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Miscellaneous.

CHURCH, SOCIETY AND OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.—The following directory is published for the information of the public. We will thank our friends for notifying us of any errors they may discover:

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EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Cor. Main and Canal Streets. Services Sunday at 10½ A.M. and 7½ P.M. Sunday School at 12:15 P.M. Rev. CHARLES E. McILVAINE, Pastor.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Court Street, near Court House. Services Sunday at 10½ A.M. and 7 P.M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. Sunday School 12 M. Pastor, Rev. J. S. STEWART.

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U.H.R.A. CHAPTER, No. 161.—Once in two weeks, at 7 P.M. CHAS. F. CROSS, H.P.

I. O. of O. F.—BRADFORD LODGE, No. 167.—Odd Fellows' Hall, over Frost & Sons Furniture Rooms. Meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock. WM. JONES, N.G. WARREN HILL, Sec.

BRADFORD ENCAMPMENT, No. 41.—Meets second and fourth Wednesday evening of each month. WM. SNYDER, C.P., WARREN HILL, H.P., WM. JONES, Scribe.

K. OF P.—TOWANDA LODGE, No. 290.—Meets every Tuesday evening in Temperance Hall, 7½ o'clock. J. P. VANFLEET, W.C.

K. O. S. C.—TOWANDA LODGE, No. 370.—Meets second and fourth Thursday of each month. JOSEPH MIDGLY, S.K.

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Associate Judges—Hon. S. D. HARKNESS, Springfield. Hon. C. S. RUSSELL, Towanda.
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Physician—DR. D. S. PRATT.

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Franklin Steam Fire Engine Co., No. 1.—Meets first Wednesday evening in each month in Borough Engine House. I. B. HUMPHREY, President; J. WARDELL, Jr., Sec'y.

Naiad Engine Co., No. 2.—Meet first Monday evening in each month, in Borough Engine House. E. B. STINE, President; G. E. FROST, Sec'y.

Lin-ta Steam Fire Engine Co., No. 3.—Meet first Tuesday evening in each month, in Lin-ta Engine House. F. A. PACKER, President; R. A. MERCUR, Sec'y.

Mantua Hook and Ladder Co., No. 4.—Meets first Wednesday evening in each month, in Borough Engine House. JAMES H. NEVINS, President; E. C. IRVINE, Sec'y.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

TOWANDA POST OFFICE.—Mails going South close at 9:30 A.M. and 9 P.M.; going North, at 10:15 A.M. and 4:30 P.M. Arrive from North at 10:30 A.M. and 4:30 P.M.; south 5:15 P.M. and 3:30 A.M.

Barclay mail closes at 1 P.M.; arrives at 6:30 P.M.

S. & E. closes at 2:30 P.M.; arrives at 10:30 A.M.

Troy closes at 8 A.M.; arrives at 1 P.M.

LeRaysville closes at 1 P.M.; arrives at 12 M.

New Era arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 12 M.; departs at 1 P.M.

Mehoopany arrives Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 12 M.; departs at 1 P.M.

Sheshequin arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 10 A.M., departs at 12 M.

S. W. ALVORD, P.M.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

Mutual Building and Saving Fund Association.—Meets in Grand Jury Room for payment of installments, third Monday in the month, from 5 to 7 P.M. N. N. BETTS Jr., President.

Towanda Building Association.—Meets in Grand Jury Room for payment of installments, fourth Monday in each month, from 5 to 7 P.M. JOSEPH POWELL, President.

Selected Poetry.

THE GAME OF LIFE—A HOMILY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a game much in fashion—I think it's
called *Euchre*,
(Though I never have played it for pleasure or
lucre),
In which, when the cards are in certain condi-
tions,
The players appear to have changed their po-
sitions,
And one of them cries in a confident tone,
"I think I may venture to *go it alone!*"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the
bard's,
A moral to draw from the skirmish of cards,
And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife
Some excellent hints for the Battle of Life;
Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or
throne—
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When the great Galileo proclaimed that the
world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,
And got—not a convert—for all of his pains,
But only derision, and prison and chains—
"It moves *for all that!*" was his answering tone,
For he knew, like the earth, he could "go it
alone!"

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star,
And doctors who ought to have lauded his
name,
Derided his learning and blackened his fame,
"I can *wait!*" he replied, "till the truth you
shall own!"
For he felt in his heart he could *go it alone!*"

Alas! for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of life, upon kindred or friends:
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for inglorious ease,
Nor comfort the coward who finds with a groan
That his crutches have left him to "go it
alone!"

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you
may hold—
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold—
The unfortunate owner may fairly regard
As, each in its way, a most excellent card,
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for
your own,
Unless you have courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same,
In the struggle for power or the scramble for
pelf,
Let this be your motto—"*Rely on yourself!*"
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"
—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Miscellaneous.

A TRIAL FOR PERJURY.

During the last session of the criminal court in L——, in the province of S——, a trial for perjury excited unusual interest. The accused was an accomplished young girl, who for some years had been a governess in a wealthy family, and whose conduct had been above reproach.

She had been called as a witness in an ordinary civil suit, and had answered in the negative the usual question as to whether she had ever been punished for any criminal offense. By accident it was discovered afterwards that she, some years before, had been sentenced to prison for thirty days for theft, and consequently the charge of perjury was brought against her. Less on account of the false oath than the theft committed by a beautiful and highly cultivated young lady, the court-room, on the day of the trial, was filled to repletion. I was unavoidably hindered from being present until the proceedings were nearly ended.

The counsel for the prisoner had risen to speak for his client. He was a dignified old gentleman, and was usually somewhat stiff, cold and measured in his manner of speaking, but to day his voice trembled, and it was evident that he was deeply moved.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "I have stood here many times to defend the accused, but never before with so heavy a heart as to-day. While I have never been more fully convinced of the innocence of my client, I have, on the other hand, never been more fully concious of the difficulty, the improbability, perhaps, of obtaining a favorable verdict."

"The accused is an orphan. By the death of her parents, before she had scarcely reached womanhood, she was early compelled to seek her bread among strangers. A liberal education enabled her to obtain a situation as governess. For two years she was in the same house—always industrious, simple in her manners, and modest in her pretensions—without there ever having been the shadow of a doubt with regard to her honesty, when all at once she was accused of theft, and arrested. She has assured me that she was unjustly convicted. I have practiced my profession for fifty years. Long experience has made me insensible to tears and plausible stories. Here, gentlemen, there were no tears. Her words were simple, but (to me) convincing. The accused was not convicted of the theft, and consequently she could, with a clear conscience, answer the question with regard to having been punished for any crime, as she did, in the negative; for she had not been punished for crime, but she had been the victim of a great injustice.

"I am not unmindful of the fact that my opinion can hardly be taken into account. The defense is compelled to admit that, if judged solely by the evidence, the charge has been substantiated; but I beg, gentlemen, that you will for a moment imagine yourself in the place of the accused. Again she had found a situation; nothing was known of her having been imprisoned; for some years she had discharged the duties of her position to the entire satisfaction of her employers; she had won the love and esteem of a large and cultivated circle. Now I ask you gentlemen, could she, even had it been true, make a confession that would have sent her out friendless into the cold world? would it not have required more than human strength to make such a confession? Can you not understand, gentlemen, that what she suffered when she was asked, 'Have you ever been punished for any criminal offense?' was sufficient to rob her for the moment at least, of reason?

"The unusualness of the case will excuse me, I trust, for calling your attention to the severe punishment that must follow your verdict of 'Guilty.' Shall a young girl who, on a single occasion—and, gentlemen, in this instance, even that is not the case here—has committed a fault, for which she has fully attoned by long years of irreproachable conduct, be brought together for a time, long or short, with the dregs of society? Never, gentlemen, never! Till now her soul has been pure and unsullied. Were she to serve a term in the penitentiary, what would she be then? Who will assume the responsibility of sending her there.

"I can say no more, gentlemen! I leave the case in your hands, and I trust and pray that you will give me a verdict of 'Not Guilty.'"

The old jurist's plea was listened to with breathless silence. It was short, but on that account all the more effective. No one seemed to be unmoved, and many of the women present wept. I glanced towards the accused; she raised her eyes with a look of gratitude, and reached out her hand to her aged counsel.—Where had I seen this pale but beautiful face, this wealth of dark brown hair, and those large honest eyes? it seemed to me as though those very lips, at some time, had told me a story of bitter suffering; but when and where? I tried to awaken recollection, but my efforts were fruitless.

