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☞ The circulation of the JOURNAL is not exceeded by any paper published in the State out of Philadelphia or Pittsburg, and it is now the largest sheet published in Pennsylvania.
Within the last five years the subscription list was doubled, and it continues to increase rapidly. As an Advertising medium it is one of the best in the State.

THE MINERS' JOURNAL, AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

I will teach you to pierce the Bowels of the Earth, and bring out from the Caverns of Mountains Metals which will give strength to our hands and subject all Nature to our use and pleasure.—DR. JOHNSON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY BANNAN & RAMSEY, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Vol. XLIII.—No. 20. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1867. Single Copies Six Cents.

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Books bound in every variety of style. Blank Books of every description manufactured, bound and ruled to order, at shortest notice.

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Terminus of the Philadelphia & Reading R. R., on the Delaware, at Philadelphia.—Piers for the Shipment of Anthracites.

Pier No. 16, Pt. Richmond.

QUINTARD, WARD, & CO.
9 Pine Street, New York.
220 Walnut " Philadelphia.
21 Kilby " Boston.

COAL OF ALL KINDS BY THE CARGO.
Jan 27, '66

J. W. DUNKLEE & CO., SHIPPERS OF
COAL,
Pier No. 19, Port Richmond.
AGENTS FOR
Manchester Red Ash, New Haven and Locust Mountain White Ash.
OFFICE 205½ WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
July 21, '66 29-tf

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FIRST QUALITIES OF
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OFFICES:—205 1-2 Walnut St., Philada.
Trinity Building, 111 Broadway, New York, Room 68.
21 & 23 Doane St., Boston.
Feb. 16, '67 7-

BANCROFT, LEWIS & Co.,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF THE
Celebrated ASHLAND COAL,
FROM MAHANOY MOUNTAIN.
OFFICE—421 Walnut Street, Commercial Building, Philadelphia.
New York Office—77 Cedar Street. Boston Office—7 Doane Street. [Oct. 23, '65 43-

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Anthracite and Bituminous Coals.
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Pioneer Shippers from Elizabethport, of LEHIGH, SPRING MOUNTAIN, HAZLETON, AND COUNCIL RIDGE COALS. ['69 13-

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DEPOTS FOR STORAGE AND SALE OF COAL:
No. 300 West Thirty-ninth St., New York.
Third Avenue and Forty-ninth St., New York.
Ives' Wharf, Providence, Rhode Island.
August 4, '66 51-

AUDENRIED, NORTON & Co.,
Miners and Shippers of
COAL.
LOCUST MOUNTAIN—from HAZEL DELL COLLIERY.
SHAMOKIN—from ENTERPRISE COLLIERY.
GEORGE'S CREEK CUMBERLAND—from the CONSOLIDATION MINES OF MARYLAND.
OFFICES: {328 Walnut street, Philadelphia. {119 Broadway, New York. {27 Doane Street, Boston.
April 7, '66 14-tf

PHILADELPHIA, &c.

NOTICE.
WE have appointed Messrs. HAMMETT & NEILL, 217 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, sole Agents for the sale of our
SILVER BROOK LEHIGH COAL,
From Port Richmond, Philadelphia.
HOSIE & LONGSTREET, Miners.
Silver Brook, Feb 21, 1867.

HAMMETT & NEILL,
217 Walnut St., Philadelphia,
OFFER FOR SALE the FOLLOWING CELEBRATED
ANTHRACITE COALS
FROM PORT RICHMOND:
SILVER BROOK, (Lehigh,) SHENANDOAH CITY, (White Ash,) Miller & Maize, SPOHN and DIAMOND VEINS, (Red Ash).
Also BITUMINOUS and CUMBERLAND COALS of well established reputation.
Piers 18 and 19 Port Richmond.
OFFICES:—PHILADELPHIA, 217 Walnut St.
NEW YORK, Room 7, Trinity Building.
PROVIDENCE, Weybosset Street.
BOSTON, 32 Doane Street.
March 2, '67 9-tf

OASTNER, STICKNEY & WELLINGTON
Miners and Shippers of Coal.
Burnside (from their Burnside Col. at Shamokin)
Lewis Vein (Red Ash).
Locust Mountain (White Ash).
OFFICES: {39 Trinity Building, New York. {215 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. {15 Kilby Street, Boston.
Wharf No. 6, Port Richmond, Philad'a.
Feb 24, '66 [May 16, '63—20-tf] 8-

Pier No. 19.
CHAS. J. & J. H. EASTWICK,
NO. 121 WALNUT STREET, PHILADA.,
SHIPPERS OF
WHITE and RED ASH COAL,
Agents for the sale of the celebrated
BURNSIDE COAL,
From the Luke Fidler Colliery, Shamokin.
March 16, '67 11-1y.

