IST OF GRAND JURORS for a

Court of Quarter Sessions to be held at Huntingdon and for the county of Huntingdon, the second Monday and 11th day of April, A. D. 1859:

Joseph Cunningham, farmer, Cass.

James Chamberlain, inn keeper, Warriorsmark.

Wm. Daughenbaugh, shoemaker, Brady.

George Eby, farmer, Shirley.

James W. Galbraith, farmer, Shirley.

Samuel Gregory, farmer, West.

David Hicks, Esq., blacksmith, Cromwell.

Wm. S. Hildebrand, carpenter, Huntingdon.

Elisha B. Hissong, potter, Cassville. Wm. S. Hildebrand, carpenter, Huntingdon. Elisha B. Hissong, potter, Cassville. Adam Keith, farmer, Tod. George Lamp, farmer, Porter. John Munnick, farmer, Dublin. William Miller, farmer, Henderson. Rudolph Neff, farmer, West. George Rudy, farmer, Jackson. Martin Shank, farmer, Warriorsmerk. Washington Stewart, farmer, Franklin. Jacob Sharp, mechanic, Brady. Thomas Strickler, plasterer, Huntingdon. George Walker, carpenter, Alexandria. Adam Warfel, blacksmith, Brady. John Whittaker, sr., gentleman, Huntingdon. Daniel P. Knode, farmer, Porter. John Armon, farmer, Barree.

John Armon, farmer, Batree.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

John Baker, Esq., mason, Shirley.
Peter M. Bare, clerk, Union.
Charles Bowersox, Shirley.
Israel Baker, farmer, Tod.
David Barrick, farmer, West.
Hiram Brown, farmer, Springfield.
James Condorn, laborer, Brady
Thomas Covenhoven, farmer, Barree.
Isaac Curfman, farmer, Tod.
John Carver, farmer, Barree.
Henry Cornpropst, Huntingdon.
Isaac Donaldson, laborer, Hopewell.
James Duff, mason, Jackson.
James Entrekin, farmer, Hopewell.
Alexander Ewing, teacher, Franklin.
Perry O. Etchison, shoemaker, Cromwell.
A. W. Evans, merchant, Cass.
Benjamin Fink, farmer, Cass.
Samuel Friedley, farmer, Henderson.
Jacob S. Gehrott, potter, Cassville.
Caleb Greenland, farmer, Cass.
John Gayton, farmer, Union.
William Glass, carpenter, Jackson.
Jacob Hight, farmer, Brady.
Moses Hamer, farmer, Walker.
Robert Henderson, farmer, Warriorsmark.
William Huey, farmer, Publin.
John Hagey, farmer, Tell.
John S. Henderson, laborer, Shirley.
Daniel Isenberg, farmer, Shirley.
Daniel Isenberg, farmer, Shirley.
James McCartney, farmer, Shirley.
James McCartney, farmer, Henderson.
Charles G. McLaughlin, blacksmith, Shirley.
Robert Morrow, farmer, Dublin.
William Miller, farmer, West.
Henry Myers, blacksmith, Shirleysburg, Richard Newman, manufacturer, Franklin.
David Parsons, farmer, Tell.
Thomas F. Stewart, farmer, West.
John Shaffer, farmer, Morris.
David R. Stonebraker, farmer, Jackson.
John Shaver, Esq., farmer, Brirley.
Georgo B. Weaver, farmer, Brirley.
Georgo B. Weaver, farmer, Brady.
John Weight, farmer, Franklin.
Caleb Wakefield, farmer, Brady.
John Weight, farmer, Franklin.
Caleb Wakefield, farmer, Brady.
John Weight, farmer, Cappenter, Clay. TRAVERSE JURORS-FIRST WEEK. William P. Taylor, Carpenter, Clay.