The judge began the usual charge to the jury. While it was evident that he felt deeply for the prisoner, he called the attention of the jury to the facts of the case, which had been clearly proved, and which alone, said he, should govern them in finding their verdict. In speaking of the life of the accused, he said:

"For three years after the offense of which she had been convicted, her conduct has been thoroughly exemplary, for the theft was committed on the 5th of April, 1871."

At these words a flood of recollections came upon me, and with them came the joyous certainty that the young girl would soon be free—free through me; that it was in my power to save her from moral death. Near me sat the reporter of one of the local papers; before him lay a brief account of the young girl's previous life, and of the principal facts concerning the supposed theft. I asked to be allowed to look at the paper for a moment, and ran over the statement with feverish haste, for the judge had ended his charge, and the jury were about to retire.

I had found what I sought, and arose from my seat. One of the associate judges saw me, and called the attention of the presiding judge to me.

"What do you wish, sir?" he asked.

"I beg to be heard as a witness in this case, your honor. I have a statement to make which will perhaps be deemed important."

"Come forward if you please. I beg that the gentlemen of the jury will resume their seats."

The sensation caused by my words was greatly increased by another incident; when the accused saw me and heard my voice, she uttered a cry—whether of joy or despair it was impossible to decide—and fainted. She soon regained consciousness, however, and listened, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, to my statement.

I entered the witness box, took the oath and proceeded.

"Your honor will allow me," I began, "to rehearse briefly the leading circumstances that attended the theft of which the lady was convicted.

"In 1869 she entered the house of Herr von G——, as the governess of his motherless children. For two years she discharged the duties of her position with rare devotion, and to the entire satisfaction of her employer. On the 5th of April, 1871, she obtained leave of absence for the day, to visit some relations who lived in a neighboring town. It was about noon when she left the chateau. At four o'clock, or thereabouts, Herr von G—— took a stroll in his park for half an hour; when he returned he found the door of his secretary open, and that a diamond ring and two rolls of money, each containing one hundred and twenty florins, had been taken from one of the drawers. The search that was immediately instituted was extended to the room of the governess, where, at the bottom of a basket filled with her underwear the ring and one of the rolls of money were found; the other roll was wanting.

"About nine o'clock in the evening the accused returned in a cab. When questioned with regard to her supposed crime, she denied it positively; and in court she still persisted in asserting her innocence. She stated that her employer had more than once made improper advances to her, in consequence of which she had notified him that she would leave at the end of the month. The charge of theft, she believed, was made for the purpose of getting her into his power. To the last moment, she said, he had offered not to have her arrested, provided she would yield to his wishes.

Herr Von G——, who was certainly not looked upon as being a man of the strictest morality, denied this charge indignantly. Every other circumstance seemed to point to her as being the guilty person. She was driven from the chateau to the city, where she was to take the railroad. In the evening, at eight o'clock, she was again in the city, where she took a cab to bring her home. Her story that she had spent the afternoon with relations, proved to be untrue. The theory was that she had returned to the chateau and committed the theft. No one could be found who had seen her between the hours of one and eight. The *alibi* she sought to establish failed, and she was convicted.

"Now, gentlemen, I come to my share in the matter. It was a bright spring day. I was returning to the city after a long walk, and was unusually happy. That day, for the first time, I had ventured, to give a young girl whom I loved a trifling proof of my affection, openly before her parents. It was her birthday, and I had presented her with a bunch of flowers and a copy of Heine's "Book of Songs."

I passed the churchyard, in a joyous frame of mind, nevertheless I felt an irresistible desire to enter. It seemed to be entirely deserted, and it was not until I had walked about for some time that I discovered in a remote corner the figure of a woman. She was kneeling with her head bent very low. I approached her and found that she had fainted. I hastened to find some water, but, when I returned, she had already regained consciousness. I will not undertake to repeat our entire conversation; suffice it to say that I told her of my joy, and that she confided to me her sorrow. Without mentioning names, she told me that she had been attached to a young merchant, and that she hoped some day to become his wife. The year 1870 came, and with it the dogma of the Pope's infallibility. The young man rejected it. From that moment began an endless chain of persecutions. Powerful partisans of the papal party applied themselves to the ruining of his credit, and rendering all his enterprises abortive. In the fruitless struggle his health failed, and after a few months he laid himself on a sick bed, from which he never rose.

