

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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For the Susquehanna Register.

To PELEG.

Come, stand close by my side, Peleg,
And place thy hand in mine,
Then I will be thy bride, Peleg,
I'll be forever thine.

I'll cease my trifling ways, Peleg,
O'quetry I will hate,
Forget our infant days, Peleg,
And trust to luck and fate.

My Parents, Friends, I'll leave, Peleg,
So do not longer grieve, Peleg,
But come and take thy Beloved.

I'll love no one but thee, Peleg,
I'll never be a sold;
I'll ever faithful be, Peleg,
Come, love me as of old.

PHEBE.

Hooper, Courtland Co., N. Y. June, 1850.

From the Home Journal.

The Grove of Maples.

BY PHEBE CAREY.

Where the waters ripple by me,
And the birds about me sing,
In the light of early morning,
Where the young leaves of the maple
On my face their shadows cast,
Quiet, thoughtful, but so happy,
I am dreaming of the Past.

Calling up the friends that with me
Have talked of hopes and fears,
In this pleasant vale of beauty,
Since the spring-time of my youth,
O, the little old grove of maple,
To my heart its shades are dear,
For the light of pleasant faces
That have looked upon me here.

When the black woods of the winter
Saw my foot prints in the snow,
When the first faint leaves of spring-time
Threw their trembling shade below,
When the burning heat of summer
Made these heavy shadows sweet,
Or the red leaves of the autumn
Brightly drifted to my feet.

Talking hopeful of the future,
Here what hours have been beguiled,
Ever since those words beheld me,
But a little smile and sigh,
Yet I am not sad or lonesome,
Though of friends that I have known,
Some are changed and parted from me,
Some I loved are dead and gone!

Paced from life's dim shore forever,
O, I cannot weep their lot;
On the heavenly side of Jordan,
Are the groves that wither not,
And the living, one so cherished,
Cast no shadow on my heart;
Ead they loved, they had not left me,
Better then to live apart.

Extract from "Theodora."

A POEM BY EDITH MAY.

In her eyes are tranquil shadows
Lofly thoughts alone can make,
Like the darkness through mountains
Over a lake.

If you speak, the slow returning
Of her spirit from afar
To their depths, is like the advent
Of a star.

No one marvels at her beauty;
Be leached with a perfect whole,
Beauty seems the just expression
Of her soul.

For her lightest word, or fancy,
Unarrayed for human ear,
Might be echoed by an angel
Watching near.

Be a theme however homely,
Is glorious at her will,
Like a common air transfigured
By a Master's skill.

And her words, severely simple,
As a drapery Grecian wrought,
Show the clear, symmetrical outline
Of her thought.

Most men who have raised themselves to real
eminence in life have been brought up by virtuous
and gifted women. Our first education—so im-
portant, and the ductile promptness with which
they are received—depends solely on female in-
struction, but above all, the education of the
heart, and the development of the affections, are
wholly the work of the softer sex. Happy, thrice
happy, the child who has a good mother.

Walking is the most wholesome exercise; water
the best drink, and plain food the most nourishing
and healthy diet. Even in knowledge, the most
useful is the easiest acquired.

A person who was very fond of relating his
dreams, observed in the presence of John Randolph,
that he dreamed last night of lice! "That was
very natural," replied Randolph, "for a person at
most invariably dreams by night of what is running
through his head all day."

The proper element of a man is constant activity.
The waters of life are like those of the Beth-
esda pool—it is only when they are agitated that
they are healthful.

"Ma, do you know the reason why horses do not
wear hats?"
"No, my dear."
"Cause it would give them a horse-like appear-
ance."

The following toast was given at the
late medical supper at Columbus Ohio:
"The Ladies—The only successful Homeopaths
are. They cure man's greatest malady—the
heart—by a 'leech' of the same sort."

From Godey's Lady's Book.

SIGNS OF GENTILITY.

A Boarding-House Sketch.

Dinner was over in the fashionable boarding-
house of Mrs. Pickup. The company lately occu-
pied in the discussion of a very small cocoa-nut
pudding, sundry blanc-manges and the usual assort-
ment of almonds and raisins, folded their respective
napkins and rose from the table.

