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LITTLE ALICE.

The day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly opened grave stood a little girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed; and now she stood, with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovelful of earth over all the child had left to love. "Fretting won't bring the dead folks to life. Pity you hadn't got some cousins somewhere to take you. It's a tough world this here, I tell you. I don't see how you're going to weather it. But I'll take ye round to Mrs. Fetherbee's; she's got a power of children and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark it won't do you any good."

Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another look where her mother lay buried. The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in a gay colored cotton dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewelry, sat sewing some showy lace on a cheap pocket handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three about an apple; from big words they had come to blows; and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange, a piece and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest.

Poor Allie, with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself by pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.

"Quiet that child, can't ye?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no gentle tones. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt into your portridge here. There, I declare you've half put his eyes out with those long curls dangling round. Come here, and have 'em cut off; they don't look proper for a charity child, and I'll be glad at the short stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees."

Allie's lips quivered as she said: "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning. She said they were like little dead sister's; please do not," said she tearfully.

"But I tell you I do please to cut 'em off, so there's an end to that," said she, as the severed ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor, "and do for creation's sake stop talking about dead folks. And now eat your breakfast if you want it; I forgot you hadn't had any. There's some of the children's left. If you're hungry, it'll go down, and if you ain't you can go without."

"Poor Allie! The faintest morsel wouldn't have 'gone down.'" Her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back, and she sobbed out: "I must cry if you beat me for it, my heart pains me so bad."

"H-i-e-t-y, h-i-t-y! What's all this?" said a broad faced, rosy milkman, as he set his shining can down on the kitchen table, "what's all this, Mrs. Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she?" he asked, pointing to Allie, "and what's the matter with her?"

"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck, that's all," said the lady with a vexed frown on her head. That's the way benevolence is always rewarded. Nothing on earth to ho here, but tend the baby and abuse the children, and run out to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and run a few errands. Ungrateful little baggage!"

Jemmy's heart was as big as a farm, and that covered considerable ground. Glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said skillfully: "That child is going to be sick, Mrs. Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? Besides she's too young to be of much use to you. You'd better let me take her."

"Well I shouldn't wonder if you 'as half right," said the frightened woman. "She's been trouble enough already. I'll give her a 'quit claim."

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jemmy, with a bright, good-natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her hand confidently in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jemmy, as he put one arm around her to steady her fragile figure as they rattled over the stony pavement. "We shall soon be out of this smoky city. Consarn it! I always feel as though I was poisoned every time I come into it. And then we'll see what sweet hayfields and new milk, and clover blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you, you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from when you came to live with that old Jezebel?"

"From my mother's grave!" replied Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jemmy, wiping away a tear with his coat sleeve.

"Well, never mind, I'm always running my head again a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow, or ride on top of a hay cart, or go a berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples, and plums as big as you fist? It shall go hard if you don't have 'em all. What's come of your hair. Have you had your head shaved recently?"

"Mrs. Fetherbee cut it off," replied Allie.

"The old vixen! I wished I'd come in a little quicker. Was it your curls them younguns was playing with? Well, never mind," said he, looking admiringly at the sweet face before him; "you do not need them, and they might get you looking in the glass oftener than was good for you."

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sun. I dare say she wonders where I found you."

Look here, Betsy; do you see this child? The earth is fresh on her mother's grave. She has neither kith nor kin. I brought her from that old skunkden of a Fetherbee's, and here she is. If you like her, it's well and good; and if you don't she'll stay here just the same. But I know you will," said he, coaxingly. "And now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks; for mind you I have no white slaves on my farm."

How sweetly Allie's little limbs rested in the fragrant lavenderd sheets. A tear lingered on her cheek, but it's birth was not of sorrow. Jemmy pointed it out to his wife as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it Betsy," said he. "Harsh words ain't for the motherless. May Heaven fo get me, if she ever hears one from my lips!" —Fanny Fern.

STRANGE DOMESTIC ROMANCE.

