

For her sisters seemed happy in a certain degree, and was her life harder to bear than theirs? "They never think," she said, "I do so much the worse for me; but I cannot make them understand how terrible a life theirs seems to me, it is so utterly devoid of beauty, and even comfort." But during the previous winter a change came over the spirit of her dreams. Geo. Hastings came to Glenville, and from her first acquaintance with him her life brightened. He was only a merchant's clerk, but capable and energetic, and a favorite with his employer. When Annie met him first she only saw a rather small and uninteresting-looking young man, who conversed agreeably. When she saw him for the second time she thought he had fine eyes, and before the evening was over she confessed that his smile was beautiful. Then, as their acquaintance progressed, she found their tastes were very similar in many things. After this he often called upon her evenings, and read aloud to her while she was busy with her sewing. Numberless little attentions followed, rendered in a tender, delicate way, and for a time she was supremely happy. George was slowly but surely approaching a declaration—she was certain of this—and as she thought it over in her mind, doubts began to creep in where contentment had reigned. She loved him so well. She could have died for him, and without him life would be utterly desolate. But he was very poor, with only a small sum as yet laid aside for a rainy day. Would her life, after all her tender dreams, be different from Sue's or Sarah's, if she married him? Jane, seeming to understand Annie's dilemma, lectured long and eloquently on the subject of marriage. George Hastings was a fine young man, she told Annie, who would make his mark in the world yet, if he wasn't such a fool as to marry and burden himself with a wife. A wife was a fearful drag to any man. Single life for either man or woman, was the only true and noble life to lead, and any woman who married because she was tired of taking care of herself, it was a moral cowardice. So, pondering upon Jane's words until she was nearly demented, Annie stood looking out upon the clouded skies in the chill November afternoon, and thinking desolately of the clouds hovering over her sky. "Will it be always so?" she asked herself bitterly, as she turned away. "Oh, I am so tired of the clouds of sorrow. Will the sunshine of joy never come?" And this moment one of her younger sisters came in with a letter for Annie. In some surprise—for it bore a city postmark—she opened it. With the early heat of summer a lady had come to board at Glenville, in search of country fare and country breezes, for she was a confirmed invalid. She took lodgings across the way from Mr. Raymond's, and seemed to fancy Annie from the first. She now wrote, asking Annie to come and live with her, as nurse and companion and offering a sum which seemed princely in Annie's eyes. She decided at once to go, for she longed for a glimpse of the world without, but she would wait until she saw George in the evening, for his opinion might influence her in some degree. So, when he came, she hastened to impart the news. "Don't go, Annie," he urged. "You know—you must have known for a long time that I love you dearly. I've only waited to tell you because I had not a suitable home to offer you as yet. But I'm saving for that purpose every day, dear, and when we can see each other so often it will not be so hard to wait a little longer. Stay, and promise me you will be my wife just as soon as I can provide for you properly." "George," she said, "you know I love you, but I am too much of a coward to bind myself to be a life-long slave, like my sister, Sarah, for instance." "Sarah was sickly before she married, I believe," he answered quietly, though his manner betrayed some surprise at such an outburst from the usually mild Annie. "Yes," he reluctantly admitted. "And peevish and fretful, too." "Yes," responded Annie, slowly. "You are neither." "You are neither," Annie burst into tears. "She was unhappy," she said, "and so am I." George was puzzled. He used his powers of persuasion to the utmost, but she was inexorable. She would not consent to an engagement, and she would go to the city as a companion to Mrs. Reade. So, vexed with her obstinacy, but thinking it best to give her her own way, since he could not well do otherwise, he bade her good-by. Annie sobbed herself to sleep that night, and two days after—for there was slight preparation needed—she set out for the city. For a time she was delighted with her situation. Mrs. Reade was very captivating in manner, and treated Annie almost like a sister. Annie had intended to save her earnings, but under Mrs. Reade's advice, she found ample opportunity to invest them in the purchase of better clothing than she had ever worn before. By and bye her situation became less pleasant. Mrs. Reade was very capricious, and sometimes hard to please. Another truth dawned upon Annie's mind about this time. Her mistress was a neglected, unloved wife, and though she had everything that wealth