

THE WHISKEY INSURRECTION. A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

From the New York Sun.

The grounds taken by Mr. Hayes in his vetoes and by the Republicans in Congress with respect to the military power may be summarized as follows:

The President may send the army into any State to operate against any portion of the people without regard to the civil authorities, either State or national. He may do this at his own pleasure; he is not required to wait for the call of the Legislature, or of the Governor, when the Legislature cannot be convened, to put down opposition to the State laws, or for the certificate of the Federal judiciary, notifying him that the execution of laws of the United States is opposed by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshal.

The advocates of strong government sustain this position. It certainly, if accepted, would make the administration strong—strong to such an extent that life, liberty and property would no longer be held in this country, except at its mercy. The President would be a military despot, whose powers would be measured only by the number of his battalions. We do not propose at present to discuss the legality of this monstrous pretence. We refer to it merely to expose the expediency of the fraud they practise when they dare to quote the great name of George Washington in its support. Mr. Hayes in his message, Mr. Conkling in his Brooklyn speech, and many ignorant or reckless speakers following the lead, refer to Washington's so-called suppression of the Whiskey Insurrection as an illustration of their methods. Let us look at that case.

In the four counties of Pennsylvania lying around the head of the Ohio river and in the neighboring counties of Virginia there was developed in 1794 serious opposition to the Federal Excise law. It bore very cruelly upon the inhabitants of that country, and was in truth unjust and oppressive. They remonstrated and petitioned in vain. The State took up their cause and pressed it with the same result. Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, and chief of the Federalist party, was deaf to their entreaties, and his influence was sufficient to prevent any modification of the act.

The Ohio River was closed by almost perpetual Indian wars. St. Clair's defeat had sealed up Congress in that direction, and Wayne's campaign was in course of preparation. With the East there was no communication except by pack horses over the rugged and dangerous trails across the Allegheny Mountains. To accommodate their produce to this method of transportation to market, the people were compelled to make their grain into whiskey, and almost every farm had its distillery. But the tax ate up the profits. A gallon of whiskey worth a dollar in the East was worth but fifty cents there; yet it paid the same tax. For a long time there was no serious attempt to enforce the law in this outlying border land, and owing partly at least to the neglect of Government, the farmers began to distil without regard to it. Then when after a long time men were found willing to take an office in the revenue service, and execute the obnoxious law against their fellow citizens, the delinquents were summoned to answer, not before a court and jury of the vicinage, but at Philadelphia, the seat of the Federal Government. This meant widespread ruin to the people, as well as unnecessary and cruel rigor on the part of the Administration, and that was the feature which provoked the few disconnected acts of mob violence which Federal writers have dignified with the name of an insurrection.

Out of forty warrants at one time in the hands of the marshal, thirty-nine had been peacefully served when he undertook to serve the last in a particularly offensive manner upon a man surrounded by friends and neighbors in a harvest field. The marshal was compelled to retire in some haste; the house of the inspector was burned, and the officials, like carpet-baggers of these modern days, betook themselves to Philadelphia, where they assiduously and malignantly magnified the disturbance. To the evil influence of these "exiles," backed by the ruthless purpose of Hamilton, who saw in it the opportunity he sought to exhibit the coercive strength of the new Government, may be attributed the needless military expeditions and the brutal outrages committed upon the people. Washington was made to believe that the whole Western country was ablaze with actual insurrection. He had only the accounts of the exiles and the artful and effective report of Hamilton for his information. But he moved with the utmost reluctance. He did not claim the power to hurl an army upon the so-called insurgents without legal preliminaries. He was notified by the United States District Judge that he found "upon evidence laid before him" that the combination was too powerful to be dealt with by the courts. Upon this he called out the militia of Pennsylvania and the adjoining States, issued a proclamation commanding the evil disposed to desist, and in conjunction with the Governor of the State sent a commission to them to hear their grievances, and offer them pardon and amnesty.

