds

Cape of Good Hope has arrived in The colored women of Indiana has

ecret order called the "Doves of fection.

Mrs. Van Cott, the Methodist revi ist, during her two weeks' work in M dan, Conn., added sixty converts to church.

A Memphian, who has just recei thirteen cents damages for the fract of his leg in a sewer, thinks he move to some locality where limbs more highly appreciated.

Mrs. Ingham, of Iowa, will live history as the woman who delivere Thanksgiving sermon while her h band proudly sat back of the public holding the baby.

The gambler-shooting season in C fornia promises an unusually large yie The exhi¹irating strains of the revol are heard every pleasant afternoon the frequented streets of 'Frisco of other lively towns.

A colored mail carrier in Virginia v recently well shaken by a man for ki to ascribe to the devit that which sur-passes comprehension. "What's in a name?" and yet, to the finite mind, there is much in it. The elements to people a "brothel," I should say, were lacking in brothel," I should say, were lacking in States ; I carries de mails."

these children. * * * * * We may cry out against their peculiar Bloomington, Indiana, has sixty-set institutions, which may be bad enough, but are they not outdone by the peca-and only three marriageable you but are they not outdone by the peca-liar institutions legalized and sustained in all our towns and cities? This is the one great point the Mormons make to suitain their doctrine. I assert that two lating the average weight of the girls wrongs can never make a right. The low as ninety-nine pounds apiece.

root of the evil must be reached, and that lies in the inequality of the sexes. The appointment of that lies in the inequality of the sexes. Let women be educated as men are—to think, to act—let girls be taught that the durated and different that the durate the du the day of the dandling doll and silly, dependent lady is past, and a generation first time a woman has ever been for ally appointed to any office in the inte nal revenue service, but the bureau I think the Mormon problem would be Washington has ample evidence th women really do the work, and do well, in several cases, where their hu better solved, and more quickly, by an avalanche of young men, educated and intelligent, deluging Salt Lake City in quest of wives. Not many would be bands are the nominal assessors or co lectors.

found among the rising women of Utah When a man comes home and tries bolt the door with a sweet potato, pol who would prefer half a husband to a whole one. It is the scarcity of the male article that has raised its value, the fire with the spout of a coffe attempts to wind up the clock with boot jack, tries to cut kindling for and Utah, like New England, abounds with women; but such men as women morning fire with a paper-kuife, takes wish to marry are scarce. Let us pray cold potato in his hand to light him bed, and prefers sleeping in his hat ar that the next generation be all of the male persuasion. I am opposed to any boots, you may reasonably infer that I measures of force to coerce a religious has been making the acquaintance sect. Such a course always defeats its some very friendly people.

San Francisco is attempting, and it i As I view it, the Mormon problem, which elieved successfully, to cultivate oyste is now harassing the minds of the oldest in her harbor. None but small and in and wisest heads in this nation, can be ferior bivalves are indigenous near th city. A little less than a year ago som seedlings were taken from Princess Bay they pioneer women to the suffrage, and and planted in San Francisco Bay not le untrue to their womanty in-Here, inspired by the Western ambiti stincts, when those instincts are heeded which runs toward bigness, they ob tained an obesity perfectly wonderful and are to-day larger than those at the East, which are older by two or three years.

er of the reform party among the Mor-mons of Salt Lake City, writes to the *Revolution* giving her views of the Mor-mon question. Here are some interesting extracts from the letter: As a father, Brigham Young is fond, affectionate and indulgent; he is unsparing of means in educating his chil-dren. His daughters, as young ladies,

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will compare favorably with young ladies in society anywhere. Some of them are very pretty, even handsome; talented, too, especially in music. 1 have seldom heard sweeter music disoursed upon the piano, accompanied by the voice, than that produced by these young ladies. I have heard it said that hey could sing before they could talk. Music with them is a gift of nature, through their father. Then they are inspirational, some of them remarkably so. call to mind little Susie, a child of eleven or twelve summers, whose intuition amounts to something akin to "second sight." The Spiritualists would call it "clairvoyant," but the Mormons would be horrified at that word. They, like the sectarians of past ages, are apt to ascribe to the devil that which sur-

No, granny, it's the grocer's boy plied Cicely, looking through the glass half of the old-fashioned door.

