The Bradford Reporter.

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Feb 27, '79

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Office—South side Poplar street, opposite Ward House. [Nov. 13, 1878.

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Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

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April 15, 1878.

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REST.

When thou art weary of the world, and leaning
Upon my breast,
My soul will show to thine its hidden meaning,
And thou shalt rest.
When thou art eagerly, but vainly aiming
At some far end,
Thou knowest not thy pining and complaining
Have pierced thy friend.
My presence is around thee and about thee—
Thou dost not know—
But if thou knewest, thou wouldst never doubt me,
I love thee so.
Thou art a very child, and needest guiding—
Thee I will lead;
Another guide might be too quick in chiding,
Nor know thy need.
Lean on me, child—nor faint beneath thy sighing,
With help so near;
I took upon me all thy grief and dying
To heal thy fear.
When thou art resting in my secret dwelling,
Shadowed by me,
Thou shalt not tire of listening—I of telling—
My love for thee.
Thine eyes are bent upon each loving token
Sent by my hand;
With these alone thy spirit would be broken
In thy fair land.
Thou art a lover of all things of beauty
In earth and peace;
Then, surely, 'twere thy pleasure and thy duty
Their source to trace.
Track the bright river of each much-prized blessing
Back to its source;
See all the blooming growth thy foot is pressing
Along its course.
See, gathered in thy storehouse of sweet dreaming,
Each glowing thought,
Which daylight, starlight, or the moon's sweet gleaming
To thee have brought.
All real beauty which thy heart is greeting—
In this fair earth—
All music which thy charmed ear is meeting,
From me had birth.
But this will be revealed when thou art leaning
Upon my breast;
Thy soul shall comprehend my hidden meaning—
And thou shalt rest.

—*Janet*

Why He Did Not Run Away

Twenty years ago Peter Raymond owned a hard, stony farm, eighteen miles from Hartford. One September evening, about nine o'clock, as he was returning home from a neighbor's, he suddenly recollected that he had left his bridle hanging on a bar-post, by his sheep-barn, when he turned his old white mare into pasture that afternoon. He sprang over the wall and across the lots, hoping to secure it before any greedy-mawed bovine should make it forever useless for bridle purposes. As he drew near the turn he thought he heard voices inside. What any one should be there for, he could not conjecture. He stepped lightly as he could on the unmowed rowen and slipped in behind the door which was standing ajar, and listened.

Philip, his eldest son, was there, and Clinton Dexter, a son of the man at whose house he had been to call. The lads were about of an age—about fifteen. Philip was talking when his father went up to the barn, but he finished what he was saying just as Mr Raymond got into a position to catch the words, and young Dexter commenced to reply. He said:

"Well, Phil, my father is just as inconsiderate as your father is. I don't think he remembers he was ever a boy. There is scarcely a day in the year he does not ride out—he rides more'n he used to before he was selectman, and you may be sure that he always has something on hand to be done, just as your father does. Soon as the frost is out of the ground, in the spring, he tells me before he rides off that I may pick up stones or spread manure till it is time to milk and fodder. After that time plowing and planting. A little later in the season he tells me to hoe the potatoes, or weed the garden, till it is time to get up the cows; and if he is at home when I take up the pails to go out and milk, he always tells me to be sure and strip the cows clean, just as though he thought I should be lazy and dishonest enough to leave half the milk in their bags if he did not tell me so; and he would be just as likely to tell me before visitors as any way—makes a fellow feel mighty uncomfortable, you know. In the winter I have to chop wood most of the time that I am not in school; and I don't think my father feels quite satisfied if I don't chop as much as a full-grown man could do in the same time I didn't know till the other day just how it was with you. Phil, I don't wonder that your patience has worn out, and I assure you that I am quite as tired of living in this way as you are."

