

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

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### Minnie's Ruse.

"Heigho!" sighed Minnie Arlin, "what a plague these lovers are! particularly if one is not quite certain whether they are summoned of one's self or one's fortune. I wish I knew." And as she said this she glanced thoughtfully after the retreating form of a tall, gentlemanly looking man as that moment passing out of the gate in front of her father's mansion.

Minnie was not a beauty as heroines generally are, but she possessed a sunny, cheerful temper, a warm heart and well-ordered mind, which amply compensated for all deficiencies of form and face, so that among the truly discerning she found many warm friends.

As her father was very wealthy, many suitors sought at the feet of Minnie, who would otherwise have sought a lover like her. But to all she had given a kind but decided negative, until she met Walter Roby, the visitor who had bid her adieu.

He was a young lawyer, who had recently come into the village of Belmont, and who, possessing a handsome person, fascinating conversational powers, bland and agreeable manners, very soon won the confidence and good will of the people and particularly of the ladies.

He did not at first, however, notice Minnie with much attention; but in the course of a few weeks he seemed suddenly enamored and soon became very attentive.

Though Minnie was much flattered by the apparent devotion of the handsome lawyer, yet she had a large share of that rare but important article—common sense; and as she suspected that this assiduity did not arise wholly from a love of her own plain self, she determined to prove her lover. He had, this very day, made her the offer of his heart and hand, and begged her in return; but Minnie had given him this reply:

"Mr. Roby, I am not prepared to answer you immediately. I shall require at least two weeks to reflect upon it."

He was somewhat daunted by this cool answer to his rather eloquent and ardent proposal, for he deemed his handsome person irresistible. He urged for a shorter probation, but she would not relent, only telling him that if she decided before the time had expired she would inform him.

Minnie sat long in her room that night devising some means to ascertain his real sentiments. She thought if she were loved by her lover, she might rest assured that he loved her, and then she could return that love. She resolved many schemes, but none seemed plausible; and finally when the bell chimed twelve, she retired, resolving in the morning to impart her trouble to her father, and implore his aid, for she was motherless.

Morning dawned, and Minnie arose unrefreshed and pale. As the breakfast bell rung she greeted her father at the foot of the staircase.

"What ails my birdie this morning?" he said, as he gave her his accustomed kiss.

"I'll tell you after breakfast, papa," replied Minnie.

Accordingly when the meal was finished she twined her arms within his, and accompanied him to the parlor, where she unfolded to him her suspicions, plans and hopes. Minnie's father was not surprised. Mr. Roby had appealed to him to sanction his intended proposal to Minnie; and as Mr. Arlin thought him a worthy, talented young man, he told him that "if Minnie consented, he would."

"Don't be troubled, my daughter," said Mr. Arlin, when she had concluded. "It would be strange if we could not devise some means by which to ascertain whether this young lawyer is in love with you. He then unfolded his plan, and when they parted, Minnie's face had resumed something of its old look of careless gaiety.

The first week of Walter Roby's "banishment," as he told her husband call it, had not passed when it was rumored that Minnie Arlin had entered the shop of Mrs. Rand, the milliner, as an apprentice, and that when questioned she had replied she did not wish to be a burden upon her father in his present circumstances.

"There came also flying reports of the loss of property, which seemed in accordance with Minnie's conduct; and many people began to believe that Mr. Arlin would be obliged to dispose of the handsome mansion and fine farm. Minnie continued her daily tasks at the milliner's shop until the two weeks had nearly expired. Two days before the time expired she dispatched to her lover the following note:

"Mr. Roby—If you still entertain the sentiments you professed at our last interview, I will give you my reply this evening."

MINNIE ARLIN.

Walter had heard the rumors and had endeavored to ascertain the truth. He trembled lest they were true, for he felt he could not make Minnie Arlin, if poor, his bride. He was quite undecided what to do when he received Minnie's note; but he immediately sallied forth, determined, if possible, to satisfy himself of the truth of the rumor. Stepping into the house of a physician, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, he said, after a few moments' conversation, "What is it, doctor, about this affair of Mr. Arlin's? Is he really so reduced that Minnie is obliged to become a shop girl?"

"Well," replied his friend, "I thought there must be some mistake, but I heard the old gentleman say this morning, when some one spoke of Minnie being so industrious, that Minnie Arlin would not see her father reduced to poverty, and that she made some effort to assist him. So I presume there is some foundation for the reports. But, my dear fellow, Minnie is a noble girl without her property—although she has not so pretty a face as some young women."

"Oh," replied Roby, carelessly, "I hope you don't think I'm committed there."

### The Child's Prayer.

Into her chamber went  
A little maid, one day,  
And by a chair she knelt,  
And thus began to pray:  
"Jesus, my eyes I close—  
Thou form I can not see:  
If thou art near me, Lord,  
I pray thee speak to me."  
As all small words she said,  
"What is it, child? I hear thee call me all!"  
"I pray thee, Lord," she said,  
"That thou wilt condescend  
To tarry in my heart,  
And ever be my friend.  
The path of life is dark—  
I would not go astray;  
Oh, lead me in the way,  
For fear not I will leave thee, child, alone!"  
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.  
"They tell me, Lord, that all  
The living pass away—  
The aged soon must die,  
And even children live,  
Oh, let my parents live,  
Till I am grown to man;  
For if they die, what can  
A little orphan do?"  
"Fear not, my child—whatever ill may come,  
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."  
Her little prayer was said,  
And from her chamber, now,  
She passed forth with a light  
Of heaven upon her brow.  
"Mother, I've seen the Lord,  
His hand in mine I felt,  
And, Oh, I heard him say,  
'Fear not, my child—whatever ill may come,  
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'"

### Old Dog Tray.

M. Charles R. — a poor author, living in the outskirts of Paris, had owing to him a debt of five hundred and twenty francs, which he never expected to get, so long had it been due, and so often had he applied in vain for it.

However, finding himself entirely without money, a situation by no means uncommon among authors, he resolved to try the non-paying debtor once more.

What was his amazement and delight, when a note of five hundred francs and twenty francs more were placed in his hands. Regarding it as an absolute prodigy, he resolved to change the gold piece, and testify his gratitude to heaven by giving it in alms on his way home.

Placing the note in his pocket-book, he fulfilled his very benevolent design, and no longer applied in vain to him during his long walk.

As he drew near home, a wretched little dog came to him, and besought his attention to his starving condition. At any other time he might have rudely driven it away, but this evening his heart was open, and he concluded to take the poor brute with him. Tray, his wife called him, but he had no good for him, and he was quite dark when he reached home, and he entered the house with his dog close to his heels.

"What is that?" cried the lady, preparing to drive the intruder out of the door.

"Only a poor little dog. I have mistaken him for my good fortune."

As he related the story, the good lady became mollified, and the little dog was allowed to remain.

"See, here is the money, safe in my pocket-book," concluded the husband, pulling it out and in his pocket to furnish the proof of his story.

"If my pocket book was there, I would despair seized the poor little dog, and he would have lost his money."

"But the dog would not move, and cowered close to the feet of his friend who had just now the heart to save him. So, lifting him in his arms, the angry lady prepared forcibly to eject him, when he suddenly wraked in his mouth was a shining pocket-book, which the obedient dog presented the evening before."

"I had fallen through a rent in the man's pocket," and the grateful creature had picked it up and kept it safely till discovered.

"There is at this day no more honored member of the author's family than the poor dog and sleek dog, who ever occupies the sacred corner of the hearth."

### Question to a Convicted Felon by the Court.

Have you anything to say why the Court should not proceed to pass sentence upon you?

"If the court please, I have something to say, which, although it may not mitigate my sentence, will at least entitle me to the sympathy and consideration of good men, and may I not hope that other young men, who are following in my footsteps, will take warning ere a similar calamity befalls them. Few young men in early life had superior advantages to myself. My literary education was the best my indulgent parents could give me, in the place where I was reared. Those parents are still living, and my strongest desire is, that they may never know the melancholy fate of their boy, and that they may not, I have properly concealed my residence and my real name, neither of which is known in this city."

(Interrupted by the Court.)—"We have no time to listen to a history of your life; you will confine yourself to the subject matter of accusation against you."

Priener.—"I had hoped the indulgence of the Court for five minutes, but as this is denied me, I will remark that I have no fault to find with the law, with the court and jury; the witnesses, or the attorneys who have conducted the trial. But, in extenuation of my moral guilt, I declare before this court and before God, my final judgment, that I have not the slightest recollection of a single circumstance in this whole transaction as detailed by the witness. Not one man in the room looks upon such a crime with more horror than I. Yielding to the lulling influence of the scene, Minnie seated herself upon a fallen tree, and was soon lost in a reverie. In her musings she thought how pleasant it would be to be loved for one's self alone; and a voice seemed whispering in her ear with soft, thrilling tones, love's own cadence, and dark eyes were gazing into her own, and tender, loving look. She had wandered thus far into love's fairy dream-land, entirely unconscious of all around her, when the cracking of a dry twig startled her, and she sprang up in alarm; but a pair of dark eyes looked into her own, and a faint voice reassured her. She laughingly greeted the intruder, saying, "Why, Herbert, how you startled me!" He smiled, and advancing to meet her, replied:

"I am sorry I frightened you—I did not think to do you harm; but you are looking pale—are you faint?" and he gazed at her with so much anxious solicitude that poor Minnie's equanimity was entirely overthrown, and sinking again upon her knees, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. The feelings so long pent up, and the tears which had been gathering for several days, had at last found vent.

Herbert Clayton had grown up with Minnie from childhood. He had always loved her, but had felt that a deep grief separated him, a poor widow's son, from the only child of the wealthy Mr. Arlin, and therefore he felt compelled to "worship" from afar.

He too had heard the rumors of Mr. Arlin's losses, and he supposed this was the cause of Minnie's agitation. He could hardly express the hope, sweet and faint though it was, that Minnie might now be his; but checking this feeling, he seated himself by her side to comfort and cheer her if possible. Gradually she became calm, and then she imparted to him the story of Roby. He was indignant at such baseness, and, led on by his feelings, told Minnie of his love and hopes. His unselfish affection, touched her heart.

Here was one who loved her for herself, and was willing to take her even if poor. But the wound she had received was too fresh to allow her to dought but rise embarrased, and without thinking Herbert with her eyes, to shake her head sadly.

But that chance interview decided the fate of both. The more she thought of Herbert's disinterested offer, the more his character rose in her estimation. Meanwhile, she had consented to receive him as a friend. He often visited her, and gradually esteem for him ripened into love.

One soft summer evening Herbert ventured to urge his suit again, and this time Minnie, though as embarrassed as before, did not say nay, but returned a blushing answer that filled his heart with joy.

They lingered long among the forest shades, and when they returned; Herbert sought Mr. Arlin, while Minnie ran up to her room like a frightened deer.

When Herbert had confessed his suit, Mr. Arlin, looking archly in his face, made reply, "Do you wish to make poor Minnie Arlin your bride? Can you think of taking a dowryless wife?"

"Oh, yes," earnestly replied Herbert. "I should never have seen my love had she been as in days gone by."

The old gentleman smiled a peculiar smile, and said, "Yes, Herbert, she is a noble girl, and you are worthy of her; but I am glad for your sake, and hers, that I am not so poor that she will be a portionless bride. But you must let Minnie tell you the story."

Minnie did tell him the story, and Herbert was unspeakably delighted at the idea that he had won the hand of the heiress of Mr. Arlin's wealth; but Minnie laughingly told him that her poverty had lashed her own lover and was another.

Herbert was also a lawyer; but being poor and without influential friends, he had many times been nearly discouraged by the yolk of eggs and spirits of tur-

### Mrs. Reed's Economy.

"What is that, my dear?" asked Mr. Reed, mildly, looking up from his paper.

"I was exclaiming at this extravagance of my sex," replied the pretty looking woman, whose blue eyes had not recovered their natural dimensions.

"Heartily, my dear, for hear this!—There are in New York and Brooklyn not less than five thousand ladies whose dress bill could not average annually less than two thousand dollars each, or ten millions for all."

"Prodigious!" muttered the merchant. "But doubtless true."

"There are five thousand more" whose dress expenses will average one thousand dollars each, or five millions of dollars for the whole; and five millions of dollars more would not cover the dress expenses of those whose bills average every year from two hundred to five hundred dollars. Thus, at a low estimate, the annual cost of dressing our fashionable ladies is twenty millions of dollars. Perhaps we should not exceed the truth if we estimate the annual cost of dressing and jewelling the ladies of New York and its vicinity at from thirty to forty millions of dollars."

"Blessed wonder!" exclaimed the goodly indigent wife, "that poverty and suffering are so vile in that city? Only think, George! Twenty millions of dollars, to say the least, wasted in vanity and extravagance; worse than wasted."

"Yes," resumed her husband, "for the bulk of the money is exchanged for foreign fabrics and goes out of the country to pamper the miserable toadies of the old world—that's what makes me angry to think of it. If the money was spent among our own producers, manufacturers, and mechanics, the shame would not be so burning; but no, it must bear the stamp of imported goods, or our ladies would not look at the article. I saw to-day some silk, which I'll be bound some French aristocrat had more satisfaction in it, than falling to give satisfaction, it was sent over to the green Yankoes. They wouldn't know of course not—nor care, so long as the obsequious shopman declared that it is of 'Paris manufacture.' And so we have walking curtains, with all the fixtures, like as not, and best hangings too, oh! I to meet in our fashionable streets dresses with figures larger than the whole pattern, so that it takes two women to show off one gown to advantage; and it is laughable—but wife—"

"Well—how your eyes twinkle!"

"I'll never be cured to me to ask how much you spend in dress, say for a year."

"Oh! but I'm not fashionable, and you are not rich."

"No matter for that; a better dressed woman than yourself doesn't walk the streets of Boston. Now, for the very reason that I am not rich, I want to know how you do it."

"That is easy enough told, on a little reflection," replied Mrs. Reed, blushing, nevertheless. "You praised my new hat very highly."

"Never saw you look so sweetly in my life; I wanted to kiss you right on the spot. Lee, the gentleman who was with me, declared that he hadn't met so handsome and well-dressed a lady since he had been in Boston. There's for you; and he is a New Yorker. But come, what did you give for that hat; pin in, bread and butter, eh?" and he pinched his wife's rosy cheek.

"No, indeed," she merrily replied; "you know last week I asked you for three dollars; well, that was what the bonnet cost me."

"Ah, Minnie, I'm not so green as that—a lady's bonnet three dollars—a bonnet like that?"

"But I made it myself, for I have long been confident that a milliner's time is worth to her a dollar a minute, and that we pay more for that than shape, materials and all. So I have made my bonnet for the past two seasons; this very frame was my last winter. I was curious to give a milliner's judgment upon it, and yesterday asked Miss — to show me some ten dollar hats. She did so—and I would not exchange mine for any of them. Ha! ha! Why my black silk that looks so fresh none of my friends know but I have bought a new one. I turned and altered and trimmed it handsomely, and yet the trimmings cost only one dollar and fifty cents; she added blushing.

"Oh, Mrs. Reed, self-conceit; then we may put the silk dress at one dollar fifty. Ah, there's the new one—I forgot that."

"It cost twelve dollars; for I made it a point to get good rich silk; that it may last turning or a change of pattern. But I made it every stitch myself; with only a little help from sister Annie."

"But the seams, say, I saw her."

"Oh! I she was sewing up the cotton for the family. I always make it a point to employ some one of my friends for that, and pay liberally. Shall I tell you what it cost?"

"No, for we were upon dress; now gloves, shoes, lace, &c. Come, all the secrets of your marvellous extravagance, madam!" and Mr. Reed flourished his pencil pompously.

"Gloves, four dollars a year," said his wife, "that as four dollars, for I get the very best, from motives of economy; say six dollars, though I am not quite certain that it is as much as I have, perhaps five dollars, having a good assortment and taking care of them. My dressing gowns are of French calico, they are yet handsome after three years' wear; but to be more explicit, I have kept an account of everything in that line which I have bought for the last ten months, and my outside dress, winter and all, has not exceeded seventy-five dollars."

Mr. Reed looked at his wife with exulting glances.

"And yet," he exclaimed, "how well, how very well, in how thoroughly pure and elegant taste you have always appeared, my admirable wife. It is owing to your economy that I escaped threatened failure

during the last terrible year, and I have more to tell you. Jenkins, who has just got out by a broken back, thanked me yesterday for my kindness to him during his illness, and called down blessings on your head for the solicitude you had displayed towards his family. It was you, then, who sent them bread and wood; and when clothes for the children; it was you who got Billy a good place, and provided a good home for your poor washer-woman; it was you who fitted out the little lame girl with decent clothes, and sent her to school; it was you who, during the season of distress, went like a ministering angel to the homes of the poor, preferring to spend my allowance in doing good to the needy, rather than display your own beautiful person in the habiliments of fashion. God's blessing on you, my noble wife—I am proud of you! I have found a treasure of which not only I, but my country, should be proud. For, should calamity come, this fair cheek should never blush as the thought, 'it was my heartless extravagance that aided in the overthrow of my native land.' God's blessing on you—He does bless you daily; and when the butterflies, who think more of a yard of brocade than a human soul, stand before the judgment seat of the great God, how little in comparison with such as you, my wife, will such frivolous, heartless beings appear. Nay, this is just praise, though you have done your good works silently in secret, and not for human approbation"—and imparting a kiss upon her forehead, the happy husband returned to his counting room.

Reader, in fair circumstances, in good standing in the world and in the church, are you a Mrs. Reed?

The following is one of the most beautiful songs of one of the most beautiful poets, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

To the Queen of my Heart.

Shall we roam, my love,  
To the twilight grove,  
When the moon is rising bright;  
Oh, I'll whisper there  
In the cool night air,  
What I dare not in broad daylight  
I'll tell thee part  
Of the thoughts that start  
To be when thou art high;  
And by some moonlight  
Than the stars' soft light  
Shall seem as a waltz from the sky.  
When the pale moonbeam  
On tower and stream  
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,  
How I love to gaze  
As the cold rays stray  
Over thy face, my heart's throned queen!  
Will thou roam with me  
To the restless sea,  
And linger upon the steep,  
And list to the howl  
Of the waves below,  
How they toss and roar and leap?  
Those boiling waves  
And the storm that raves  
At night or of their foaming crest,  
Resemble the strife  
That, from an earliest life,  
The passions have waged in my breast.  
Oh, come then and rove  
To the sea or the grove,  
When the moon is rising bright;  
And I'll whisper there  
In the cool night air  
What I dare not in broad daylight.

### Reformation of Indians in Texas.

The Austin State Gazette of the 20th ultimo has the following article about the Indians on the Reserve:

"The able and efficient agent, Major Neighbors, paid us a visit the past week, and we learn from him that the Indians on the Reserve are making important and valuable improvements. Some one hundred and fifty houses have been erected, and the Indians are putting in about eight hundred acres of corn. If they have a fair crop there will be an abundance made to supply the wants of the Reserve. For the first time the Indians of Texas are talking bold of farming with a determination to depend entirely upon it for their support. They are putting their hands to the plough-handle themselves, and though it requires two to perform the operation—one to lead the horses and the other to plough—still they have made a beginning, and will soon become expert at it. Even the Southern Camanches have taken hold of the hoe and are wielding it patiently.

The excellent moral effects of this movement are witnessed in the absence of theft and pillage on the part of the Indians. The settlers make no complaints of the loss of horses or cattle, and some time ago, when Skilman was killed by the Northern Camanches, the Indians on the Reserve, to the number of a hundred, immediately volunteered their services to pursue the murderers and arrest them. Some dozen were accepted, and they overtook the hostile Indians. A battle ensued, and the result was that they utterly routed the enemy and brought back eight scalps.

"There are some twelve or fifteen hundred Indians on the Reserve, and many tribes in other States would willingly join them if they had the privilege; but it is not our policy to increase the Indians of Texas. We do much in affording those with us a home and giving them support.

"Major Neighbors deserves great credit for his labors, and we should like to see his services retained. We think it important to the security of the State."

### Turkish Independence.

It seems that Turkey is by no means so acquiescent as it was supposed she might be in settling up the affairs of the war with her allies of England and France, &c. The intelligence that the Porte had refused to sanction in some particulars the proceedings of the Paris Conference is now confirmed. The Council of Constantinople, it is now known, has directed Ali Pasha not to consent to the insertion of the Sultan's late decree in favor of the Christians, foreigners, &c., among the articles of peace, as a certain form of administration in its own independent territories. The plan of the conference was also formally ordered to oppose any arrangement about the Principality which should be in any way prejudicial to the sovereign rights of the Porte in those provinces. The boyards, clergy and people of Moldavia have also protested to their Hospodar, Prince Ghika, against the proceedings of the ambassadors at the Porte. They express a wish to see the Principality united into one nation. But the London Times still holds that the institutions which are to give the Kayah subjects of the Sultan new rights and a new career must be the care of the Western Powers for many years to come, and says it will be some time before *Empire and France will be able to relax their hold upon Turkey.*

These provinces are the most exposed and coveted part of the Turkish empire. They are even now occupied by foreign armies. They have been for several generations under the influence, and at last under the recognized protection, of Russia; and now it is feared that they but escape the crushing embraces of the bear to fall into the no less merciless talons of the vulture.

### A Young White Girl, named Olive Oatman, aged 16 years, whose father and mother, together with four of her sisters and brothers, from Iowa, had been massacred in 1851, while on route to California, was rescued from the Mohave Indians after being four years in captivity. She has almost entirely forgotten her native tongue, being only able to speak two or three words. Being asked in the Indian language her name, she replied "Olive Oatman;" "Is she stood on the chin, and bears the marks of hard slavery. She was rescued through the efforts of the U. S. Army officers at Fort Yuma, who paid a ransom for her. A younger sister, captured at the same time, died six months ago."

### How to get early Potatoes.

The Mercer is quite early, but there are other varieties at least two weeks before it in ripening, and nearly equal in quality. If possible, get these for the experiment. If you have a hot bed, lay the potatoes lengthwise, and lay them upon the bed in rows as thick as you can place them, and cover them with about two inches of mould. In three weeks they will be well up, and furnished with roots several inches in length. They can be set out early in April as you would set out a cottage plant. They should be taken up carefully from the hot bed, and the plants separated by hand. There will not be a full yield by this method, but they will mature about three weeks before the same variety planted in the open ground.

If you have no hot bed, and will not take the trouble to make one, you can put a barrel or two of potatoes by the kitchen fire or in any warm place about the first of March. The eyes will immediately begin to start and roots will soon form. If they are contained with a little water occasionally, the process will be hastened. As soon as the ground is sufficiently open, take them carefully from the barrel and plant them. They should not be left until the roots are matted together, lest they be broken. This will hasten the ripening of potatoes several days.

A piece of ground, with a slope to the south or southwest, is most desirable for early crops. This slope should be trenched two spits deep at least, and well manured with horse dung fresh from the stable. The trenching will carry off all superfluous water from the surface, and thus increase the heat of the soil. The manure in its fermentation will still further raise the temperature, and push forward the process of vegetation. Thus there are four sources of accelerated growth to the plant—the sprouting, the more direct rays of the sun, the drainage caused by trenching, and the extra heat of the manure. The potatoes should have frequent hoeing until a month before digging. They will not be quite so early as those transplanted from the hot bed, but will reach maturity soon enough to pay for extra labor. If you wish for early potatoes, make your preparations now.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

### The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.