The Bedford Inquirer

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AT HOPEWELL, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA.,
BY HARRY DROLLINGER.
Every attention given to make guests comfortable, who stop at this House.
Hopewell, July 29, 1864.

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OPPOSITE READING R. R. DEPOT.
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jan6:65.

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April 1,'186—tf.

Bedford Inquirer.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

DURBORROW & LUTZ, Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1865. Vol 38: No. 28

Bedford Inquirer.

MORE REVEALED TESTIMONY.

Sanford Conover again on the Stand.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, June 27.

The Court met at 11 o'clock, when Judge-Advocate-General Holt, recalled Sanford Conover, *alias* J. W. Wallace, as a witness for the government. Gen. Holt said he held in his hand a volume containing the judicial proceedings in the case of the St. Albans raid, and asked the witness whether his evidence was therein truthfully reported. The witness said the testimony to which Gen. Holt has especially referred, was partly his, but associated with that of another person named Wallace.

Q.—Do you remember how many persons named Wallace gave testimony on that trial?

A.—There were three, so far as I know: William Pope Wallace, J. Watson Wallace and J. Wallace. What was read from the book just now was the report of the Montreal *Telegraph*, printed from the type of that newspaper. The report which appeared in the Montreal *Witness* was correct. This read as follows:

"James Watson Wallace said: I reside at present in this city, and have been here since October; I was formerly a resident of the Confederate States; I know James A. Seddon; he occupied the position of Secretary of War; I should say the signature to the papers, M, N and O, are those of the said Seddon; I have, on several occasions, seen the signatures of James A. Seddon, and have seen him on several occasions sign his name; he has signed documents in my presence, and handed them to me after signing; I never belonged to the Confederate army, but have seen many commissions is sued by the Confederate Government. The commission of L. Young, marked M, is in the usual form; the army commissions are always signed by the Secretary of War; I have never seen a commission with the name of the President, or with the seal of the government; the Confederates at the time I left the country, had no seal; one had been designed but not prepared."

The witness remarked the above was substantially what he did say. It was clipped either from the Montreal *Witness* or the *Herald*.

Q:—State whether after you gave your testimony in this court, you visited Montreal?

A.—I left here perhaps the same day.

Q.—Whom did you meet there of those spoken of as refugees?

A.—I met Tucker, Carroll, Dr. Patton, Ex. Gov. Wescott, George Sanders, Lewis Sanders, his son and a number of others. I had a free conversation with some of them, especially with Tucker and Sanders.

Q.—What did Tucker say, so far as the purpose of those men were concerned?

A.—They had not the slightest idea that I had testified before this commission, and received me with great cordiality. The subject of this trial was generally discussed. Tucker, after denouncing Stanton and President Johnson as great scoundrels, spoke of Judge Holt as a blood-thirsty old villain. He said they must protect themselves by a guard at present. But, by the Eternal, a day of reckoning would come; then they would have a heavy account to settle. Sanders did not make such violent threats as Tucker did. William S. Cleary, whom he also met, made similar violent threats. He said Beale would have been pardoned by the President had it not been for Judge Holt. He also said blood should follow blood. He reminded me of what he has formerly remarked of President Lincoln, that retributive justice had come, and the assassination of the President was the beginning of it.

Q.—After giving your testimony did you not go to Canada for me?

A.—I did, to get a certified copy of the report at Montreal. I met the conspirators. I had not been there long when they discovered that my testimony had been published. I received a message from Sanders, Tucker, Carroll and O'Donnell, a Virginian, sometimes called McDonnell. The man who boasted of setting fire to houses in New-York? He so boasted; I went into a saloon to wait until the public offices were opened; while sitting there, in about ten minutes a dozen rebels surrounded me; they accused me of having betrayed their secrets; not knowing at the time that my testimony had ever been published, I denied it; they said if I would give them a letter to that effect, it would be well; just as I was about to get away, Beverly Tucker came in; he said a mere letter would not do, because I had testified before the court—therefore I must give some paper under oath to make my denial sufficiently strong; about a dozen of these men assailed me in a furious manner; O'Donnell took out his pistol, and said unless I did so I should never leave the room alive; at last Sanders said, "Wallace, you see what kind of hands you are in;" I at length consented; it was understood that I was to prepare the paper in my own way; I intended, however, not to prepare the paper, but to escape from them at the most convenient opportunity; they insisted they must go to O'Donnell's room, and I was forced to comply; Mr. Kerr, who had defended the St. Albans raiders, was then sent for to prepare the paper; two of Morgan's men were there; a pistol was again drawn on me; Kerr came; the affidavit was prepared, and I signed it, and went through the ceremony of an oath.

