The Columbian

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County Superintendent—CHARLES G. BARKLEY

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Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Co.—JOHN A. FUNSTON President, H. H. GROTZ, Cashier.
First National Bank—CHAS. R. PAXTON, Pres't., J. G. FUNTS, Cashier.
Columbian County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. LITTLE, Pres't., C. W. MILLER, Sec'y.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—JOHN THOMAS, Pres't., J. B. ROBISON, Sec.
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Bloomsburg Directory.

PAPER BAGS just received and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves and tinware Main street, above court house.

CLOTHING, &c.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main st., 2d door above American House.

WM. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor corner of Centre and Main sts., over Miller's store.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

D. P. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st. below the Post Office.

MOYER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, Mercer's block Main st.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

HENRY ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles & Jewelry &c., Main street near West st.

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the American House.

LOUIS BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker near southeast corner Main and Iron sts.

R. CATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Market street, below Main.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

E. M. KNORR, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, latest and best styles, corner Main and Market Streets, in the old Post Office.

DAVID RETZ, Boot and Shoemaker, Main st. below Hartman's store, west of Market.

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, East Bloomsburg.

C. M. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Main street, under Brown's Hotel.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. H. C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Main st., above the Court House.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, Exchange Block over Welsh's book store.

DR. B. F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Clock."

DR. B. MCKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician north side Main st., below Market.

DR. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, south side Main street, below Market.

DR. C. RUTTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician Market street, above Main.

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main street.

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

E. PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, opposite Episcopal Church, Main st.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey building Main street.

MISS M. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below Market.

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods Main street below Market.

MRS. JULIA A. & SADIE BARKLEY, Ladies' Cloaks and Dress Patterns, southeast corner Main and West sts.

THE MISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below American House.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

FORKS HOTEL, by T. Rent, Taylor, east end of Main street.

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C. C. MARR, Dry Goods and Notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts.

D. A. BECKLEY, Boot and Shoe store, books & stationery, Main st., below Market.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc., Main st., below Iron

FOX & WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block.

H. C. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Main st., above Court House.

J. H. MAIZE, Mammoth Grocery, fine Groceries, Fruits, Nuts, Provision, &c., Main and Iron Streets.

M'KELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., S. E. cor. Main and Market sts.

C. H. MILLER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, Notions, etc., Main st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONSTABLES BLANKS for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

C. M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness-maker, Shive's Block Main Street.

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts.

E. J. THORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st.

C. W. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story brick, Main Street, west of Market st.

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins & Eyer's Store, Main st.

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chemberlin's alley, rear of American House.

R. H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road.

WM. RABB, dealer in furniture, trunks, cedar willow ware, near the Forks Hotel.

C. FOSTER, Gun Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, Scottown.

E. B. BIDLEMAN, Agent for Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod.

NOTE BOOKS, and blank NOTES, with or without exemption, for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

Light Street.

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above School House.

JOHN A. OMAN, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes

R. S. ENT, dealer in Stoves and Tin ware in all its branches.

PETER ENT, Miller, and dealer in all kinds of Grain, Flour, Feed, &c. All kinds of Grain purchased.

Espy.

B. F. REIGHARD & BRO., dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and general Merchandise.

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor.

J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manufactory. Shop on Main Street opposite the Steam Mill.

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufacturing.

Orangeville Directory.

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine.

DOWER & HERRING, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Lumber and general Merchandise, Main st.

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment Saloon, by Rohr M'Henry cor. of Main and Pine st.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, Physician and Surgeon Main st., next door to Good's Hotel.

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and dealer in grain, Mill Street.

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine.

SCHUYLER & CO., Iron founders, Machinists, and Manufacturers of plows, Mill St.

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle, Main St.

WILLIAM DELONG Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine

Catawissa.

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St. Robbins' Building.

DR. J. R. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician Second St., below Main.

