

H. A. MOPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

A FRAMELAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDS."

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1872.

Torms, ©2 per year, in advance.

his heart for an instant ; but then-for he

was not dishonest-there came another

"But I cannot see my wife and children

starve," he thought again. If it is wrong

In a moment he felt it to be so. There

'I've lived horest so far," he though

It was with an effort he came to this d

cision, for all the while there was before

and he could hear Jimmy vainly asking lo

food. It was with an effort that he start-

ing round ; "I hadn't perceived my loss,"

"You have reason to be," said Robert,

"That would have been dishonest," said

"Yes, 'It would ; but it's hard on a man

"Surely you and your family are not in

"Yes." said Robert, "it is only too true."

"For two months I have vainly sought

"I remember you now. I thought I had

"A porter left me yesterday. Will your

"Thankfully, sir. I would for half that."

"Then come to-morrow morning, or rath-

"It's fifty dollars," said Robert, in amaze-

that condition ? "said the merchant earn-

to be honest, when he is penniless, and his

Mr. Grimes, his tone altering slightly.

wife and children without a crust."

"And your are out of work ?"

"I should feel grateful for it."

his eves that vision of a cheerless -

were some things wome than starvation.

It was his wife who said this just before he

he returned with food so obtained ?

"I won't turn thief now."

VOLUME VI

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[From the Chleago "What Next?"] INTERPRETATIONS. BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

I sat by myself last night, mamma, In the hush of the Christmas eve, And watched from my window the cold moonlight

On the bare, brown fields, and the meadows white, Till I could not choose but grieve That Christmas came in the winter-time,

When the butterilies were dead, And only snow filled the lonesome nests So warm, last June, with the dainty breasts Of blue-bird and robin red.

Through the parlor door you had left ajar, I saw how the hearth-fire shone On the evergreens that we twined that day, But I wondered how we had been so gay When the summer flowers were gone.

If only in place of the holly-boughs, Had been roses, warm and sweet; If the lily white and the mignonette And the wild sweet briar were blooming yet The Christmas morn to greet ;

If the soft south wind to the maple leaves Could tell of the dawning day, And the brooklets, loosed from their icy

band, Could run with the tidings throughout the land.

To the rivers far away;

If the lambs were out at play on the hill, And the fields were green again, It would have been fitter far, I thought, To welcome the beautiful time that brought

The Joy of the World to men. But all at once, as I sat, mamma, And mused on it all in vain, As if at the touch of a gentle hand,

The things that I could not understand, Grew, somehow, strangely plain-If Christmas came in the summer time, Could we ever surely know

Of the wondrous glow, so warm and deep, That touches the earth in its frozen sleep, Despite the ice and the snow ?

Our parlor fire may be bright, mamma, When we come with our gifts to-night, But warmer far than the kindling blaze, Brighter than sunshine of summer days, Are the beams of that Sacred Light.

The strange, sweet radiance warm and cheers The path of the poorest feet,

And rests with a pitying tenderness, More soft than his mother's lost caress, On the orphan child in the street.

And never in all the wide, wide world Is one heart so hard and chill. for it may in that heavenly ray The frosts of selfishness melt away, And the springs of gladness fill. And just as many a rugged thing, Which the spring flowers could not hide, Under the feathery Christmas snows, Into graceful lines of beauty grows, By the sunlight glorified. organ. So the tender Love that came to earth With the earliest Christmas even, Wraps even our sins in its mantle white, And makes us fit for the angels' sight, And the perfect days of Heaven. And so I am sad no more, mamma, That the frost and the snow are here,pa !" etc., etc. That the bleak winds howl from the hills again ---For if Christmas comes in the winter, the Feet, Caturrh. &c. It has a pleasant and refress-ing odor and will not grease or stain the most delicate fatric, which makes it a Luxury in ev-ery Family. Frice 25 ets, per Bottle. For sale by all druggists. REUBEN HOYT, Proprietor, 203 Green wich St., New York. We have summer all the year, [From "To-Day," Philadelphia.] BISHOP POTTS. Dange

"And, darling, we are all living with you now-we and the dear childran.