"'To day,' said the lady, 'I, too, celebrate a birthday, that of my betrothed. I could not let it pass without laying a wreath on his grave. My relations, the only *friends* I have, must know nothing of it—they would cast me off if they knew of my love for an apostate. For that reason I came here *secretly*; I avoided the *highroad*, and I think no one but you has seen me.'

"I have not the right," I said, in conclusion, "to disclose more of the secrets of another man than is absolutely necessary. This meeting and conversation took place fully nine miles from the chateau of Herr von G——. The young lady of whom I have spoken was the one I see before me: the day and hour, the 5th of April, 1871, afternoon, about four o'clock."

The lady remained calm and attentive during my recital, but when I ended she burst into tears.

"You are sure that you recognize the lady?" asked the judge.

"Yes. You can convince yourself. The lady in the churchyard had a mole about as large as a pea directly under her right ear."

The judge and the prosecuting attorney made the necessary examination, and nodded the affirmative.

"From the papers it appears that the lady," said the judge, "after much hesitation, made a statement which corroborates with your own, and that the unknown gentleman whom she met in the cemetery was invited in the public prints to present himself. May I ask why you did not respond to this call?"

"A few days after I met the lady, I was taken very sick, and for weeks my recovery was doubtful! For at least two months I never saw a newspaper."

The prosecuting attorney arose, and said:

"I leave it to the judgment of the jury, whether after what they have just heard, they will endorse the views of the defense—namely, that the accused was not punished for a criminal offense when she was imprisoned for thirty days, but that she was the subject of an injustice. If you do endorse this view of the case, gentlemen, then you must bring in a verdict of acquittal."

Without leaving their seats, the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

The satisfaction expressed by every one present can easier be imagined than described.—*Appleton's Journal.*

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LOCKING THE TOWER.—The Tower of London is locked up every night at 11 o'clock. As the clock strikes that hour the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a bunch of keys, and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, stands at the front of the main guardhouse and calls out, "Escort keys." The Sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn out and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass, with "Who goes there?" the "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanations, and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more at the front of the main guardhouse, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria." To which the guard responds "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms," and kisses the hilt of his sword, and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade and deposits the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings.

◆

BOUND TO DO A FULL DAY'S WORK.—Mr. M——, of Oxford, don't object to having a hired man to do a full day's work; at least so we should judge from the following story.

A short time ago a man went to his place for work. Mr. M—— set him to plowing around a forty-acre field. After he had plowed faithfully all day, until the sun was about half an hour high, he expressed his opinion that it was about time to quit work.

"Oh, no," said Mr. M——, "you can plow around six or eight times more just as well as not."

So the hired man plowed around six or eight times, then went to the house, took care of his team, milked nine cows, ate his supper, and found ten o'clock staring him in the face from the old time-piece.

Said the hired man to Mrs. M——, "Where is Mr. M——?"

The good woman answered, "He has retired; do you wish to see him?"

He replied that he did. After being conducted to the bedroom, he said: "Mr. M——, where is the axe?"

"Why," said Mr. M——, "what do you want with the axe?"

"Well," said the hired man, "I thought you might want me to split wood till breakfast is ready."

SAVED BY A RABBIT.

While my friend Clyde and myself were out in the hills back of the Golden Gate park, a jack rabbit came along and stopped to look at us.

"If I had thought to bring my revolver along we should have jack on toast for breakfast to-morrow," I remarked.

"Not with my consent," he replied.

"What reason can you give for not consenting?"

"A rabbit saved my life, and I have not killed one since, and never will kill one again."

"How did he manage to save your life?"

"Three years ago I was living in Montana. A smelter had just been built, and it created a demand for silver rock. I owned an interest in a lead that had been sunk on thirty feet. Thinking the time had come to make it available, I concluded to go there and get some ore, and have it tested. I did so, and reached the place just in time to take shelter in the mine from a terrible hailstorm. I lighted my candle, went to the bottom, and went to work. I had not been there more than five minutes when I heard a noise that sounded like the report of a cannon. The rocks over my head shook, and in a moment the shaft behind me caved. You can imagine my feelings better than I can describe them when I found myself buried alive. I tremble even at this distant day when I think of that moment. The roof of the shaft was rocks, and when they came down they did not pack so tight but what the air came through. There was nothing that I could do to release myself. I knew that if relief did not come from the outside I must perish. No one knew I had gone there. A road ran past the mouth of the shaft, but it was not traveled much, and I was not likely to attract attention by calling; nevertheless, I shouted at intervals all day. The following morning I commenced calling again; and all day, whenever I thought I heard a sound, I shouted.

"When night came again all hopes of being released had abandoned me. One thing added great bitterness to my sufferings. I owed quite a large amount of money, and should my fate remain unknown, my creditors would think I had fled to defraud them, and my name would be stigmatized.

"I will not dwell on the agonies I endured; I am sorry I cannot forget them.

"The morning of the fourth day of my imprisonment I heard something crawl into my grave. I lighted my candle, and saw a rabbit. There was only one aperture large enough to admit him; I closed it to prevent his escape. I saw in him food to appease my hunger, and my hand was raised to kill him, when a thought occurred to me that prevented the blow from descending. I had two fish-lines; their united length would reach the road. I took off my shirt, tore it into strings, tied them together, and on to the fish-line. I wore a long gold watch chain; I tied it on to the part of the line that would cross the road. I then cut several leaves from my diary, wrote on them my condition, and tied them on to the part of the line that would be outside. I then tied the cord made out of my shirt around jack's neck, and let him out. He soon reached the end of the line, and I knew by the way he was pulling that he was making desperate attempts to escape. Soon the tugging stopped, and knowing gnawing to be jack's chief accomplishment, I thought he had cut himself loose. About three hours afterward I felt the line pulled, then some one called. I tried to answer, but the hoarse noise I made died in the cavern. I then pulled the line to show I was not dead.

"All grew still again, and I knew the man had gone for assistance. Then came the sound of voices. I pulled in the line, and it brought me food. It took all the men who could work in the shaft nine hours to reach me.

"A very large pine tree that stood near the shaft had been the cause of my misfortune. It had been dead a number of years, and the storm had blown it over. The terrible blow it struck the ground had caused the cave.

"Jack had wound the line around a bush, and tied himself so short that he was imprisoned outside as securely as I had been inside. He was taken to town, put in a large cage, and supplied with all the rabbit delicacies the market afforded. He, however, did not thrive, and the boys, believing that he 'pined in thought,' voted to set him free. He was taken to his old girdling grounds and liberated.

"He not only saved my life, but became the benefactor of all the rabbits in the neighborhood—the miners refraining from shooting any, fearing it might be him."

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A BAD TIME FOR STRIKES.

The New York *Tribune*, in an article on the 'longshoremen's strike in that city, says: There is not enough work to go around. This is the first thing which any laboring man ought to think of when he is approached with a proposition for a strike. He is asked to stop working, to stop the supply of food and fuel for his wife and children, as a means of bringing his employers to reason. In times of great activity and prosperity, when there is more work to do than there are men to do it, the striking policy may sometimes succeed, tho' it is always hazardous. But it is pure insanity in dull times, and although it may occasionally harm the employer, it invariably harms the laborer. In a case like the present, there is only one possible result. Nature always abhors a vacuum, and the one she most abhors is that of workmen—skilled mechanics—where workmen are needed in hard times. Where one man steps out in a pet, two are ready to step in to do the work he rejects, and to earn the bread he wants.

Another phase of the question must be faced unflinchingly. The men who will not work for the wages which are offered must not be suffered to interfere with those who will. The whole power of organized society is pledged to the protection of honest citizens who wish to earn their living by willing service. The strikers, in this point of view, have no rights whatever, either in law or equity. A great deal is said of the advantages of arbitration. In cases where employers have locked out their workmen, or in cases where work is brought to a stand still by a refusal to accept the terms offered, arbitration may be resorted to with excellent effect. But there is no place for it in a case like this, where the employer says, "I cannot pay more than so much," the workman says, "I will not work for that," and a second workman says, "I will." The whole power of the community in such a case is pledged to the protection of the willing workman, and equally pledged to the punishment of any one who injures him in the performance of the duty he has assumed. It may be hard for the striker to see another man doing the work he has refused at a less price. But he has absolutely no shadow of right to complain. The striker who is lounging about the piers, waiting for a chance to throw a brick at some one who is doing his work, has no cause of quarrel with anybody but himself first, and then the narrow and passionate leaders of his union, who in their blind and dishonest ignorance imagine that by a simple order they can change the laws of nature and the laws of trade to their own advantage.

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MR. GILES' HOME.

"You have done the chores, hav'nt you, wife?" said Mr. Giles, coming in one night about sundown.

"No, dear; I had supper to get and the baby was so cross."

"You hav'nt been getting supper all the afternoon, I hope?"

"No; I had some washing to do, and the windows to clean, and pies to bake, and——"

"Oh, stop that, please. To hear you talk one would think you had more than your share of the work. I'm sure there is no man tries harder than I do to save his wife's steps, and this is all the thanks I get for it. Don't go to contradicting me. Give me the milk bucket; if I ask you to milk you will have a dozen excuses. I want Kate to go with me to keep the hogs off while I milk."

Kate goes, and her father keeps her three quarters of an hour, and then tells her she can go and take care of the baby while her mother takes care of the milk. In about five minutes Mr. Giles comes in to supper. His wife is down in the cellar.

"Say, wife, ain't supper ready?"

"In just one minute."

"Just a minute! Everything is done in just a minute. Another night I suppose I will have to come in and get my supper for myself, after working hard all day. If you tried as I do to make home pleasant, we could get along a great deal better than we do. Well, supper is ready at last, is it? It is about time, I think."

They sit down to the table.

"O Lord, we thank Thee for this and all other blessings; feed us with the bread of life and save us in heaven. Amen. Is that the best table cloth you have got? It is? Why don't you buy another? Ain't got any money? What did you do with the money you got for those eggs?"

"Bought a hat for Katie."

"Bought a hat for Katie, and me needing I don't know how many *farm implements*. I never knew such extravagance in my life. It would please me exceedingly if you would consult me about such things after this. I guess I'll go to bed. I can't have any peace up. Wife, before you come to bed, just patch that rent in my coat; and O! I wore a hole in my socks to-day. You must either mend it or get me out a clean pair. There is a clean pair in the bureau. There is a chicken in the barrel by the hen house; I want that for my breakfast. Come, children, come and kiss papa. Good night, and don't forget to say your prayers."

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THE FOLLY OF FASHIONABLE CALLS.—The Chicago *Tribune* says: "Mrs. Grundy has decreed that Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, who have nothing whatever in common beyond the fact of belonging to the same social set, and who naturally either dislike each other exceedingly, or are entirely indifferent to each other, shall exchange formal calls *ad infinitum*. Accordingly, Mrs. Jones, with loudly expressed regret at the necessity of going, and hopes that Mrs. Smith will be out, arrays herself elaborately and pulls the Smith doorbell. If Mrs. Smith is not at home, actually or figuratively, Mrs. Jones breathes a sigh of relief and hurries away. If she is, Mrs. Jones is ushered into a lugubrous parlor, where she wastes half an hour on idle gossip about the weather, and the last engagement, and the next party, and the wonderous achievements of various commonplace children. Each woman listens and talks languidly. Each is wishing the bore was over. When the necessary minutes have been consumed, Mrs. Jones departs. When the necessary weeks have passed Mrs. Smith plays her part in this most tedious society drama, and the curtain falls to rise again a month or two later on Mrs. Jones. Both these women would stop this farcicle exchange of visits if they dared. But they do not dare. It is the fashion and they follow it. As a result they are obliged to waste hours on hours, week after week in a round of bowing and gossiping and smiling, from which they get no possible good. They either have to give up one whole day every week to receiving calls, or they must hold themselves in readiness at almost every hour of every day to do so. It does not seem to occur to these people that where such system prevails, nothing else systematic can. There can be no fixed hours for anything. Friends cannot exchange calls at will because acquaintances left in the lurch would be hurt. Sometimes a woman grows sufficiently independent to announce that she will not make calls. Then the rest of her sex, every one of whom would be glad to imitate her, affect a proper horror, and condemn as impolite, shocking, &c., her brave disregard of one of the most senseless observances of society. Would it not be well for women reformers to remember that calling and dressing are two great grounds for reform? If a few prominent ladies would but say, 'We will call only on the persons whom we really wish to see,' they would soon witness a decided change for the better. Would it not be well, by the way, for women to remove a few of the disabilities they have imposed upon themselves before invoking masculine help to rid themselves of others."

SOUTHERN LIFE AS IT WAS.

Very soon after John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, it was thought by the "chivalry" that something must be done. So, at the first sitting of the county court at "Old Fairfax," (the old residents of Fairfax always spoke of it by that title, and, from their manner, you would suppose that, to their minds, it was second to no other place on earth), the grand jury found true bills against one John H. Garyus, postmaster at Anandale, for allowing *The Tribune* to pass through the mails; also against one Thomas Crux for circulating the Helper book. Crux's second son was at the court-house and learned the facts, and from the sudden manner in which he left, the ring concluded he would inform his father of the proceedings, and he would leave the state. It was also feared that the sheriff would not be able to arrest him, and Jim Jackson,—who shot Ellsworth—and Joe Monroe, were deputized and furnished with a warrant. They at once "cut across" to Washington and had a United States warrant issued and placed in the hands of the Marshal, while an officer was sent to Bladensburg to take him there, if by any means he might slip by the Marshal. Things being thus arranged, the two deputies concluded to return and look for their man in the Old Dominion. They met Mr. C. and his son on the south end of the Long Bridge, but did not recognize them till the buggies were just passing, when they cried "halt," but there was no halt. Mr. C. and son made the best of their way over the bridge, and as the others had to turn their horse round before they could give chase, the postmaster had a good start. The deputies had a fleet horse, and just as the parties reached this end of the bridge they were overtaken, arrested, and conveyed to the court-house. His son and son-in-law went his bail, and Mr. C. left for Indiana on a visit, but forgot to come back in time for court, and the bail was declared forfeited. But lo and behold! the ring found that they had lost their man and bail also, for by the laws of Virginia bail could not be taken where the offense would send a man to State prison, and in this case there was no doubt of the offense.

Several of the old residents in the county had heard and read of the Helper book, and being anxious to see it had asked Mr. Crux for a copy, and nothing was thought of it till the John Brown raid. Then something *must* be done to teach those d—d abolitionists a lesson, and they "went for" Mr. C. There was a long petition signed and sent to Richmond, asking the Legislature to give the $1,500 bail to Jackson and Monroe for their services in arresting him, but it was a failure.

In the meantime Mr. Garyus was brought to trial for allowing *The Tribune* to pass in the mails, and for being accused of distributing the Helper book, as a copy was left at his grocery for one of the neighbors. But they found they had the wrong pig by the ear when they undertook to overhaul one of Uncle Sam's men; and as the book was only left on the counter by Mrs. C. for Mr. Fitzhugh, Mrs. G. called Mr. F.'s attention to the fact, Mr. F. taking the book from the counter himself; and as Mrs. G. was a Southern lady, what could they do, except to get awfully mad and curse all the North in general, and those who were before the court in particular. A few minutes after court adjourned I was in the clerk's office and heard the following from the chief justice of the county: "If the law cannot reach the d—d rascals, the *club will*; then let them come before this court and see what they will make out of it!"

Capt. Dulong, during the day, had said he thought a man should be allowed "free speech," but the ring, of which chief justice Gunnel was the head, said, "that man ought to be licked," and in less than ten minutes Jim Jackson met him in the court-house yard, asked him if he said so, and receiving an affirmative answer, promptly knocked him down and beat him. The Captain was a Southern man, but was guilty of the unpardonable sin of holding a few Northern ideas.

Another man was taken before the court for reading the Helper book, and then giving it to me, but as I assured the honorable court that I took the book from his house of my own accord, he was let off. And thus ended the first lesson.—*Recollections of a Northerner in Dixie.*

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BE A MAN.—Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of work, nor of hard work. Work for the wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat, and boots. Do not eat up and wear out all that you earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat that you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie, or steal; too proud to be stingy.

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THOSE who blow the coal of others' strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their faces.

THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER.