Jacob Barnet, farmer, Cass.
Daniel Beck, blacksmith, Morris.
J. S. Berkstresser, merchant, Carbon.
William Couch, farmer. Barree.
Valentine Crouse. innkeeper, Brady.
Nicholas Cresswell, gontleman. Alexandris.
Henry S. Dell, farmer, Cromwell.
John Duff, farmer, Jackson.
Levi Evans, Esq., J. P., Carbon.
E. S. Everhart, boss, Huntingdon.
Abraham Fultz. carpenter, Brady.
Isaac Gorsuch, blacksmith. Cromwell.
Robert Green, farmer, Oneida. Isaac Gorsuch, blacksmith, Cromwell.
Robert Green, farmer, Oneida.
James Gwin, gentleman, Huntingdon.
David Grove, merchant, Huntingdon.
John Hust, farmer, Barree.
Richard D. Heck, farmer, Cromwell.
David Householder, laborer, Walker.
Solomon Isenberg, blacksmith, Morris.
John Ingram, farmer, Franklin.
Henry Jamison, grocer. Brady.
John Knode, farmer, Henderson.
John Kiney, farmer, Franklin.
John Love, farmer, Barree.
A. J. McCoy, miller, Franklin.
Isaac Martin, farmer, Porter,
John Montgomery, mechanic, Brady. Isaac Martin, farmer, Porter,
John Montgomery, mechanic, Brady.
John Morrow, farmer, Dublin.
James Magee, farmer, Dublin.
Wm. Oaks, farmer, Barree.
Thomas E. Orbison, merchant, Cromwell.
John Shoop, Jr., farmer, Union.
Valentine Smittle, farmer, Tell.
Lovi Smith, farmer, Union.
George Wakefield, farmer, Shirley.
Milton Woodcock, grocer, Carbon.
urch 23, 1859.

TRAVERSE JUROUS-SECOND WEEK.

TRIAL LIST FOR APRIL TERM FIRST WEEK. 1859.

Andrew Patrick, Jr. Andrew Patrick, Jr.
John Savage,
William Curry
Jacob Crisswell
Leonard Weaver
John Garner
Clement's heirs
James Wall
Glasgow & Bair
Sami. Caldwell's admr.
John B. Weavers, asse
Peter Etnire Peter Etnire

ST WEEK.

vs. Eby, Cunningham & Herr.
vs. Smith & Davis.
vs. Jona. McWilliams.
vs. R. Hare Powell.
vs. H. & B. T. R. R. & C. Co.
vs. John Savage.
vs. Jon. McCauless, et. al.
vs. Lateb Brown.
vs. B. X. Rlair & Co.
vs. Jacob Russle,
vs. Jno. Shope.
OND WEEK. SECOND WEEK. ond Week.

vs. A. P. Wilson.

vs. John Savage.

vs. James Entriken.

vs. G. W. Speer.

vs. H. & B. T. R. R. & C. Co.

rs. Wm. McNite.

vs. James Entriken.

vs. Wm. Hays.

vs. Cristain Price.

vs. Isaac Sharrer.

vs. Frederick Schneider.

vs. Nicholas Schank. Boker, Bro. & Co. Jno. P. Brock Jacob Russlo Margaret Hamilton Valentine Crouse Fleming Holliday Eph. Ross David Foster Eph. Ross
David Foster
Kirkpatrick & Son
Jos. Kinsel's admr.
Bell, Garrettson & Co.
David Rupert
Jas. Sarton for uso
Wm. Weaver
D. Houtz, Assignee
Samuel Doran
Tams, Jones & Co. Nicholas Schank. Entriken & Drhero. vs. Jno. Y. Hay.
vs. James Pattison.
vs. Jas. Entriken, Garnishee Jno. Dougherty. vs. Wm. McMullin.

Huntingdon, March 23, 1859. DUSINESS MEN, TAKE NOTICE If you want your card neatly printed upon envel LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

TARIES FOR 1859, For sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE

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A superior article of writing Inks for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

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Generally in use in the Schools of the County, not or hand, will be furnished to order, on application at LEWIS' BOOK ANDSTATIONERY STORE.