could procure, she was very unhappy, as much as either Sue or Sarah. "Oh, dear!" Annie sobbed to herself one day, when her patience was severely tried, "everyone has more or less trouble, and after all, poverty isn't the hardest thing in the world to bear. If I were at home now I could marry George and be contented with the inevitable outfit of six silver spoons and two feather beds, and feel much happier than either of my sisters." However, she determined to remain as long as she could bear with Mrs. Reade's unhappy temper, and the unpleasant familiarity of the servants, thinking she would at least save her money and have something to begin life with if she ever did marry, which seemed very doubtful to her now. Spring came on, and as the weather grew warmer Annie began to have fearful headaches, a new thing for her. She grew tired of the senseless looking rows of brick and brown-stone and longed for the pleasant woods near her home, with their fresh, green leaves and early flowers. She felt if she could only have Jane to soother her it would do her good. She grew homesick for the very home she had despised. Mrs. Reade complained that she was growing heedless and Annie knew it was very true. One morning she woke feeling too ill to

rise. Mrs. Reade's bell rang repeatedly, but Annie was too ill to heed it and lay dimly conscious of what was passing around her. She knew they were holding a consultation over her, and afterward that they were removing her to some other place, she was far too sick to care where. After a few days of burning fever her senses returned, and she found herself in the hospital, with everything new and strange about her. As soon as she was able to sit up she procured writing materials of her nurse, and wrote home. By this time Mrs. Reade had roused herself to write also, and, thoroughly alarmed, Jane set out to find her, accompanied by George Hastings. George met Annie quietly, but Jane scolded and cried over her until Annie felt that her sister really cared more for her than she had ever known. They took her home, a shadow of her former self, but more contented in mind than she had been in years before. But it was not until she was quite as well as ever, and had fallen readily into the old routine of daily labor, that George spoke again of love. He came to see her the same as before, and brought her trifles in the way of flowers and books; and one evening, when they were sitting in the dusk and gloom of the twilight with the cloudy November skies frowning without, George said: "Do you think, Annie, you could marry a poor man, after all?" "Oh, George!" she deprecatingly. "And do you think you are brave enough to bind yourself to be a life-long slave like your sister Sarah?" "Not to a husband I did not love, and which I would not love. That would be a fearful bondage for me, or to any other woman." "But I love you and you love me. Don't you think that makes a great difference?" "All the difference in the world, Geo." "Then do you not think you could make up your mind to marry me?" "I think I could if you asked me." "Oh!" with a laugh, and that was all. Not a word was spoken by either for some time, but he took her hand and drew her silently to his side. At last he spoke: "Confess, Annie," he said, "that you are disappointed. I am not the hero you expected as a husband, am I?" "No," she answered, "but you are a true, noble-hearted man, and that is better than I found in all my senseless day-dreams and plans for the future, that I was only a woman, and a very foolish one at that. You have excellent judgment and sense, but you are just my age, and, not so wise, that I am afraid of you. I know you have faults but so have I; and if you will have patience with mine, I can bear yours without a word." "We shall have trials, too, dear," he said, "but we shall help each other endure them, and that will make them so much easier to bear. The lesson of the past year has not harmed you, Annie; you will be more contented all your life for it." "It may have done me good, George; but I don't think that I'm one whit better off than I was a year ago. I have the same faults still." "Neither am I better than I was then, Annie; but I think we understand each other more fully, and I love you, faults and all, as I never could love another." So at Christmas time they were married. And theinery in which Annie had indulged the winter before with slight remodeling, served a good purpose as a wedding-troiscent. Her father came forward with the spoons and feather beds, and Jane exerted herself wonderfully, saying it was a pleasure to help Annie, she was so grateful for everything. The little sum which Annie had saved from her earnings helped to furnish the pretty little home, which George's increased salary enabled him to rent; and though everything about it was very plain, it was neat and tasteful and homelike, and George and Annie were happier in it than many a pair, who have all that money can buy, could ever dream of being. And busy with her daily cares which love lightened, Annie forgot to mourn over clouded skies. —New York News.

