SELECT POETRY.

Your Souls are True.

BY JAMES PETTIGREW, JR.

Oh, the miles lie wide between thee and me,
And the clouds are dropping snow,
And the winter wind, in an angry Rise,
Drifts the snow-flakes to and fro;
But the biting cold and the winter storm,
And the drifting clouds above,
If our souls are true and our hearts are warm,
Have no power to chill our love.

Oh, the world may frown like the winter sky.
And the life blasts wildly blow,
And with bleeding feet, perhaps you and I
May yet tread the cold, white snow;
But although some hope shall be made a grave,
And by us ere life be past,
If our souls are true and our hearts are brave,
We willl reach the goal at last.

Some malicious once may send barbed darts
From their fortress, as we go,
And may wring a side from our aching hearts
That will stain the pure white snow;
But although it seems we cannot endure
All the pain, the woe, the chill,
If our souls are true and our aims are pure,
They can never wound to kill.

There's a brighter life, and for us, thank God!
If we find it not below,
When these forms are living beneath the sod,
And the drifting winter snow;
We will find it where all his children do—
And that Heaven is very near—
If our aims are pure, and our hearts are true,
While upon our journey here.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

WORKING AND RESTING.

"John, I wish you would call at Mrs. Flynn's on your way to town and ask her to come next week and help me clean house. It's getting pretty late, and I don't like to put it off so long."

The man took a step or two forward, then turned toward the tall, spare, hollow eyed woman, who was his wife, and answered: "Is it really necessary, Susan?"

A glance around the room was her answer.

"Let it go this fall," said the man, "I'm sure it don't look very bad."

"Oh, John, the house is dreadful dirty. Look at the walls and windows."

"Pooh! I see dirtier ones every day." Then as if another thought struck him, he said: "Couldn't you do a part this week and a part next?"

"I don't know. Perhaps so."

The answer came in discouraged tones, and the churning was continued in nervous spasmodic jerks.

The man saw her discouraged look, and said, as he went out: "Well, if you must, I reckon I can let her know."

I don't see how it is," said he, soliloquising, as he trotted his horse at a slow rate along the winding prairie road. "I can't see how it is that Susan thinks she must hire so much done. Looks like she ought to be able to do all she has to do. True, in harvest time it comes a little hard for her. I hire three or four men then, that makes more cooking, but then I've heard wimmen say they'd as soon cook for six as two. Now, there's my mother; she used to cook for eight or ten men in harvest time and had seven children to do for. We've only four youngsters, and don't milk half as many cows as father used to. But I reckon the wimmen them days were made of better stuff than now-a-days. Git up, Dobbin. I've hired a heap of work done for Susan this year. She had help when we killed hogs, and then she was sick and 'Nerv Gilman come and stayed two weeks, and I had to give her five dollars and her board. I couldn't very well agord it, either, for my mowing machine must be paid for this fall, and I want to buy some more stock too, this fall, and I must have a corn-planter next spring. But here, if I haven't passed Mrs. Flynn's and didn't stop. Git up, Dobbin."

What was the hollow-eyed, tired-looking-woman thinking of all this time? Thinking of? She had no time to think of anything but work. The churning was not yet done, the breakfast dishes were unwashed, the milk was not skimmed, the week's ironing stared her is the face, and last, but not least, was the little one tugging at her skirts, begging for nourishment. But it does not cry, so she keeps on churning until the little one's patience is exhausted and its screams are heard above the slash, dash, slash of the churn. The mother can no longer resist—baby must be cared for though all else go untouched.

She was naturally a tidy woman, and as she looked around upon the untidy house she grew nervous almost to despair, and the tears fell fast upon the baby's face at her breast.

Oh, how welcome are these silent visitors when the heart is overburdened by grief or trial! They seem to be the rivers that wash our hearts from selfishness.

Mrs. Wilton wept long and bitterly; but when the tears were wiped away so also was her burden of toil and care, and tenderly kissing her sleeping babe she laid him in his crib and went about her work cheerfully, if not contentedly. She possessed a cheerful disposition naturally, but she was not a stranger to those hopes and aspirations that come to most of us to cheer our discontent. She loved nature, and longed for a stroll over the prairie that lay broad and bright around her. But she found very little encouragement for luxuries, even the luxury of a ramble out of doors.