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WILLIAM LEWIS,

--- PERSEVERE.---

Editor and Proprietor.

HUNTINGDON, PA., APRIL 6, 1859. VOL. XIV.

NO. 41.

Select Poetry.

SPRING.

While beauty clothes the vertile vale, And blossoms on the spray, And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the vernal day! Hark! how the feathered warblers sing, 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice.

How kind the influence of the skies, While show'rs, with blessing fraught, Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise, And fix the roving thought: O, let my wond'ring heart confess, With gratitude and love, The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless Each smiling field and grove.

That Hand in this hard heart of mine Can bid each virtue live; While gentle showers of grace divine, Life, beauty, fragrance give; Oh, God of nature, God of grace, Thy heavenly gifts impart; And bid sweet meditation trace Spring blooming in my heart.

A Select Story.

HESTER GRAHAME; ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

"Every face is either a history or a prophecy." I think that of my friend Hester Gra-hame, both; for I studied it many years since, and each year proves the truth of my

reading. Hester was born in a little wooden colored house half way up Red Mountain, in a town and county known to all tourists. The father and mother of this child did not possess, to any considerable degree, that thrift and en-ergy which characterizes most Yankee farmers; for they were always in trouble. No-body's cattle had such a genius for running away; no other fences fascinated the winds to such an extent as did theirs; and it was certain that they were always a little too late for any good fortune that befell their neighbors. They had been blessed with many children, but as Mrs. Grahame, said, "Nobody was ever so unlucky with their children as Job and her." So, when little Hester was born, they were but three boys left. If you were ever in a house where the article most needed could never be found; where the person most depended upon was never ready; where the neighbors knew much better than the parents where the next meal was coming from, you can form some idea of the influences that surrounded the childhood and girlhood of one which I am endeavoring to

Schools and churches were not so common then as now: and by the time Hester could hill and the one upon whose top the schoolhouse was perched, the poor inefficient mother had fallen into a decline, and before the child could spell the word death, the mother knew to the fullest extent its wondrous meaning. Of course there was no more school for Hester. She must see to the house—must take care of father and brothers; and her natural quickness and energy coming to her aid, in the course of a few months, she did far better than her mother had ever done. So all her daily work was done well; but when she looked down upon the lake bathed in the glory of sunset; when she watched the grand old mountains as they threw off their robe of mist and stood alone against the sky, there came longings to that child's heart for another, a broader life-one that should be so beautiful as that smooth lake-as great and self-reliant as those moveless mountains.

They were not altogether vague yearnings, either; for as the years gave her strength and judgment she saw that she must contrive some way to know more and so do more than she could now; and the how to do it was soon decided.

One day after the house-work was done, she went out and picked up a basketful of the large raspberries that clung to the side of the mountain. This time she did not make them into pies, but walked to the nearest village and tried to sell them. I do not know about faint heart never winning fair lady, but sure I am that faint heart never succeeded in selling berries; and poor little Hester was almost discouraged as she knocked at the door of a substantial-looking house, and asked the old gentleman who opened it, the oft-repeated question. She thought he was pleasant-looking, and while he went to ask his wife, peeped timidly into the large entry, and then into the room beyond-almost screaming with delight as she saw long, deep shelves lined with books. By-andby the cld gentlemen and his wife came back, and when the latter had examined the berries after the manner of steady house-keepers, concluded to take them. "But the price.— What would the little girl ask?" No one knew less about the price than the little girl, they might give her what they liked.

This amused the good old man; and he soon found out that the child wanted the money to buy a book with; and after a few more questions, he told her that he was Mr. Center, the minister, and that he would pay her for the berries and give her a book besides. Never child climed Red Mountain with a lighter heart than did Hester that afternoon; the stern heights above her seeming to smile their congratulations as she held up the long coveted treasure. But it must not be opened until the supper was readyuntil the milk-things were washed. Then down upon the broad, flat stone that served for the door-step, she spelled out the title of Mr. Center's present.