"I hesitated a good while, Clint," Phil replied, "before I decided to speak to you about it; but I made up my mind in haying-time that it was the last summer that I should stay at home and help hay it and fare as I did then. Father is always ready to find fault—he generally says when he gets home, 'I don't think that you have hurt yourself working to-day, Philip!' And sometimes he asks me if my back doesn't ache, I've chopped so much or hoed so much, and, no matter if I work as hard as I can, from sunrise till sundown, I never hear anything more encouraging—never get one word of praise. I feel sorry to clear out on my mother's account. I love her and I believe she loves me; but if father loves me he never shows it—never speaks a tender, loving word to me. My mind is fully made up, Clint. I am going to run away, and I want to get off to-night. Never mind about your clothes—I've got shirts, handkerchiefs and stockings enough put up and I'll divide with you until we can earn more. Last week I thought it over and thought it would grieve mother, so I pretty much decided to give it up; but I got so provoked the day father went to Hartford, I determined that I would go any way. You see, here I've lived ever since I was born, within eighteen miles of Hartford, but I never was there, nor in any other city. I asked father if I might go with him last June, when he was going, and he said I couldn't go very well then, but I should go with him the very first time he went after haying. Well, when he spoke of going last week, I asked him if he was going to take me along and he answered pretty crabbedly: 'No, sir; pretty time to think of going when the hired man is gone!' I told him I would get you to come and do the chores, and you would be as faithful in doing them as I would be; but he wouldn't hear a word about it. I didn't feel very light-hearted after he was gone, but I tried to brave it out the best that I could, and I worked hard all day. That afternoon was a dark, cloudy afternoon, and I got up the cows and milked them a little earlier than I supposed I did, but don't think the sun was five minutes high when I got the chores done. I took the newspaper and sat down in the doorway so as to be on hand to take care of the horse when father came, and I hadn't read a quarter of a column when he drove up. Well, Clinton, as true as I live and breathe, after his promising that I should go to Hartford with him the first time that he went after haying, and then breaking his word and leaving me to work hard all day, the first thing he said to me when he drove up was: 'What are you sitting there a reading for? Why aren't you doing your chores?' It galled me, I tell you, but I told him that the chores were all done, and he said: 'O, ho, that is it? You do the chores in the middle of the afternoon when I am gone, and then sit down and read, do you?' It was confounded cutting; if he had stuck a knife into me it wouldn't have hurt me any worse. I vowed then I would see Hartford on my birthday, and I shall be much mistaken if I am not there to-morrow morning, and if my father sees me again for a year he will see more'n I think he will. I will be at the barn just at midnight. My bundle of clothes is here now in the oat-bin. Don't fail to be on time, Clint. We must get a single glimpse of the city before the steamboat goes out. I don't know what the fare is to New York. I doubt if we have money enough to take us there. If we haven't we can stop at some of the landing places on the way."

What a variety of feelings Peter Raymond had in the fifteen minutes he stood behind that barn door and listened! At first he was utterly surprised, he could hardly believe his own ears; but as he took it all in—as he comprehended what his son contemplated doing, he was in high dungeon; he unconsciously clenched his fist tightly. He could hardly refrain from pouncing upon his son then and there and giving him a sound drubbing; but he decided that it would be wise to hear the boys' talk out, and learn all their plans and then confront them. But as Philip talked on Raymond's teeth were less firmly closed and his fist relaxed, and when Philip said in a half sad tone, "I doubt if my father loves me at all," a dozen different feelings strove for the mastery.

"Don't love him?" he responded to himself; "the ungrateful rascal! Haven't I been scrubbing along as savingly as possible and privately putting little sums in the savings banks so that I could send him away in a year or two, and give him a better chance for an education than I ever had? Haven't I often said to my friends that he was one of the most faithful, trusty boys in the world? and that I could leave home any time, day or night, and never worry about things as long as he was there to take care? If he does doubt my love, up to this time I have loved him and have been proud of him. I haven't been very demonstrative about it, to be sure. I never thought it was wise to pet and praise children. Perhaps I have been a little too unsocial and bold and straightlaced with him. Maybe I'd better not let him know I've heard this talk about their running away; but I shall of course do something to prevent their going. I'll go up to the house and think over what course to take."

And Peter Raymond crept away from the barn as though he was a speak thief, and hurried home as fast as he could, not once thinking of his bridle. He had hardly got seated in the big arm chair before Philip came in. Philip expected his father would say, gruffly: "It is high time you were in bed." And so he was quite taken by surprise when he said, gently:

"Won't you hand me the almanac before you sit down, Philip?"

Philip's mother raised her eyes from her sewing and glanced at her husband as though she wondered what had called forth such unusual gentleness. Raymond opened the almanac at September, and after glancing down the page he turned to his wife and asked: "Is to-day the third or fourth Tuesday of the month?"

"The fourth," she replied. "To-morrow is the last day of the month."

"Are you quite sure about it?" he queried. "If you are correct, I am a week behindhand in my reckoning I've had so many things crowding upon me lately, I've hardly known which way to turn first. I promised Mr. Skidmore that I would take the two-years-old heifer away that I bought of him before the first of October. She must be got home to-morrow."

Philip got up to go to bed. Mr. Raymond said:

"Don't hurry, Philip. I'm thinking how to get that heifer home. I believe I will take you down there early in the morning and leave you to drive her up. It is nine miles there, but you can come back leisurely and let her feed alongside the road. You'd like it as well as to stay home and work, wouldn't you, Philip?"

"Yes, sir."

Philip replied in an absent-minded way. He was in a quandary. Perhaps he had better try to stay at home a little longer and see if things didn't seem more agreeable to him. Maybe he had judged his father a little too harshly. Clinton Dexter would come to the barn at midnight, and——"

Philip was arrested in his cogitations by his father saying:

"I have so many cares, so many things to think of that I can hardly keep track of my children's ages. I believe, Philip, your birthday comes the thirtieth day of September, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And so you will be fifteen years old to-morrow. Well, well, it does beat all how the time flies. Fifteen years! It doesn't seem more than half that time since you were a baby. Let me see, I believe I promised to let you go to Hartford this fall, didn't I? We shall be half way there when we get to Skidmore's; seeing to-morrow is your birthday, perhaps we had better keep on, I don't know as we shall have any better time to leave. We can start—have breakfast at half past five, and get off by six, and by nine, if we have good luck, we shall be there. We can stay there till three o'clock in the afternoon, and then you wouldn't be late home. It will be light to-morrow evening—there is a good moon now. Well, you may as well go to bed and get all the sleep that you can. I shall call you up at four o'clock."

Philip started the second time to go, but just as he got his hand on the door latch, his father said:

"Wait a minute, Philip. If you had some one to keep you company from Skidmore's and help you drive the cow, I wouldn't mind staying till midnight before we left the city. Perhaps Clint Dexter would be willing to walk up from there with you and help you drive her, if he could go with us to Hartford and spend the day. If you think that he would, and you would like to have him go, you may run over to Mr. Dexter's and tell him if it is convenient for him to spare Clinton, I would like to have him go to Hartford with us to-morrow, and walk home from Skidmore's with you in the evening. And be sure to tell Clinton, if his father consents to his going, that we will call for him as early as six o'clock."

Philip said: "Yes, sir," and took up his hat and went into the hall; but before he got to the outside door, his father called out:

"One thing more, Philip. I left my bridle hanging on a bar-post down by the sheep-barn this afternoon. If you'll come back across lots and bring it up, it'll save going for it in the morning. I intended to get it myself, when I came home from Mr. Dexter's, but it slipped my mind."

"Lucky thing it did," Philip said to himself as he stepped out of the door. "If he had come around that way and heard Clint and me talking in that barn, I guess he wouldn't be in so gentle a mood to-night. He would have given me 'Hail Columbia,' right and left, and Clint would have fared worse than I; for when his father's back is up, he's as savage as a tiger. Strange what has come over father to-night! I noticed that mother was surprised to see him so much more social and gentle than common."

On his way over to Mr. Dexter's Philip had a great variety of feelings and as great a conflict with them as his father had while standing behind the barn-door; but before he got there, the summing up was, that he was an ungrateful scamp and that his father was all right, only he had so many cares and anxieties that it sometimes made him a little stern and crabbed.

Mr. Dexter was ready to oblige his neighbor Raymond, and he cheerfully gave his consent to Clinton's going. Clinton didn't know what to make of this sudden turn of affairs. As he went with Philip to the door, he whispered:

"What's up, Phil? What has happened? Has your father found out anything?"

"Not a thing—not a thing," Philip hurriedly whispered back. "You don't suppose, Clint, he'd be taking us to Hartford to-morrow if he had? It's all right, but it's the strangest thing that ever happened. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow, can't stay long enough now."

Mr. Raymond took up a newspaper and bowed his head over it as soon as his son started for Mr. Dexter's, but if his wife had observed him closely she would have seen that he did very little reading and there was a troubled expression on his countenance. He did not raise his eyes from the paper when he heard returning footsteps, but he listened very intently and he knew that Philip stole softly and hurriedly to the back end of the hall and opened the chamber-door before he came into the sitting-room. A look of relief came over his face and he straightened up as if a great burden had been lifted from him. He had no doubt that the bundle of clothing had been brought up from the oat-bin and left on the chamber-stairs till Philip should go up to bed. That is what he hoped his boy would do when he asked him to come around by the barn and get the halter. He had no further fear that he would attempt to give him the slip that night.

Mr. Raymond and Philip rode up to Mr. Dexter's door for Clinton the next morning, just as the sun was peeping over the hills. It was a delightful a September morning as they cold desire. As soon as they were well on the road, Mr. Raymond said:

"Now, boys, you must keep your eyes open—see all there is to be seen and get all the enjoyment out of going that you can. We don't have holidays very often and we must make the most of them when we do have them. Philip and I have worked pretty hard lately and I guess, Clinton, you have. I believe a play will do us all good. I made up my mind, this morning, to try and leave all my cares and business behind me, for once; so you may ask me as many questions as you wish and you need have no fears that it will disturb me at all."

It did not escape Mr. Raymond's observation that his remarks caused the lads to glance at each other in blank astonishment, and it cut him to the quick. "What kind of a father have I been," he asked himself, "not to be able to speak a few civil and kind words to my son without having it received with such surprise. Poor boy! Wonder, pleasure, guilt and grief are all depicted in his countenance to-day. After this, with God's help, I'll so manage that he'll never doubt my loving him—never plan to run away from his father's house again."

Mr Raymond spared no pains to have the boys enjoy their first trip to Hartford. He called their attention to everything that he thought would interest them on their way. He told them who owned such and such a farm when he was a boy—what the land was worth an acre then, and what was its market value now—who built this house and that; and he pointed out where General —— was born, and where Honorable —— lived till he went to college. He was no less painstaking when they got to the city. He took them past Trinity College, the State House, the High School; he pointed out the different churches and told who preached in them; he went with them to the Athenæum and spent an hour with them there.

Sometimes Philip looked at his father in dumb bewilderment, wondering if they were really in Hartford or if it were all a dream. How social and interesting father was! He felt as if he was never acquainted with him before. What a delightful time he should have if he had not been planning to do some mean thing. If father knew it how he would despise him; he looked at him so earnestly sometimes, he was afraid that he saw guilt in his countenance. If he could only get up the courage he would confess the whole to his father and implore his forgiveness.

Thus the day wore away and Philip was not sorry when it was time to start for home. After Mr. Raymond had left the lads to follow on with the heifer they talked over the events of the past twenty-four hours together, and they were both decidedly of the opinion that they had a very narrow and providential escape from committing a very disgraceful act; and they both agreed, after a little discussion on that point, that they would never divulge to any human being that they had ever dreamed of running away.

