THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. V. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1872. NO. 15.

It Never Pays.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow,
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear away
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In dredging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
A humble lot
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings;
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

The Wind and the Rose.

A little red Rose bloomed all alone
In a hedge by the highway side;
And the Wind came by with a pitying moan,
And thus to the floweret cried,

"You are choked with dust from the sandy ledge;
Now see what a friend can do!
I will pierce a hole in the tangled hedge,
And let the breeze come through!"

"Nay, let me be—I am well enough!"
Said the Rose in deep disdain;
But the Wind is always rude and rough,
And of course he had his way.

And the breeze blew off on the little red Rose,
But now she was more alone,
For the naughty boys—her ancient foes—
Came through where the gap was made.

"I see," said the Wind, being back again,
And looked at the trembling flower,
"You are out of place; it is very plain
You are meant for a lady's bower!"

"Nay, let me be!" said the shuddering Rose;
"No sorrow I ever had known
Till you came here to break my repose;
Now please to let me alone!"

But the will of the Wind is strong as death,
And little he recked her cries;
He plucked her up with his mighty breath,
And away to the town he flies.

Oh, all too rough was the windy ride
For a rose so weak and small;
And soon her leaves on every side
Began to scatter and fall?

"Now, what is this?" said the wandering Wind,
As the Rose in fragments fell;
"This paltry stem is all I find—
I am sure I meant it well?"

"It means just this—that a meddling friend,"
Said the dying stalk, "is sure
To mar the matter he aimed to mend,
And kill where he meant to cure!"

The Flown Bird.

Once a singing-bird was mine,
And I gave him tenderest care;
Fruits and seeds and crystal drink,
Golden sun and flower sweet air.

At my coming leaped his song
Like a fountain from his throat;
Lightest word of mine he met
With his mellow, gleesome note.

One east day, his door ajar,
Forth he flew o'er hill and glen;
Long he kept the empty cage
But he comes not back again.

Sometimes from the summer fields
Sounds a sweet and distant song—
Notes I feel, with heart of pain,
To my own lost bird belong.

Once a precious love was mine,
And I gave to it my life;
Round it heart and brain and soul
Clung with sweet, persistent strife.

To my dark some night it brought
Summer sunrise, heavenly cheer;
Through my silent days it made
Under-tones of music clear.

But one deathful day a door
Opened by a careless fate—
Let my love fly far away,
And my life waits desolate.

Sometimes far from the outer world
Sounds a sweet and distant song—
Notes I feel, with heart of pain,
To my own lost love belong.

Evelyn H. Moore.

FRED'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

I really think I have the best father in the world. He only required two weeks' teasing to consent to take us to Saratoga, and Sophie Langhals father wouldn't go at all, though she commenced begging and talking about it last Christmas.

I looked on at her game, but did not commence mine until after harvest, and the crops were sold, and I thought pa felt contented at having such a prosperous year, and would like to spend some of the money on pleasure, though he says there's neither pleasure nor comfort anywhere but home. However, the dear man consented, and he, and Frank, and Fred and myself made up the party.

We had a whole month, exclusive of the traveling; two weeks at Saratoga, and two at Niagara. This may seem a short time to those who are always "on the wing," but to an amateur traveler like myself, the four weeks every year, in which we make a little trip, is the great event, and so much enjoyment can be crowded into a short space of time in early youth.

I had never seen Niagara before, though pictures and descriptions had haunted and glorified my imagination for years, yet when it burst upon me in all its grandeur, I was completely overpowered. It was Fred's first visit, too, and as we saw it together, it is a bond of sympathy between us that cannot be broken.

It was late on an August evening that we arrived there, and after a hasty change of traveling attire, and a hurried supper, we left pa and Frank to their cigars on the balcony, while we walked over to Goat Island. It was quite dark when we passed the bridge across the rapids, but we knew the moon would soon be out and sauntered along.

It was delicious—cool and the fragrance of the pine woods and the roar of the waters charmed us. At last we came to the opening, where we got a view of the Tower and soon the Falls.

Fred is always quiet when he is happy, and he leaned over the railway, and looked down into the boiling, foaming abyss, then springing suddenly back, caught me in his arms, and would not relax his hold. I tried to release myself, but he only held me the tighter, and said nothing. Long afterwards he told me he never felt as near to me in his life.

After a while we heard pa's and Frank's voices. They were coming out of the door of the Tower to join us. They had often been there before, but Niagara is a place one may visit year after year and never weary. It grows upon one so much. Indeed I doubt it people realize its full grandeur the first visit. How my father loved this place! It changed his whole nature to put him in such scenes.

Fred was always afraid of him at home, but that night he said, "Really I believe the old gentleman likes me."