Q.—Did you know that Kerr had knowledge of these menaces?

A.—It must have so appeared to him, as Tucker said if I did not sign the paper I should never leave the town alive, and that they would follow me to hell.

Q.—Did that paper appear in the *Telegraph*, and was it afterwards copied into the New York *World*.

A.—It did.

The paper was read. It appeared in the Montreal *Evening Telegraph*, of June 10, and is to the effect that if President Johnson will send him, James W. Wallace, a safe conduct to go to Washington and return to Montreal, he would proceed thither and go before the military court, in order that they may see whether he was the same Sanford Conover who swore as stated. This is dated June 8, 1865, and signed James W. Wallace. To this the affidavit before referred to is appended, viz: "I am the same James W. Wallace who gave evidence on the subject of the St. Albans raid, which evidence appeared on page 212 of the printed report of the case. I am a native of the County of Loudon, Virginia; I resided in Montreal in October. I have seen and examined the report of what is called the suppressed evidence before the court-martial, now being holden at Washington, on Mistress Surratt, Payne and others, and I have looked carefully through the report of the evidence, in the New York papers, of a person calling himself Sanford Conover, who referred to the fact that while in Montreal, he went by the name of James Watson Wallace, and gave evidence in the St. Albans raid investigation; that said Sanford Conover evidently personated me before the said court-martial; that I never gave any testimony whatsoever before the said court-martial at Washington City; that I never had knowledge of John Wilkes Booth, excepting seeing him on the stage, and did not know he was in Montreal until I saw it published after the murder of President Lincoln; that I never was a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*; that I never went under the name of Sanford Conover; that I never had any confidential communication with George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Hon. Jacob Thompson, Gen. Carroll, of Tennessee, Dr. M. N. Patton, or any of the others therein mentioned; that my acquaintance with every one of these gentlemen was slight, and, in fine, I have no hesitation in stating that the evidence of the said Sanford Conover personating me is false, untrue and unfounded in fact, and is from beginning to end a tissue of falsehood. I have made this deposition voluntarily and in justice to my own character and name.

(Signed.) J. WATSON WALLACE."

This was sworn to before G. Smith, J. P., at Montreal on June 8. Alfred Perry certified that Wallace subscribed to the paper of his own free will, &c.

By Judge Holt—I understand this is the paper sworn and subscribed to and by you under the circumstances which you have detailed, with pistols presented at your face, the statements in this paper are false.

A.—Yes, Sir. I never heard of Alfred Terry who said I swore to it voluntarily. The advertisement appended to the deposition, which is as follows, was also induced by the same threats:

"Four hundred dollars reward will be given for the arrest, so that I can bring to punishment in Canada the infamous and perjured scoundrel who recently personated me under the name of Sanford Conover, and deposed to a tissue of falsehoods before the military commission at Washington.

(Signed.) JAMES W. WALLACE."

Q.—You have stated that you were never in the Confederate army; what did you mean?

A.—I meant that I never served as a soldier. After I was conscripted, I was detailed as a clerk in the rebel War Department.

By the Judge-Advocate—Q.—Was any attempt made by these men to detain you in Canada?

A.—I believe so; by friends of theirs, and I was relieved through the influence of Gen. Dix.

Nathan Auser, of New York, was called for by the Government. He said he had known Sandford Conover for eight or ten years; his character for integrity is good; recently he accompanied Conover to Montreal, and was present at the interview with Tucker and Sanders. After they went into O'Donnell's room, Mr. Cameron came there with a paper containing an account of Conover's testimony. Conover had the paper shown to him, but denied that he had so testified. He was told that he must sign a writing to that effect, or they would shoot him like a dog; they all went into St. Lawrence Hall, but would not let the witness follow; there were twelve or fifteen persons in the party, including Sanders, Tucker, O'Donnell, Carroll, Pattin, and Cameron; the witness said he did not see any weapons on these persons.

