The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXVI. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1872. NO. 1.

ADVERTISINGR ATES.

	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	17.00	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

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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.

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ALSO, STAIR BUILDING done and HAND RAILING made to order.
Having now had almost five 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 at home and abroad, both in price and workmanship.
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aug 3-1y] RITTER & ABBOTT.

A. FILBERT. B. OTTO. H. M. OTTO. C. 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

REVIVAL !!
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a superior assortment of
COAL
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Orders left with A. A. Huber, Sieger & Hottenstein, at the Eagle Hotel, Hope Rolling Mill, or the Yard will be attended to in a
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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,
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L. W. KOONS. R. E. DONAGHEY.
oct 4 —1y

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CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &C.
S. C. FOULK.
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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 22-tf

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EYE GLASSES, &c.
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CHAS. S. MASSEY'S,
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NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
CLOTHING! CLOTHING
GRAND SPRING AND SUMMER OPENING.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
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Successors to Metzgar & Osmun.
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GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM
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WHOLE SUITS MADE TO ORDER!
COATS, PANTS AND VESTS
Cut and made in the latest style, and by the best workmen.
OUR STOCK OF
CLOTHING, CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES
is larger than it has been before, and we intend to sell at very SMALL PROFITS, and give our customers the benefit of our low purchases.
Great quantities and varieties of
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And everything in the line of
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,
MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
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Don't forget the place, No. 605 Hamilton street, third door above Sixth street.
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mar 24 tf

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CHAMBER FURNITURE.
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sep20-3m

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Having a Steam Hammer and set of tools of all kinds, and skilled workmen, I flatter myself that I can turn out work with promptness and dispatch, all of which will be warranted to be first-class.
Patching Boilers, and repairing generally, strictly attended to. apr 17

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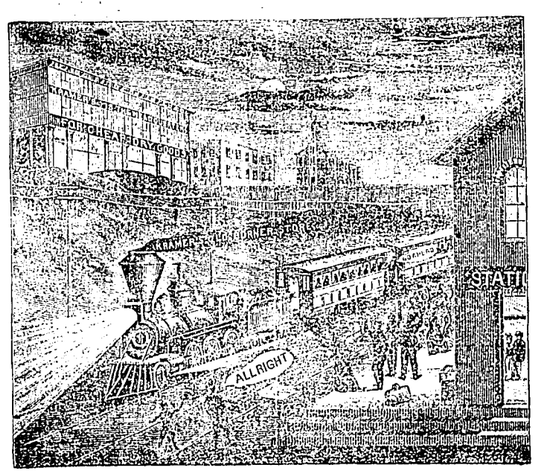

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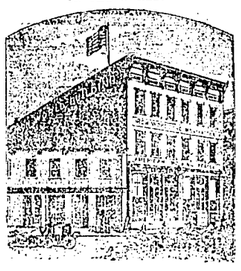

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS

From a large number of notices from the press, we select the following:

[From the Chicago Journal of Commerce.]

THE IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER.—A Representative of American Metal Manufacturers, Workers and Dealers.—This is the title and descriptive character of a neatly printed and profusely illustrated folio of thirty-six columns, published by the IRON WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Pittsburgh. The issue before us is volume 2, No. 14. Its editorials, descriptions of manufactures, recent improvements, correspondence, market reports, etc., indicates industry and ability. It deserves the patronage of all interested in the prosperity of American manufactures in general. It will, however, be more particularly interesting to those engaged in the iron and hardware trade. Such will welcome its weekly returns as an essential aid to every department of their business.

From the Cincinnati Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bulletin.

A SUCCESSFUL NEWSPAPER.—We are pleased to note the evidences of success in the IRON WORLD, of Pittsburgh. It is young healthy and vigorous, and has vastly improved in appearance and tone during the past three or four months. It is now one of the most attractive business organs in the country. It is edited with marked ability, and, as its name implies, is devoted to the iron and metal interests of the country. Its market reports of metals, hardware, manufactures, &c., are very full, complete and reliable. It is paying it a high, but merited compliment, to say that it is the leading organ of the iron and metal interests of the United States. Manufacturers and metal dealers everywhere should subscribe for the IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER.

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IRON WORLD BUILDING, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Agents Wanted on Salary or Commission.
nov22-3m nov29-tf w

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Dye Silks, Woolen and Fancy Goods of every description. Their superiority of Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments is widely known. Crape and Merino Shawls dyed the most brilliant and permanent colors. Crape and Merino Shawls dyed to look like new. Also, Gentlemen's Apparel, and Curtains, cleaned or re-dyed. Kid Gloves cleaned or dyed to look like new. Call and look at our work before going elsewhere.
aug 24-1m w

DRS. JORDAN & DAVIESON,
Proprietors of the
Gallery of Anatomy and Museum of Science,
807 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.
Have just published a new edition of their lectures, containing most valuable information on the causes, consequences and treatment of diseases of the reproductive system, with REMARKS ON MARRIAGE and the various causes of the loss of MANHOOD, with the RESTORATION for its complete restoration. Also a chapter on SEXUAL INFECTION, and the MEANS OF CURE, being the most COMPREHENSIVE work on the subject ever published—containing 250 pages. Mailed free to any address for Twenty-five cents.
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1625 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.
sep 29-1y daw

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LADIES, if you want to buy Furs, go to the well-known and most reliable Store of
W. KEINATH,
Importer and Exporter of Furs,
710 ARCH STREET,
(OPPOSITE ST. CLOUD HOTEL,)
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Where you have the selection from the most extensive assortment of all descriptions at the lowest manufacturing prices.
Sets from $5.00 up to the most Costly
Russian Crown Sable
HUDSON BAY AND MINK SABLE.
ERMINE, CHINCHILLA, SQUIRREL, and every variety of the latest styles
SACQUES of Seal skin, Persians and Astrachan.
ALL KINDS OF FUR TRIMMING,
Also the finest assortment of FANCY ROBES, WHITE FOX, BEAVER, WHITE POLAR AND BLACK BEAR, HUDSON BAY WOLF, &c.
ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.
CALL BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.
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No. 710 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
nov 15-3m w

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ROLLING MILL CO.,
Successors to
THAYER, ERDMAN, WILSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
BRIDGE CASTINGS,
RAILROAD TURN TABLES,
MILL GEARING, SHAFTING,
Furnace, Rolling Mill and Mining Work,
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N. B.—All work guaranteed and delivery prompt.
L. H. GROSS, Sup't.
august 9-3m w]

WILMINGTON AND READING
RAILROAD
SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS,
Free of Taxes.
We are offering the Second Mortgage bonds of this Company
AT 85 AND ACCRUED INTEREST,
Interest Payable January and July.
The Bonds are in
1000s, 500s, and 100s,
And can be REGISTERED free of expense.
The coal, miscellaneous, freights and passenger business are constantly increasing. The receipts for the year ending October 31, 1871, were $70,778 22 more than the year ending October 31 1870. The increase for November, 1871, over November, 1870, was $146,674.
Bonds, Pamphlets and information can be obtained of
DE HAVEN & BRO.,
No. 40 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
dec29-1y w

LEHIGH HYDRAULIC CEMENT COMPANY.
The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Lehigh Hydraulic Cement Company will be held on
Monday, January 1st, A. D. 1872,
between the hours of one o'clock and four o'clock in the afternoon, at the Company's Office, No. 703 Hamilton street, Allentown, at which meeting there will be an election for officers and Directors for the ensuing year.
A. K. WITTMAN, Sec'y.
ALLENTOWN, Dec. 7th, 1871. dec13 d-3t w

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]

A BAND OF HOPE.

BY ALICE E. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.

The town clock pealed the hour of nine, on the last night of the old year. The clouds which all day had hung heavy and gloomy, were now silently falling in bits, covering the earth with a mantle of purity. In the upper part of the town, there was silence in the deserted streets, for all were within enjoying comfortable homes, and bright firesides; but down alongside the black and turbid river where, in rows of dingy houses, dwelt many wretched and comfortless poor, the streets were neither quiet nor dark, at the corner of every block there stood a beer saloon with its arch of jewelled lights sparkling in the gloom of the street, while the gay music from within attracted many a passer-by, made him pause, enter, there to empty his pockets, and craze his brain with the poison that kills both body and soul. In front of one of these places of attractive misery, the full glare of the light shining on their rags, and pinched, wan faces, stood three children listening to the sounds of revelry and merriment within, and casting anxious glances, as the door swung to and fro.

"I do wish father would come," said Kassy, the oldest, a delicate girl of fifteen, as she drew the thin, old shawl around her own and her sister's shivering form; "If he only knew how much mother wants him."

"I don't wonder he likes to stay in there, where it's warm and light and nice," said Sylvia; "at home it's so dark and cold, and mother cries so much. What makes her cry, Kassy?"

"I know," said Theo, shaking his fist at the door; "it's because father comes here and gets drunk, and leaves us with nothing to eat, and then he's cross, and strikes us, and scolds mother. It's too bad! When I'm a man I'll *kill* all the men who make liquor, so I will!"

"Hush!" said Kassy, as the angry little voice was broken by a sob; "you must not talk of killing. What if the police should hear you! Come up on the door step and I'll wrap my dress around you nice and warm,—he'll not be long now."

"Did father used to drink?" asked Sylvia, when they were nestled together in the shadow of a doorway.

"Oh no," Kassy answered cheerfully. "I remember when he was as nice, and good, and strong, as could be, and our home was beautiful, and mother would laugh and sing all day long; it's very different now!"

"I suppose he'll go on getting drunk always and always," shid Theo from his corner.

"We'll hope not; if he'd only sign the pledge I think it would cure him," said Kassy. "There he comes, now; I must help him home; you keep close behind—he'd be angry if he should see you."

Up the long street where the gloom seemed to press darkly upon the glare of the gaslights, Kassy led her father homeward, while the children, frightened and shivering, closely followed. Often and often had this faithful daughter been like a guardian angel to her father's staggering feet, when but for her he might have perished by the way. Once he had been a strong, upright man, with firm step and steady hand. Kassy remembered his better days, but the younger children only knew him as he was now, with feeble gait, shaking hands, and blood-shot eyes,—a poor, pitiful wreck, that I think the angels in heaven could hardly have reached in the depth of degradation to which he had sunk. I am sure no one but an angel could have reached him. An old tradition which tells how the angels fell from Paradise, says that "the thread that first drew them was as thin as a cobweb, but they did not resist it, and it grew as strong as a cable." So it was with Joseph Burd; he had not resisted the cobweb, and now the cable bound him hand and foot, and he had no power to rise again. His children formed the last link that bound him to God and his fellow-men. In his sober moments he took great delight and pride in these dear ones whom God had given to his care, and for whom there still glimmered sparks of affection in the heart that was nearly dead to all other feelings. His wife, feeble and delicate in health, had well nigh sunk under the burden of trouble and suffering that he had brought upon her. It was a sad, sad reality to the bright dream they had pictured of their married life, when he had brought her a happy bride to the home that was then a nice house in a pleasant part of the town; now stores, saloons and factories had sprung up around it, and time and neglect had wrought sad changes; the decaying clapboards had long been guiltless of paint; shattered windows, ricketey steps, and broken fences, told the sad story all plainly. Inside, the furniture, except for one or two rooms, had been sold piece by piece, to buy the poison that was bringing them all so surely to ruin.

All the next day after the children had got him safely home, Joseph Burd lay prostrate on his bed unable to stir. The pains of rheumatism were racking his joints, his head was throbbing, and his brain was clouded. The black bottle which lay beside him had been drained, and at nightfall, the time he was accustomed to seek the saloon, he hunged with unutterable craving for just one dram; he pictured the warmth and light of the brilliant gin palace, only a block away, and compared it to the dreariness of his home. With the darkness came a cold, thick fog from the river, which penetrated the dilapidated house, and wrapped freezingly around him. On the hearth before a small, open fire made from bits of wood and coal which Theo had gathered along the wharf, sat his two youngest children—the boy and the baby Lena, the darling of the flock, a sunny-haired, affectionate child of four. His wife, with Kassy and Sylvia, had gone to carry home some work. On a light stand near his bedside stood a small, fluid lamp dimly burning, and beside it his supper, which remained untouched. He tried to shake off the terrible thirst, the intense desire for drink which possessed his soul—for there was not a penny in the house, nor, as he looked round to see, a thing worth pawning. The terrible pains all over, and the awful longing, drove him almost to frenzy; he felt that he should perish is he could not have just one glass to warm and comfort him.

"Theo," said he, in a whining tone, as he watched the children chatting together and stretching forth their hanks to the pleasant blaze: "Theo, can't you go round to the shop and get me some brandy? I'm dreadful sick, and I must have some right away; tell 'um I'm sick and they must trust me till to-morrow."

"Let me bring the Doctor, father, if you feel so bad," said Theo.

"I've no money to waste on Doctors—it's brandy I want, I tell ye; come, start!" and between a groan and a whisper he sank back upon the pillow, and saw with relief his son disappear with the bottle. Hundreds of little children in our Christian country are daily sent on this sad errand, but never before had Joseph Burd sent one of his to a rumseller's; but pride and self-respect were fast being swallowed up by dreadful desire. Out in the thick and murky darkness through which the gaslamps shone gastly and dim, went Theo, with a burning sense of hate and wrong swelling his little heart. He longed to dash the ugly bottle on the pavement and run away, but he dared not, and, thinking of Lena, he hastened on. The saloons were full, and it was a long time before he could get attention or secure anything on trust. Meanwhile, Lena, left to herself, came up with her childish prattle to her father's side; and had he not been crazed with liquor, he would have welcomed her with a kiss, but filled with the devil, an angel's presence was hateful to him, and after ordering her away without effect, he struck her a blow across her sunny face and golden curls, at the same instant bringing his hand back he knocked the little lamp and dashed it in pieces on the floor, spilling the fluid, which at once blazed up and wrapped the poor baby who had been felled by the blow, in flames. In an agony of terror he struggled to save her, but his hands shook, and his limbs were powerless; his brain was bewildered and refused to dictate his movements. For an instant his baby stretched her imploring hands with cries for help; he bent over her with the vague idea that he must do something, but stumbled in the attempt and fell prostrate on the floor. Lena's cries and moans grew faint on his deafening ear, and soon he was lost in blank unconciousness. He was aroused by shrieks and cries of terror, and raising his head he saw Theo bending over the charred and lifeless body of Lena: the fire had spent itself upon her and left, oh, such a pitiful wreck!

"You have killed her! you have killed her! Oh, father, how could you? the poor baby! What shall we do? what shall we do?" and the boy wrung his hands, and moaned and sobbed. The father, caring for nothing but oblivion, grasped the bottle that had slipped to the floor. The intolerable agony of his spirit gave him a little strength and he crawled on his hands and knees out through the slime and filth of the alley, and under cover of the murky darkness crept into a neighboring shed and hid beneath a friendly pile of straw, where he sank into a sleep that, bringing an agony of dreams and delirium, lasted till late the next day.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Miggs, the owner of the shed where the wretched man had crawled for refuge, was hunting for eggs the next day, when she espied her lodger, and, by a severe pounding and shaking, succeeded in bringing him back to the world he so longed to leave.

"Ah, I know you," she cried "and ain't surprised; this is just where I expected you'd bring up when you used to take a dram a day and scorned the idea of ever being a drunkard. You're worse than that now. You've killed your baby, driven you're wife raving crazy, and made your children beggars—that's what drink has done for you. Oh, I'd like to find out the man who supplied you with this devil! I'd make him buzz! I consider him just one step nearer the evil one than you are. He's one of the devil's licensed agents, and he's bought you pretty cheap, I tell ye."

"I'll never touch a cursed drop, so help me, God," he murmured with a feeble effort at prayer, but with a sickening thought of the desolation at home, he cried: "Is it all true that you have said, Miss Miggs? Did I really kill Lena? It seems like a horrid dream, I have so many of them."

"It's no dream, I can tell ye. All night and all day your poor wife was raving mad, and now they've taken her away to the Retreat. I've just put Lena into her coffin, and the other ones are all alone. Oh, it's horrible to think what you have done."

Mr. Burd groaned. "There's no use for to try, then; I'd better be dead; they never will want to see me again, I can jump into the river, and the tide will carry me far out to sea."

"Now don't you go talking about committing suicide—you've got sins enough to answer for already. Live and reform, I say, and save your soul while you've got a chance," and taking his arm Miss Miggs led him into her little cottage, made him a cup of strong coffee, bade him bathe his bloated face and throbbing head, and left him to rest and try to sleep. But there was no rest. Memory was stirred; he thought of his lonely, wretched children, and longed to see them once more, to tell them he was sorry, and was going to free them forever from the curse of his presence. Then the awful thirst grew strong again, and from his heart he cried like Dives, Oh for a drop to cool my parched tongue! for I am tormented in this flame." Yes, that was his condition, and rising, he crept silently out into the street. The darkness was fast gathering. He would go round past his home, and see what was likely to become of the little ones. With slow and feeble step he at last reached the curtainless window and looked in. There was Kassy on the hearth before the fire, with Theo and Sylvia nestled beside her. The fire-light danced on their sad, wan faces, and gave them a strange, ghastly look. He turned away with sickening heart and passed into the other room across the entry. There the moon looked in too, with a clear, calm light, and Joseph Burd saw a tiny pine coffin, and Lena lying placidly in it as if sleeping. The folds of muslin hid the dreadful scars on neck and chest, and the fire had spared her sweet face and golden hair. Her thin, white hands were folded, and on one of the tiny fingers showed a small gold ring. He remembered when it was given to her and how pleased she was; but she would not want it any more, and it would bring him what he so terribly craved—a glass of brandy. He shrank at first from robbing his dead child, but that soon passed away with the desire that was stronger than love or honor. He crept silently into the room, drew the ring off the little dead finger, and hurried with it to the pawnbroker's. Now he could drink deep draughts, and it would be easier to plunge into the cold, black waters. Making no effort to resist the overpowering temptation, he did not leave the bright counter till his money was all gone, and then sank down beside the stove in a drunken stuper. As the clock tolled the midnight hour he was aroused by a shout from the rumseller, who bade him begone. He crawled out and down the steps, and moved toward the river. It was slow work, staggering or creeping along the filthy street, and he had to pause frequently to rest. At last, when he had almost reached the wharf, his foot slipped and he fell sprawling into the gutter, when a watchman, attracted by his groans, rescued and sent him to the police station.

CHAPTER III.

The next day he was sentenced, in default of bail, to a month's imprisonment for drunkenness. The first four days were passed in his cell in dreary lethargy of body and soul, void of remorse or feeling of any kind, except the thirst was gradually grew less intolerable, as no liquor was given him. When the cloud of drunkenness wore away, thought and memory grew clear. His past life lay before him with all his dreadful experiences. He saw that rum had been the cause of his wreck and ruin. "I was possessed with the devil," he groaned. "Would they had shut me up in a mad house before I wrought such desolation." Once he had been beloved, useful and happy, but yielding little by little, the demon had at last full possession of his soul. Now all was lost—his family, his honor, self-respect and confidence; nothing remained but remorse, grief, and a sense of his deep degradation. He cursed drink, and the people who had sold it to him.

For a long time, broken-hearted and cast-down in spirit, it seemed to Mr. Burd that he could never rise above his miserable condition, but at last thoughts of his children filled his mind, and a desire to redeem what he had lost in their sight possessed him. The arousing of love and self respect in his heart, was a dawn of light, which grew stronger and stronger. There was no drink to quench the tiny sparkle of hope that had been born, and so it lived and grew; and when the day of release came he felt strong enough to take up his life and "battle for the right." With this resolve he went at once to his old home; but strangers [illegible] the house, heavily mortgaged, had been sold, and in Miss Miggs' poor cottage he found his children.

"Oh, father, father, what did become of you?" cried Kassy, leading him joyfully in; "we thought you were drowned."

"I thought he had'nt died," said Sylvia; "I knew he would come back, and he looks weller, too."

"You've come back to be good, hav'nt you father?" asked Theo; "it will be real nice if you are good, 'cause Miss Miggs is so kind, and mother is getting well. Kassy has been to see her, and she says so, too."

"Yes, Theo, I've come come back to be good. I think God would have let me drowned in the river if He hadn't meant I should be a good man yet."

"Praise the Lord!" ejaculated Miss Miggs, who appeared in time to hear the last sentence; "If He hasn't given us back Joseph Burd, clothed and in his right mind. Yes, yes, neighbor, I feel it in my bones that you have pulled through, and will make a strong man yet; but you will have fierce temptations."

"I know it," was the sad reply, "and I tremble to think of it. I wish I could go away somewhere and get something to do, where I should be less tempted."

"The very thing you ought to do. Why not go out in the country? There's Mr. Drayton wants some one right away to take charge of his farm while he goes a sea-voyage for his health—the very thing for you."

"I don't suppose he would take one with such a poor reputation as I have, though I used to be a good farmer."

"There'll be no harm in trying, and I'll run right over and see; he's stopping with his daughter, you know, Mrs. Cline." And the good-hearted, energetic neighbor, hastily throwing a shawl on her head, departed on her charitable errand.

"Father," said Kassy, when they were left alone in the flickering fire-light, "why did you not let us know where you were all these dreary weeks?"

"My child, I was in hell the greater part of the time; for surely no disembodied spirit doomed to the horrors of remorse could suffer more than I did, in body and mind. But tell me, how is your mother—did I ruin her too?"

"I hope not; she is better now; was quite rational when I was to see her yesterday. When I tell her you are alive and doing so well, she will be almost well, too."

"If I could only give her back Lena!" he groaned.

"Don't talk about it, father; she is happy with the angels, and is better off; you know there would have been so many sorrows for her if she had staid on earth."

"But 'twas I that killed her; that I never, never can forget. And did you know, Kassy, I took her gold ring off her finger and sold it for rum?"

"Oh, father, how could you?" cried Kassy, horrified; "we missed it and thought some thief had stolen it away. I did not think you could have taken it, father."

"You did not know, then, how low the devil could sink one, with his hateful servant, rum; but it is true; there is nothing too contemptible for a man to do when under its influence."

"Where is the ring, father?" asked Kassy, after a pause. "Couldn't I get it back?"

"It may be at the pawn-shop; we will see to-morrow. If I had it for a talisman it might help me to keep my pledge. I do not think I could ever sink so low as to sell it for drink again."

With the few dollars she had saved, Kassy succeeded the next day in redeeming the little ring and her father's silver watch. Returning, she threw the silken cord round her father's neck, and fastning the ring tightly to it, said: "There, father, is your talisman. Call it your 'Band of Hope,' so that when you are tempted it will remind you of what you hope to be and what we hope you'll be."

"My Band of Hope is my children," he said, with grateful tears in his eyes; "though this little ring will ever remind me that 'tis a broken band."

Miss Miggs evidently said some good things for her neighbor, for she succeeded in securing him the desired position, and it was soon arranged that they should start at once for the scene of his new labors.

The sympathy and encouragement of his wife, who was now nearly convalescent, gave him renewed strength and hope. He felt for her sake, with God's help, he could and would win the victory over himself.

Miss Prudence Pettingill's First Ride in the Cars.

We are indebted to a Concord, Massachusetts, correspondent for the following account of an old lady's first ride in the cars:

Miss Prudence Pettingill, at the mature age of sixty-one, made up her mind to visit New York for the first time in her life. She had never seen a railroad, as such things had been unknown in Aroostook County until this summer, and the ancient farm-house in which she lived was seven miles from the station. So she sits calmly upon a seat placed on the great wooden platform which surrounds the country depot, and gazes with amazement upon the train which arrives, pauses a few moments to take on passengers, and then proceeds upon its journey. The station-master interrogates the old lady, who sits placidly watching the departing train.

"Why did you not get on, if you wished to go to New York?

"Git on!" says the old lady—"git on! I thought this whole consarn went!"

Having explained to her that the platform was stationary, the man kindly advises her to wait for the express train, into which he escorts the maiden, and finds for her a seat by the side of a benevolent old gentleman. Clutching fast hold of the seat in front of her, she is at first very much alarmed at the speed at which they are going, but gradually becomes calm, and much interested in the novelty of her surroundings. The old gentleman answers her many inquiries very civilly, and, among other things, tries to explain the use of the telegraph wires, and tells her that messages are sent over them at a much greater rate of speed than they are traveling. "Wa'al, we'al," says the old lady, "you don't ketch me a-ridin' on 'em, for this is as fast as I want to go anyhow." She had seen so many wonderful things that she makes up her mind at last not to be astonished at any thing; and when the train dashes into the one which had preceded it, owing to a misplaced switch, and the poor old lady is thrown to the end of the car among a heap of broken seats, she supposes it the ordinary manner of stopping, and quietly remarks, "You fetch up rather sudden, don't ye?" Being provided with a seat in the forward car, which was uninjured, she arrives without further accident at her journey's end, and is surrounded by an eager crowd of hackmen, and listens in wonder to their oft-repeated call of "Hack! hack!" Grasping her umbrella in one hand and her bandbox in the other, she looks down into the face of the loudest driver with the compassionate inquiry, "Air you in pain?" From the consequences of his wrath she is rescued and carried safely home by her nephew, who has come to the depot to look for her.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for Janugry.*

HOW MRS. JOHN MANAGED HER HUSBAND.

Madalene Clark contributes a pleasant little sketch to the *Revolution*, under the title of "Bits by the Way." Her "Cousin John," a "generous, worthy, needless, lawless, forgetful fellow," being about to get married, prevails upon her to come to his new home and begin his housekeeping. But we will let her tell her own story:

I promised to remain a few weeks, until the wheels of household care should become well in motion. And I was all the more willing because I wished to know how Mrs. John succeeded with her careless husband. I may as well state here that John had a temper, and when any one ventured to speak of his irregular habits, he usually made quite a show of it. I am sorry to say, the particular family to which I belong are considered ill-tempered. I take it for granted that no other family are so afflicted, from the fact that whenever one of us manifests this disposition, I hear it said that "that is the——of him or her," using the family name in place of the blank. I considered temper a common frailty until I had made an especial note of this.

John was the best of husbands for a time—that was natural. But his careless ways overcame his tender care at last, and Mrs. John perplexed. He invariably forgot to bring home any article for which she had asked, and was indispensable—Mrs. John was a prudent wife to the household, or oblivious to the fact that he had promised to leave an order at the market, until the dinner hour. Really he was quite apt to forget all about the dinner-hour, dine at a hotel with a friend, leaving Mrs. John and myself weary with waiting, and then partake of a cold dinner with no appetite. He always came home happy, with a glib excuse, and one could never scold him.

Mrs. John was somewhat astonished when I informed her one day that her husband was merely conducting himself in his natural manner, and that she must expect to endure it all her life. I also informed her that the relatives were watching her domestic management, especially of John. I fancied her rosy cheeks grew crimson, or else it was a reflection from the grate; but she said not one word. John came home at last, cheerful and overflowing with excuses, as usual. His wife smiled—very out of place I thought—and the matter seemed settled.

Next day Mrs. John was singing like a bird, busy with her music, happy with her flowers. I gently hinted that the noontide might not be so far off as she fancied.

"Oh we will not have dinner to-day," said she; "you and I will take a lunch."

It was none of my affair if John did find a cold dinner. Promptly at halfpast twelve the lunch was served, and, for a wonder, John arrived. "No dinner?" in astonishment.

Mrs. John stood on her tip-toes, kissed him, and then said: "You see, dear, I have been very much occupied, and knowing how little you mind dinner, I just concluded we would have a lunch."

A light dawned in my slow brain.

"Very well," he replied. John likes a good dinner, and I knew he was vexed. He endeavored to be genial, but miserably failed. Complaining of headache, he bade us good-bye, leaving Mrs. John smiling and patting the carpet with her little foot.

The afternoon passed swiftly, as we had callers, and evening seemed to come all too soon. Tea was late, John early. Mrs. John was in no hurry; she leisurely went her way growing more sunny as John grew morose; and when the tea was prepared, she danced up to him, and winding her arms about his neck, said she felt so sorry about his headache and she was almost ashamed to say she had forgotten to mend his coat—Mrs. Ames was so entertaining, that she could think of nothing else but her.

And so it went on for weeks Mrs. John was out shopping, and didn't come home to tea, or she took dinner with Mrs. Ames, because they were going up to the island at one o'clock and she really didn't think it would pay to run home and get out of breath. She forgot to mend John's stockings, and never thought to warm his slippers.

At last