"I wish my purchases would come," said the
pretty bride Mrs. Hopkins, as she leaned over her
husband's chair. She had followed the gentleman
to the back piazza, where they were loitering on can-
eotomed chairs and puffing at costly Havanas—
Young Mr. Thompson usually kept them in cigars;
he had a brother in the West India trade, who sup-
plied him plentifully. "Thompson was such a good
fellow!" said his friends. "As generous as a
prince! They never minded accepting favor from
Thompson; he always seemed so grateful to you for
using him. A reputation for amiability cost them
unfortunately several hundred dollars annually—
but every one must have some hobby, the keep-
ing of which proves expensive."

"I wish Stewart sent out things earlier," contin-
ued Mrs. Hopkins; "I so want to show you some
loves of cambric handkerchiefs I purchased there
this morning."

"You extravagant little woman!" turned her
husband, laughingly; "you'll ruin me yet. What
else do you throw away money on this morning?"

"Why, nothing but some gloves. White gloves
so easily, I was reduced to one pair."
"Then why did you not bring them home your-
self, and be done with it, if you wanted them so
much?"

"Bring a bundle through Broadway?" and Mrs.
Hopkins clasped her delicate white hands, and gave
an appealing look, as much as to say—Can I be-
lieve my own senses? Can it be possible the man is
in his right mind?"

Mrs. Jones, who also had a husband to look af-
ter, beckoned her sister, Miss Smith, to follow them.
Thompson was suspected of having a secret at-
tachment to this young lady, and she had been dy-
ing to get where he was again. Miss Smith came
tripping gracefully forward; and, noticing Mr.
Hopkins' look of consternation, hurriedly asked
"what had happened?"

"I inquired why Matilda did not bring home her
purchases from Stewart's this morning—a package
almost the size of a small book. She seems to be
surprised at it," replied Mr. Hopkins.

"But who ever heard such a thing?"

"Who, indeed?" echoed Mrs. Jones, who had
once been a milliner's girl, and many a time had
carried handbags through the doorway. Mr. Jones
remembered the time well. He was then head
clerk in a large grocery store, and was attracted
by her pretty face as she passed daily to her work.
He married her, and they had prospered. He was
now in an excellent wholesale business on the
wharves, and they boarded in—Square, the
other side of the city from their earlier associations.

Mrs. Jones winked at her husband, and asked
what she had been; but, fortunately, the Burgers
was too remote from—Square for rumor to
reach so far; and she took excellent care that the
places which once knew her should be blessed
with her presence as seldom as possible.

"The idea," said Miss Smith, "of any lady
bringing home her shopping?"

"What else have store boys to do?" responded
Mrs. Jones.

"But such a small package!" remonstrated Mr.
Hopkins.

"Done up in brown paper, I dare say," contin-
ued Mrs. Jones. "It isn't the size we look at so
much."

"No, certainly not," said her sister.

"Now, Arthur!" Mrs. Hopkins was very fond
of her husband's first name—"now, Arthur, you
wouldn't want your wife to demean herself by car-
rying a bundle through the streets, like any—mill-
iner's girl?"

"Mrs. Jones winced. Mrs. Hopkins put her hand
on her husband's shoulder and looked appealingly
into his face, with her large, brown beautiful eyes.
What man with human feelings could resist such a
look!"

"I still protest, my dear Matilda, that I do not
see the slightest objection to your doing so," an-
swered her husband, sturdily. "In fact, if I am
not very much mistaken, I met you, not later than
yesterday, near the Art Union, with a package in
your hand."

"Oh, that was music. One can bring home mu-
sic, you know."

"Yes," said Miss Smith; "a roll of music looks
so perfectly genteel. It announces that you can
not only play, but also afford to get all the novel-
ties as they appear."

"Ah," continued Mr. Thompson.

Miss Smith was the vocalist of No. 20—Square.
She had all the new music, it is true; but it was
usually paid for by Thompson, or his friend and
room-mate, Mr. Gross. So sure they joined Miss
Smith on Broadway, she happened to remember an
errand at Firth & Hall's, or Jacques & Brother's
music saloon. Of course the gallantry of Messrs.
Gross and Thompson would not allow the lady to
pay for the trifles, particularly as it was so how
careless of her!" when the selections were rolled
up. She thanked them with sweetest smile; she
played every bar of it for them in her peculiar
style. Thompson declared in confidence to Gross,
that Sabord and Truff were nothing to Miss
Smith, so far as execution was concerned.