THE CANNING-MONROE DOCTRINE IN A BRIGHT POINT OF VIEW.

From Manchester Examiner (Bright organ) June 3.

The sudden close of the American war has warned the Emperor Maximilian of the necessity of putting his house in order. He has not taken the alarm a minute too soon. The "emigration movement," as it is called, but which might more truly be called the "spontaneous invasion movement," has subsided in New York, but it represents a sentiment deeply rooted in the American mind, and which, if repressed to-day, may spring up again to-morrow with all the stronger force. The downfall of the Confederacy has inspired Juarez with fresh hopes. His partisans are exerting themselves in the northern provinces of Mexico, where they have lately achieved some successes. The defeat of Maximilian's Belgic allies at Tacambaro has spread a painful impression among our neighbors. It is clear if the new imperial throne is to be maintained, fresh levies must be raised in Europe, while Marshal Bazaine and the French army cannot be allowed to leave just yet.

Meanwhile, the Mexican question is one which exposes us to some danger. If the United States Government should show a disposition to enforce the Mouroe doctrine, we shall hear again of the arrogance and insolence which characterize democracies; and as we have, unfortunately, an unsettled misunderstanding with the United States on the Alabama claims, it is just within the range of possibility that circumstances may arise in which an attempt would be made to resuscitate the Anglo-French alliance, and make it available for trans-Atlantic objects. Mad as such a project would be, it is not mad to open our eyes betimes to the chance of having it put before us as a sound piece of a statesmanship. Earl Russell has said some injudicious things during the last four years, and not the least injudicious was his intimation that Great Britain and France were agreed in the policy to be pursued on both sides of the Atlantic. The Emperor Napoleon has tried hard to inveigle us into the pitfall of joint action on American affairs, and the time may come when our active support will seem to afford him the last hope of escaping without dishonor and damage from his Mexican adventure. Against this peril our best safeguard is that the people should be well informed upon the facts and the principles which relate to the Mexican question.

At the threshold of this question lies the Monroe doctrine, respecting which the prevalent views are somewhat hazy. In the course of years that doctrine has become an article of faith to the American people. The New York papers invoke it rather wildly in support of all sorts of pretensions; but, as understood by the Government, and all who pretend to any political influence, it has not changed from what it was declared to be by the authority whose name it bears.

The Monroe doctrine is the doctrine of non-intervention as defined by Mr. J. S. Mill; but, instead of applying it to all the world, as Mr. Mill thinks we ought to do, the Americans confine its application to America. On the platform of that doctrine the Americans declare that if any European Power shall interfere in the concerns of any people on the American continent, "for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny," such act of interference will be regarded as "unfriendly" towards the United States.

There can be no question as to the soundness of this doctrine, and none at all as to its falling within the proper competence of the United States Government, or, indeed, of any Government. When one nation chooses to interfere by force of arms in the concerns of another people, any third nation has the right to step in and say, "We won't permit it." They have not the duty, but the right to do this if they please. And if ever an occasion arose when this right might be most rightfully exercised, it was when the Emperor of the French determined to put down the republican form of government in Mexico and set up an empre in its stead; when he determined to drive Benito Juarez *the freely-elected President of Mexico, from power; to turn the Presidential chair into a throne and to fill that throne with an Imperial underling from Europe.* Great Britain and Spain joined the Emperor in an armed demonstration against Mexico, but it was for a specific and honest object. The Government of Mexico had seen fit to suspend all payments to the national creditors, many of them British and French subjects, and we went to exact payment. As soon as we discovered that the Emperor of the French meant to conquer the country and change the form of government, we threw up our share in the enterprise and left him to himself. Spain did the same. The Emperor's conduct amounted to a shameful breach of faith towards this country and if we had thought fit to declare war against him on behalf of Mexico—in other words to intervene to put down intervention, however inexpedient such a policy might have been—it would not have been wrong. Our interests did not require this, and therefore we simply showed our disapproval by washing our hands of the whole business. *The Emperor's conduct in Mexico was utterly unscrupulous and immoral. It was one of those high-handed deeds of power which sometimes recoil upon the actors.* The American war was raging. The South bade fair to achieve its independence. The Emperor probably thought that we might be induced to join him in recognizing its independence. The United States seemed utterly powerless to resent the insult or redress the wrong. The Emperor was mistaken. His sagacity was at fault. *His ambition and faithlessness were not to pass unpunished, and he is now trembling with apprehension.* We know nothing of the intentions of the United States Government. All we want to impress upon the mind of the public is that *the Emperor is alone responsible, for the great crime which has been done in Mexico, and that, come what may, we should only be sanctioning that crime if we look any steps to save him from its consequences.*

