

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Family Paper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Science, Art, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1862.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 4, NO. 23.

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER, PUBLISHED BY E. W. JONES & JAMES S. JENNINGS, AT WAYNESBURG, GREENE CO., PA.

OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

TERMS: \$1.00 per month in advance; \$1.25 at the expiration of six months; \$2.00 within the year; \$2.50 for the year. Advertisements inserted at 25 cents per square for the first week, and 15 cents for each additional week; (ten lines or less counted a square.)

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Miscellaneous.

WHAT HE HEARD.

"Have you heard the news?" "No; what is it now?" "Squire Dunham is gone—was found dead in his bed this morning—was carried off by a stroke of apoplexy."

"He was one of our prominent citizens. He will be widely missed." "I'm not at all certain about the last remark. In my opinion there'll be very few mourners at Squire Dunham's funeral. He was a hard old customer, from first to last; and all he thought of, or cared for, was to make money. He was shrewd enough at a bargain, and always got the best of it; but I think you'd have to go a long way to find the man, woman or child that's any the worse off 'cause Squire Dunham has finished his days."

"It's a great pity he couldn't take any of his bank stock or real estate with him. I tell you, my friend, after all, it's a losing operation to have all one's property in what goes for nothing on the other side. They want a different kind of coin there."

"That's a fact. I reckon Squire Dunham has learned some new truths by this time."

"The above conversation took place in a city car just as the night was falling, so that the passengers could scarcely discern one another in the dim twilight. The speakers were two plain-talking men, in the prime of their years; and the conversation was suddenly cut short, for the car stopped at the street-crossing, and the friends hurried out together."

In the seat behind them sat an old man, of somewhat portly figure and dignified presence. He had a hard, cold sort of a face—a face which no tender sympathies, no high and noble purposes—no earnest, unselfish strivings for right and truth, had softened or spiritualized, and looking into his keen, gray eyes, under the shaggy eyebrows, a heart that had gone to them for pity or mercy would have been turned away. Beneath lay no sweet, gushing springs of human love, only a cold, hard rock where no flowers blossomed, and from whose bosom gushed no streams gladdening the waste desert of the man's soul.

But it was evident the old man had been an interested listener to conversation which had transpired in the seat before him. At the first mention of Squire Dunham's name he had leaned forward, and drank in breathlessly every word which followed; while quick flushes and strange agitation went over the hard, thin face. He leaned back, so that the men could not catch a glimpse of his features as they left the car, and his reflection went on somewhat after this fashion:

"Well it's pleasant, that's a fact, for a man to sit still and have his life held up after he's been laid in his coffin. I never met either of those men, but it appears that one of them, at least, is pretty well posted up about me, and the estimation in which I am held in public opinion—though he has mistaken my name for Silas Dunham, the old lawyer, who died last night. Complimentary, wasn't it, Stephen Dunham? I s'pose there was a little spite and envy at the bottom of it all, just such as poor folks always have towards those who have got more money than they; but then—"

At that moment the car stopped in front of the stately dwelling in which the old banker resided. And that "but then" followed him into his house, and sat down with him at his solitary supper-table, and after it was through, these words were the text which roused the conscience of the rich man took up and preached to him in this wise:

"But then, Stephen Dunham," it whispered, as the rich old man walked up and down the gorgeous parlors of his lonely home, "you know that what that man said about you was true. There is no use getting aside of it, for he had hit the nail straight on the head. You know, too, that your object and aim in life has been to make money, and that there isn't a human being above ground who would have reason to shed a tear if you were laid beneath it. You've got money, as that man said. You generally get the best of a bargain, but, after all, your half million that you delved your whole life to get together, won't pass for anything in that world which you are getting pretty near now; and, as there's nobody to mourn you here, it isn't likely you will have any welcome there."

And here Squire Dunham sat down in his velvet arm-chair, by his marble-table, and his thoughts went back through the long, winding paths of the years of his youth. His boyhood—his glad, careless boyhood, came back to him. The gentle, loving mother, the young, sweet face of his sister, rose up before him, and he saw the little brown-tinted cheek where his life came up to him. The old apple-tree in front was frosted with the blossoms of May; and he stood there with Harry, his little sister, and her laugh, sweet as she

mountain brook, was in his ears, and her little, round, plump arms were around his neck. How she did love him, that little sister Hetty, over whose sweet face had grown the grass of so many Summers—how proud she was of him! and he could see the little golden head dancing out of the house every night to meet him, when he came home from his work.