" Deacon's so set !"-and out came the cards again.

"I used to be a master-hand at tellin' fortins when I was a young woman and worldly. Folks said I'd make a mint o' money if I charged for it, as the fort'n-tellers do, and I 'ain't no doubt of it. Why, I told Sally Bowles that wasmarried a Henderson; dead now, my dear -when farmer Lee give a great huskin' that her beau'd never come back from the fishing-ground, and no more he didn't. I told Kezzy Blackmer-she that's a Jones now-that she wouldn't keep her man over next Christmas; I went to his funeral. Dear, dear, what a sweet corpse he made !"

'Oh !" cried Cicely, with a little shiver, "did you see all that in the Davis; she's the beauty of the village, cards ?"

"Well, yes, I thought I did; but I kinder guess I felt it more in my bones. "Twas awful weather too, that year, at the fishing-ground; and poor Joe the non-appearance of John. Blackmer had consumption; he never ain't haif as handsome as you a

"In the old blue sea-chest up stairs," Cicely replied, absently. "'Iwouldn't do for the deacon to see

'em," said the pretty little old lady : for, as Cicely declared, she was a picture, with her white curls, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks. "He's awfully down on cards ; but, somehow, they seem kinder natural to me," she continued, shuffling them again, "and I've had many a good game 'fore I married your gran'ther. He don't know one card from another, poor soul, and I s'pose it's best he don't. I haven't had a pack in my hands for | profound silence. thirty years or up'ard. You see, I used to go home once in twel'month, and your aunt S'manthy, as good a woman as ever made pie-crust, she would have her little game o' cards, and so I always humored her; but, bless you, it wouldn't do to let the deacon know it. S'manthy's been dead thirty years this month ; she was beautiful at whist. Here, child, put 'em out o' the way quick ; I'm sure 1 hear the deacon now

Cicely took the cards, and ran up into her own little room with them. Placing them securely away, she proceeded to the her hair with a long pink ribbon, knotting it tastefally on the top of her

"He can't help loving me," she re-peated to herself, with a saucy little nod, as she arranged her curls, gazing into a pair of sunny, smiling eyes; but while she looked a shadow dimmed their brightness; the pretty face grew and as she murmured, in a half whisper, "Oh dear, if it wasn't for my dreadfol tongue!" She sat down to think over that last interview.

"I needn't have been so hateful." she "I heedn't have been so hitteral, " and murmured, her lips trembling a little as faithful memory reproduced the scene. " I told him that I had never loved

him; what an awful falsehood! This is the second quarrel, too. I know how it will be - he won't give in, and I'd die first. What! ask John Saunders's pardon ? Never !"

So, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, Cicely sat and stitched in the sun-

it, and looked forward to it; but long ago the clock had struck seven, and John had not come. Should she go? There was nothing to detain her but the lack of John's company; and her cheek

burned when she thought how the girls would talk. So she suddenly resolved to go, put on her pretty little hat with the crimson feather, that John had always admired, and tripped down stairs. "Come, Rob, I want you to see me to anging-school," she said.

The boy looked up from his book. "Where's John ?"

"I don't know-and I don't care," she nanaged to add in a careless voice ; but the words almost choked her.

"I don't b'long to singin'-school, Røb, unwilling to leave his story. " Never mind, you can go with me to

night; and, besides, you'll see Lettin you know."

"Who cares for Let Davis?" cried Rob, bluntly, stumbling on the con-sciousness that she was connected with " She ain't haif as handsome as you are, and was good for much. Where'd you find I've heard ever so many say so; and I them cards, child ?" guess she's deceitful. Her brother is, at

any rate;" and with this sudden change of base Rob put by "Robinson Crusoe," and took down his cap.