From the Freeman's Journal, [Roman Catholic.]

THE POLITICO-RELIGIOUS QUESTION.

The Presbyterians are very uneasy. They exhibit enlargement of the pupils of the eyes and itching of the nose. They have been making what they call "deliverances," but they are such deliverances as the inspired prophet spoke of—they have brought forth wind only!

They say "the man of sin" troubles them. We know—and so do many of their own people—that men of sin abound among them. "The man of sin" is, in their view, the Pope or Popery itself. As a dying spasm they try, once more, the old sing-song of abuse of the Catholic Church. They have been "delivering" on the matter in their annual assembly. They are alarmed at the strides of Popery!

Some "religious" body, lately Presbyterian or Methodist, wanted to make a religious matter of insisting on the admission of negroes to the right to vote. They wanted them, they said, to counterbalance the Irish and German Catholics. They claimed the negroes as Protestants. But President Johnson, who has lived all his life in slave States, told a set of negro preachers that the negroes thus claimed as reliable Protestants—to the number of "four millions"—"live in open and notorious concubinage!" Is that what makes them reliable as Protestants?

There are, however, two bodies, each claiming to be the Presbyterian Church, in these States. One claims to be the genuine Jacobs; the other to be the original Jacobs. They split and blacked each other's eyes, in a quarrel nearly thirty years ago on some notions none of them knew anything about. The gist of it was, that one party held it was in the eternal decrees of God to damn some men eternally, and it was foolish in these to try and save their souls. The other 'Church' we believe, held that some people ought to wish to be damned eternally!

These "played out" Presbyterian ministers think they can get up a persecution of Catholics. Poor fools! That persecution is fast coming on in the land, but Presbyterians, or any other sect professing the name of Christians, will not be as the dust in the balance toward promoting it! The time is not just yet.

We recommend to these feeble folks of Presbyterianism, to put blankets round them put their feet to the fire, and to take Fahnstock's remedy. If it don't do good it can't do hurt, and they are in a bad way!

IRON MANUFACTURE.—The iron trade, at present, is exceedingly dull, although a decided improvement is anticipated during the summer. In the western part of this State, and the eastern section of Ohio, the depression has been great, caused the derangement in business following the termination of the war, and the strikes among the miners, which have advanced the price of coal. Of the twelve furnaces of the Mahoning Valley, but one, the Falcon, at Youngstown, is now in blast. Nearly all the others have blown out at different times since the first of April. The rolling mills of Brown, Bonnell & Co., and Shedd, Clark & Co., (Enterprise Works,) at Youngstown, and of James Ward & Co., at Niles, are still running, but are not working to near their full capacity.

The condition of affairs in the Shenango Iron region is substantially the same. At Sharon the Westerman Iron Company is manufacturing to only a moderate extent, and the three furnaces are all out of blast. The Sharpsburg furnace and the three furnaces at Middlesex are all idle. Two of the four Wheatland furnaces are out of blast, and the others will blow out as soon as they work up small stocks now on hand.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

EMIGRATION FROM CANADA.—The exodus of Canadians to the United States is a novel and curious feature of these times. A late number of a Montreal French paper, *l'Ordre*, says: "We regret to see that the emigration fever is still more intense this year among our countrymen. Since the beginning of this week more than thirty families have left Montreal for the United States." The *Journal de Ste. Hyacinthe*, of Tuesday week, also has the following: "More than one hundred persons from St. Pie arrived in this town yesterday morning, bound for the American Republic, the State of Connecticut, where they are going to engage in manufactures. A high mass was sung on their departure from St. Pie, at which two hundred persons were present. Since Monday more than three hundred persons have left for the United States from the station in this town."

INCREASE OF INTERNAL REVENUE.—The revenue returns of the Second Congressional District of Ohio, (the western district of Cincinnati, and Hamilton county), in 1862, were about two hundred thousand dollars. In 1863, the sum was over three hundred thousand dollars. In 1864, (just made out) the amount is a little over one million, one hundred thousand dollars. These facts show that the machinery is becoming operative.

Select Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

THE JAGUAR HUNT.

The dark jaguar was abroad in the land;
His strength, his fierceness what foe could withstand?
The breath of his anger was hot on the air,
And the white lamb of Peace he had dragged to his lair.

Then up rose the Farmer; he summoned his sons;
"Now saddle your horses, now look to your guns;"
And he called to his hound, as he sprang from the ground
To the back of his black pawing steed with a bound.

Oh! their hearts, at the word, how they tingled and stirred!
They followed, all belted and booted and spurred.
"Buckle tight, boys!" said he, "for who gallops with me,
Such a hunt as never before he shall see!"

"This traitor, we know him! for when he was younger,
We flattered him, petted him, fed his fierce hunger;
But now far too long we have borne with the wrong,
For each morsel we tossed makes him savage and strong,"

Then said one, "He must die!" And they took up the cry,
"For this last crime of his he must die! he must die!"
But the slow eldest born sauntered sad and forlorn,
For his heart was at home on the fair hunting-morn.

"I remember," he said, "how this fine cub we track
Has carried me many a time on his back!"
And he called to his brothers, "Fight gently! be kind!"
And keep the dread hound, Retribution behind."

The dark jaguar on a bough in the brake
Crouched, silent and wiley, and lithe as a snake;
They spied not their game, but, as onward they came,
Through the dense leafage gleamed two red eyeballs of flame.

Black-spotted, and mottled, and whiskered, and grim,
White bellied and yellow he laid on the limb,
All so still that you saw just one tawny paw
Lightly reach through the leaves and so softly withdraw.

Then shrilled his fierce cry, as the riders drew nigh,
And he shot from the bough like a bolt from the sky;
In the foremost he fastened his fangs as he fell,
While all the black jungle re-echoed his yell.

Oh, then there were carnage by field and by flood!
The green sod was crimsoned, the rivers ran blood,
The cornfields were trampled, and all in their track
The beautiful valley lay blasted and black.

Now the din of the conflict swells deadly and loud,
And the dust of the tumult rolls up like a cloud;
The afar down the slope of the Southland recedes
The wild rapid clatter galloping steeds.

With wide nostrils smoking, and flanks dripping gore,
The black stallion bore his his bold rider before,
As onward they thundered through forest and glen,
A-hunting the dark jaguar to his den.

In April, sweet April, the chase was begun;
It was April again when the hunting was done;
The snows of four winters and four summers green
Lay red streaked and trodden and blighted between.

Then the monster stretched all his grim length on the ground;
His life-blood was wasting from many a wound;
Ferocious and gory and snarling he lay,
Amid heaps of the whitening bones of his prey.

Then up spoke the slow eldest son, and he said,
"All he needs now is just to be fostered and fed!
Give over the strife! Brothers, put up the knife!
We will tame him, reclaim him but not take his life!"

But the Farmer flung back the false words in his face,
"He is none of my race, who gives counsel so base!
Now let loose the hound" And the hound was unbound
And like lightning the heart of the traitor he found.

So rapine and treason forever shall cease!"
And they wash the stained fleece of the pale lamb of Peace;
When, lo! a strong angel stands winged and white
In a wonderful raiment of ravishing light!

Peace is raised from the dead! In the radiance shall
By the halo of glory that shines round her head,
Fair gardens shall bloom where the black jungle grew,
And all the glad valley shall blossom anew!

Select Story.

KILLING AN ENEMY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"That man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering.

He looked worried, but not angry.

"Thee means Dick Hardy?"

"Yes."

"What has he been doing to thee now?"

The questioner was a Friend named Isaac Martin—a neighbor.

"He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me that he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her in the head."

"That's very bad, friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his grounds?"

"No, she was only looking over his fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear tree, that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property?"

"Yes."

"Two large limbs, full of fruit, stretched over on his side. You hardly believe it, but it's true. I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off these two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground, and his pigs were eating the fruit."

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering? He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

"Thee must have done something. Try and remember."

"I know what first set him out. I kicked an ugly dog of his once. The beast, half-starved at home, I suppose, was all the while prowling about here, and snatching up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick that sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately, as it has turned out, the dog's master happened to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. On the next morning, a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door, with his tail cut off! I don't know when I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his piteous look haunts me now. I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted as to his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation, I shot the dog, and so put him out of my sight."

"Thee was hasty in that, friend Levering," said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I have never repented the act. I met Dick a few days afterwards. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgement of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off."

"What did thee do?"

"I went to Dick Hardy and gave him a piece of my mind."

"That is, the scolded, and called hard names, and threatened."

"Yes—just so, friend Martin."

"Did any good come of it?"

"About as much good as if I had whistled to the wind."

"How has it been since?"

"No change for the better. It grows, if anything, worse and worse. Dick never gets weary of annoying me."

"Has thee ever tried the law with him, friend Levering? The law should protect thee."

"O yes, I've tried the law. Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage, purposely, and upset me in the road. I made a narrow escape of my life. The carriage was so badly broken that it cost me fifty dollars for repairs. A neighbor saw the whole thing and said it was plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him the carriage maker's bill at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with prosecution, and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt that the time had come to act decisively, and sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbor. He was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure, and gave their verdict accordingly. After that, Dick Hardy was worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoying and injuring me. I am satisfied, that in more than one instance, he left gaps in his fences in order to entice my cattle into his fields, that he might set his savage dogs on them, and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dares to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence who strayed into one of his fields after buttercups. The dog was less cruel than his master, or she would have been torn by his teeth, instead of being only frightened by his bark."

"It's a hard case, truly, friend Levering. Our neighbor Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit."

"The very spirit of the devil," was answered with feeling.

"He's thy enemy, assuredly; and if thee doesn't get rid of him, will do thee greater harm."

"I wish I could get rid of him."

"Thee must, if thee wouldd well in safety" friend Levering."

The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice and bent towards his neighbor in a confidential manner."

"Thee must put him out of the way."

"Friend Martin!" The surprise of Paul Levering was unfeigned.

"Thee must kill him!"

The countenance of Levering grew blank with astonishment.

"Kill him!" he ejaculated.

"If thee doesn't kill him. he'll certainly kill thee, one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self-preservation being the first law of nature."

"And get hung!"

"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to hic place, and get him all alone by thyself. Or, thee can meet him in some by-road. Nobody need see thee, and when he's dead, I think people will be more glad than sorry. Thee needn't fear any bad consequences."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer?" Levering's astonishment passed to horror and indignation. "I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood!"

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" The Quaker was imperturable.

"Why, you!"

"Thee's mistaken. I never used the word blood."

"But you meant it. You suggested murder."

"No, friend Levering. I advised thee to kill the enemy, lest some day he should kill thee."

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering.

"There are more ways to kill an enemy than one," said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time, but no stain of blood can be found on my garments. My way of killing enemies is to make them my friends. Kill neighbor Hardy with kindness and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

"A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed from the sun of his spirit."

"A new way to kill people."

"The surest way to kill enemies, as the'll find, if the'll only try."

"Let me see. How shall I go about it?" said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.

"If thee has the will, friend Levering, it will not be long before thee finds the way."

And so it proved. Not two hours afterwards, as Mr. Levering was driving into the village, he found Dick Hardy with a stalled cart-load of stone. He was whipping his horse and swearing at him passionately; but to no good purpose. The cart-wheels were buried half-way to the axel in stiff mud, and defied the strength of one horse to move them. On seeing Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and getting on the cart, with his back towards his neighbor, commenced pitching the stones off into the middle of the road.

