ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. | $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 25. | ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1854. | NUMBER 20.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law, in Marshall's Office, Erie, Pa

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Dealers in Coal, Salt, Plaster, Stucco, Fish, Lime and Building Stone, Iron, Nails, Stoves, Castings, &c., with unusual facilities of shipping either by steamboats, Propellers or Sailing Craft. L. DOBBINS.

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Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, Foreign exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office No 9, Reed House, Public Square, Erie

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Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings

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Importers and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c No 1 Reed House Block State street, Erie.

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Attorney at Law—Office up stairs in Lammany Hall building, State street.

TIBBALS, & HAYES,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Opposite Brown's New Hotel, Erie, Pa

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Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware Queens Ware, Nails, &c., 1st door South of Diamond, Erie, Pa

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Conveyancer, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately drawn Office in Wright's Block, State street, Erie Pa

CHAUNCY HULBURT,
Late Wainwright, Hantington and Floyd.
Importer and Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, No 92 Market street, Philadelphia 6m*

J W DOUGLASS,
Counsellor at Law Office up stairs in William's Block, next to the Cemetery

TANNER & MAGILL,
Dealers in Stoves, Tin, Copper, Brass and Sheet Iron Ware Shop a few doors west the Court House, Erie, Pa

C B WRIGHT & CO,
Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncurrent Bank Notes and Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, Exchange on the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of the old country for sale Office, Williams' Block, corner State street and Public Square

WEBB & THAYER,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in every description of Stoves, Hollow Ware, Hot Air Furnaces, Fire Clay and fire Sand, manufactory on Water street, Second and Third streets on the Canal, Erie, Pa

WM A GALBRAITH,
Counsellor at Law, office on Sixth street, opposite the new Court House

M CHAPIN,
Resident Dentist—Office in the Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth streets, up stairs Prices reasonable and all work warranted

100 Kegs White Lead just received and for sale by March 11, 1854 BURTON & SINCLAIR.

ZINC PAINT and Porcelain White, a large stock in store and for sale at April 15 BURTON & SINCLAIR.

ARNICA SALVE for burns, cuts, chilblains, corns, sore eyes, Frost bites, sprains, bruises, Erysipelas, Pelons, &c., A fresh supply of this deservedly popular remedy just received by April 15,—48 BURTON & SINCLAIR.

Linen sheeting yards bleached Sheeting, very low, at June 24 BOOTH & STEWART'S

500 YARDS of 3-4 7-8 4-4 and 5-4 Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings, from 4c to 14c per yard. TIBBALS & HAYES.

BRITISH CASSIMERES, Moses Bloomer Hats, split soft straw hats, parasols, at June 24 BOOTH & STEWART'S.

The Erie Observer,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY DURLIN & SLOAN,
TO WHOM ALL LETTERS RELATING TO BUSINESS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED

OFFICE—NO. 9, BROWN'S BLOCK, ERIE, PA.
Printing Office, corner of State and 5th Sts

B F. SLOAN, EDITOR

TERMS: If paid in advance, or within 1 month $1 50; if not paid as above $2 will be charged

**Any subscriber failing to pay within the year, the paper will be discontinued and the account left with a proper officer for collection.

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Sixteen lines or less make a square.

One Square, one week,	$ 75	One square 3 months	$3 00
One " 2 "	1 00	One " 6 "	5 00
One " 3 "	1 25	One " 9 "	6 75

One square a year, changeable at pleasure, $8.

**Cards inserted in the Business Directory at $3 per annum. Six lines allowed for a Card, over six, and under eight, $5.

Two squares—3 months, $6, 6 months, $8, 9 months, $11 50, 1 year $14.

One column, or 10 squares—one year, $40, 6 months, $30, 3 months, $18.

Obituary and Marriage notices 25 cents each

Exhibitions, concerts, etc., 50 per cent in addition to the above rates.

Special and Editorial notices, 10 cents a line

Religious, Public, Fire Company and other notices, half the above rates.

Merchants and others requiring frequent changes in their advertisements will be allowed two squares, paper, and card, for $15. For additional space, the charges will be in proportion, and the advertisements must be strictly confined to the legitimate business of the advertiser. Payment for transient advertisements required in advance. Bills for yearly advertising will be presented half yearly. A deduction of 10 per cent will be made in all except temporary advertisements, when paid in advance.

PAPER HANGINGS!