It was half-past nine when Philip drove the heifer into his father's barnyard. After he had his supper, his father asked him to step out to the shed and get a package that was under the wagon-seat. When he brought it, Mr. Raymond opened it and took from it "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," and sat down and wrote on the fly-leaf:

"Presented to Philip C. Raymond on his fifteenth birthday, by his father, Peter Raymond," and then without closing the book passed it over to Philip.

Philip could bear no more. The tears that had come to his eyes twenty times had been forced back, now overflowed his eyelids and ran down his cheeks. He stammered.

"You are too kind to me, father; I do not deserve this."

"Do not deserve it, Philip!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond, with apparent surprise. "I think you'd better leave that to my judgment. I should like to know what boy does not deserve the kindness from his father if you don't? If I had a dozen sons I could not ask them to be more faithful and industrious than you have been. There, there! don't shed any more tears over it—you're tired—better go to bed as soon as you can, so as to feel fresh in the morning. If it's a good day to-morrow we must secure that rowen."

"Thank you, father," Philip said, with a quivering voice, and went immediately up-stairs. If it had been a little less overcoming to himself, he would have noticed that his father's voice was a little shaky; and if he had looked back as he passed out of the door he would have seen his father hastily brush a tear or two from his own eyes.

Henceforth there was no lack of confidence, sympathy and affection between Mr. Raymond and Philip, and, by reason of a private interview that Mr. Raymond had with Clinton Dexter's father, Clinton's life was much more agreeable than heretofore.

Philip has always looked back to his fifteenth birthday as a remarkable epoch in his life; and he never ceased—until his aged father recently visited him and heard him speak rather harshly to his own little son—to marvel at the wonderful change that came over his father, himself or both at that time. Then his father told him the whole story, and cautioned him against growing into the habit of speaking in that way to his children.

"Always remember, Philip," he said, "that crustiness and unhappiness are no more agreeable to a child's feelings than they are to a grown person's, and that they are more likely to lead any one out of the right path than into it, and that they never will forget love."

Some particularly enthusiastic young Barnumites, alias Connecticut Democrats, employed by a large manufacturing company of Waterbury chalked 339 all over the floor before election. The boss was a Republican, but he said nothing about it at the time, only he managed to find out who the chalkers were. The day after election he came into the factory, summoned all who had participated in the figuring and ordered them to form in line on the floor, as he was going to organize a broom brigade. He armed them with brooms, buckets, cloths and scrubbing brushes, telling them he was going to have them celebrate Garfield's election. He appointed himself captain, and told them they were now to march and wash out all the dirty work they had been revelling in for the past six weeks. Some of it didn't wash out easy, and they had to work two hours with cold water and sand to remove all traces of the chalk marks. They won't chalk any in 1884.

An expectant nephew took upon one side the physician who visited his uncle, and demanded to know the whole truth concerning that beloved relative. "He is dying!" said the doctor. The nephew howled with piteous lamentations. But the old doctor who knew human nature, and expectant nephews in particular, exclaimed; "You misunderstood me! I did not say he was recovering—I said he is dying!"

A Domestic Experiment.

A PARENT WHO TRIED BOB INGERSOLL'S METHODS.

Colonel Ingersoll says he keeps a pocket-book in an open drawer, and his children go and help themselves to money whenever they want it. They eat when they want to; they may sleep all day if they choose, and sit up all night if they desire. I don't try to coerce them. I never punish, never scold. They buy their own clothes and are masters of themselves."

A gentleman living on Marshall st., who has a boy that is full as kittenty as his father, read the article and pondered deeply. He knew that Colonel Ingersoll was a success at raising children in the way they should go, and he thought he would try it. The boy had caused him considerable annoyance, and he made up his mind that he had not treated the boy right, so he called the boy in from the street, where he was putting soft-soap on a lamp-post in order to see the lamp-lighter climb it, and said to him:

"My son, I have decided to adopt a different course with you. Heretofore I have been careful about giving you money, and have wanted to know where every cent went to, and my supervision has no doubt been annoying to you. Now I'm going to leave my pocket-book in the bureau drawer, with plenty of money in it, and you are at liberty to use all you want without asking me. I want you to buy anything you desire to; buy your own clothes and feel as though the money was yours, and that you had not got to account for it. Just make yourself at home now, and try and have a good time."

The boy looked at the old gentleman, put his hand on his head as though he had "got 'em sure," and went out to see the lamplighter climb that soft soap. The next day the stern parent went out into the country shooting, and returned on the midnight train three days later. He opened the door with a latchkey, and a strange yellow dog grabbed him by the elbow of his pants and shook him, he said, "like the agur."

The dog barked and chewed until the son came down in his night-shirt and called him off. He told his father he had bought that dog of a fireman for $11, and it was probably the best dog bargain that had been made this season. He said the fireman told him he could find a man that wanted that kind of a dog.

The parent took off his pants, what the dog had not removed, and in the hall he stumbled over a birch-bark canoe the boy bought of an Indian for $9, and an army musket, with an iron ramrod, fell down from the corner. The boy had paid $6 for that. He had also bought himself an overcoat with a sealskin collar and cuffs and a complete outfit of calico shirts and silk stockings.

In his room the parent found the marble top of a soda fountain, a wheelbarrow, and a shelf filled with all kinds of canned meats, preserves and crackers, and a barrel of apples. A wall tent and six pairs of blankets were rolled up ready for camping out, and a buckskin shirt, and a pair of corduroy pants lay on the bed ready for pulling on. Six fish-poles and a basket full of fish-lines were ready for business, and an oyster-can full of grub-worms for bait were squirming on the washstand. The old gentleman looked the lay out over, looked at his pocket-book in the bureau drawer, as empty as a contribution box, and said:

"Young man, the times have been too flush. We will now return to a specie basis. When you want money come to me and I will give you a nickel, and you will have to tell me what you intend to buy with it or I'll warm you. You hear me?"—*From the Springfield Republican.*

The Same Old Game.

The other afternoon the tools, implements, fixtures, appurtenance and whatever else belongs to a game of croquet, were put in position on a lawn up Woodward avenue, and as a young lady and a young man who seemed to be her lover, took up the mallets to start the balls, a bony-looking old tramp halted and leaned on the fence and got his mouth puckered up for something good. The young man took the first shot, and before the ball ceased rolling the girl's voice was heard calling:

"You didn't knock fair—you've got to try it over." Before either of them were half way down she had occasion to remind him that he wasn't playing with a blind person, and that she could overlook no cheating. As she went under the last arch he felt compelled to remark that her playing would rule her out of any club ever heard of. On the way back she asked him why he couldn't be an honest man as well as a jockey and a falsifier, and he inquired why she didn't write a set of rules to tally with her style of playing. "It's coming—tain't five minutes off!" chuckled the tramp as he took a new grip on the fence and shaded his eyes with his hat. "Don't you knock that ball away!" shouted the girl a minute after. "Yes, I will!" "Don't you dare to." "I'm playing according to the rules." "No, you aren't! You've cheated all the way through." "I never cheated once!" "And now you are adding the crime of perjury! Sir, I dare not intrust my future happiness to such a man! I could never trust or believe in you!" "Nor I in you!" "Then let us part forever!" she said, as she hurled her mallet at a stone dog. "So we will!" he hissed as he flung his at her sleeping poodle. She bowed and started for the house to pack up his letters. He raised his hat and made for an approaching street car to get down town in time for the Toledo train. "That's all I wanted to know," sighed the tramp, as he turned away. "I've been out in the woods for a few years past, and I didn't know but what there had been some changes made in croquet, but I see it's the same old game clear through!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE COMING OF THE SNOW.

Oh the frigid, frigid winter,
From its caverns in the north
Silent came this morning forth,
Scattered on the upper air—
Clothing lightly the ungraitly
Meadows brown and mountains bare.

Oh the frigid, frigid winter!
And so late we dreamed of June!
But the vision vanished soon;
Like a curtain, fold on fold,
Downward from the northern heavens
Winter's banners were unrolled.

Oh the frigid, frigid winter!
How it hungers for the poor!
Like a wolf at every door,
Keenest on the scent of want,
Watching, tireless, for the fearless
And the hungry—grim and gaunt.

Oh, the ravening wolf of winter!
Christians, ye can never know
Of the never-ceasing flow,
Of the love the Master bore
For the poor—until that spectre
Waits no longer at their door.

Oh, the ravening wolf of winter—
Would ye have him haste away?
Bid him, and he shall obey;
Kindle ye the amomid'ring fires
On the hearthstones of the humble
While the angels strike their lyres.

—*M. H. C. in the Philadelphia North American.*

One of the "Jiners."

She was about forty-five years old, well dressed, had black hair, rather thin and tinged with gray, and eyes in which gleamed the fire of a determination not easily balked. She walked into Major House's office, and requested a private interview, and having satisfied herself that the law students were not listening at the keyhole, said slowly, solemnly and impressively:

"I want a divorce."

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands?" said the Major.

"I s'pose that's what everybody thinks, but it they knew what I've suffered in ten years they'd wonder I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might depend on and now the time's come. I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones; I'll have a divorce, and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" pursued the lawyer.

"We get victuals enough, and I don't know but what he's as true and kind as men in general, and he's never knocked none of us down. I wish he had, then I'd get him into jail and know where he goes at night," retorted the woman.

"Then what's the complaint against him?"

"Well, if you must know, he's one of them dratted jiners."

"A what?"

"A jiner—one of them peaky fools that's always jining something. There can't nothing come along that is dark and sly and hidden, but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could; and if he had to pay for it he go all the suddener. We hadn't been married more than two months before he jined the Know Nothing's. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he'd come tearin' in before supper, grab a fist full of nut cakes, and go off gnawing 'em, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. And every other night he'd roll and tumble in his bed, and holler in his sleep, 'Put none but Americans on guard—George Washington;' and rainy days he would go out in the barn and jab at the picture of the Pope with an old bagnet that was there. I ought to put my foot down then, but he fooled me with his lies, that the Pope's coming to make all the Yankee girls marry Irishmen and to eat up all the babies that weren't born with a cross on their forehead, that I let him go on and encouraged him in it.

"Then he jined the Masons. Perhaps you know what they are, but I don't s'pect they think they are the same kind of critters that built Solomon's Temple and took care of his concubines; and of all the darned nonsense and gab about worshipful masters and squares and compases and such like that we had in the house, for the next six months, you never seen the beat. And he's never outgrowed it nuther. What do you think of a man, 'Squire, that'll dress hisself in a white apron, 'bout big enough for a monkey's bib, and go marching up and down, and making motions, and talking the foolishest lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket and a truss on his stomach? Ain't he a loonytic? Well, that's my Sam, and I've stood it as long as I'm going to."

"The next lunge the old fool made was the Odd Fellows. I made it warm for him whe he came home and told me he'd jined them, but he kinder pacified me by telling me they had a sort of branch show that took in women and he'd get me in as soon as he found out how to do it. Well, one night he said I'd been proposed, and somebody had black-balled me. Did it hisself of course. Didn't want me around knowing of his goings on. Of course he didn't and I told him so."

"Then he jined the Sons of Malter. Didn't say nothing to me about it, but sneaked off one night pretendin' he'd got to sit up with's sick Odd Feller, and I'd never found it out, only he came home lookin' like a man that had been through a threshing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him till he owned up. And so it's gone from bad to wus and from wus to wusser, jining this, that and t'other, till he's Worship Minister of Masons, and Goddess of Hope of the Odd Fellows, and Sword Swallower of the Finnegans, and Virgin Cerus of the Grange, and Grand Mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and Two-Edged Tomahawk of the United Order of Black Men, and Tablebearer of the Merciful Manikins, and Skipper of the Guild Catherine Columbus, and Big Wizzard of the Arabian Nights, and Pledge-Passer of the Reform Club, and Chief Bulger of the Jewish Mechanics, and Purse Keeper of the Canadian Conscience, and Double Barreled Doctor of the Knights of the Brass Circles, and Standard Bearer of the Royal Archangels, and Sublime Porte of the Onion League, and Chambermaid of the Celestial Cherubs, and Puissant Potentate of the Petrified Pig-Stickers, and heaven only knows what else. I've borne it and borne it, hopin' he'd get 'em all jined after a while, but 'tain't no use and when he'd got into a new one, and been made Grand Guide of the Knights of Horror, I told him I'd quit, and I will."

Here the major interrupted, saying:

"Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the court will hardly call that a good cause for a divorce. The most of the societies you mention are composed of honorable men, and have excellent reputations. Many of them, though called lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you, and would not see you suffer if you were sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well, I guess not; I can take care of myself when he's dead, and if I can't I can get another. There's plenty of 'em. And they needn't bother themselves when I'm sick, either. If I want to be sick and suffer, it's none of their business, especially after the sufferin' I've had when I ain't sick, because of their carrin's on. And you needn't try to make me believe it's all right, either. I know what it is to live with a man that jines so many lodges that he don't never lodge at home, and signs his name, Yours, truly, Sam Smith, M. M., I. O. F., K. O. B., K. of P., P. of H. H., R. R. A. H., I. I. P. K. of X., N. C., L. E. T., H. E. R, I. P., X. Y. Z., etc.

"Oh, that's harmless amusement," remarked Mr. House.

She looked at him square in the eye and said:

"I believe you are a jiner yourself."

He admitted he was to a certain extent, and she arose and said: "I wouldn't have thought it. A man like you, chairman of a Sabbath school and superintendent of the Republicans. It's enough to make a woman take pisen. But I don't want anything of you. I want a lawyer that don't belong to nobody or nothin'." And she bolted out of the office and inquired where Captain Patton kept.

The Old Blue Chest.

One day last week five or six women with serious faces and hushed voices were gathered in a room in a house on Fort street east. For two years a poor old woman had lived there, not exactly a beggar nor an object of charity, but certainly in want. She had a husband when she first moved there—a poor old man whose days could not be long; but one day he was missing. He may have fallen into the river, or he may have wandered out into the country and died. This left the old woman alone, and there were days and days in which no one went near her or addressed her. The other day when she felt the chill of death approaching she wanted some one with her. She had lived alone, but she could not die that way. She wept when tender hands clasped hers and kind voices addressed her. Death had already placed its mark on her face, and the women could do nothing. While their tears fell upon her wrinkled hands she passed away as a child sleeps.

There was but little in the room beyond an old blue chest—battered and bruised and splintered, but yet holding. It had seen strange times, that old blue chest. It had held silks and broadcloths perhaps—it had surely held rags. It had been moved from house to house and from town to town. It had listened to laughter, and had heard sobs and moans. It had grown old no faster than the woman who had so often lifted its lid. It had doubtless kept the company of good carpets and furniture and crockery, and laughing, romping children had climbed over it or hidden in it. It had faded, and its hinges were rusty and weak, but it had outlived its owner.

The women looked about for garments in which to enshroud the dead. Nothing was in sight. One of them lifted the lid of the old blue chest, and called the others to help drag it out from its dark corner. It held treasure—such treasure as men could not buy nor poverty steal away. There was a dress of fine material, cut after a fashion of long years ago. For twenty years the chest had been its guardian. It would have sold for a few dollars, but though the gnawings of hunger had come often and the cold had fought its way to her marrow, that poor old woman would not part with that relic of better days. It may have been a link to connect her with wealth and love. Beneath it was treasure still more priceless. Carefully wrapped in paper was a silver dime more than fifty years old. A week's fast