Her husband was a sordid, money-loving, money-getting man, who saw no use for anything that there was no money in. He knew all the ways and means of money getting and money keeping. He had taken his wife from a loving home in an Eastern State, and made for himself a home on the prairies of the West. He was deemed a very shrewd man by the neighbors around. He knew when to buy stock and when to sell. He knew when a piece of land was worth buying or selling, and was always getting some "good chance." His wife had long ago found out that money was his idol, and everything must be sacrificed to it—even herself, she sometimes thought, when, with aching head and tired feet, she had sought her pillow. Thus the years had gone by, until few would recognize in the hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, prematurely-old woman, the fresh, rosy girl John Wilton had brought there eight years before.

Mrs. Wilton did not ask her husband if he had stopped at Mrs. Flynn's, she supposed of course he had; and the following week she watched every day for her expected help. Watched but not waited, but as the hours went by, she began the task and kept at it until it was done.

Mr. Wilton pretended not to see all this. He kept aloof as much as possible, so as to avoid any explanation he might be called upon to make; but when alone with himself, he said:

"Well, Susan is getting along nicely, after all. She'll have the house shinin' agin Saturday night, and then I'll just give her the money I'd had to pay Mrs. Flynn. It'll go toward buyin' the winter things for the family;" and he gave the well-filled pocket-book a loving squeeze.

Saturday night found the house all smiling, as Mr. Wilton had prophesied, but Mrs. Wilton looked more tired and worn than ever. It had been a hard week for her, and even the clean house was hardly a recompense. But Mr. Wilton felt satisfied. Strange that he could not perceive the odor of the essence of life in the shining windows and whitened walls; but he only said, as he glanced about him,

"The house-cleaning is over, eh? Well, here's five dollars to pay your women with," and he chuckled to himself, for he well knew some of it would come back to him in the shape of socks and undershirts.

"I wouldn't for four times that much feel so worn out as I do to-night," sighed Mrs. Wilton to herself, as she thanked him, and stowed the pittance away for future use.

The weeks wore on toward winter, and Mrs. Wilton sighed heavily as she thought of the garments, large and small, to be bought and made. First John must be fitted up, then the four little ones, and lastly herself. Her own share would be slim, she thought, but then she had not much out-door work to do, and she could get along with less. But, oh! she did long so much for a new merino dress, with bright, warm tints, or a pair of gloves, or a collar and a bit of ribbon for her neck. But these were not to be thought of. Nothing but bare necessities could be hers, for John had been buying stock, and paid for his mowing machine, and met a note or two, and he felt "quite poor," he said.

Poor woman! She had not had a nice dress since her marriage. Then she had a good supply—but things will wear out, and most of these were now doing duty as children's clothes, or skirts for herself, and her best dress now was a cheap delaine. She sighed just a little, half-smothered sigh, as she thought of all this on the day she went to lay out her money. It did not take her long to dispose of the small amount, for she had lain awake nights, pondering how to make one dollar to do the duty of two, and the problem was worked out with the utmost precision.

Now that the goods were purchased the next trouble was how to get them made soon enough. She had been obliged to put off purchasing for want of means, and now she could not tell which was most needed.

"If I only could get some one to help me for a week, I could soon see my way clear," said Mrs. Milton to her husband, one evening, as she sat stitching on her little garments; "or, better still, had I a sewing machine," she ventured to say.

Mr. Wilton knocked the ashes off his cigar, and said, "I don't know how it is, Susan, that you're always complaining of having so much to do, and wanting help all the time. Why, there's mother, she never used to think of hiring any work done. She used to make everthing for eight of us, and weave all the cloth besides."

Mrs. Wilton did not answer, her heart was too full.

"Now-a-days the wimmen want so much help to get rid of work," continued Mr. Wilton. "I'd like to get a sewin' machine, but it's out of the question now, there's so much to be got."