When the Commissioners arrived they found the people more than willing to accept the terms offered them. They were met by a committee authorized to negotiate for the so-called insurgents. That committee reported their agreement to the standing committee at Brownsville, which promptly accepted it, and two weeks later it was unanimously accepted by a full congress of delegates from all the counties at Parkin's Ferry. Everything was acceded to, everything promised, down to the signing of individual pledges, on a given day, by the whole population. If it could be said that this was ever an in-

urrection, its backbone was broken; the people were eager to support the Government on the terms extended; sheriffs volunteered to execute process; the really guilty took their rifles and fled into the wilderness, and the country was as peaceful and as loyal as it is to-day.

But the "exiles" were not satisfied. They wanted to return in triumph, and with power to wreak their revenges. Hamilton had another purpose—a purpose which he had cherished from the first, and pursued with cold calculation to the end. He determined to make this the occasion of some signal display of the "power of military coercion." Notwithstanding the submission of the people and the end of the disturbance, which had been styled an insurrection, the army, fifteen thousand strong, marched, and Hamilton marched with it.

George Washington never drew any paper with such anxious care as he bestowed upon his instructions to Gen. Lee, the commander. The military was to be held in absolute subordination to the civil authority. No man was to be molested, except upon a warrant regularly issued. A United States Judge accompanied the expedition to avoid every excuse of military usurpation. But these solemn orders were in vain. Once over the mountains, Hamilton pushed them aside and ignored them. He organized a commission upon a perfectly original plan, of which he took the head, and at the tail of which he placed the timid and submissive Federal Judge whom he had in his train. The other members were the District Attorney, the inspector, one of the "exiles," and a light-horseman. They paid no regard to law or rules. They bullied the witnesses, and even tortured them. The examinations, many of them, were for all the world like those of Jeffreys on the Bloody Assizes, just as the subsequent military proceedings were like those of Kirk. Occasionally Secretary Hamilton broke the monotony of these brutal examinations by a secret inquiry of his own, as in the case of Brackenridge, when no one was present but the accused and his own self-appointed judge.

At length Mr. Hamilton found himself ready to make the "signal display" of power about which he was so much concerned, and to strike terror into the hearts of the unresisting people. The night of the 13th of November, 1794, was selected for the blow. It makes the heart swell and the blood boil to think of it even at this distance of time. Between midnight and daybreak the whole country was raided simultaneously by the dragoons; three hundred of the most respected citizens were seized in their beds, and hundreds of families reduced to the direst distress. Hamilton had succeeded. Those were indeed hours of terror. The strength of the Government was felt in a manner never to be forgotten; and, ever since, that has been known in Pennsylvania's history and tradition as the "dreadful night."

The prisoners were not permitted to ride their own horses or to supply themselves with any of the comforts or even necessities of life. They were driven like cattle through the muddy roads, and beaten and reviled at every step. At night some of them were stabled like beasts in stables, and one officer directed the managers to be filled with oats and raw meat for their refreshment. In the wet cellar of the public house at Parkin's forty were tied back to back, and left to welter in mud and darkness, without food, light or fire for forty-eight hours. Their fellow citizens and the soldiers were alike forbidden to relieve the sufferings of these unfortunate people.

All these men were taken without warrant. The seizure was as lawless as it was indiscriminate and cruel. It was in flat violation of Washington's orders but it was in strict accordance with Hamilton's notions of the powers of a "strong government." Eighteen of the prisoners were driven on foot to Philadelphia—a march of thirty days—and paraded through the streets with slips of paper marked "insurgent" on their hats. Against some of them the Grand Jury, foreign to their vicinage and politically hostile as it was, failed to find bills. None were convicted.

So ended the Whiskey Insurrection. The name of Hamilton, the Federalist, was for many years spoken among the husbandmen of that lonely land with bated breath like that of Claverhouse among the Presbyterians of Scotland. On the whole, we should say that the "strong government" men of to-day will take little by the re-opening of this dark chapter of our early history.

How Many People Have Fifty Dollars.

From the New York Graphic.