"Children! children!" exclaimed Bishop Potts, turning pale ; "you don't mean to say that there is a pack of children too?" "Yes, love, but only one hundred and

twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and the triplet." "Wha-wha-what d' you say?" gasp-

ed the bishop, in a cold perspiration ; "one hundred and twenty-five ! One hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives ! It is too much-it is awful and the bishop sat down and groaned, while the late Mrs. Brown, the bride, stood around in a semicircle and fanned him with her bonnets, all except the red-haired one, and she in her trepidation made a futile effort to fan him with the coal-scuttle.

But after a while the bishop became reconciled to his new alliance, knowing well that protests would be unavailing ; so he walked home, holding as many of the little hands of the bride as he could conveniently grasp in his, while the red-haired woman carried his umbrella and marched in front . of the parade to remove obstructions and to scare off small boys. When the bishop reached the house, he

went around among the cradles which filled the back parlor and the two second-story rooms, and attempted with such earnest-

ness to become acquainted with his new sons and daughters that he set the whole one hundred and twenty-five and the twins to crying, while his own original fifteen stood around and joined in the chorus, Then the bishop went out and sat on the garden fence to whittle a stick and solemnly think, while Mrs. Potts distributed herself around in twenty-three places and soothed the children. It occurred to the

hishop while he mused, out there on the fence, that he had not enough mouth-organs to go around among the children as the family now stood ; and so, rather than seem to be partial, he determined to go back to San Francisco for one hundred and forty-four more.

So the bishop repacked his carpet-bag and began again to bid farewell to his family. He tenderly kissed all of Mrs. Potts who were at home, and started for the depot, while Mrs. Potts stood at the various windows and waved her handkerchiefs at him-all except the woman with the warm hair, and she, in a fit of absent-mindedness, held one of the twins by the leg and brandished it at Potts as he fled down the street. The bishop reached San Francisco, com-

pleted his purchases, and was justabout to et on the train with his one hundred and

manner. My name is Potts."

bishop, turning pale.

he died on Tuesday."

widow to Potts.

"Since what wedding ?" demanded the

"Why, ma's wedding of course. She

was married yesterday to you by Mr.

Young, and we are all living at your house

now with our new little brothers and sis-

and wiped away a tear. Then he asked,

The bishop sat down on the pavement

"Who was gone father "" "Mr. Sin pson," said the crowd, "and

"And how many of his infernal old wid-

"Only twenty-seven," replied the chil-

The bishop did not seem to be unusually

how the prophet had had another vision in .

which he was command to seal Simpson's

and we are awful glad you have come

ows-I mean how many of your mother are

ding."

Terra-

there :

home.

"Bishop !" exclaimed Potts. "Bishop what bishop ?" "Well, you see there were fifteen of Mrs.

McGrath and eighty-two children, and they shoved the whole lot off on old Potts. Perhaps you don't know him ?" The bishop gave a wild, unearthly shrick and went into a hysterical fit, and writhed

upon the floor as if he had hydrophobia. When he recovered, he leaped from the train and walked back to San Francisco. He afterward took the first steamer for Peru, where he entered a monastery and became a celibate.

His carpet-bag was sent on to his family. It contained the balance of the mouth-organs. On Christmas morning they were distributed, and in less than an hour the entire two hundred and eight children were

sick from sucking the paint off them. A doctor was called, and he seemed so much interested in the family that Brigham divorced the whole concern from old Potts and annexed it to the doctor, who immediately lost his reason, and would have butchered the entire family if the red-haired woman and the oldest boy had not marched him off to a lunatic asylum, where he spent his time trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of his children by ciphering with an impossible combination of

the multiplication table and algebra. ----

Giving Presents.

Under this caption the St. Louis Republican makes some very sensible remarks, from which we clip the following :

The essence of the present consists in the sentiment of the thing ; and as all sentiments seem to be out of date, it is not wonderful that presents have nearly become obsolete. A birthday present or a Christmas or New Year's gift, once the earliest and pleasantest thing in the world, must now be a costly article of bijouterie, the worth of which can be reckoned in dollars. Little articles of certu, cups and spoons, nice little puzzles for the little ones ; the cunning invention of some kind old uncle or aunt, are given with grudging groans, because they are a thing of course, and therefore do not redound to the glory of the giver, unless indeed, they be unusually rich and expensive. Even bridal gifts are bought with especial reference to the fact that they are to be exhibited, ticketed with the giver's name and "one does hate so to appear shabby !" There's no sentiment in all this. The trousseau may be enriched by such contributions,

THE DARK HOUR.

"I can't stand it any longer, Jane ; I'll thought. The money was not his, as much go out, and perhaps something will turn up as he wanted it. for us.

"It's a cold night, Robert." "Cold yes! But it's not much colder to keep the money, God will pardou'the of outside than in. It would have been much fence. He will understand my motive." better for you if you had married John All this was sophistry, and he knew it. Tremain," he said bitterly. "Don't say that, Robert-I've never re-

gretted my choice. "Not even now, when there is not a loaf came out. Could be meet her gaze when of bread in the house for you and the chil-

dren?" "Not even now, Robert. Don't be discouraged. God has forsaken us. Perhaps this Christmas eve the tide will turn, better days may dawn upon us to-morrow." Robert Brice shook his head desponding-

ly. "You are more hopeful than I, Jane. ed forward and placed his hand on the Day after day I have been in search of em-ployment. I have called at fifty places, only to receive the same answer everywhere.

"You dropped it when you took out your handkerchief." Just then little Jimmy, who had been asleep, woke up. "And you saw it and picked it up.

"Mother," he pleaded, "won't you give am much obliged to you." me a piece of bread ? I am so hungry. "There is no bread, Jimmy, darling," said in a low voice. "I came near keeping it." the mother, with an aching heart.

"When will there be some ?" asked the child, pitcously. Tears came to the mother's eyes. She

knew not what to say.

"Jimmy, I'll bring you some bread," said the father hoarsely, and he seized his hat and went to the door.

His wife, alarmed, laid her hand upon estly. his sleeve. She saw the look in his eyes, and she feared to what step desperation might lead him.

"Remember, Robert," she said solemnfor work. I applied to you two days since.' ly, "it is hard to starve, but there are things seen your face before. You still want work." that are worse."

He shook her hand, but not roughly, and without a word passed out.

Out in the cold street ! That would be take his place for \$12 a week?" their only home next. For a brief time longer he had the shelter of a cheerless room in a cold tenement house, but the er, as to-morrow will be a holiday, the day rent would become due at the end of the succeeding. Meantime take this for your present necessities month, and he had nothing to meet it. Robert Brice was a mechanic, competent Ile drew from his pocket a bank note. and skillful. Three years since he lived in and put it into Robert's hand. a country village where his expenses were moderate, and he found no difficulty in ment. meeting them. But in an evil hour he "I know it. The pocketbook contains a

grew tired of his village home and removed thousand dollars. But for you I should to the city. Here he vainly hoped to do have lost the whole. I wish you a merry better. For a while he met with very good | Christmas." Success but he found his tenement house, 'It will indeed be a merry Christmus,

NUMBER 48.

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Potts." "We know it, we know it, dearest," they exclaimed in chorus, "and we are so glad to see you safe, safe at home. We have all been right well while you were away, love."

"It gratifies me," remarked the bishop, dangerous !

Bishop Potts, of Salt Lake City, was the husband of three wives and the happy father of fifteen interesting children .-Early in the winter the bishop determined

that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip down to San Francisco to see what he could find in the shape of toys with which to gratify and amuse them. The good

bishop packed his carpet-bag, embraced Mrs. Potts one by one and kissed each of her affectionately, and started upon his journey. He was gone a little more than a week.

month-organs in his valise for his darlings He got out of the train at Salt Lake, think ing how joyous and exhilarating it would be at home on Christmas morning when the whole fifteen of those mouth-organs should be in operation upon different tunes at the same moment. But just as he entered the depot he saw a group of women standing in the ladies' room apparently waiting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed

"Oh, Theodore, we are so-so glad you have come back ! Welcome home ! Welcome, dear, dear Theodore ! Welcome

and then the entire score of them fell upon his neck and cried over his shirt front and

rassed. Struggling to disengage himself, he blushed and said.

cuongh-it is interesting and all that ; but there must be some kind of a-that is, an awkward sort of a-excuse me, ladies, but

but the heart is out of the question. forty-four month-organs, when a telegram | exactions of Eastern despots, the shawls, was handed him. It contained information the horses, the jewelry arms and precious to the effect that the auburn-haired Mrs. gems, which are offered with outward Potts had just had a daughter. This insmiles and secret curses, merit as well the duced the bishop to return to the city for name of presents.

the purpose of purchasing an additional The old word "keepsake" is a most expressive term-genuine Saxon and un-transistable. No French substitute of On the following Saturday he returned home. As he approached his house a "souvenir" "gage" or any other word swarm of young children flew out of the which has taken its place in modern days, front gate and ran toward him, shouting, is worth half so much. The broken ring. "There's pa! Here comes pa! Oh, pa, but we're glad to see you! Hurray for the bent dime-the pecket-piece of small intrinsic value-the book that has been used and marked-the ring that we have The bishop looked at the children as seen worn-these simple tokens often have they flocked around him and clung to his a worth that no money value can give. legs and coat, and was astonished to per-We have seen some book of small pecuniceive that they were neither his nor the ary value, a hymn-book or prayer-book, or late Brown's. He said, "You youngsters have made a mistake; I am not your fathsome selection from a favorite poet, received and treasured with a degree of sener;" and the bishop smiled good-naturedly. sibility which showed how good a judge "Oh yes, you are, though !" screamed the giver was of the true nature of a "presthe little ones in chorus. "But I say I am not," said the bishop, ent.

We do not desire to be understood as severely, and frowning; "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Don't you know articles of small intrinsic value. We are where little story-tellers go? It is scaudaonly protesting against the sulgar error lous for you to violate the truth in this that cost constitutes the worth of such things. There is a feeling that would "Yes, we know it is," exclaimed the consecrate the gift of an estate to a friend, children-"we know it is; and so is ours: and a perfect sympathy and confidence that is our name now too, since the wedwhich would make it proper to accept such a gift.

We should be far from denying to the wealthy one of the purest and best pleasures of large possessions-the power of giving freely to those they love, for the simple gratification of doing so, without further thoughts or object. But still we insist that, considered as a present, the value of the largest gift, as well as the smallest, depends entirely upon the semi-rich or poor, has a dear friend, one loved and sympathized with, and by whom he or she wishes to be remembered, if that friend is worthy, he or she will receive whatever is offered as a sacred memento -a keepsake to be cherished for all time. dren, "and there are only sixty-four of us, This is giving presents.

CHRISTMAS MUMMERS .- In old times, glad ; somehow, he failed to enter into the all over England, parties of mummers, or enthusiasm of the occasion. There ap- maskers, went about the towns and villages peared to be in a certain sense, to much dressed in showy and fantastic costumes, to sameness about these surprises, so he sat the great delight and wonder of the people. there with his hat pulled over his eyes and Sometimes this mumming, as it was called, considered the situation. Finally, seeing was curried on with a considerable amount there was no help for it, he went to the of splender, and was not strictly confined house, and forty-eight of Mrs. Potts rushed to the Christmas season. Almost any genup to him and kissed him, and told him | eral holiday would bring them out.

"To shorten winter's adness, See where the folks with gladness, Disguis-ed, all are coming, Right wantonly a-mumming : F4 la,"

Then the bishop stumbled around among the cradles to his writing-desk, where he | says an old English madrigal or song. But numming, like many other old cusfelt among the gum rings and rattles for understanding about the-I am Bishop for his letter-paper, and then addressed a toms, has had its day in England, and now note to Brigham, asking him as a person- it is carried on only in certain parts of the al favor to keep awake until after Christ-mas. "The man must take me for a found-old was a kind of play in which the story out in gorgeous style, and there was a great gon could be conquered. The actors, when bag, he started again for San Francisco for name of Christmas, for the admission of really I do not understand why you should sixty-four more mouth-organs, while Mrs. St. George and his men. Sometimes they Potts gradually took leave of him in the were feasted and sometimes given a crown gestion good. The precedent is bad; it is entry-all but the red-haired woman, who was up stairs, and who had to be satisfied | laughter and interest .- Hearth and Home. -----

TRUE TIME IOT \$1. Solution: Magnetic Time. Keeper, Compass and Indicator. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every travel-er, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERY BODY desiring a reliable time-keeper, and also a supe-rior compass. Usual watch size, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote correct lime and to keep in order—if fair-ly used—for two years. Nothing like it? This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only \$1; 3 for \$2. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order-from the manufacturers, VERMONT NOVEL-TY WORKS, Brattleboro, Vt. [12-13.-1m.] low him. After a while, the merchant, Mr. Grimes drew his handkerchief safely from his pock-et. As ha did not work have all, a discontented and ill-ma-tured wife and disobedient, intractable with screeching good-bye at the top of her "Oh, but we didn't !" they exclaimed in A young boy attending a mixed school chorus. "We came here to welcome you volce. FILE best selling Book in the market On his way home, after his last visit to in Paducah writes to us, complaining of JURUBEBA, because you are our hashand." children. 1 is The Struggles of San Francisco, the bishop sat in the car by the partiality which the teacher shows the et. As he did so, he did not perceive that Pardon me, but there must be some The reader may think this is a fancy Petroleum V. Nasby the side of a man who had left Sait Lake girls. In conclusion he says : "But thank his pocketbook came out with it and foll little-that is to say, as it were, I should sketch; but it ain't by a good deal. There the day before. The stranger was com- the Lord, if they do crowd us out from the to the sidewalk. He did not perceive it, but Robert did. is 'more truth than poetry in it." It is finstrated by THOMAS NAST, the think not. Women, you have mistaken municative. In the course of the converstove, and play 'blind man's buff ' with greatest of American Artists, and contains an introduction by Hon. Charles Sumner. Agents wanted for this and other popular books. Ad-His heart leaped into his mouth, and a department of the bent sation he remarked to the bishop : the teacher in recess, they can't ride horse-"Oh no, dearest "' they should ; "we "That was a mighty pretty little affair back on a horse, nor play leap-frog, nor there at the city on Monday." back on a horse, nor make dogs fight, nor sudden thought entered his mind. quickly down and picked up the pocket-book. He raised his eyes instantly to see cuiling station in one of the far Western wanted for this and other popular books. Ad-dress 1. N. Richardson & Co., Boston, Mass., and St. Louis, Mo. were married to you while you were away!" n and impair the digestive organs up there at the city on Monday." and physics. They give only tem-Indigestion, flatulency and dys-piles and kindred diseases, are sure "What !" exclaimed the bishop ; "you "Why, that wedding; McGrath's widow nor smoke and chaw; can they?" On re- if the the movement was noticed. It was States for enlistment, was asked if he throw rocks at cats, nor go in swimming, don't mean to say that-" The merchant went on unheeding could sleep on the "point of a bay n t," "Yes, love. Our husband, Wm. Brown, CLAIM AGENCY !

in which he was obliged to live, a very poor substitute for the next cottage which he had occupied in the country. He saw his mistake, but he was to proud to go back.

"Of course, I can't have as good accomo- longer, she might call her home dations here as in the country." he said ; "but it is something to live in, and be in

the midst of things." "I'd rather be back again." said his wife : "somehow the city doesn't seem like heart misgave her. She feared it was a home; there I used to run in and take tea delusive hope. with a neighbor, and have a pleasant social

time ; here I know scarcely anybody." "You'll get used to it after a while," said her husband.

She did not think so, but did not like to complain.

with it a suspension of business enterprises. et fuil of substantial provisions. Work ceased for Robert Brice and many others. If he had been in his own old home he could have turned his hand to

to the same extent as in the country. So Christmas. day by day he went out to seek work, only to find himself one of a large number, all of whom were doomed to disappointment. If he had been alone he could have got along somehow, but it was a sore trial to come to a cheerless room, and a pale wife

them. When, ou that Christmas eve, Robert Brice wont into the street, he hardly knew how he was going to redeem the promise he had made little Jimmy. He was absolutely penniless, and had been so for three There was nothing that he was days. "I cannot see my, wife and children starve." more to keep him warm. Weakened by enforced fasting he was more sensitive to

the navement. "Yes," he said "my coat must go. I know not how I shall get along without it, them in the enjoyment of all the ordinary but I cannot see my children starve before my eves."