These gentlemen also felt in duty bound that
Miss Smith should visit the opera, as often as she
longed to hear Benedetti again, or Laborda, now
that she had returned from Philadelphia. Mrs.
Jones must, of course, be asked to chaperon her
sister, and was so very good as never to disappoint
them by having other engagements; while Mr.
Jones, excellent fellow! stayed at home and so-
laced himself with a few fine cigars (Thompson's
cigars) and a glass of brandy and water. Gross
had the best brandy his fellow boarders had ever
tasted. He got it at wholesale prices from his
cousin, of the firm of Schroder & Co., importers.

But to return to the back piazza controversy—
Mrs. Hopkins, upheld by Mrs. Jones and Miss
Smith, maintained her ground stoutly. "What
was to distinguish them from any vulgar people
from the Bowery, she was going to say, but she
had objections best known to herself to alluding to
that part of the city when it could be avoided, so
she applied "Greenwich Street," to be as far from
the dangerous secret as possible. No, bundles were
not to be carried by those who were not ashamed
to give their address to a fashionable shop-boy—
Overlaid out of two evils, that which might be
considered less was to be chosen.

Just then, Hopkins directed the attention of the
group to a plainly-dressed lady of the other side
of the way. No. 20 being a corner house, the pi-
azza blinds commanded a view as—Place also.

"There goes Mrs. Howland," said Mrs. Jones.
"What a lovely bonnet she has on, though she always
dresses so plainly!"

"I don't know what it is about her," said Mr.
Hopkins, warmly; "but she always looks to me
like an angel, or real lady I mean—quite as scarce
an article, nowadays. And yet one never strikes
with me." Surprised to hear a refusal to the offer

of sending home a somewhat cumbersome package from
one elegantly dressed as our little friend, Mrs. How-
land, noticed that they took the same direction on
leaving the shop. She saw Mrs. Hopkins ascend
the steps of No. 20. That evening she asked Mr.
Newbold, who her pretty neighbor was. To her
astonishment, a history of the discussion we have re-
corded, and its consequences was related to her.

She had taken a fancy to Mrs. Hopkins, and this
was confirmed by Mrs. Newbold's warm encomiums.
He had liked her better from the very day of Stev-
art's parcel. No long after, the ladies met at a
party. The surprise and delight of Mrs. Hopkins
can scarcely be expressed when the great lady of
the shop not only asked an introduction, but
conversed a long time with her.

A few days after, Mrs. Howland's card was sent
up to Mrs. Arthur Hopkins. She could hardly be-
lieve it; Mrs. Jones, neither could Mrs. Jones, who
had visited the servant upon the stairs to see who
the visitor was.

Afterwards, when the story came out—Mrs.
Hopkins was often at Mrs. Howland's now—Mrs.
Jones carried her thin lips very contentedly; but
for all that, she would have made any sacri-
fice to stand in her place. Miss Smith (now Mrs.
Thompson) for some time to frequent-
ly pass Mrs. Howland's house with most exten-
sive bundles, but as it did no good, (the lady never
seeming to be aware of the existence of Mrs. T.)
she gave it up, and joined with her sister in
sneers and innuendoes at "ladies" and "humble fol-
lowers."

It did commence with a moral in view, not
withholding her decision, and she did not can-
discover it, dear ladies, through its somewhat fan-
tastic disparity, why, then—particularly if you act
upon it—

"I have not wasted all my time,
But said a word in season."

Laws of Health.

CHILDREN should be taught to use the left hand
as well as the right.

Coarse bread is much better for children than
fine.

Children should not be allowed to eat sweet-
meats, and candy.

Children should sleep in separate beds, and
should not wear night caps.

Children under seven years of age should not be
confined over six or seven hours in the house—and
that time should be broken by frequent recesses.

Children and young people must be made to hold
their heads up and shoulders back while standing,
sitting, or walking. The best beds for children are
of hair and cotton.

From one pound and a half of solid food is suf-
ficient for a person in the ordinary vocation of busi-
ness. Persons in sedentary employments, should
drop one third of their food, and they will escape
dyspepsia.

Young persons should walk at least two hours a
day in the open air.

Young ladies should be prevented from bandag-
ing the chest. We have known three cases of in-
fantly terminating in death, which began in this
practice.

Every person, great and small, should wash all
over in cold water every morning.

Reading aloud is conducive to health.

The best remedy for eyes weakened by night
use, is a fine stream of cold water frequently ap-
plied to them.—London Lancet.

Extending the Law. A Scotchman called at
the house of lawyer Fletcher, of Vermont, to consult
that legal gentleman professionally. "Is the Squire
at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's lady, who
opened the door at his summons. He was answered
negatively.

Disappointment was now added to the trials of
Scotland, but after a few moments' considera-
tion, he thought it well to wait. "Mebby ye can give me the necessary in-
formation as well as the Squire—seem' ye're his
wife."

The kind lady readily promised to do so, if on
learning the nature of his difficulty, she found it in
per son as follows:

"Spese you was an old white mare, and I should
borrow ye a gang to mill with a grist on yer back
ye should get no farther than Sair hill, when all
at voocce ye should back up, an' rear up, an'
pitch up, and break yer deamed and peek, whid
pay for ye? I don't learn me if I would!"

The lady smilingly told him, as he had, himself
opened the case, and the case, advice would
be entirely superfluous.

MAKING A Y. A story is told of an auctioneer
who was provokingly annoyed, while in the exercise
of his profession, by the ludicrous bids of a fellow,
whose sole object seemed to be to make sport of
the buyers, rather than himself to buy. At length
exasperated beyond endurance, the auctioneer, in the
height of his anger, looking round the room for a
champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes up-
on a biped of huge dimensions, a very monach in
strength and cried out:

"Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fel-
low out?"

"I take one five dollar bill!"

"Done, Done you shall have it!"

Assuming the forenoon, knitting his brows, spread
ing his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf
all over his shoulders, old Marlow strode to the reg-
ressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar,
said to him in a whisper that was heard all
over the room—

"My good frin, you go out wit me, I gib you
half a money!"

"Dodd! dodd!" said the fellow.

"Burr! burrah!" shouted the audience. The
auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh
and coolly forked out the V.

AN ORDINARY LICENSE. A neat little girl, ap-
parently about nineteen, says the Frederick Her-
ald, a few days ago entered the Clerk's office, and
removing her bonnet enquired if Dr. Bradley Taylor
was in. The Doctor, who was present, promptly
and politely responded in the affirmative.

Are you, says the lady, the gentleman we are to
have for Governor?

Why, madame, says the doctor, with modest
confusion, there has been some conversation on that
subject.

Then you are the very gentleman I want. Have
you any license to dispense?

Yes, madam; I will have a retailer or an or-
dinary license?

An ordinary will do, Doctor, I am only going to
marry a little Dutchman.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Repub-
lican May 24, related the following occurrence.

A young man recently made his escape from the
galley at Toulon. He was strong and vigorous,
and soon made his way across the country and es-
caped pursuit. He arrived the next morning be-
fore a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg
something to eat and concealment while he reposed
a little. But he found the inmates of the cot-
tage in the greatest distress. Four little children
sat trembling in a corner, their mother was weep-
ing and tearing her hair and the father walking the
floor in agony. The galley slave asked, what was
the matter, and the father replied that they were
about to be turned out of doors because they could
not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the mother, "and children
without food or shelter, and I without the means
to provide for them." The convict listened to his
tale with feelings of sympathy, and then said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just es-
caped from the galley; whoever secures me, and
takes me as an escaped prisoner is entitled to a re-
ward of fifty francs. How much does your rent
amount to?"

"Fifty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my
body, I will follow you to the city, they will recog-
nize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing
me back." "No never!" exclaimed the astonished
listener, "my children should starve a dozen times
before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared
at last that he would go and give himself up, if the
father would consent to take him. After a long
struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preser-
ver by the arm, led him to the city and to the Ma-
yor's office. Everybody was surprised that a little
man like the father, had been able to capture such
a strong young fellow, but his proof was so plain
that the fifty francs were paid and the prisoner
sent back to galley.

But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the Mayor, to
whom he told the whole story. The Mayor was
so much affected that he not only added fifty francs
more to the father's purse but wrote immediately
to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young
prisoner's release. The Minister examined into the
affair, and finding that it was comparatively small
offence which had condemned the young man to
the galley, and that he had already served out
half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the
whole incident beautiful?

A Touching Story.

The following beautiful and touching story was re-
lated by Dr. Schneely, of Maryland, at a meeting
held in New York to hear the experience of twenty
reformed drunkards:

"A drunkard who had run through with his prop-
erty, returned home one night to his unfurnished
house. He entered his empty hall—anguish was
expressed on his face, and he entered his wife's
apartment, and there beheld his lovely wife and
dying child. Morose and sullen, he seated
himself without a word, he could not speak;
he could not look upon them. The mother said
to the angel by her side, 'come, my child, it is time
to go to bed,' and the little babe, as was her
habit, knelt in her mother's lap, and gazing wis-
tfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a
child of chiseled statuary, slowly repeating her
nightly orison; and when she had finished, (she
was but four years of age,) said to her mother,
'Dear ma, may I not offer up one more prayer?
'Yes, my sweet pet, pray.' And she lifted up
her tiny hand, closed her eyes, and prayed: 'O
God, spare my dear papa.'"

The prayer was wafted up with electric rapidity
to the throne of God. It was heard—it was
granted. The father, who had been drinking, was
now a sober man, and his wife and child were
restored to him. He was now a man of flesh,
and in penitence he said, 'My child, you have saved
me from the grave of a drunkard. I will sign
the pledge.'

First Issue of Newspapers.

When the reign of James the first was drawing
to a close; when Ben Jonson was poet laureate,
and the personal friends of Shakespeare were la-
menting his recent death; when Cromwell was
travelling as a brewer at Huntingdon; when Milton
was a youth of sixteen, just trying his pen in Latin verse
and Hampden a quiet country gentleman in Buck-
inghamshire; London was first solicited to patron-
ize its first newspaper. That the now no reason to
doubt that the puny ancestors of the "myriads of
broad sheets of our time" was published in the in-
terstices of 1622, and that the most prominent of
the ingenious speculators who offered the novelty
to the world was one Nathaniel Butter. His com-
pagnions to the work appear to have been Nicholas
Bourne, Thomas Archer, Richard Chiswell, and
William Sheppard, Bartholomew Durbey, and Edward
Alldie. All these different names appear in the im-
prints of the early numbers of the first newspapers.

The first issue of the first newspaper was dated
the 23d of May, 1622, and has the names of
Bourne and Archer on the title; but as we proceed
to the examination of the subject, we find that
Butter becomes the most conspicuous name, and
he seems to have been the author, and the printer,
and with varying title, and apparently with in-
different success, his name is found connected with
newspapers as late as 1640.—The Fourth Decade.

Two years ago I made a journey to New-Eng-
land, accompanied by my husband and also my fa-
ther in law, an old man of four score years. I have
often seen that good old man offer his seat to some
"fale woman of half, or less than half his age, and
even her accept it, as if it were a right, without
even a passing notice of his gray hairs, or the right
of years that entitled him to her kindness and ac-
ciliation. Once, and only once, a lady of queenly
grace and beauty sprang from her seat, as we en-
tered, and with a voice that was musical in its ve-
nerable age, "Father, take this arm chair." How my
heart sprang to meet her in her angel goodness! She
has ever been our idea of a lady—which is
synonymous with a true woman.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were travel-
ling together. The Scotchman was bald, and for
a joke he was in the night and shaved his com-
panion's head, while he was asleep.

The Irishman had given orders to his landlady
to wake him early. He did so—the poor fellow
arose, and discovering his bald head in a glass, ex-
claimed—

"By the powers! I told you to awaken me, but
instead of that, you was after calling on the Scotch-
man. I'm never to be cheated in this way. So
saying he went to bed again."

A Pious Wife. Mrs. Frances D. Gage in a letter to
the Ohio State Journal, gives her sex the following
fair hint:

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More than He Bargained For.

The Captain of a small craft, who happens
to be one of the many in this world who found it
convenient at times, for to sell all their debts, and
of the best good will to do so, and to rest at the
with his vessel, and was soon afterwards called
to appear at the Court of Common Pleas to
ver to a somewhat ancient O. O. of his,
he had neglected to take up.

But he could not pay it, and a keeper was
quickly put on board his schooner; on account
of the demand and costs. The master took little
notice of the process, however; he was so busy
present—and after telling his creditors, he
took in another cargo and sailed the 15th
as well as his plain fare.

Mrs. Jones, who also had a husband to look af-
ter, beckoned her sister, Miss Smith, to follow them.
Thompson was suspected of having a secret at-
tachment to this young lady, and she had been dy-
ing to get where he was again. Miss Smith came
tripping gracefully forward; and, noticing Mr.
Hopkins' look of consternation, hurriedly asked
"what had happened?"

"I inquired why Matilda did not bring home her
purchases from Stewart's this morning—a package
almost the size of a small book. She seems to be
surprised at it," replied Mr. Hopkins.

"But who ever heard such a thing?"

"Who, indeed?" echoed Mrs. Jones, who had
once been a milliner's girl, and many a time had
carried handbags through the doorway. Mr. Jones
remembered the time well. He was then head
clerk in a large grocery store, and