Drunkard's Statement. The editor of the Christian Advocate, New York, relates in his paper that on one occasion, not long before the firing of Fort Sumter, he spent "some hours" in the Representatives' chamber in the Capitol at Washington. "The majority of the members appeared to be more or less intoxicated," he says. "Some of them were unable to stand. Others were gazing the Speaker—Pennington—and, in fact, so tortured that, worn out, he left the chair and put Schuyler Colfax in his place, who stayed there many hours. It was a night session. Such a thing could not happen now." Drunkenness under the ban, and nothing shows more strongly than the change within the last twenty-five years which has come over our public men. The man who now drinks to excess is the exception; once he was almost the rule—say in the days of Webster.—Lancaster Examiner.

OUR EXCHANGES ON THE VERDICT.

Shielded by Law. From the Lancaster Intelligencer. The libel suit at Clearfield, which last week terminated in the acquittal of Editor Meek, of the Belleville "Watchman," who charged State Treasurer Harris with general crookedness as a legislator, leaves that prospective official with an embarrassing reputation with which to assume an office that apparently demands a high repute for integrity to enable its occupant to face the people of the state with equanimity as he takes his seat in it. Probably it was this thought which led Harris to invoke the law against Meek for charging him with being a crook as a member of the Legislature. The trial pleased both parties, on the witness stand Meek repeating his accusation and Harris denying it. Numerous witnesses were called to prove the repute of Harris, but they were not permitted by the court to testify unless they testified to particular conduct of Harris within their knowledge. Meek's allegations were based upon general report and upon statements of belief made to him by his witnesses, who, however were not permitted to testify save concerning a hospital appropriation for which Harris demanded a fee from the hospital, which he claimed he was entitled to. Under the ruling of the court the defendant was not allowed to inquire into the alleged payments of money to members of the Legislature in consideration for their votes, and the case went to the jury with little illumination; and their verdict of not guilty was accompanied with the direction that the defendant pay the costs; which seems to be equivalent to a verdict that under the testimony he was exculpated but not entirely justified in his publication; which gives the proper officials a good opportunity to say that the verdict was altogether against him. It is unfortunate that the judge's rulings upon the testimony offered prevented the enlightenment of the people with the information looked in the breasts of the distinguished witnesses summoned to confession, headed by the governor; and we have to await another opportunity to find this evidence on the verdict of a court. There was however, one item of testimony recorded there in this case, which has long been current report, but that has not heretofore found its way into the record of judicial proceedings. This was the evidence of Bernard Busch, reporter of the "Legislative Record" in the last House, who declared that he had frequently been handed by his chief clerk a marked roll call before the vote was taken; and that members of the Legislature who were not present were recorded as voting, and that he frequently had to change his own record of a vote to conform to the false official records given him. Upon this evidence one might think that the proper officials would set about constructing some indictments, as such would be the result in a reputable government; but not in this state, where there is nothing of the sort occur until the people are sufficiently awakened to put their foot down on such manners of legislation and such judicial supineness. Seems to Be Acquainted With Conditions in Pennsylvania. From the N. Y. Journal. Pennsylvania is the rottenest State in the Union. The truth was illustrated anew in the testimony taken at a recent trial for libel in State Treasurer Harris' home town. When the Republican machine last fall nominated Harris it was notorious that as a member of the Legislature for two terms he had been one of the most active of the majority "gang," and had as black a record as even Mr. Quay could desire in a candidate for office. But this made no difference to the queer citizens of Pennsylvania. They elected Harris by a large majority over another member of the Legislature, who had proven himself to be honest and unusually able. The Belleville WATCHMAN was so yellow to describe Harris as "an unblushing bribe taker" and "king of the crooks" in the Legislature. State Treasurer Harris sued the yellow WATCHMAN for libel, and set up the plea that he had not really voted for a good many bad measures in whose favor his vote was recorded. The official stenographer of the House gave this testimony in