He was not in general an envious man, buttoned up to the throat in warm overcoats, come out of the brilliantly lighted shops, provided with presents for happy children at home while his were starving, he suffered some bitter thoughts upon the equality of fortune's gifts to come to his

mind Why should they be so happy and he so miserable?

There was a time, he remembered it well, when he too suffered not the Christmaseve is not able to pay for a paper, but is ever to pass without buying some little gift for Jimmy and Agnes. How little he dreamed then that they would ever want bread.

There was one man shorter than himself. warmly clad, who passed him with his hands turust into the peckets of his over-There was a pleasant smile on his coat. face. He was doubtless thinking of the

happy circle at home. Robert knew him as a rich merchant, whose ample warehouse he had often passcd. He had applied to this man only two days before for employment and been refused.

It was perhaps the thought of the wide difference between them, so far as outward circumstances went, that led Robert to fol-

said Robert with emotion. "God bless you,

"Do you think father will bring some bread?" said little Jimmy, as he nestled in her lap.

"I hope so, darling." she said ; but her

An hour passed-there was a step on the stairs-her husband's. It could not be, for this was a cheerful, elastic step, coming up two steps at a time. She looked at the

Yes, it was he. The door opened. Rob-But a time of great depression came, and ert, radiant with joy, entered with a bask-

"Have you got some bread, father?"asked Jimmy, hopefully.

"Yes, Jimmy, some bread and ment from something else, and at the worst, could have a restaurant, and here's a little tea and borrowed of his neighbors until better sugar. There's a little wood left Jane. times. But the friendly relations arising Let's have a bright fire and a comfortable from neighborhood do not exist in the city | meal, for, please God, this shall be a merry

"How did it happen? Tell me Robert." So Robert told his wife.

The next week they moved to a better nome. They have never since known what it is to want. Robert flaunda, firm friend in the merchant, and has an account and hungry children, with no relief to offer in the savings bank and consider remeber with grateful heart God's goodness on that Christmas Eve.

NEWSPAPER PATRONS .- This is what the Athens Post has to say about newsee per patrons: "One thing we have noticed from the time we catered upor our apprenlikely to find to do that night. It last, this month, that Providence generally meship, forty-eight years ago the 10th of smiles benignantly and prosperously noon It was a well worn overceat, and that the man who keeps himself square upon cold winter night he needed something the printers' books. You take the subscription list of any country paper where the advance system is not religiously adthe cold, and shivered as he walked along hered to, call out the names of those who pay promptly, then visit their habitations. and in nine cases out of ten you will find comforts of life-pleasant and contented households-the husband kind and industrious, the wife happy and affectionate, the but when he saw sleek, well-fed citizens, children upright and well-behaved at home and abroad, sleck cattle grazing in green pastures and good stock feeding in the stalls, thrifty finit and shade trees around, flowers blooming in the gardens and about the yard, and an air of neatness, comfort and substance without and within. Now take the other class of patrons-those that never pay at all, or have to be 'ding-douged out of it' at the end of the third year; what is still worse, the newspaper sponge, who ready to borrow from his neighbor-ten to one you will find a majority of these always afflicted with 'short crops,' always 'hard run,' always 'out of kelter,' axes, plows and hoes etermally dull, horses that look like the genius of famine, cattle nearly rulated to Tharaoh's lean kine, and too poor to low without leaning up against the rickety fence, gates off the hinges, doors half hung, windows guildless of glass, not a fruit or shade tree in sight, rank James-town weeds blooming around the door sills, and instead of inxuriant meadows and percumial pastures, sassafras and briar bushes growing in the fence-rows and broken places and hill-sides farrowed with guillies, and bunches of call-edge waving mourn-

ling hospital," he said. Then the bishop of St. George and the Dragon was acted saw clearly enough that if he gave presents to the other children and not to the deal of mock-fighting done before the dralate Simpson's, the bride (relict of Simp-"to learn that none of you have been a son) would probably souse down on him, fully arrayed, would sally forth, and, visitfumble among his hair and make things ing the principal persons of the parish, serenity when I contemplate the fact; but warm for him. So repacking his carpet- would knock at their doors and ask, in the