Mrs. Wilton thought of the mower and the corn-planter, but said nothing; she felt a little pang shoot through her heart, then it sank back again as a heavy load. She did not go to bed that night until long after her husband was sleeping soundly. She had worked hard all day, and sleep would be a welcome guest, but the little garment was much needed, and she must sit up and make it. Oh, how her tired eyes ached, but not worse than the poor, hungry heart ached for sympathy and comfort. She thought of her money-loving husband, and wished he might become more thoughtful of her comfort. "If it were not for my children," she cried to herself. "I could see very little to live for." Then the thought of her little ones, motherless, sent the fresh tears to her eyes, but gave a sudden impulse to her tired fingers, and she stitched away for another hour and saw the garment completed, and neatly folding it away, she sought her much needed rest. Sabbath morning Mr. Wilton put on a warm, new undershirt, and saw his little ones looking fresh and sweet in their new garments; but he saw not that the fingers which had so patiently wrought out these changes were that morning scarcely strong enough to fasten the garments of the little ones about their chubby little forms.

Spring came, bright and joyous as ever, dotting the prairies with flowers and filling upland and valley with floods of melody. Mrs. Wilton had been growing thinner and paler all winter, and was now scarcely able to be about the house. The doctor had recommended rest—but how could she rest with so much lying undone about her.

"If I could only go away for awhile," she said one morning, when she was feeling weaker than usual. "If I could only go home to mother for a visit, I know she could nurse me up all right again," and the pale lips quivered visibly.

"I wish you could, I'm sure," replied her husband. "But, Susan, I don't see how I can afford it. I might sell some stock, but prices are low now, it would not pay at all. I couldn't get much more for them calves than I gave for 'em last fall, after keeping 'em all winter. And buying my corn-planter, about took all my cash."

Mrs. Wilton did not reply. Indeed, I doubt very much if she heard his remarks at all, for she was dreaming of the old homestead, with its wide gables and large comfortable rooms—of the stately maples, that she knew were now putting forth their young blossoms from their candelabra-shaped limbs—of the sloping meadow, with its violet-covered hillsides—of the robin's nest in the cherry tree; and, above all, of the sweet old face that loomed up through all, and with outstretched arms yearned to embrace her tired birdling in the home nest.

John Wilton glanced at her as he went out of the door, and mistook the flush of anticipated joy for the bloom of health, and went off saying: "I guess she'll get better as the days get warmer. I will try to hire somebody for her this summer."

"I can do nothing for her," said Dr. Graves to Mr. Wilton, who had followed him out of Mrs. Wilton's chamber.

"Nothing for her? My God, doctor! You don't mean that she is past help?" and John Wilton's heart seemed to stand still for a moment.

"I did not say she was past help," replied the doctor. "The truth is, Mr. Wilton, your wife is worked down, and unless she has rest, and plenty of it, she will die. And, I may as well say, she will never get rest here. She must go away where she will have no care of house or family, or she will die. You may find another wife, but your children will never find another mother." So saying, the good doctor drove away.

The door was partly open, and Mrs. Wilton had heard, in her sick chamber, the doctor's words, and her heart gave a great heave which undoubtedly would have created alarm for her had the doctor known it.

Oh, if she could only go home! Home to the old homestead—home to mother and rest, rest, rest. Oh, how long it had seemed since she realized the fullest meaning of that word; even while she lay there she seemed to hear her mother's voice, and feel her soft hand caressing her. But the next moment came the realizing sense of the impossibility of such happiness. How could she go with the children, now that she was so weak; and how could she be spared to go, and lastly, how could John afford to let her go? All hope seemed lost when she looked the matter straight in the face, and she turned her white face to the wall and shut her eyes as if to keep back the tears which she felt were coming.

Meantime, John Wilton was thoroughly aroused. He stood for a long time just where the doctor had left him. After a time, he started up as if seized by a new impulse and went into the house, to his wife's sick room. Mrs. Wilton was lying very still, with her face turned from him. He went softly up to her bedside, to see if she was sleeping. A ray of sunlight, coming through the torn window shade, revealed a tear, trembling beneath the half-closed lids, and John Wilton turned away with a sigh so deep, that his wife turned feebly on her pillow, and without opening her eyes, asked:

"What is it, John? What is wrong."