JUST received by Express, a part of the largest, cheapest, and best assortment of

Wall and Window Paper,

ever brought to this market. We do not pretend to sell cheaper, but the paper was purchased from one of the largest

Manufacturing Establishments

in the country, and as a bargain, we can and will sell it up to any house who pretend to sell paper. Land much better than that. For proof, call and see DURLIN & SLOAN,
Erie April 15, 1854—4 No. 9 Brown Block

WHO SAYS SO!

EVERY body who has regard for taste and economy, all who are some enough to consult their own interest. For cheapness, beauty, quality and quantity, we defy any one to say the truth can deny, that we have much the best stock of Fine Gold and Silver Watches, of every description. Jewelry, Silver ware, Tea Sets, Cutlery and Fancy Goods, nothing of Pitch erns, that can be found, or can be retailed, in Erie. An inspection is requested.

Goods repaired and made to order, in the best manner, at short notice STOCKTON & FULLER,
May 6, 1854—22. Park Row, Erie

Watchman, What'st he Clock!

STRANGER, why trouble your friends for the time, since you can go to Stockton and Fuller, and buy a good clock, for just about nothing!

They are now receiving Thirty-five Cases, of a variety, many of them beautiful, all of the most good Park Row, Erie.
May 6, 1854. 21

1000 Seamless BAGS, holding 2 and 3/4 bushels, for sale by March 11 TIBBALS & HAYES.

News From the Steamship City of Glasgow

Great Battle fought on the Danube!!

Two Thousand Russians Killed and Wounded

BY yesterdays arrival of the United States Express, the above intelligence was brought to Erie, together with the largest, best selected and cheapest stock of Clothing and gentlemen's furnishing goods ever brought to Erie Jacob Shoen is still determined to keep up his reputation for getting up the best, the shortest tailed coats and tightest pants of any clothing establishment in the city The stock now comprises a Second Hand Hose of choice selection, Cravats, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, &c., which he is determined to pay particular attention to this department, invites the attention of all lovers of good clothing, Fogies and Young America, young gentlemen inquiring for a lounging in the matchless of vests and monitors and Vests to give you fits It would take two columns to enumerate everything in Jakes stock Suffice it to say that he can be sold everything needed in gentlemen's wear, and last, but not can be sold cheaper than at Buffalo, Cleveland or Pittsburgh. Don't forget to call at No. 7 Reed House and examine for yourselves
JACOB SHOEN
Erie, May 13, 1854—52.

North Western Insurance Company
Office No. 76 Walnut street, Philadelphia
Charter Perpetual
Authorized Capital $200,000
Assets liable for losses $ [illegible]
HENRY CADWELL, President
Fire, Marine and Inland Transportation Risks taken at low rates.

REFERENCE

Wainwright, Hornington & Floyd, No 142 Market street
M L. Hallowell & Co, No. 137 Market st
David S. Brown & Co, No. 108 South Front st
C. H. Clark & Co, Allport, No 16 S Fourth st
Wood & Oliver, No 110 Market st
Heaton & Dickets, No 23 Commerce st
Caleb Cope & Co, 183 Market st
Chas. Metzger & Co, 22 Commerce st
Hirsel & Co, Bankers, 22 S Third st
Hon Wm. D Kelly
Scott, Baker & Co, 150 Market st
Harris, Hale & Co, 160 Market st
Dent, Milligan & Co, cor Market and 6th st

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NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber is now receiving a very large stock of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of Dry Goods Groceries, Hardware, &c., &c., which were purchased at lower prices these goods were obtained for a few weeks earlier The subscriber feels confident that those who may favor him with their custom will find it to their interest to continue. He invites his former customers, and all intending to purchase articles in his line to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere
JAMES HUGHES
Erie, June 17, 1854—3.

PURE AMERICAN WINES.

THE subscribers have just received from Cincinnati, a supply of "Pure American Wines" for medicinal purposes Longworth's Sparkling Catawba, Still Catawba, Scuppernong, Sweet Catawba. These Wines are the pure juice of the grape, unfermented, free from Alcohol, the saccharine matter of the juice, preserved in its natural state by arresting fermentation
BURTON & SINCLAIR
Erie, June 10, 1854—4

CHEAPER THAN WATER.

Mt. Eagle Tripoli,

FOR cleaning and polishing all kinds of metals For cleaning Glass, it is cheaper than water. Call and get a paper at
BURTON & SINCLAIRS
June 10, 1854—4.

If You are Building

DON'T fail to call on me for your locks, latches, butts, screws Bell fixtures and everything that is necessary to furnish a house, as I call and sell give you the greatest bargains in the place
J. S. SELLERS
June 10, 1854.

Hats, Caps, Straw Goods &c.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing his old customers and the public generally, that he is now opening a stock of the above Goods, in the store recently occupied by Messrs Booth & Stewart, on State street, opposite Brown's Hotel, where he will be happy to wait on all that will give him a call
R S HUNTER
Erie, May 13, 1854—1.

New Spring and Summer Goods.

TIBBALS & HAYES, No 1 Brown's Block, are now offering the largest and cheapest stock of Staple and Fancy Goods in the city Having purchased their stock for "cash and at Auctions," greatly under the cost of importations, at least 20 per cent, lower than early Spring prices, and will sell them at prices lower than ever before offered in this city Their stock of Dress Goods consists in part of Brocade changeable, Plaid and Striped Silks, Black Mode, extra width and lustre Bereges, Muslin De Laines, Berage and Challey De Laines, plain and plaided, Jin De Laines, Berage and Challey De Laines, plain and figured, De Boge colored all wool De Laines, plain plaid and figured, French Printed Jaconets and Lawns Camboys, cotton and linen du, French, English and American Ginghams and Prints &c., &c. Erie, May 20, 1854—1

BARLEY

NOTICE TO FARMERS

THE subscriber again begs leave to return his thanks to the Farmers of Erie county for the liberal supply of Barley they have furnished him with during the last 13 years, and to assure them that he has made arrangements for heavy eastern shipments this fall, and will continue to pay cash and the very highest market price, for any quantity delivered at Erie, or at his Agencies at Albion, Girard and Fairview.
Erie, Aug. 26, 1853—13 A KING

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

Chestnut Street above Fourth, Philadelphia

C J MACLELLAN, late of Jones' Hotel, has the pleasure to inform his friends and the travelling community, that he has leased this House for a term of years, and is now prepared for the reception of guests

The local advantages of this favorite establishment are too well known to need comment

The House and furniture have been put in first rate order; the spare rooms are large and well ventilated The tables will always be furnished with the best, and the proprietor pledges himself that no effort on his part shall be wanting to make the United States equal in comforts to any Hotel in the Quaker city
July 8, 1854—19

NOTICE.

RICHARD G. HERRON has purchased the interest of Thomas S. Sinclair. The business will be hereafter conducted under the style of BURTON & HERRON, to which we will settle all accounts of the old firm
GEO. BURTON,
Erie, Aug. 26, 1854—15. R. G. HERRON.

GINGHAMS FROM AUCTION.—1 Case 1000 yards Bosech Ginghams, small checks and desirable patterns, which cost 16 cents to import, for 12½ cents per yard.
TIBBALS & HAYES.
May 20,—1.

CAMPHOR OINTMENT.—Without doubt the very best external remedy ever yet discovered for toothache, Neuralgia, Piles and all kinds of inflammation) sprains or Man or Beast to be had of CARTER & BROTHERS.
May 27, 1854.

3 CASES 1000 yards of Madder Prints, colors warranted fast or money refunded, at 8 cents per yard. Also 3 cases 1000 yards of prints, desirable patterns, at 6¼ cents per yard, at
TIBBALS & HAYES.
May 20—1

Select Poetry.

TO AUTUMN.

BY KEATS.

Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run,
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft beneath thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on the granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while the hook
Spares the next swarth and all its twined flowers,
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozing, hours by hours

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnat mourns
Among the river sallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full grown lambs bleat loud from hilly bourns;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now, with treble soft,
The red breast whistles from a garden craft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

Choice Miscellany.

From the Lady's Book.

LYDIA'S WAGES.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"My good girl," said the physician, "you must go to the country, if you want to live, and rest six weeks or two months at least. You need good wholesome country food, pure air, and *rest*. You work too hard You must not do so I *can't give you anything that will help that pain* in your side so long as you go on this way."

It was nothing new to the doctor's patient; he had said, when the warm weather first commenced, that she must go to the country, and that she needed *rest* Her aching limbs and failing eyes had told her so long before. But she still hoped it was only a cold that she had taken, and the doctor would give her something to relieve the pain in her side; and, now that the hurry of shop-work was over, she should not have to sit up so late, or rise at daylight, as she had done for three months past

She had been waiting in the basement office for some time, while the doctor ate his breakfast and smoked his cigar at leisure; for, though he still advised the poor gratuitously, and tried new discoveries in medicine and surgery upon them, they had to bide their time. He had commenced this practice in strangers, in whom he had at first no interest; in whom he had already spent his own success could be expected to take.

"I'm very busy now—very much occupied this morning" And he bustled about among the gallipots on the mantle "Sent for before I was up to a lady in Waverly Place, and have to go to the country at twelve, the country-seat of another patient So, you see, I haven't a minute to spare Take these powders every night—three times a day Stay in the country not a day later than Saturday"

So they left the office together The doctor to drive to the lady in Waverly Place, and tell her to go to Europe, and then to order his country patient to the seashore, which was all they had called him for, two obdurate husbands requiring the spur of medical advice before they would consent to either plan "Delicate health" is a very powerful operative agency with wives so circumstanced of late

He might as well have advised Lydia Gray to go abroad as to leave the city at all She had but her earnings to depend upon, the wages of a dressmaker's journeywoman; and, when she could not sew, she could not live. There was no father or brother to assist; her mother, a widow from the country, had brought up her two daughters one scarcely knew how, toiling from morning till night at a tailoress to give them this, lighter, and, as she thought, more genteel trade. Poor soul! this one point of "gentility," as she called it, had been her weakness, and the oldest daughter, Anna, inherited it, together with the blue eyes and curling hair that had been the charm of Mrs. Gray's girlhood. Now the mother was dead, all the relatives they could claim, and none were very near, lived in a far-off country village; so the two girls occupied the room as Mrs. Gray left it, except that the single bed on which she died had long ago been sold in exchange for a much worn sofa, that had seen the interior of more than one second-hand wareroom.

So far, Anna had ruled in all things. It seemed to her perfectly right that Lydia should go for the work and take it home, particularly if the day was wet or stormy It was in this way that the first cold, ending in the dull pain in her side, had been taken, so that now, though the weather was settled, it came on at times and took her breath away as she bent over her work. Then, again, there would be days marked only by excessive languor—this was one of those, when the air was oppressive—and every step and every stitch was felt so burdensome that she scarcely cared what became of her.

Anna had little patience with this mood—she called it laziness—for she herself was one of those notable workers who pride themselves on finishing off things in a hurry, and so can always command work in comparatively dull seasons. When an engagement is to be met with an impatient woman of fashion, the forewoman does not look too carefully at the quality of the sewing, so that the work is forthcoming at the appointed time. So Anna hurried her sister from morning till night: "They would lose their engagement, and then what was to become of them, with rent, and grocer's bills, and clothes to pay for? They were always bedindhand to the ladlord!" And this was no wonder, for Anna Gray spent every dollar she could command as fast as it was earned, without a thought for the future.

But for this improvidence, a type of their class, they were scarcely to be blamed. All the girls knew of pleasure or recreation was to be gayly dressed, and walk where there was a crowd to see and be noticed by, in Broadway on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, or to go to the theatre with one and then; for the Grays were belles in their acquaintances. A dangerous distinction to girls so young and unprotected as they were.

Lydia had cared much less about these things since this debility had stolen through her frame, and began, even before the doctor spoke of it, to long for the country, which she could remember as a child, and to go away from all sight or hearing of the noise and bustle of the city, to green fields and running streams, and woods thick and dark and solemn. But she had no means. Not a dollar that she could clearly appropriate in this way; and she did not know where to go, even if she could have afforded it.

She drew her green veil over her eyes as she came from the doctor's office, for the tears were forcing their way. She could scarcely keep them back while she waited for the physician, and there was a choking tightness in her throat when she tried to talk to him. The street seemed in such a glare, the sun striking back from the pavement, and every face was crowding and jostling past in the hurry of morning business. She almost felt that she could beg or steal the means to get away from the tumult to a place where she might grow strong again, and fit for the unending work that was always hanging over her. Wickedly envious feelings, and rebellion at her own lot in life, which she had never felt before, came into her mind as she saw women and girls of her own age rolling by her in carriages easier than any bed she had ever rested on. They were dressed so delicately in their bright summer robes, and sat with hands crossed idly before them. What did they know of care, or pain, or want? And by what right were they exempt from that knowledge?