Pier No. 13.
BORDA, KELLER & NUTTING,
Wholesale Dealers in Best Varieties of
ANTHRACITE & BITUMINOUS COAL.
OFFICES: {327 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. {420 Kilby Street, Boston. {Room 64 Trinity Building, N. York.
☞ Sole Agents for West Lehigh Greenwood Coal and Coal from the Locust Mountain Colliery of the Mammoth Consolidated Coal Company.
GEORGE CREEK BITUMINOUS on board at Baltimore or Georgetown. [Aug 11, '66] 11-

VANDUSEN, LOCHMAN & Co.,
SHIPPERS OF
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WHITE AND RED ASH COALS,
Agents for the sale of the celebrated Georges Creek Cumberland Coal, from the Mines of the Consolidation Coal and Iron Company of Maryland.
Shipping Wharves: {Richmond, {Elizabethport, {Baltimore, {Georgetown.
OFFICES: {201 Walnut street, Philadelphia. {Trinity Building, New York. {5 Doane St., Boston.
Feb. 11, '65. 6-tf

Pier No. 15.
BLAKISTON, GRAEFF & Co.,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
LORBERRY AND LOCUST MOUNTAIN COAL.
Shipments of other approved qualities of
WHIT AND RED ASH COAL.
318 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
9 Trinity Building, New York.
Cor. of Kilby & Doane Street, Boston.
Feb. 14, '63 7-

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MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
MAPLE DALE COAL,
And dealers in other approved qualities of White and Red Ash Anthracite, and Cumberland Coal.
OFFICES: {Philadelphia, No. 226 Walnut St., Room No. 4, Grigg Building. {N. Y., No. 119 Broadway, Walter, Bros. & Co., Agents.
Feb 23, '67—3-1y

J. J. DOVEY. M. S. BULKLEY. WM. KENDRICK.
DOVEY, BULKLEY & CO.,
AND
JOHN J. DOVEY, SON & CO.,
(J. J. DOVEY, M. S. BULKLEY, WM. KENDRICK, J. P. DOVEY)
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NEW YORK—Trinity Building, Room No. 66; H. A. Archmendt, Agent.
BOSTON—Sower & Reed, Agents, No. 29 Doane St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—H. Jones, Agent.
March 16, '67 11-

Pier No. 14.
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SHIPPERS OF
BROAD MOUNTAIN, BLACK HEATH, AND SUPERIOR RED ASH COALS.
OFFICES: {26 Exchange, Place, New York. {227 Walnut street, Philadelphia. {S. C. Tuwing & Co., Agts., 77 State St., Boston.
'68 43-

R. HECKSCHER, JR. HENRY E. DOWNS. F. A. MASON.
HECKSCHER, BOWNS & CO.,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
COAL,
Office, Room 34, Empire Building 71, Broadway, NEW YORK.
WHARVES—No. 4, Port Richmond, Phila. Foot of 20th St. East River, New York.
April 6, '67 April 21, '66—19 14-tf

LEWIS ROTHERMEL. J. L. SHANER.
ROTHERMEL & SHANER,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
ANTHRACITE & BITUMINOUS
COALS!
☞ Sole Agents for the Sale of the CELEBRATED LOCUST MOUNTAIN COAL, from the CENTRALIA COLLIERY.
Offices:—311 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
111 Broadway, N. Y. and
3 Doane Street, Boston.
Wharves:—Windmill Island, Phila.; Port Richmond.
May 19, '66 20-tf

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3 Doane Street, Boston.
Wharves:—Windmill Island, Phila.; Port Richmond.
May 19, '66 20-tf

GREENWOOD NURSERY.
$10 COLLECTION OF PLANTS.
The Varieties of our own Selection.
10 Everblooming Roses, 12 Verbenas, 4 Pansies, 4 Petunias, 2 Lobelias, 2 Heliotropes, 2 Calceolarias, 2 Lantanas, 4 Geraniums, 2 Monthly Carnations, 2 Ageratums, 1 Amaranthus, 1 Canna, 1 Variegated Periwinkle, 1 Evergreen Ivy, 2 Nasturtium, 2 Fuchias, 1 Gazania Splendens, 1 Blue Sage, 1 Scarlet Sage, 2 Dahlias, 2 Cuphea, 1 Scarlet Flox, 6 Chrysanthemums, 2 Saxifragas, 2 Tradescantias, 1 Chinese Primrose, 1 Coleus, 1 Achyrathes, 2 Vinca (Periwinkle), 2 Maurandias, 2 Thunbergias.
We offer the whole collection of 31 plants, including packing, for $10. The varieties selected will give a continuous bloom from spring to fall.
For one-half the above assortment, including packing, $6.
☞ Catalogues of Nursery furnished on application.
SCHWEERS & CO.
(FORMERLY HUNTZINGER'S OLD STAND,)
Corner Centre and Callowhill Streets,
Invite the attention of their friends and customers to their newly fitted up Store, containing a superior assortment of
DRY GOODS
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
FRUIT, &c., &c.
Particular notice is called to a very cheap and choice lot of GENTLEMEN'S CASSIMERES, LADIES' DRESS GOODS AND PARASOLS, just received.
We endeavor to please. Give us a call.
May 11, '67 19-tf

HYDRAULIC CEMENT.
300 lbs.
A
The Copley Cement Company having appointed us their sole agents in Philadelphia, for the sale of their superior article, we are now prepared to supply the same at LOW RATES.
Orders are filled either from our Warehouse, or direct from the works, according to the quantity required.
ALLEN & NEEDLES,
42 South Delaware Avenue, 41 " Water Street, } PHILADELPHIA.
May 11, '67 19-13t

JOHN BOWMAN,
704 Arch Street, Philada.
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
SILVER AND PLATED WARE.
Our goods are decidedly,
THE CHEAPEST IN THE CITY FOR
TRIPLE PLATE A No. 1.
Sept. 29, '66 [June 23, '66 25-1y] 39-

IMPORTANT TO MARRIED LADIES.—MADAME RESTELL, Professor of Midwifery, over 50 years successful practice, guarantees a safe and immediate removal of all obstructions from whatever cause, with or without medicine, at one interview, or by mail. Her celebrated Infallible French Female Monthly Pills, No. 1, price $1 a box, will restore all irregularities in forty-eight hours, if of short standing; but obstinate cases of long standing may require No. 2, which are for degrees stronger than No. 1, and can never fail; are safe and healthy, price $5 a box. Can be obtained of Madame Restell, Professor of Midwifery, No. 64 West Thirty-fourth street, (under Everett Rooms) near Sixth Avenue, New York City, or sent by mail, with full instructions.
N. B.—No agents appointed. Copyright secured.
March 9, '67 10-1y

TO CARPENTERS & BUILDERS
The Schuylkill County
Lumber & Manufacturing Co,
Have on hand at their extensive establishment, on Railroad Street, a large assortment of Lumber of every description, which they can supply to Operators, Carpenters and Builders, at lower rates than it can be bought elsewhere. They are also ready to supply, through the means of their extensive business and labor saving machines manufactured articles in their line at a saving of 20 per cent. on former rates.
Their large workshops have been in successful operation for the past year, turning out vast quantities of
Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Blinds, Window Frames, Panel Work, Bedposts, Banisters, Shutters.
And all kinds of Framed, Paneled and Turned Work, which they have constantly on hand. They are ready to execute orders at the shortest notice, for any quantity or quality of sawed or manufactured stuff.
Dry and green Hemlock of all kinds, for building purposes. Oak, Maple, Poplar, chair, plank and scantling boards; Cherry, Walnut, Mahogany, &c., for cabinet work; White and Yellow Pine boards for flooring, raw or made to order; White Pine plank, 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, and 6 inch panel, always ready; also, plank, scantling, joist, boards, lath, shingles, sash, ceiling lath, pailings, &c., &c.
☞ Bills of sawed stuff and everything in their line on hand or to order, at the shortest notice.
Pottsville, March 29, '66 16-

C. SOMERS & SON
800 CHESTNUT STREET,
Call the attention of the public to their stock of
FINE CLOTHING.
Also, to the large assortment of new style piece goods for SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.
Our Measure Department is so organized that gentlemen can be suited with a perfect fit, and the garments obtained will be made in the
Best Manner and Latest Style.
April 20—16 ss. C. SOMERS & SON.