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, Groceries, and general merchandise, Main street

J. B. KISTLER, "Catawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets.

KEELER, Billard Saloon, Oysters, and Ice Cream in season Main St.

M. M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise Dry Goods, Groceries &c.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbader Proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street.

W. M. H. ABBOTT, Attorney at law, Main St.

Buck Horn.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. First store in south end of town.

Philadelphia Directory.

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA
jan. 171—1y

J. M. KEPHEART,
WITH
BARNES, BRO. & HERRON,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS,
No. 503 Market Street,
(Above Fifth,)
PHILADELPHIA.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BI CARB SODA, &C., &C.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
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Business Cards.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OFFICE—Court House Alley, in the COLUMBIAN building. [Jan4,'67.

A. L. TURNER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OFFICE over Lutz's Drug Store. Residence Market Street, 1st door below Rev. D. J. Waller. dec6'70.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. sep.30'67

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Main Street below the Court House. Bloomsburg Penn'a.

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Court-House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office, Bloomsburg Pa.

VETERINARY.
AUGUST FRIEND,
late from Germany, offers his services to the public as a celebrated
HORSE AND COW DOCTOR,
and all other animals, for which his charges are moderate. He can always be found east side of Berwick road, nearS. H. Jacoby's Marble Yard, Bloomsburg. May 12, 1871-1y.

E. J. THORNTON
would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has just received a full and complete assortment of
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,
and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment. mar.5,'69-tf Main St. below Market.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
CLARK M. BROWN,
MAIN STREET, UNDER BROWN'S HOTEL.
A full and complete assortment of ready made boots and shoes for men, women and children just received and for sale at reasonable rates. Varieties to suit all classes of customers. The best of work done at short notice, as heretofore. Give him a call. [jan 171.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.
ISAIAH HAGENBUCH,
Main Street one door above E. Mendenhall's Store,
A large assortment of Stoves, Heaters and Ranges constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest rates.
Tinning in all its branches carefully attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Tin work of all kinds wholesale and retail. A trial is requested.
Jan 171

NEW COAL YARD.
THE undersigned respectfully inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and Columbia county, that they keep all the different numbers of stove coal and selected lump coal for smithing purposes, on their wharf, adjoining M'Kelvy, Neal & Co's Furnace; with a good pair of Buffalo scales on the wharf, to weigh coal, hay, and straw likewise a horse and wagon, to deliver coal to those who desire it. As they purchase a large amount of coal, they intend to keep a superior article, and sell at the very lowest prices. Please call and examine for yourselves before purchasing elsewhere.
J. W. HENDERSHOT,
AUGUSTUS MASON.
Bloomsburg Mar. 19,'69-1y.

THE undersigned will take in exchange for Coal and Groceries, the following named articles:—Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Lard, Ham, Shoulder and side meat, Butter Eggs, Hay, &c., at the highest cash prices, at his Grocery Store, adjoining their coal yard,
J. W. HENDERSHOT.
Bloomsburg Mar. 19,'69-1y.

RARE CHANCE.
FOR SALE—A second-hand "Arion" piano-forte, price $375, cost $500. This superbe instrument was bought at an auction sale of private property in New York, and had been but a few weeks in use. It is in *perfect order* and in every respect equal to a new piano. Terms positively cash in advance. Address for one week,
C. W. FOSTER,
may 26'71—tf Mauch Chunk, Pa.

CURLING CREAM.
By using this article Ladies and Gentlemen can beautify themselves a thousand fold. This is the only article that will curl straight hair, and at the same time give to it a beautiful appearance. It also invigorates, beautifies and cleanses. It can be so applied as to cause the hair to curl any length of time desired. Sent by mail for 50 cts. a package. Address
ALSER TOWNSLEY,
Middletown, Adams Co., Pa.
sept1'71-6m.

BUSINESS CARDS,
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POSTERS,
&C., &C.
Neatly and Cheaply Printed
From the Latest Styles of Type at
COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

Poetical.

For the Columbian

Lines.

BY TILLIE LAUBACH.

"Sweet sister, thy brow is like marble so waste
Say, where are the roses that were once thy delight?
And where is the joy of thy lovely eye?
They're faded and gone, sweet sister say why?"

"The roses on my cheeks, like the flowers of May,
When scorched by the sun they all faded away,
And the joy that once sparkled bright in my eye,
Was chased by sadness, but I may not say why?"

"Sweet sister, of the smiles that once dimpled thy face,
Save in memory's album, I behold not a trace,
And thy voice, that once with the waters did vie,
They're silent and gone, O, pray tell me why?"

"To each of the violet, why droop'st thy head?
Or the broken flower, say why art thou dead?
Perhaps, thy tongue may break the mystical spell,
And, O dearest sister, ask me not to tell."

"Then tell me, dear sister, will I too grow so?
Will everything wither that makes me so glad?
That all is transient beneath the blue sky,
Sister, sweet sister, Oh, pray tell me why?"

"Love is not transient, and you never may know
The grief that now shadows thy sister's pale brow;
But fate, alas! is a mysterious spell;
Sister, dearest sister, I indeed cannot tell.

Miscellaneous.

From Wood's Household Magazine.

BEGINNING RIGHT:
A Story for Young Wives.

BY EPHA MANSFIELD.

'You look proper tired, Mary. Don't you think you had better lie down a little while?'

'I will if you will carry my baby into the bedroom for me,' replied the pale-faced, sad-looking little woman.

'You don't feel very strong, yet, do you Mary?' tenderly asked Aunt Hannah, as she laid the infant in her niece's arms and carefully spread a blanket over them. 'You mus'n't go to gittin' low-spirited. We'll have you na'sed up so that you won't look like the same woman in a few days.'

'I hope so,' Mrs. Fiske replied, in a trembling voice. 'Do you expect mother and Jane back soon?' she asked, and she drew the blanket over her head, under pretence of screening her babe from the chill of the morn. But Aunt Hannah saw that there were tears on her cheeks; and she knew that it was to hide them that the blanket was drawn up. She answered:

'They'll be here in an hour or two: and you must try to get a good nap 'fore you see 'em.'

Aunt Hannah heard a faint sob as she stepped out of the room. She said to herself:—

'There 'tis ag'in! Another couple has started on the wrong track, and everything 'll go wrong till they git on the right one. Fred Fiske is a tyrant, I know; and I allers thought he would be; and she, poor, little, meek-faced thing, dar'sn't say her soul's her own. She didn't *begin right*. I've told her mother a good many times that I believed somethin' was goin' wrong with Mary. She allers answers: 'The wear and tear of her three babies does seem to be 'most too much for her!' Strange, Tilda can't see that its taken somethin' besides the babies to bring that dismal expression over Mary's face. I've seen a good many young wives go down just as she is goin', in my time. They'd look sad and mope a few years, then they'd begin to cough, and they'd go right straight down. Things are terribly out of j'int, somehow, or 'twouldn't be so. I don't believe there's a single speck more need on't than there is of dumb critters goin' so. They seem wonderful happy when their young are 'round them; and it seems to me that human critters ought to be. I can't stand it to see Mary look so wilted and crushed. Somethin' must be done. I must talk to her mother once more about it.'

It is a favorable opportunity, while Aunt Hannah is watching for her brother's wife's return to give the reader a short history of the good old lady, and of others who have been introduced in this story.

Hannah White is a rare woman. She is a single lady, sixty years of age; and she resides with her brother, Richard White, the father of Mrs. Fiske. Deprived by death of her father when she was only twelve years old (the eldest of six children) and left with a very feeble mother, nearly the whole care of the household fell upon her at that early age. Her opportunities for getting an education were very limited. In fact, she never went to school one day after her father's death. But her cheerful disposition, good common sense, and eminently good judgment, made her a welcome visitor to all of her acquaintance, in spite of her homely way of expressing herself.

Mr. White and his wife were both well-pleased when Frederick Fiske asked permission to woo their Mary. Aunt Hannah was not; but she did not think best to express her thoughts about him, as she really could bring no distinct charge against him. Still, she had very positive opinions in regard to him.

Frederick Fiske respected himself, exceedingly. He meant to be respected by every one else. Why shouldn't he be? He was industrious and enterprising; and no one could accuse him of any moral delinquency. And was he not always calm and self-possessed?—so discreet and so reticent that it did not seem that an earthquake could shake an unguarded word from his lips? He was principal of the High School in the village in which he resided; and he was spoken of as a good teacher and a very promising young man. Aunt Hannah never spoke against him (except to herself) when people were complimenting him and congratulating her brother and his wife on the good fortune of their daughter; but she would say to herself:

'I've seen young men like him before. They make hard husbands to git along with. They allers want their wives to feel the crushin' weight of their dignity. Fiske, probably, never'll say a rough, hard word to any woman, but he'll so manage, his wife'll feel as much in bondage in a short time as any slave ever did. Mary will soon learn that all he requires of her in regard to thinkin' is to think just as he thinks, if she thinks at all. Such kind of men call women blue-stockin's and strong-minded, if they read and try to know somethin'; and, if they don't, they call 'em weak-minded and frivolous. They find fault with 'em if they do, and they despise them if they don't. Thank the Lord! all men don't feel so; but there's enough of 'em to raise the mischief with a great many women, and they, in their turn, raise the mischief with a great many more; for such wives (if they don't sink down and die young) are apt to grow hard and bitter after awhile, and then they're down on *all* the men, and they think that *all* women are abused; and they git a great many women to feelin' discontented who have no just cause for feelin' so.'

Aunt Hannah felt sure, that morning, that her fears had proved true. She met her sister-in-law at the gate and told her that Mary was there, and was then lying down, 'and I hope she has gone to sleep,' she added. 'I want to have a talk with you 'fore she wakes up. Trouble of some kind is wearin' the dear child out, you may depend on't. We must help her out of this 'slough of despond' or she'll sink out of our sight 'fore we know it. Fred. Fiske couldn't quite kill me with his lordliness, but I'm re'ly afraid he will her.'

'Why, Hannah!' exclaimed Mrs. White, 'Frederick never seems unkind to Mary, and she never complains about him.'

'I presume she never does. She isn't one of the complainin' sort. But you must have noticed how she lowers her voice and speaks hardly above a whisper when he is in, and how worried and anxious she looks if everything is not in its place; or if the little girls make any noise when he is readin'. You know, Tilda, she is a great deal more as she used to be when he is out of the house. Why should a wife stand in such awe of her husband? What a wretched household it'll be, by-and-by, if they keep on in this way.'

'You really alarm me,' said Mrs. White.

'You have reason to be alarmed,' Aunt Hannah replied. 'Mary is lookin' quite too pale, thin and discouraged. But, it is not entirely Fred's fault, that things are, as they are. Mary didn't *begin right*. It would have been wise for her to do as she has done if she had married a man whose turn of mind was entirely different from Fred's. But with a man of his stamp she could hardly have done worse for herself.'

'Why, what has she done?'

'You know, Tilda, that before she was married she was very fond of her studies, and was considered quite as good a scholar as Fred, and he seemed quite proud of it. She should allers have kept him feelin' so. But as soon as she was married she dropped all her studies, and gave all her time to domestic duties, and depended upon Fred to tell her all that she wanted to know. When a woman is as meek and quiet as Mary is, and a man is natur'ly as self-confident and domineerin' as Fred is, it is easy enough to see beforehand what such a course would result in. He tells her what he thinks is best for her to know; and it's evident he don't think it's necessary for her to know anything outside of household matters. He knows enough for both, so she needn't trouble herself with anything outside of her sphere. Doesn't he give honor unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel? I wonder what good, old Saint Peter would have said to such an interpretation. Don't you see, Tilda, that she begun wrong?'

