THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
is published Weekly in
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa
BY JAS. C. HASSON.
Guaranteed Circulation - 1,188

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One year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
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" if not p'd within year. 2.25
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Cambria Freeman.

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VOLUME XIX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1885. NUMBER 6.

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How Watch Cases are Made.

In buying a silver watch case great care should be taken to secure one that is solid silver throughout. The cap of most cheap silver cases is made of a composition known as aluminum, which is a very poor substitute for silver, as it turns black in a short time. The backs of such cases are made much thinner than those of an all silver case, being rolled in order to make the cap thicker and get in as much as possible of the cheap metal. Another important point in a silver case is the joints or hinges, which should be made of gold. These of most cheap cases are made of silver, which is not a suitable metal for that purpose. In a [illegible] period it warps, bends and spreads apart, allowing the backs to become loose upon the case and admitting the dust and dirt that accumulates in the pocket. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is now made with silver caps and gold joints.

BE A WOMAN.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's word quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops and silks and sires
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy ring and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! Brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman, naught is higher
On the gilded crest of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

—*Anonymous.*

HATTIE'S MISTAKE.

'Ah' said old Mrs. Prodgitt, 'things have changed since my day! When I was a girl, folks used stay at home and help their mothers do the housework, and piece bed quilts, and embroider lace veils, instead of running about in all the dirty streets and narrow lanes in creation!'

Mrs Prodgitt did not take kindly to modern civilization.

She had come up from Owl Brook to visit her Cousin Mary Ann, who had married Ebenezer Hardy a quarter of a century ago and settled down in New York; and, as she expressed herself, 'things seemed to be turned all topsy-turvy.'

'But, Cousin Prodgy,' said saucy Hattie Hardy, who was equipping herself with hat, fan, parasol and waterproof cloak, 'it is work of mercy and charity that we are engrossed in.'

'Nonsense!' irritably cried Mrs. Prodgitt. 'I think you've all gone crazy together! I'm surprised at you, Mary Ann, to let the child go tramping all over the city by herself. In my day it wasn't considered respectable.'

'You say, truly, that times have changed since then,' mildly uttered Mrs. Hardy, who was knitting fleecy white wool by the fire. 'Be shure, Hattie, that you come home early. The new minister is to be here to-night to tea, and Betsy can't be trusted with the new set of mass rose china.'

'I wonder what he is like?' said Hattie, as she tied the deep-blue strings of her hat into a coquettish row under her round chin. 'I do hope he's young and handsome.'

'My dear!' remonstrated Mrs. Prodgitt.

'Of course,' added Hattie, 'we know that old Mr. Pazzleton was a perfect saint, but one don't like saints with red noses and spectacles, and three layers of double chin!'

Mrs. Prodgitt looked as if she expected that Hattie would be struck by lightning on the spot for that heretical remark.

'Harriet!' was all that she could utter.

While Mrs. Hardy, more accustomed to the audacious speeches of her pretty daughter, went on, in her purring, sing-song tones:

'Don't forget that poor widow in Cob lane Hattie. And if you go to Milo Reneau's, I think it would be well to speak a word in season to that great lazy son of his, who is always buying lottery tickets, and does nothing to support the old folks.'

'Oh, yes? I'm glad you mentioned that,' said Hattie, penciling an entry on her little tablets. 'Mem—To give Jonas Reneau a piece of my mind!' Dear Mr. Pazzleton always said that young man was a dreadful stumbling block!'

'And I think,' went on Mrs. Hardy, that the Gray sisters can find work for Alice Jennings, if she is still unemployed.'

'The—which?' said Mrs. Prodgitt.

'The Gray sisters,' explained Mrs. Hardy. 'One of our church organization.'

Mrs. Prodgitt glared.

'Is there any end to the folly and nonsense of the present generation?' said she.

'I suppose,' laughed Hattie, 'that in your day, Cousin Prodgy, nobody went slumming?'

'Went—where?' said Mrs. Prodgitt.

'Slumming!' distinctly repeated Hattie. 'She means, visiting the poor, and seeking out cases of destitution,' explained Mrs. Hardy. 'Hattie, my child, I do wish you wouldn't talk slang!'

Hattie disappeared with breaks of laughter while Mrs. Prodgitt resettled her spectacles and uttered a deep groan.

'Mark my words, Mary Ann,' said she, 'that girl will come to no good!'

'Hattie does not mean any harm, Cousin Prodgitt,' mildly pleaded Mrs. Hardy, as she knitted on.