Stephen Dunham's mother was a poor widow, and he had his own way to work in the world. He had risen step by step in his native town, and he saw at last that greed of money had taken possession of him, until every other wish and purpose of his life had been swallowed up in the pursuit of riches.

He was still a young man when he came to the city, but he brought with him the title of "squire," which he had borne for three years. He took to himself a wife, the daughter of a rich man, and she brought him a hundred thousand dollars for her dowry; but in a few years death had summoned her away, and she had left no children, whose soft, sweet voices, calling him "father," should melt the cold heart that knew but one love, and that was money.

All this Squire Dunham thought of, as he sat alone by his table, while the bright light of the chandeliers gilded the gray head that rested on his hands; and he thought, rich man as he was, that his money didn't pay; that, after all, the great object of his life had been, as the man said, a "losing operation," and he longed to feel that in the wide world there was one human being to feel sorry to hear that he was dead—one human being, man, woman or child, who would say, "I am happier this night because you are on earth."

And in the midst of want and yearning, a sudden declaration flashed across the mind of Squire Dunham. He rose up and walked again to and fro with his hands behind him, and his forehead knit with perplexing thought, and a variety of emotions flitting over his face. But suddenly he stopped, and sat down his foot resolutely. "I'll do it—I will do it this very night!" and he went into the hall and took up his cane, and passed out into the street, contrary to his usual habit—for the night was dark and cold.

"Did you see Mr. Minor, Henry?" It was a faint, mournful voice which asked this question, and the speaker was a pale, sad-faced woman, whose sunken eyes and hollow cheeks at once told you she was an invalid. The chamber where she sat was very poorly furnished, but everything was neat. A small fire was burning in the grate, and a solitary candle on the stand.

"No mother, Mr. Minor won't be at home for a week," answered the boy, slowly, as though he disliked to communicate the news. He was a slender, delicate-looking boy, apparently in his twelfth year.

"It is my last hope," said the mother, looking despairingly on the thin hands which lay in her lap. "There is no way to pay the rent, and the agent said if I wasn't ready when he called to-morrow, we must go into the street. What will become of us, my poor children? I'd hung on to Mr. Minor's getting back, he was so kind to your father before he died; but my last hope is gone now. I could have earned the money, if it hadn't been for this sickness, brought on by steady sewing, but to-morrow we must go into the street!" She said the words with great tears slowly chasing themselves down her pale cheeks.

"Don't cry, mother, I earned a shilling this afternoon selling papers, and bought you and Mary each a nice orange," interposed the boy, trying to speak in a bright, hopeful manner.

And now a small hand was thrust out for the fruit, and a little voice said, earnestly, "Oh mother, don't let us feel bad, now we've got the oranges."

At that moment there was a loud rap at the chamber-door, which startled the little father, but Harry was not long in ushering into the room an old gentleman who inquired if Mrs. Carpenter resided there.

His glance took in the room and its three occupants, and after taking the seat which Harry Carpenter brought him, he said:

"I am Squire Dunham, and I called here to say, Mrs. Carpenter, that I would not press the matter about the rent; that if you could not meet it, you might stay here, and I would not trouble you."

she rose up and came toward him—"You won't send mamma, and Harry, and me, into the street, will you?" she said, in her pleading way; "cause we can't live there when the winds blows, and the rain comes, and the great carriages will go over us; and mamma's sick, and I am a little girl, you know, and Harry isn't big enough to do anything but sell papers."

"My child," said Squire Dunham, "you shall never go in the street! and his voice was not quite steady, and there was a strange moisture about his eyes. He took the little girl on his knees, and she nestled her bright young head on his shoulder, chattering away to him, and thinking what a good, kind man Squire Dunham was!"

The landlord remained some time with his tenants. Many kind words and promises cheered them, for that little head rested softly against his heart, and warmed and gladdened it; and before he left, Squire Dunham bent down and kissed the little girl, and left two ten-dollar gold pieces in her chubby hand. He went home that night a happier man than he had been for years, sure that three hearts beat lighter because he was in the world!

And the lesson that Stephen Dunham learned that night going home in the cars, took deep root in his heart, and brought forth much fruit.

WE SLEEP TOO LITTLE.

On this subject, J. C. Jackson, celebrated as a water-cure practitioner in Western New York says:

As a habit and fashion with our people, we sleep too little. It is admitted by all those who are competent to speak on the subject, that the people of the United States, from day to day, not only do not get sufficient sleep, but they do not get sufficient rest. By the preponderance of the nervous over the vital temperament, they need the recuperating benefits which sleep can offer during each night as it passes. A far better rule would be to get at least eight hours, sleep, and, including sleep, ten hours of an incumbent rest. It is a sad mistake that some make, who suppose them qualified to speak on the subject, in affirming that persons of a highly wrought, nervous temperament, need—as compared with those of more lymphatic or solid organization—less sleep. The truth is, that where the power is expended with great rapidity, by a constitutional law, it is re-generated slowly; the reaction after a while demanding much more time for the gathering up of new force than the direct effort demands in expending that force.

