Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVEBNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOB.

# VEW SERIES.

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## THE BRAVE AT HOME.

### BT T. BUCHANAN READ.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash. With smile that well her pain dissembles, The while beneath her drooping lash One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles. Though heaven alone records the tear. And Fame shall never know her story Her heart has shed a drop as dear As ever dewed the field of glory !

The wife who girds her husband's sword, 'Mid little one's who weep or wonder, And bravely speaks the cheering word. What tho' her heart be rent assunder-Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear The bolts of war around him rattle Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er Was poured upon the plain of battle !

The shadows of the willows were lengthening in the old churchyard, and twilight was fast approaching. Silently they left the resting place of the dead. They walked some distance in silence, each occupied with their own sad thoughts. At length Herbert spoke.

" Miss Templeton, I sought you this evening to offer you my sympathy, and also to say adieu to you. On Tuesday next I sail for Europe." If Edith felt any sorrow at this announcement she did not betray it. She said, calmly.

"I was not aware, Mr. Greyson, that you in tended traveling."

" It is unexpected to me, also, at least for the present ; but we received a letter from my aunt Alice, informing us of the death of her husband. who left his affairs in an unsettled state. She writes requesting my father's presence as soon as circumstances will permit, and I shall accompany | the morrow they were to part. him. May I hope, Edith, that you will not forget me; and often, when I am far away, your " Have we not been friends ? And think you I can ever forget the playmate of my childhood, the companion of my youth? No! but often, when a wanderer on the broad face of the earth. will there come wafted to you the pure prayers of friends far over the ocean's foam."

"Bless you for this, my friend. Farewell." For a moment her hand rested in his, and he was gone. Never before had she felt the necessity of his presence to her happiness. He had ever been a kind friend to her, and now he was going might never see his face again. Grace met Edith at the gate.

" Dear sister," she said, " why did you tarry so long? Tea has been waiting full an hour ; let us hasten to the house."

Dear Grace-how fondly she repaid Edith for all her love for her, by her childish confidence -She had not yet completed her education. Mrs. Dewey, her governess, had been in the family since Edith was five years old. Edith had been sent to a distant seminary to complete her education, but Grace had never been from home for any length of time. The thought of separating from her sister was painful, and she had persuaded her father to let her remain at home.

# EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 14 1861.

crowds had collected to witness the marriage of the village favorite. Tenderly as a father did the old minister talk to Grace after the ceremony had ended. He had united her father and mother in marriage, he had christened both her and her sister in the same village church, and he had re

peated, with solemn tone, " Dust thou art, to dust return," at the grave of both her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Woodley were to seek a home in the far west, leaving Edith alone. In vain did Grace plead with her to accompany them, but Edith was firm in her decision. " Our father left his estate in my care," she

said, " and would it be right to leave it in the hands of strangers merely to gratify my own wishes? No: I must remain here, sad and lonely. Go, dear sister, and be happy,"

Long and earnestly the sisters talked, for on

The morning sun rose clear and bright, and smiled upon the green trees and fields that had so thoughts will cross the sea to the absent one ?" lately donned their summer attire. Many were wending their way to the wharf, where awaited the steamer that was to bear our loved one away. The deck was thronged, each anxious to witness the last signal from friends on land. Ah ! there | husband in the future." were sorrowing hearts on board as well as on land !

The signal bell rang forth its warning peal, the last farewell words were exchanged, the last parting kiss given, and the gallant vessel moved slowly on. Edith watched the white sails until they were lost in the distance, and then slowly far away. Seas would separate them, and she retraced her footsteps to the home made desolate and wept. by the departure of her sister.

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Time passed on. Summer had passed with its sunshine and showers ; autumn, with its rustling leaves and sweeping blasts; and winter had again been succeeded by the bright spring-time. Miss Templeton was still at her home, the same calm, loving friend. The poor never went needy from her door, and they learned to call her

It was very lovely to witness Edith's untiring devotion and attention toward her dving sister. Many, many were the weary nights that she never rested her weary head on her pillow, although Grace besought her to think more of her own health. But Edith was firm in her resolution to attend night and day her sister's bedside.

The kind old minister often came to see Grace. With childlike faith she listened to him, as he talked to her of heaven ; and, as his voice rose in prayer, she thought it would be very sweet to die were it not for leaving her loved ones.

" I shall soon be with our dear father and mother," said Grace to her sister, one evening. " I feel that I can last but a few days longer. My sands of life are nearly spent; and when the summer flowers begin to tade and die. I, too, shall leave this beautiful world, to bloom, I trust, in the garden of the Lord. Oh, how sweet a thing is faith, is it not, dear Edith ?"

Edith's tears were falling fast, and even Mr. Woodley was deeply moved.

" It cannot be, Grace, that you will die and leave us," said he; " you must live, and I will prove my leve for you by being a more dutiful

" No, Horace, that cannot be," she said, smil ing sadly; "but you will be kind to our little

daughter and-Edith, kinder than you have ever been to me. But I forgive you if you promise they will be cared for by you "

"I promise. God help me, I will become a better man," and the strong man bowed his head

CHAPTER II. - THE WANDERER. 'I've wandered in many a clime, where Flowers in beauty grew, Where all was blissful to the heart, And lovely to the view.

I've seen them in their twilight pride And in their dress of morn ; But none appeared so sweet to me As the spot where I was born.'

## (From the HOME JOURNAL.] MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

# BY AN TRRITABLE MAN.

I order a dinner.

'By the by, my dear,' I said to my wife, as 1 drew on my gloves, preparatory to going down town the other morning, 'I very nearly forgot to tell you that I have asked three or four friends to dine with me to-day.'

'You don't mean to say,' exclaimed my wife, that you have asked them to come home with you to dinner ?'

I certainly do not mean to say anything else, answered. 'Where should they dine with me, if not at my own table, I should like to know ? 'Why, I thought,' she replied, 'you had perhaps asked them to take dinner with you at the 'Maison Doree,' of which I hear you talk.'

'I dont see why,' I replied, 'you should think any such thing, The fact is, you think a great deal too much. If you would do more, and think less, my home would be pleasanter than it

'I am sure,' said my wife, 'I do much more than I am able to, and how I am going to prepare dinner for your company to-day I do not know. I wish, my dear, you would not invite gentlemen to dine with you unless you tell me of it, at least the day before. I am not always prepared to entertain company at a few hours' notice, and to-day especially, it is very inconvement.'

.Good gracious !' I exclaimed, 'I should real ly like to know when it has ever been convenient. I do not remember, during the many years of our marriage, of once inviting a friend to dine with me but you declared it to be inconvenient. Nowr if there be one word I dislike more than another, it is the word inconvenient. 'Well my dear,' she said 'I shall do the best I

can; but I regret extremely that you selected

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'I declare,' I said, 'your questions will drive me crazy. Get the dinner to suit yourself .-Have fish and soup, and all the other things you asked about; but don't trouble me with kitchen matters. Talk to the cook, if you wish to consult some one, and let me rest in peace."

Again I said good bye, and went toward the door.

"Suppose before you go,' said my amiable spouse, 'you give me some money, for I shall be obliged to use considerable in getting this dinner. Every dinner costs money, and such a one as will satisfy you cannot be prepared for nothing."

'You are certainly,' I said, 'the most importunate woman I ever met. I really have done nothing for a month past but give you money .--Well, how much do you want? Come don't keep me standing here forever, while you add up on your fingers. Can't you say at once how much yon require, and be done with it ?'

'I was trying,' she replied, 'to calculate the sum necessary ; but-

'Don't for gracious sake,' I interrupted, 'have any buts in your answer. There, take these bills' I added, placing some bank notes in her hands, use what are necessary, and with the remainder buy the summer silk for which you have been teasing me for days past.'

My wife smiled sadly as she examined the bills, and, shaking her head, said :

"There is barely sufficient here to pay for the dinner."

'It is all I have,' I said, to spare at present, and if it be not sufficient to pay for both dinner and silk dress, why. I am afraid you will have to do without the dress."

'I wish,' said my wife, 'you were not going to give this dinner, It will cost a great deal of money, and I have no doubt but that the anxiety and care I shall have to undergo in attending to it, will make me ill.'

'Oh, yes,' I cried, 'that is just the way you women always talk. If you don't have money with which to buy silks and laces whenever you fancy to have them, why you immediately declare yourselves to be ill. I have seen too much of that kind of thing since I was married to be greatly effected by it. I suppose your head aches now, doesn't it love ?' "Yes, it does," she replied, 'and how I am going to keep up through the day I don't know -It is not at all probable I shall be able to be present at the dinner, and how you will get along without me, I can't possibly imagine." 'Oh, we'll manage well enough,' I replied ; don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score. Keep cool my love, and get the dinner upon the table, and I'll see to the rest.' My wife sighed. 'I will do the best I can,' she said ; but, oh, I do wish you had not invited your friends to-day. I want the dinner to look and taste as nice as it is possible for any to be; but the time I have to prepare it in is so short, that I doubt if I can do justice to it.'

The mother who conceals her grief. While to her breast her son she presses. Then breathes a few brave words and brief, Kissing the patriot brow she blesses ; With no one but her secret God, To know the pain that weighs upon her, Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod Received on Freedom's field of honor

[FROM THE WAVERLEY MAGAZINE.] EDITH GREYSON'S SACRIFICE.

BY LIMELLA.

All the world to each other Those orphan sisters must be; They have neither parents nor brother To guide them on life's troubled sea,

Father in Heaven, help me to bear my trials meekness; and oh, grant that I may fulfil sacred duty entrusted to me with becoming nce in thy sight."

These words came monrnfully from the white os of Edith Templeton as she stood near the spot hat had but lately been opened to receive the amains of her father.

Poor Edith ! Ten years before her mother had ift her happy home, leaving a bereaved husband ad two children to mourn her loss-a loss that ould never be replaced. Calling Edith to her blide, the dying mother entrusted her youngest dild to Edith's care.

"Be a mother to her, my daughter; try and take her life happy. Poor Grace ! what will she without her mother ?" She was seized with aft of coughing, and when Edith removed her undkerchief from her eyes she gazed upon the face of the dead.

Faithfully had she fulfilled her mission thro the long years that followed. Never once had she wavered from her duty; and it trouble came to her in any form the kind hand of her father Was ever ready to guide her, his wise lips to give ler counsel. As Edith thought of this her tears lowed afresh.

"Dear, kind father." thought she, " what will do without your gentle teachings ? We have ver been so happy together, and now the cold marble rests above the breast that always beat in love for his children; and I have come hither to plant flowers on his grave. The winter snows will fall on the grass that will soon wave over im, and the cold winds will sing a departing toquiem over his new made grave. 'The Lord

now the sorrow of losing a friend so near."

sand dollars. he appeared ; and so preparations for the bridal Herbert was a true Christian. Often had he bles don't come in an hour or so, you had better sleeping quietly in her cradle bed. ere, you must remember the day my beautifu soothed the dying with hopeful words of pardon, send, or go yourself, to see about them. You went on, and she became his wife. 169., Willie, a bright little eight year old, posmother was drowned; oh, I am sure you remem-Every day Grace visited the graves of her paand often had he taught the unbeliever the 'way know well enough my dear, that if there be one On that morning the church was beautifully rents until her failing strength gave way. Daily ber it. My angel mother, can I ever forget that sesses the true spirit of piety, and never neglects to Heaven. He was over ready to administer thing I dislike doing more than another, it is she grew more frail, and Edith shuddered as she day !" And, as he spoke, he bowed his head and decorated with evergreens, and the village maiconsolation to the afflicted, and many a one had daily prayers. His extempore efforts in his line thanked their Heavenly Father for giving them going to market. Good by. Let the dinner be dens gaily strewed flowers along the path of the tho't of the future when she should be alone, but are really remarkable for zeal and appropriatewept. such a friend. ready precisely at six o'clock, and set the table "Forgive me."Herbert," said Edith, " if I have bride, for Grace was loved by all who knew her. ness. The other day, in the presence of the famfor Minnie, and one would not think, while gaz-In arranging the affairs of his sister's late husfor six persons besides ourselves." aconsciously brought to your mind the memory As the bridal party passed the old churchyard ing on her delicate countenance, she would long ily he prayed for his country as follows : hand, Judge Greyson was called into Scotland your mother. I do not forget, nor can I ever. the heart of the bride sank within her; she seem-"Oh, Lord, there never was so good a country survive her mother. Stop my dear,' my wife replied,' you have and there he met Mrs. Dewy, who has before been as ours until the civil war broke out; now it is terrible way in which she met her death .- ed to have a presentiment that she, too, scon Mr. Woodley had taken the whole management mentioned to the reader. She, with her brother not told me what you intend to have for dinner.' was stopping at a hotel in Edinburg. He was But you were young, then, merely a child; you would be laid by the side of the loved ones in of the tarm into his own hands. Edith did not very bad. The rebels are very bal; turn their 'Yes I have.' I replied ; meat and vegetables.' better and hopes of his recovery were effertained have a father left still, and kind relatives, while that quiet spot. Try as she would, she could remonstrate, for the delicate health of her sister hearts to thee, oh, Lord. They have done many 'But what kind of meat,' persisted my wife, One morning as Mrs. Dewy was ascending the 1 am all alone, but for Grace. Poor child ! how | not rid her mind of the impression, forbade all excitement; and he had, when he saw and what vegetables ? Will you have fish and bad things; they took Sumter; but, oh, God staircase with refreshments for her brother, she hard she takes our father's death. She must be As they neared the church the grand old organ that his wife could not long be spared, treated met, suddenly, face to face, with the Judge, soup ? and strawberries and jellies ? and what they can't take Pickens !' Willie is evidently lonely now, and wondering why I do not return." sent forth a gush of soul stirring melody, and her with more kindness than formerly. [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK ] . wine will you have put on the ice ?' a patriot as well as a christian.

Mrs. Dewey was a highly educated woman .-Mrs. Templeton had been her dearest friend, and losing her husband when they had been married but a few short weeks, she was received with gladness into the family of her friend, and here she had hoped to spend the remainder of her days; but she was unexpectedly called to the bedside of an only brother, now in Scotland, whom she had long supposed dead. With many tears and sad hearts the orphans bade farewell to their kind governess, and Mrs. Dewey took her departure from the place that was hallowed by fond remem-

brances of her dear friend. " I wonder," said Grace to her sister, on the evening of which I write, "if Mrs. Dewey has arrived at her destination ; if so, was her brother living ?"

"We shall hear from her soon no doubt," re plied Edith ; " but is it not hard that nearest and dearest friends must be separated forever on earth ?"

"Yes, but it is faith that draws aside the veil of futurity, and points to us a better world, where sin and sorrow and disappointment never enter," said Grace, softly.

" True, dear sister; and would that we, shortsighted, erring mortals of this world, had more of that faith which enables us to bow in meek submission to the will of our Heavenly Father." Edith then informed her sister of the intended departure of Herbert Greyson.

"Without saying good bye to me! I thought he had more regard for his early playmate."

"He sent his adieus by me," answered Edith. As she spoke she arose and rang the bell, and soon the servants were assembled for evening devotion. Side by side the sisters knelt in prayer; after reading a chapter in the Bible Edith's voice rose clear and sweet in petition to the Great Spirit who rules all things.

### CHAPTER II .- THE BRIDAL.

" Where's the heart that knows no sorrow. Or the eves that know no tear ? Bright the day, but then to morrow Often brings us doubts and fears."

It was a beautiful morning in May. The vilage church bells of Storrington sent forth a merry peal, as if for a bridal. That morning Grace Templeton was to be married to the man she loved, but one who was entirely unworthy of her.

blessed. She lived to do good. May she receive her reward in Heaven.

Herbert Greyson was still abroad. Edith had received several letters from him fille I with glowing accounts of his travels. She heard from Grace, but not often, yet she knew, by her letters, that she was unhappy. Her husband had spent her money mostly in gambling. Edith had sent them large sums from her own portion, but still

they were very poor. How her sister's heart bled as she read those sad letters. She wrote thus in one of them : "We have a little Minnie here, Sister, you

remember the story of 'Blind Minnie;' well I have given her that name, for, Edith, Minnie is blind. She opened her blue eyes in this world not to behold the glorious sunshine, which God in his goodness, has given to the children of earth. But. I trust, like the heroine of the story, that the seas.

her sight will be restored. She seems almost too frail for this world, and I pray our Heavenly Father to spare her to me, my only source of comfort except your letters."

On reading this Edith's resolve was made; she hesitated no longer at accomplishing what she had long designed-that was, writing to Mr. Woodley, offering him a share in her land if he would bring Grace home and live with her. She soon received an answer from him. Her offer was accepted, and, in a few weeks, they were to leave sang, a sad smile lit up her counteance. Her their present home and come to her.

"Grace's health is very poor," wrote he. "I fear she has the consumption."

How Edith's heart rose up in rebellion towards the destroyer of her sister's happiness. How co'd she meet him as her sister's husband, and treat him with proper civility ? Her pure heart shrank from deception ; " but what is my own happiness," said she to herself. "Did I not promise far away. my dying mother to shield my sister from all harm ? Oh! why did I not yield to my better judgment in regard to this man? But repentance now is useless; and even if I sacrifice the whole of the property my father bequeathed me in trying to make my sister happier, I shall no more

than fulfill my duty." Ah ! little did she dream of the sacrifice she was yet to make.

When the June roses bloomed again Grace Woodley returned to her childhood home, never again to leave it. The sisters met with melancholy pleasure. Was it possible that the pale features of Mrs. Woodley were those of the bright, laughing Grace Templeton, as she had been in her maiden days? Edith was not slow to perceive that consumption was fast hurrying her to

" Nothing is changed, dear Edith," said Grace, on the evening of her arrival. "How happy the servants were to meet me, although they hardly knew their old favorite; and even old Trav received me with his usual manifestations of plea-

The dearest, sweetest spot on earth."

"All is the same about our home as when you father in seclusion, before he entered College, liquors fifteen cents on every gailon of capacity, ther's illness until yesterday evening, and then merely by chance. But I find I have arrived too their union, although she trembled for the future. 'Very well,' said my wife, 'just send home and to lay a tax of five cents per gallon on all fermented and malt liquors, and of ten cents per where he graduated with great honor, been left it a bride ; but only think of the changes taught many useful lessons. Daily he was told from the market the trifle more meat and vege Once she spoke to her sister on the subject tenthat have been made in our once happy family te-your father is no more." gallon on all spirituous liqu'rs. There is also of his angel mother, whose death he had some tables which you think will suffice, and I will derly and lovingly, in her own calm manner ; but " It was very kind in you, Mr. Greyson, to within two short years. But I trust we shall be to be a tax on carriages, excluding vehicles for recollections of. He was taught to lift his attend to having them cooked." Grace assured her it would break her heart to the transportion of merchandize. The tax varies very happy together hereafter, especially now we ome to me in my great trial. Oh ! you little thoughts heavenward that when he was sumhear her talk thus. It could not be, she said, have a little pet." And, as Edith spoke, she 'Very well,' I said, ' I will try to remember to from one dollar for a carriage worth fifty dollars moned he might meet the dear one who had "You forget, Miss Templeton. Child that you that Horace Woodley was otherwise than what kissed the baby cheek of blind Minnie, who was stop at the market; but if the meat and vegeta- to forty dollars for a carriage valued at one thougone before.

Herbert Greyoon was still a wanderer on the broad face of the earth. He had visited the cities

of Italy in all their pride and loveliness. Italy, the land of the poets' song, and the artist's dream. Italy, where the greatest philosophers, orators statesmen, artists and poets the world ever saw. have lived and died. Rome, in all its classic beauty, whose heart does not beat with pleasure at the thought of visiting its gigantic works of art ? but that privilege is not for all, and many an humble person has lived and died without

consumating" their dear, cherished hope, that they might behold the land that they have so often seen in their dreams, but never in reality. "Florence on the Arno," how often beneath thy blue skies, at the twilight and the midnight hours, ascends the prayers of some wanderer to the great Father above for the loved ones far over

"Beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea." often on thy green banks the gondolier's song is heard floating in sweet melody over thy rippling waters.

I once knew a beautiful Italian girl. She grew up beneath the blue sunny skies of Venice ; lovely was she to behold ; but misfortunes came, and she, with her father, left the land of their birth to seek their fortune in America. She sang in the streets of New York, and as she heart was far away, and the words she was sing-

ing brought up pleasant but sad memories. Beneath the cold skies of her new home she

drooped and died, and her broken hearted father was left alone in the great city. He still plays his favorite instrument to the crowds that collect around him, and he hardly heeds them .-His thoughts are with his native home that is

' When the minstrel is sorrowful, sad in his lay You may smile on his song but his heart is away. Amid all the pleasant scenes which he had visited Herbert Greyson was not happy. He sighed for his own country beyond the seas, and many were the longing thoughts he sent to the dear ones far away. Yes, he often thought of the orphan, for he truly loved Edith Templeton

although he, like her, did not know it until they were separated; but now he resolved to return and make Ler his bride ; and, amidst the scenes where their young childhood played, spend the remainder of their days in happiness. But years of suffering must pass before that time would come ; but he knows it not. And so he dreams on, bright dreams of the future, and of the bliss that awaits him on his return.

the grave. giveth and the Lord taketh away ; blessed be the Herbert Greyson was a profound scholar, a prepared, ought to have my undivided attention mprovements, dwelling houses, chattles and But, alas ! she knew it not. She little dreamed great lover of nature, and much of his time, essame of the Lord forever.' " slaves. The amount of tax is distributed proporfor two days, must be gotten up in six or seven that the one on whom she had lavished her young Edith lifted her head and met the gaze of Herpecially when travelling, was spent in sketching tionately among each of the thirty-four States hours,' heart's warmest affections was a villain in every bert Greyson, the only son of 'Squire Greyson, pieces which the great Architect in his goodness and the territories, according to the assessed val-"Good gracious !" I exclaimed, "what a fu sense of the word ; but appearances are often deue of the property. The amount which falls to had created. He was also an eminent writer, the wealthiest man in Storrington. you are making about a little dinner. One ceitful, and, in the dark handsome features of the Pennsylvania's share is nearly three millions of "You here, Mr. Greyson ? This is unexpectand many of the readers of this sketch would, ed; I thought you were still in the city," said gentlemanly Horace Woodley, Grace did not perwould think that we never dined at all. Why, sure." dollars (\$2,920,078.) The several States, it is Poor Grace ! were I to mention his mom de plume, recognize all you have to do is to cook a triffe more meat, probable, will be divided into collection districts. ceive the baseness of his heart; and, although " She thought the land that gave her birth one whose writings are as familiar to them as Edith, wiping her eyes. It is proposed to tax all stills, boilers, and other than usual. It don't seem much of a task to something whispered it to Edith, yet she could hous hold words. He had, while living with his ntensils employed in the distillation of spirituous "Yes, I am here. I did not hear of your fanot pain her darling by refusing her consent to

this day.'

'Why this day more than any other.' I asked.

'Because it is washing day, and it will be almost impossible to prepare a handsome dinner, at the same time."

'Well then, let the washing go,' I said; 'who cares! I suppose it will keep till to-morrow, won't it ?'

'But the servant has already commenced it. she answered,

"Then tell her to stop, if you want her to assist you in getting dinner.' I said. 'I suppose she can let the clothes soak, can't she ?'

'I presume she will be obliged to,' my wife replied ; 'but she will be terribly cross about it, and I dare say before the dinner is ready, she will drive me distracted.'

'Well, if she don't like it, tell her she can go,' I said. 'I would'nt be ruled by servants, anyway."

'I don't see that sending her away will help me in the least,' she replied, 'as in that case I should have the dinner to prepare alone, besides a prospect of doing the washing tomorrow." 'Pshaw !' 1 exclaimed, 'you know very well that you will not have to do any such thing; but you like to say so, just to make me think you will have a terrible time getting dinner for five or six persons."

'Five or six !' exclaimed my wife ; 'I thought you said three or four.'

'Well, now I say,' I added, 'five or six; and if that isn't satisfactory I'll make hit seven or eight. I am sure I ain't particular.'

It will make very little difference to me,' my wife replied, 'whether a dozen come. I will see that everything you provide for the dinner is properly prepared, and placed on the table; but for more than that, I cannot answer.'

'Well, you are certainly a pretty wife,' I replied, 'if you expect that I am going to neglect my business down town by stopping at the market to select the materials of a dinner. I think if I give you the money to purchase whatever is necessary, you will attend to that part of the matter vourself.'

'Now, my dear,' my wife continued, 'it will be utterly impossible for me to go to market, and also attend to making pastry, and overseeing the cleaning of the silver, the sweeping of the parlors, and a hundred other little matters of which you have no idea. No, you must order from market whatever you wish, and also see that it is sent home. It is now nearly ten o'clock, and this dinner, which to be properly

It was evident to me that my wife really feared the dinner might prove a failure. So, after a moments hesitation, I said :

'My dear, is the money I just gave you sufficient to purchase your summer silk ?'

My wife brightened up immediately.

'Oh, yes she answered, 'more than enough.' 'Very well then,' I replied, 'use it for that purpose and let the dinner go."

'No !' she said, 'you and your friends would be disappointed. The dinner will be ready at six o'clock.'

"Confound the dinner," I said, "I won't give it at all. It has already caused me more trouble than it is worth. Besides you are not well enough to see to it, and I'll tell my friends that you are ill."

"But that will be scarcely true," she said ; "although I am not well, I am far from being ill." 'Never heed that,' I said ; 'my mind is made up. So you need not think any more about the dinner. I have decided to dine at the Maison Dorce' with my friends, so they will not be disappointed after all.'

'Except,' said my wife, smiling, 'ih not having me to preside at the table."

'True, my dear.' I replied, but then we will toast you in a goblet of the 'Flower of Neckar' And we did.

## The Bill for Direct Taxation.

The bill now before Congress providing for di-rect taxation to raise additional revenue for the Government, proposes to raise \$30,000,000 by a tax on all land and lots of ground, with their