The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXV. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1871. NO. 34.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	3t	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos	1yr.
One Square	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.50	12.00
Two Squares	3.00	3.50	6.50	9.00	20.00
Three Squares	4.50	5.25	9.00	12.00	25.00
Six Squares		11.50	17.00	25.00	45.00
Quarter Column		13.50	22.00	40.00	60.00
Half Column		20.00	40.00	60.00	110.00
One Column		30.00	60.00	110 00	200.00

Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.
Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, $3.00
City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Ten lines agate constitute a square.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR., PUBLISHER,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR.
Plain and Fancy Job Printer,
No. 608 HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGANT PRINTING
NEW DESIGNS
LATEST STYLES
Stamped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Books, Constitutions and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Heads Envelopes, Letter Heads Bills of Lading, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Printed at Short Notice.

Coal and Lumber.

A. FILBERT. B. OTTO. H. M. OTTO. G. W. MILLER

FILBERT, OTTO & MILLER,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
LUMBER,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
MILL ON CANAL, WEST OF MAYNARD STREET
OFFICE AT THE MILL
W F CRANE AGENT. 4 aug 70-1y

JAS. M. RITTER, CHAS. W. ABBOTT, OWEN RITTER
JORDAN STEAM
PLANING MILL,
SASH, DOOR,
AND
BLIND MANUFACTORY,
Union Street, near Jordan Bridge, Allentown,
RITTER, ABBOTT & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors, Outside Blinds, Inside Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets Balusters, Pickets, Stair Railings, Window Frames, Door Frames, Glazed Windows, Black Walnut Mouldings, &c.
SCROLL SAWING, TURNING, PLANING, MATCHING, FLOORING and RIPPING.
DONE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.
ALSO, STAIR BUILDING done and HAND RAILING made to order.
Having now had almost three years' possession of the Mill, refurnished it almost wholly with new and improved machinery, and having none but experienced workmen, we are prepared to defy competition from home and abroad, both in price and workmanship.
Do you contemplate building? Call at our Factory and satisfy yourself with a personal examination.
Drawings for buildings, brackets, patterns for ornamental work, scrolls for porches, can be seen at all times by calling at our office. Any information to the builder furnished cheerfully and freely, by calling at the Manufactory, on Union street, at the Jordan Bridge, Allentown, Pa., or by letter through the post office.
RITTER, ABBOTT & CO
aug 3-1y

REVIVAL!!
The subscribers having leased the "Old Hope Coal Yard," would respectfully announce to the citizens of Allentown and the public in general, that they have just got
IN
a superior assortment of
COAL
Consisting of Stove, Egg, Chestnut and Nut from the BUCK MOUNTAIN MINES.
Orders left with A. A. Huber, Sieger & Hottenstein, at the Eagle Hotel, Hope Rolling Mill, or the Yard will be attended to in a
BUSINESS
like manner.
Orders for Coal by the car filled at short notice the lowest prices.
Always on hand a large stock of
BALED HAY,
which will be sold at the lowest market prices.
L. W. KOONS & CO.,
at the "Old Hope Coal Yard,"
Hamilton Street, corner of Lehigh Valley Railroad,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
L. W. KOONS. R. E. DONAGHEY.
oct 19 —1y

A NEW FIRM AND NEW LUMBER YARD
TO BUILDERS!
TREXLER & WEAVER
Would hereby announce to the public that they have just opened a new Lumber Yard on the spacious and convenient grounds so long occupied by TREXLER BRO.'S on Hamilton street, near Tenth, north side, where they are now prepared with a full assortment of everything pertaining to the business, comprising in part
YELLOW PINE, WHITE PINE, SPRUCE and HEMLOCK FLOORING, WHITE PINE BOARDS, SCANTLING and PLANK of all sizes and well seasoned,
FRAMING TIMBER, Superior HEMLOCK JOIST and CEDAR, CYPRESS AND WHITE PINE SHINGLES of extra quality,
HEMLOCK and SPRUCE PLASTERING and SHINGLING LATHS, and a large assortment of
WEATHERBOARDING, also WHITE OAK PLANK and BOARDS of all thicknesses,
WHITE PINE and SPRUCE PALINGS and PICKETS, superior to anything in the market
WHITE PINE and HEMLOCK FENCE RAILS, WHITE OAK and CHESTNUT POSTS, &c., &c.
All desirous of purchasing Lumber to our good advantage as is offered at any other Yard in the county, are requested to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
Satisfaction Guaranteed in Quality and Price.
The Senior member of the firm would hereby express his thanks for past favors while a member of the firm of Trexler Bros., and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, promising to apply his best endeavors to render satisfaction to all patrons of the New Yard.
Respectfully,
ED. W. TREXLER. THOS. WEAVER
august 31 —1y

Silver Plated Ware.

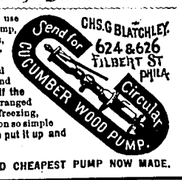
SAMUEL K. SMYTH,
724 CHESTNUT STREET,
(SECOND FLOOR),
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER OF FINE
SILVER PLATED WARE,
Would respectfully announce to his patrons that he has a full stock of the latest styles of
DOUBLE AND TREBLE
ELECTRO-PLATED WARE
ALL OF HIS OWN PLATING.
Plated on Nickel and White Metals, suitable for family or city trade.
As the quality of plating can only be known to the plater, the purchaser must rely on the manufacturer's statement; there being so much worthless ware in the market, all represented as treble plate, at prices impossible to be manufactured.
All his goods are marked "S. K. SMYTH."
Call and examine the goods before purchasing elsewhere.
OLD WARE REPLATED.
may 15-1y

Carpets and Oil Cloth.

RICH AND ELEGANT
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &C.
S. C. FOULK.
NO. 19 S. SECOND ST., PHILA.,
(First Carpet Store below Market, East side.)
Invites attention to his splendid assortment of Imported and American CARPETS, which will be sold at a very small advance. Goods warranted as represented so that all can buy with confidence and satisfaction.
nov 23-1f

For the Farmer.

For Pure Water, use this celebrated Pump, entirely tasteless, durable and reliable; equal to the good old-fashioned wooden Pump, and cost less than half the money. Easily arranged so as to be non-freezing, and in construction so simple that any one can put it up and keep it in repair.



THE BEST AND CHEAPEST PUMP NOW MADE.

PANCOAST & MAULE,
THIRD AND PEAR STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA,
PLAIN AND GALVANIZED
WROUGHT IRON TUBES.
Lap-welded Boiler Tubes,
Brass and Iron Valves and Cocks; Fittings for Gas, Steam and Water; Rough and Finished Brass Work; Gas and Steam Fitters' Tools, etc.
Bath Tubs and Sinks, Bath Boilers, Enamelled Wash Stands, etc., Coils of Tube; Steam Kettles and Traps.
Pipe of all Sizes fitted to Sketch.
Successors to MORRIS, TASKER & Co., as
CONTRACTORS
For the Heating of Buildings of all Classes with Steam Hot Water, by the most approved methods.
Estimates Furnished Gratis.
feb1-1y

Financial.

7-30 GOLD LOAN
OF THE
NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
RAPID PROGRESS OF THE ROAD.

The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last,) is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Several thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed *266* miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running over *130* miles of finished road, and track-laying is rapidly progressing toward the eastern border of Dakota. Including its purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the Northern Pacific Company now has *413* miles of completed road, and by September next this will be increased to at least *560*.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. Jay Cooke & Co. are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a Profitable and perfectly Safe investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have *30* years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than *8* per cent. currency) and are secured by first and only mortgage on the ENTIRE ROAD AND ITS EQUIPMENTS, and also, as fast as the road is completed, on

23,000 ACRES OF LAND to every mile of track, or *500* Acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from U. S. Tax; Principal and Interest are payable in Gold; Denominations: Coupons, $100 to $1,000; Registered, $50 to $10,000.

LANDS FOR BONDS. Northern Pacific 7-30's are at all times receivable at ten per cent. above par, in exchange for the Company's Lands, at their lowest cash price. This renders them practically interest bearing land warrants.

SINKING FUND. The proceeds of all sales of Lands are required to be devoted to the repurchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The Land Grant of the Road exceeds Fifty Million Acres. This immense Sinking Fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment, accessible to the people, which is more profitable or safe.

EXCHANGING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES. The success of the New Government 5 per cent. Loan will compel the early surrender of United States 6 per cents. Many holders of Five Twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit, and greatly increasing their yearly income.

OTHER SECURITIES. All marketable Stocks and Bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties. Express charges on Money or Bonds received, and on Seven-Thirties sent in return, will be paid by the Financial Agents. Full information, maps, pamphlets, etc., can be obtained on application at any agency, or from the undersigned.

For sale by
JAY COOKE & CO.,
Philadelphia, New York, Washington,
Financial Agents Northern Pacific Railroad Co.
By BANKS and BANKERS generally throughout the country. may 3-3m

GIRARD SAVINGS BANK,
(Organized under a State Charter),
NO. EAST HAMILTON STREET,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.
Monies received on deposit at all times from one dollar upwards. Pays SIX per cent. interest for six months or longer. Four per cent. on daily balance, subject to check at sight. Gold and Silver, United States Bonds and other Securities bought and sold. Interest collected on Government Securities at fair rates.
All deposits of money will be held strictly confidential, and may be withdrawn at any time.
Married women and minors have special privileges granted in our charter, having full power to transact business with us in their own names.
This Institution is a legal depository for monies paid into Court, and receives money in trust from guardians, administrators, treasurers, tax collectors and others.
MONEY LOANED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.
PHAON ALBRIGHT, President.
H. A. HARTZELL, Cashier.
Directors—Phaon Albright, James F. Kline, Tilghman Mertz, David Wolda, Aaron Eisenhart. 1e1-3m

MILLERSTOWN SAVING BANK
MILLERSTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY.
This institution will be opened on or before the 1st day of April. Money will be taken on deposit at all times and in any sums from one dollar upwards, for which
SIX PER CENT. INTEREST
per annum will be paid.
Deposits may be withdrawn at any time. Also, money loaned out on favorable terms.
JAMES WEILER, *President*
FRANKLIN SHIMER, *Cashier.*
J. F. M. Shiffert, Georg Ludwig,
Frederick C. Yobst, Christian K. Henninger,
David Donner, William Salliday,
Isaac Griebel, Gideon F. Egner,
Horatio T. Hertzog, Benjamin J. Schmoyer,
James Singmaster mar 16-6m

ALLENTOWN SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
Organized as "Dimes Saving Institution,"
NO. 58 EAST HAMILTON ST.,
(NEARLY OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN HOTEL.).
PAYS SIX PER CENT. INTEREST FOR MONEY ON DEPOSIT.
This Institution, the oldest Saving Bank in Eastern Pennsylvania, has been in continuous and successful operation for ten years, and continues to pay SIX PER CENT. INTEREST on money for one year, and special rates of interest for shorter periods.
All deposits of money will be held strictly confidential.
Executors, Administrators, Trustees, Assignees, Treasurers, Tax Collectors,
and other employees of public or private moneys, are offered liberal rates of interest.
Firmers, Merchants, Laborers, and all who have money to put on interest for a long or short period will find our institution an agreeable and advantageous one in which to do business. We especially invite LADIES to transact their banking business with us.
MARRIED WOMEN and MINORS have special privileges granted by our charter—having full power to transact business with us in their own names.
Money deposited with this Institution
IS SAFE AND WELL SECURED,
by a Capital stock and surplus money of over SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, and in addition, the Board of Trustees have, as required by charter, given bonds under the supervision of the Court in the sum of FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which bonds are registered in and held by the Court of Common Pleas of this county for the security of depositors.
Our Iron Vaults are of the most secure and extensive kind known in this country, as a personal inspection will show, and to which we invite our friends and customers.
We refer to this, believing that safe Burglar Proof Vaults complete the safety and reliability of a good Saving Bank.
WILLIAM H. ALNEY, President.
CHRISTIAN PRETZ, Vice President.
REUBEN STAHLER, Cashier.
TRUSTEES:
William H. Alney, Charles S. Bush,
Christian Pretz, John D. Stiles,
F. E. Samuels, Benj. J. Hagenbuch,
George Brobst, Samuel Sell,
Nathan Peter. jan 12-tf

FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK,
Located at the corner of Hamilton street and Church alley, in Lion Hall, second story, opposite the German Reformed Church, in the City of Allentown, is organized and ready for business. *It will pay SIX per cent. interest on all deposits except business deposits, for any period of time, to be calculated from the date of deposit.*
To secure which, the Trustees of the institution have filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County, under the direction of the Court, a bond in the sum of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars, conditioned for the faithful keeping and appropriation of all such sums of money as shall be placed in charge of said FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK, whether as deposits, or shares of stock, which bond may be enlarged by the Court whenever it may be deemed necessary.
In addition to this, the Act of Incorporation makes the Stockholders *personally liable to the depositors in double the amount of the Capital Stock* of the Bank, which is fifty thousand dollars, with liberty to increase it to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
These provisions will make it a very desirable and safe place of deposit.
Besides, it may be proper to state that the deposits will be kept in one of the *safest and best protected vaults in this city.*
Arrangements will be made to furnish drafts on the cities of New York and Philadelphia
S. A. BRIDGES, *President*
J. W. WILSON, *Vice President*
J. E. ZIMMERMAN, *Cashier.*
Trustees:
Daniel H. Miller, S. A. Bridges,
John Holben, J. W. Wilson,
William Baer, J. E. Zimmerman
D. H. Creitz, Peter Gross,
Edwin Zimmerman. mar 30

FARMER'S SAVINGS BANK,
Incorporated under a State Charter of 1870.
Fogelsville, Upper Macungie township, Lehigh Co.
This Institution has been organized and opened under a State Charter. MONEY will be taken on deposit at all times and in any sum from $1 and upwards, for which
6 PER CENT. INTEREST
WILL BE PAID.
Deposits may be withdrawn at any time.
Also money loaned out on favorable terms.
WILLIAM MOHR, *President.*
R. H. FOGEL, *Cashier.*
TRUSTEES:
Dr. H. A. Saylor, J. H. Straub,
Daniel Moyer, David Peter,
Jonas Rauch, Samuel Kuhns,
Daniel H. Creitz, William Stein,
William Mohr [apr 6-6m

LUMBER! LUMBER!!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!
HOFFMAN'S
STEAM SAW MILL,
AND
LUMBER YARD!
KINDLING!
BILLS CUT TO ORDER!
OFFICE AT THE MILL,
FRONT AND LINDEN STS.
WHITE AND BLACK OAK SAW LOGS wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid upon delivery. d-w july 12-1y

A SHORT CATECHISM.

At sunset of a summer's day
All curled up in a funny heap
Beneath the currant bushes lay
A boy named Willy, half asleep.

But peeping through his sleepy eyes
He watched all things as if he dreamed
And did not feel the least surprise
However strange and queer they seemed.

And every creature going by
He hailed with questions from the grass,
And laughed and called out sleepily,
"Unless you answer, you can't pass."

"O caterpillar! now tell me
Why you roll up so tight and round:
You are the drollest thing to see—
A hairy marble on the ground."

"I roll me up to save my bones
When I fall down; young man, if you
Could do the same, the stumps and stones,
Would never bruise you black and blue."

"O spider! tell me why you hide
The ropes and ladders which you spin,
And keep them all locked up inside
Your little body slim and thin."

"I hide my ropes and ladders fine
Away from neighbor's thievish greed;
If you kept yours as I keep mine,
You'd always have one when you need."

"Why do you buzz, so, busy bee?
Why don't you make your honey still?
You make such a fuss so boisterously,
I'm sure you must much honey spill."

"I buzz and buzz, you silly boy,
Because I can work better so;
Just as you whistle for pure joy
When on the road to school you go."

"O robin, wicked robin! why
Did you my mamma's cherries eat?
You thought no mortal soul was nigh;
But I saw you from bill to feet."

"And I saw you, my fine young lad,
And waited till you'd left the tree;
I thought when you your fill had had,
There would be little left for me!"

"O big bullfrogs! why do you make
Such ugly noises every night?
Nobody can a half-nap take,
You make our baby cry with fright."

"O Willy! we suppose the noise
Is not a pleasant noise to hear;
But we've one hundred little boys—
Frog-boys so cunning and so dear;

"And it is not an easy task,
You may believe, to put in beds
A hundred little frogs who ask
All questions which pop in their heads."

—*H. H., in Our Young Folks.*

HUNTING A SERVANT.

From Phrenological Journal.

[The following sketch is an interesting one. We have had some personal experience in back lanes and up creaking stairways of almost precisely the same character, and doubtless many of our housekeeping readers will recognize their own "hunts for help" as their eyes glance down the columns. Perhaps some friend of the "help" side, however, would like to read a lecture from the practical experience of that side. If so, let us have it; but it must be interesting.]

My wife is a delicate little woman. She was esteemed a great beauty when I married her. Her mother told me if I would preserve the roses in the cheeks, I must be very tender of her and shield her from too much care. For that reason I have always advocated the dismissal of servants who were not *absolutely perfect.* One morning last week Jane omitted to put the large spoons on the table, and the cruets were entirely empty. I took the matter in hand, as a good, kind, considerate thoughtful husband should, and spoke sharply to the girl. She undertook to answer me back, and I sent her straight out of the house.

"That is the way to do it," I said. "If one girl doesn't suit, try another."

"But, my dear, Jane was a good servant in most respects."

"That is what you say of them all. I tell you, and have told you repeatedly, that it is just as easy to get those who are right altogether. You are too gentle a mistress, and you servants impose upon you. If I had charge of the house they would have to toe the mark. I am tired of seeing you so overshadowed with household affairs. Even now there are wrinkles settling in your forehead, as if you were forty-five instead of twenty-seven."

"Ah! the wrinkles date far back of Jane's forgetfulness. I am not sure but they have been produced by the frequency of my visits to intelligence offices. I thought the last time I went to one that my hair would turn white before I got away."

"Why don't you follow up some of those girls who advertise in the *Union?* My mother used to, and was very successful," I continued.

"I have, a score of times. I got Delia from an advertisement—the one who sat down on the baby, thinking he was the rag-bag—and Alice, who stole all my best towels; and Julia, who would take her beaus into the parlor every time we were out in the evening; and I don't know how many more. I have come to the conclusion, that when a servant is neat and honest, it is best to overlook trifling shortcomings. If my husband was just a little more patient, I think I could manage very well. I am worn out with servant-hunting."

"Servant-hunting! I should think it would be a pleasure. I can't imagine anything so dreadful about it."

"Suppose you try it. I really do not feel well enough to make the effort; I had rather do my own work for a month."

My wife did not usually speak with so much earnestness, and it surprised me. Besides, she looked pale, and, as I said before, I am a model of husbands.

I was a pleasant morning. I had enough to do, but, then, I might as well be hindered half an hour to oblige my wife, as to waste so much time smoking after lunch.

"I will, darling. Lie down and rest yourself, or read the papers. Take no more thought about the matter; and now, good-morning."

I kissed her, and went on my way. I bought a daily paper at a stand on the corner. Glancing at the list of "Situations Wanted," I smiled at the absured idea of putting up with incompetent servants when such an army was in the field. I selected two numbers which I thought would suit. They each contained three figures, and, of course, were some distance away across the avenues. It was not an inviting looking neighborhood, and the building into which I entered was far from prepossessing. I knocked at the first door on the first floor. a fat, red-faced woman left the wash-tub and opened it.

"Did a girl advertise from here for a place this morning?"

"Not as I knows on. May-be it is in the back room."

I knocked at the next door. It was opened by a little girl of nine or ten, barefooted and ragged, and her mouth full of baked potato. Four other children of various sizes came run-to look at me.

"Is your mother in?" I inquired.

"No."

"Is there a little girl that wants a place?"

"No."

"Do you know whether there is one in the building?"

"No."

"May-be it is up stairs!" screamed an old crone from a bed in the corner of the room, as I took out the paper to see if I had not mistaken the number.

I ascended a narrow staircase, and passed along a dark, gloomy corridor. I knocked at a door, and repeated my inquiries to a yellow sickly-looking woman with a babe in her arms. She knew nothing of any such advertisement, but it might be in the next room. At the next room they thought that perhaps it was up stairs. So I was handed along from one to another until I reached the fifth floor. There I gained the extraordinary information that it was probably in the back yard. Reaching the ground floor in safety, I proceeded to the rear, where there was a three-story house on the same lot, with a space of only about ten feet between. An old man sat on the pavement smoking.

"How many families are there in the building?" I asked.

He cogitated a moment before he replied:

"Twelve, sir."

It was true!" The hall ran through the center of the building, making four rooms on each floor, and each room contained a family.

One man a shoemaker, had a wife and seven children. I visited every room before I found the one the girl had advertised from. It was the most respectable-looking one of the lot and the occupant was a young, tidy, well-dressed woman. My spirits rose like foam, and went down as quickly. The girl herself had not come yet. I wheeled very abruptly and hurried to the sidewalk, Ugly words rose to my lips, but I did not speak them. I wondered if Effie had ever visited such an abode. Taking out the paper again I read:

"No. 138 West——Street—a young girl who understands her business, and is neat and obliging."

It was only two blocks off. This time I was fortunate enough to hit the right room at the first knock. The girl herself opened the door. Her manner was a little forbidding. I fancy she belong to the snapping turtle order. Nothing daunted, however, I explained my business.

"How meny be's there in your family; sir?" she asked, as she surveyed me from head to foot. I dressed well, as a general rule; but it was a windy day, and I was in the part of the city where the streets were not watered consequently the damsel before me could not make up her mind on the instant whether I would answer for a master or not. I gave her the number she would be expected to serve.

"Do there be a carpet on the girl's room?!"

"Yes. Now please inform me if you know how to take care of the whole upper part of the house and dining room, and will do it well?,'

"Do there be any fires to make?"

"One or two, I think."

"I guess the place wouldn't suit me. I never makes fires. Boys always does them where I lives."

I was again afloat. I didn't fold and put my newspaper in my pocket any more. I read as I walked. According to my printed information, the most desirable person for me to visit was a "smart, capable, willing girl," in the neighborhood of Myrtle Avenue. Quite a stretch from the west part of the city, but I went. It was a five-story tenement house again. I gave a dirty boy a quarter to run up stairs and make inquiries for me, and he never came back to report. Near the third landing I found the maiden. She was staying with a "friend" in a little room twelve by fourteen. The "friend," was a dealer in old clothes, and was just sorting over a cargo. The smart, capable, willing girl had seen sixty-five summers, and her hair was as white as snow. She was sitting with her feet in a pail of water, trying to cure corns, so she said. I left.

I was getting slightly out of temper when I reached the sidewalk. A dog harnessed into a small cart, obstructed the way. I raised my foot and removed the whole establishment into the street. After that I felt better. Turning again for comfort to the paper, I found "situation wanted" by several in the immediate vicinity, and I rendered unto all the light of my countenance. One girl had just "engaged." Another did not like to go where they did not keep a "full set of help." A third seemed qualified for our purpose, but her cousin was dead, and she could not come for a week. The fourth didn't like our location. The fifth made very pointed inquiries about the number of girls we had during the last year, and then declined engaging where they changed help so often. The sixth didn't ever "negoshunate" with a gentleman; "the madame must come herself." The seventh wanted too many privileges, and had lost her front teeth.

The eighth asked my name and place of business, but never having heard of me before, very drily remarked that "she only lived with the first families." The ninth was a air-haired, blue-eyed German, who was not only willing, but exceedingly anxious to undertake anything. She promised to go to my wife in the course of an hour, and I, thoroughly disgusted with this world, and particularly the portion of it which I had just explored, looked at my watch and found it was two o'clock P. M.

When I reached home, at the usual dinner hour, Effie met me, smiling.

"Did the new girl come?" I inquired.

"No, I haven't seen any."

I did not give vent to my pent-up emotions; I only played the sympathizing husband, and, somewhat crestfallen, started on another tour of the same nature the next morning.

Without confessing it to Effie, I determined to save time and try the intelligence office. A polite clerk at the entrance stopped me and registered my name, then I passed into the main room. A clerk sitting by a table numbered me and gave me a card. I was to take a seat correspondingly numbered. The room was filled with ladies talking to servants, and all sorts of persons hurrying hither and thither. A clerk spoke through a tube and called for chambermaid and waitress for number twelve.

In the course of ten minutes a tall, greasy-looking Irish girl came toward me.

"If you are sent to speak to me," I said, "go back and tell them you won't suit. Let another come as quickly as possible."

Instead of obeying, she dropped into the chair near by.

"Won't suit, oh? What ails me?"

"You are not neatly clad."

"Oh, that stuff on my dress is nothing, it will come out with a little sponging."

I stalked across the room, and advised the young man in attendance to send a decent girl to me in short order. I conferred with six before I gave my address, and sent one to my wife. This little performance occupied an hour and a half, and my office work crowded me the rest of the day. I dined down town. Having lost my key, I rung the bell of my own door about half-past nine. The discarded Jane admitted me.

"Effie, how is this?" I asked, before taking a chair.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary. The girl you sent came. She seemed perfectly satisfied with the place, but in the course of an hour we heard the lower door slam, and saw her running down the street. Toward evening Jane came for her money, and not having enough by me, I detained her until you should come in. She went to work of her own accord, has put the house in order, and assisted me in every way possible."

Keep her, if she will stay. I will promise never to complain of anything hereafter short of hair-pins in the gravy. A dish-cloth or two in the soup will be a trifling grievance compared with what I have been through in the last thirty-eight hours. And, Effie, say to your lady friends, that if their husbands are too exacting in little things, and meddle in domestic matters where it would be more sensible for them to mind their own business, you know of a remedy."

I have always been a model; I am now the most docile of husbands. And it pays. Effie looks five years yonger, and the servants no longer creep around the house in constant fear of my making discoveries to their disadvantage. A few words of well-timed commendation have cured Jane of her chief fault, and since I have seriously thought about it, I believe her to be a most excellent servant.

A BOLD STROKE.

It was my first visit to the North since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession in New Orleans.

In the city of New York I had a very dear friend, my old chum and classmate, George Dickson; and as he was the only person I knew in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up.

Three years had passed since our late meeting, but ten could scarcely have produced a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend.

Our first greeting and friendly inquiries over I longed, yet I forebore, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy. I felt sure in due time of being made the confident of the secret, provided no motive of delicacy prompted its concealment.

That evening in my room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose graces of mind and person he portrayed with all the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned his affection, but her father had opposed his suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his daughter to a nephew of his.

The nephew was a young physician of profligate character, my friend assured me, [but that may have been prejudice] who had long but unsuccessfully wooed his cousin, to whom his proffers were as repugnant as to her father they were acceptable.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young lady's father, had gone South on business, accompanied by his nephew. At New Orleans he had been seized by sudden illness, which terminated fatally in three days.

On the day preceding his death he had executed a will (which had since been proved by the disposition of the attesting witnesses,) containing a solemn request that his daughter to whom he had left the whole estate, should accept the hand of his nephew in marriage, coupled with a provision that in case the latter offered and she refused within a specified period, to enter into the proposed union, the entire estate devised to the daughter should be forfeited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation, and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson, than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was too all considerations of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes, was sacred. It had surprised and stunned her, it is true, for in their many conferences on the subject, he had never gone beyond the most kindly remonstrance, and had never even hinted anything like coercion.

Young Parsons had not the magnanimity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in conscience bound to accept. The brief season of grace, which she had been compelled to beg even with tears, had already almost passed, and a few more days would witness the condemnation of two lives to hopeless misery.

At the conclusion of any friend's narrative, in which, for reasons that may hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar interest. I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement to which I had previously procured tickets.

When we reached the theatre, the performance had already begun; but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view both of the stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touched my elbow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite in front of the parquette, seated next the column leaning his arm on his cane," he whispered.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Eldridge Parsons," was the reply.

"The nephew of whom you spoke?"

"The same," my friend answered.

"Does he resemble his uncle?" I was on the point of inquiring, but just then the stranger drew the glove from the right hand and saw that first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reasons, absorbed my attention.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr. Parsons' death?" I asked, when we had gained the street at the close of the performance.

"Yes," said George. "It was the twenty-third of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin announcing the fact the same day. But why do you ask?"

"I have a reason which may or may not prove a good one," I returned, and stating that I had business engagements for the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

Next afternoon found me in the office of Dr. Parsons.

"Dr. Parsons, I presume?" were the words with which I accosted the gentleman I had seen at the theatre.

"Yes, sir."

"You may not remember me, Doctor, but I believe we have met before."

"I beg pardon, sir, for not recollecting the occasion."

"You were in New Orleans last winter, were you not?"

"I was," he answered, with some embarrasment.

"I am the gentleman on whom you called to draft a will."

He turned pale and made no reply.

"I saw the record of that will in the Surrogate office this morning," I resumed, "and—"

"You speak of my *uncle's* will," he hastily interrupted.

"And yet," I continued, "you said it was *yours* when you applied to have it written. You presented yourself as desirous of executing such a document preparatory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in accordance with your instruction, leaving the date to be filled at the time of signing. Your locks were gray then, and you certainly looked old enough to have a marriageable daughter, but your disguise was not to perfect," and I pointed to the mutilated finger.

"What do you mean?" he shouted in a defiant tone, springing to his feet.

"Simply that your uncle's signature to that paper is a *forgery,*" I answered, rising and confronting him. "He died on the *twenty-third* of December. Your own telegram to that effect is in existance. It was on the *twenty-fourth,* the day before Christmas, that you called on me to prepare the paper now on record as his will. The inference is plain; you undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and wishing to clothe your villany in legal form, you procured from me the required draft. You, or some one at your instigation, imitated the signature of the deceased. The witnesses, who have since perjured themselves in their dispositions, were procured in some manner best known to yourself—"

"Enough sir?" he ejaculated, placing his back against the door, "you have shown yourself in possession of a secret the custody of which you may prove dangerous."

"I am not unprepared for your threat," I replied. "In the first place I did not come here unarmed; in the next, I have prepared a full, written statement, of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides, of my present visit to yourself. This paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed, unless within an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been instructed for that length of time to retain it."

His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage, and his eye gleamed like that of a wild beast at bay.

"What is your purpose?" he exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion.

"To keep your secret while you live," I answered, "on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you write instantly to Julia Parsons renouncing all pretensions to her hand, and absolutely withdrawing your proposal of marriage."

After a moment's pause he seated himself at his desk and hastily penned a brief note, which he submitted for my inspection. It was quite satisfatory.

"But so good as to seal and address it," I said.

He did so.

"I will see that it is delivered," I remarked, taking it up and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dickson that evening his old college look had come back. He had great news to tell me. The next thing was to take me to see Julia, and it is needless to tell that a happy marriage followed not long after.

Eldridge Parsons, I have just learned, joined one of the late Cuban expeditions, and was killed in a recent encounter with the Spaniards.

AN EDITOR'S TABLE.

Will M. Carleton, in a recent poem, draws the following picture of an editor's table:

The editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance farrowed with care.
His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair,
His arm on his arm elbow supporting, his right hand upholding his head,
His eye on his dusty old table, with different documents spread.
There were thirty long pages from Howler, with underlined capitals topped,
And a short requisition from Growler, requesting his newspaper stopped;
There were lyrics from Gusher, the poet, concerning sweet flowers and zephyrs,
And a stray gem from Plodder, the farmer, describing a couple of heifers;
There were billets from beautiful maidens, and bills from a grocer or two,
And his best loader hitched to a letter, which inquires if he loved it, or who?
There were raptures of praises from writers, of the smooth mellifluous school,
And one of his rival's last papers, informing him he was a fool;
There were several long resolutions, with names telling whom they were by,
Canonizing some harmless old brother who had done nothing worse than to die;
There were traps on the table to catch him, and serpents to sting and to sunite him;
There were gift enterprises to sell him, and bitters attempting to bite him;
There were long staring "ads" from the city, and money with never a one,
Which added, "Please give this insertion, and send in your bill when you're done."
There were letters from organizations—their meetings, their wants and their laws—
Which said, "Can you print this announcement for the good of our glorious cause?"
There were tickets inviting his presence to festivals, parties and shows,
Wrapped in notes, with "Please give us a notice," demurely slipped in at the close;
In short, as his eye took the table, and ran o'er, its luk spattered trash,
There was nothing it did not encounter, excepting perhaps is was cash.

A JOKE ON GRIGSON.

Theo. L. De Vinne, in an article on newspaper headings, relates the following:—There are men who, from a moment's inspection of a fragment torn from the centre of any of the leading newspapers of this city, will give the name of the paper from which it was taken with never-failing accuracy.

But the mass of newspaper readers have not been educated in habits of nice observation. They cannot tell the World from the Tribune, until they see the printed verification on the paper. Father Grigson was of this class. For more than twenty years he had been in the habit of reading the morning paper at the Astor House. A sound Democrat of the old school, who had voted for Jefferson and Jackson, who believed in the Virginia resolutions of '98 and the States rights theories of Calhoun, and whose sympathies for the South during the late "onpleasantness" were undisguised, how could it be expected that he could read anything but undefiled Democratic literature? For he was full seventy-five years old, his eyesight, even when aided by spectacles, was failing, and reading was somewhat of an exertion. Every day at 12 o'clock, Father Grigson entered the reading room of the Astor House, and peered through his spectacles in quest of the World. He would read no other paper. If it was engaged, he would wait his turn, and amuse himself in the meanwhile by a stroll in the hall, and by "talking politics" with that clever fellow, but incorrigible Republican, Stubbs. Talking was his strong point. Grigson had a rasping tongue, and in debate Stubbs was always worsted.

Stubbs planned revenge. Early one morning he selected a clean copy of the New York World, and with great neatness cut out all the headings. Then selecting a fine copy of the New York Tribune, he proceeded to overlay and paste thereon in faultless style the clipped headings of the World. After an hour's labor in pasting over and smoothing down edges and creasing folds, he succeeded in making a counterfeit that would have imposed on a better judge than Grigson. The ravening radical wolf of a Tribune was completely metamorphosed in the sheep's clothing of the guileless World. This done, he laid the sophisticated paper in the way of Grigson, took the opposite seat, tilted up his chair, lit a cigar, and waited developments

In due time Father Grigson