Certainly he was genial as we walked back, and spoke with real feeling of the beauty of the night. I began to think he was an agreeable companion. At home we had so many companions and amusements, that we did not feel the necessity of being much together, and all enjoyed ourselves in our own way.

Pa and Frank smoked their cigars and arranged the affairs of the nation together, twice every day; and you would have imagined one was President and the other Secretary of State, and that nothing could go on unless they approved it.

But at Niagara they forgot politics and gave themselves up to the influences there.

How we explored every nook and corner of that charming place, how we went over the entire island once every day, nearly always taking the road to the left after the last bridge and passing around by the "Three Sisters" to the Tower and Horseshoe Fall.

At the Hermit's Cascade Fred and I spent several hours each day, thought not talking, for as I said, he never talked when he was happy, and I had grown into his way of enjoying myself, and was quiet too. One doesn't analyze their thoughts much when they are drinking in Nature; indeed they would hardly be quite clear.

To most of us it is a feeling of mental elevation, or veneration for the Creator, and of a peculiar enjoyment that is not to be put in words. At least, I know Fred and I were happy, perfectly so, and yet we never expressed it to each other.

Outside we had Nature in all her grandeur and glory, but the moment we entered the hotels all was artificial. There were many beautiful women at the one where we stopped, the Cataract House, and dancing every night, and Fred always went in and danced, first with one and then with another of them, yet he never asked me to be his partner though I liked dancing well enough, but Frank saw that I was satisfied, and others of my acquaintance asked me to dance.

I wondered if Fred forgot I danced, but that could not be, for I was in the same quadrille with him several times, and how agreeable he was, making himself to those fashionable belles, and how they smiled at him, and how interested they looked. Of course they admired him, for he was very handsome, and cultivated and clever as could be.

I believe I was just a little bit jealous of them, though I had no right to be, for he did not belong to me. He was only my father's ward, and had lived with us since he left college, as he had no home of his own, and had not made up his mind whether he would live as a quiet country gentleman or take up some profession.

Frank was my father's nephew, also an orphan, and had lived with us all his life. His parents died while he was still an infant, and he became as a son to my father, and a brother to me. Fred did not seem to have much in common with either of them, and I was generally his companion in doors at home, as well as in his almost daily rides, yet he was not my lover nor anything like it.

He used to wish sometimes "that he was married and settled in life; said a man ought to have a definite object in view from the first starting, and if he made a prudent choice could not marry too young."

He was a little past twenty, and would come into possession at twenty-one, and could then do as he liked.

As it soon got out at the Falls that he was a "catch," numerous hates were thrown out; but through the day nothing could allure him from our pleasant excursions. He would pass the most bewitching beauties, simply bowing—and be off with me, or all of us, as the case might be, and never seem to think of them after they were out of sight.

Oh, those delicious days!

We went twice to the whirlpool, which he said pleased him almost as much as the Falls, the beautiful rocks around and the quiet nooks in the shady woods; but it was under the Falls that he was happiest. The others did not care to go, so he said

"Well, Mary, we will go together."

My father called out, "Have a care Fred, that she don't slip."

"Yes," was all he replied—such a quiet, confident "yes!"—and we started for the "Cave of the Winds."

Our guide preceded us, holding me firmly by one hand, and Fred had hold of the other, and though we wore flannel suits, with oil-cloth outside, and shoes made of strong woolen cloth, they did not prevent one feeling how wet and slippery the steps were, leading to the entrance, from the spray continually blowing, like fine rain, over them, and we were soon very wet, notwithstanding our protection.

On first entering, our breath was quite taken away, and the guide had cautioned us to keep our faces to the rock and our mouths open. An iron railway had been run round this wall of rocks, over which rushes the portion of the Falls divided from the main or Horse Shoe Fall, and separates Goat Island from that charming little bit of green known as Luna Island. Under this part of the "Cave of the Winds."

Anything to exceed the awful sublimity of passing through it can hardly be imagined. We were taken round from the other side over masses of rock covered with rich mosses, and stood directly in front, outside the awful mass of waters. We could scarcely look up, the spray was so blinding, and could not hear our own voices for the deafening roar.

Fred never let go my hand during the hour we remained.

Not wishing the impressions I had received there disturbed by gayety, as soon as we had finished tea I bade them all good night and started to my room.

Fred said, "You are leaving us very early," and Frank asked:

"Won't you dance with me to-night?"

I said "not to-night," and left.

As I crossed the hall the moon was just rising over the rapids, so I got a shawl and went to the balcony overhanging them, which was deserted, every one being in the ball-room.

What a night it was!

At the farthest end of the balcony was a figure seated, but I could not distinguish if it was a man or woman, it was so buried in shadow.

I sat until near eleven o'clock and then rose to go.

As I did the figure stirred too, and coming toward me, who should it be but Fred.

"Why Mary, I thought you had gone to your room after tea," he said in astonishment.

And I replied, quite amazed, "Why are you not in the ball-room? The young ladies will miss you."

There was just a shade of reproof in his voice as he said.

"I thought you knew better. Imagine me going from the awful sublimity of the Cave of the Winds, to the frivolousness of that room. You could not do it, and yet you expect me to be so dead to Nature's wonderful voice as to dance tonight. The very thought of it is distasteful."

He stood looking out a few moments more on the rapids, and then said "good night."

The next day was to be our last at the Falls. Fortunately we had been to Saratoga first, and Fred said:

"That is not for us, Mary. Niagara is where we may really be happy."

I did not think he had been particularly unhappy when he was whirling round the ball-room at Congress Hall, every night while there. He looked contented enough and was flattered and smiled upon by the fair ones. There as for Niagara, he never asked me to dance.

Our last day was spent together on Goat Island, most of it near the Hermit's Cascade. In the evening there was a grand ball.

Some distinguished people were in the house, and it was given in their honor. Fred asked if I was going, and I fancied seemed rather disappointed when I said "yes."

It could not be that I interfered with his flirtations, for in the ball-room we were as much strangers as if we had never seen each other.

I knew my father would be displeased if I was not ready to enter with Frank and himself, and, disagreeable as it was to me, I put on my most becoming gown and danced several times. After that I left to arrange my box, so as not be hurried in the morning. Fred was still dancing, and did not notice my departure.

It did not take long to pack, and it was too lovely a night to sleep just yet, so putting on a dark dress, I went out on the balcony to take my last look at the rapids, those beautiful, beautiful rapids.

There was Fred wrapped in his cloak, leaning his head on his hands, and entirely absorbed in his own thoughts, for he did not see me.

Something tempted me to go up and put my hands over his eyes, as children sometimes do, to see if he could guess who it was.

He merely raised his hand and took mine saying, "I knew you would come. I felt you were near me."

He did not let go, but drawing a chair close to him, seated me in it, and said:

"I missed you the moment you left the room, and came out here to wait for you. I suppose you think it strange, Mary, I never ask you to dance and rather avoid you in crowds? Indeed it always annoys me to see you there. I know you do not like to be, and you are too much my friend, and my friendship for you is too pure to fritter it away in ball room chit-chat. I cannot ask you to dance with me, any doll may do that, but I don't want you to misunderstand the reason. In every way that a woman can be the companion of a man's heart and soul, you are mine, and the woman I love, and shall continue to love as long as I live."

He did not ask me to return it, and said nothing more, but still held my hand, and gazed out on the rapids.

The clock struck twelve, and we both rose at the same moment. He leaned over and kissed me on the forehead, but not a word.

Now we are here, and the beautiful Indian Summer is here.

Every day we have been on long rides together (pa does not approve of young ladies and gentlemen driving), and every day we have talked of Niagara and how happy we were there, but no reference to our last evening on the balcony until today.

It is Fred's birthday. He is twenty-one. I was early down stairs this morning to put my birthday gift on his plate before he came in. But he was before me, standing in the library, with the door open looking over the paper.

He saw I had something in my hand and called out——

"I've caught you, Mary. I suppose that's a birthday present for me. Come here."

I went in, and he closed the door and said:

"I don't know what your present is, but whatever it may be, I shall prize it as coming from you, but I think when a man has reached his majority he ought to be allowed to choose, and you might have asked me what I would like."

I supposed I blushed, for I did not know if he was in earnest and displeased, or not, but I stammered, "You're sure to like it.

"I shall not accept it, unless with it, you give me the hand that holds it."

I looked at him and held out the box.

He took my hand and asked:

"Do you give me this? Do you trust me to keep my own promise to love you, and you only, until death shall separate us?"

I had always been so entirely myself with Fred, and now was uncomfortable, annoyed and bashful.

He went on.

"Mary, are you afraid I cannot make you happy, or don't you love me enough to be my wife?"

I rushed out into the air and walked rapidly up and down the garden once or twice. He did not come to the window, and when I returned he was still standing where I left him, reading the paper.

The box was on the table unopened. I was more calm, and said with forced indifference:

"You've not opened your box, Fred!"

"If you want me to open it, you must accompany it with a gift of still greater value—your hand and heart. Then, and not till then, will I open the box."

He laid down the paper as he spoke, and came toward me. I was gradually going backward to the door, but he held me, and in a questioning tone said:

"Don't you love me, Mary?"

"Open the box."

"Give me what I ask and I will."

I gave my hand

"Is it mine forever?" he asked, clasping it earnestly.

"Yes."

Opening the box, he found a locket I had prepared for him, with my likeness on one side and a lock of my hair on the other. I had written on the outside:

"For my friend, Fred, on his twenty-first birthday."

"I hope you won't give all your friends the same birthday present," he said, admiring it; "for if I hear of any other having one, I shall be really jealous. You are not allowed to have but one friend, and that is me."

When my father and Frank came down, he received their heartly congratulations on attaining man's estate, and then said:

"I must now show you my wife, for the first thing I shall do, will be to marry."

"Marry," they both exclaimed, "surely you're not engaged?"

"I am gentlemen, and this lady will be my wife," handing them the locket, and adding, "I hope it meets your approval?"

Their astonishment was not feigned.

"Sly young foxes," my father said. "So this comes of Niagara, and your long rides, but as you have lived harmoniously under the same roof for three years, I suppose you can continue to do so."

"We are disposed to try," Fred replied, looking at me, and asking my father if he would give me to him as a birthday gift.

I am now convinced he is the best father in the world. With a little teasing he took me to Niagara, and without any he has given me to Fred.

LANDMARKS DISAPPEARING. — The old landmarks of New York city are gradually disappearing. Among the few relics of the city's early history, the old North Dutch Church, at the corner of Fulton, William and Ann streets, has long been an object of interest and almost of veneration. More than a hundred years ago it was built; public services were first held in it in May, 1769. During the Revolutionary war, while the city was in the hands of the British, the North Church was used as a hospital, and also for storage. The interior of the building was much damaged, the pews and pulpit having been torn away. It is said that the pulpit was carried over to England in a British ship, and was finally placed in an English country church. The two cannons which stand within the church inclosure, on William street, were fired when the British fleet attacked the city. A curious bit of history pertains to one of them. During the bombardment of New York a red-hot ball was thrown into a neighboring street, where was a blacksmith's shop. The smith—so the story goes—seized the ball with a tongs, and with a sledge-hammer welded it into the mouth of the cannon, where it still remains. The "Fulton Street prayer-meetings," which originated in this building, have awakened the interest of the religious community all over the country. And now the prospective tearing down of this old church, even though the money invested in it and the land upon which it stands may be more usefully appropriated, will cause many regrets among those who cherish memories of old times.

RIOT.—A desperate riot has just occurred among the miners in Rothschild's mines at Wittkowitz, in Moravia. Enraged at the non-payment of their wages they attacked the superintendent's office, burst open the safe and appropriated its contents, and then demolished the building. The military quelled the riot by killing four, wounding fifty, and arresting a hundred of the rioters.

Nobody's Darling.

Little and pallid, and poor and shy,
With a downcast look in her soft gray eye;
No scornful toss of a queenly head,
But a drooping bend of the neck instead;
No ringing laugh, and no dancing feet,
No subtle wiles, and abandon sweet,
Jewels costly, no garments fine—
She is Nobody's Darling—but mine!

No "Dolly Varden" coquettish airs;
No high-heeled boots to throw her down stairs;
No yachting jacket and nautical style,
With a sailor's hat that she calls her "tile,"
But "Lady" is stamped on her quiet brow;
And she crept in my heart I can't tell how;
Not made to dazzle—not born to shine—
Nobody's—Nobody's Darling—but mine!

No saucy, ravishing, girlish grace,
But a settled calm on the sweet pale face;
No sparkling chatter and repartee;
Very silent and still is she.
White and still is my pearl of pearls,
Yet to me she seemeth the queen of girls;
Why I love her I can't define,
For she's nobody's—Nobody's Darling—but mine!

Were riches hers, or a beauty rare,
She would lose her charm and become less fair:
Were rings to shine on those fingers small,
They could not add to their grace at all:
She would learn to smile and speak by rule,
In the foolish book of Dame Fashion's school;
And the world to spoil her would soon combine;
Now she's Nobody's Darling—but mine!

The day has come when the cooing dove
Croons to his mate a song of love,
When nature stirs, and the copses ring,
In all the joyance of dawning Spring.
The day has come when I dare to speak,
To watch the blush on the once pale cheek.
To whisper low on Saint Valentine,
"Darling! Nobody's Darling but mine!"

THE DEACON'S WIFE.

Deacon Flint had decided to move; had decided to move to C; had decided to commence moving at precisely five o'clock Monday morning, July 18; and so on that identical Monday morning you might, had you been an early riser, have seen the Deacon, divested of his coat and his Sunday dignity, shaking the best room carpet in the back-yard.

There is no need of saying what he did next, or what Mrs. Flint was doing then.

They went through the tearing up process very much as other people do; and not being endowed with an overabundance of this world's goods, the last load of furniture, consisting of the Deacon's wife and baby, the twins and the best room looking-glass, was on its way to the depot at five o'clock P. M.

"Blessed be nothing!" said the tired little woman, as the Deacon helped her out of the wagon.

"If we had been Squire Ransom's folks, Samuel, we wouldn't have been more than a quarter through now, would we? My! how my poor bones would have ached, though, this time to-morrow night. I'm glad the Lord know's what's best for me," she added, taking the baby from the Deacon, and looking around for the twins.

It was but a few hours ride to C. and just in the coolest dusk of the July twilight, they walked up the street to their new home, very tired and thankful, thankful they were not "Squire Ransom's folks," but just themselves, if they did have to work late that night putting up the kitchen stove and unpacking dishes and bedding.

Tuesday was a day of many troubles. The babies were tired and fretful; daylight revealed a coating of dirt on doors and windows, the depth of which they knew not before; and the heat was intense.

But the Deacon, possessing untiring energy, and his little wife the sunniest of tempers, they succeeded so well, that by Thursday night, as he came into the kitchen with an armful of wood, where his wife was washing dishes, she commenced singing:—

"The Deacon thinks his work is most done,
But I feel as if mine had just begun!"

"Did you hear that, Samuel?" she said, laughing, and turning around to look at him.

It was prayer-meeting night, and the Deacon went to prayer-meeting for the first time in C., took an active part, and, after meeting, waited to shake hands with the minister and some of the brethren, answer inquiries, and present their letters.

He had the satisfaction of feeling in his way home that he had made a good impression; it pleased him; it would have pleased us; and he told his little wife that night, in his grave way, that he "hoped, coming as he did, into the midst of a strange people, there might never be any occasion of remark against him while he remained among them."

"I'm sure I hope not, Samuel," she said, looking innocently up in his face, and adding, as she nestled her little brown head on his shoulder, "I don't feel very much alarmed about it."

The next day, Friday, the Deacon went back to the old home, having some business settlements to make there.

"Can't tell certain when I shall be back; probably not till Monday noon; guess there's wood enough split to last till then. Goodby," he said, and was gone.

The wee woman went singing back to her half washed dinner dishes, and with one foot on the cradle rocker, she scoured the knives, while she told the story of "Jack and Gill," to the twins.

When the last kettle was washed, the kitchen stove and table brushed and scoured to the usual shade of lack and white, the baby asleep in her little nest of a cradle, "bless her!" she washed the pretty twin faces till they blushed like rose peppers, then settled them in their trundle bed for a nap.

Dear little woman! She did look so as she came out from the bedroom, and stopped to brush a fly from under the mosquito net over the baby, it would have made your back ache to look at her. But the cheery heart in the weary body asserted itself, and she smiled with the thought of all she would do before the Deacon came back.

"I must slick my hair over a little, so if any one should come I wouldn't spoil the Deacon's reputation," she said to herself, going up to the little glass that hung between the kitchen windows.

Just then a gem of a sunbeam flashed in at the window, and seemed to tangle itself all up in the wavy brown hair.

"Oh, how pretty," she said, with a blush and a laugh like a child's. "Guess if somebody'd been at home I'd had a kiss, then!" and off she flew to her work.

How like magic the white curtains went up and the cobwebs came down; how the best room looking glass shone after its polishing, and the old daguerreotype of "Samuel in his best days," never shone through so clean a surface as it did that day. So the time flew, bringing the Deacon's return nearer.

One morning she wakened early, entirely free from a wretched headache she had the day before. "Now for the washing," she said to herself. "I want to have it all done, the kitchen cleaned up and my dress changed before Samuel comes at noon."

Quietly dressing so as not to waken the children, she slipped out into the kitchen, built a fire, and commenced operations. How she did work! every step told of something done, and at half past ten, spite of all her hindrances from baby, who was cross, she was hanging out the clothes so snowy white they dazzled her eyes as the sun shone on them. One end of the clothes line ran nearly out to the front fence through the side yard, and the whitest, nicest clothes were hung there, of course.

"How many people are passing," she thought to herself, "and how they all stare at me; guess it must be the clothes though, instead of me," and she tenderly pinned the rear of one of the Deacon's shirts to the line. "Hark! was that the front gate?" Before she had time to turn around, the Deacon's energetic strides had brought him close to her; but what was the matter!

"Martha—Pendleton—Flint!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing? Come straight into the house!"

With a look that defies description, the little body straightened itself up as high as it would go, as she said, "Not till you speak to me different from that and tell me why," her lip quivering.

"Don't you see the people all goin' to meeting, and you a hangin' out shirts? It's Sunday morning!"

Such a laugh as rang out then on the Sunday air I'm sure the good people of C., never heard before. "Oh, Samuel," she said, holding her sides, "it's so funny! no wonder the folks stared at me and my clothes. "Oh, ho, ho!" and she sank down on the grass in a convulsion of laughter.

The poor Deacon was scandalized. "Martha!" he said in such a sadly anxious tone she only laughed the more, and it was not till she looked up in his face that she realized how he was touched; then she stood up soberly and walked into the house with him.

The door closed behind them. She went up to him with a little caress, and said, "Samuel, kiss and forgive me, and I'll go to work and ravel it all out. I truly will" and she laughed again with the thought of what she had been guilty of, till the Deacon kissed her and laughed too, in spite of himself. Then he walked to the window and looked out.

"You're not going to let them clothes hang out there all day, are you, Martha Flint?"

"Of course I am; you don't suppose, now I've got them out, God's going to grudge me the sunshine to dry them with, because it's Sunday, do you? Why, it would be wicked to bring them in before sundown. But see here, Mr. Deacon, it's about time I called you to account, I think. How came you to be a traveling to-day? Guess there's a little Sunday-breaking on both sides, isn't there?"

The Deacon turned slowly around, and sat down. Then perching herself on his knee, she took his honest brown face in her hands, and said. "Be a good coy, now, and tell me all the truth; remember George Washington, dear."

The Deacon smiled, just a trace of trouble in his smile, and taking the hands that held him captive, in his own, said; "Well, little woman, I had everything finished up last night, ready to start for home on the five o'clock train. Somehow I must have been uncommon tired, or else it was the heat, leastways, I dropped to sleep in the depot and missed the train. Then I thought I'd take the nine o'clock train, and get home at midnight, so's you wouldn't be so lonesome Sunday, but we broke down, and just got here half hour ago. Then to think, after walking through town, from the cars, and folks a lookin' at me on their way to church?"

"To think, Samuel," she broke in, "after that dreadful trial, you should walk into your front gate and find your wife hanging out clothes in your front yard, and you a deacon of good standing in the church! dear! What do you suppose the Lord will do to me for thinking this was washday? I don't think," she added, "he'll be very hard on me, because yesterday was my Sunday, though I had such a sick headache it seems I didn't know much about the day. I'll tell you what, Samuel, I'll stay at home with the babies to-night and you can go to meeting, and then piece out your Sunday to-morrow; won't that do?"

But the deacon couldn't get over it—his heart was heavy; and while his wife was busy in the kitchen he put on his hat, and with his hands clasped reverently behind him (his Sunday walk) slowly and solemnly he walked out to the clothes line.

Most of the clothes were dry, for the sun was very hot, and one by one he dropped the snowy things into the basket, unconsciously humming to himself, "Have pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive."

Mrs. Flint was washing dishes, and nearly dropped her best glass dish, when the Deacon walked in with the clean clothes. "I couldn't stand it, Martha," he said, in explanation.

"Guess I must sprinkle and iron them to-day, Samuel, would you?" she said archly.

The Deacon merely ejaculated a disapproving, "My dear!" and went into the other room to read his Sunday paper.

By and by the people began to come from church. What a sudden surprising interest they seemed to have taken in his homestead premises; they gazed and stared, and looked back and gazed again. But the Deacon was a humble man, it didn't flatter him; he read his paper and sighed, opened his Bible to read and sighed again and then "fell to thinking."

A little while after two arms stole softly around his neck, and a dear voice said, "Forget all about it, dear, and I'll—" a knock at the door interrupted, and she went to open it.

She had brushed her brown wavy hair, and dressed in a cool white muslin dress, with far between dottings of pink, and looked not a bit like the guilty little washwoman she was. She opened the door, and Deacon Frost and Elder Cummins introduced themselves, and walked in with stately bows. Deacon Flint rose from his open Bible, and more introductions followed, whereupon Elder Cummins cleared his little throat and in a piping voice said:

"You must excuse, Deacon Flint, our coming on such a day, but we thought it best that some explanations should be made, before our people again gather for evening service!"

"Oh, I know what you mean, I guess, Elder Cummins, you want to know why I kept yesterday for Sunday, instead of to-day, don't you? Well the fact was, the Deacon was away, and I made a miscount in the days somehow, I was so busy settling, and so yesterday was my Sunday, though I was in bed all day with a sick headache, and so didn't find out my mistake at all. Then, wasn't it funny? I got up at five this morning and went to washing, thinking it was Monday, and I'd got all through before the Deacon came home; I declare I've laughed so about it I fairly ache," and the little feminine offender laughed again, and so contagiously that the three laughed with her.

"I've been so good, though, Elder, the rest of the day, I'm sure the Lord has forgiven me for it," and she smiled so sweetly they both were completely won. When they rose to go, Deacon Frost said to Deacon Flint, "It is our missionary meeting to-night, brother, and a little explanation from you there will set the matter right, I guess."

Up spoke the feminine voice again:—"Oh, yes, Deacon Frost, Samuel was intending to explain to-night; I only wish I could be there, but I can't leave the babies."

"If you have no objections, Mrs. Flint," replied the Deacon, "my Susie will come and stay with them, and let you go; she would be delighted."

"Oh, thank you! that would be so nice; you are very kind!" and she bowed them out of the door.

"Ain't you glad you married me, Samuel, instead of Abigail Howe?" said the small woman, smiling up at him. No matter what the Deacon said and did.

As she was setting the tea table that night she broke out into another merry laugh.

"What's the matter now, dear?" said the Deacon.

"Oh, Samuel, I was thinking how you must have looked, coming up the street with your Sunday walk, your hands clasped solemnly behind you, till you got to the gate and saw me hanging up your shirt in the front yard, then how suddenly you broke into your week day stride!" He, ha! and they both laughed together till the tears came.

Supper over, dishes washed, baby asleep, and Susie telling stories to the twins, the Deacon and his wife started for church.

"Don't be too humble, Samuel," she whispered at the door, "work in a little spice if you can, and I'll step on your corns when it's time to stop."

The meeting was opened as usual: then Brother Dean was called upon for a report from India.

A little wiry, black eyed man rose and said, "Brethren, it's not much use reporting from heathen countries, when right in our midst Deacons travel on Sunday, and Deacon's wives wash and hang out their clothes before our very eyes as we walk to the house of God! I call for an explanation."

Deacon Flint tried to rise, but somebody pulled him down, and the next minute the whole congregation was electrified by the sound of a sweet womanly voice, saying:—

"Now, O Lord, establish Thy word unto Thy servant, so shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me, for I trust in Thy word." Then turning to him she said:—"My brother, you shall have an explanation," and in a simple, almost child-like way she told the story of her mistake, and the deacon's delay, then ended:—"My brother, judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come. For we shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and every one shall give an account of himself to God; let us not, therefore, judge one another any more. Your sleep, my brother, will be sweet to night if your heart is at peace with God, as mine is, for I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

The next morning the Rev. Henry Brown and his wife called very unceremoniously on the new Deacon. "We knew it wouldn't be washing day here," laughed Mrs. Brown, "so we came early, I could hardly wait to get here and talk over the funny affair. Henry said after you sat down last night, he felt like inviting you up into the pulpit."

"Why, bless me!" said the astonished little body, blushing like a girl, "I felt so ashamed of myself after I got through, I wanted to hide my head under the deacon's coat! 'twas the first time I ever spoke in meeting in my life."

"I hope it won't be the last, Mrs. Flint, if you always speak as much to the purpose as you did last night," said the minister, coming forward.

"Yes," broke in his wife, "Henry said he'd always advocate women's speaking in meeting after this."

"It was capital!" said Mr. Brown, recrossing the room to where the deacon stood. "Just what Job Dean has needed for a long time—a good reproof—but no one had the courage to give it to him. Your little wife has just done what the whole parish will thank her for."

"Everybody I've seen since is just enraptured with you," said his wife to the laughing heroine, who had been rehearsing all the funny passages to her. You have made yourself famous: look out for plenty of calls this week!"

"Oh, well," she said, tossing the baby, "the washing is done, and I shall have plenty of time."

Mrs. Brown laughed, and said, "I think I shall send you word next Saturday night, that the next day will be Sunday, and you had better not wash till Monday."

"Mrs. Flint," said the minister, "I think you fully competent to manage your own affairs, without any of my wife's interference," and so, laughing merrily, they departed.

"Samuel," said his bonnie wife, as she closed the door, "don't you think I've introduced you pretty well? Will you ever call me Martha—Pendleton—Flint again when I am hanging up your shirt in the front yard?"

Some body was chased out in the kitchen just then and laughed so loud it wakened the baby.

Take Your Home Paper.

The following is taken from the editorial columns of the *Lady's Book*: "What tells us so readily the standard of a town or city as the appearance of its paper? And its youth or its age can as well be determined by the observing as by a personal notice. The enterprise of its citizens is depicted by its advertisements, their liberality by the looks of the paper. Some papers show a good, solid, healthy foundation, plethoric purses, and a well-to-do appearance generally; others show a striving to contend with the grasping thousands around them, trying hard to wrench out an existence from the close-fisted community around them. An occasional notice display in its columns of telegraph, or local or of editorials, show what it can do if it had the means, but it cannot continue in the expensive work until support comes, which ought to be readily granted. A newspaper is like a church; it wants fostering in the commencement, and for a few years; then, as a general thing, it can walk along, and reflect credit upon its location. Take your home paper; it gives you more news of immediate interest than New York or other papers; it talks for you when other localities belie you; it stands up for your rights; you always have a champion in your home paper, and those who stand up for you should certainly be well sustained. Your interests are kindred and equal, and you must rise or fall together. Therefore, it is your interest to support your home paper; not grudgingly, but in a liberal spirit; as a pleasure, not as a disagreeable duty, but as an investment that will amply pay the expenditure."

THE DETROIT RIVER TUNNEL.—The enterprise will consist of two main tunnels fifty feet apart, and about two miles in length, with roofs about eighty feet below the surface of the river. Between and below the level of these lies the sub-tunnel, three-fourths of a mile in length, for drainage purposes. The latter is all that thus far has been attempted, work on the American end of it having been begun some three months since. The inauguration of the building was the sinking of a shaft on either side to the depth below the level of the sub-tunnel. In these are to be located wells for the reception of the water from sub-tunnel, and from them the drainage thus accumulated will be pumped back into the river. It is also probable that these shafts will be utilized for the use of foot passengers, by the placing of spiral stairways within them. All that has yet been done has been accomplished by boring, a method which, to a certain degree, will be dispensed with in the construction of the main tunnels. On the Canada side, where the work has just begun, a depth of 120 feet—to solid rock bed—has been reached. By a nice engineering calculation, the bodies of workmen from each end will meet in exact harmony. The main tunnels will have to describe curves in reaching the two points of egress, because of the character of the river bed, which consists of solid rock, overlaid with clay. The gentlemen in charge of the work say that three years will see the "job done."

How to Speak to Children.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language quite objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. What is it that lulls the infant to repose? It is an array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one, in letters, syllables and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if but read in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence, is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner, and boisterous in speech? I know no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the presence of duty we are liable to utter ourselves harshly to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.

A Joke, and What Came of It.

Charles Farren, a youth employed in one of the manufacturing establishments of Lafayette, Ind., went home at a late hour one night lately, and thinking to give his landlady a sensation, marked his face in spots with red keel. He had walked into the sitting room and taken a seat by the fire before the spots were noticed. The landlady, all absorbed, looked up from her work in a moment, and noticing the spots on his face, asked in evident alarm, "Why, Charlie, what on earth is the matter with your face?" "Don't know," replied Charlie, "but guess it's only the varioloid." Then was a scene better imagined than described. The landlady was at first paralyzed with horror, but recovering in a moment, she rushed to the door, opened it quickly—"Get out of this mighty quick," said she. "Get out!" she screamed at the top of her voice, and, deaf to all expostulation from poor Charlie, she hustled him out without his overcoat. In a moment she opened the door and kicked his overcoat and cap out, as though afraid to touch his clothing with her hands. Charlie stood out in the cold, bewildered with the unexpected turn affairs had taken, when he heard a window raised, and a gentle voice called him by name. "Here, Charlie, here is your trunk!" There was a plunge in the snow, and sure enough, there was Charlie's new trunk, with all his store clothes and personal effects. The practical joker sought the first sheltering roof at hand, but took the precaution to wash his face in the snow.

HOW A DUNCE BECAME A STATESMAN.—The following story is told of the late Dr. Salem Towne and Wm. L. Marcy: In his youth he (Dr. Towne) was a teacher of youth. One day, seventy odd years ago, a boy was brought to him, of whom the account given was that he was an incorrigible dunce, that none of his masters had been able to make anything of him; and he was brought to Mr. Towne as a last experiment, before apprenticing him to a mechanical trade. The next morning Mr. Towne proceeded to examine him, preparatory to entering upon his instruction. At the first mistake he dodged on one side, with every sign of terror. "Why do you do that?" asked the master. "Because I was afraid you were going to strike me." "Why should you think so?" "Because I have always been struck whenever I made a mistake." "You need never fear being struck by me," said Mr. Towne. "That is not my way of treating boys who do as well as they can." The lad very soon improved rapidly under this new treatment, so that he gave the report at first; but was convinced, and complied with the good master's suggestion. The result was that William L. Marcy became an eminent lawyer, one of the supreme judges of New York State, governor, United States senator, and Secretary of War and of State.

HOW HE TALKED.—Mr. Webb, banker, of Wabashaw, Minn., having failed in business, publishes a curious card. His creditors, being naturally inflamed against him, have threatened to put him to death. "You had better not," says Mr. Webb, "for the more help I can give the assignee, the bigger will be your dividends." He then adds, with a touch of pathos quite uncommon in commercial documents: "Just at present, perhaps, I ought not to object, and it would no doubt relieve me of what now looks likely to be a life long burden." Of course no angry deposition will think of killing this bankrupt banker to oblige him. He will rather bid him live and be miserable.

FOOLING LO.—Lo! the poor Indian is sometimes made the victim of wicked jokes upon the Western border. A shiftless specimen of the gentle savage in Winona, Minn., asked a way to write him a certificate of character, with which he might set up in the business of begging. Instead of the