WHALE OIL! WHALE OIL!!—Pure Winter Whale Oil direct from New Bedford for sale at the lowest cash price by
LEWIS C. THOMPSON & CO.
Sept. 1, '66 Corner Centre and Market Sts., Pottsville.

HARDWARE.
LEWIS C. THOMPSON & Co.,
DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, IRON, TOOLS &c.,
CORNER CENTRE AND MARKET, "SIGN OF THE SAW."
Pottsville, Pa.
March 17, '66 11-tf

BRIGHT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Hardware,
Iron,
Cutlery,
Tools,
Paints
Glass,
&c., &c.,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE MINERS' BANK,
Pottsville, Pa.
Sept. 1, '66 38-

LEWIS C. THOMPSON & Co.,
(SIGN OF THE SAW.)
Corner Centre and Market Streets,
POTTSVILLE, PA.,
Authorized Agent for the sale of H. DISSTON'S goods direct from the Factory.
CIRCULAR SAWS,
From 6 to 60 inches in diameter.
Saws Regummed, Toothed, and made to order.
October 27, '66 43-

A. PURVES & SON,
Scrap Iron and Metal Merchants,
MACHINE AND FOUNDRY FURNISHERS, N. E. corner of SOUTH & PENN and No. 17 SOUTH Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Ingot Copper, Ingot Brass, Red, do. do. Yellow, Pig Tin, Bar Tin, Pig Lead, Bar Lead, Spelter, Antimony, Babbitt Metal, Bismuth, Solders, Bar Iron, Sheet Iron, Sheet Zinc, Steel, Borax, Crucibles, Foundry Facings, Anvils, Vises, Files, &c., Old Metals, Old Copper, Old Brass, Old Lead, &c., &c.
☞ New and Second-hand Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Tools, and Steam Engines, bought and sold.
☞ Articles of every description in use by Machinists and Foundrymen, furnished to order.
Cash paid for Scrap Iron, Old Rails, and all kinds of Metals. July 1, '66—27-1y

STEEL WIRE ROPE
For Mining Purposes.
The subscribers are agents for GARNOCK, BIBBY & CO.'S Celebrated Steel Ropes, which are of the very best quality, and decidedly superior to Iron Ropes on account of their greater strength, tightness and toughness, and are giving universal satisfaction throughout the mining regions.
JOHN W. MASON & CO.,
42 Broadway, N Y,
Sept 15, '66 37-1y

IRON AND STEEL,
FLAT & ROUND WIRE ROPE,
for Inclined Planes,
SHIP RIGGING Etc., Etc.,
AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF WIRE,
MANUFACTURED BY
F. HAZARD, Mauch Chunk, Carbon Co.,
PENNSYLVANIA.
Feb 23, '67 8-1y

TOBACCO

TOBACCO & SEGARS

WOLTJEN BROTHERS

G. I. WOLTJEN. CHARLES WOLTJEN
WOLTJEN BROTHERS,
IMPORTERS OF
SEGARS AND CLAY PIPES
AND DEALERS IN
Leaf and Manufactured Tobacco, &c.,
221 NO TH THIRD ST.,
BETWEEN RACE AND VINE,
PHILADELPHIA
May 5, '66 18-

CHAS. STOKES. E. T. TAYLOR
For the convenience of our patrons and others at a distance, we here present a diagram of self-measurement, by which a good fit will be guaranteed, by sending the sizes in the order designated in the accompanying figure.
EXPLANATION.
MEASURE FOR COAT.
Length of Back, from 1 to 8, and from 2 to 3.
Length of Sleeve, (with arm crooked,) from 4 to 5.
Breast Measure.—Around the most prominent part of the chest.
Waist Measure.—Around the waist.
State whether the person is *erect or stooping.*
FOR VEST.
The same measures as for Coat
FOR PANTS.
Measure inside seam, and outside from hip-bone, and around the waist and hip.
SAMPLE OF MATERIALS SENT BY MAIL FREE OF COST.
GOODS TO BE RETURNED, IF NOT SATISFACTORY.
CHAS. STOKES & Co.,
824 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.
June 10, '65. 28-

ASTROLOGY.
THE WORLD ASTONISHED
At the Wonderful Revelations
MADE BY THE GREAT ASTROLOGIST,
MAD'ME H. A. PERRIGO.
She reveals secrets no mortal ever knew. She restores to happiness those who, from doleful events, catastrophes, disappointments in love, loss of relations and friends, loss of money, &c., have become despondent. She brings together those long separated, gives information concerning absent friends or lovers, recovers lost or stolen property, tells you the business you are best qualified to pursue and in what you will be most successful, causes speedy marriages and tells you the very day you will marry, gives you the name, likeness and characteristics of the person. She reveals your very thoughts, and by her almost supernatural powers unveils the dark and hidden mysteries of the future.—From the stars we see in the firmament—the malefic stars that overcome or predominate in the configuration—from the aspects and positions of the planets and the fixed stars in the heavens at the time of birth, she deduces the future destiny of man. Fall not to consult the greatest Astrologist on earth. It costs you but a trifle, and you may never again have so favorable an opportunity. Consultation fee, with likeness and all desired information, $1. Parties living at a distance can consult the Madame by mail with equal safety and satisfaction to themselves, as if in person. A full and explicit chart, written out, with all inquiries answered and likeness enclosed, sent by mail on receipt of price above mentioned. The strictest secrecy will be maintained, and all correspondence returned or destroyed. References of the highest order furnished those desiring them. Write plainly the day of the month and year in which you were born, enclosing a small lock of hair. Address, MADAME H. A. PERRIGO,
P. O. Drawer 295, Buffalo, N. Y.
Feb. 9, '67 6-1y

MOON & LAMPHEAR,
No. 3 and 4 Fulton Market, New York
WHOLESALE DEALERS & SHIPPERS
OF ALL KINDS OF
FRESH FISH
All orders promptly attended to.
Feb 16, '67 7-6m

STEAM PUMPS, ready for use.—12 inch steam cylinder, pole 8 inch diameter and 3 feet stroke.
Two 9' Horse Engines.
One 6' Horse Engine.
☞ POMEROY & SON, Pottsville Iron Works.
Feb. 16, '67 7-tf

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.
Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop: when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of common prayer:
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated upon the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
If he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a silver hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he button'd his coat straight up to his chin,
And stately, solemnly waded in.
And broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,
A moment he silently sighed for that,
And then as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slip'd off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away—
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms,
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns at every turn he met
That the people in heaven all round might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as one by one,
The psalms were borne from the wave down down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And then on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonish'd pass'd through alone,
Without his manuscripts up to the throne.

Then gravely walking two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopp'd at the rivers brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you friend,
How you attain'd to life's great end?"
"Pure, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipp'd as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it would hardly do,
As I'm close communion' to cross with you:
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left, his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin
But at last together they enter'd in.

And now when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down:
Of women there seem'd a wondrous throng,
But the men I could count as they pass'd along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it should be,
Nor ever a moment pause to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
This is the false, and that is the true."

But the brethren only seem'd to speak,
Modest the sisters walk'd, and meek,
And if ever one them chanced to say,
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she long'd to pass to the other side,
Nor fear'd to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the holy men,"
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
"Oh, let the woman keep silence all."

I watch'd them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, in the heavy tide,
Carried them on side by side.
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And Priest and Quaker, all who died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms, "or crosses," or books had they,
Nor gowns of silk, nor suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them nor MSS.
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

COUSIN BOB'S WHISKERS.
There are some people in this world with whom the art of contradiction really assumes the dignity of a science; it is so perfectly unprincipled and so constantly carried out that I can only imagine it to be the result of deep thought and reflection. A little obstinacy now, once in a while, is only a sort of commendable self-respect; but why people will insist upon having their own way about a thing for no other purpose than because it is their own way, when it is a self-evident fact that some one else's way is decidedly preferable, is a metaphysical problem which it would require wiser heads than mine to solve. Such people always remind me of a certain river, which took an odd, unreasonable sort of lark, and which at the benign government deemed it best to straighten. A smooth and commodious channel was prepared forthwith, and every means taken to induce this unruly stream to proceed in the way of the righteous. All in vain; the disloyal waters refused such accommodations, and persisted in fretting and fosming along in their own rough way beneath the cliffs, where a rebellious little city sat defiantly perched, tormenting their unhappy waves with the shot and shell of a terrific conflict.

And yet I think it would be decidedly easier to manage the Mississippi than to sway managing a headstrong girl; and of all headstrong girls Nettie Lee—well, superlatives fail to express her willfulness. It was provoking. Everybody had considered it a settled thing for a long time—ever since they were children, in fact. Robert and she had been "cut out" for each other, and for the last year or two they were thought to be as good as engaged; and now, when the poor fellow returned from college, with all sorts of honors and capital letters to his name, she was just barely civil, and nothing more.—Everybody else was crazy with delight at his arrival. Auntie had talked of nothing but this for weeks; uncle gave a grand supper in honor of the successful graduate; half of the girls were desperately in love before he had been home three days; and Nettie—willful Nettie—for whom alone he has eyes or ears—was in the depths of a flirtation with that detestable Tom Ellis, whose great red whiskers might serve as torches for Charon himself.

"How can you treat Bob so unkindly, Nettie?" I asked one night, when we were alone in our room. "I know you like him."

"Of course I like him," was her demure reply. "I have a great cousinly regard for him; and as he has been very kind to me, why shouldn't I like him?"

"Then why do you treat him so badly? Why do you flirt with that odious red-whiskered Ellis, when you see that it makes Bob so furious that he told me this evening he could scarcely refrain from kicking him out?"

"Which would have been a very gentlemanly way of treating his father's guest, I am sure," said Nettie, frostily. "Come, Fan, we're very good friends; but don't undertake to fight Bob's battles for him—he has plenty to do that already. As for Mr. Ellis, if I choose to fancy his society, Robert has no right to complain, much less to insult him about my inclination. So there, Fan, don't trouble your pretty head about that matter. Cousin Bob and I have too many friends interested in our welfare already—more than we require, I assure you."

This was all the satisfaction that could be got from Nettie; and although she more than once intimated that it was none of my business, I couldn't help interceding, now and then, for poor Bob, who looked so lackadaisical and miserable that every one felt sorry for him.

"It is only out of contradiction, Robert," I said consolingly, one evening, as Nettie departed for a ride with Mr. Ellis. "I am sure she cannot like that horrid-looking man."

"Do you really think him bad looking, Fannie?" asked Bob, much relieved. "He has such a splendid pair of whiskers!"

"Splendid!" I exclaimed. "Splendid! I think them frightful."

"Almost every one admires them," said Bob, with a sigh. "I heard Nettie say, the other day, she hated to see a man without a girl's face," he continued, rubbing his own smooth chin.

"She knew you were listening, Bob, and said it to tease you. I think she heard something about your admiration for Miss Billing, and is having her revenge."

Miss Euphemia Billings was one of Bob's college flames, and a young lady of a somewhat literary turn—a great admirer of Tennyson and Browning, whose works Bob still possessed, as she had returned them to him, with her comments inscribed in a very delicate hand on the margin. For my part, although I have always been rather ashamed to acknowledge it, I never could appreciate the fashionable style of poetry. I suppose, as Miss Lucinda says, it is because my mind is uncultivated; but the ideas always seem so misty and mysterious, that the world so very wrong side out, that I find the whole affair is generally quite beyond my comprehension.

But Miss Billings was intellectual. Her mind was a perfect hot-bed of cultivation, where all sorts of knowledge flourished in a surprising degree. Bob's edition of the "English Poets" was inscribed with her delicate comments: "How touching!" "Too true!" "Sweetly tender!" making it in my opinion, quite invaluable as a book of interpretation. Of course such an ethereal, poetical creature could never be guilty of anything so mundane as a flirtation; still young Mr. Jameson had always been one of her most valued friends, and he was even suspected of being the subject of one of her odes, commencing "My friend, when other ties are thine!" which I think was sufficient to excuse Nettie's conduct in a measure.

However, the memory of poor Miss Billings had vanished, as she herself would have said "like night before the dawn," and the sunny, roguish, sparkling little witch of a Nettie had bound heart and soul to her chariot of triumph, and seemed utterly unconscious or indifferent to the torture she was inflicting.

"She'll drive me to desperation yet, Fannie. I can't say what will be the result if that red-whiskered fellow hangs around her much longer."

"Then why don't you retaliate, you foolish fellow? Go flirt with Duro Dudley, or some other girl, and make believe you don't care."

"I can't," said Robert ruefully—"I haven't the heart. I'll call that Ellis out yet. Look at them now," he continued, with a despairing glance at Nettie; "she's going to sing for him his favorite air, 'Love's Chidings,' confound him! I asked her to sing my song the other evening—I meant that sweet little air she used to sing so divinely last summer, and will you believe it, Fan, she sat down to the piano and commenced 'Bobbin' Round,' and of course all the girls commenced to titter."

Of course I believed it, for Nettie was dreadful enough for anything; and when her uncle and aunt went to town for a few days, leaving her mistress of the house, she became, if possible more tormenting than ever. But the crisis came at last. One evening when Nettie was entertaining several of her friends—Mr. Ellis among the number—in her own bright way, acting towards Bob with the most faultless politeness, a messenger called him to the door, and we saw him no more that evening. Subsequently I heard the poor fellow walking up stairs in his study, and felt that he was struggling with the "green-eyed monster" that has such complete possession of him. I looked reproachfully at Nettie. She appeared serenely unconscious, and I wondered mentally what sort of a conscience she had.

The next morning at breakfast Bob was invisible, and Nettie, as mistress of the house, sent Lucy, auntie's little English maid, to call him. Lucy returned, looking quite alarmed.

"Please, miss, I knocked as 'ard as I could, and Mr. Robert didn't answer; he only groaned."

"Groaned!" I exclaimed in horror. "Oh, Nettie!"

"Nonsense!" replied the imperturbable young lady. "It was probably a snore you heard, Lucy. Go call him again, and say that breakfast is getting cold."

"Nettie! Nettie dearest! do you really mean it?" said a sepulchral voice behind us; and we shrieked in concert, for there was Bob standing in his study-door, looking like a wounded soldier—his face all tied up with innumerable handkerchiefs, but his great eyes fairly dancing with delight.

"Cousin Bob," I commenced severely, I should like to know what you mean by such conduct. You have nearly frightened us to death."

"Say it again, Nettie!" said Robert, utterly unconscious of my wrath. Say just once more that you don't like Tom Ellis and that you do like me, just—a little."

"Better than any one in the world you said before, you know, Nett," I added wickedly.

Poor Nettie! She was completely cornered. All her independence and sauciness were gone, and she stood convicted by her own confession, which Robert, wicked wretch, had heard distinctly through his study-door, when we thought he was up in his bed room, killed, wounded or poisoned. Poor little Nett! She bore her defeat like a veteran, and did just the only thing she could do—plead guilty. She put both her hands in Bob's and told him she did like him just a little; and the unconscionable fellow made her say "better than any one else," and the poor little culprit was foolish enough to say that too. Dear me! I wouldn't have believed it of Nettie, and then I thought it time to come in with a little practical, common sense. So I requested Mr. Robert to explain his conduct.

"What is the matter with your face?" said I. "I suppose it looks glorified to Nett, but to me it looks very much fly-blistered. What did you groan and swear for this morning, when poor Lucy went to call you to breakfast?—and when I—poor innocent! my knuckles out on your door, why didn't you vouchsafe an answer?"

"What is the matter with your face, Robert?" said Nett, just awakening to the fact that it looked like a rare beefsteak.

"Sh! sh!" said Bob, looking very foolish, "it's enough to make a fellow swear."

"Confound it," I added, consolingly, "but what did it? You look as if an inexperienced Indian had essayed to scalp you, and commenced by way of variety at the chin.—But what did it?"

"Don't laugh at me, Nettie," Bob pleaded, regardless of my effort at wit, "it was all for your sake."

"I told you so, Nett," I exclaimed sotto voce. "He's been trying suicide, a la Camanche."

"You made so much fun of my smooth face, you know," Nettie looked very eccentric and conscience-stricken—"and said that I looked like a girlish-looking man, and I—"

"I didn't mean it, though," said Nett, penitently.

"Didn't you?" said Bob, delighted, "but I thought you did, and some swindling rascal—I'd just like to get hold of him!" he went on ferociously—"advertised a receipt for making whiskers grow in a few weeks, and—"

"Ha! ha! ha! Please excuse me, Robert, but indeed I can't help it. Nett, Nett, it