There was a God who rules all things, and apportioned every lot; so her mother had taught her, and she heard it on those rare occasions in which she entered a church. Her only holiday was not often shortened by a long weary service of which she heard little, and for which she cared still less. So she could not see the justice of this wide separation, and doubted from her the only all-powerful friend who said the poor can claim

The hot June sun beat down upon the thronged thoroughfare with its fluttering, flaunting crowd, and on the cross street leading to still more stifling localities, where the ailanthus-trees, with their poor and dusty foliage, threw but little shade on the weary way It was trodden hour after hour by steps as fait and lagging as her own, or the poor woman bore her dragging on a half clad child, with matted hair and bare, bruised feet They were still more miserable than she, for the woman, in her squalor, had forgotten her youth, and the child had never seen kine or clover, and knew of all God's creations *only the dusty city trees*, and the rain that sometimes freshens them

The old town was thickly settled here before the Bowery lost its significance, and became a field of toil and uproar Good honest citizens kept their little shops, and looked after their families at the same time. Nowthe children have in turn reared the line of palaces that stretch away over the then empty fields beyond the city's limits, and their descendants would blush to see the spot where their father's father laid the foundation of their hope and its fortunes. The poor and miserable of other countries crowd into the low rooms and swarm upon the pavement, or lounge in doorways and windows, waiting for they knew not what, and gradually settling into the mass of poverty and disease, and crime that taints the atmosphere of this city of refuge.

The sight of this misery was not new to Lydia Gray She passed it always on her way to the shop for which they worked, drunken women and quarrelsome men often filling up the sidewalk It sickened her more this morning than it had ever done before. She would not stand to encounter it if she could just stop a minute.

"If you could just stop a minute," The tone startled her from her gloom, good though she did not think herself addressed until a great brown hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Don't jump as if I meant to hut you, young woman," the man said, with an apogy of manner rather than of speech, for it was a middle-aged, farmer-looking person who ha joined her. "You see, I only cum to town thismorning for my old woman, who wanted some hlp this summer, and I set out to look for an intelligence office somewhere round here; and thestreets is so crooked, and so roundabout somehow, I've kinder missed my way, that's all. I's'pose you can't tell me which way I want to go, kin ye?"

"If I knew the place you wanted to find, perhaps I could," she said, her face lighting up more than it had done all that disheartening morning, for there was such a respectable, fatherly air about the countryman that she did not draw back when he continued to walk along by her side.

"True enough, I hain't told you! have I?—Well, you see, mother there, up to White Plains, is got kinder, worked out this spring, and yesterday I see what a time she had gittin' dinner for the men folks. So, sez I, right off—hat's my way, I never stop to consider a year in what's got to be settled right off the handle—sez I, 'See here now, you ain't goin' round so longer in this kind o' style so long as I kin keep a half a dozen men to work. You've got to have a girl' So, sez she, 'Where'll I git one?' All the neighbors' girls is busy as we be.' 'Well, that's true as preachin'; but there's York,' sez I. 'There's girls enough; and, hain' goin' on or not, you're goin' to have one.' That's it—So I cum right down on the railroad this mornin', and I ain't goin' back without one, or the promise of one, any how."

"There is an intelligence office in Division Street, I believe, sir. I suppose that's the one you mean." The young seamstress could not help being interested in this straightforward explanation of the good farmer's proceedings.

"Well, if you're goin' that way, I'pose I jest walk along, cos I might get out of the way ag'in, and twice in one day would be leet'e too much for a man of my years. Everybody splits along so, down here in York, that I get kinder bewildered. My! the way they do drive business down on them wharves now, it makes us country people stare, an' no mistake. I s'pose you don't know any gal t'wants a place, do ye?"

"No," answered Lydia; and then a sudden thought crossed her mind. Why could not she go? It was true the doctor said she must have rest, but she knew very well he meant rest from her sewing, and from the incessant hurry and care of the work, that was wearing on every nerve. But then she knew so little of housework, and she was not strong. That was only too true. She hesitated a moment.

"Mother there is one o' the particularest bodies you ever did see, and, never mind who was in the house, she'd do half the work herself.—She kin hardly set still Sundays. I tell her sometimes she's more nice'n wise."

The voluntary escort had stuck a hand in each pocket, and was proceeding along the pavement very much to his own satisfaction, coming to a dead halt now and then, when anything attracted his notice particularly. Just at this moment he had taken his stand before a gay milliner's window, where showy finery flaunted with the most invitingly cheap prices placarded on each article in large black letters.

"Jest look a here now," he proceeded, at all them bonnets, enough to set our womenfolks crasy. Du tell if it's true that they works the girls that makes 'em up into consumptions, hav-in' to set so stiddy? The paper's got somethin' to say about it every now and then. I tell mother, I say what fools they must be to stay and be worked so hard, when there's plenty of good places in the country, and help can't be got for love nor money. You look kind o' peaked now. What do you follez?"

"I make dresses, not bonnets," she answered, frankly; "and we do have to work very hard in the busy season. How far in White Plains, sir?"

"Not more'n a hundred miles. You know William's Bridge? Not know William's Bridge? Well, it's out on the Harlem a piece. Some folks comes in to York every day—some o' the village folks, I mean. My farm is 5 or 6 miles from the depot; an' twice a year's as much as I want to be bothered with sich goin's on as this. Talk about your barn-yards! Why, the wust one that ever was kept ain't so bad as that street we jest cum through; an' I'd rather have good respectable critters around me than them sort o' cattle. That's why mother hates to have a girl round the house so. These immigrants puts her out so; they're so dumb."

"I wonder—If I would suit her," Lydia said, hesitating, yet desperately; for she felt that she should die pent up any longer as she had been for the last three years; and yet there was the conventional pride of her class—indeed, of every American girl in a city—to be overcome, and she knew what a storm of opposition Anna would raise. Besides, was it right to leave her sister alone? There had been a hard struggle going on in her mind the last five minutes.

"You! 'Tain't possible you'd go now?" And the old farmer stopped short in the extremity of his astonishment, looking at her from head to foot. 'You ain't jokin', are you now? Come, I hain't got no time to waste; but, if you want to cum, sartin sure, I'll engage you on the spot.—I sorter liked your looks the first minute I see you. Then, you know, we don't give our gals but a dollar a week. That, fair and square beforehand."

She knew the wages would be low. This was even less than she expected. However, that did not matter, anything to get to the country; and no one would know her, it was no matter how she dressed. So the bargain was literally made on the spot, and she had parted from her new acquaintance, promising to be at the White Plains depot the next day at twelve, before she had time to draw back.

There was more of dogged resolution, growing out of an indifference to everything, than quiet determination in what she had just done; and it was this that she relied on to carry her through with Anna's opposition.

She had come now to a better class of tenements, higher and less stifling apparently, but still without shade or air, save that which came faintly up from the wharves, gathering noise and heat, and the foul stench of rotting garbage on its way. Every door stood open, displaying bare halls, carpetless, unpainted stairs, with dirty children sliding down the dilapidated banisters. Slovenly, tattered-looking women came out now and then, splashing pails of slops into the already overflowing gutter, and standing to stare with a look of vacant curiosity at the passers by In these houses, every room had its family, its struggles with life, desires, plans, failures and despair

She thought of the miles of these houses, that stretched away through the very heart of the city; of the labor and weariness, the pain and want, the ebb and flow of hope; of young children born to this sole inheritence; of the worn out hearts and bodies lying down here to die; and the wasting sickness, worse than death to those who watch with no means of relief She had lived among them so long, that she almost wondered that she had ever thought of anything else than heartcease and star of Bethlehem; the wood walks, and wading in the brook, and gathering flag flowers and blackberries, fresh and sweet in the fields. It was this recollection perhaps that kept her life apart from theirs, and from sinking altogether in the slough of despond that held them fast

"Good gracious, Lydia, where have you been the whole morning?" was the salutation she received from her sister, as she mounted the stairs with difficulty, and opened the door of their room. "Miss Hart has sent here twice about that basque, and Biddy says she gave you the trimming at breakfast-time this morning"

"Walking down Grand Street, I guess, past Root's store," said a coarse, bold-looking girl, who was lolling on the sofa.

Lydia's eyes flashed, tired as she was with her exhausting walk; but she only answered her sister by throwing a piece of gimp into her lap.

"It can't be that; it doesn't match at all," Anna said fretfully. "I don't see what's got into you lately, you drag around so. For goodness sake, stitch up the back of this waist. You leave everything for me."

"People in love can be allowed to be a little absent-minded," the girl on the sofa said.

"Well, I guess I won't stay any longer now, Anna. I'll be 'round to-night with my trunk. Mind you, don't let on to Jim Stricker what I told you about him and Sarah Brady He'd be as mad as hops."

"What does she mean about her trunk?" said Lydia, quickly, scarcely waiting until the door slammed to after the careless exit of their acquaintance. "She isn't coming here to stay?"