Thus, a man of the nervous temperament, after he has established a habit of overdoing recovers from the effect of such overaction much more slowly than a man of different temperament would, if the balance between his power to resist is destroyed. As between the nervous and lymphatic temperaments, therefore, where excess of work is demanded, it will always be seen that, at the close of the day's labor, whether it has been of muscle or thought, the man of nervous temperament who is tried, finds it difficult to fall asleep, sleeps restlessly, wakes up excitedly, and is more apt than otherwise to resort to stimulants to place himself in a condition of pleasurable activity.

While the man of lymphatic temperament, when tired, falls asleep, sleeps soundly and uninterrupted, and wakes up in the morning a new man. The facts are against the theory that nervous temperaments recuperate quickly from the fatigues to which their possessors are subjected. Three-fourths of our drunkards are from the ranks of the men of nervous temperaments. Almost all the men in the country who become the victims of narcotic drug medicine, are of the nervous or nervous-sanguine temperament.

Dr. Corell of Philadelphia in the Educator, gives the following opinion, corroborative of the above as an explanation of the frequency of insanity. He says:

The most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one of the most important to guard against, is the want of sleep. Indeed so rarely do we see a recent case of insanity that is not preceded by want of sleep that is regarded as almost a sure precursor of mental derangement. Notwithstanding a strong hereditary predisposition, if they sleep well they will not become insane. No advice is so good, therefore, to those who have recovered from an attack, or to those who are in delicate health, as that of securing, by all means, sound, regular, and refreshing sleep.

"And" says Dr. Spicer, "there is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expands its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep: if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early-English history, persons who are condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; that it is, also, that those who sleep to death, become insane; and the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep."

ADVENTURE WITH THE WOLVES IN RUSSIA.

A writer in *All the Year Round* gives the following account of a narrow escape he had in an attack by wolves while making a sledge journey on a tour from the Volga to Jaroslavl:

At this point in our journey the driver sent the blood-dancing though my veins by the alarming cry of "Volka! volka!" "Wolves! wolves!" I sprang from my seat, and looking ahead; saw six great, gaunt, and no doubt hungry wolves, sitting exactly in our way, at a distance of about a hundred yards or less. Our horses had buddled themselves together, trembling in every limb, and refused to stir. We shouted and bawled, but the wolves also refused to stir. My fat friend, gathering a large handful of hay from the sledge bottom, rolled it into the form of a ball, and handed it to me, saying, "match." I understood him at once. The driver managed by a awful lashing and nooning, to get the horses on, until we came within a short distance of our enemies. By this time I had succeeded in setting fire to the ball of hay, and just as it began to blaze out well, I threw it in among them. It worked like a charm. Instantly the wretches parted, three on each side, and skulked off slowly at right angles, their tails dragging as if they were beaten curs. On dashed our brave team—lash, lash—noo, noo.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, with a lightened heart; "we are safe this time, thank God!"

"Wait; look back," said fat-sides. I did so, and I saw the wolves, who had joined each other again in the centre track, pausing as if to deliberate. Our horses were going at their utmost speed, the driver standing up and using lash and voice with all his might to urge them on to the station; then only about a mile and a half ahead. Luckily the road or track, as far as we could see, was free from drift, and our hope was that we could gain the station before the wolves should they pursue us. Looking back just as we turned a bend in the track, I saw the whole pack in swift pursuit.

I had often been told that wolves will not attack a party unless in a large pack. Six were no large pack, yet here they were, coming up to attack us; there was now no doubt about that. Hunger, through a long and severe winter, must have made them daring. With the consciousness of an impending death-struggle I prepared for the result. My thoughts went for one moment to my wife and children; for another to the great Disposer of events. Then, throwing off my steepskin coat, so as not to impede the free action of my arms and legs I sprang on the front seat beside the driver but with my back to the horses, and my face to the enemy, I said to the driver: "They are coming brother; drive fast but steadily. I have six bullets in this pistol. Don't move from your seat; but drive right in the centre of the track." My fat companion sat still in his corner, and neither moved nor spoke; I saw the blade of my bear-knife gleaming in his hand.

The track had become worse, so that the horses could not maintain their pace. In a short time the wolves ran beside the sledge; the horses strained and shot on, keeping their distance, but in forcing our way through a drift we came to a walking pace, and the first wolf on my side made a dash at the horse next him. The pistol was within a foot and a half of his head, and the ball went through his brain. I shouted my triumph in English; my companion echoed it with a "Bravo!" The second wolf roared my second fire in the leg, which must have shattered the bone; for he dropped behind instantly. "Bravo!" was again roared from the corner. But the same moment was the moment of my greatest danger. My pistol fell into the sledge, as with a sudden jolt, our horses floundered up to their bellies in a deep drift; then they came to a dead stop, and there was a wolf at each side of the sledge, attempting to get in.

My bludgeon still remained. With both hands I raised it high, and brought it down with the desperate force of a man in mortal extremity upon the head of the wolf on my side. He tumbled over on his back, and the skull was afterwards found to have been completely smashed. As I stopped to regain my pistol, I was astonished to see my companion coolly thrust one of his arms into the wolf's mouth, and as coolly, with the disengaged hand, drawing his knife, with a deep and short cut, across his throat. A peculiar cry among the horses arrested my attention. Looking round, I saw another wolf actually fastened on the off horse by the neck. The driver was between me and the wolf. He cried, "Give me the pistol!" I did so, and the poor horse was free. So, also, were we; for the other wolf ran off, followed by the one with the broken leg. The wolf last shot was tumbling among the snow. The driver handed me the pistol to put right, and begged another shot at

the brute. This finished the engagement.

I can now tell how I felt. I could scarcely realize our great deliverance. The driver secured the carcasses to the sledge, and when we reached the station I was completely exhausted from the reaction of the excitement. My friend of the twenty stone chuckled much at his own trick upon the wolf he had killed. Instead of putting his arm in the animal's open mouth, as I supposed, he had stuffed into it the loose sleeves of his great sheepskin coat, thereby getting plenty of time to cut the monster's throat. His own arm was untouched. But the poor horse's neck and shoulder were much torn.

After consuming an enormous quantity of tea and part of our provisions, we left the station, and without meeting more adventures, except several diggings out, we arrived at Jaroslavl at eight o'clock, having accomplished about thirty miles in thirteen hours. Next morning we found ourselves popular characters in the town. The driver's tongue had not been idle. My revolver underwent many an examination. The government or local reward for a dead wolf is three roubles, which we claimed and received for three. So the wolves, instead of killing us paid our travelling expenses. The fourth animal I caused to be skinned, for preservation, as a remembrance of the greatest peril I was ever in.

A BRAVE BOY.

When I was a boy I lived among the Green mountains of Vermont, in winter making snow forts and sliding down the steep hills, and in summer and autumn wandering over the mountains after flowers or nuts or catching the beautiful trout from the brooks. But my brother in Wisconsin wrote to me to come to him, and I went. Our house was on what was then called "Baxter's Prairie." The prairie was covered with flowers, and the many clear lakes around abounded in fish and ducks; but our principal food was hoe cake and salt pork.

One of our neighbors had had no meat for some time, and getting out of powder they had no game; so one day they sent up their oldest son, a boy about ten years old, for a piece of pork. As he was carrying it homeward, and going through a piece of woods by "Silver Lake," he heard a rustling of the leaves in a thicket by the roadside. He stopped and listened—all was still. Again he pushed forward, again the leaves rustled behind him, and he thought he heard a stealthy step. Again he stopped; stealthily was still except the gentle dash of the waves upon the pebbly beach and the rapid beating of his own heart.

He dared to go forward, and he dared not stay, for he saw night was approaching, when the woods always echoed with the sound of the hungry wolf, and the savage bear and the stealthy catamount came out from their dens. So picking up a club, he again started homeward. Again came the stealthy step behind him, nearer and nearer, until he saw a gaunt and a savage wolf creeping after him, and as he hurried on still clinging to his meat, the wolf was coming nearer and nearer, and he might at any moment spring upon him.

Still the boy, though he trembled in every limb, did not lose his presence of mind. He remembered having heard his father say that if any one faced a wild animal and looked it square in the eye it would not dare to attack him. He turned around, and faced the hungry wolf, and commenced walking backwards towards his home, still going mile and a half away. As the woods grew darker the wolf came nearer, showing his white teeth, with the hair bristling upon his back. The courageous boy knew that if he gave up his piece of pork he was safe, and could run home unmolested, but he knew that there were hungry ones at home awaiting his return. So, backwards he went, step by step. As the wolf came near, he hit him square upon the head with a stone, when with an angry "yelp" the wolf sprang into the thicket, and set up a long and dismal howl. The boy listened to hear if there were any answering howls, and hearing none, took courage; but soon the savage beast, maddened with hunger, came at him again. With his club he gave him a well-directed blow between the eyes, which sent him howling back again into the thicket.

Again and again was the contest renewed; many times did the savage animal make a spring at the lad, and many times did the brave boy beat him off, until at last he came near the log cabin of his parents, when the disappointed wolf, with a long and wailing howl, dashed away into the woods. Trembling with excitement, and wet with perspiration, the boy dropped the meat upon the floor, crying, "Mother! I've got it, and I'm exhausted at his mother's feet."

A MOORISH LEGEND.

A Spanish Moor, being in the eve of setting out on a pilgrimage to Mecca, entrusted his money to a man who had hitherto borne a reputation of unblemished probity. His fortune consisted of two thousand pesantas. On his return, he was not a little surprised when the reputed honest man denied all knowledge of himself or his money. The pilgrim entered a complaint against him, entreated the judge to help him to his property, and took his oath on the truth of his statement—but all in vain! The old man's good name outweighed all he could say; the plaintiff was nonsuited, and went away in despair.

Presently he met an old woman, who was toddling along with the help of a staff. Touched by the stranger's grief, she stopped him, hailed him in Allah's name, bade him take heart, and listened to his unvarnished tale.

"Be of good cheer, young man," said she; "maybe with Allah's aid I shall get back your gold. Do you buy a chest, and fill it with sand or mould; only let it be bound with iron and well locked. Then choose three or four discreet men, and come to me. We shall succeed, never fear."

The Spanish Moor followed her advice punctually. He came with four friends, bringing a chest which the strongest porters could scarcely drag along.

"Now follow me," said the old woman, on reaching the floor of the supposed honest man, she went in with the Spaniard's four friends, bidding the latter wait below, and not make his appearance until the chest had been carried up stairs. She now stood in the presence of the hypocrite, where she introduced her four companions.

"Behold!" said she. "Here are some honest Spaniards, about to make a pilgrimage to Egypt. Their treasures are boundless. They possess, among other things, ten chests of gold and silver, that they know not where to stow away at present. They would intrust them to safe hands for a time; so I, well knowing your honesty and unsullied reputation have brought them hither. Pray fulfil their wishes." Meanwhile she had the heavy chest brought in, which the pretended honest man gloated over with greedy looks. But just then the despoiled pilgrim rushed in, impetuously claiming back his two thousand pesantas. The faithless depository was frightened lest the young man should reproach him with his treachery in the presence of strangers, who would then take their chest with its untold treasures, which he had already determined to appropriate to himself.

"Be welcome!" he cried to the Moor. "I was almost fearing you would never come back, and was puzzled what I should do with the two thousand pesantas. Allah be praised, who has brought you back safe. Here is what belongs to you."

The Spanish Moor went away with his treasure as triumphant as though he were carrying off so much booty. The old woman begged the master of the house to put this first chest in a safe place, while she went and ordered the rest to be sent. She then went off with her four companions, and of course never returned.

WORDS FOR WIVES.

I believe the influence of a wife to be always, for good or for bad, very decided. There is not a woman living, unless she has forfeited all claim to her husband's respect, but is making her mark day by day upon his character. We men are foolishly proud, and do not like to let women see how they influence us, but we know that outside of our business—and sometimes even in it—all our doings are more or less controlled by our wives, and he is a knave who will not honestly acknowledge it.

Is it a disgrace to a man that he is kept at home, away from bad company, away from doubtful pleasure and foolish expense through his wife's influence? Some poor, cowardly souls think so, and utter senseless cries against her, who as a guardian angel, stands between these and their victim. I think the wife was given to supply him with certain things wanted in his own nature, and in yielding to her judgment, her opinion, her desire, where there are on the side of truth and of a divine will. But though the husband hide or deny it, let the wife be in good cheer. One thing, however, let her understand, worrying, fretting, fault finding, direct and frequent harangues, ill-tempered slurs, anything that looks like suspicion or jealousy, will do no good.

These are things a man cannot bear, and have driven many into the things they were intended to prevent. She looks down and judgment who shall indulge in these. Let her know that the strongest influences are those which are silent and indirect; and it is impossible for her to be in the right, gently, patiently, consistently, without its being felt. It may not be acknowledged to-day, or to-morrow, or ever; it may not do all she hoped it would. Countersailing influences may be too strong for her, but it is felt among the faintest and last things of life, even when she is dead, and strikes—Bowling Green Magazine.