

THE OLD BROWN CLOAK.

"I don't know as I've anything to give," said Farmer Foxglove, looking dabbly around the kitchen. "Philena, she don't believe in giving much unless it's through the 'Church Benevolent Guild.' And Seraphina isn't at home."

The Widow Waterman gave a little sniff of mingled deprecation and humility. "Times is very bad with me, Mr. Foxglove," she said. "I hain't had no work since August, and there ain't nothin' to eat in the house."

"You don't tell me!" said the farmer, who was the softest-hearted of men. "Here, give me your basket! Philena will say I am an old fool; but I don't care."

"There's them as has entertained angels unawares," whined the Widow Waterman, as she sidled into the room and held out her talon-like fingers to the fire of good pine logs which were crackling and sputtering cheerfully on the hearth. Anything less akin to the angelic tribe than Mrs. Waterman could scarcely be imagined as she sat there with bedraggled gown, bonnet bent in a onesided fashion over her eyes, and a gauzy rag of a shawl pulled across her gaunt shoulders. But Mr. Foxglove, honest man, saw only her poverty and destitution. With a trepidation not unlike the sensation of a schoolboy who robs an orchard for the first time, he went into the buttery and helped himself to half a cold roast fowl, a loaf of rye bread, a goodly wedge of yellow butter out of a covered stone jar, and three quarters of a juicy apple pie. "It'll keep her for twenty-four hours at least,"

he thought. And then he opened Mrs. Foxglove's special tin tea-caddy, and filched a handful of fragrant dried leaves, which he wrapped up in a brown paper and put beside the other viands. "I dunno what Philena will say," he thought, but here I ain't made of ston nor yet of cast iron and steel fillin's. And I can't stand by and see a fellow creature starve, no matter how shiftless and good-for-nothin' she is."

And chancing to notice how thin and inadequate the poor old woman's shawl was, he recklessly took down an old bombazine cloak, originally a bright brown, but now faded in as many streaks as a zebra's hide; which had hung from time immemorial in the back entry. "There ain't no more use in that old dud," he thought. "And if Philena makes a fuss, I'll give her a new blanket shawl!"

Mrs. Waterman went off rejoicing. And when the first glow of satisfaction had faded out of Farmer Foxglove's soul, a dreadful fear took possession of him. "What will Philena think?" said he. "I guess, upon the whole, that I won't say nothin' about it."

Presently Mrs. Foxglove and Seraphina came home from the weekly meeting of the Society for the Helpers of the heathen, in jubilant spirits. "George Patterson was there," said Mrs. Foxglove. "He said he came after his aunt, but it was my belief he wanted to walk home with Seraphina. Just as if our gal was going to keep company with a fellow like that, as hasn't got a penny in the world, and works at a saw mill for a crown a day! Not if I know it."

"Certainly not," said the farmer in a conciliatory tone. "But Seraphina only hung down her head, and said nothing."

"La me!" said Mrs. Foxglove in the kitchen. "What has become of thing? Here's the cold chicken and the apple-pie gone! And the cover off the butter jar too!"

"Y—yes," said the farmer coughing. "I—I got sort of hungry, so I thought I'd jest take a snack."

"Couldn't you have waited until supper time?" said Mrs. Foxglove, severely. Her husband was silent. Was it not just possible, thought he, that the recording angel might balance that ready falsehood against his recent act of charity, so that his soul should be none the gainer by the compound transaction? It was so hard to always tell what was right.

"I was calculating on that chicken for supper," said Mrs. Foxglove. "Now we shall have to put up cold boiled pork and mustard. But I don't suppose, Nehemiah, you'll want to eat much."

"No, of course not," said the poor

old man, who was voraciously hungry.

"Where's the bombazine cloak, pa?" cried Seraphina, after the somewhat frugal supper, as she took down the milking-pail. "It's raining a little, and the cows haven't come home from their pasture yet."

"I'll go after them, Phiny," said the farmer, starting up with alacrity. "With your rheumatism? No, indeed," said Seraphina. "What can have become of the cloak? I'm sure I left it here this morning."

"If I had a pair of eyes, I'd use them," said Mrs. Foxglove, coming to the rescue and viewing the row of empty pegs with an eagle glance. "Well I declare!" "Nehemiah," turning to her husband, "that comes of leaving you to keep house. You must have gone off and left the door open, and some tramp has got in and robbed us."

"I did just step out to the log-pile for some logs," said the farmer, thankful or the avenue of escape that was opened to him. "But I wasn't gone long."

"That's it," said Mrs. Foxglove, with a tone of conviction; "that's it! I do wonder at you, Nehemiah! Any four-year-old child would have known better. I shall count all my silver spoons at once."

The farmer wriggled uneasily in his cushioned rocking chair. "I wish old Mrs. Waterman had been in Jericho, before she came here!" he said to himself. "I wish Philena would stay at home and look after things herself. It will be the last time I ever get caught in that trap."

Meanwhile pretty Seraphina singing softly to herself, folded an old striped shawl around her taper shoulders, and went out to the pastures after the truant company of cows. Old tulip's bell was jangling among the silver-stemmed birches on the bleak hill; they were already on the homeward path, but Seraphina loitered unnecessarily on the bars, and paused a moment at the foot bridge that spanned a brawling brook. All was still and dusk; a certain frosty sweetness was in the autumn air, and the only visible person was a woman farther down the brook, who was dipping out water. Suddenly there was another step—strong, swift and full of purpose—grinding down the dard leaves in its progress. Seraphina's eyes brightened; a vivid color rose into her cheeks. "There he comes now!" she murmured. "There comes George!"

To her surprise and dismay, however, the cavalier did not come up the hill, but stayed his steps beside the other woman below. "He is throwing his arms around her neck," thought indignant Seraphina. "He is—yes, he is actually kissing her! Are men absolutely without truth and faithfulness in this age of the world? But I don't care! Why should I care? I'm sure it don't matter to me." No more meditation, pausing for the cows Seraphina hurried them home and finishing the milking in less time than it had ever taken her before. She was just carrying in the foaming pail, when a tall figure approached. "Seraphina!" "Pray, don't trouble yourself to speak to me, sir," said Seraphina, with a toss of the head. "Or, if you do, please call me 'Miss Foxglove!'" And Seraphina vanished through the kitchen door.

"What's the matter, Phiny?" said her mother, noticing the girl's quick movements and heightened color.

"Nothing, Ma," said Seraphina. It was getting towards nine o'clock, and Mr. Foxglove had already indulged in one or two surreptitious naps, as his wife read the newspaper aloud in monotonous accents, and Seraphina darned stockings when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Foxglove opened it. There stood the Widow Waterman, with her lamp bonnet and inevitable snuff.

"I hope I'm not intruding," said Mrs. Waterman, "but here's the brown bombazine cloak, Mr. Foxglove, and, humbly thanking you all the same I'd rather not wear it."

"Eh?" said Mr. Foxglove in amazement.

"It was very kind of you to give it me," went on Mrs. Waterman, to the utter and total discomfiture of the poor farmer, "but there's some things as human flesh and blood can't bear, and to have Deacon Pallaby's son asking if he could not see me home when I came out of the store, and

Mr. Ferdinand Pluff saying was I to be at the dance at Melinda Edward's on Tuesday night, and might he call for me at eight o'clock—well, it's rather upsetting. But the worst of it all was when I went to get a little water at the brook—for my hogs-head dropped all to pieces that last hot weather we had in September—and as true as you live, a young fellow seized hold of me and was going to kiss me, if I hadn't up and give him a box on the ear. And I believe it's the brown cloak has done it all," with a meaning glance at Seraphina Foxglove. "So if you would please take it back, I'll try and get along with my old shawl a spell longer. And the roast chicken was very good sir," with a courtesy in the direction of the luckless farmer, "and that apple pie couldn't be beat."

There was a moment's direful silence, and then Mrs. Waterman, seeing no probability of being invited to sit down, sidled out of the room, and betook herself once more to the mysterious silence of the night.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Foxglove. "Ma, don't scold pa!" said Seraphina, half-way between laughing and crying. The farmer feebly rubbed his hands. "I think I'll go to bed," said he.

And he went. While Seraphina, running out to the well for a pitcher of water, the last thing before shutting the house for the night, had nearly stumbled against poor George Paterson. "Goodness me! what are you doing here?" said Seraphina.

"I can't go home and sleep, Seraphina, while you are angry with me," said the poor young fellow, who was very desperately in love. "What have I done to deserve your coldness?" Even in the starlight he could see Seraphina's eyes sparkle.

"Nothing," she answered. "Except—except that you can't blame me for being jealous when I see you hugging and kissing the Widow Waterman!"

"It was the cloak, Seraphina—the brown cloak—that misled me," pleaded George. "I thought, of course, that it was you."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk!" said Seraphina. And she began to wind up the well-chain with great energy. And Mrs. Foxglove thought that Seraphina had never before been so long in bringing a pitcher of water. To George Paterson, however, the moments seemed winged, but nevertheless he went home rejoicing Seraphina had forgiven him.

AN EVENTFUL CAMPAIGN.

In this campaign both armies failed to achieve what they attempted to accomplish. Both were equally successful in their strategy; both were equally poor in their tactics and fighting. Had General Hooker carried out his original plan and crushed General Lee's army the war would have ended. Had General Hooker's mistake of stopping at Chancellorsville been successful in delivering a crushing blow to the Army of the Potomac he would in all probability have made a great step towards establishing the Southern Confederacy.

Why did the measures of these two Generals fail? The answer is simply this: Bad tactics and poor fighting. Had either General emulated the tactics and fighting of Desaix at Marengo, Massena at Wagram, Davoust at Eckmuhl, where with thirty thousand Frenchmen, he defeated ninety thousand Austrians; Marshall Ney at the Moskwa, McMahon at Magneta, Shobell at Plevna, or the Grand Duke Michael at Kars, either would have won. Great victories have never been won except by great Generals!

HERALD.

"How old would you take me to be, Mr. Snooks?" she lisped, looking unutterable things at him.

"I dunno," he replied, "twisting nervously about in his chair."

"I'm awfully old, I assure you. I've seen twenty-three summers!"

"Then you ought to wear glasses," he replied, earnestly.

"Why, Mr. Snooks! glasses at twenty-three?"

ANNIVERSARY OF A BELL.

The busy city of Breslau, in Prussia, found time recently to celebrate the five hundredth birthday of a church bell has kept it famous throughout Germany for a longer period than has elapsed since the discovery of America.

The founder of the bell, on the 17th of July, 1386, when the molten metal was just ready to run into the mold, left the foundry for a few moments in charge of a boy, warning him not to meddle with the apparatus. The boy disobeyed the injunction and set the metal running. Terrified, he called the founder, who, on seeing the mischief, supposing the bell ruined, struck the boy to the earth and killed him.

When the metal cooled and the bell was tried, it was found to be of admirable tone and finished—the founder's masterpiece. Stricken with remorse, he gave himself up to the magistrate, and was condemned to expiate his crime by death. He walked to the place of execution to the tolling of his own bell, calling upon all the people to pray for "the poor sinner." The bell has ever since borne the name of the Poor Sinner's Bell.

At that early period Breslau was a country village of little note. It has now grown to be the seat of the linen manufacture of Silesia, and next to Berlin, the largest city of Prussia. The anniversary of the founding of the Poor Sinner's Bell was not forgotten, however. The bell was rung morning and evening, and the pastor of the church preached a sermon in honor of the occasion, in which he told once more the well-remembered tale.

A man must have either great men of great objects before him, otherwise his powers degenerate, as the magnets do, when it has lain for a long time without being turned toward the right corners of the world.

Every event in life has meaning to those who, in the simple trust of a childlike faith, give themselves up to the leadings and guidings of God's providence. No wind can blow wrong; no event be mistimed; no result be disastrous. If in all things God is caring for our inward and eternal life, nothing can occur which is not for our good.

We too often speak of the ravages of intemperance as confined to the ignorant and degraded classes. But its havoc is just as frightful among the rich and the cultured. A gentleman who lately left one of our inebriate asylums, says that he met there as fellow-patients twelve lawyers, fifteen physicians and five ministers of the Gospel.

It was boldly asserted, says the Butler Herald that the advent of the democratic party to power would be signaled by the shutting down of furnaces, iron mills, coke works, factories, and general depression of business in all parts of the country. Occasionally we read of some stump orator who still prates of such things, but the general public wink and laugh at the fellow's folly. It is only necessary to read the papers to see that business everywhere is in a healthy condition and that prosperity in all departments of trade is the rule and not the exception. Now, we do not attribute this to the democratic party, but we do attribute it to that public confidence which has taken the place of the croakings of political slysters. The democratic party has as much interest in the prosperity and welfare of the country as any other party, and to say that its advent to power would be destructive of both, was just so much untruth unblushingly said. This business man have found out, and the consequence is scarce has lost its effects, and the industrial interests are now prospering. The activity in the demand for iron has advanced prices fifty per cent. over those prevailing the same time last year. The Pennsylvania railroad is without sufficient equipment to handle the business offered, and every shop they have is taxed to its utmost capacity to supply equipment. It is estimated that 33,300,000 tons of anthracite coal will be required to supply the demand this year for steam making fuel, and the demand for bituminous coal is equally great. These are gratifying facts, and of interest to all classes of citizens.

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