

EARNING A WIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

YEAR after year Robert Jackson has been the second waiter at the Union and the head waiter at Congress Hall, but the careless crowds have not known that through his veins course the proudest Virginia blood.

Soon after the birth of William Jackson, the head waiter's father, Jenny was sold to Colonel Stewart of Frederick county, Maryland.

While messenger in the Post Office Department, William Jackson met a beautiful long haired octoroon, the slave of Judge John Stewart, of Baltimore.

"No, sir," said the Judge indignantly, "Rachel is a slave, and she must marry a slave."

"Then I can never marry her?"

"Never, until some body buys her from me," replied the Judge.

Rachel was sent to the Frederick county farm, and thither William went in the night to hold a consultation with her.

"What can we do?" sobbed Rachel.

"I can work and earn it," replied the determined lover.

"How much will you take for Rachel?" he asked of Judge Stewart the next day.

"Well \$1000 will buy her," replied the hard-hearted Judge.

William went to work. Every cent was saved, he even going on foot into Frederick county by night, to see Rachel where they held solemn consultations and hoped only for the time when he could buy her and own her and make her his wife.

Think of that, mercenary beaux, the artless fortune-hunters of Congress Hall; think of toiling night and day, and then think of paying your last cent for the love of a woman.

Two years rolled around, and \$900 gladdened the sight of William Jackson. Christmas came.

"What shall I give you for Christmas this year, William?" asked the good old Postmaster General of his trusty messenger.

"Anything, Mr. Secretary."

"But what would you like most?"

Then William told the story of his and Rachel's troubles—how he was a afraid she would be sold, how he loved her dearly, and how still he lacked a hundred dollars to buy her.

"Here, Master John," said he, with his eyes aglow with joy—"here is the thousand dollars. Now I want Rachel."

"My God! William, you don't tell me so!" exclaimed the Judge.

"When is she going?" asked William nervously.

"She's gone already—went yesterday. She'll be in Lynchburg in three days, by the boat."

Broken hearted and crushed in spirit, William hurried back to Judge McLean in Washington. The Judge heard his story. Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun were in the Judge's room, and they both took a deep interest.

"I'll send my private secretary," said Mr. Webster, and so he did.

How Parson Blake Subdued his Horse.

"WELL," said Reuben, the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse, because the folks in Greene live scattered, and he has so far to go to attend funerals and weddings, and visit schools, you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one."

"You may have him," says the man, as quick as a flash, "but you'll repent of your bargain in a week."

"Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mighty pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said, "Talk very kindly to him boys, and let him know you feel friendly."

"I saw him writing one down sitting on a potato hill," said Levi.

"Well, don't interrupt me, or I never shall never get through."

"All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was around the stable, feeding and fussing over him and talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way (folks say father can quiet old crazy David Downing across the street, any time, by just speaking to him) and the third morning, when he had fed and curried and harnessed him with his own hands somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. I told him it was perfectly 'edificious for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good place to live, where every one helped everybody; that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good sample to all other horses and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on the nose."

"And what did George do?"

"Why he heard every word I said, and when I got through he felt so 'shamed of himself, he couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it, till it most touched the ground, and, he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheep."

"Yes said Ruben" and when father told him to go he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night, when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against father's shoulder, and told him as plain as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make up with father ever since, for the trouble he made him. We boys have great times catching him, when he is loose in the pasture. He's full of his tricks. He'll come galloping up, almost within reach, and when we think we are sure of

him, he'll wheel and be off to the other end of the pasture. He'll fool with us that way for half an hour; but father has only to stand at the bars and call his name and he walks up as quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time, to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for him to-day; and it doesn't cost much to keep him, for he eats anything you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove, it makes him think he's folks."

How He Did It.

A DAUGHTER of a wealthy gentleman, in Chicago, fell in love, as she thought, with her father's coachman, a smart young Englishman. Her father found out how matters stood, and adopted the following course of action.

He called Julia into the library and told her that he had heard of her engagement to John. Did she know the consequences? She would have to turn washerwoman, for John could not support her. Julia was heroic. It was so romantic, you know, and Julia expressed herself ready for any or every emergency.

Very well, my dear, when do you intend to get married? Julia didn't know, but hoped that it would be soon. The sooner the better, my dear, but as you can't well go to the stable to see John, and as it is necessary that you should be thrown into his society and get to know him, you had better ask him to dinner to-day. This was putting a new phase on the matter. It wasn't romantic a bit, but still Julia did her father's bidding, and bid her lover to the feast.

Dinner time came. Julia was dressed like—well, Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like unto her. John had got on his best suit of livery. His face was like unto a boiled lobster, and he moped it every few minutes with a huge yellow silk handkerchief which his mother had given him before he left home. Dinner was served. The old folks sat at the ends of the table. Julia on one side, and John on the other.

It wasn't romantic a bit, and John looked—well—Julia since confidentially remarked to the writer, who, by the way, has assumed John's place in her affections, that he looked awful. He sat on the edge of his chair, wiped his face with his napkin, and his mouth with the yellow handkerchief, broke one plate, two wine-glasses, and upset a dish over the dress of Mrs. —, and then said he thought he had better go and look after the 'orses. He went, and the same day got a note from Julia, intimating that he needn't come back.

A Good Fuel.

The very general belief that the Congressman of to-day is a much worse sort of a person than the Congressman of long ago is not entirely correct. It appears from an incident related in a recently published volume, entitled "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," that our revolutionary forefathers in "Congress assembled," had their little items of "incidental" expenses, many of them quite as queer as those which astonish the constituents of to-day.

"Delegate Harrison, of Virginia, desiring to "stimulate," presented himself and a friend at a certain place where supplies are furnished Congress, and ordered two glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge replied that the liquors were not included in the supplies furnished Congressmen.

"Why, said Harrison, "what is it then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?"

"Molasses and water, which they have charged as stationary," was the reply.

"Then give me brandy and water," quoth Harrison, "and charge it as fuel."

Wonders of Chemistry.

Linen can be converted into sugar; sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid; alcohol into ether and water. Sugar can also be converted into oxalic acid, and likewise into pure charcoal and water. Alcohol will readily change into acetic acid or vinegar. Coal tar is transformed into dyes that surpass the Tyrian purple of old. Starch may be transmuted into gum, alcohol, sugar, vinegar or oxalic acid; and these are but a few of the magical changes which modern chemical science has made "familiar as household words."

The Duckman's Cure.

"Ven I lays myself down in my lone ped room, and tries to sleep very sound, de dreams, oh, how in my het dey come, till I wish I vas under te ground! Sometimes ven I eat vor pig supper, I dreams and out in my sleep, like the tivil I screams, and kicks off the pet clothes and kroans! den dere I layt, mit der pet clothes all off, I gets myself all over froze. In de morning I vakes mit de het ack and koff, and I'm shick from my het to my toes; oh, vat shall pe tun for a poor man like me,—vat for do I least such a life? Some shays dere's a cure for dis trouble of me; dinks I'll dry it, and kit me—a VIFE!"

How it is Done Out West.

IN Cheyenne, when anything happens, the people consider that a religious duty devolves upon them to hold a meeting, and to pass resolutions upon it, and strong has this habit become that some citizens of that place, whenever a breakfast bell rings, call a meeting of the family, elect officers and resolve to go down stairs and eat the meal. The other day a woman fell into Crow Creek and sank. A large crowd of men were standing upon the bank at the time, and they instantly proceeded to organize a meeting for the purpose of devising means for rescuing the woman. After a spirited debate, Mr. A. Arnold was elected chairman; and on taking his seat, Mr. Arnold not only thanked the meeting for the compliment offered him, but he made a long speech, in which he discussed the tariff, the coal products for 1871, and the Alabama claims. A series of resolutions were then offered, and after a prolonged discussion, and the acceptance of several amendments, they were passed. They embraced a protest against the depth of Crow creek; regret that all women were not taught to swim, and a resolve to rescue the particular woman who had fallen overboard. A committee was appointed to dive for her. He dived, and brought the woman to the surface by the hair. Just then it occurred to him that he had not been ordered to bring her to the shore so he let her sink again, and swam to the bank to report progress, and ask for further instructions. Action was taken on the report, and after an exciting discussion, he was directed to land the woman immediately.

He dived again and dragged her out. None of the women in Cheyenne can hold their breath more than an hour at a time, so when this one was recovered she was dead. The meeting said it was sorry, but it was vastly more important that things should be done decently and in order, and according to rule, than that the life of a woman should be saved.

Very Decided.

The following incident actually happened near Cincinnati:

Esq. H.—"Your Honor, I would like to continue this case, if it be the proper time."

Judge P.—"This court can have nothing to do with your case before security is given for costs."

Esq. H.—"But, your Honor, this case was brought by an administrator, and you cannot, under the law, force him to give security."

Justice P.—"Mr. H., this Court, if it knows itself, is presumed to know the law, and it does not sit here to be dictated to by lawyers. You must give security."

Esq. H.—"Well, your Honor, if this is your decision, I know my remedy; I will sue out a writ of mandamus."

Justice P.—"Young man," rising to the loftiest height of his judicial dignity. "If it suit your purpose you can get a writ of any kind of a damus you please, but it will not affect the opinion of this Court."

A Romance.

A MR. CRANSTON who some years ago resided in Newport, R. I., went on a voyage to the West Indies, and was captured by pirates.

Seven years went by, bringing no news of the missing man to his wife, who long before the end of that time accounted herself a widow. Laying aside her weeds she prepared bridal dresses anew to consummate her marriage with a Mr. Russell, of Boston. On the eventful day, the escaped prisoner reached his home to learn the tidings. He called at the house under the assumed name of a friend of the late Mr. Cranston, but when alone with the bride to be, he pushed back the hair from his forehead and pointed to a scar once well known to her. The lady recognized him, and though in anything but groom-like toilette, she flew to his arms, claiming him as indeed hers. Mr. Russell was called in to learn the truth of the old proverb, "There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip," and to resign his fair prospects. The story runs that the original pair were united over again, and that Mr. Russell gallantly presented the bride with a wedding portion.

Once a gentleman, who had the gift of shaping a good many things out of orange-peels, was displaying his abilities at a dinner party before Theodore Hook succeeded in counterfeiting a pig, to the admiration of the company. Mr. Hill tried the same feat, and, after destroying and strewing the table with the peel of a dozen oranges, give it up with the exclamation,—

"Hang a pig! I can't make one." "Nay, Hill," exclaimed Hook, glancing at the table, "you have done more; instead of one pig, you have made a litter."

There is a world of meaning in this threefold classification of the criminals confined in the New York City Prison in 1869. Of the 42,209 prisoners, 37,170, or nine-tenths, were Roman Catholics; 4,130 Protestants, 901 Jews, and 8 Chinese; 26,493, or sixty-three per cent., were foreigners, and 15,716 born in this country; 28,000, or sixty-four per cent., were of intemperate habits. No one will contend that these statistics are accidental. If not, is not the inference irresistible?

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