It was that old book, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and not until the long summer twi-light was ended did she lift her eyes from its pages. It was hard work for her to read, she | had paraded their daughters before him, and had to spell many words, but still she gathered somewhat of the meaning, and before Saturday night, she closed the covers with a

read."

After service he came and spoke to her; and upon the next day his well-fed nag rambled to the foot of the mountain, where Mr. Center dismounted, and left the beast to his own pleasure, while he climbed the rugged pathway you thought so picturesque last

summer. The child Hester had finished washing; so she sat down with him and fold him some of her dreams and plans-he listening kindly, and promising to befriend her. Of course, Hester's father did not object. Alas! Job Grahame's character is told only too clearly, when I say he was never known to object to anything except a deficient supply of cider and tobacco. So this arrangement was made, Mr. Center would lend her books, and if she found anything very difficult in them, he would explain. He proved as good—in fact, much better than his word, for, besides the faithful teacher, he became the warm, earnest friend, and many times said, proudly, as between that first meeting and his call upon he marked his pupil's progress, or watched her expressive face, "Hester will make her way in the world!"

And from that hour Hester's true life began; from that hour, whatever drudgery, (and there was much,) whatever of care and anguish, (and she had many a bitter hour,) swer; whereupon Mr. Brownlow thought he anguish, (and she had many a bitter hour,) came to her, she had this one consolationshe could leave it—lose it in her books. Mr. Center (blessed be his memory!) kept a firm, steady hand with her. Dearly as she loved reading, the Grammar and Arithmetic must be learned first; passionately as the child's heart asked for poetry, it was given but sparingly-oftener some earnest, strong prose that made the girl look down deep into herself, and grow strong, because she had to be so strong in order to understand it all.

No book-worm was she either. If the 'Midsummer Night's Dream" made her a little discontented with home care and roughness, then from the very same volume would be found a passage elevating any life, how ever humble, so it was well lived.

Being a poet, being famous, Mr. Center told the eager, ambitious child, was of little value, so that one was a Christian, and did their work well; not stopping to murmer because it was not their liking. So the years went by, and it was well that he did so, for before she was a woman life grew to be a hard thing for her.

A village had grown up at the foot of the mountain, just on the shore of the lake, and its public house pussessed great attractions for Job Grahame and his eldest son. He was walk the four miles that lay between her own | night after night the two would return from a drunken carouse, and only arise the next morning to betake themselves to the scene of their last night's degradation.

That is not a pleasant time to remember; it makes the tears come to Hester's eyes now when she recalls how earnestly she used to pray for one quiet hour, when with Milton or Shakspeare, she could dream by herself. But I am so glad to say she did not neglect what the selfishness of others threw upon her. She planned, she asked advice, and in the autumn the barn held nearly as much as when old Grahame mismanaged the farm .--And there were still leisure minutes, and every one was improved, so that once a fortnight she trudged down the mountain to her teacher. Once, as she was reciting a lesson, she chanced to look up, and saw, sitting at the other end of the room, a man whom she did not know, and whom her teacher carelessly presented as "My nephew, Mr. Brownand then asked the next question.

When the lesson was finished Paul opened the door for Hester, as he would have done for any woman, she thanking him by a little bend of her head; and before she had walked a mile she had forgotten his existence in the fascinating pages of "Marmion." A deep sigh, as she reached her own door, told that she thought there was a long distance between the book and milking cows; but the smile never left her face as she did all her work that night, for she was young, and youth makes not much of stepping over the line which separates fact and fancy.

A few days after, as she was picking up some chips in the door-yard, her deep sunbonnet pulled over her face and her thoughts with Lady Clare, a voice at her side startled

her by saying, "Good evening."
She looked up hastily, and saw Mr. Brownlow. The "good evening" was returned; and then the gentleman, taking a book from his pocket, said, "My uncle says you are fond of reading, and as I was coming this way I thought I would bring you something new."
"Oh! I am so glad!" was the eager, joyous

cry, and Hester let fall the chip basket, and taking the book, seemed completely absorbed in its contents. Mr. Brownlow smiled. He did not know what to make of this young girl; but being a

patient man, he seated himself upon a log,

and looked at her. Thirty-five years had passed over Paul Brownlow's head-years in which he had enjoyed more than most men do in his lifetime. Inheriting a large fortune, he had not known a single ungratified want until a few months before, when he had trusted his property in a speculation that failed and ruined him—if a man can be ruined by losing his money. But he was no weak boy to shrink and shiver at what life gave him; so he entered a lawyer's office worked hard, and the week he was at his uncles saw him admitted to the bar-beginning at so late an hour the struggle for fame and livelihood which many men earn, if they can at all, before that time.

When he was a rich man, many mothers rumor had many times coupled his name with tear, as she thought, "I have no more to had sometimes distrusted his own ability to of before, would have told her what she was love. He had looked around his quiet, luxu- to him. But her simplicity checked him; so | for the skill with which he had managed an | now.

When the Sabbath came, she thought if rious library, with its old books, its fine he only told her that he should write to her she could go to the village for a book she paintings, and beautiful statues (every one of very often, should send her books, and think could surely walk there to church; so, pre- which his own taste had collected in his for- of her many times each day. He told her vailing upon one of her brothers to accompany eign tours,) and said that one room had more how his letters and her answers would pass ny her, they started, and very much to his charm for him than any woman's face, how through his uncle's hands; then released the astonishment, Mr. Center saw his little ever beautiful, or woman's heart, however hands that had been hidden in his, almost brown-eyed friend, walk into his meeting loving. If he had thought so when ease and ever since he came, and pressed his lips to luxury were his, how much more when toil and poverty stared him in the face!

He was not a great man, but he had a good heart, and that strong will and perfect perseverance, which mean almost genius. One quiet month he had resolved to pass at his young and never thought but he knew best. uncle's; after that he would count each day as lost that did not advance him a long way upon his upward road.

He was a little interested in his uncle's account of Hester, and her earnestness as she recited a prosaic lesson in Latin Grammar upon that first day of their acquaintance rather pleased him. As I have said, she did not remember him long, but he watched her climbthe winding path concealed her from his view; and in the two or three days that intervened her he surprised his good uncle not a little by asking him if he did not wish to send his puwould do a very kind thing if he carried her one. So the afternoon I have told you of, he started with a volume of Woodstock, and during the course of his hard walk, he came to the conclusion that he was doing a decidedly foolish thing. He changed his mind after he heard the joyous exclamation, and saw the bright eyes sparkle as she took the book, and all this time he was seated upon the old log, looking at Hester. If the pages had been open before his own eyes he thought he could not have told more clearly what she was reading, for flushing cheek and ever changing eye told him how imagination possessed itself of

the fascinating story. I think Hester must have felt his gaze, for she looked up after a time and seemed to be aware of her incivility.

"I am very sorry I have left you sitting upon the stump so long. Won't you walk into the house and rest you?"

Paul thought he could not stop, but found he could stop long enough to find out her opinion of "Marmion;" and as she told him, he did not fail to notice the freshness of her ideas, even of her forms of expression. She had not read the book—she had lived it; she was no

ling her that particular moment how amusing it was for a barefooted girl like herself to pass | do, and withal, there was not a better daughso much time amidst the stately revelry of palaces, with knights and high born dames for her companions. Paul saw is too; and altogether she was much too honest and noble to think herself lowered by her surroundings, he could not help pitying her as the quick blood crimsoned her cheek when she saw him glance almost unconsciously at her bare brown feet. Timidly, yet most earnestly, for she was very thankful for the book, she pressed him to stay and share their supper of bread and milk, and, wondering at himself, he at last consented .-Poor Hester, she has never forgotten how happy she was that her father and brother were sober that night. It was not the last bowl of milk he drank in that little house, for month after month went by, and still he dallied at his uncle's; and when autumn came he could no longer deny that Hester Grahame's smiles and words were the dearest things on earth to him; that to have and hold that simple girl, would be the most precious possession that life would give him. For the first time in his did not know how much her poems and stolife he found a part of himself which he could ries were worth; but she could not help honot master. And how was it with Hester ?-She has told me since, amidst tears even, that carnestly, and felt so keenly, would not fall no summer of her life was like that; she has entirely unnoticed by her fellows. That city no summer of her life was like that; she has told me Mr. Brownlow did almost every thing toward making her what she afterward became; how he taught her, read to her, and more than all, saw what none had seen before; that by and by this young girl would find in herself a power of utterance that would place her high in the world of authors. She has told me how a sense or rest came to her through him; how his calmness strongthened her, and that his keenly felt appreciation became the dearest part of her life. And yet, close to womanhood as she was, she did not dream that she loved Paul Brownlow other than as a friend. She had read of love and of lovers; but it was a grand thing for poems and for plays, suited to gallant knights and courtly women, but it was altogether above her simple life. And Paul saw it—saw that she was free and unrestrained in her intercourse with him as she would have been with a dearly loved brother; and to his honor be it spoken, not by word or look did he try to draw away the screen from the pure heart. He could not marry her then; (oh, how he longed for the money that he had thrown away upon himself) he had only his brain and his hands; he could not tell yet if there was force enough in them to support himself; and Hester herself was fastened at home, for her father had been growing infirm all summer, and now scarcely ever left the house. It was very hard for him to leave her there. He saw what her life must be, and he longed to take her in his arms and give her rest and leisure by his own toil; but he could not do it then. "At least," he said, "I can wait one year before I tell her this she does not dream of." So one night he walked up the mountain and tried to say."Good-bye" simply, as friends say it; but he made a poor dissembler, and if Hester had not been so unconscious, if she had not trusted him so entirely, he never would have kept the promise he made himself. He would have taken her that of the reigning belle; but none of these little form very close to his heart, and in wild

the brow that he hoped would lie on his bosom for many a year; then went away; and many white hairs mingled with his dark locks ere he saw Hester again. The parting was not to her as it was to him; for she was He said it was right for him to go; that took away the sting for her; still she was very lonely. She did not try to disguise the fact to herself, and many places whose beauty attracted her were shunned because they brought to her so many memories of him.-The letters came and went, almost the only events of her life. The minister was old and feeble, and did not try to teach her now, so she ing the mountain, eyes bent on book, yet just worked on herself, learning more each day as secure of foot as a mountain goat, and could not help smiling a little to himself to think that his eyes would follow her so persistently. He could not help thinking of her long after the winding net to see the second her long after the winding net to see the second her long after the winding net to see the second her long after the winding net to see the second her long after the winding net to see the second her long after the winding net to see the second her long after the winding net to see the second her long after the winding net to see the second her long after the second attacked with fever, and after weeks of suf-

fering, died. While she was watching him, her old friend Mr. Center, died by reason of years, and when she found time to think, she mourned pil Hester some books. Mr. Center replied his loss deeply; but not for many years did that she came after her books when she wantblessing of Paul Brownlow's love. Upon the same day that Mr. Center was seized with paralysis, a letter came from Paul to Hester, telling her that he was obliged to go to France for a client, that he was succeeding in his business as he had never dared hope he should, and then in words as true and manly as a great love could make them, he told her what she was to him, and besought her if she could indeed love him, to wait and trust him until he could take her to the home that would certainly be theirs at last.

But Hester never received that letter. It was probably overlooked among the mass of papers Mr. Center had accumulated; so that Paul waited and waited, and still no answer. Then from different European cities he wrote and wrote again, without ever receiving one word in return, and by-and-by he thought her dead; and the weary heart that man carried about for many a year proved how dear she had been to him. I have no power to tell you how Hester toiled and hoped through all the years that lay between her and the success which was at last given her. While her father lived she knew she could not leave home, but she never lost sight of her aim : and, as summer after summer, she taught the district school, she denied herself dress and many little luxuries any other woman would have called indispensable, in order to buy Anything she could find she made her hands

ter or sister in New Hampshire. Of course, there were moments of sadness, almost despair; but she noted God's discipline with the hardy mountain pine near her own door, and said, "So He deals with me; it is hard, but I can bear it." Full well she knew that she loved Paul Brownlow-that knowledge came to her with the sickness of heart that followed the cessation of her letters-but she did not repine, although her eyes were very dim, and her lip quivered painfully as she tried to be brave, and tell herself, "That the love would be very blessed if God had given it; but so long as He withheld it, He could make up for it wholly,

entirely." And so her beautiful youth passed; and when the infirm old father died and one brother married, Hester took the other, who was partially insane, into the city with her, and with her brain and a few manuscripts, attempted to support herself and him. She ping that the words she had prayed over so life is too painful for me to write much of. If you have ever haunted publishers' offices, beseeching them to give you work, not for fame, but for daily bread, you can tell about it; if you have never done it, bless God that you have no such bitter experience to remember. As Hester was unknown, the sketches and poems, although accepted, were not often paid for, and when she found no money came from them, she procured sewing, and managed to do what Thomas Carlyle says is the first problem of all philosophy—"Keep soul and body together." Day after day she sewed, and waited patiently her time, which came at last; for her poems began to be copied, and one day she received a letter from the editor of a popular newspaper, offering her steady work and good pay. Now that her books are the fashion, she thinks with sadness of the first money that gentleman paid her, for she sees the childish look with which her helpless brother regarded the bright fire she dared afford that night. She knew not all the agony of that upward ascent until she stood upon the summit.

Very soberly, very earnestly, she did her work-God never losing her from his care for one single day; for no hand but hers ever ministered to her brother's wants, and every evening she sang the simple hymn which would alone persuade him to lie quietly in his hed. There was no great variety in Hester's life; but still she persevered, and at the close of every year she might have said, "I am gaining—nearer my end than I was twelve month since!" and the day came when she lived comfortably, and allowed herself to rest now and then.

And all this time Paul Brownlow was in | the same city, about his own business, their paths never for one moment crossing. He own habiliments, and gave him her baby for had not forgotten Hester—his love for her a pillow. kent his heart young and pure, and many times he drew back his hand from a selfish act, for he felt those pure eyes upon him.-

intricate law question; but almost every evening he thought, "Life has given me all but the treasure I valued most—that was not for me." But God was very good to these two lovers. One Christmas day a friend handed Paul a little volume saying, "Here Brownlow, is your Christmas present." The book chanced to be Hester's poems. Paul read many of them, and liked well their quiet, tender beauty. It was as if the heart of the writer was opened to him; he saw how it waited, suffered, conquered, too, at the last; noted its wonderful acquaintance with nature, its carnous sympathy with truth its laying its earnest sympathy with truth, its loving faith of invincible will. Then he read a descriptive poem, stopped at the last line in perfect amazement. Who wrote this book? He remembered one such day, one such scene, in his life, and—Hester Grahame was very near him. And that line was certainly an allusion to himself."

The book was thrown down, and he went from his room, hunted up his friend, and in a few words obtained the information he wanted. He sought Hester's quiet, secluded home-more than ever solitary on this Christmas evening, for out of it she had followed the dead body of her brother not many hours before. She sat by her west window, and as the servant opened the door Paul saw again the face which was dearer to him than aught else upon earth. She knew him directly, and held out her hand; but when I tell you that she is now Paul Brownlow's wife, you will not doubt his right to the kiss which he certainly took. They had been long parted, these lovers; they had loved more than most men and women do, and yet, by God's grace, they had been able to stand alone, to do each their life-work well; and you can understand why, as they sat together, they spoke no passionate words—why silent caresses and mur-mured thanksgivings were their only signs of betrothal. They had nothing to wait for; so on the morrow they were married-and you know, now, why Paul Brownlow loves his wife so much—why, when you turned the leaf down in the volume of "Woodstock," he told you, "You may do it in any other book of mine, but not in that," for that was the first book of his that his wife's fingersever touched.

I heard him ask Hester, one day as they

sat very close to each other, "if she was content;" and when she said, "Perfectly content;" I knew they were the dearest words he had ever heard.

Etiquette.

The following rules of etiquette are laid own by a Southern journal:--

1st. Before you bow to a lady in the street ermit her to decide whether you may do so not by at least a look of recognition.

2d. When your companions bow to a lady, you should do the same. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return,

In giving them publicly, the Albany Atlas and Argus makes the following timely and truthful remarks:-

Nothing is so little understood in America as those conventional laws of society, so well understood and practiced in Europe. Ladies complain that gentlemen pass them in the street unnoticed, when in fact, the fault arises from their own breach of politeness.— It is their duty to do the amiable first. It is a privilege which ladies enjoy, the choosing their own associates or acquaintances. No gentleman likes to risk the "cut" in the street by a lady through a premature salute. Too many ladies, it would seem, don't know their trade of politeness. Meeting ladies in the street, whom one has casually met in company, they seldom bow unless he bows first; and when a gentleman ever departs from the rule of good breeding, except occa-sionally by the way of experiment, his acits public house present attractions for Job Grahame and his eldest son. He was the brightest of the three; and poor Hester's heart sank within her when she found that she could no longer depend upon him; that she could no longer depend upon him; that she had acted her part in these deeds of chargood strong books that would help her to somewhat in unison with all noble, beautiful things. She called no work beneath her.—

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picking and provided for the provi pany she may casually be placed; but a gentleman is not upon this to presume upon an acquaintanceship the first time he afterwards meets her in the street. If it be her will, she gives some token of recognition, when the gentleman bows; otherwise he must pass on and consider himself a stranger. No lady need hesitate to bow to a gentleman, for he will promptly and politely answer, even if he has forgotten his fair saluter, no one but a brute can do otherwise; should he pass on. rudely, his character is declared, and there is a cheap riddance. Politeness or good breeding is like law-" the reason of things."

> THE INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF MRS. JACKSON, WRITTEN BY HER HUSBAND, THE HERO AND STATESMAN .- "Here lies the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, who died the 22d December, 1828, aged 61 years. Her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence; and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

> When the fierce winds of adversity plow over you, and your life's summer lies buried beneath frost and snow, do not linger inactive, or sink cowardly down by the way, or turn aside from your course for momenta ry warmth or shelter, but with a firm step go forward, with God's strength to vanquish trouble, and to bid defiance to disaster. If ever there is a time to be ambitious, it is not when ambition is easy, but when it is hard. Fight in darkness, fight when you are down, die hard and you won't die at all. That gelatinous man whose bones are not even muscles, and whose muscles are pulp-that man

GIVE NO PAIN.—Breathe not a sentiment, say not a word, give not the expression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain to his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even, might fill the brim with sorrow If you are carcless of the opinion of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never by word or sign cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that linger on a pleasant countenance.

"Gentle woman ever kind."-Dr. Kano relates that when, one day, worn out with fatigue, he turned into an esquimaux hut to get a little sleep, the good-natured hostess of the wigwam covered him up with some of her

No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a women had power to move him. Indeed he words, such as he, calm man, never thought | Life gave him very much of success. He serious question whether the latter are not came from Europe, and found himself famous taking up more than their share of it just