

The Romance of a Ring

Sometime ago the wife of a merchant was suddenly awakened in the night by the sound of footsteps in her bed room and the next moment the light of a dark lantern flooded her face so near that she could almost feel the heat and hear the suppressed breathing of the intruder.

The light was withdrawn from her face and she heard the rustling of silks, the picking of locks and occasionally a low whisper of surprise or disappointment. Then there was silence for a minute—it seemed an hour to her—and a soft footstep approached the bed and the glare of the lantern again fell upon her face.

"Hush!" responded a voice, in a strong whisper while a rough hand was laid upon her shoulder. "Speak nothing and fear nothing." The next moment she heard the sound of retreating footsteps and the creaking of a shutter; and then all was still again.

The drawers were all in the utmost confusion, but strange to say, little or nothing was missing. A casket of jewelry was open on the bureau, but the diamonds and gold were all there.

"This ring, which once was mine, tells me in whose house I am. You know I am an outlaw—the world knows it and I do not care to deny it; but fallen as I am, I can not rob you, Maria. Forgive me, and God bless you."

This explained all. Falling on her knees she prayed for him who had written the scroll. And who was "Henry"? Ten years ago he loved that same Maria and he would have made her his wife—for she had promised to be his—had he not taken to drink and finally forged the name of his employer, for which he was given a home in a convict prison.

On the return of the husband the wife related to him the adventure and showed him the note, but he has never attempted to arrest the burglar.—Chicago Tribune.

General Sherman's Endurance

To a delicately put suggestion to the recent trip to the military posts of the West and Northwest was a severe one for a man in his years, he said: Not at all. For three months I was out of doors all day and slept in tents all night, and my health never was better. I had one accident, though, come to think of it. Traveling through a narrow pass my mule stumbled, and I was thrown down a hill for some distance into the sagebrush.

A Strange Story of Missouri.

On Monday evening, the 24th ult., Mr. T. G. Childers and Mrs. Lucinda Phillips were married at the latter's residence on Division street. This is their second wedlock with each other, and the story of their separation and final reunion after twenty years is equal in romance to that of Enoch Arden.

Mr. T. G. Childers and Mrs. Lucinda Tatem were first married in their native county, Franklin, in 1856, and lived together until 1861, when the husband joined the southern army in response to a call for volunteers. Soon he was made prisoner by the enemy, who kept him for a while in St. Louis, and finally sent him to Alton, Ill., for keeps.

After sixteen months of captivity he was exchanged, and resumed his duties as a southern soldier, remaining in the army till the close of hostilities in 1865, when, like a dutiful husband and father, he returned to his wife and little children, but sad changes greeted him.

The husband had been reported killed in the terrible struggle of Vicksburg and his wife, after long and terrible waiting, was forced to give credence to the story, and subsequently found solace in the love of a Mr. Phillips, whom she had known from childhood. True to the vows of long ago, she was loath to bury the first love. Still she was a woman, and therefore to be won, and so it was, the soldier husband returned from the dangers and privations of war to find her whom he had vowed to love until parted by death, the wife of another.

He married again in 1866, but his second wife died three years later. In 1875 he married a third time, but was again robbed by death of his consort one year afterward. About a year ago Mr. Phillips died, leaving Childers' first wife in widowhood. Mrs. Phillips has a brother residing in Franklin, whom she visited not long since, and at whose house she chanced to meet Mr. Childers, her first husband. They met as friends, but their friendship quickly warmed, the love of twenty years ago returned, and, though not so fervent as in the earlier dream of youth, it was not wanting in earnest devotion.

The second marriage to each other occurred on Monday evening, the 24th ult., in the presence of their families, respectively and collectively. The bride and groom, though sprinkled with the silver of time, seem happier for the sorrow they have known.—Springfield Herald.