Some one said the other day that in the entire world the number of people who had \$50 or its equivalent in cash at their command was extremely small; so small, indeed, that altogether they would not outnumber the inhabitants of the little kingdom of Belgium, which has a population of 6,000,000 souls. But this estimate appears to be far below the mark in the light, for instance, of the fact that in the savings banks of France in 1877 there were deposited no less than \$153,800,000 by 2,863,283 depositors, the average sum of each depositor being about \$60. The number of these depositors continually increases, and they are, to a very large extent, members of the working classes. So in England, also, the number of depositors in the postal savings bank is very large—not less, on the whole, than two millions—and their deposits, on an average, amount nearer to \$50, the limit allowed, than to \$50. In Scotland and Ireland the savings of the people are large and constantly increase. In Germany the people do not generally place their savings in banks, but they have comfortable little sums laid away in teapots and old stockings. This also is the case in France. In this country the number of people who have \$50 at their command must amount to quite as many as in either France, Germany or Great Britain. The world of working people is not nearly as poor as many imagine it to be.

Boys, it is not funny to speak disrespectfully of religion. Harm is done by everything which tends to vulgarize it. Everything that savors of levity, in connection with this subject, ought to excite the deepest repugnance.

Bishop Whipple on the Indian Problem and the Great Northwest.

RYE, N. Y., October 28.—Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, delivered an address last evening, in Christ Church, upon the subject of Indian missions, particularly the one with which he was connected. The Bishop said he was once told upon the steps of the Capitol at Washington that his efforts in behalf of the Indians would be a failure. But he was not discouraged. His duty was plain before him, his trust was in God, and the result has been the conversion and civilization of thousands, and the gathering together of a church property in his diocese valued at \$200,000.

Many of these converted Indians were now preaching the Gospel, and everywhere, even among the heathens and war paint, there was a respect for religion. The speaker paid a warm tribute to the Indians he had labored among regarding their honesty and faithful observance of treaty obligations, and he more than intimated that very many of the troubles with the red men were not the result of unfaithfulness on their part, but a want of honor on the part of ourselves.

On one occasion he visited an old chief, 90 years of age, perhaps, or over, from whose lips he heard a sad tale of the wrongs his people had suffered at the hands of the pale-faces. Placing his hand in his bosom, the aged chief drew therefrom a treaty made in 1823 or '25, with the authorities at Washington, which the Indian had religiously observed until it was broken by the white man. "The white man lied," said the chieftain, and the same "lies" were repeated in the successive treaties that followed. "I do not blame the great father," said he, "but those who represented him. They have broken what was solemnly promised, and the harm that has followed the red man was not responsible for. Here," he continued, "you are going to Washington; take this pipe, it is the pipe of peace. I want you to take it in person to the great father; enter door after door, until you find him—trust it with no one else—and tell him it represents a sacred oath of peace on the part of the Indians."

Custer's massacre was the result of treachery on the part of the white man. The speaker could not say positively what was the cause of the recent trouble with the Utes, but in his own mind there was something that required an investigation on our part if we would clear ourselves with honor. So far as his observation had extended, and wherever he had been, he had heard the Utes spoken of in the very highest terms as a race far above the average Indian. In his own mind he was not prepared to say they were guilty, and some of our officers in the army held the same views. One of our commanders recently told him that it was no hardship to fight an enemy, but it was hard to fight against the right.

The Bishop alluded to an Indian fair to which he was invited and which he attended. There were the representatives of many thousands of bushels of wheat, corn, potatoes and other products, all raised by the civilized Indians. Indians waited upon the fair, Indians were the doorkeepers and Indians were the policemen, and all were attired in the American dress. A Senator of the United States was his companion at the fair, and both were delighted with what they saw; but what struck the Senator still more forcibly was the solemn reverence of the Indians soon after, when engaged in the worship of the Great Spirit.