The President's daughter and her husband since their arrival in England have lived so very quietly, that when your artist asked me to ascertain for him where they were, it was with difficulty that the necessary information was obtained. "They are living with the old gentleman down near Southampton," was the answer generally given to the inquiries; but as "down near Southampton" is a very vague direction, one did not like to act upon it. At length, however, an unusually *intelligent* person was found, who informed us that Mr. Sartoris, senior, was the owner of a little fishing hamlet on the shore of Southampton Water, about five miles from Southampton, and that he lived upon an estate immediately adjoining this hamlet. Armed with this information, we set forth. Netley station is the terminus of a little branch of the Southwestern Railway, and Netley Station is only two miles from Warsash and Newtown, the first being the estate and the latter the fishing hamlet of which Mr. Sartoris is the owner, and to which the President's son-in-law is the heir. Warsash is an estate of perhaps eighty acres. It may be much larger, but that was our opinion of it. Newtown is so called probably because it is very old and not because it is not a town. It is a little group of very humble cottages, with leaning walls and tiled roofs. They are all near the shore, and in front of them on the beach at low tide the boats of the fishermen lie stranded. Every one knows what a fishing village is like, and this is like all the rest of them. It is a lazy, sleepy place and the people seemed to be very dull. At a little distance from the shore a fine stone wall rises, and this is the southern boundary of the Warsash estate. A row of trees on the inner side of the wall shuts out the view of the house and grounds from this side; but we are directed to go to the gate-keeper's lodge, where we must make our application for permission to enter and make the sketch which the artist wished to send you, and which you herewith have. Upon ringing the bell it was answered by a servant who says that he is young Mr. Sartoris's valet, and I regret to observe that he pronounces that word with peculiar emphasis upon the final letter. On learning that we are Americans he evinces a strong desire to interview us on his own account. He has himself been in the United States and returned from there only a few months ago. He did not like the country at all—and for this I expressed so much sympathetic regret that he regards me with favor, and imparts to me in confidence some of his own views concerning republican institutions. Your artist became impatient and pressed our interlocutor to take our cards to Mr. Sartoris with a message. As he departs on his errand, we see the young gentleman and his wife—"our Prince Nellie"—in the grounds at the side of the house. They are engaged in playing the new game called Badminton, and they seem to be enjoying it. She looks rosy and stout, and her laugh sounds as if her heart was happy. As the servant gives his young master our cards the young couple hold a consultation together, the lady disappears in the house and Mr. Sartoris comes to us. He receives us very kindly, and has no objection himself to the artist making a sketch of the place, but he is not the master, and he must ask his father's permission. The elder Mr. Sartoris appears, and turns out to be a very cordial and pleasant old gentleman of the bluff and hard English squire type. "Damme! Damme!" he exclaims, "no objection at all; make all the sketches you like; proud of the honor." But we first must have luncheon, he says; even an artist, he supposes, can work better after eating. We enter an ante-room hung round with riding coats, whips, fox-horns, and other implements of the chase, interspersed with aquatic garments and implements. The young gentleman tells us, as we leave the room and pass through a hall hung with handsome pictures, to the breakfast room, that he is fond of yachting, and so is Nellie. The house is full of visitors, but they are all English people. There are no Americans there but Nellie and her maid. Nellie is going home in January—of course with him. While the artist was making his sketch I walked about the grounds. They are very handsome and well-kept. Mr. Sartoris is now not only the son but the only living child of his parents, and he has no occasion to trouble himself about his future. His lines have fallen to him in pleasant places, and he and his wife have only to enjoy themselves.

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BED TIME.

"Wait till bed time, sir, and I will attend to you!"

We heard the stern promise with an aching heart. The lad to whom it was addressed turned away with a defiant, sullen expression, to brood all day over the punishment in prospect, merited, no doubt, but we thought cruelly deferred. The whipping was mentally endured throughout the long, sunny day, when the bright-eyed boy took only a listless share in the sports of his companions, and brooded over his fault and the coming expiation. Bed-time came, and the father thought of the misdemeanor and inflicted the whipping, never weighing as part of the punishment the long day of agonizing suspense, the hours of sleepless misery.

And we, looking on sadly, thought that bed-time should be the happiest hour of the day. Let it be stated that we are altogether in favor of punishment for faults, but we also believe in even-handed justice where the children are concerned. Injustice will come with advancing years. The world will mete out often hard measure for small offences; but spare the child! If a whipping is earned, give it promptly, with a full understanding of the reason for its infliction; and, oh, by all parental love, let the rod be the last resort; try all milder punishment first.

Above all, take any time but bed-time. Let the weary feet, the busy brain, rest in the bed happily. Let the evening prayer be said in loving tones to a Saviour who calls little children to himself. Let the father's caress, the mother's kiss, be the last link between the day's pain or pleasure and the night's sleep. Send the children to bed happy. If there is sorrow, punishment, disgrace, let them meet in the day and have hours of play or thought in which to recover again the happiness that is childhood's right. When night comes let only tender thought, loving care, whispered blessings, prayer, and caresses, hover over the pillow where children's heads rest.—*Aunt Annie.*