While Hattie, on her errand of mercy, went from house to house in the darkening lanes and crowded tenement districts leaving an ounce of green tea here and a lecture there, a bottle of beef-wine-and-iron by a sick bed, a little rose-scented snuff in a poor old woman's hand, a picture book on the pillow of some little child, a wooden toy in the delighted grasp of a skeleton-like infant, a gentle admonition in the ear of a willful factory girl, and a word of comfort to encourage a despairing widow.

She could be gay and flippant enough when 'Cousin Prody' teased her, but she seemed to have assumed a new personality of dignity and sweetness.

Old Milo Reneau's was the last house on her list. She glanced anxiously at her watch as she went in.

'Past five,' she said to herself. 'I must make haste or the dear little mammy will be fretting.'

The dusk of the October evening had already darkened the little room, where lay the patient old sufferer from rheumatism.—It was always neat and clean there, but in Hatte's eyes it seemed more squalid and poverty stricken than usual to-night. As she came around the corner of the door, she perceived a young man sitting at an uncovered pine table—a figure strongly silhouetted against the window.

'Ah!' said she, the spirit of righteous exasperation rising up in her heart, 'so I've caught you at last in the very midst of your evil practices!'

The young man rose hurriedly to his feet.

'I beg your pardon—he began, but the tide of Hattie's indignation was not thus easily stemmed.

'Don't beg my pardon,' said she. 'Beg the pardon of society—of public opinion—of everything else which you are outraging by this shameful behavior of yours. Apparently, you have neither pride nor self-respect left—now take my advice; turn over a new leaf. Give up your evil practices, and set yourself to earn a decent living. Look me in the eyes, young man!' she added severely. 'Tell me if you are not ashamed of yourself?'

To all appearances, the culprit was struck dumb. Involuntarily he raised a pair of clear, honest gray eyes to Hattie's face, as coming to orders, but he did not speak a word, good, bad or indifferent.

'He's not bad looking,' thought Hattie; 'but I must not neglect the chance of making an impression. I am surprised at you!' she added aloud. 'A great, able bodied fellow like you settling down as a disreputable incubus on your friends and relatives—Don't you know that you are the talk of the neighborhood? Get up—go to work! Never let me see you idling here again! Now don't answer me. I never enter into argument with the people in my district. Logic is useless in a case like this.'

She hurried to old Milo, who, being stone deaf, heard smilingly on during this brief but energetic monologue, as it had been a recitation from Shakespeare.

'Here's some extract of beef for you, Mr Reneau!' she shouted in his ear; 'and a tumbler of lemon jelly! I hope your limbs go better. I'm sorry I can't stay a little longer to-day, but I'll come again very soon.'

And nodding and smiling good-by to him, she bustled away.

She arrived none too soon on the doorstaple.

Betsy had already broken one of the moss rose tea-cups, and spilled all the salad dressing, so that Hattie had to go to work to make more.

Cousin Prodgitt had lost her spectacles, and Mrs. Hardy could not find her best lace frill.

Consequently she was only half through arranging her hair when Mrs Hardy called up the stair case:

'Harriet! Harriet! Mr. Gray has come!'

She hurriedly coiled up the shining bronze locks and fastened them with a shell pin, tied the Swiss muslin bow at her throat, and, catching up her pocket-handkerchief, ran down stairs.

Cousin Prodgitt was still adjusting her cap strings in her own room.

Miss Hardy had gone to see if the tea was properly steeping; and so our heroine walked directly into the presence of the Rev. Cecil Gray.

'I am Miss Hardy,' said she. 'I beg your pardon!' but—'

Here she stopped, with the syllables of further speech fairly frozen on her tongue.

A cold chill crept through all her veins, as she recognized the curly, brown hair, the clear, honest eyes, the thick moustache.

But the Rev. Cecil was equal to the emergenes.

'Don't beg my pardon!' said he, gravely, although there was a roguish sparkle in his eyes. 'Beg the pardon of society—of public opinion. 'No, Miss Hardy,' he cried, suddenly dropping his solemn mannerism—'don't look so distressed! Of course it was a mistake. Don't I know perfectly well that it was.'

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' gasped Hattie. 'I thought it was Filbert Reneau. I never had seen him, you know, and it was so dark, and—and—'

'And so you scolded the wrong man,' said Mr. Gray. Well, I'll pass the lecture on to the genuine offender at the very first opportunity, only I'm afraid I cannot emphasize it half so neatly as you did.'

'Oh, don't!' said Hattie, piteously lifting her little hands. 'Please don't!'

'No, I won't,' said Mr. Gray. 'We'll forget and forgive.'

And when Cousin Prodgitt and Mrs. Hardy came in, Hattie and the young clergyman were earnestly discussing the rival merits of the geraniums on Mrs. Hardy's flower-stand.

Mrs. Prodgitt stayed until spring, and when she went back home she told her daughter that Hattie Hard was engaged to a young minister.

'Or at least I suspicion she is,' she added. 'She won't own nothin' for sartin; but things ain't now as they used to be. Folks as was engaged to be married used to be proud of it. But Hattie's a queer girl.—She hasn't been brought up as girls was brought up in my day.'

SIMON GIRTY, THE RENEGADE.

The beautiful and picturesque Sherman's Valley, Perry county, Pa., was Simon Girty's birthplace. Here, about the year 1740, his father, "Simon Gertee" (for so the name is spelled by Secretary Peters in his letter to the Governor) settled. Here near the beautiful Sherman's creek, Simon Girty, the notorious outlaw, was born January, 1744. To compensate for giving such a demon to the world, this valley has since given birth to two Governors, a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a Congressman and a Commissary General of the United States army.—Girty's father was killed in a drunken spree, and his mother was murdered by the Indians in 1760, the year he was taken by the Senecas. This tribe adopted him under the name of Katepacomen.

In 1764, according to the conditions of the treaty which closed the Pontiac war, Simon Girty was given up to the whites, but preferring the wild life of the savages to the more quiet one of civilization, he escaped and returned to his tribe. But as the Indians were compelled to give up their captives, he was again returned and settled on Girty's run, near Pittsburg. Afterward in the war of Lord Dunmore, he, with Simon Kenton, or Butler, served as a spy and scout for the whites. He was afterward an Indian agent and interpreter. In this capacity he became acquainted with Col. Crawford, and is said to have desired one of his daughters in marriage.

At the beginning of this Revolutionary war Girty was an officer of the militia, stationed at Fort Pitt, but he deserted to the British in 1777. The cause of his treachery is unknown. On August 16, 1781, Girty, accompanied by a large band of Indians, attacked Bryant's Station, Ky., but was repulsed by the garrison. The next year holds the darkest period of his life—the burning of Col. Crawford. In 1783 he married a captive of the Shawnees, named Catharine Malliot, who is said to have been at one time the prettiest girl in Detroit, by whom he had several children.

Girty was present at the defeat of General St. Clair, but when in 1795 "Mad Anthony" Wayne defeated the Indians and overthrew their power in the Northwest he removed to Canada and settled on the Detroit river. He remained there until the war of 1812, but after Perry's victory on Lake Erie he followed the British army on its retreat from Detroit. After the close of the war Girty returned to his farm near Maldide, where he died in 1818. The character of Simon Girty has generally been painted as that of the most hideous criminal. He has generally been supposed to have been not little better than his Satanic majesty himself. Most hideous were he have portrayed only the dark side of his character. That there was a light as well as a dark shade is true, and although the shades predominate and cover most of his life, yet there are here and there in history rifts through which we see the light—his better nature aroused.

There have been three reasons given for his hatred of the whites and his espousal of the cause of the Indians. They are these: First—That an early age he became disgusted with civilization on account of the drunkenness and brutality of his father and the immorality of his mother. Second—That he was deeply offended by the appointment over him of a younger man than he was when acting with the whites against the Indians on the Virginia frontier. Third—That when a scout with Lord Dunmore's expedition he was injured and deeply insulted. He and another scout had not received pay for several months, and needing their money, they went to General Lewis and demanded their pay. This was refused, and when they remonstrated Gen. Lewis cursed and struck them several times over their heads with his cane. Girty appears to have been severely wounded in the temple, and with the blood streaming down his face, he quickly turned to leave the apartment, but on reaching the door, wheeled round, planted his feet firmly on the sill, braced an arm against either side of the frame, fixed his keen eyes unflinchingly upon the General, uttered the exclamation, "By God, sir, your quarters shall swim in blood for this!" and instantly disappeared beyond pursuit.

Which of these may have been the true cause of his adopting the life and ways of the Indian is difficult to determine at this late day, but it seems certain that his first lessons in savage life were compulsory and not voluntary.

The two acts with which Girty's name is most frequently connected are the rescue of Kenton and the burning at Crawford. The one throws a gleam of light upon his character, while the other covers him with the blackest clouds, and paints him a criminal of the deepest dye.

In 1778 Simon Kenton was attached as a scout to Colonel Bowen's expedition against the Indians on the Miami. He was sent forward to reconnoiter, but not satisfied with this he endeavored to steal horses from the Indians and was captured. He was taken to Chillicothe, and from there to Waughtomoca, where it was the intention of the savages to burn him. With the Indians at this place were the outlaws Simon Girty, James Girty and John Ward.

Kenton was summoned to the council-house, where it had been determined he should die. Girty, who had that day brought in seven white prisoners and seven scalps, was present, and at first used Kenton very roughly. At length he asked: "What is your name?" "Simon Butler," answered Kenton, who had been known by that name during Dunmore's war, when he was Girty's companion and friend. They had been boon companions and bosom friends. Girty's surprise at hearing the name of his old friend may be imagined. He threw his arms about Kenton and begged his forgiveness for his ill treatment. "Syme," said he, weeping like a child, "you are condemned to die, and it will go hard with me, I tell you, but I will save you from that." The surprise of the Indians was great. Girty begged for the life of his friend. He never asked them a favor before, and this would be the last. If they refused it his would think that his red companions had no confidence in him. A long debate ensued, but when the vote was cast Girty had won and his friend's life was saved. Girty took him to his own wigwam and took care of him. He was afterward taken to Detroit, from which place he escaped and returned to Louisville.

The act which most displays the fiendish part of his character is the burning of Crawford. This was one of the most inhuman deeds ever performed by mankind. Girty, in company with the Wyandotte and Shawnee Indians had so harassed the frontier settlements of Virginia and Pennsylvania that in 1781 a force of volunteers under command of Colonel William Crawford was sent against them. They fought a battle with the savages in the early part of June. The day after the battle Crawford's forces began to retreat, and the retreat soon became a rout. Among the captives taken by the Indians was Colonel Crawford, who was marched to the chief town of the Wyandottes, which he reached on the 11th of June. Here preparations were made for burning him. He was stripped naked and beaten with clubs. When the preparations were completed, Crawford's hands were tied behind his back, and his wrists were bound to the stake. The pile was fired in several places, and the quick flame curled into the air. Girty took no part in these operations, but sat upon his horse at a long distance, observing them with malignant satisfaction. Catching his eye at the moment the pile was fired, Crawford inquired of the renegade if the savages really meant to burn him. Girty coldly answered "Yes," and the Colonel calmly resigned himself to his fate. For more than two hours the gallant soldier survived the flame gladled stake; and during the latter half of that time he was put to every torture which savage ingenuity could devise and hellish vengeance execute. Once only did a word escape his lips. In the extremity of his agony he again caught the eye of Girty, and he is reported to have exclaimed: "Girty! Girty! shoot me through the heart! Do not refuse me! Quick! quick!" And it is said the monster merely replied: "Don't you see I have no gun, Colonel?" then burst into a loud laugh and turned away. Crawford said no more; he sank beneath the pain and suffocation which he endured, and was often aroused by a new torture; but in a little while the vital spark fled, and the black and swollen body lay senseless at the foot of the stake.

Such was the life of Simon Girty, the White Savage, who exerted such a powerful influence over the Indians of the Northwest a hundred years ago. I have endeavored to give it as I find it, writing nothing in malice nor wishing to extenuate his crimes.—*Cincinnati News Journal.*

I THOUGHT I heard Joe kiss you on the piazza last night, said a father to his daughter.

Oh, no, pa, was the artless answer, he only kissed me on the ear.

Well, perhaps that was it.

THE dark ages—the period elapsing between the time of beginning to look for a match in your bare feet and finding it.

THREE PRAYERS.

Beneath a cross, beyond the town,
Before a shrine for sorrows made,
There simple maidens knelt them down,
And from their hearts devoutly prayed.

One, dreaming of created things,
The purple sea, the perfect sky,
Bright, happy birds with painted wings,
Glad buds that bloom before they die,
The waving woods—the sealed air—
Chanted her heart, and thus her sighs,
Was heard the gentle maiden's prayer:
"Oh, give me beauty for my prize!"

A hidden tumult seemed to grow
Within the second maiden's breast,
She heard the stirring trumpet blow,
She saw the warrior's plume and crest:
Ambition dazzled in her eyes
That lift's a reward—a deathless name,
Then from her heart came stifled cries:
"If I may live, oh! give me fame!"

The third fair maiden knelt apart;
Her eyes—a heaven starred with tears,
Her white arms folded on her heart,
She faced a mystery of years.
A sudden rapture seemed to lift
Her very soul to heaven above;
"Be mine," she prayed, "this priceless gift,
Let me be loved by one I love!"

GOING HOME AT LAST.

A SKETCH OF CITY LIFE.

The private watchman tried each front door in the row. It was a very substantial, comfortable-looking row, which had stood there many years, and had grown accustomed to good fortune. In most houses the lights were all extinguished, but here and there soft rays came out through rich, heavy curtains, suggesting household groups within discussing the events of some pleasant, sociable gathering, or taking sweet counsel for children tucked away asleep in luxurious beds.

The private watchman was a very large man, but was accompanied by a very small dog. The little dog, however, was deeply impressed with its own importance. When the watchman started up each pair of steps the dog planted himself at the bottom trying to look as much as possible like a mastiff. He remained like a little statue until the watchman tried the front door and turned to descend. Then the dog gave two or three emphatic wags with his short spike tail, as if to say, "I have inspected that house. It is all safe."

The watchman and dog thus went from door to door until they came to the large house at the corner. The front was found secured, and the watchman, turning the corner, descended the area steps on the side. The dog waited at the top. As the man turned the angle of the area below, leading to the kitchen door, his foot encountered something. He gave a sudden exclamation. The dog was instantly at his side, but just as quickly was wagging his tail in a delightful manner, having discovered the object to be one of the horrors of small dogs, a small boy.

The night was very cold; the child had stretched himself close along the crack of the kitchen door, so as to intercept any heat, and had sunk into a heavy sleep.

'Come wake up,' said the watchman, not unkindly, giving the child a shake.

'Paper, sir,' said a weak little voice in the first dazed consciousness of awakening.

'Why, this is no time sell papers, my little man; it's past midnight, and time for you to be going home.'

The child, long accustomed to being ordered about, slowly rose to his feet, and then tried to lift a large bundle which lay near. He failed at first, for it was plain he had sold few papers, and the bundle was weighty for his failing strength; but at last he got the papers under his arm, and, dragging one foot up at a time, ascended the area steps, and without a word of complaint or protest walked very slowly away.

The watchman and dog followed to the pavement and silently watched him, the dog standing very close to his master's legs, with head and tail drooped in an aspect of mute sympathy.

As the child disappeared in the darkness it was like a perspective of old age, his pace was so slow, his frame was so bowed and shrunken, his steps so irresolute and weak.

"Wife had some hot broth and a bright fire when I left," said the watchman, "and I most wish I had taken him around to the house. But then I oughtn't to leave my beat, and maybe the little chap's mother is sitting up for him at home."

The day dawned bright and cheery over the great city. Smartly-dressed girls on their way to work would run along, making the cool an excuse for the glad buoyancy of their youth and health. Quick stepping workmen walked and talked briskly. The drivers of the street cars were swathed around with blankets and looked like bales of goods, but mercury had no effect on the conductors, who, in very swell raiment, beamed upon the fair sex like a summer morn.

At the top of the same area steps a milkman and a maid were laying the foundation of future connubial felicity.

'Very cold night last night? Mr. Grass; both furnaces going in the house, but two pipes burst.'

'Coldest night of the season, Miss Susan. Why, every particle of water at the dairy this morning was frozen tight.'

'La, Mr. Grass,' said Susan, 'that must be very bad for your particular business.'

The milkman was not naturally facetious, but he had heard this joke in such a variety of forms that before it had been fairly uttered he had taken a large red silk handkerchief out of his overcoat pocket, and, deliberately wiping the icicles from his beard, said:

'I'll take a forfeit for that joke, Miss Susan.'

The girl held out a pair of saucy, rosy lips, but just as the milkman tried to throw his arms around her waist and kiss her, she deftly eluded his grasp, skimmed down the area steps like a swallow, and as he took a stride forward to follow her, he heard the bolt of the kitchen door ring in its sockets inside, and a merry peal of laughter mock from within.

The milkman drove away in a contemplative mood.

'Them young girls,' he said, 'is more pesky than a two year old colt.'

Over at the great lumber yard the men as they arrived went into the large room outside the office and gathered around the stove. Each one as he came recounted experiences of the bitter cold of the previous night with an identity of incidents which men always relate when they describe their sensations of zero or an earthquake.

A tall, sinewy, grizzly-bearded, kindly-faced man, whom the rest saluted as the foreman, came in, and having chatted awhile as he thawed his hands, said:

'Well, Tom, let's go out to the yard and finish that building order.'

The two men proceeded to a distant corner of the yard, where a couple of piles of boards were separated a short distance, a few boards having been thrown across so as to form a sort of shelter beneath.

'Just lift those boards to the left, Tom,' said the foreman.

As the last of them was being laid in place, the man said:

'There's something on the ground there, Captain.'

The foreman with business habit, adjusted the board in its place. Then he looked down.

The form of a child lay upon the ground. His head rested upon a large pile of newspapers. A tear in his clothing about his feet showed that he had nothing on beneath his outer garments. One shoe was broken through, the other worn very thin. He lay perfectly still.

Without a word to each other, nor heeding the bitter cold, the men both uncovered.

They stood in the presence of Death. The foreman took off his own great coat, and kneeling down gently to place it over the body of the child, he saw that one of the little hands had tried to draw something from the breast of his ragged coat. The foreman drew it out, looked carelessly at one side, then intently at the other, and with glistening eyes handed it to his companion.

It was an old piece of white card board, one side of which was filled with odd devices of boy's games, a top, a whip, then an attempt to depict an execution; but the other side was quite clear of all this, and in the centre the child had made a rude attempt at a border, and inside was scrawled in irregular characters of an untaught hand H-O-M-E.

Motherless, fatherless, alone in the great city; too late to exchange his papers at the news offices; too weak to encounter a beating in the rough garret where he lodged—some recollections of boyish playtime had led him to the lumber yard, and, crawling under its gates, he had crept into the last shelter, where he was found.

But as his eyes were closing in death they saw that he had smiled. His earthly hope receded as he grasped at the crude record of his childish dreams, but he smiled, for he saw now that he was going home at last.

A vision appeared to him of a fair and stately mansion, from whose radiant doorway a voice of divine sweetness would welcome him, saying "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

DOMESTIC UNHAPPINESS.

When domestic unhappiness exists in a family it generally happens that the case may be traced to money matters and to the unequal division of the common funds.—Probably eight women out of ten who are married and have no other visible means of support than a husband are dependent upon that husband's generosity for every five cents they have to spend. The idea of a husband being generous to his wife is quite as absurd as it would be for any other business partner to be generous to his associate. A widower with a house full of children has to pay a good round sum to some housekeeper for attending to the same duties his wife performed for her board, lodging and clothes. He does not grumble when the housekeeper comes for her salary, nor ask her what she did with all that money he gave her last month, nor inquire in an aggrieved tone of voice if thirty dollars won't do instead of forty dollars. No, she has earned her money, he respects her right to it, and he pays her like a man. When his wife was housekeeper he paid her like a husband. It is true he gave her liberal credits at dry goods shops, milliners and dress-makers. These privileges constituted his ideas of feminine bliss. What need had she of money? Such a thing as giving her, or rather of sharing with her a portion of the product of his labors as one of the domestic firm never occurred to him. He was quite willing to trust her to keep the honor of his home and name, to raise his children; but a doubt as to her business incapacity never crossed his mind. That she would foolishly waste money if she could get hold of it was his foregone conclusion, although for years she had managed his home, and with unexampled economy he is now able to appreciate since she is dead. It is not an uncommon thing for a woman to have to worry her husband for ten cents for car fare to take her to church. When you see a woman carry her "pocket money," a dime or so, tucked in the palm of her glove, you may conclude she has a husband of this description. For a proud-spirited, naturally independent woman to have to beg, bargain and haggle for a few dollars from her husband is one of the most degrading misfortunes that can befall her. It is true some women do not mind begging for money or the having to explain in elaborate detail the why and wherefore of the demand; and other women look at the partnership business in still broader view, and do not hesitate to apply for that which is so manifestly their due, but opposed to these there is a large majority of wives to whom it is an eternal mortification to ask, day after day, year after year, for money from their own husbands. A friend of mine who has been married forty years has to hurry every morning after her husband as he leaves the dining-room to try and get from him money for the dinner's marketing. This has been going on during all these years, and if by any chance she should fail to run after him, he would quietly march off down town and not leave a cent. It often takes the greatest tact, courage, patience and gentleness to coax from him sufficient money to buy for herself or her children the clothes demanded by the customs of decency and civilization. It is not possible that a woman, however forgiving, can feel altogether unresentful toward such a man. Down in her lonely heart of hearts she feels the indignity put upon her. It is all very well to argue that if a woman has credit at the stores—and can buy clothes, shoes, hats, wraps—she has no need of money. Those who argue this should just try a dose of such treatment themselves. Why need a body live if once in a while they may not have the innocent pleasure of indulging in a book or magazine, a bit of chinaware, a use