Regarding the fertility of the new Northwest, the Bishop remarked that were the grain crop of the Atlantic States to be an utter failure, the new Northwest could feed the whole country and have plenty to spare. And he made this further remark: that the day was not far distant when the people of the wonderful region of which he was the missionary representative of the Episcopal Church would dictate the government of the United States.

The people of the Atlantic States had no conception of the vast and powerful territory that lay beyond the banks of the Mississippi. A whole cluster of the Northern States put together would be but as a town compared with even some of the missionary districts of the new Northwest. Emigrants were pouring in from every quarter—the States, England, Ireland, Russia, and even from Iceland. Many of these are men of broken-down fortunes, but they soon recuperate and become valued citizens.

One Thing Demonstrated.

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

The election has demonstrated one thing which ought to be engraved on the tablet of every Democrat's memory and that is that so far as the Republicans are concerned their cry for the soldier is merely a party rallying cry—only this and nothing more. By their Federal and other appointments, by their elections of Congressmen and other officials all over the North, they have shown that they are absolutely nothing for the soldier except when it is convenient to use him. They reckon a red-handed, murdering rebel guerrilla, like Mosby, among their saints if he becomes a Republican, but denounce a brave and gallant Union soldier like Ewing as a rebel, and a hero who was mutilated in defense of the old flag like Rice a traitor and vote for a stay-at-home. We

warn Democratic soldiers they need never expect any Republican sympathy for all they endured to make a peaceful country for ungrateful wretches who skulked in the rear and grab offices in peace. The Republicans want all the Democratic aid they can buy, beg or borrow, but will never return any. The praise of the soldier is not principle with them; it is simply hypocritical howl.

ONE OF GENERAL JACKSON'S MEN.

ABRAHAM JOHNSON'S EVENTFUL LIFE OF 106 YEARS AND HIS INDIAN WIFE.

Just beyond the Moose River, a few miles northeast of Scranton, in the primitive village of Salem, there lives a centenarian whose history reads like a page plucked from one of the Leatherstocking romances. Abraham Johnson is now 106 years old— hale, hearty, unimpaired in intellect, and gifted with a remarkable memory. His family record shows that he was born in the State of Vermont early in the year of 1773, near Lake Champlain. His father was a Revolutionary soldier, and a short time before General Burgoyne's surrender, October 12, 1777. Abraham Johnson was Captain of a company of Oneida Indians in 1814, under Gen. Macomb, who commanded at Plattsburg in the absence of Gen. Izard. He refers with great pride to the battle of Plattsburg, and shows two wounds which he received on that occasion. One of them is a bayonet thrust below the knee, and the other a sword cut on the neck. He says that after he was cut down by a gigantic "Redcoat" another thrust a bayonet through his leg to ascertain if he were dead. He says he bore the punishment rather than suffer the indignity of being taken prisoner, and was accordingly left for dead. The Indians carried their bleeding and battle-scarred commander to their village, where he was nursed and cared for by Oneida, the beautiful daughter of an Indian chief, whose gentle care soon restored him to strength and health. But while she healed his bodily wounds, she inflicted one still deeper on the warrior's heart, and he fell desperately in love with her. She eventually returned his affection, and they were married after peace had been restored between the United States and Great Britain. They made their home in Sussex county, N. J., where the dark-eyed daughter of the forest taught her soldier husband how to earn a livelihood by basket-making. A daughter was born to them and they named her Martha. She is at present known as Mrs. Ellsworth, and lives in Lackawanna county. As years went by Abraham Johnson's Indian wife began to pine for her old home and the rude associations of her childhood. She gradually failed in health, and finally, in response to her repeated longings for her people, her husband carried her back to the Oneidas, where she died and was buried as became the daughter of an Indian chief. Little Martha found a home and shelter for a time with an uncle in Sussex county, but when she grew up she joined the Oneida Indians, and lived among her mother's kindred where she married a man with the unromantic name of Brown. After his death she married Ellsworth, her present husband, and returned to civilization. She is as proud of her princely ancestors as if they bore the proud name of the Plantagenets, or owned the high and haughty spirit of the Tudors. Since the loss of his Indian wife, Abraham Johnson has remained single. He still talks of General Jackson to the day of his death. Although entitled to a pension for his soldierly services in defense of the flag, he does not receive a penny, and is permitted to remain a charge on Salem township. He is probably the oldest man in Pennsylvania.

