

## FOR THE LADIES.

### WHEN ARE WOMEN MOST LOVELY?

We have just received from a young lady a question which is so interesting and invites our consideration of a theme so delicate and delightful, that we are fairly forced to answer it at length. This is what she writes:

SIR—Will you be kind enough to tell me, are young ladies considered more lovely, and thought preferable, at the ages of from eighteen to twenty-one, or from twenty-two to twenty-five or six? You will understand me; I mean do men most admire them.

Before proceeding to our answer, let us thank our lovely friend for refraining from any attempt to bias our judgment by giving a hint of her own age. She probably thought that if she did so, natural gallantry might lead us away from a cool, judicial view of the subject and tempt us to give the preference to the types of maidenly beauty which appear in young women of her confessed years. And we do not deny that such might have been the case. As it is, we are left entirely in the dark as to the class to which she herself belongs—whether she is between eighteen and twenty-one, or between twenty-two and twenty-five; and so we are able to answer her questions on its intrinsic merits.

Loveliness, in woman, though it may vary in its character and manifestations at different periods of life, is not the property of youth only. There is a great and undeniable charm in the fresh beauty of eighteen, to which inexperience and early romance lend perhaps additional fascination. A pretty girl of that age, who has been untouched by care, and who knows of the world through imagination only, is a very delightful object; and many men may wish they might take captive her first affections.

Between eighteen and twenty-one, the changes of a girl, so far as the charms of her person go, are not likely to be great; but in that time, by longer intercourse with society and by natural development, she may grow more companionable for men of maturity, and her carriage and self-control become better and greater. Those are important years in a young woman's life, the years during which, in our climate, the majority of the sex are married. And yet from twenty-two to twenty-five or six, maiden may and generally does still further advance in attractiveness and add to the store of her charms. She is still young, but she has outlived many youthful fancies, and feels some of the dignity of womanhood. No better age than those in a maiden's life, and never is she lovelier.

But why stop at twenty-six? What fairer women are to be found than many of those between twenty-six and thirty, and even older? Girls of eighteen may look on them as unsought old maids, and yet they are in their womanly prime, and many capture hearts which have been steeled against fascinations. Oftentimes they make the best wives, and men find a solace and companionship in their society which immaturity cannot give. They have the advantage of experience and they have learned the lessons taught by longer contact with the world, while still they may not be averse to falling in love.

No, we assure our fair friend, it is not that a woman is eighteen, or twenty-six, or thirty, which makes her lovely in the eyes of men. She may be just as lovely at one age as the other; but inasmuch as marriages of women occur between the ages she mentions, it is safe to assume that the majority of men prefer to take wives that are not older. But all men of taste and discernment admire feminine beauty and loveliness whether they show themselves in budding youth or riper maturity; and we will dare assert that if our correspondent was really charming at eighteen, she will be more so at twenty-six, or that if she is now lovely at eighteen she ought to be lovelier at the greater age.

But let her give no further thought to the subject. The beauty that is unconscious is the more alluring, and loveliness which exercises it sway without apparent effort is sure to make the best conquest. This we say in full confidence that the multitude of weddings which are now taking place during this season will confirm the truth of our words. Let us hope that before another return of this delightful season our fair correspondent will be selecting her bridal outfit, having found by happy personal experience that we have wisely answered her important question.—*Exchange*.

BALTIMORE is the champion city of America for the manufacture of cheap jellies. It is well understood that the jelly is an animal, rather than a vegetable product, being simply gelatine, colored and flavored according to the fruit that is to be represented. Boston jelly is chiefly made of apples, also flavored and colored in imitation of other fruits, and the imposition is discovered by very few. It costs 14 cents a pound, which is but half what the genuine fruits represented can be supplied for. Boston is also a great raspberry jam mart, and the eight firms manufacturing it produce an aggregate of 500 tons a year. It sells for 18 cents a pound, and is made from dried raspberries.

Large contracts for a supply of butter for the season are being made in Tioga county at 16 and 18 cents per pound.