They were late when they arrived at the schoolhouse. The tall singing-master, who in addition to talking through his nose was a tremendous disciplinarian, suspended his operations on the blackboard, whereon regiments of scar-d semiquavers zigzagged up hill and down hill; holding his chalky wand in midair till the culprits had seated themselves; while everybody looked on in

"How mortifying!" thought Cicely, angrily ; for had not the whole assen bly had an opportunity to see that John Saunders was not with her? And could she not hear, with burning, tingling ears, the whispering behind her? She knew who it was; she had caught a there was no denying it, her eyes were beautiful.

Rob plucked her sleeve while they were singing "China."

"I say, Cicy, there's John just come Bet he did call for you. The blood flew to Cicely's face;

heart throbbed fast and furious. Somebody walked down the aisle-she knew

that step; somebody seated himself behind her. It was the only vacant seat, but, unfortunately, next to Let Davis. That sly little thing had made the place by dint of pushing. Instinet, perhaps, told her that Cicely and John had quar-reled. Unreasonably angry, Cicely would not look round till recess time, ccomplishing this feat, when she did so, with more manœuvring than was neces

sary for so simple an act. She barely recognized John. He, though piqued, tried his best to be civil. "I called for you," he said; "I was detained."

"Oh, it wasn't any matter," Cicely re-sponded, feeling her heart throb through her voice.

" Wasn't, ch?" he asked. "No; I had Rob."

"Oo, perhaps it wouldn't be any mat

" Deacon says you're growing thin, deary," her grandmother ventured to repeat one Sunday morning, when Cicely, cording to her usual custom, sat down by the old lady to read to her.

The bright head bent yet lower till it ested on the old lady's knee. "Cicely, child, you are crying,

her grandmother; and then, after a long pause, "Is it John ?" "Oh, granny," sobbed Cicely, "the light girl stands between him and me Don't you remember ? But they are both

looking the other way, not as you said, and it-it will kill me. The trembling old hand fell on her shining tresses.

"I tell you, deary," said the solemn old voice, "John will never have the light girl. Don't break your heart, little love. I say it again, you'll marry John glimpse of Lettie's beautiful eyes. Yes, Saunders yet. I feel it in my bones. I've always felt it."

" No, granny," murmured Cicely, wiping her eyes as she lifted her head ; "they are engaged. They will soon be married ; and I-I am very weak and foolish. I shall feel better-when it's all over. Then I'll try and be reconciled; for, granny,

it's all my fault." What a morning it was! Through the open window such wealta of beauty, such itter quiet! The wide, grand expanse of heaven, untouched by a single cloud; the hills sleeping in the ruddy sunshine. The bees droned lazily among the flowers, breaking the bee Sabbath with impunity; the trees stood motionless against the heavenly blue of the horizon. Never had its azure seemed so perfect.

"Curus sort o' day; weather-breeder, I guess," said the aged deacon, as he lifted his Bible, old like himself, aud stumped away with the aid of an enornous knotted cane. Cicely walked beside him, determined still to conquer herself.

"Did you ever know it quite so still ?" she asked.

" Well, 't 'pears to me 'tis uncommon quiet," said the old gentleman. "Don't know as ever I did."

town cuts such a dash. "Indeed !" repeated Cicely, only concious that something was expected to be said; what was there very strange in all this ? she thought.

"Well, Lettie's at her old tricks; she always was a lirt; either she wants to make t'other man jealous, now she's sure of him, or them's been a quarrel. Yorke's walked on Main street three times with L ttie Davis; I've seen 'em myself."

Yes.' "I'd as lie tell news to a stick as to you, child; its all 'yes' and 'well.' It's plain to see that Yorke likes that girl better'n ever and he's on the road money, and Let wants a rich husband, I know that. You ought to see him now ; such a spleidid beard ! And style !why, there'sno comparison. Cicely litened, but told herself she

did not in the least care-was not in the least interesed. The sad look, the trembling voice of John, good John, manly, grand John whom she had so desperate-

ly trifled with, were ever before her eyes, ever sunding in her heart. God hep us both, Cicely; it is to

late." Was Mis Cribbins's penetration at fault? The corners of her thin lips twitched a little as she looked at her. How she di long to know whose fault it was that John and Cicely had become as stranger all at once; but something in Cicely's ace forbade the question, and she ran up tairs to spin her little tooth

some yarnso grandma. Cic-ly ws alone. The ball of yarn had dropped from her hands. Trot, the great yells cat, had stopped it with one velvet paw, and was gazing with s look of abost human interest into the face of h mistress. Then the girl leaned hehead against the high back of the ol rocking-chair, and all the beauty an comfort and tenderness of life seeme to fall away as the misty eyes closed, an the choking sob swelled in her throa

It was too late-too late."

Be it knwn unto the reader that Miss Agine, her pretty face as resolute as if no headsome John Saunders had ever call-ed forth its dimpling smiles, or te ased it voice, saw the pale lips drawn hard over obtaining fair success and regular promotion.

I'm sure it is for me," she added, s sting of a laugh at the close.

"But, Lettie-" stammered poor John, more and more confused; and if Lettie wanted revenge, why, she had it in witnessing his very visible mortificationhis dumb anger that he was unable to defend himself as he knew he could and ought to.

" Never mind, Mr. Saunders," she said "I don't care the least bit in at last. the world." (She knew it was a fib.) You won't want to stay, I suppose and I promised Mr. Yorke Harris that would go to the theatre with him. He is going to take me over in the Colonel's carriage.'

It was seven already, and three miles to the city, John thought on receiving this strong hint. How he possessed himself of his hat, how he got out of the house, he never knew ; but he did know, as the hours went on, that he was glad to be free. The sweet thought of Cicely was no burden now, and he said to him self a dozen times, " Thank God !"

John did the best thing he could do under the circumstances-had a long, de-licious talk with Cicely some days afterward. Perhaps the trial did them both good, for Cicely made a solemn vow that she would never be a little bypocrite again, but tell the truth in all sincerity of heart; and John went about as if he had been vouchsafed a glimpse of paradise.

Miss Cribbins, the spinster, hugged herself whenever she saw Cicely's happy countenance. John pshawed and frowned, hot in the face, when sometimes the scene of Lettie's dismissal flashed across his mind, for he was not a little proud. Yet that did not hinder him from being the happiest man alive. Lettie was quite as pleased as either of them, for she had transferred her affections easily to the fascinating Yorke Harris, who carried her off in triumph. and. So Cicely became Mrs. Saunders before

the end of the year, and the old grandmother's prediction was fulfilled, though it took an earthquake to bring it about. -Harper's Weekly.

Business Men.

There is a demand for talent and experience in business, beyond the supply. Men suitable to take charge of manu-facturing and mechanical establishments, banks, railroads, mercantile and other agencies, intelligent shipmasters, etc., are not in supply equal to the demand, and the consequence is likely to be that some-it is feared too many of the projects and works of the daywill fail for the lack of the capacity and experience to direct them, notwithstand-

ing the most liberal salaries are given to procure men supposed to be competent. A vast number of people suppose them-selves to be competent who are not so; and, though, in some cases, there may be meritorious and deserving people overlooked, yet it is not often the case, and those who are content to move upwards step by step, and use a moderate degree of effort to please their employers, are sure to rise. All the business talent

and industry of the country is wanted, and few, if any, of those who secure the confidence of those who employ them, in their ability and fruitfulness, fall of

and intelligently directed, freed from all religious constraint, let loose from priestfear. Brigham Young is an old man on the down-hill of life. His name will stand on the pages of history as one of the

own aim.

prominent men of the nineteenth century. For the good he has done in the world let us be thankful, and throw the mantle of charity over his misdeeds. Both good and bad must alike come to light; and when we compare the balance-sheet of all our prominent men. I think the name of Brigham Young will not be the vilest written there.