THE FUTURE OF MEMPHIS.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The Memphis quarantine has been raised at last by the appearance of frost and ice. Since the disease broke out there have been about fifteen hundred cases, and between four and five hundred deaths there from it. This, however, represents but a small portion of the losses suffered by the afflicted community. Thousands of people have been driven from their homes into an expensive exile, the costs and inconvenience of which they could ill bear. All business has been suspended for months, and the city cut off from all but telegraphic communications with the world outside. The dreadful scenes of 1878 were repeated in 1879, on a smaller scale, to be sure, for the reason that there were fewer persons to take the disease. The question is: Will the yellow fever return to Memphis in 1880? If it should, the proposition to abandon the present site of the city for one which is less thoroughly saturated with the germs of pestilence will probably be seriously considered. One of the best and most energetic business men of Memphis, who is universally respected and trusted by the citizens of the place, said not long ago that he liked Memphis very much as a place of residence and to do business in, that he had had the fever twice and considered himself pretty well acclimated, but if it broke out there again next season he meant to depart permanently and take his household goods elsewhere. He did not feel equal to the intense mental strain to which such scenes as he had been witnessing during the fever years exposed him. Doubtless this gentleman's feeling is shared by many more business men of Memphis, and if the city should lose in this way some of its most enterprising citizens it would suffer from a greater calamity even than the visits of the fever. These are periodical and intermittent, but the voluntary migration of a town's best citizens is a permanent and total loss. Hence it becomes of the utmost importance for the people of Memphis to know in good time—at once, in fact—whether the sanitary measures which are being pursued there, and which were scarcely relaxed during the height of the pestilence, are of such a character and so efficient as to insure the immunity of the city from a return of the plague next year and its safety in the immediate future, and until an effective and energetic permanent municipal government shall have been established. The "taxing district" of Memphis notoriously has had no funds to expend in large sanitary op-

SEND FOR MOTHER.

"Dear me! it wasn't enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own, but now, when I am old and expect to have a little comfort here, it is all the time, 'Send for mother!'" And the dear old soul growls and grumbles, and dresses herself as fast as she can, notwithstanding. After you have trotted her off, and got her safely in your home, and she flies around administering remedies and rebukes by turns, you feel easier. It's all right now, or soon will be—mother's come. In sickness, no matter who is there, or how many doctors quarrel over your case, everything goes wrong somehow till you send for mother. In trouble, the first thing you think of is to send for mother.

But this has its ludicrous as well as its touching aspect. The verdant young couple, to whom baby's extraordinary grimaces and alarming yawns, which threaten to dislocate its chin; its wonderful sleeps, which it accomplishes with its eyes half open, and no perceptible flutter of breath on its lips, causing the young mother to imagine it is dead this time, and to shriek out: "Send for mother!" in tones of anguish—this young couple, in the light of the experience which three or four babies bring, find that they have been ridiculous, and given mother a good many trots for nothing.

Did you ever send for mother and she failed to come? Never, unless sickness and infirmities of age prevented her. As when in your childhood, those willing feet responded to your call, so they still do, and will continue to do as long as they are able. And when the summons comes, which none

yet disregarded, though it will be a happy day for her, it will be a very sad one for you, when God, too, will send for mother.

A ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT.

A HANDSOME YOUNG LADY OF SUSPENSION BRIDGE ELOPES WITH A CUSTOM-HOUSE EMPLOYEE IN ORDER TO ESCAPE A HATEFUL MARRIAGE.