"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he dismounted and commenced unhitching his horse.

But Dick, pretending not to hear him, kept on pitching out the stones.

"Hold on, I say, and don't give yourself all that trouble," added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses are better than one. With Charley's help, we'll soon have the wheels on good solid ground again."

Understanding now what was meant Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by his side.

"There," said Levering, as he put his horse in front of Dick's and made the trace fast, "one pull, and the thing is done!"

And before Dick could get down from the cart, it was out of the mud-hole.

Without saying a word more, Levering unfastened his horse from the the front of Dick's animal, and hitching up again, rode on.

On the next day Mr. Levering saw Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening a bit of weak fence through which his (Levering's) cattle had broken once or twice; thus removing a temptation, and saving the animals from being beaten and set on by dogs.

"Thee's given him a bad wound, friend Levering," said the Quaker, on getting information of the two incidents just mentioned, "and it will be thy own fault if thee doesn't kill him outright."

Not long afterwards, in the face of an approaching storm and while Dick Hardy was hurrying to get in some clover hay, his wagon broke down. Mr. Levering, who saw from one of his fields the incident, and understood what loss it might occasion, hitched up his own wagon, and sent it over to Dick's assistance. With a storm coming on that might last for days, and ruin from two to three tons of hay, Dick could not decline the offer, though it went terrible against the grain to accept a favor from the man he had hated for years, and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast.

"I've come," said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down at the ground instead of into Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team yesterday, in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it's only right that I should pay for the use of it."

"I should be very sorry," answered Paul Levering, cheerily, "if I couldn't do a neighborly turn without pay. You were right welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that nice field of clover. How much did you get?"

"About three tons. But, Mr. Levering, I must——"

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interposed Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here that wouldn't do as much for a neighbor in time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed—if you don't wish to stand my debtor—pay me in good-will."

Dick Hardy raised his eyes from the ground slowly, and looked in a strange, wondering way at Mr. Levering.

"Shall we not be friends?" Mr. Levering reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick, short grip; then, as if to hide feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him!" said the Quaker, on his next meeting with Levering; thy enemy is dead!"

"Slain by the weapons of kindness," answered Paul Levering, "which you supplied."

"No, thee took them from God's armory, where all men may equip themselves without charge and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy own peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbors.—They are sure to kill."

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

We don't like stinginess, we don't like economy when it comes down to rags and starvation. We have no sympathy with the notion that a poor man should hitch himself to a post and stand still, while the rest of the world move forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement every recreation, every comfort that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself, to shut his eyes and ears, to deny himself the enjoyment that result, from generous actions, merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about. But there is an economy which is every man's duty, which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which is consistent with happiness, and which must be practiced if the poor man would secure independence. It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty to live within his means; not to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into the account in our judgement of men, but competence should always be secured when it can be, by the practice of economy and self-denial only to a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the consciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction which is derived from its acquirement and possession.

AIM AT SOMETHING.—Arthur Gilman, in one or his public addresses, tells what he calls an Andover story. One day, he says, a man went into a store there, and began telling about a fire. "There had never been such a fire," he said, "in the county of Essex. A man going by Deacon Pettingill's barn saw an owlon the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding, somehow or other getting into the shingles, set the hay on fire, and it was all destroyed—ten tons of hay, six head of cattle, the finest horse in the country," etc. The deacon was nearly crazed by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and and commenting upon it. "What a loss!" says one. "Why, the deacon will well nigh break down under it," says another. And so they went on, speculating one after another, and the conversation drifted on all sorts of conjectures. At last a quiet man, who sat spitting in the fire, looked up and asked: "*Did he hit the owl?*" That man was for getting at the point of the thing. Let all public speakers, in the pulpit and elsewhere, heed the moral. Did you aim at something, and did you hit what you aimed at? No matter about the splurge, and the smoke, and the hay—"Did you hit that owl?"

LAW AGAINST ENTICING MEN INTO MATRIMONY IN 1770.—A law against obtaining husbands under false pretences, passed by the English Parliament in 1770, enacts:

"That women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes,