

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Weekly Family Journal—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1864.

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THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

PUBLISHED BY
R. W. JONES AND JAS. S. JENNINGS.
AT
Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.
OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE.

Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

A. A. FURMAN, J. O. FITCHER.
FURMAN & FITCHER.
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office in the Court House, East Door.
Sept. 11, 1861—19.

DAVID CRAWFORD.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in the
Court House, West side, opposite the
Court House, East Door.
Waynesburg, Pa., July 30, 1863—19.

BLACK & PHELAN.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.
Sept. 11, 1861—19.

SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!

D. R. P. HUSS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA.
HAS received from the War Department at Wash-
ington, D. C., official copies of the several
laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary forms
and instructions for the presentation and collection of
PENSIONS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due dis-
charges and discharges, their widows, orphan
children, widowed mothers, fathers, sisters and broth-
ers, which business, (upon due notice) will be attend-
ed promptly and accurately, and strict attention to
business, to merit a share of public patronage.
Office, No. 2, Campbell Row—April 8, 1863.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. T. W. Ross,

Physician & Surgeon.
Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON MAIN STREET,
between Adams and Pipers. Every child of
Waynesburg, Sept. 23, 1863.

DR. A. G. CROSS

WILL personally attend his services as a
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, to the people of
Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due ap-
preciation of human life and health, and strict at-
tention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

MERCHANTS.

WM. A. PORTER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domest-
ic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861—19.

MINOR & CO.,

Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite
the Court House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861—19.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY,

Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite
the "Parson's" and "Pipers." Every style of
Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861—19.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOHN MUNNELL,

Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety
Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861—19.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

S. M. BAILY,

Main street, opposite the Wright House keeps
always on hand a large and elegant assortment of
Watches and Jewelry.
Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry will
receive prompt attention. Dec. 15, 1861—19.

BOOKS, &c.

LEWIS DAY,

Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Station-
ery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door east of
Piper's Store, Main Street. Sept. 11, 1861—19.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,

Saddles, Harness and Trunk Maker, old Bank Build-
ing, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—19.

BANK.

FAMERS' & DROVERS' BANK,

Waynesburg, Pa.
G. A. BLACK, Pres. J. LAZAR, Cashier.
Sept. 11, 1861—19.

Bices Landing.

DAILY MAIL HACK

RUNNING REGULARLY BETWEEN
WAYNESBURG AND RICES LANDING.

Under signed respectfully informs the generous
public, that having the contract for carrying the
mail between the above points, he has placed up a
hack, with two new and commodious Hack for the ac-
commodation of the travelling community. One will
leave for Adams House, Waynesburg, every morn-
ing, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, and will arrive
at Rices Landing in time for the Boat's Pittsburg
and will leave Rices Landing at the same time
and arrive in Waynesburg at noon. No pains will be
spared for the prompt delivery of the mail.
FRANK DOUGHER, Proprietor.
Sept. 11, 1861—19.

Select Poetry.

When the Boys Come Home.

BY JOHN HAY.

There's a happy time coming
When the boys come home!
There's a glorious day coming
When the boys come home.
We will end the fearful story
Of this treason, dark and gory,
In a sun-burst of glory,
When the boys come home.
The day will seem brighter
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts press them
In their arms, and cars them,
And pray to God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest

When the boys come home;
And their cheer will ring the loudest
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty

When the boys come home;
And their uniforms dusty
When the boys come home.
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces.
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them

When the boys come home;
To bless them and to greet them
When the boys come home.
And the fame of their endeavor,
Time and change shall not dis sever,
From the nation's heart forever,
When the boys come home.

Sitting on the Shore.

The tide has ebbed away;
No more wild dashings 'gainst the adamant
rocks,
Nor swaying amidst sea-weed false that
mocks

The hues of garden gay;
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;
No lucid pools reflecting heaven's clear brow;
Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit gray and lone;
The shifting sand is spread so smooth and
dry,
That not a tide might ever have swept by,
Stirring it with rude moan:

Only some weedy fragments idly thrown
To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been;
But Desolation's self has grown serene.

After the mountains rise,
And the broad estuary widens out,
All sunshine; wheeling round and round
about,
Seaward, a white bird flies;

A bird! Nay, seems it rather to these
eyes
A spirit, or Eternity's dim sea
Calling—"Come thou where all we glad
souls be."

O life! O silent shore!
Where we sit patient; O great sea beyond,
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more!

But little while and then we too shall
soar
Like white-winged sea-birds in the Infinite
Deep;
Till then, thou Father, wilt our spirits
keep.

—[Miss Mulock.]

Our Great Immortality.

O listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man thou shalt die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it into our souls, according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the wild
stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.

Night and the dawn, bright day and thought-
ful eve,
All time all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen living hand, and conscious
chords

Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying bear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing
souls

To mingle in the heavenly harmony.

There is at St. Etienne, in France,
a young lady, eighteen years of age, af-
fected with a rare, though not unpara-
leled infirmity. She is unable to see
while the sun is above the horizon, but
sees perfectly well at night and in com-
plete darkness.

Little Girls.

I cannot well imagine a home more
incomplete than that one where there
are no little girls to stand in the void
of the domestic circle which boys can
never fill, and to draw all hearts within
the magic ring by the nameless charm
of her presence. There is something
about little girls which is especially
lovable; even their willful, naughty
ways seem utterly void of evil when
they are so soon followed by the sweet
penitence that overflows in such gra-
cious showers. Your boys are great
noble fellows, generous, loving and full
of good impulse, but they are noisy and
demonstrative, and dearly as you love
them, you are glad their place is out of
doors; but Jennie with her light step
is always beside you; she brings the
slippers for papa, and with her pretty
dimpled fingers unfolds the paper for
him to read; she puts on a thimble no
bigger than a pin's, and with some
very mysterious combination of "doll
rags," fills up a small rocker by mama,
with a wonderful assumption of woman-
ly dignity. And who shall tell how the
little thread of speech that flows with
such sweet, silvery lightness from those
innocent lips, twines itself around the
mother's heart, never to rust, not even
when the dear little face is hid among
the daisies, as so many mothers know.

But Jennie grows to be a woman,
and there is a long and shining track
from the half-latched door of childhood,
till the girl blooms into the mature wo-
man. There are the brothers who al-
ways lower their voices when they talk
to their sister, and tell of the sports in
which she takes almost as much interest
as they do, while in turn she in-
structs them in all the minor details of
home life, of which they would grow
up ignorant if not for her. And what
a shield she is upon the dawning man-
hood wherein so many temptations lie.
Always her sweet presence to guard
and inspire them; a check upon pro-
fligacy, a living sermon on immortality.
How fragrant the cup of tea she hands
them at the evening meal, how cheery
her voice as she relates the little inci-
dents of the day. No silly talk of in-
cipient beaux, or love of young men
met on the promenade. A girl like
that has no empty space in her head for
such thoughts to run riot in, and you
don't find her spending the evening in
the dim parlor with a questionable
young man for her company. When
her lover comes, he must say what he
has to say in the family sitting-room
with father and mother; or it he is
ashamed to, there is no room for him
there. Jennie's young heart has not
been filled by the pernicious nonsense
which results in so many unhappy mar-
riages or hasty divorces. Dear girl,
she thinks all the time of what a good
home she has, what dear brothers, and
on benedict knees craves the blessing of
Heaven to rest on them, but she does
not know how far, very far, for time
and eternity, her own pure example
goes, how it will radiate as a blessing
into other homes where a sister's mem-
ory will be the consecrated ground of
the past.

Cheerish then the little girls, dimpled
darlings who tear their aprons and cut
the table-cloths, and eat the sugar, and
are themselves the sugar and salt of
life! Let them dress and undress their
doll babies to their heart's content, and
don't tell them that Tom Thumb and
Red Riding Hood are fiction, but leave
them alone till they find it out, which
will be all too soon. Answer all the funny
questions they ask, and don't make fun
of their baby theology, and when you
must whip them, do it so that if you
should remember it, it would not be
with tears, for a great many little girls
lose their hold suddenly before the door
from which they have just escaped is
shut, and find their way back to the
angels. So be gentle with the darlings,
and see what a track of sunshine will
follow in the wake of the little bobbing
heads that daily find a great many hard
problems to solve.

Female Energy.

Professor Charles Oren, of Clinton
county, Ohio, for several years Principal
of the Union schools of Martinsville,
volunteered about two years ago, and
when the work of organizing colored
troops commenced, obtained a Cap-
tain's commission for the command of
a colored company. A few weeks since
he was killed at Petersburg by a minie
ball from the gun of a rebel sharpshooter,
while engaged in constructing some
defenses. His body was embalmed and
brought to Martinsville, where it was
received by a procession of his former
pupils bearing the motto, "We honor
our Teacher."

Captain Oren left a wife and three
small children. He had just purchased
and paid for a farm of seventy acres, a
mile south of that town, where his fam-
ily now resides. The widow was Miss
Sarah Allen, of the Quaker family of
Abram Allen, of Oakland, in the same
county, and for thirty years one of the
self-sacrificing and enthusiastic laborers
in behalf of the liberation of his coun-
try from despotism. Mr. Allen is quite
advanced in years, but still toils for a
living as steadily as when a young man.
He has lived by the cultivation of a fifty
acre farm, and by the occasional employ-
ment of his mechanical ingenuity.

Something he has been able to spare
from the same in which he has been

His daughter Sarah was educated for
a first-class teacher, partly by her own
means derived from teaching a common
country school. And to her educated
accomplishments she adds those graces
of person and spirit that render women
most attractive. Such are the influences
and advantages enjoyed by his daugh-
ter in her home and school education,
and now we wish to present her exam-
ple as a splendid result of this simple
method of bringing up a family:

A Romantic Story.

The following story reads very much
like fiction, but as we find it in an ex-
change of high character, which avows
belief in its essential truth, we give it as
an illustration of providential reward for
kind actions:

"Some years ago a poor, penniless
adventurer arrived at San Bernardino.—
His clothes were in rags and scant at that.
His cheeks were hollow, and his eyes
had that restless, fierce expression that
is seen in one who has not for a long time
tasted food. The stranger stopped at a
farm-house, and after some hesitation,
asked for a meal. The ranchero, who
was well-to-do in the world, at once
granted the request. Entering into con-
versation with the stranger, he found
that he was trying to make his way to
the mines, but miscalculating the expense
of the route, had found his means inad-
equate to bear him to his journey's end.
The ranchero was so impressed with
his story that he voluntarily loaned the
needy adventurer a sum of money to
help him to his destination. Time sped
with his chances and changes, and found
the once prosperous ranchero, despoiled
of his little property, seeking a precarious
subsistence in San Francisco, and get-
ting a livelihood with difficulty at that.
Such was the condition of his affairs,
when, several weeks since, a slow car-
riage drove up to the poor man's door.

A richly attired gentleman alighted
therefrom. It proved to be the pen-
niless adventurer whom the now reduced
ranchero had once so generously assist-
ed. Luck had changed with the former.
He had made some money in the plac-
ers, and travelled thence to Washoe,
and, engaged in the silver mines, had
amassed, like many others once poor, a
rapid fortune. He had come to invite his
benefactor, with his family, to ride, for
the purpose of taking a look at a neat
cottage which he had just been purchas-
ing in the suburbs. The party rode
forth in high spirits. The morning was
fine and the air exhilarating. In due
time they arrived at the cottage, which
proved to be one of the neatest in the
neighborhood; a bison of a place, with
old nooks and gables, and the costliest
of furniture.

When the visitors had satisfied them-
selves with admiring everything that
there was to be admired, and had taken
of a repast spread for the occasion,
their entertainer turned to them and
said:

"It is not so long ago that you must
remember the destitute stranger who
came to your gate for wherewithal to
satisfy the cravings of hunger, and
whom you sent on his way rejoicing,
with more money than he had seen for
a twelve-month. I am the stranger.
With the proceeds of your generosity I
reached the mines. Success crowned all
my efforts. I was wealthy. I visited
San Bernardino for the purpose of dis-
charging my debt of gratitude, but you
were not there. I sought you every-
where, and finally found you in your
place of refuge, nearly as destitute as
myself on the day when, overcome
with hunger, I paused at your hospita-
ble threshold. My mission is accom-
plished. You have been pleased to
admire this cottage. It is yours. Take
it, with all that it contains, and may
Heaven enable you, my benefactor, to
prosper as I have prospered."

To finish the story, the title deeds
were placed in the hands of the aston-
ished ranchero, and he is at this mo-
ment comfortably installed with his
family in his new domicile, the happiest
of men."

Contractors and Sewing Women.

As the winter is setting in, when the
expense of living will be much higher
than at present, the question of the
wages of women is attracting attention.
Mechanics of every kind have, during
the past summer, demanded and receiv-
ed considerable advances in their week-
ly wages, but we have heard of no ef-
fort on the part of the working women
of the city to increase their wages. A
Philadelphia paper has the following re-
marks on this subject:

Attention has been strongly attracted
for some time past to the shameful in-
adequacy of the wages received by wo-
men for government work, and efforts
have been made to remedy, or at least
alleviate the evil. An impression un-
doubtedly exists that this has to some
extent been effected; but we have
some reason to doubt whether much
has been accomplished. We shall state
a case which has come to our knowl-
edge, and the absolute accuracy of
which we can guarantee; this will at
least afford some grounds toward en-
abling our readers to arrive at a just
conclusion.

A sub-contractor for the Government
in this city (whose name, though given
to us, we for the present withhold), is
now getting work done in Wilming-
ton, Delaware, and at the following
prices:

Haversacks, ten cents. We under-
stand that by a long and hard day's
work, four of these can be made, but
this rate cannot be kept up.

Pantaloon, sixteen cents. A case
was mentioned to us where a woman,
by working from early morning until 1
o'clock at night, succeeded in making
eight of these garments in a week, but
by working in this manner, seriously
injured her eyesight.

Heavy overcoats, forty cents each.—
We are informed that these garments
are so heavy to handle, that those who
work upon them soon break down with
pains in the back, unless they are more
than commonly strong of frame. To
the above price, ten cents are added for
making twenty-five button-holes—about
five hours steady work, or two cents
per hour. We are told that the old
price for these army overcoats was
always 80 cents each, so that now,
while the necessities of life are at dou-
ble price, those who consume them are
to work at half price, the effect of
which is that they are required to do
exactly four times as much work as
formerly to procure the same quantity
of food, fuel or raiment.

At other cases has been mentioned to
us where an army contractor gets \$2
each from Government for making
shelter tents, for which work he pays
forty-five cents, which, it seems, is just
half the price formerly given, viz: ninety
cents.

All this is literally shameful; there is
no other word to express it, and no
community is justifiable in seeing the
poor among it crushed in this frightful
way. It is the clear duty of the Gov-
ernment so to control its contractors
that they shall be forced to do some
kind of justice to those whom they em-
ploy. If this cannot be effected, let
the whole contract system be swept
away, and let the Government employ
its sewers directly, as now done at
some of the cities.

A Romance of Denmark.

A writer in the London *Authenticum*
thus describes the romantic phases of
Denmark: "It is a region lying close
upon the borders of a sea whose white
breakers roll northward till they turn
to ice near the pole; a flat, low-lying
shore, behind which are landscapes
green and quiet. The waves moan,
the clouds gather, Oden rides by on the
wings of the wind, and a flash of light-
ning shows Ilmormot flying from Valhal
with a message to the nether-spirits.—
The elements roar, and the old deities
live again as in Mythology's morning.
Then the tempest vanishes, and a soft
spirit steals upon the scene. The sea
lies calm and still, murmuring in a
low voice; the shore and landscape wear
the sunshine that pours upon them in
a golden shower. You hear a sweet
voice singing; it is yonder mermaid,
combing out her yellow hair, smiling
freshly, and luring love-sick youths to
their destruction. The fisher mending
his line beside his hut heeds her not;
for he has just caught a fish who is an
enchanted prince, and who has promis-
ed unbounded riches for being re-con-
signed to the sea. Close by the rocks
a little maiden wanders dreamily; let
her beware, for hard by lurks a beauti-
ful merman, ready to lure her with soft
speeches to his home under the water.
All is peaceful, sunny, still; so sweet,
you would never dream the spirits of
the earth, water, and air were so wick-
ed.

But hark! a roar as of thunder
breaks from yonder great cavern, lies
a dragon huge and terrible, whose food
is human flesh, and whose lair is
strewn with human bones. Fortu-
nately, there is approaching a bold
knight, clad in glittering armor, who
will speedily put an end to the pranks
of the sea monster. Leave the sea-
shore and walk inland; every flower,
every leaf, is peopled with tiny people,
such as haunted the immemorial wood
near Athens, where love-sick Titania
lisped languidly in the ass's ears of Bul-
ly Bottom. Climb this little eminence,
and you will ere long find yourself
among new faces. Who are these that
come dancing down so wildly with
robes that flash white in the wind, and
feet that scarcely brush the dew from
the tips of the flowers? They are the
elf girls, or maids of the mountain—ter-
rific in the eyes of little children, and
fascinating to the wanderer who halts
too lazily upon his way. And what,
you ask, is this wondrous region in
which you have thus been wandering?
It is the land of Danish romance, and is
just what Oehlenschlaeger, Andersen and
the rest have made it."

Strength and Sagacity of the Elephant.

M. Philippe, an Eastern traveler, re-
lates that one day he went to the river
at Goa, a Portuguese settlement in In-
dia, and in a dock near to the river-side
a large ship was building. He saw a
plot of ground near, covered with heavy
beams ready to be used for this purpose.
He watched, and saw the men fasten
the ends of a beam with a rope of great
strength and thickness; this rope was
carried to an elephant employed to as-
sist the workmen. The animal convey-
ed the rope to his mouth, and after
twisting it round his trunk, he drew
the beam without any conductor to the
place where the ship was building.—
Other elephants were brought to assist
in the work, and some of them were
able to drag beams so large that twenty
men were unable to move them.—
But what surprised the traveler most
was, not the amazing strength of the
animal, but its sagacity; for when other
beams obstructed the road, the eleph-
ant would raise the end of his own
beam, that it might slide easily over
those which lay in his way. M. Tor-
eene, another traveler, tells us that he
also had the opportunity of noting the
sagacity of an elephant. Its master
had let out the animal for a certain sum
per day, and its employment was to
carry with its trunk timber for a build-
ing from the bank of a river. This
business it carried on very cleverly un-
der the guidance of a boy, and the sa-
gacious animal laid the pieces of timber
one upon another in such exact order
that no men in the timber-yard could
have done the work better.

Incident in the Life of Livingston.

Edward Livingston was a zealous
freemason, and in his life a passage
from one of his addresses as President
of the Louisiana Lodge is introduced
for the sake of the anecdote connected
with it: "My brethren, have you search-
ed your hearts? Do you find there no
lurking animosity against a brother?
Have you had the felicity never to have
cherished, or are you so happy as to
have banished all envy at his prosper-
ity, all malicious joy at his misfortunes?
If you find this is the result of your
scrutiny, enter with confidence the sanc-
tuary of union. But if the examination
discovers either rankling jealousy, or
hated long concealed, or even unkind-
ness, or offensive pride, I entreat you,
defile not the altar of friendship with
your unhallowed offerings; but, in the
language of Scripture, 'Go, be reconcil-
ed to thy brother, and then offer thy
gift.'"

Here the speaker was interrupted by
the sudden movement of two of the au-
dience, who rushed into each other's
arms. They were real brothers, who
had quarrelled, and not been on speak-
ing terms for several years. "Go, be re-
conciled to thy brother, and then offer thy
gift."

Facts Concerning Oil Wells.

Notwithstanding the long experience
which we have in working oil wells,
we have not yet ascertained the laws by
which these wells are governed, and as
yet there have been no rules laid down
which we can follow with any certainty
of success in boring an oil well. The
interference of one oil well with another
is becoming a common occurrence
upon Oil creek. It is, to say the least,
very vexatious to the lucky owner of a
flowing or pumping well, who has la-
bored day and night, expended the earn-
ings of years of toil and self-denial, and
just when he is on the highway to
boundless wealth to have his hopes
crushed in a few hours by the striking
of a well near his own that taps it, and
turns his golden dreams of wealth into
limpid valueless water. Notwithstand-
ing the great disappointment consequent
upon a disaster of this kind, the true
operator takes it coolly. He well
knows that no effort or foresight of his
can remedy the matter, and so if he
fails to effect a compromise and sell out
he seeks another location, and very fre-
quently interferes with some one else in
like manner.

It would seem in the minds of many
to be a settled fact that any flowing or
pumping well can be tapped or deprived
of its supply by boring another well
upon some particular side of it. As to
which side or in what direction that is
we are not clearly informed. No one
as yet has satisfactorily ascertained the
exact bearings of the oil veins. Upon
the McIlhenny farm, in the same local-
ity, there were some nineteen wells.—
But few or any of these interfered with
each other. Finally a well, the out-
come of these, was bored almost in the
centre of the stoppage of all the wells,
and the flow, at one time not long since,
flowed 300 barrels of oil per day.

On the other hand, upon the Blood
farm a well has been bored adjoining
the Duncan well in such close proximity
that the bottom of the derricks touch
each other—in fact the two wells are
not twelve feet distant. The new well
has not only failed to get any consider-
able quantity of oil, but has not succeed-
ed in tapping the Duncan, though it has
been sunk several feet deeper. The
owners of the Duncan will feel rejoiced,
no doubt, at this contradiction of the
accepted theory. In the case of the
Phillips and Woodford wells, when
both are tared, the Phillips well runs
pure oil, while the oil from the Wood-
ford is oily, or mixed with about sixty
per cent of water. These two wells
are located only a few yards apart, in
an almost direct line. A great many
other astonishing facts could be brought
up to prove how utterly useless it is to
theorize upon a matter which only the
great Chemist of the Universe knows
the causes and effects.—*Exchange.*

A Fashionable Parlor.

How many people do we call on from
year to year, and know no more of their
feelings, habits, tastes, family life and
ways, than if they lived in Kamtschatka
And why? Because the room which
they call a front parlor is made exclu-
sively so you shall not work, they sit in
a back room—talk, talk, feed, perhaps.
After the servant has let you in and
opened a crack in the shutters, and
while you sit waiting for them to change
their dress and come in, you speculate
as to what they may be doing. From a
distant region the laugh of a child, the
song of a canary bird, and then a door
claps hastily to. Do they love plants?
Do they write letters, sew, embroider,
crochet? Do they ever romp and frolic?
What books do they read? Do they
sketch or paint? Of all these possibili-
ties, a mute and muffled room says nothing.

A sofa, six chairs, two ottomans, fresh
from the upholsterer's, a brussels carpet,
a centre table, with four gilt books of
beauty on it, a mantel clock from Paris,
two bronze vases—all these tell you only
in frigid tones. "This is the best room."
—only that and nothing more, and soon
she trips in, in her best clothes, and
apologizes for keeping you waiting, asks
you how your mother is, and you re-
mark that it is a pleasant day, and thus
the acquaintance progresses from year to
year. One hour in the little back room
where the plants and Canary birds and
children are, might have made you fast
friends for life; but as it is, you care no
more for them than the gilt clock on the
mantel.—*H. B. Snow.*

Hard Times Ahead in Europe.

The latest correspondence from Lon-
don,