Singular Meeting of Long-Separated Brothers. One of the parties to the following strange story has just made us acquainted with its particulars. Thirty-three years ago the second son of a family in which there were three boys, being desirous of bettering his condition in life, left England for this country, with an indefinite idea as to where he might settle, and only once thereafter, in a letter from New York, had his family any information that he was alive. Four years afterwards the elder brother came to this country, and has since then been reputedly known as a member of one of the most active professions. We are precluded from saying more on this head.

The week before Christmas our Boston friend had occasion to visit Harrisburg, Pa., from which he took a night train for New York. An obstruction on the railroad a few miles west of Philadelphia caused a delay of some hours near a small way station. Some of the passengers becoming tired of sitting in the cars went out to explore the locality, particularly with the view to the procurement of refreshments. In this accomplishment there was little chance of success, as the place could not even boast of a grocery. There are men, however, who are not to be foiled in their intents if any means can be possibly found to carry them out, and some of these people happened to be among the day passengers; and a respectable looking farm house being near, that class of farmers invested it, called upon the inmates, who were enjoying the comforts of their last morning's repose, and prayed for a supply of anything fluid, from cold water to cider, tea, coffee, bourbon or applejack. The owner of the house good-naturally opened it to his clamorous visitors, and dispensed his hospitality in various ways with no untended hand. What looked singular to many, was the fact that he would not accept of any compensation, although he had entertained at least twenty rather extravagant guests. They were all prodigal of gratitude and of offers to reciprocate at any time.

"Our Boston friend was one of the farmer's guests, and after thanking his host with genuine feeling, he handed the farmer his card, telling him that a bed, knife and fork and spoon were ready for him whenever he should visit Boston. The farmer looked upon the card and then at the presenter thereof; gazed again and again at one and the other, and having apparently made up his mind he said:

"Why, Willie, is this really you?" The peculiar smile that accompanied the inquiry threw thirty-three years aside as one would fold back a curtain. The brothers had met after this long interval, the name on the card being the direct cause of the discovery. When the train left, a short time afterward, it carried one passenger less to New York. Of course the brothers had a pleasant time in exchanging their respective reminiscences.

But a more interesting feature of our story is to come. Our Boston friend had the company of his brother to New York on his way home. Having some hours to spend in the city prior to the sailing of the Stonington steamer, they took a saunter around the streets to note the temptations spread out for Christmas presents. A lady's reticule hit the taste of the Boston brother, and he determined to buy it and send it to his sister-in-law in Pennsylvania. They entered the store to make the purchase, and a nice Russia leather portmanteau was added as a Christmas remembrance to Joe, which was the name of the Pennsylvania brother. The proprietor said the names of the parties who were to receive the gifts could be put on the satchel and wallet at little expense or delay, and the suggestion was hailed as an improvement on the value of the articles. The names were written out and handed to the proprietor of the store, who remarked that he also owned the surname.

This led to conversation, to explanation, and finally to the discovery that the three long separated brothers had there and then met face to face. It would require an abler pen than ours to describe the feelings entertained by the trio. We are permitted to explain thus far: The third brother had been a little wild in his youth, and had entered the service of Queen Victoria, in which he had remained during eleven years. His regiment had been ordered to Canada, and being desirous of tasting freedom, he had improved a chance of stepping over the line. For fifteen years past he has been in business in New York, and has had worldly success corresponding with that of his elder brethren.

This is our story. It has not the flavor of deeply exciting romance or fancy imagination, but it is true, and as wonderful as it is veracious. (From the Clinton Democrat.)

UPON THE NECESSITY FOR PROTECTING SOCIETY BY THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS.

My attention has been called to several articles that appeared in the Clinton Republican, in which a rent hue and cry is made over "Court Expenses," as they are called. Loud complaints are made that the County has been subjected to the payment of costs in the administration of the criminal law, and the punishment of its violators.

A WHOLESOME PUBLIC SERVICE WANTED.

