EARNING A WIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

TEAR after year Robert Jackson has Y 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 Virginian blood. Robert is a smart, well made quadroon, fashioned, perhaps, in about the same mould as Ste- How Parson Blake Subdued his phen A. Douglass, for his head closely resembles that of the Little Giant. grandfather was General Harry Lee, of Revolutionary light-horse cavalry fame, and his mother was a slave woman named Jenney a maid of Mrs. Lee.

Soon after the birth of William Jackson, the head waiter's father, Jenny was sold to Colonel Stewart of Frederick county, Maryland. The boy William showed extraordinary intelligence, and became a pet of his master, and on the death of Colonel Stewart, found himself free, by a clause in the will. William went immediately to Washington, where he had been many times with his master. There he met John McLean, Postmaster General under Martin Van Buren, and a friend of his old master. Judge McLean appointed him a messenger in the Post Office Department at a salary of \$600 per

While messenger in the Post Office Department, William Jackson met a beautiful long haired octoroon, the slave of Judge John Stewart, of Baltimore. The slave girl's name was Rachel, and she came to attend Miss Stewart, one of the fashionable Baltimore belles, at one of President Van Buren's receptions. -William lost his heart with the dusky maid, and soon went to Baltimore to get Judge Stewart, who owned her, to consent to their marriage.

"No, sir," said the Judge indignantly, " Hachel is a slave, and she must marry a slave. If she marries a free nigger she will be running away herself, and besides, I dont know when I may want to sell her to the New Orleans traders."

"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. First it was resolved to run away. But there was no chance of success. The fugitive slave law was in effect; passes were required by the slaves on the plantation, and to run away was surely to be caught, returned, and then a dreadful whipping followed.

What can we do ?" sobbed Rachel. "I know," replied William, "I will buy you myself."

"But you have no money."
"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 bay 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

Think of that, mercenary beaux, the morning it was the same thing over again artless fortune-hunters of Congress Hall; only George gave in a little sooner. think of teiling 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 messen-

" 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.

The Postmaster General took off his specs, wiped his eyes, then put them on again. Then he fumbled in his pockets. "Five—ten—twenty—thirty" he counted and then he handed William a hundred

Too happy to live, William started for

Judge Stewart's.
"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. "Why, I

sold Rachel yesterday for \$1200 to go to

"When is she going?" asked William

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

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.

"Let's raise the money and send William after he," said the generous Web-

"He would be seized a dozen times as a fugitive," said the Judge, "and they'd sell him, too." Mr. Webster, and so he did.

There was no telegraph then, nor cars, boat, and with \$1200 contributed by William Jackson's friends in the department, overtook Rachel, showed Mr. Calhoun's letter, endorsed by several Virginians, and brought her back. Calhoun Webster and Judge McLean saw them married the next week.

Horse.

WELL," said Reuben, the storyteller, "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 he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth and a stranger asked him to ride. Father said, "That's a handsome horse you are driving. I should like to own such a horse myself." "What will own such a horse myself." "What will you give me for him?" "Do you want to sell?" says father. "Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap, too," says he. "O, well," says father, "it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with." "Make me an offer," says he. "Well, just to put an end to the talk," says father. "I'll give you seventy five dollars for the put an end to the talk," says father. "I'll very well, my dear, when do you ingive you seventy-five dollars for the tend to get married? Julia didn't know, horse." "You may have him," says the but hoped that it would be soon. The man, as quick as a flash, "but you'll repent of your bargain in a week." "Why has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes day. the sweat run off me in streams. I've bid her lover to the feast, fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt

we boys were mighty pleased, and we ried him down and fed him well, and John on the other. father said, "Talk very kindly to him boys, and let him know you feel friendly." So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him and got into the wagon to go. But George wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover tops, and once in a while father would say, "Get up, Geor-gie," but he didn't strike a blow. Byand-by, he says: "This is going to take him. Well, Georgie, we will see which has got the most patience, you or I."—So he sat in the wagon and took out the skeletons—"

"Skeleten?" said Poppet, inquiringly. "Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put down things they think of when they are walking or riding. Father says he's planned out many sermon when he was hoeing in the garden."

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

"Well, don't interrupt me, or I never shall never get through. Father sat full two hours before the horse was ready to start; but when he did, there was no more trouble for that day. The next

"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 horses eyes. But when father was ready to go George put his feet together and laid his ears back, and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, she brought her stool and climbed up to the horse's head. Dove, tell Pop what you said to Georgie that morning.

"I gave him an awfut talking to," said the little girl. I told him it was alchohol into other and water. Sugar perfectly 'ediculous for him to act so; can also be converted into oxalic acid, perfectly 'ediculous for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good place to and likewise into pure charcoal and water. live, where every one helped everybody; Alchohol will readily change into acetic that he was a minister's horse and ought acid or vinegar. Coal tar is transformed to set a good sample to all other *horses | into dyes that surpass the Tyrian purple and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a of old. Starch may be transmitted into good horse. That's what I told him. gum, alchohol, sugar, vinegar or oxalic 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 words." science has made "familiar as household words." 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. life? Some shays dere's a cure for dis habits. No one will contend that these

"I'll send my private secretary," said 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 but the secretary took the Potomac river 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 hunndred dollars for him to-day; and it desen'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.

DAUGHTER of a wealthy gentle-A man, 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 romantie, you know, and Julia expressed herself ready for any or every emer-

sooner the better, my dear, but as you can't well go to the stable to see John, what ails the horse?" says father. "Ails him? He's got the 'old Nick' in him, thrown into his society and get to know that's what ails him," he says. "If he him, you had better ask him to dinner to This was putting a new phase on a notion to stop, all creation can't start the matter. It wasn't romantic a bit, but him. I've stood and beat that horse till still Julia did her father's bidding, and

Dinner time came. Julia was dressed shavings under him. I might have beat like-well, Solomon, in all his glory, was him to death and roasted him alive before he'd budged an inch." "I'll take
the horse," says father. "What's his
name?" "George," says the man.
shall call him Georgie," said father.
"Well, father brought him home, and
"Well, father brought him home, and was served. The old folks sat at the ends fixed a place for him in the barn, and cur- of the table. Julia on one side, and

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 affec-tions, that he looked awful. He sat on the edge of his chair, wiped his face with his napkin, and his mouth with the vellow handkerehief, 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 captured by pirates. as queer as those which astonish the constituants of to-day. The following story is related by Mr. Jefferson, concerning the first Continental Congress:

" 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 alehohol and carbonic acid; acid or vinegar. Coal tar is transformed acid; and these are but a few of the magical changes which modern chemical

The Duchman's Cure.

"Ven I lays myself down in my lone ped room, and tries to sleep very soundt, de treams, oh. how in my het dey come, till 1 vish I vas under te ground! Sometimes von I eat von pig supper, I treams und out in my sleep, like the tivil I screams, and kicks off the pet clothes and kreams I den dere I levet mit der set und kroans! den dere I layt, mit der pet clothes all off, I gets myself allofer froze. In de morning I vakes mit de het ake my toes; oh, vat shall pe tun for a poor man like me,-vat for do I leat such a He'll come galloping up, almost within trouble of me; dinks I'll dry it, and kit reach, and when we think we are sure of me—a vire!"

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 distance of the report, and after an exciting distance of the inventor and originator. J. R. Domniss, as none other is genuine. 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 women 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

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.

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

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 consumate 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 If you want to enjoy life and drive away dull care, use for your clothes 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 sell was called in to learn the truth of the old proverb, "There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip," and to re-sign his fair prospects. The story runs that the original pair were united over again, and that Mr. Russell gallantly pre-sented the bride with a wedding portion.

Der Once a gentleman, who had the gift of shaping a good many things out of orange-peels, was displaying bis 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 Dobbins' Electric Boot Polish. 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

Bay 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-tenthts, were Roman Catholies; 4,130 Protestants, 901 In de morning I vakes mit de het ake Jews, and 8 Chinese; 26,493, or sixty-and koff, und I'm shiek from my het to three per cent., were foreigners, and I5,-716 born in this country; 28,000, or sixty-four per cent, were of intemperate statistics are accidental. If not, is not the inference irresistible?

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