India and the Sepoy Rebellion.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Butler, founder of misions in India, is delivering a lecture on Personal Reminiscences of the Sepoy Rebellion." India is not, as some people believe, a country, as England or France consisting of one State. It is a country, as Germany, consisting of many States. but twice as large as Germany. The number of different languages spoken in India is 186. Were England to withdraw her power from that country there is no doubt that questions of international law would arise which would be very difficult to settle, for the different tribes in India would be in a continual state of war. He then gave a description of the palace of an Indian sovereign. mogul taken as a captive by the Eng-

lish was brought to Delhi, and received as a tribute an annual amount equal to \$900 in American money, but after trying for two years to live upon that income, he sent his general to the nearest sovereign to borrow a sum which would sustain him and his family. As they marry in early youth, and the mogul being an old man, the persons in the samily number upwards of twelve thous-

The cow is considered a sacred animal Hindoo men and women kneel to that animal. It is allowed to enter in the inner part of the sanctuary which is closed to the Christian. He exhibits an instrument used by the Hindoo two thousand years, made for disemboweling men and women, and another to slice the head off women and children. With the latter they never strike a second blow. Speakin captivity, his duty being to protect many ladies who were very sick, he, al-though a missionary, took the gun which was given him courageously and waited for the opportunity when he could make free use of it. Seven months had they waited to be freed, until at last by the valor of the Highlanders in India did that longed-for hour arrive. He will never forget the 21st of September, 1857, when the first gun in honor of the victory was heard by those waiting for help. He also showed to the audience an image which he bought from a Hindoo for a few pieces of silver, which is their greatest god, the god of war. To him for those treadful seven months they cried, Ob,

God, help us. It was with danger that a missionary could walk the streets of Calcutta at that time; but ten months after the city was entirely changed, and it would almost seem that more Christians are to be found there than heathens. The lecture, which was listened to with marked attention, occupied two hours in its delivery.

The last number of the American Journal of Science records the discovery of a large part of the skeleton of a mastodon near Illipolis, Illinois. One of the tusks proved to be nearly ten feet in length, and twenty-nine inches in circumference three feet from the lower end. All the bones were in a fair stat of preservation, and of a dark, spongy, and porous appearance. It is probable that the specimens will be added to the collections of fossils now being gathered together by Professor Worthen for the State cabinet.

Four Chinamen, Ah Cha, Lee Jung. Wang Kung, and Ah Toke, have been sentenced at San Bernardino, Cal., to two years confinement in the State Prison and to pay fines of \$500 each, for whipping and burning a woman of their own nationality. They tied the poor creature to a tree, stripped, and whipped her, then let her go, and repeated the process, adding to it the torture of fire by kindling brush about her, laughing and joking all the time. They must have lenient judges at San Bernardino two years of imprisonment for such wretches hardly satisfy the demands of iustice.

The Chinese in San Francisco are making preparations for the celebration of the most important festival that has occurred in their calendar for ten centuries. Next February will be, according to Chinese testimony, the com-mencement of another thousand years, and the rejoicings will surpass anything of the kind ever witnessed in the celestial line in this country. The festivities will continue for two weeks, during

which time not a solitary Chinaman however poor or dependent, will lift his hands to work. In order to keep up the old rites at home, 548 of the wealthier Chinese sailed recently for the "Flowery Kingdom," and several hundred more will leave on the 15th of January.

In the last number of the Technologist is an interesting article on condensed living, one of a series in which ing of the rebellion, he said that when it is stated that milk is subject to no constitutional alteration in the process of condensing, with the exception that when permitted to stand some days, the condensed article deposits small crystals of sugar of milk upon the bottom of the can, which, however, is an important test of quality, proving that the milk has suffered no decomposition. So with the nutritive constituent of beef; while on the other hand, experiments with mutton have not been attended with favorable results, investigation hav-ing demonstrated that the latter, lacks the essential qualities required to produce a good extract—at least, so attest Professors Depaire and Jouvet, of Brus-sels, both of whom have made the mat-

ter the subject of special and exhaustive experiments. Again, condensed essences of fowl and game, specimens of which have been submitted in the London marhave been submitted in the London mat-ket, have proved unpalatable, notwith-standing the fact that the flash of fowl differs from beef materially only in the presence of inosinic acid, which is peculiar to the former.