"Yes, she is; and you needn't try to make any fuss, for it won't do a bit of good. Amanda Barker's as good as you are any day; and, if I choose to let her come, I shall."

Lydia kept down the angry retort that was rising to her lips. It could make no difference to her if she was going away. She would feel easier about leaving some one with Anna, too; but she could not help wishing it was any one else. She stitched away at the side-seam in silence, not knowing how to come at her disclosure, and dreading Anna's opposition to her plan. Nor was she mistaken in the reception it met with. The elder sister had little of the natural refinement that Lydia had inherited from her father, though all their mother's mistaken fancies of gentility, and this was especially shocked by the idea of *her* sister going out to do *housework*.

That was the great point to which she came back in all her vituperations. That she was going away at all—Anna knew perfectly well she should never be able to get the same amount of work out of any one else—that she should move in the matter without her advice and consent, were bad enough; but *housework!* that was the crowning point of her offence, the shame that would be indellible. She could not have been able to explain what was the degradation involved in it; and, as to the wages, when their room-rent and little grocery bill were paid at the end of the week, there was very little even with what they now earned over the dollar Lydia would receive when divided between them. She imagined herself sick; it was all fancy from beginning to end, and laziness.

If they had not been brought up so entirely dependent on each other for society and interest, Lydia would have felt that night that they were going to be separated forever. It was hard, sick as she was—for the heat of the sun on her long walk, added to the fine stitches she had set in the black silk waist, had brought on a weary headache—to go about picking up her clothes and packing her trunk in this cold silence. She was thankful their new inmate did not come, as was expected, that evening, her coarse taunts and innuendoes would have been too much. As it was, she moved about, by the light of their one candle, long after Anna was sound asleep, so weak, and hopeless, and miserable, that she felt it would be a relief to stretch herself on the bed beside her sister and never rise again. She was tempted to give up her project, it seemed so wild and unnatural even to herself, now that she came to look back upon it.

A short and uneasy sleep was the price of her fatiguing day. That was nothing new to her; it was one of the most distressing symptoms of her illness that she rested so little at night.—There was always the weight of an unfinished piece of work, or an engagement to be kept up to, or a debt falling due, to rob sleep of its unconsciousness. So her dreams were wild repetitions of the events of the past day, or broken glimpses of trouble yet to come. No wonder that her strength had given way.

"Won't you part friends, Anna?" she said, after she had washed the last dish used in their unsocial morning meal. "I can't bear to leave you, any how; but I know, just as the doctor says, it's killing me to stay here."

Anna looked up sulkily enough, and her conscience smote her for an instant when she saw that wan, haggard face, so young, and yet so careworn.

"You'll come back in a week sick enough," she said, "and thankful to go to work again.—Why ain't I sick, I'd like to know? I sew as much as you do. Well, if people will be obstinate, they must take what comes; but you'll repent it as long as you live; you see if you don't. I never expected to live to see the day that a sister of mine would demean herself by going out to do housework."

"What else can I do? Only tell me, Anna."

But Anna, completely outraged again, had returned to her sewing and her sulks.

Lydia tied on her bonnet with a trembling hand and heavy heart, to follow the porter who had come for her trunk. Her little silk purse she held so tightly contained enough to pay her fare, and one shilling over. It was all she had in the world. Her trunk contained all that she had saved of her earnings, in the showy finery so facinating to girls of her class. They too have an inexorable public opinion to catch for, quite as exacting as that which rules and ruins higher circles. It is this tyrant that shuts up so many in the prison of a work-room, with cramped limbs and sluggish pulse, and sends them back at night to localities more crowded, and rooms more badly ventilated still; to cheap, unhealthy food and feverish sleep, when they might go singing about in healthy exercise, partaking of the abundance of a rich man's table, or the coarse plenty of a farm-house, but for the strange sentence that has condemned the honest respectability of domestic service.

It seemed like a dream in which she was acting, when she found the cars moving from the dark depot, and bearing her for the last time, in months at least, through the thick crowd of the city. The train crawled on its way through the busy streets, the straggling suburbs, the smoky tunnel, and then the fresh air came to her face with their more rapid motion, and she saw the fields and the fences, the woods and dripping water, fallen trees and moss-stained rocks, that she remembered so long ago. Half painful, half pleasurable thoughts sent the moisture to her eyes, for she had parted from the only being she could claim as kindred in anger, and she was going among utter strangers, and it might be to hardship and disappointment.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEE