

# The Elk County Advertiser.

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## The Old Love.

In vain men tell us time can alter  
Old loves or make old memories fatter,  
That with the old year the old year's life  
Closes,  
The old dew still falls by the old sweet  
flowers,  
The old sun revives the new-bled roses,  
The old summer rears the new-born roses.  
Much more a muse that bears upon her  
lambent wreath and flower of honor,  
Gathered long since and long since woven,  
Fades not or falls or falls the vernal,  
Blossoms that bear no fruit eternal,  
By summer or winter charred or cloven,  
No time casts down, no time ruptures,  
Such loves, such memories, and such praises,  
As need no grace of sun or shower,  
No saving screen from frost or thunder,  
To tend and house around and under,  
The imperishable and peerless flower.

## WHO WAS THE HERO?

A Story for the Children.  
"Wasn't he a hero, papa?"  
"Who, my boy—Napoleon?" asked Mr. Willis, looking up from his newspaper.  
"No, papa; Tom Flowers," answered Harry.  
"Why, what has Tom Flowers done to earn that distinction?" asked the gentleman.  
"Why, he took Arthur Raymond's part in the fight yesterday with Chub, and Chub is ever so much bigger than him."  
His son looked down and colored slightly.  
"So it is, papa," he said; "but boys can't get on without fighting."  
"Indeed," said the gentleman, dryly; "I was not aware they were such quarrelsome animals."  
"Now, papa, you are laughing at me," said Harry. "But I'll call you names, what are you to do?"  
"Strike him, I suppose, according to your theory," said Mr. Willis.  
"Yes, there's nothing else you can do, unless you want to be called a coward," said Harry; "and I do hate cowards."  
"Well, you see, papa, fighting has been forbidden since that affair of Martin's," said Harry; "and Raymond said he wouldn't break the rules. It is very cowardly of him, for we were not in the playground or near the school at all."  
"What had Chub done to Arthur that your code of honor demanded they should fight?" asked Mr. Willis.  
"He called him a liar, and Arthur ought to have knocked him down directly. He could have done it easily; but instead of that, he merely said he could prove to all the school that he had spoken truthfully."  
"And did he do so?" asked his papa.  
"He will bring the proof to-morrow morning; but of course the fellows won't notice it, for they've agreed to send him to Coventry for being such a coward."  
"And does Raymond know this?"  
"Oh, yes, papa. We told him what we should do if he refused to fight; but he stuck to it that it was not right to break the rules and walk off, and then Tom Flowers pitched into Chub for his impudence, just to redeem the honor of the school, which Raymond had disgraced."  
"Disgraced? do you call it? Well, I think that had in an honor to the school," said Mr. Willis.  
"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Harry.  
"I mean what I say. I call him a true hero," said the gentleman, warmly.  
"But, papa, all the boys said it was so cowardly of him not to fight Chub."  
"But you say he was not afraid of Chub—could have beat him easily, and yet he braved going against the public opinion of the whole school rather than break the rules."  
"Then you don't think he was a coward, papa," said Harry; "and you do not think he ought to be sent to Coventry, I suppose?"  
"I hope, my boy, you will be brave enough to stand by him, though all the rest should carry out their threat," said Mr. Willis.  
"To stand by those who have dared to do what is right, in spite of all opposition, is true bravery; and I hope you, Harry, will be a hero of this type. It will be far more difficult, I dare say, than to act the part of Tom Flowers."  
For some time after his father left him Harry sat thinking over what had been said, and at length he resolved to stand by his friend; but he did not know how difficult this would be until he tried it the next day.  
As he was going to school the next morning Tom Flowers overtook him. He was full of self-glorification, telling what had taken place the night before, and that the school's honor had been rescued by his friend; but he did not know how difficult this would be until he tried it the next day.  
"Have you brought the proof you said you would?" asked Harry, wanting to say something.  
"Yes, I have it in my pocket," said Raymond; "but he colored and sighed as he spoke, for two other boys had passed and taken no notice of him. It was not easy to bear this silent contempt of his school-fellows, although he was upheld by the consciousness of having done right.  
"Harry, you'd better join the rest,"

he said, a little bitterly. "They mean to send me to Coventry, I can see."  
"Are you sorry you did not pitch into Chub?" asked Harry. "You might do it, you know. Even now you could walk up to him, show him the proof, and then punch him. You're not afraid of him, are you? You're stronger than Flowers."  
"No, I am not afraid of him," said Raymond; "but I'm not going to fight when it's against the rule; it isn't right. If I get the opportunity, I'll let them see I'm not a coward, but it won't be by fighting."  
By this time they had reached the school and went in; but Harry received several threatening glances from his companions as he passed by his place. During school-time the quarrel was not mentioned; but no sooner had they got to the playground than Harry was overwhelmed with reproaches.  
"What business had you to speak to Raymond?" said one.  
"You're just such another sneak as he is," said one.  
"If you talk to him again we'll send you to Coventry as well," said a third. And this threat was taken up and echoed by all.  
Harry had never yet been treated to this punishment, and was by no means inclined to court it, especially when he glanced across the playground and saw Raymond sitting by himself with a book in his hand. To be shut out of all the games and to be quite unnoticed was very hard to bear; but he remembered his father's words, and, moreover, he could not help admiring Raymond's action, although it brought no glory, but a great deal of annoyance. So he said, boldly, "Now look here, Raymond, isn't it cowardly of you to make out, My father says it was brave of him to stick out and do the right; and I'll stand by him, though you do send me to Coventry."  
If a bomb-shell had suddenly exploded in the midst of them, the boys could scarcely have looked more astonished. "Willis is sure to do as we tell him," had been the universal belief until now; and that he should suddenly betray his greatest punishment was almost past belief. They thought they would tease and worry him into compliance with their wishes; but in this they were mistaken.  
Harry had begun to think for himself, and he found that his companions' opinion of things was not at all what he had supposed. He had seen that what was right, he determined to act upon it. "Raymond is no coward," he repeated, "and I shall stand by him."  
"Oh! let him go," said one, in a tone of assumed disgust. "Flowers is our hero. He will keep up the honor of the school."  
Flowers was not likely to forget his heroism or let others forget it either. He hectorated everybody, and on the slightest provocation threatened to break the rules and walk off, and then Tom Flowers pitched into Chub for his impudence, just to redeem the honor of the school, which Raymond had disgraced.

## AT BEECHER'S ISLAND.

A Thrilling Account of an Indian Engagement in 1868.  
Gen. Custer, in his "Life on the Plains," relates many thrilling incidents. Among these may be reckoned the fight of Beecher's Island, in September, 1868, by General Forsyth, in command of a company of fifty frontiersmen, out after a band of Cheyennes on the Aricakee river, they found themselves surrounded by Indians in full war-paint coming upon them with exulting whoops. Fleeing to an island the men tied their animals in the center, formed a line around them and prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The fire from the Indians, who were 900 strong, and armed with the best Spencer and Henry rifles, was so galling the men could not return it. Soon every horse was killed, and General Forsyth himself twice wounded. Perceiving their success, women and children gathered upon the hills chanting war-songs, the medicine-men went around encouraging the young braves, and the savages under Roman Nose formed in line and prepared to surround the island.  
Seeing that the little garrison was stunted by the heavy fire of the dismounted Indians, and rightly judging that now, if ever, was the proper time to charge them, Roman Nose and his band of mounted warriors, with a wild, ringing war-song, advanced, and setting off a compound of a prosecution for a supposed felony, cannot be recovered back by the party paying it.  
A day-book copied from a "blotter" in which original charges are first made, will not be received in evidence as a book of original entries.  
A stamp impressed upon an instrument by way of seal, is as good as a seal if it creates a durable impression in the texture of the paper.  
If any person put a fence on or plows the land of another, he is liable to be sued, whether the owner has sustained injury or not.  
A private person may obtain an injunction to prevent a public mischief by which he is affected in common with others.  
If a person who is unable from illness to sign his will has had guidance in making his mark the signature is valid.  
Ministers of the Gospel, residing in any incorporated town, are not exempt from jury, military, or fire services.  
A will cannot be revoked by the receipt of stolen goods when she received them from her husband.  
An agent is liable to his principals for loss caused by his misstatements, though unintentional.  
All cattle found at large upon the public road can be driven by any person to the public pound.  
No man is under obligation to make known his circumstances when he is buying goods.  
The fruits and grass on the farm or garden of an intestate descend to the heirs.  
Money paid on Sunday contracts may be recovered.

## Maxims Worth Knowing.

Administrators are liable to account for interests of funds in their hands, although no profit should have been made upon them, unless the exigencies of the estate rendered it prudent that they should hold the funds uninvested.  
When a house is rendered untenable in consequence of improvements made on the adjoining lot, the owner of such cannot recover damages, because he had knowledge of the approaching danger in time to protect himself from it.  
A person who has been led to sell goods by means of false pretense cannot recover them from one who has purchased them in good faith from the fraudulent vendor.  
Permanent erections and fixtures, made by a mortgagee after the execution of the mortgage upon land conveyed by it, become a part of the mortgaged premises.  
A seller of goods, chattels, or other property, commits no fraud in law when he neglects to tell the purchaser of any flaws, defects, or unsoundness in the same.  
An agreement by the holder of a note to give the principal debtor time for payment, without notifying him of the same, does not discharge the surety.  
The opinion of witnesses as to the value of a dog that has been killed, is not admissible in evidence. The value of the dog is to be decided by the jury.  
Money paid for the purpose of settling or compounding a prosecution for a supposed felony, cannot be recovered back by the party paying it.  
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## An Important Decision.

In 1872 the Third National Bank of Baltimore was robbed by burglars, who Max Adeler, and Benjamin P. Gunn, the life insurance agent, who lives in the same row, was the first caller. He dropped in to see if he could not take out a policy for Mr. Kemper. Mrs. Kemper came down to the parlor to see him.  
"I suppose," said Gunn, "Mr. Kemper has no insurance on his life."  
"No," said Mrs. Kemper.  
"Well, I'd like to get him to take out a policy in our company. It's the safest in the world; the largest capital, smallest rates, and biggest dividends."  
"Mr. Kemper don't take much interest in such things now," said Mrs. Kemper.  
"Well, madam, but he ought to, in common justice to you. No man knows when he will die, and by paying a ridiculously small sum now, Mr. Kemper can leave his family in affluence. I'd like to hand you, for him, a few pamphlets containing statistics upon the subject; may I?"  
"Of course, if you wish to."  
"Don't you think he can be induced to insure?" asked Gunn.  
"I hardly think so," replied Mrs. Kemper.  
"He is in good health, I suppose? Has he complained lately of being sick?"  
"Not lately."  
"May I ask if he has any considerable wealth?"  
"Not a cent."  
"Then, of course he must insure. No poor man can afford to neglect such an opportunity. I suppose he travels sometimes; goes about in railroad cars and other dangerous places?"  
"No, he keeps very quiet."  
"Man of steady habits, I suppose?"  
"Very steady."  
"He is just the very man I want," said Gunn; "I know I can sell him a policy."  
"I don't think you can," replied Mrs. Kemper.  
"Why? When will he be home? I'll call on him. I don't know any reason why I shouldn't insure him."  
"Why?"  
"He has been dead twenty-seven years," said the widow.  
Then Gunn left all of a sudden. He will not insure any of the Kempers.

## A Disheartened Agent.

A family named Kemper moved into a house in our row last week, writes Max Adeler, and Benjamin P. Gunn, the life insurance agent, who lives in the same row, was the first caller. He dropped in to see if he could not take out a policy for Mr. Kemper. Mrs. Kemper came down to the parlor to see him.  
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## Facts and Fancies.

To cure deafness—Tall a man you've come to pay him money.  
Public spirit—Readiness to do anything which is likely to prove lucrative.  
Punch has discovered that the friends of the unfortunate live a long way off.  
When a man comes to know that he don't know everything, he then becomes wise.  
The Western Indians now prophesy that there will be no more grasshoppers for six years.  
What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, and once in a man's life? The letter M.  
A quaker man—the baker who kneads much, and yet sells everything he kneads himself.  
In preparing copy for the printer make hooks to your letters, but do not hook your ideas.  
Who is the laziest man? The furniture man; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.  
The statement is made that lightning conductors made of straw have been tried with success in France.  
The month which cried "Excelsior" didn't know that he was naming five out of every six saloons in the country.  
A Tennessee sailor has a shop on wheels. He only stays in a village long enough to clothe the people, and then jogs along.  
Two young ladies holding converse over a new dress—"And does it fit well?" asked one. "At; yes; as if I had been melted and poured in."  
Cordelia Lessistur was a Lowell heroine. She rescued a girl whose fingers had caught in the machinery of a mill, but in doing it her own arm was drawn in and torn off. She died from the hurt.  
Cheerful agent for life insurance company—"The advantage of our company is that you do not make your policy either by being hanged or by committing suicide! Pray, take a prospectus."  
"What makes you look so glum, Tom?" "Oh, I had to endure a sad trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet with her mother looking on."  
An old gentleman in Stone, Vt., tells how he broke up his farm. Every time he takes a drink he would drop a shot in the glass, and as the glass filled up his drinks were smaller, and he stopped the use of liquor entirely.  
Nothing really succeeds which is not based on reality; sham, in a large sense, is never successful; in the life of the individual, as in the more comprehensive life of the State, pretension is nothing and power is everything.  
There are no millionaires in Turkey. When a Turk has accumulated anything beyond \$9,000 or \$10,000, the boss Turk of all crooks his finger at him, whispers, "Come down, honey," and the balance is handed over, or off goes a head.  
A wealthy Pittsburgh merchant is reported as having said: "I always feel happy when I am advertising, for then I know that, sleeping or waking, I have a strong though silent orator working for me—one who never rests, never sleeps, never makes a mistake, who is content to enter the households from which, if at all, my trade must come."

## The Author of Esop's Fables.

Probably every reader has heard of the fables of Esop, yet if questioned as to their authorship, how many could give any account?  
The life of Esop, as it is given before so many editions of his fables, is an invention of one Plautides, a Greek who lived in the sixth or seventh century. The same may be said of a large proportion of the fables which bear his name. Scores of fables by the priests and monks of the first to the sixth century are accredited to Esop. It is with many traditions.  
Of the real life of Esop little is known with certainty. The different traditions, opinions and conjectures of Esop by both ancient and modern writers would fill a large volume. Phaedrus, Enripides, Plutarch, Plato, Aristotle, Gellius, and in fact nearly all of the ancient Greeks mention him. "You have not so much as read Esop," was a proverbial expression for ignorance.  
Esop flourished about B. C. 550, a hundred years before Herodotus, the most ancient Greek historian, and four hundred years after Homer. He was born at some town in Phrygia, and was by condition a slave, though probably he rose above that condition, as he became an eminent speaker. Most writers ascribe to him the invention of the fable. Perhaps it is on this account he got the name of Geolotopotos as he is called by Lucian.  
Indeed, it is not material whether he was bond or free, whether handsome or ugly. He has left us a legacy in his fables, which has done more to serve his memory than he has. And although in this long period the circumstances of his life have been lost, his fables remain, and will continue to instruct as they have in the past.

## The End of It.

One M. Barthone, a widower, of New Orleans, with a young son and daughter, in 1859, married a beautiful creole girl in that city and sent his children to school in New York. In about a year he was brought to death's door by the poison, administered by his wife, which he had inherited from her husband's property. The latter, however, recovered and at once sought for his children. He sought in vain, because the girl had married and gone, and the son, after leading somewhat a homeless life, had enlisted in the army and disappeared. The father settled in Brooklyn, and after amassing a large property died, leaving the bulk of it in trust for his children. These children, who are William Barthone of New Haven, and a Mrs. Edgewood, Newark, N. J., afterward appeared and received their parent's legacy. That parent also left a handsome sum with the city Treasurer of Brooklyn in trust for his runaway wife, who had so nearly killed him. The children, some months since, learned that the creole wife, after living some time in Paris, had returned to New Orleans, and that she had died there in 1873. They therefore applied to get possession of the unclaimed legacy. Proofs of the creole woman's death were produced, and after a hearing the money was handed over to the children.

## The German Army.

The Landstrum bill in Germany is expected to divide the new force into two classes; the first class to comprise all able-bodied men up to the age of 42 who are not in the army, and the second to include the rest. The first class is likely to be organized into 233 landstrum battalions on the model of the 233 existing landwehr battalions, which would add 175,800 men to the German forces. The number and strength of the landstrum squadrons are still unknown. When the bill becomes a law the German forces, without the second class of the landstrum, which may not be organized at all for the present, will number from 1,700,000 to 1,800,000 men. Large contingents of the hardy recruits are expected to be sent to Russia, which will henceforth enlist 145,000 recruits a year, and the conscription gives France 161,000 men. It is anticipated that the German government will not be long satisfied with their present annual contingent of 132,500 men.

## How to Fix Them.

Very often a screw hole gets so worn that the screw will not stay in. Where glue is handy, the regular carpenter makes the hole larger and glues in a new hole. But this is not always the case, and people without tools and in an emergency, often have to fix the thing at once. Generally leather is used, but this is so hard that it does not hold well. The best of all things to cut narrow strips of cork, and fill the hole completely. Then force the screw in. This will make as tight a job as if driven into an entirely new hole.  
Did Not Know Him.—Gov. Bradley of Nevada got on the train at Elko, one day recently, to go to Palisade. The car was crowded, and he was compelled to perambulate the entire length of the car to obtain a seat. "Good-morning, my son; how'd ye get to-day, son?" said a big Missourian, who had generously given up half his seat to the stranger who had thus accosted him. "That's all right, my friend," said the stranger, "but don't make yourself quite so familiar with me, if you please; I have them three-card fellows—but you're one of them, you're not, much. I've been that myself, I have!"

## The Next United States Congress.

The following table is given of the status of the next or forty-fourth United States Congress. The official vote and elections to take place next spring will change the figures slightly, although not materially.

XLIVth Congress.		XLVth Congress.	
States.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
Alabama	3	6	2
Arkansas	3	6	2
California	1	3	3
Connecticut	1	3	3
Delaware	1	1	2
Florida	2	1	2
Georgia	6	3	9
Illinois	8	13	6
Indiana	9	13	6
Iowa	4	1	8
Kansas	5	1	2
Kentucky	10	3	12
Louisiana	6	3	7
Maine	5	6	5
Maryland	4	2	6
Massachusetts	7	7	7
Michigan	9	4	6
Minnesota	3	3	3
Mississippi	9	4	13
Missouri	1	1	1
Nebraska	1	1	1
Nevada	1	2	1
New Hampshire	3	3	3
New Jersey	1	6	4
New York	24	18	15
North Carolina	7	13	7
Ohio	7	13	7
Oregon	1	2	1
Pennsylvania	5	22	12
Rhode Island	3	3	3
South Carolina	5	2	3
Tennessee	3	7	9
Texas	4	3	5
Virginia	4	5	3
West Virginia	3	3	3
Wisconsin	2	6	2
Total	91	201	178

## What Alcohol Will Do.

The Sanitarian tells what alcohol will do, thus: "It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from the fence; let cattle into his crops; kill his fruit trees; mortgage his farm and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his building, break the glass out of his windows, and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and polish from his manners, subvert his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. It will do this to the artisan and the capitalist, the matron and the maiden, as well as to the farmer; for in its deadly enmity to the human race, alcohol is no respecter of persons."  
All for Love.  
Six years ago, in the town of East Lyme, Conn., a man went to bed. Others went to bed at the same time, but, though they occasionally got up and dress themselves, this odd character doesn't. His reasons are satisfactory, so far as they go. He was hurt in his heart. He was crossed in that love the course of which always did run rough. So the disappointed, broken-spirited despairing swain groans upon his pillow, writhes between the sheets, and is led by his old mother.

## What a Woman Did.

There lives a widow out West who never did anything useful until after her husband died and left her half a dozen children to take care of. She thought a great deal of her husband, but he did not leave her enough substance to buy him a gravestone, and this fact set her to work. She determined that the poor man's grave should have a respectable mark. So she got a marble slab and went to work on it, making a gravestone for the departed. Thus she began to carve out her fortune. She finished the work and learned the trade of a stone-cutter at the same time. She soon did some other marble work and offered it for sale. It proved acceptable, and she was given a permanent place in the village as a making regular artisan's wages and keeping her family in good style. Sometimes a husband does turn out a benefit to a woman, though she may not realize his use until she loses him.

## A Fish Story.—A Marine City (Mich.)

A fish story.—A Marine City (Mich.) paper has this pretty little fish story:  
"A sunfish that had been kept in a globe for upward of a year in the family of J. McElroy appeared to be sick, so much so that it was feared the pet would die. The fish was accordingly thrown into the deep water of St. Clair river, a month since, and disappeared from the surface. A few days ago the same fish was recaptured close in shore by some boys and returned to its glass prison, evidently well pleased with its summer vacation, and glad to get back home again."  
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