## NO SOLDIERS AT AMERICAN POLLS.

### THE WAY IN WHICH GOV. HOFFMAN PROTECTED HIS PEOPLE IN 1870.

From the Utica Observer

On the 7th of November, 1870, the city of New York was more deeply excited than at any other time in its recent history. It was the day preceding the general election of that year, and orders had gone forth that the metropolis should be invaded by Federal troops, the laws of the state ignored, and the rights of the people placed at the mercy of John I. Davenport and his reckless crowd of supervisors and deputy marshals. In the harbor lay two gunboats, furnished by the notorious Robeson, and threatening to open fire on the business heart of the town. The state was at perfect peace, and its laws were respected and enforced. No man could vote unless he had appeared in person at the designated places at least ten days before and registered his name, answering under oath the questions which were put in regard to his residence and qualifications. All that the Republicans had asked in the way of increased stringency to the election acts had been conceded by the Democratic legislature. The inspectors and canvassers had been fairly chosen from both parties, under the direction of a non-partisan police commission. No officer of the state or city, high or low, Republican or Democrat, had asked for the interference of the Federal troops, but an army was there, under command of a brigadier-general of regulars, to conduct an election. Never before had such a reckless attempt been made to invade the invested rights of the people, and it is safe to say that it will never be made again. The promptness and bravery with which it was met and repelled by Gov. Hoffman served as a warning to President Grant. The governor repaired to the city, and quietly but firmly announced that if the Federal troops appeared in the streets on election day they would be met by the National guard, who would protect the people at all hazards. This was no idle threat. ample preparations had been made for a conflict, which seemed at that time inevitable. How ample those preparations were, the following document, which is now made public for the first time, will show:

[Copy.]

NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1870.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR: I have the pleasure of informing you that I feel confident of having secured a supply of one hundred thousand ball cartridges and four hundred rounds of canister shot, with cartridges for the artillery. God grant that it may not be necessary to use them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours very truly,  
FRANKLIN TOWNSEND,  
Adjutant General.

Fortunately, the threatened necessity did not arise. At the last moment the Federal authorities took counsel of discretion, and retreated. Not a Federal soldier was seen in the streets of New York on the election day of 1870, and since that time no attempt has been made to invade our state.

### THE LITTLE SHOES DID IT.

A man who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance was called upon to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose but looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was: "The little shoes did it!"

With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash—he drew himself up and addressed the audience, the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way, clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it! I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered: I deserved to suffer. But I didn't suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and a child, for the woman gets the worst abuse. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes. It was one night, when I was all but done for, the saloon-keeper's child came into the saloon holding out her feet for the father to see her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little new shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason have I to clothe others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? says I, and there outside was my shivering wife and blue-chilled child, on a bitter cold night. I took hold of the little one with a grip, and saw her chilled feet. Men! fathers! if the little shoes smote me thus! what little feet do! I put them cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifling sum left, I bought a loaf of bread and then a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but bread all that Sabbath day, and went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public house. That's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."

LIPS is a noun, yet they often make a conjunction.

## A VIRGINIA REMINISCENCE.

Charlottesville Chronicle.

It is related that while Thomas Mann Randolph was Governor of Virginia he was once arrested within a few hundred yards of his home, in this country, and carried a prisoner to his own house. The story is to the following effect: The Governor was on a visit to his home, and, finding that the fencing on his plantation was pulled down and burned by wagoners passing along from the Valley to Richmond, he determined to detect and punish them. One evening he observed a party go into camp on the road-side, and after dark he strolled down to a point where he could conveniently watch them. He stayed out all night, but the wagoners made no depredations on his fences. In the early morning, however, when they were about to kindle the fires to prepare breakfast, they started out to gather up what fuel they might find for that purpose, when they spied a man sitting on the fence, a short distance ahead. Now it appears that a short time before Governor Randolph had issued his proclamation offering a reward for the capture of an escaped horse thief, and the wagoners, who had seen the description of the convict, thought they discovered a close resemblance between the man on the fence and the escaped felon. So thoroughly satisfied were they that they would receive the reward for his arrest that they approached him and announced that he was their prisoner. One of them proposed, as he cracked his wagon whip, to give him a thrashing and then let him go, but his companion protested that it was proper to ascertain certainly whether he was the guilty party before inflicting the punishment, and proposed to take him to the residence of Governor Randolph, which was near by, and get his advice. Accordingly they marched their prisoner up to the house, and, knocking at the front door, a servant made his appearance, of whom they inquired:

"Is your master at home?"

The negro raised his eyes in astonishment at the inquiry, and replied, pointing to the Governor:

"That's master."

It is said that the Governor then promptly confirmed the statement of the servant, and joined heartily in the laugh that followed. He then told the man who had proposed to whip him without the opportunity of defense to remain outside and he would send him a morning dram, at the same time unbuttoning his coat, exposing a pair of horse pistols, and remarking that he should certainly have used them had an attempt been made to carry the threat of castigation into execution. The other wagoner he invited in to join him in a hot breakfast.

### LEGAL OPINION.

An honest farmer once called upon the late Roger M. Sherman, the celebrated lawyer, and told him that he wanted an opinion. He had heard a great deal about the value of Mr. Sherman's opinions, and how a great many people went to him to get an opinion; and John, though he never had had, nor was likely to have, a law suit or other difficulty for a lawyer to help him from, thought he would have an opinion too.

"Well, John, what can I do for you?" said Mr. S., when John, in his turn, was shown into his room.

"Why, lawyer," replied John, "I happened to be in town, and having nothing to do, I thought I would come and get your opinion."

"State your case, John, what is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing. I ain't got no law suit; I only want to get one of your opinions; they say they are very valuable."

"But, John—about what?"

"Oh! anything, sir; take your pick and choose."

Mr. Sherman seeing the notion of his client on the matter in hand, took his pen, and writing a few words, folded them up and handed them to John, who carefully placed the paper in his pocket.

"What's to pay, sir?"

"Four and sixpence; Yankee money—75 cents."

When John returned home the next morning, he found his wife, who pretty much took the lead in business matters, anxiously discussing with his chief farm servant, the property of getting in a large quantity of oats on that day, which had been cut the one previous, or of undertaking some other labor.

John was appealed to, to settle the question, but he could not decide. At length, said he, "I'll tell you what, Polly, I've been to a lawyer, and got an opinion that cost me four and sixpence. There it is—read her out; it's a lawyer's writing, and I can't make head or tail of it!" John, by the way, could not read the plainest print; but Polly, who was something of a scholar, opened the paper, and read as follows:

"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day."

"Enough said!" then cried John; "them oats must be got in." And they were "got in," and the same night such a storm came on, as otherwise would have ruined them entirely.

John often afterwards consulted this opinion and acted upon it; and to this day entertains a high estimate of lawyers' opinions generally, and of the lamented Mr. Sherman's in particular.

## MADAM BONAPARTE'S JEWELRY.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

Mr. Joseph H. Gale, a well-known jeweler of this city has, at the request of the executors, appraised the value of the jewels belonging to the late Madam Bonaparte. They were contained in small sized leather trunk and are very costly, rich and beautiful. Mr. Gale expressed the opinion that while the jewels cost when they were purchased about \$70,000, they would not now sell for more than \$20,000. It is not proposed, however, to sell any of them, and they will be preserved in the Bonaparte family as relics. The most expensive article of the collection is necklace and pendant, composed of at least 500 diamonds. The gems are old India stones, superior to any now in the market, and Mr. Gale says they are handsomer than any he has ever seen. The necklace was the gift of a distinguished nobleman to Madam Bonaparte while in Europe. Mr. Gale appraised it at \$18,000, though he is of opinion that but for its antiquity and the associations connected with it the necklace would not now sell for more than \$5,000. Some of the diamonds in this superb ornament weigh two and one-half carats each, and the others are much smaller. The collection consists of necklaces, finger rings, antiques, vinaigrettes, bon-bon boxes, ear rings and other articles. They were presents from her parents, from relatives and friends of her husband during her brief married life and from friends she made on her extended visit to Europe. One fine cameo ring is valued at \$50; one pair diamond ear rings, leaf shape, exceedingly beautiful. They consist of two large solitaires at the top, with smaller diamonds forming the leaves below. These are worth \$1,000. A crown of amethysts and pearls was very costly, but is now worth only \$500. There are four pearl necklaces, the lowest in value being appraised at \$50 and the highest at \$500. Two antique specimens, and would bring large sums if sold. One of the greatest curiosities in the lot is a bracelet made of gold wire, about twenty-two carats fine, made from gold found upon the arm of a skeleton discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. There is a black enameled bracelet made in Paris, and set with American quarter eagle gold pieces, which resembles very much the present style of coin jewelry; this is worth \$100. Another bracelet is made of six \$5 pieces and a French coin, linked together with gold. There are three gold watches, unique and beautiful, but not of much intrinsic value. Two of them are plain hunting case, blue enameled open face and the third is a double case with pearls. One of these watches was a present to Madam Bonaparte while she was Miss Elizabeth Patterson from her grandfather, and Mr. Gale is of the opinion, from its style, that it was made three hundred years ago. The appraisement was a matter of form according to the rules of the Orphans' Court, and was made at the office of Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, executor of the estate of his grandmother. There is no intention of offering the articles for sale, and they will, as stated above, be preserved in the family.

### An Important Decision.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that service in the Confederate army is not a disqualification for a juror. Mr. Justice Field delivered a separate concurring opinion with regard to the test oath demanded of the jurors as follows:

"I agree with the Court that the juror in this case cannot be required to answer the questions put to him, but I go further. I do not think that the act of Congress, which, by requiring a test oath as to past conduct excludes a great majority of the citizens of half the country from the jury box, is valid. In my judgment, the act is not only oppressive and odious, and repugnant to the spirit of our institutions, but is clearly unconstitutional and void. As a war measure to be enforced in the insurgent States, when dominated by the National forces, the act could be sustained, but after the war was over and the insurgent States were restored to their normal and constitutional relations to the Union, it was as much out of place and as inoperative as would be a law quartering a soldier in every Southern man's house." Mr. Justice Strong dissented from the opinion of the Court.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS emits occasional flashes of genuine sense, as when, in speaking of the migration of colored people from the South, he says: "I am opposed to this exodus, because 'rolling stones gather no moss';" and I agree with Emerson that the men who made Rome, or any other locality worth going to see, stayed there. There is in my judgment no part of the United States where an industrious and intelligent colored man can serve his race more wisely and efficiently than upon the soil where he was born and reared and known. I am opposed to this exodus because I see in it a tendency to convert colored laboring men into traveling tramps."

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JOHN BARKEY, ninety years of age, formerly of Windsor, York county, left several days ago for Kansas, where he expects to "grow up with the country."

## THE CLEAN NEWSPAPER.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

There is a growing feeling in every healthy community against the journals which make it their special object to minister to perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting scandals and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to-day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own at least from contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals called enterprising because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family circle are of the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same by causing sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to-day than at any previous time. The sickly sentimental story paper, and wild ranger, and pirate story book, are slowly yielding the field to worthier claimants. To the praise of the decent newspaper, it may be said that where it has a place in the family, and has been read for years by young and old, it has developed such a healthy tone and such a discriminating taste that the literature of the slums has no admirers. Fortunately, the number of such families is increasing in the land, and as they increase, the journal that devotes itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be compelled to find its supporters solely among those classes that practice vice or crime, or are ambitious to learn to follow such ways.

### Romance and Fact Mixed.

A simple announcement appeared in the papers recently that Lieut. Jerome had resigned his place in the army. Behind this announcement is a bit of gossip worthy of mention. Lieut. Jerome, who was graduated at West Point in 1870, is the son of Lawrence W. Jerome, who was the Tammany candidate for Congress in the Eighth (New York) district last fall against Anson G. McCook. The latter was elected.

Lieut. Jerome was one of the most gallant officers in the army. It was he who was commended for bravery for voluntarily becoming a hostage in Chief Joseph's camp in Washington Territory, and hiding in the cave to escape the bullets of his friends when the Indians commenced their treacherous firing. He got six months' leave of absence for that, came East, and fell in love with Miss Sherman, daughter of the late Judge Sherman, of Cleveland. His friends claim that he had reason to believe she reciprocated his affections, but she married Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania. Jerome dissipated terribly, and was court-martialed for it, and found guilty. Strange as it may seem, Anson G. McCook, his father's opponent, is the man who got the Secretary of War to allow young Jerome to resign instead of being dismissed from the service, and he resigned.

### An English Precedent.

In England, in 1734, a law was passed forbidding the presence of armed troops within two miles of the elector. Six years later, in 1741, the authorities, neglecting the statute, took certain action, which with its results is narrated in Brightley's "Leading Cases on Elections," as follows:

"During the corrupt administration of Sir Robert Walpole, at an election held for the city of Westminster, under an order signed by three magistrates of the county, a body of armed soldiers was marched up and stationed in the church yard of Saint Paul, Covent Garden, in the vicinity of the poll; and on this being shown to the House of Commons, they passed a resolution affirming 'that the presence of a regular body of armed soldiers at an election of members to serve in Parliament is a high infringement of the liberties of the subject, a manifest violation of the freedom of elections, and an open defiance of the laws and constitution of this kingdom.' The high bailiff was taken into custody by order of the House, and the three magistrates who signed the order were brought to the bar and reprimanded by the Speaker, upon their knees, as the House had directed; and after this the House passed a vote of thanks to the Speaker for his reprimand of the delinquents, and directed the same to be printed.

THE following beautiful "dedication" poem to the Princess Alice, by Mr. Tennyson, opens the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*:

"Dead Prince, living Power, if that which lived  
True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,  
Born of true love and life, divorce thee not  
From earthly love and life—if what we call  
The spirit flash not all at once from out  
Thy body, now so pale and wan, then perchance  
The medium of some of the poor creatures  
From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,  
Where