Harris' behalf. Many times marked roll calls were handed to me before the roll call was made, and often I recorded the names of members as voting who I knew at the time were not present. I knew it was not right, but I couldn't help it. I had to do as I was told or get out. The testimony of Harris and Busch taken together constitutes a confession by the machine that many of its pretended acts of legislation were fraudulent as well as lawless. In an attempt to parry a charge of venality, the gang takes refuge in an admission of gross usurpation and impugns the validity of its own laws. Its enemies have charged the machine with nothing more infamous than the crime which it confesses. Saved Dangerous Exposures. From the Venango Spectator. The trial of editor Meek, of Belleville, for libel on State Treasurer Harris, resulted in a verdict of not guilty, but defendant to pay the court costs, amounting to less than \$1,000. Mr. Meek was not allowed to produce evidence in support of his allegation that Harris, while a member of the Legislature, was a "king of crooks" and "an unblushing bribe-taker." Considering that the books were kept sealed and the evidence ruled out, Mr. Meek achieved a triumph and Harris suffered defeat. The shutting off of all but direct testimony saved some dangerous exposures of corrupt and lawless work. Meek could have made good the statements of Lieut. Gov. Gobin, that there was never a time when bribery was so open and bare-faced as at the last session of the Legislature; that "people on the streets talked about it and pointed out this and that man who had received so much for his vote" on this or that bill. One striking bit of testimony was elicited at the Meek trial, that of Mr. Busch, a legislative reporter, who said: "Many times marked roll-calls were handed to me before the roll-call was made, and often I recorded the names of members as voting who I knew at the time were not present. I knew it was not right, but I couldn't help it. I had to do as I was told or get out." It is Up to Elkins to Act. From the City and State. Republicans whose party fealty led them last November to vote for a notoriously feeble member of the Legislature for an office for which a conspicuously worthy member of the same House was also a candidate, should take particular notice of a few twinges of conscience, that an editor who publicly branded their candidate (Harris) as "an unblushing bribe-taker," has been acquitted of the charge of libeling the Treasurer-elect, and this in a court regarded as friendly to the prosecutor and his party. One of the witnesses in this case, Mr. Busch, gave testimony that should be acted upon by Attorney General Elkins, Busch, official stenographer at the last session of the Legislature, swore that the voting roll was often made up before the vote was taken, and that he was compelled by the Chief Clerk to falsify the record. The Attorney General cannot afford to ignore that evidence, even if the Chief Clerk can. The Pot was Kept Covered. From the Clarion Democrat. The Harris-Meek libel suit at Clearfield last week ended in a verdict of "not guilty" but pay the costs. In other words Editor Meek did not libel State Treasurer-elect Harris when he called him "king of crooks" and an "unblushing bribe-taker." If the presiding judge had admitted the testimony that Mr. Meek was ready to present the public would have had the whole story of the corruption in the last Legislature involving high and low, up to the Governor. But the truth was not admitted—was suppressed. Mr. Meek is fully vindicated.

The Truth Choked Down to Protect High Officials.

From the Pittsville Advance Guard. The trial of Editor Meek, of the Belleville WATCHMAN, for libel, ended just about as was expected when it became necessary to place those in high office on the witness stand. The verdict of the jury was, that Editor Meek was not guilty, but to show fine figuring and a disposition to be just as between the contending parties Mr. Meek must pay the costs. What a travesty on the rendering of such a verdict. If Mr. Meek was guilty of the charge preferred against him he should have been proven so, and if he should be found innocent, which he was, why impose on him the payment of the costs? Is it to be wondered at that the people are beginning to lose all respect for the laws, when such bare-faced knavery and trickery is resorted to on the part of those who are placed in high station to execute them. From the trial of Meek, while of short duration, we learn from the legislative reporter of the last session of the legislature, that the official records of that session were doctored to suit the circumstances. His testimony reads that many times, Meek was called on the stand to testify before the roll-call was made and that he often recorded the names of members as voting when he knew they were not present at the time. The reporter admitted that he knew it was not right to do as he did, but could not help it, for the reason that if he disobeyed he was told to get out by the ruling power. State Treasurer Harris may be what his friends claimed for him when he came before the people of this State for their suffrage to place him in the position of state treasurer, but the facts as disclosed and made public during the trial, bear very hard on Mr. Harris. In the case of the Cottage Hospital appropriation of \$12,000 by the legislature and the cutting down of same by the Governor, Mr. Harris might look well and good, as a member of the last Legislature, had not Mr. Harris at the solicitation of the hospital board prevailed on the Governor to sign the bill for the full amount of \$12,000, so that Mr. Harris could receive for his part in the deal, the sum of \$100. All the evidence adduced in the Meek-Harris contest reveals the fact that the Governor, who member of the last Legislature, was completely in the hands of unscrupulous men to do their bidding at the expense of the taxpayers. It is something to be deplored that the libel suit was choked down as it was presumably to protect many of our high officials from further exposure in the part taken by them in legislation, the like of which is a disgrace in any civilized country. Impossible to Present the Truth. From the Williamsport Sun. The Harris-Meek libel suit at Clearfield practically collapsed when Judge Gordon ruled on the offer of testimony by which the defendant sought to prove that bribery and corruption prevailed at Harrisburg during the last session of the Legislature. The court's ruling was a great disappointment to the public, as it was hoped that the story of the corruption that prevailed at the state capitol last winter would be brought out by the evidence of the witnesses subpoenaed by editor Meek. The tales that could have been told by Gov. Stone, Attorney General Elkin, Insurance Commissioner Durham, Speaker Marshall, Lieut. Governor Gobin, and others who would have been able to "speak by the card," would have been highly edifying. But all effort to get an insight into the workings of the machine has heretofore met with the same fate. The attempt of editor Meek at Clearfield last week, that there was bribery and corruption in securing legislation favorable to the gang is the belief of the honest citizens of the state, but the bribers and bribed are as silent as clams over the nefarious transactions. It has been found impossible to get sufficient evidence to convict the bribers, and editor Meek and his friends made a mistake in supposing that the story of corruption would be divulged in the trial of his libel suit. The machine is too well entrenched behind its breastworks of self-interest to surrender the secrets of its evil work. Justice Under a Cloud. From the Wellsboro Gazette. Not guilty, but pay the costs," was the verdict brought in at Clearfield last Saturday morning in the case of the Belleville WATCHMAN, who libeled State Treasurer-elect Frank G. Harris by calling him "king of crooks" and an "unblushing bribe-taker." The verdict is a stinging rebuke of Harris and a vindication of Mr. Meek, that there was strong "probable cause" for his publication, and that it was not made maliciously or negligently. One of the misfortunes of the trial is that it kept the book sealed as to admitted bribery and corruption of the last Legislature. This is the way the trial is generally regarded by the press of the State: The Philadelphia Press, referring to the misfortune of the trial in keeping the lid down, says: "There never has been denial of any of these assertions," referring to the bribery in the speaker-ship contest and the ripper and franchise legislation, adding that "Governor Stone has himself made public the fact that for the first time in the history of the Commonwealth its chief executive has been accused of demanding \$200,000, and accepting \$150,000, for signing certain acts of the Legislature," and that "libelously allegation that has ever been denied. It was the feature of Governor Stone's now famous poster." Satisfactory All Around. From the Connelestown Courier. The libel suit against editor P. Gray Meek of the Belleville WATCHMAN resulted in a verdict that everybody connected with it declares is pleasing to them, but it is safe to say that there were some disappointed because the editor wasn't "soaked," and the editor wasn't disappointed because he wasn't permitted to prove all he knew and all he heard about State politics. Some of the witnesses who were summoned may have been pleased that they were not called upon to tell all they knew, and others no doubt would have enjoyed telling some of the things they knew about the other fellows. Editor Meek is the only man who told all he knew and wasn't sorry. Fined for Telling the Truth. From the Delaware County Democrat. "Not guilty, but must pay the costs," was the verdict in the case of Treasurer-elect Frank G. Harris, against P. Gray Meek, editor of the Belleville Democratic WATCHMAN, for libel. This simply means that Meek told the truth, but shouldn't have done it! (Concluded on page 3.)

Written for the WATCHMAN. Who Pays the Cost? By HORACE G. STOVER, Altoona, Pa. The forum now is open, the doors are thrown wide, the masses have been summoned, that justice may decide. For a charge has been committed, the peace has been disturbed, and the law is set in motion, that the matter can be heard. The judge is on the bench, the clerk is at his desk. The prisoner's at the bar, and the jury is at rest. The lawyers all are present, the witnesses on hand, and silence is prevailing at the court eric's command. The bar-list now is read, all in the usual way. The motions are presented, the rules and writs to stay. The silence is oppressive while this routine work goes on, and the clerk is making notes to guide him further on. At last the routine ends, the bar-list laid aside, the Judge has made his rulings, the lawyers must abide. The audience is restless, the prisoner is short, the hour has arrived when the court is to start and court. The docket now is scanned, and the record does disclose. That an indictment has been found, against one Richard Rose. The counts are all in legal form, and therefore must be true, this is the law's presumption, from every point of view. The prisoner is arraigned as the rules of law provide, and the plea of "Not Guilty" is entered on his side. The jury list is sifted for brains that can be worked, and the Commonwealth is busy so that nothing can be shirked. The jury is selected the best that skill can guess, and the states' attorney rises this jury to address. They are the court of last resort, the judge of fact by lot, and if they err in judgment, it is the best they've got. The witnesses are sworn in solemn form of law, and swear to facts they never knew and things they never saw. The lawyers are bewildered, but the jury is serene, and everything betokens a most harmonious scheme. And now the lawyers argue in good Blackstonian rhyme, and cite the law from Bracton down to the present time. And the jury is admonished all errors they must shun, and the question is repeated "What has the culprit done?" The Judge adjusts his glasses and sums in great array. The facts he analyzes and thinks he'll have his way. But the jury looks up wisely, and inwardly does smile. For they are long on merit, and the prisoner short on guilt. The jury now retires, a verdict to combine, and everyone is waiting to ascertain their mind. But soon they come returning with slow and stately tread, and the foreman says "Not Guilty" but pay the costs instead. And so this farce goes on as has been often said, we will not find you guilty but you pay the costs instead. Aid now my friend remember this, before you go astray, the jury may acquit you, but the costs you'll have to pay, and your pocket will be sorely galled. CLOUDS. The whole scene was drear and desolate, and a pale face pressed against the window pane looked out upon it with sorrowful eyes, seeing in the gloom of the landscape and shadowy skies the symbol of her future life. The face itself was not remarkable; there was no special beauty of outline, no dazzling complexion, no soft-colored wavy hair. It was white and slender, and would have been spiritless only for the restless eyes and blood-red lips. The forehead was broad and thought-impressed, with brown hair brushed back and closely braided from the face which happiness might have beautified, but which was now undeniably plain, and tinged with the cold gray hue which pervaded earth, air and sky. Annie Raymond stood for an hour looking persistently out, not on the dreary landscape alone, but into her drearier future. Since her mother's death, which occurred during her childhood, she had experienced no bitter trials; but little, trifling troubles had made her daily life unlovely and unpleasant. The family was large and in very moderate circumstances, and, like all poor people of the present day, struggling to make one dollar show for two, and so appear richer than they really are. Jane, the elder sister, took charge of the house and ruled the younger children with a rod of iron. The two girls who came next were both married, and struggling with large families and poverty. A brother next younger had left home and was seeking his fortune—a hopeless task. Then came Annie, age 21, and the sisters younger still. The father was a grave, hard-working man, who usually dozed away the time he spent at home. Annie's life had been monotonous enough thus far. There was house-work in the mornings, and in the afternoons the sisters sewed for a furnishing store in the village, barely earning a sufficient sum to clothe them in the plainest apparel. But they were sprightly, intelligent girls, and were received in the society with those who were better supplied with this world's goods. There had been a time when Annie indulged in rosy dreams of the future, but her life was too monotonous, so lacking in incident, these were soon dispelled. Her older sisters furnished striking examples of what her own life would be. Should she choose single-blessedness and become a cross, unhappy old maid like Jane? or follow in the foot-steps of Sarah and Sue, and be a sickly, task-burdened wife, with scarcely an hour's peace and quiet? Neither picture looked inviting to a young girl who had a passionate longing for the luxurious and beautiful things of this life. So she grew graver as she went about the same simple, homely tasks day after day, and Jane's reproving voice grated