I am not a politician, nor do I take an interest in the success of any particular candidate, but I, in common with other right thinking citizens and taxpayers, have some regard for a wholesome public sentiment, and am interested in a prompt and faithful execution of the laws, and desire to be protected in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property against the assassin, the burglar, and the thief. That person, whether in or out of office, or who may be conducting a public journal, who will endeavor to measure the value of the life, liberty, and property of the citizens, by the amount that it has cost or will cost the county to protect the citizens in the enjoyment of them, is a dangerous foe to society, and should be condemned by all law-loving citizens. I have been referred to part of an opinion of the Supreme Court of this State, delivered by Jeremiah S. Black, then Chief Justice, which is directly in point. He says:

"Doubtless a very large amount of money might be saved to the treasury by not allowing prosecution to be commenced at all, especially against men who are unable to pay the expense. Yet society must be protected, cost what it will. In Berks county vs. Pile, we decided that a promise made by the Commissioners to pay the costs, if a nolle prosequi was entered in a pending indictment, was void, as being against law and policy, though the Commissioners themselves justified by the fact, that the county would save money by the contract. Economy in the management of public funds is certainly a great virtue, and all the more valuable because it is rare; but still no matter of mere dollars and cents can be put in competition for a moment with the administration of criminal justice."

I understand that in some of the townships of the county, the entire stock of political capital consists in this hue and cry about "Court Expenses," and demagogues are busily engaged in pandering to this sentiment.

THE PRINCIPAL AGITATORS,

who are extremely zealous to inflame and propagate this pretended attempt at retrenchment, are Republicans, who hope to seduce Democrats into a scheme the only effect of which would be to demoralize the Democratic party, and thereby enable them to foist themselves into office.

Democrats, beware of these Republican reformers, or of any Democrat who may be in league with them, or counseling, aiding or abetting them. Though they may wear sheep's clothing, the Republican wolf is under it, hungry for the spoils of office. Permit me to propound

SOME INTERROGATORIES

To these pretended economizers: A thief enters the barn of a farmer and steals a valuable horse, and it would cost the county two or three hundred dollars to pursue, arrest and punish the thief. Shall he go unpunished? Well, the farmer is rich, he can afford to lose his horse, and the county ought not to be put to this great expense to punish the thief. Let the villain go.

A barn or a house is burned by an incendiary, or an unsuccessful attempt is made to burn a house or barn. It may cost the county \$500 or a \$1,000 to punish the criminal, and keep him in the penitentiary. It is costing too much, the county cannot afford to pay out so much for the sake of punishing a scoundrel to gratify A. B., who has lost his barn. Better let the rascal run, he will never come back again.

Again, the daughter of a worthy citizen is seduced, and in order to hide her shame, she is persuaded to submit to the nefarious devices of an abortionist, and death is the result. Well, she cannot be restored to life, and it will cost the county \$1,000 to prosecute this offender against law and morals, for one of the most heinous offences known to the law. Let him go scot free, and encourage him to continue his diabolical practices and murder some more of your daughters. The expense is too great, and the value of human life is not to be compared to the value of dollars and cents.

Let this sentiment prevail and have it understood that scoundrels are not to be punished by reason of the expense to the county and villains will abound, tramps will seek Clinton county as a safe harbor for the perpetration of crime. But let the contrary sentiment predominate, and have it known and promulgated that violators of the law will surely receive their deserts at the hands of the law, and there will be less crime in the community, and consequently less expense. Nothing so deters criminals from the commission of crime as the certainty of punishment.

TRIP TO LEMUS.

Pine Creek, May 20th, 1878.

THE RESPONSIVE CHORD.

A Well-Remembered Incident of the War Between the States.

Rev. J. William Jones, in an address before the National Sunday School Convention, Atlanta, Georgia, related the following incident: "In the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of the soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the northern bank would play 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Hail Columbia,' or some other national air, and at its conclusion the 'boys in blue' would cheer most lustily. And the band on the southern bank would respond with 'Dixie' or 'Lionie Blue Flag,' or some other southern melody, and the 'boys in gray' would attest their approbation with an 'old Confederate yell.' But presently one of the bands struck up—in sweet and plaintive notes which were wafted across the Rappahannock—and caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, 'Home, Sweet Home!' At the conclusion of this piece, there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river—cheer followed cheer, and those hills (which had so recently resounded with hostile guns) echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then, * * * could beat in unison; and on both sides of the river

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