An Example for Boys

Gerhardt, a German shepherd boy, was one day watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out to the woods and asked, "How far is it to the nearest village?" "Six miles, sir," answered the boy; "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said, "My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty; I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road; I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, "they will stray into the woods, and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two would not be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," replied Gerhardt very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

How the British Missed Oregon

It is a fact not generally known that but for the knowledge and patriotism of one man the valuable lands embraced in Oregon and Washington Territory would now be the property of Great Britain instead of the United States. The Hudson Bay Company, forty five years ago, were very anxious to obtain possession of these lands, and industriously circulated the report that they could never be settled, as it was impossible for immigrants to cross the mountains in wagons.

At a public dinner given in 1842, at which several officers of the Hudson Bay Company were present, news was received that a band of British immigrants had crossed the mountains. Toasts were drunk in honor of the event, and one enthusiastic Englishman exclaimed: "Now the Americans may whistle the country is ours."

There happened to be present at the dinner an American missionary, Dr. Marcus Whitman, who, when he heard the boast of the Englishman, resolved that if it were in his power to prevent it the country should not become the property of the English.

The next day he started for Washington on horseback, and making the journey in winter with frozen limbs presented himself, immediately upon his arrival at the Capitol, to Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State. After he had stated his case, Webster bluffed him the country was worthless, and that wagons could not cross the mountains.

"Sir George Simpson, who is here, affirms that," said he, "and I am about trading that worthless region for some valuable concessions in relation to the Newfoundland fisheries." Dr. Whitman was in distress, for he found that the treaty had already been approved by the senate, and was awaiting formal ratification and the signature of President Tyler.

He decided as a last hope to call upon the President himself. After hearing him through, President Tyler said: "Dr. Whitman, your frozen limbs and leather breeches attest your sincerity. Can you take emigrants across the mountains in wagons?"

"Give me six months and I will take a thousand emigrants across," was the reply. "Well," said the President, "if you take them across the treaty shall not be ratified."

With much effort the band of emigrants was raised, and, though they were met by a deputation from the Hudson Bay Company who declared that it was impossible to cross the mountains and were almost persuaded to abandon their wagons, before the time expired succeeded in their undertaking.

The patriotic missionary was vindicated, the treaty was not ratified, and what will doubtless prove to be two of the best of our states were saved to the Union. All honor to the noble man who had the knowledge and courage to appreciate the necessity of making an effort to save the Territory.

In the north-western celebrations it is to be hoped he has not been forgotten.—Times-Star.

Stealing a Grave.

The regiment in the Army of the Cumberland known as the Indiana Jayhawkers was about as proficient as any that we had, but the Eighth Missouri, when was it commanded by General Morgan L. Smith, certainly bent anything I ever met. They would steal anything, and it did not make any difference whether they had use for it or not.

When they were in front of Vicksburg they actually stole a grave, and it happened in this way. The Eighth Missouri was encamped along side my command. One of our men died during the night and I gave orders that a detail be sent to dig a grave.

The ground was of hard clay and it took the men some time to complete their work. They returned to camp and we took the dead soldier to his last resting place. When we arrived we found the grave filled and a mound showing that some one had evidently been there.

Upon investigation I afterwards ascertained that one of the Eighth Missouri had also died during the night and that they had waited until my men had finished their work when they quietly took possession and actually stole our grave.—Boston Traveller.

Woman's Province.

The Duties of the Gentle Sex—How Best Fulfilled.

What a great task is assigned to woman, its dignity cannot be elevated. It is not her province to make laws, to lead armies, nor to be at the head of great enterprises, but to her is given the power to form those by whom the laws are made, to teach the leaders of mighty armies, and the governors of vast empires.

She is required to guard against having the slightest taint of bodily infirmity touch the frail creature, whose moral, intellectual and physical being is derived from her. She must instill correct principles, inculcate right doctrines, and breathe into the soul of her offspring those pure sentiments which in time to come will be a part of themselves, and bless generation as yet unborn.

Yes, to woman is given the blessed privilege of aiding the sufferers in all the various stages of his existence. She smiles serenely at the christening, and weeps at the burial, while she soothes the bereaved heart. This is her province and duty.

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