"I am wrong, Susie, dear!"

It had been many a day since Mrs. Wilton had heard him call her Susie, and it was no wonder that she opened her eyes in astonishment.

He was at her bedside now, trembling like a convict.

"Do you hate me, Susie?"

"John, what a question! You know better."

"You are an angel, or you would hate me. Here I have been killing you by inches for years, and never thought, until to-day, that you might be mortal. The doctor has been telling me that—that—"

"I heard it all, John," said Mrs. Wilton, the tears trickling down her wan cheeks.

"Did you? Well, Susie, it shall be as you said. You shall have rest. You shall go home to your mother, and stay a year, if need be."

"But how can you spare me John?"

"How could I spare you forever?" whispered her husband.

"But, John, how can you afford it?"

"Well enough. But we must not talk about it now. You are too weak to be excited about anything. You are to get well as fast as you can, and in two weeks we will all be off for mother's."

Mr. Wilton proved a true prophet, for in two weeks' time Mrs. Wilton was far enough recovered to begin the journey. How far the prospect of that journey went toward making her able to undertake it, we will not say.

Mr. Wilton accompanied his wife. It was too much for her to undertake to go alone with the children, the doctor said, and Mr. Wilton was very obedient, cheerfully acquissing in every suggestion and even suggesting things for her comfort tha he once would have thought unnecessary expenditures. But Mr. Wilton was not minding the expense now. He had sold his young stock for much less than he had paid for them, that his wife might be nursed back to life and health. And he could but rejoice at the sacrifice when he saw her eyes grow bright and her step elastic.

"Stay as long as you please," was his parting message to his wife, as he bade her adieu at the door of the homestead.

Six months Susan Wilton stayed in the home nest. Oh, what a joyous thorough rest was that! It seemed so good to wander about the old place again, almost as free from care as in her girlhood days, now gathering the flowers from the hillsides, or bathing her tired feet in the meadow brook, or sitting beneath the shadows of the stately maples, twining their leaves into garlands, hunting hens' nests with the children, and enjoying all their games with a relish she never dreamed she could feel again. And what a joy to sit for hours at the feet of her who guided her own faltering steps. The poor worn-out woman drank in every moment of joy as though she knew the cup would not always be so full.

But with returning health came a strong desire to return home and to its duties and cares once more. So, one morning, in early winter, she left her good-byes among the hills of her old home, and went back to life's every day duties with a glad and thankful heart. But the old life with its ceaseless round of work and "toil without recompense" was over. There were to be no more disapprobation, no more of the "penny wise and pound foolish" economy. Husband and wife share alike in comforts, and the old hard life is buried.

A WIFE'S WANDERINGS.

A Home Circle Broken—A Mother's Flight—A Husband Broken Down With Silent Grief—Wealth Secured and Death Come—The Return of the Prodigal—A Strange Story.

In the summer of 1865, just shortly after the close of the war, a young man who had been a stranger in the place, made his appearance in a quiet country village within a radius of thirty miles of Johnston, Pa. He soon secured the acquaintance of the citizens generally, and particularly ingratiated himself into the good graces of the lady of a household whose husband was frequently compelled to be absent from home on business required in the manufacture in which he was engaged. The young man we speak of was gifted with a most pleasing address, and the young wife, who had only been married some three years, began to look upon the plausible stranger in a way that bodied no good for the future peace and happiness of a heretofore loving and prosperous home. Neighbors began to remark in a gossiping kind of a way that Mrs. C. was tolerating attentions from him, that if known to her husband, would certainly excite grave suspicions in his mind as to whether she was not permitting this intimacy to border on criminality. Finally the sad end came. One morning, during the absence of the husband, a neighbor who called at the young wife's house discovered that that lady was not at home. Toward noon that day suspicion became rife that an elopement had been planned and carried out between the stranger and Mrs. C., as a visit to the inn where he had been stopping revealed the fact that he had left the house the previous evening at a late hour and did not return again. Three days afterward the husband came back from a business visit to Clearfield and found that his happy home was broken up.

If he felt grief over this sad ending to the long years of wedding bliss that had been anticipated by him when he first married the girl of his choice, he did not show it publicly. He went about his busines in the same manner that he did when everything was apparently moving in the quiet groove of domestic happiness existing before the tempter came, but those who knew him best were aware that he was undergoing the keenest and most poignant anguish over the faithlessness of his chosen companion.

Matters passed on quietly in the village spoken of during the interval between that time and the present. For a year or two business retrograded, and some of the families living there at that time left. Three whom we were personally acquainted with now reside in this city. But new manufactures suddenly gave an impetus to the place. Enterprising capitalists invested in the vicinity, and the village commenced to improve. The husband of whom we are writing had owned large tracts of land in the neighborhood and suddenly he found a market for the timber growing upon it. He became comparatively wealthy, but his brooding sorrow over the criminal elopement of his wife seemed to affect him more deeply as time wore on, and only a few months ago he passed away.

And now comes the strange part of our story. About two weeks ago a woman rather poorly yet cleanly dressed made her appearance in the village. She inquired for Mr. C. at the hotel to which she wended her steps. On being told of his death she became visibly affected. Shortly after she left the house and proceeded to the residence of an unmarried sister, the only relative of her deceased husband. Upon entering, the erring but repentant woman who had left her happy home eight year's previously was not recognized. She made known her name, but was not upbraided as she expected. Her sister-in-law said to her that the husband had enacted a promise prior to his decease, that if the wife should ever return she should be received and cared for. These two women are now living together, and the widow who once took the fatal step avows her determination to atone for her error in the past. The person who enticed her from home, abandoned her about two years ago in Denver, Colorado, and since then she had heard nothing of him. In the meantime she supported herself by doing the housework for a respectable family in that city. This narrative is given us by a gentleman who is thoroughly conversant with all the facts, and who vouches for the statements contained therein.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

Total Wheat Production of the United States.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., June 3.—The Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture, Hon. F. Watts, has furnished the Chamber of Commerce here a very interesting tabular statement, which was bulletined on Change to-day and attracted much attention, showing the number of bushels of wheat raised in each State of the Union in each of the past two years. The total estimate production in the United States in 1872 was 249,997,000 bushels; showing an increase of 12,725,000 bushels compared with the crop of 1871. The largest production of any single State was California, 25,600,000 bushels; Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa respectively ranked next to California, ranging from 22,000,000 to 24,700,000 bushels. The total production in the Northwestern States named in 1872 was 92,298,000 bushels, an increase of 26,230,000 bushels over the crop of 1871 in the same States. Secretary Langdon, of the Chamber of Commerce, is authority for the statement that 43,855,000 bushels of wheat, including flour, had been received at Milwaukee and Chicago and other points up to May 31st last, from the crop of 1872. In the four great wheat producing States of the Northwest, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, which together with the estimated amounts for food and seed in these States, leaves an available surplus still to come forward between the first of June and the incoming of the next harvest of 16,722,000 bushels in wheat and flour.

The Raids on the Texas Border.

A letter from Corpus Christi, Texas, gives some particulars of the raids across the Rio Grande into Texas by the Kickapoos and Mucelura Indians, the same whom General McKenzie recently pursued and attacked on Mexican territory. These predatory tribes cross the river in bands of forty or fifty, mounted, armed with rifles and bows and arrows, and when on Texan soil break up into parties of ten or twelve, go in quest of booty, which generally consists of horses, and then, returning, rendezvous at a certain point on the river and re-enter Mexican Territory united. The Texan ranch-owners generally suffer the loss of their stock while the Mexican Shepherds residing on the ranches as generally lose their lives. The same letter mentions, in this connection, the absurdly exaggerated claims which many of these ranches are laying before the Boundary Claim Commission for which they have suffered from these free-booters from Mexico. In some cases where $5,000 or at most $10,000 would amply cover all losses, claims have been sent in amounting to $200,000 or $300,000. In most instances of this kind the claimants have been influenced to this action by the advice of the lawyers and claim agents, who stipulate for contingent fees amounting to about thirty per cent. of the claim. This course, say the best citizens of the section in which these claims arise, has the tendency to throw suspicion on all the claims presented before the Commission.

—Col. Thomas A. Scott, the greatest railroader in the country of this era, intends to visit the money centres of Europe this summer, for the purpose of presenting to the financiers of the old world the superior advantages of the Southern Pacific railroad as a source of investment. It is time that a man of Colonel Scott's ability and reputation makes his appearance in Europe, to counteract the prejudices formed there against American railroad interests by the manner in which the Atlantic and Great Western railroad has been mismanaged, and the disgraceful conduct of Fremont in putting worthless bonds on that market. The business career of Colonel Scott is unblemished, and his association with the railroad development of the continent, unimpeachable. Hence, his appearance in Europe would tend to restore confidence in our business integrity, and raise the character of our railroad enterprise to its proper standard.—*Harrisburg State Journal.*

A Moravian Cemetery.

A letter from Salem, N. C., to the Richmond *Enquirer* gives the following:

In the Moravian Cemetery, in Salem, they separate and classify their dead—male infant from female; the old from the young; the married from the unmarried; they won't bury the husband by his wife. The dead are all plated on an equality. The tombstones are all alike, being small blocks of marble a foot square, that they place at the head of the grave. No different tombstone is allowed, Neither can you find a single epitaph. Some of the graves are over 100 years old. One, a negro's reads, "Abraham Niger, Guinea, died April 12, 1770." On Easter mornings, soon after midnight, the Moravians get up and march to this cemetery with a band of music in front, and the procession tapered off from the youngest to the oldest person, who brings up the rear. They remain in the cemetery playing music and conducting services until morning. It is said they go there to see the dead rise. When a Moravian dies in Salem, instead of tolling the bells, they announce the death with a band of music in the church belfry. They have three different tunes: One for the old, one for the young, and one for the married. An old inhabitant's death is blown out soft and solemn and with lengthend notes.

The Battle of Winchester.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says: During General Sheridan's stay here he was conversing with a few friends touching his military experiences and campaigns, when he said: "There is a mighty sight of romance and a great many interesting episodes connected with the war that the historians never got hold of. For instances, there has been a great deal said about the battle of Winchester, a little affair in which I had a hand. Well, it was a pretty square fight, but do you know that battle was fought on the strength of information which I obtained from a young lady in the town of Winchester, and if the rebels had known she was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strength and movements, so as to know just when and where to strike them, but I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union young lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a pass to go into Winchester to sell vegetables. I sent for the old man, and on talking with him found him loyal, as all the colored folks were, you know. Finding he could keep a secret, I asked him if he would undertake to deliver a letter to a young lady in Winchester. The old fellow said he would; so I wrote a letter on thin tissue paper, and rolled it up in tin foil. It made a ball about as big as the end of your thumb, and I told the old man to put it in his mouth and deliver to Miss Wright in Winchester. He went off, and in about two days came back with an answer rolled up in the same piece of tin foil. I found I struck a mighty good lead, and I followed it carefully till I got all the information I wanted. She gave me more important information than I got from all other sources, and I planned the battle of Winchester almost entirely on what I got from her. She was a nice girl, and true as steel."

—A poetic Hibernian explains that love is commonly spoken of as a "flame" because it is a *tinder* sentiment.

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Estate of Jackson Spriggs, deceased.
Letters of administration on the estate of Jackson Spriggs, deceased, late of the borough of Beaver, Beaver county, Pa., having been granted to Mary Spriggs, residing in the borough of Beaver, and A. R. Spriggs residing in Charles City, Iowa, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
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Administrator's Notice.
Estate of Amos W. Ewing, dec'd.
Letters of administration upon the estate of Amos W. Ewing, dec'd, late of Industry township in the county of Beaver, and State of Pennsylvania, having been granted to the subscriber residing in said township all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby requested to make known the same to the undersigned without delay.
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