'Perhaps she did; but she never has had spare time for studying.'

'She never will have so long as she puts three ruffles on the skirts of her little girls' every-day dresses, and spends every spare minute for a whole month in embroideri' a baby's blanket. The children aint a speck better off for it, but they would be, by-and-by, if she should study, now.'

'You are right, no doubt. But Frederick always wants the children dressed tastefully; and he wants the house in perfect order, always; and it does seem—Hark! I believe I hear the baby. I presume she'll be right out with him.'

'I'll go and bring the baby out,' said Aunt Hannah. 'She don't look as if she had strength enough to lift a kitten.'

Mrs. White threw aside her bonnet and shawl and followed Aunt Hannah. She went directly to the bed and kissed her daughter. Mary threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said:

'I'm so glad you come home once more.'

'We are quite as glad to have you come, I assure you,' Mrs. White replied; 'and we must get up something special in honor of the occasion. Just think of it, sister Hannah, this is my first visit from my first grandson.'

Mrs. White was one of those women who have the faculty—and a most blessed faculty it is—of conversing cheerfully whenever the occasion demands. But she did not feel cheerful just then, for she saw that there was a red circle around her daughter's eyes, and that she was still struggling to keep down the rising sobs.

Five minutes afterward Mrs. Fiske sat before the fire in her mother's sitting-room. Her sister Jane sat by her side holding her little nephew and talking baby talk to him, while Mrs. White and Aunt Hannah busied themselves getting dinner. In the intervals of the lullabying and there-thereing to the baby, Aunt Hannah caught snatches of conversation between the sisters, as she passed to and fro, that confirmed her in her surmises and filled her righteous soul of indignation. Mrs. White, also, heard enough to deepen the anxiety which she already felt, and to bring a shade of sadness over her countenance. Jane had never seen her nephew before. She looked at his eyes and talked of their size, shape and color; she commented upon each feature of his face. She said his mouth was like the Fiske's—his chin like his mother's, and she declared that his hands were shaped precisely like his grand-father White's.

'What do you think about him, Mary? Which side of the house do you think he resembles?' she asked.

'I hardly know,' Mrs. Fiske replied, in a dull, languid way, 'but most people think he looks very much like his father.'

'Of course that is pleasing to you,' Jane said, 'for I remember that you used to pride yourself a good deal in his fine looks. You are very fortunate in your children. With so fine a boy as this, and two beautiful little girls, you must be very happy.'

As Jane looked up for some response to her remarks, she was startled at the woe-begone look Mrs. Fiske wore, and she exclaimed:

'Why, what's the matter, Mary? How dejected you look! Was it too much for you riding up here?'

'It fatigued me some, I suppose. But that's nothing new. I am weary all of the time. It is strange, Jane, that girls can't know when they are well off. If you are not engaged to Herbert Ives, you'd better take warning and stay where you are. Now, you can come and go when you please—attend a lecture, or go out making calls, or stay at home, just as you fancy; and you have no fears, if you are pleased with yourself, but what everybody else is pleased. But, if you get married, you will want to please your husband, and take good care of your children, if you are so fortunate or unfortunate as to have them, and that makes a slave of a woman.'

'Why, sister Mary!' said Jane, opening her eyes wide with astonishment. 'What would Frederick think to hear you make such remarks? Seems to me, he wouldn't feel very highly complimented; and the dear babies, if they could understand you, wouldn't think they were very highly prized. I always supposed that mothers, when they were rearing their families, had a great many cares and anxieties, and that, if they were not quite wealthy, they had to work pretty hard: but I thought that it was cheerful service—a labor of love, and that they had a great deal of happiness, notwithstanding their cares.'

'Oh, of course you can't understand it, yet; nor you never will till you learn it by experience. When you have been married half a dozen years, you will view things very differently from what you do now.'

'May be I shall,' Jane replied, 'but I can't think that all wives and mothers feel as you do. This world would be a pretty wretched place if they did. I think I should be about ready to take my departure. I am sure that our mother never felt as you are feeling.'

Mrs. Fiske sighed and made no reply. No doubt, the thoughts of the contrast between her mother's feelings and her own, drew that sigh forth. Mrs. White whispered to Aunt Hannah in the buttery:

'What an awful state of things there must be between her and Fred! What will it end in? I beg you to stay at home from the lecture this evening, and have a thorough talk with her, while the rest of us are gone. I'd rather trust you than myself. You never make bad matters worse.'

At half-past seven most of the family had gone to the lecture; and Aunt Hannah and Mrs. Fiske were sitting together in Aunt Hannah's chamber. Everything in that chamber seemed cheerful and cozy, and suggestive of comfort to Mrs. Fiske. It seemed to her, that evening, that she would always like to stay there. The joys of her childhood had always been shared with Aunt Hannah, in that room, and her tears had been wiped away there. She said with a half-sigh:

'How happy you are, and always have been, haven't you, Aunt Hannah?'

'For the most part I have been pretty happy,' Aunt Hannah replied, 'but I have not lived without my cares. You have often heard your father tell how much was put upon me when I was only twelve years old—more than I knew how to get along with; but, even then, I was not really unhappy. It don't seem to me that you ought to be unhappy, Mary, but I'm afraid you are. When you was a girl, at home, you allers let me talk to you just as I pleased. You'll let me have the same privilege to-night, won't you? I've been achin' to have a real out-and-out talk with you for a whole year; but I've been puttin' it off, hopin' that you'd find your own way out of your troubles.'

'Why, what do you mean, Aunt Hannah?' asked Mrs. Fiske, in a surprised tone. 'You never heard me complain of having trouble, did you? Perhaps you overheard me talking to Jane, this morning, about the cares and anxieties of young married women. For my part I can't see how any woman could get along with the care of a house and three children without feeling tired out, and, at times, utterly discouraged. I suppose that you will tell me that my mother didn't feel so when she had six children to do for. But things are different now from what they were then. Fashions are such people can't do as they used to do. Then, father is one of those easy, good-natured mortals who are not annoyed if things do get a little topsy-turvy sometimes. I can remember when he used to fly around and set back the chairs, and pick up the children's playthings if he saw some one coming in. He would always say to mother, Never mind, folks must expect some litter where half a dozen children are. I don't think there are many men like him in that respect. Frederick is very differently constituted. (*I rather think he is*, Aunt Hannah said to herself). It annoys him exceedingly if everything is not in perfect order. And I can assure you, Aunt Hannah, it takes all my time and strength to keep things so. I hardly find time to look in a book or newspaper, and I feel as if I was forgetting all that I ever learned. Men go and come when they please—find time to read the newspapers every day; and they don't seem much more tied up than they did before they had families.'

Aunt Hannah had started right. She had led Mrs. Fiske to make just such remarks as she wanted her to make. The way was open for Aunt Hannah to say what she wanted to say in reply. She was too shrewd and too judicious to complain to any wife about her husband; for she knew that any true wife would bear it better to be told of her own faults, than to be told of her husband's. She said:

'I have seen so many young wives and mothers situated just as you are, and feeling just as you do, I understand all about it. Such women begin wrong, and git everything in their households to goin' wrong, and then they groan all the rest of their days for what they have brought upon themselves. The fact is, Mary, you commenced to spoil Fred as soon as you was married, and if you don't turn right about you'll finish the job, and very likely ruin your children; and do a vast deal of harm to your own sex, besides."

Mrs. Fiske no longer looked dull or pale. Her face was flushed and her eyes were wide open. She was thoroughly aroused. She exclaimed:

'I spoil my husband, and ruin my children! I do harm to my own sex! Really, that needs some explanation. If any one else had said that to me I should feel indignant. But you, Aunt Hannah—you can't mean anything unkind. For pity's sake tell me what you do mean. I don't understand you at all. I have done the best that I knew how to do for my children; and if any wife ever tried to be a dutiful wife and tried to please her husband, I am sure that I have.'

Mrs. Fiske's voice faltered in the last sentence, and as soon as she ceased speaking she burst into tears, wrung from her by the thought of the many times she had failed to please him, or to get one appreciative word, notwithstanding all her trying. Alas! scores of wives beside her have shed scalding tears in secret for the same reason. And yet, husbands should not be blamed, altogether, for this state of things. Aunt Hannah was right in thinking that the trouble comes, in the main, from wives not *beginning right*.

After a few moments, Mrs. Fiske sobbed out: 'Do excuse me, Aunt Hannah, I'm not weeping for anything that you have said—I must unburden myself to you, Aunt Hannah—you can be trusted—you never violate confidence—I must tell you that I do not enjoy life at all—I feel unhappy a good deal of the time—some of the time I am perfectly wretched.'

Here the thoughts of her wretchedness so overcame her that she broke down entirely, and wept passionately. Struggling to regain her composure, she soon added:

'You said that for a whole year you had wanted to talk to me. I have wanted for more than a year to confide my troubles to somebody. The last time that mother was down to our house, I almost made up my mind to tell her how I was feeling; but father and Frederick are so different I thought she couldn't understand it. I was afraid that she would blame him, and I couldn't bear to hear any one do that. Then I thought that I would have a confidential talk with some of my young married friends, and see if they had any such troubles to contend with. But pride and self-respect kept me from doing that. I felt that it would be lowering the dignity of our household to admit, to any one, that the wheels of our domestic machinery didn't run smoothly. You think that my troubles arise from my own mismanagement. I beg of you to show me wherein I have mismanaged. Now that the ice is broken, we may as well have an out-and-out talk, as you said. You may ask me any question that you please. I am willing to tell you anything that will assist you in advising me.'

A less discreet woman than Aunt Hannah, probably, would have availed herself of the opportunity to question Mrs. Fiske concerning her husband. Aunt Hannah knew better. She knew that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, true women regret afterward for any communication, of that sort, they have been led to make in some hour of bitterness; and that they seldom fail to feel that the questioner took an ungenerous advantage of them.

She replied: 'It is not necessary for you to tell me anything. I think I understand your case, perfectly. You'll git by your troubles, after awhile, if you have patience and perseverance. You see, you and Fred didn't *begin right*. I'll tell you a story.'

Mrs. Fiske was all attention. Aunt Hannah's stories were always to the point.

'I've often thought,' commenced Aunt Hannah, 'that you and Fred both acted as though you was brought up by an old doctor who kept our school the winter that I was ten years old. School used to keep every other Saturday in them days. Saturday afternoon was spent in recitin' the Commandments—the Lord's Prayer, and the Catechism. In addition to that, the doctor required every scholar in the first class to learn a few verses from the Bible, or some passage from some favorite book of his. He hardly ever gave two scholars the same passage. But one Saturday he had every girl, in the first class, learn and recite something that John Milton says Eve said to Adam. I learned it hearin' it over so many times. This was it:

"My Author and Disposer; what thou bidst,
Unargued, I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise."

The doctor said that Milton wrote a great many beautiful things but he considered them four lines, the finest lines he ever wrote. He talked a long time to the girls about it, and he said that he hoped they would all feel like that toward their husbands when they got settled in life. I can't remember one-half he said, but I do remember just how the big boys looked when he was talkin'. They seemed so pleased, gratified and satisfied, I had no doubt they thought that passage was quite as nice as the doctor did. I remember, too, how pompous and lordly they used to appear when we were goin' home from school after such a talk. The most forward and talkin' ones used to make their boasts about how they should manage their wives and make 'em obey. I can't help laughin', to this day, when I think how submissively, modestly and meekly the girls received such talk, and with what soft and subdued tones they answered, if the boys asked 'em a question. I suppose they were tryin' to obey the doctor's injunctions in regard to bein' humble and dutiful, and I presume they thought they looked as amiable and interesting, to the boys, as Eve did to Adam when she called him her Author and Disposer.

There was nine girls in the first class. Polly Parson, a sprightly, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, was an odd one among 'em. She was full of life and wit; and she was considered a little pert and saucy, but we all liked her. She was uncommon smart and handy. If an accident happened, or trouble of any kind came along we were all glad to have Polly 'round. If a little child fell into the brook near the school-house, she never screamed to the big boys to come and git it out, but she'd pull it out herself, and git its clothes all wrung out 'fore some of the other girls would git through screaming. When the boys got into their big talks, she never dropped her eyes and looked abashed, but she'd allers put in a word herself. That night, when we were goin' home from school, Polly's eyes sparkled a little more'n common, and her cheeks were a little red. I thought she'd have somethin' to say, and she did. She told the boys she was glad they had such nice ideas about wives, and she hoped that they'd all be blessed some time with wives as lovely and as docile as the doctor's wife. That was pretty keen in Polly, for the doctor's wife was one of the most soft, helpless, wishy-washy women I ever did see. The doctor came along in a minute. Polly went up to him and said meekly and beseechingly: 'Dr. Richards, have you got one copy of those beautiful lines left? If you have, doctor, will you please give it to me?' He had written 'em off on little slips of paper for each girl. He looked very smilingly on Polly and asked her if she had lost hers. 'No, sir,' she replied, but I shouldn't like to give mine away; and I want one to send down to Dan. Fletcher's wife. I don't think that she ever read it. She won't obey Dan, and she will argue with him.' The doctor said: 'Tut, tut, Poll! I'm surprised, I'm surprised!' and he stepped along pretty quick. Polly said in a low tone: 'I thought he would be. You see, the doctor was a justice of the peace, and Dan was one of the most ugly and tyrannical critters that ever trod shoe-leather, and he was up 'fore the doctor only a week afore for whippin' his wife. Every boy there laughed in in spite of himself.'

'Look here, boys,' Polly said, running ahead a little and turnin' round and facin' us, 'if you swallow such stuff as the doctor has been givin' us this afternoon, you needn't one of you ever ask me to marry you, for you'd want to rule with a rod of iron. And, girls, I want to tell you that you'll be just like the doctor's wife if you try to live up to the doctor's creed. I declare some of you begin to look like her already. What do you suppose that God gave you the power of thinkin' and consciences for, if you are never to make use of either? Do you suppose that he made a mistake and endowed you with more gifts than you need? You'll git sick of such nonsense sometime, and then you'll quarrel with your husbands. I shan't ever quarrel with mine, you see if I do. He shall have his rights and I shall have mine—you see if I don't!'

'I declare, Aunt Hannah, I begin to believe in women's rights; don't you?' said Mrs. Fiske, speaking for the first time since Aunt Hannah commenced her story.

'*Begin* to believe! Why, child, I allers did believe in women's rights, and men's rights, and childrens rights. I believe that each human bein' has rights that no other human bein' should be allowed to trample on.'

'I mean that I begin to believe in woman suffrage.'

'Oh, that's what you mean? Well, we'll talk about that to-morrow, and the rest of the family can join us. But, to-night while we are alone, we want to see if we can't find some way for you out of your troubles. If you could go to the ballot-box to-morrow, Mary, and put in fifty votes, I can't see as it would help you out of your present troubles any more than it would lift you out of a well if you had tumbled into one.'

'What will help me, Aunt Hannah? What can I do?'

'Go to your