The great topic of conversation at Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls was the elopement on Wednesday evening, October 1, of a handsome young lady with a custom house employe named Frank Lawson, both of the former place. Quite an element of romance surrounds the case, and makes it peculiarly interesting. It is a case of a rich but unfavored suitor, an obdurate father, and a secretly favored lover. The young lady is described as being very handsome and stylish, 19 years of age, and one of belles of the village. Her name is Miss Mary Saxe Colt. She has been secretly engaged to Mr. Lawson for some time, but his attentions to her had been bitterly opposed by her father. A Buffalo correspondent of the New York Times says that it is stated that Mr. Colt was under financial embarrassment, and that he had planned, in order to obtain relief, to have his daughter united in marriage with a young man of Buffalo, Timothy Glassford, who, by the terms of a will made by his father, (he was one of the wealthiest gamblers in Buffalo when he died) is to inherit \$30,000 when he becomes 25 years of age. His attentions to Miss Colt were of a persistent character, and he received every encouragement from his father, visited her frequently and lavished the most costly presents on her. Miss Colt, however, did not entertain particular favor for him, and never thought seriously of the matter, believing that she would escape such a hateful marriage by some means. Of late Glassford had urged his suit more and more, and great pressure brought to bear to induce her to accept him. Mr. Lawson was a boarder at the Colt mansion, and Miss Colt consenting to an elopement as a last resort for peace and relief, it was an easy matter to pack her clothing in his trunk. Then he announced his intention to go home for a visit of two weeks, and the trunk was taken to the depot. Not the slightest suspicion was aroused. Wednesday evening the pair slipped away on the 6:25 train for Buffalo, where they lost no time in getting married, and then went to New York, where they will remain during Mr. Lawson's two weeks' leave of absence. The rage of the father of the bride is said to be terrific, but the acquaintances and friends of the bride and groom generally approve their course. The unaccepted suitor, Glassford, is said to be inconsolable. Lawson is spoken of as an excellent young man.

SOMEbody LOVES ME.

A STORY WITH A GOOD MORAL CONCLUDED WITH IT.

From the Philadelphia Price List.

Some two or three years ago the Superintendent of the Little Wanderer's Home, in R——, received one morning a request from the Judge that he would come to the Court House. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The Judge, pointing to them (utterly homeless and friendless), said:—

"Mr. T——, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly, I can take them all," was the prompt reply.

"All! What in the world can you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them!"

The Judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again:—

"What will you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T—— repeated, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and dressed and provided with a supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the Judge thought small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T—— in reference to her:—

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile and have failed."

Mr. T—— said afterward, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office and said, pleasantly:—

"Mary, I have lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman have adopted her, and I should like for you to take her place, and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face, and she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents and told her she might go to the store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned he said:—

"Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me, and pick up the paper, and see how nice you can make it look?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this kind of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant. She went to her and said:—

"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

erations, nor can much aid be expected from the national board of health. Early in the last spring, however, the energetic citizens and business men of the town took the matter in their own hands and proceeded to act independently of the crippled municipal machine. They appointed carefully selected committees to lay out work and see it well done, to collect funds and disburse them with intelligence and economy. These committees were in the midst of their work last summer when the pestilence broke out. These works include the closing and filling up of several thousand vaults and their decontamination with lime and other disinfectants, with the substitution of earth closets instead of them. They include the improvement of the sources of the drinking water, many of the cisterns being hopelessly foul. Memphis cannot yet afford to construct permanent water-works, but has a partial supply of water from Wolf river through private enterprise, which may be extended to general use, though the removal of the vaults and changing of the cisterns may go far also to obviate future difficulties. The citizens have also undertaken and expect to complete by next season the cleansing of the filthy bayou which traverses the city, and the removal of the worst of the rotten wooden pavements, with the substitution in their stead of macadamized or sanded and graveled roadways. These various improvements have been steadily pushed and will be energetically carried forward during the coming winter and spring, so that it is to be hoped that Memphis may be made secure against another visit of the dreadful plague until time has been gained to permanently insure all the Mississippi towns against the yellow fever.

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"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh, I've got some one to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one had loved her and desired affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people and lives in a beautiful house; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother,