

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, EDITORS.  
ED. JAMES.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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August 13, 1868.

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Office on High street. [aug 13]

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Office in Colonnade Row. [aug 13]

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**JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Court House.  
J. JOHNSTON. [aug 13] J. E. SCANLAN.

**SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [aug 13]

**JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law,** Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.  
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [aug 13]

**E. J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Surveyor,** on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [aug 13-6m.]

**F. A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Particular attention paid to collections. Office on High street, west of the Diamond. [aug 13]

**A. KOPELIN, T. W. DICK, Kopelin & Dick, Attorneys at Law,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office in Colonnade Row, with Wm. Kittell, Esq. [Oct. 22]

**JOSEPH S. STRAYER, Justice of the Peace,** Johnstown, Pa.  
Office on Market street, corner of Locust street extended, and one door south of the late office of Wm. M'Kee. [aug 13]

**R. BEYERBAUGH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,** Summit, Pa.  
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to, at his office. [aug 13]

**DR. DE WITT ZEIGLER—**  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. He will visit Ebensburg the second Tuesday of each month, to remain one week.  
Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.  
Rooms adjoining G. Huntley's store, High street. [aug 13]

**DENTISTRY—**  
The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has secured no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every instrument in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the imparted experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise.  
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.  
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week.  
August 13, 1868.

**LOYD & CO., Bankers—** Ebensburg, Pa.  
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August 13, 1868.

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We buy and sell inland and Foreign Drafts, Gold and Silver, and all classes of Government Securities; make collections at home and abroad; receive deposits; loan money; and do a general Banking business. All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention and care, at moderate prices. Give us a trial.  
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To purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in stamps, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.; \$200 and upwards, 4 per cent. [aug 13]

**SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public,** Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [aug 13]  
Job Work of all kinds done at this office.

## Love Lightens Labor.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,  
And thought with a nervous dread  
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more  
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.  
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,  
And the children to fix away  
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;  
And all to be done this day.  
It had rained in the night, and all the wood  
Was wet as it could be;  
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides  
A loaf of cake for tea.  
And the day was hot, and her aching head  
Throbb'd wearily as she said,  
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,  
They would be in no haste to wed!"  
"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben  
Brown?"  
Called the farmer from the well;  
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,  
And his eyes half bashfully fell;  
"It was this," he said—and coming near,  
He smiled, and stooping down,  
Kissed her cheek—"Twas this: that you  
were the best  
And the dearest wife in town!"  
The farmer went back to the field, and the  
wife,  
In a smiling and absent way,  
Sang snatches of tender little songs  
She'd not sung for many a day.  
And the pain in her head was gone, and the  
clothes  
Were white as the foam of the sea;  
Her bread was light, and her butter sweet,  
And as golden as it could be.  
"Just think," the children all called in a  
breath,  
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!  
He wouldn't I know, if he only had  
As Lappy a home as we!"  
The night came down, and the good wife  
smiled  
To herself, as she softly said,  
"Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,  
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

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## THE SILVER TOKEN.

"There, Tina!"  
Mr. Bruce Medway triumphantly held up two semi-circles of silver in the air, so that they might be sure to create sufficient impression on Ernestine Cady's blue eyes, and smiled with the exultant satisfaction of one who feels that he has accomplished his mission.  
He was a bright, earnest looking young fellow, with gray-brown eyes and a square firm mouth—not handsome, but very manly; and as he sat there on the green woodland bank, with the hair thrown back from his broad forehead, and the sunshine mirrored in his eyes, you felt instinctively that he was one who would make his way in the world, no matter what obstacles might intervene.

Ernestine Cady stood leaning against the gnarled, mossy trunk of an immense chestnut tree, with her little feet buried in plumes of nodding, fragrant ferns—a rural picture, in blue muslin and fluttering azure ribbons. She was very pretty, with the delicate bloom and freshness of a flower—a flower that winds and frosts had never touched.

"Didn't I tell you that I should do it, Tina?"

Ernestine took up the little file that lay on the bank.

"I thought it an impossible task with such an instrument as that."

"Nothing is impossible," returned Bruce sentimentally, as he passed a bit of narrow blue ribbon through a hole in the broken piece of silver. "Will you let me tie it around your neck, Tina?"

"What for?" But she stooped her pretty head as she spoke, and let him tie the knot beneath a cataract of pale gold curls.

"And I shall wear the other next to my heart. They are amulets, Tina—charms, if you choose so to phrase it. That silver piece carries my allegiance with it. Tina, if ever any cloud come between us—if ever we are separated—"

"Bruce!"

"Such things have happened, dearest; but, nevertheless, in any event, this broken coin shall be a token and a summons to me wherever I may be—whatever fate may have in store. Don't look so grave, my little blue-bird. Is it so very wrong to mingle a bit of romance in our everyday life? Where are your flowers? It is time we were returning."

Through the green shifting shadows of the woods, with blood-red streams of sunset light rippling along at their feet, and delicious odors of moss and fern and hidden flowers rising up around, the two lovers walked homeward. Bruce Medway never forgot the brightness of that drowsy August afternoon.

"She will come—I am sure she will come!"

The dew lay like a rain of diamonds on grass and shrubs as Bruce walked up and down the little pathway by the hidden spring, watching the round red shield of the rising sun hanging above the eastern horizon. Then he looked at his watch.

"The train will be due in nine minutes. Surely Tina will not let me leave her without one reconciling word. Hush! that must be her footstep on the moss!"

He stepped forward, with a glad, flushed face, and then the chill whiteness of despair blanched every feature as a bright eyed little squirrel, whose tiny tread over leaves and acorn-cups had deceived him, glided swiftly across the belt of sunshine into emerald shadow. Bruce Medway stood an instant with his brow contracted and his arms folded on his breast. Was he bidding farewell to the summer that was past?

The shriek of the coming train sounded through the blue purity of the air, and the last faint spark of hope in the lover's breast died out.

Tina had not come—Tina had forgotten him. Well, so let it be!

And what was Tina Cady doing in the fresh morning brightness?  
She was very rosy and pretty in her trim calico dress, with pink ribbons at her throat, and a pink verberna hanging low in her golden coils of hair—very picturesque as she reached up her hand to break off a spray of spicy honeysuckle.

"I wonder if Mr. Bruce Medway has come to his senses yet," thought Tina, with a toss of her head. "I shan't measure my actions by the rule and plummet of his lordly will, I can assure him. If I want to flirt with Pierce Marbury, I shall do it!"

"So you're up, eh, Tina? And as fresh as a rose, I declare!"

Tina put her red lips up to kiss her bluff old father in an abstracted sort of way. She hardly saw him as he stood there.

"Oh, by the way, Tina, I forgot to give you this note last night—it was left by the hotel porter. Really, I believe my memory isn't so good as it was."

Tina caught the note from her father's hand, and broke it open in feverish haste.

"The train leaves at seven!" She saw the words as vividly as if they had been written in characters of jagged fire, and as she read them the old clock half-way up the wide old-fashioned staircase struck eight.

It was too late—too late!  
The sharp thrill of agony at her heart was succeeded by a passionate feeling of resentment.

"Let him go!" she said to herself, while the red pinnacles fluttered on her cheek. "I would not lift a finger to keep him here!"

So, when Bruce Medway's earnest, appealing letter came a day or two afterward, Ernestine folded it quietly within a blank envelope, without breaking the seal, and sent it back.

Verily, women are strange enigmas, even to themselves! Ernestine herself could scarcely have told why she kept the broken silver coin—but she kept it.

The short, threatening October day was drawing to a close; the fiery belt across the western sky was flaming sullenly athwart the skeleton woods, and shedding a sort of aureole round Ernestine Cady's slender figure as she hurried on through the yellow, rustling drifts of fallen leaves, carrying a heavy basket on her arm.

Just as pretty as the rosy Tina of two years since, but paler, graver, and more sadate. Trouble had besieged the family since their migration to the grand domains of the Far West. Tina had learned the serious part of life's lesson, and she had learned it well.

She lifted the latch of the rudely constructed log house and entered, with assumed cheerfulness on her face.

"How are you now, father?"

"Better, I think. Come to the fire, Tina—you must be cold!"

"Not a bit. Has mother come back?"

"No; it's very strange she stays so long. I suppose Mrs. Ebbetts has a great deal to say, though. I don't wonder your mother is glad to get away from a sick room for a while."

He spoke a little bitterly, and Tina winced as she listened, knowing that her mother had made an excuse of some neighborly errand to dispose in the nearest village of such poor little odds and ends of gold chains, pins, and rings as yet remained to their diminished estate. Was there anything wrong in this pious fraud? Tina almost felt as if there was.

It was not pleasant to be poor.

"She will be home soon, father," said Tina. "Only see what a basketful of cranberries I have gathered out in the swamp! This will make the barful, and Mr. Signet has promised to send it to New York with his. Don't they look like red jewels, father? And the money will buy you a new coat."

He smiled faintly.

"I think it had better buy my little girl a new dress. Shall I help you to pick them over?"

"I had rather do it myself, father, and you must try to sleep a while."

Half an hour later, Tina came through the room with a scarlet shawl thrown over her head, and a wistful, scared look in her eyes.

"You are not going out again, my child?"

"Only up to the cranberry swamp, father. It isn't dark yet. I have lost something."

"A ribbon or a collar, I suppose," said

Mr. Cady to himself, as he lay watching the crimson glare of the October sunset; while Tina, putting aside low, tangled bushes, and searching bits of rank and swamp grass, was repeating to herself, in quick, nervous words:

"How could I lose it! Oh, how could I be so careless?"

But the search was all in vain, and the chill twilight sent her home, dispirited and unsuccessful. And Ernestine Cady cried herself to sleep that night, just because she had lost the broken silver coin.

"You'll be sure to come, Mr. Medway? I want to introduce the successful author to my friends. You are to be my lion. You will come?"

"Certainly, I will come if you wish it."

Bruce Medway went dreamily on his way, and Mrs. Lyman whispered to one of her fashionable friends that "she was quite sure Mr. Medway had been crossed in love—he was so deliciously melancholy."

The table was superbly spread—Mrs. Lyman's dinners were always *comme il faut*—and, through the sparkle of cut glass and translucent glow of painted china you saw baskets and epergues and pyramidal bouquets of magnificent hot-house flowers. As one of the Beau Brummels of the day said, "It was like looking at a beautiful picture to dine with Mrs. Lyman."

The dessert was in its first stages when the pretty hostess leaned coaxingly across to Mr. Medway.

"Do try some of these little cranberry pates, Mr. Medway; I have just received a barrel of the most delightful cranberries from my dear old uncle Signet, in Iowa."

Bruce was idly striking his fork into the little crimson circles, quite unconscious of what he was eating.

"Yes, they are very nice," he said mechanically. And then he bent down to see what bit of extraneous white element was glimmering through the ruby translucency.

Only a broken silver coin.

He took it out and looked at it, the familiar date and die, all unconscious of the buzz of voices and ring of idle laughter all around him—looked at it with a vague superstitious thrill stealing all over his nature—and he could almost hear his pulses beat under his soft pressure of the other half of this silver piece, for he still wore it next his heart.

"From Iowa, did you say, Mrs. Lyman?"

"From my uncle, says Mrs. Signet, who lives in the far West."

"What part of Iowa is that—that produces such a harvest of cranberries?"

"Datersville, I believe, near the Owaseca river." And then the conversation branched off into some different channel. Bruce Medway had found out all that he wished to ascertain on that one occasion.

A token and a summons to him, wherever he might be! Bruce remembered the words he had spoken two years ago, and his loyal heart gave a great leap as the memory flooded it with warmth and brightness.

"Cranberries?—yes—I remember 'em," said old Squire Signet, biting the end of his cedar pencil. "Crop was uncommon good this fall; old Cady's daughter brought them here to sell by the peck."

To sell! Bruce began for the first time to appreciate the tide of trouble that eddied around the serene little islet of Ernestine's heart.

"Where do they live—Mr. Cady's family, I mean?"

"See that ar' old blasted pine down in the hollow? Well, just beyond there a road leads down past Cady's. Won't stop a little longer? Well, good evenin' Squire."

And Bruce Medway walked down thro' the orange twilight to where the skeleton arm of the blasted pine seemed to point to a light in a far-off window—walked to meet the dearest treasure of his heart!

Through the uncurtained panes he could see the tiny room all bright and ruddy with cheery fire-light; the slender, drooping figure sitting alone on the hearthstone with its golden shine of hair and the thoughtful bend of its neck. And he opened the door softly and went in.

"Tina!"

She put back her hair with both hands, and looked at him as if she fancied herself under the delusion of some spell.

"You summoned me, and I have come. Tina, my love, shall the old times return to us once more? Shall we be all the world to each other once again?"

It was full nine o'clock by the silver-studded time-piece of the stars before Bruce Medway rose to take his departure.

"But tell me one thing, Bruce," said Ernestine, laying her hand lightly on his, as they stood protracting their lover-like adieux on the door-stone by the frigid moonlight, "what did you mean when you said I had summoned you?"

He drew a little box from his breast-pocket, and smilingly held up a bit of silver.

"And I wear its mate close to my heart, Tina!"

"Bruce—surely that is not my half of the coin?"

"It was your half, Tina."

"And where did you find it?"

"One of these days I will tell you, dear—not in a very romantic juxtaposition, however. You remember what I said to

you when we divided the silver piece between us?"

As if Tina had forgotten one word or syllable of those old days.

The iron hand of time has swept away all those tokens of lang syne now. Mr. Medway is a middle-aged, bald-headed member of society, and Mrs. Medway has white hairs mixed with the golden brightness of her braids; but she keeps the worn bit of silver and its sweet associations still, and believes most firmly in true-love and romance.

## Diamond Cut Diamond.

Some time since a gentleman, whom we will call Mr. A., purchased a piece of ground in Murray-street, on which was an old building, which he proceeded to tear down, intending to erect in its place a building more suitable for the transaction of his business. About the same time another gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. B., purchased the adjoining lot, and proceeded in the same manner to take down the old building standing upon it, so that the work of demolition proceeded upon both at the same time. After this had been concluded, Mr. A. being ready to build himself, and supposing quite naturally that his neighbor would prefer building at the same time, paid him a visit in relation to the matter, when he was boorishly informed by Mr. B. that he should "build when he pleased."

Of course, as Mr. A. could not gainsay his right in this respect, the only method left for him was to go on by himself. This he accordingly did, and had progressed so far as to have his building "covered in," when he was surprised one day by a visit from his irate neighbor.

"Sir," said Mr. B., "you are an inch on my ground."

Mr. A. rejoined that he thought it must be a mistake.

"No, sir, it is no mistake—you are an inch on my ground."

"Well," returned Mr. A., "all I can say is, if it is so, I am very sorry, and it is altogether unintentional; but I am willing to pay whatever the land is worth."

"I want no pay, sir," answered Mr. B., "I want my land."

"Sir," said Mr. A., "I see it is hopeless to compromise this matter with you, and I will give you double whatever you say the land is worth, rather than take down my wall."

"I want no money—I want my land," persisted the stubborn Mr. B.

Argument and entreaty were alike unavailing, and Mr. A. accordingly proceeded to take down and rebuild his wall.

He was permitted to finish his building now without further interruption.

Shortly afterward Mr. B. concluded to build on his lot, and masons and carpenters were set at work to accomplish the object.

The work progressed finely—story after story went up as if by magic; and our friend B. watched the operations day by day with increasing interest, with confident anticipation of being able to occupy the premises by a certain period. At length the building was entirely finished from the foundation to capstone; the workmen had departed with their tools; the rubbish had been cleared away, and Mr. B. was complacently congratulating himself on its successful accomplishment, when he was astonished by a visit from his neighbor Mr. A.

"Sir," said he, "I am sorry to inform you that you are an inch on my ground."

"Pooh, nonsense!" returned Mr. B. "It's no nonsense at all," said Mr. A.; "I tell you that you are an inch on my ground."

"Why, how can that be?" blustered Mr. B., "when I have only built up to your wall?"

"Ah! that's it!" in the driest manner possible, answered Mr. A.

Our friend, Mr. B. was somewhat dumfounded. "Send for a surveyor, sir," at length he exploded, "and we'll see about this."

The surveyor was accordingly sent for, who after a careful measurement of the respective premises, reported to the crestfallen Mr. B. that it was indeed too true—he was occupying an inch more land than he was entitled to. A proposition to buy that inch—coming, it must be confessed, with bad grace from him—was now advanced by Mr. B.

"No, sir," returned Mr. A., "I shall not sell; you cannot offer me money enough to buy that inch of land. Take down your wall, sir, down with it to the foundations; I want my land."

Mr. B. came to the conclusion that the game was decidedly against him, and yielded with the best grace he could. The wall was taken down and re-erected, and so very careful was our particular friend this time not to trespass that he built an inch short of where he had a right to go. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to explain to the reader that Mr. A. had done the same thing in the first instance.

"That man," says Sidney Smith, "is not the discoverer of art who first says the things; but he who says it so long, so loud, and so clearly that he compels mankind to hear him."

"You can't preserve happy family pines in domestic jars."

## Anecdote of the Elder Booth.

Mr. Elihu Burritt contributes to Packard's Monthly an interesting article under the title of "Breathing a Living Soul into Dead Words," in which the following anecdote is told of the elder Booth:

"The elder Booth was a man who threw into his impersonations an amount of heart and soul which his originals could scarcely have equaled. He did Richard III. to the life, and more. He had made human passions, emotion and experiences his life's study. He could not only act but feel rage, love, despair, hate, ambition, fury, hope and revenge, with a depth and force that half amazed his auditors. He could transmute himself into the hero of his impersonation, and he could breathe a power into other men's written words, which, perhaps, was never surpassed. And what is rather remarkable, when he was inclined to give illustrations of the faculty to private circles of friends, he nearly always selected some passages from Job, David or Isaiah, or other holy men of old. When an aspiring young Professor of Harvard University went to him by night, to ask a little advice or instruction in qualifying himself for an orator, the veteran tragedian opened the Bible and read a few verses from Isaiah in a way that made the Cambridge scholar tremble with awe, as if the prophet had risen from the dead and were uttering his sublime visions in his ears. He was then residing in Baltimore, and a pious urbane old gentleman of that city, hearing of his wonderful power of elocution, one day invited him to dinner, although strongly deprecating the stage, and all the theatrical performances.

"A large company sat down to the table, and on returning to the drawing room one of them requested Booth, as a special favor to them all, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He signified his willingness to gratify them, and all eyes were fixed upon him. He slowly and reverently rose from his chair, trembling with the burden of two great conceptions. He had to realize the character, attributes and presence of the Almighty Being he was to address.—He was to transform himself into a poor, sinning, stumbling, benighted, needy suppliant offering homage, asking bread, pardon, light and guidance. Says one of the company present: 'It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt; it had become absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth "Our Father, which art in Heaven," &c., with pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished; the silenced continued; not a voice was heard nor a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (the host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accents, 'you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I never heard it before, never.'"

"You are right," replied Booth. 'To read that prayer as it should be read caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with the rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and in words so simple. That prayer itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity.' So great was the effect produced," says our informant, "that conversation was sustained but a short time longer, in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased, and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes, with sad faces and full hearts."

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