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Daniel Ripley Wing

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A STORY OF A GARTER.

Just at four o'clock one dazzling afternoon last February, two young persons, opposite genders, took sudden possession of a neat sleigh, muffled themselves together in a manner intended to secure as far as possible the double advantage of comforting protection and engaging appearance, and, after judicious settlement of skirts and robes on the one hand, and hat and furs on the other, darted briskly off, along the smooth and shining roads of Winston. Clear and still, and not at all chilling, was the atmosphere. The sun shed all its splendor from a cloudless sky, and the spotless earth radiantly reflected its glittering beams. The two sleighers with whom we have to do a greed without debate that no other day so favorable for their excursion could have been selected, and in turn went into spasms of rhetorical excitement over the glories of Winter—in its present cheering aspect.

Not having accustomed themselves to the assiduous study of Nature, they failed to exactly interpret certain omens which might otherwise have interfered with their innocent enthusiasm. Of course neither had noticed, the night before, the broad circle of luminous haze that surrounded the moon, giving warning of approaching disorder above. Of course neither considered, as they dashed along heeding only their own pleasant fancies, the light clouds which, rapidly rising, soon overspread the southern heaven, and gradually threatened to obscure the declining sun. What need had they to anticipate the possible interruption of their sport? None, certainly. Their aim was pleasure.

Lucy Brandon, nineteen, daintily beautiful, had conquest by unconquerable feminine instinct, filled the hearts of the youth of Winston, and above all, those hearts gathered within the institution for the wholesale manufacture of clergymen for which Winston is celebrated, with due frequency.

The secular youth swore she was an angel. The students, whose destiny was theological, did not swear, but, after investigating the subject, and finding that angels were sometimes imperfect and fallible, proclaimed her divine, and in their minds remembered her.

In this way they satisfied all the conditions of their college life. Inside the walls they were divinity students; outside, they were students of divinity.

In confidence it may be revealed that Miss Lucy's highest attributes were in fact of a mortal order. She was not a bit of an angel; but her was what was much better for the purposes of this world—a charming girl, with beauty enough to wind golden chains around susceptible young hearts, and wit enough to fasten them with glittering clasps, whenever she chose. At the same time, she was as amiable as could fairly be expected of a spirited young woman who ruled a subservient seminary with a rod more rigid than any of her professors could wield; she was, with all her frolicsome coquetry, as discreet as a dowager, and she was not destitute of good sense, and powerful proof of which was that she never wrote her name Lucy. Nevertheless, it is a melancholy truth that many of the maidens of Winston persistently refused to recognize those infuriating qualities which by the ruder creatures were unanimously accorded her.

After a considerable period of supreme sway, Miss Brandon at length sighed, Alexanderwise, for something new to conquer. She fell in with Mr. Henry (so christened, but popularly denominated Harry) Langford, a fine young fellow with no theological aspirations, who had come up to Winston to look after some long neglected relations. Clever, and well-dressed, and with a heavenly curl to his hair, he interested Miss Brandon, who forthwith smiled upon him, and baited her flirtation-hooks with most delicate lacerations. With a blush of surprise, she observed that her intended victim succeeded in reaping the full benefit of the bait, and yet refused to be caught. Upon this, she became shy, and he commenced a promiscuous assault upon the affections of every available young woman he encountered. As soon as it was evident that they understood each other, they began to laugh. Consultation followed. From laughing at one another they turned to laughing at Miss Brandon's troop of suppliant admirers. I am sorry to say that the young lady betrayed confidence. She told him how one especially devoted adorer was continually quoting Scriptural puffs to her; and how another, of ontological turn of mind, would insist on comparing her to new and exquisite specimens of bugs. Then he told her, quite maliciously, how precarious her rule was, and cruelly likened her position to that of a keeper in a lunatic asylum, whose strength lies in his confidence that his subordinates, having lost their wits, possess no power of combination among themselves to defeat his plans. Occasionally Miss Brandon was a little tart; sometimes Mr. Langford was a little rude; but they usually kept within amicable bounds, and were understood to be excellent friends—nothing more.

Not one of Miss Lucy's devotees ever thought it worth while to look upon Harry Langford with eyes of green indignation. He was in no degree rapacious about her; she often snubbed him. An infinitesimal quarrel between them had once been detected. Besides, he was not a resident, only a visitor, whose opportunities were thus limited.

Moreover it is a fact that no two persons were more profoundly convinced of their absolute indifference to one another than Miss B. and Mr. L. themselves. They had given much private thought to the subject (there was the danger!) and had satisfied themselves that they were, as everybody understood, excellent friends—nothing more! Nevertheless it happened that Mr. Langford was suddenly overcome by a sense of shame at his want of family feeling in so long neglecting to repair old errors by frequent visits, and established an extensive acquaintance in the neighborhood. He grew fond of social gayeties. He cultivated all Winston. At every important gathering he was made welcome.

At last the winter came, and everybody knows how delightful the winter is in a New England country town, where the thermometer never by any excess of exultation gets more than an occasional degree or so above the 0; where frozen noses are to be met at every corner, and are deemed neither uncommon nor unornamental, while frozen toes are accepted almost in the light of a luxury; where ice-cream is indissolubly associated with breakfast, and where for many months life is but a perpetual shiver. Mr. Langford, anxious to experience all these joys, came up to Winston in the middle of February to remain two days, bringing with him baggage sufficient for three weeks, to which term, after much interchange of entreaty and expostulation, he was induced to extend his visit.

The first time he met Miss Brandon, he tempted her with the suggestion of a sleigh-ride. Said he, "A sleighride in winter is seldom amiss," and was thereupon sharply criticized for admitting the possibility of such a thing at any other season. However, Miss B. consented. She would ride with him the next afternoon.

In the morning Mr. Henry Langford gravely inspected the family stable, but found nothing therein equal to his own idea of the magnitude of the occasion. At the public stable he was more successful. At first he contemplated the luxurious magnificence of a span, but an irresistible impulse subsequently induced him to settle upon a single courser. (One horse may be driven with one hand!) It is difficult to imagine what impelled him to seek with such pertinacity as he did for the narrowest sleigh in the collection.

At four o'clock P. M. the light-hearted young pair dashed away, as full of good natured glee as the sleigh was full of them, and they fitted very compactly. Miss Brandon, knowing the country more intimately than her companion, undertook to point their way, a manner of proceeding quite agreeable, in view of the male creature's ignorance of localities. They glided on, turning hither and thither, until ere long they left the clustering cottages of Winston quite a distance behind. For a while both chattered and laughed with a vigor that put them in a precious glow; but by-and-by Mr. Henry stopped short, in an unaccountable manner, and left Miss Lucy to do the declamation, contenting himself with watching the sparkle of her eye, or the pretty curve of her lip, as she threw out incessant little smart sprinkles of feminine wit. Presently he observed with wonder a faint suspicion of a flutter trembling through him and attributed it to their rapid motion, recollecting similar sensations in earlier youth, caused by swinging.

He must have expressed something odd in his countenance, for, of a sudden, Miss Lucy cut short her fun, and subsided into dim oblivious tranquillity. Just one minute after, it flashed upon Mr. Henry Langford, that he had for the past six months been steadily and uninterruptedly occupied in making a muf of himself; that the notion of 'excellent friendship,' so far as he and Lucy Brandon were concerned was utterly absurd and degrading to think upon; that the truth was he loved her dearly, and that he ought to have known it long ago, and should, if he had ever before been alone with her, as he now found himself. Having settled all this to his own satisfaction, he took courage and a bold step:

"Miss Lucy (rather shakily) 'are you comfortable?'

"Oh, perfectly."

"Not cold?"

"No, indeed."

Now what he wanted was, that she should say she was cold, and he considered himself a little ill-used because she did not. But he would not be bereft of this idea; so gathering the reins in one hand, he cautiously dismounted the other, and sweeping his arm around the back of the sleigh, caused that vagrant bandage to encircle the big bundle of buffalo blankets which confined the gentle form beside him. Not a word of remonstrance, but a silence dangerously ominous, if he had known it. Incoherently mumbling a repetition of the inquiry concerning comfort, etc., he permitted the arm to venture upon a faint suggestion of a squeeze. This time the little face, now sadly flushed, came round square upon him, and disconcerted him horribly. But with desperate impudence he remarked quite carelessly, and looking earnestly at a point in the road at the distance of half-a-mile ahead—"Please shut your eyes a minute."

Down went the lids.

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The calm was over. First a torrent of reproaches, very limited as to duration, but of crushing weight; then an intrusive little tear, which had better have stayed away; then a dead silence. Mr. Henry Langford was sorely afflicted. 'If she did not want me to kiss her,' thought he, 'then why did she shut her eyes?' As he could make nothing of it, he endeavored to effect a quiet pacification, but all encouraging response was withheld. Hardly a word was vouchsafed him, and the few he got were by no means of a character to fill him with rapture. In the midst of his anxious argument, there came a cry from the side of the road.

Harry pulled up, and saw a melancholy looking woman, not well clad, not strongly framed, standing, with a child in her arms, by the sleigh. She asked how far it was to Linville.

"How far to Linville, Miss Brandon?" inquired Harry in blissful ignorance.

"Four miles"—(rather pettishly.)

The woman of melancholy mien further desired to know the direction. Was it straight on?

"Is it straight on, Miss Brandon?"

"Yes"—(stiff and short.)

The lugubrious woman murmured a thank and the sleigh moved off. In about a minute Mr. Langford clutched the reins savagely, and uttered an exclamation which would have satisfied any listener of his innocence of theological tendencies.

Miss Lucy emitted a high D, head register, at once.

"I think I am a brute," quietly remarked Mr. Henry Langford.

Miss Brandon now assumed an air of resignation, as if expecting an apologetic explanation of the recent rudeness. She was disappointed, and when the sleigh began to turn about, became perplexed.

"The woman is going to Linville, wherever that is," continued Harry. "Of course she is. She mustn't walk four miles through the snow this weather. And loaded down with a big baby, too!"

Miss Brandon gave out symptoms of uneasiness. "You are not going all the way to Linville," said she.

"Certainly I am, Miss Brandon"—and he drew up beside the pedestrian of dolorous aspect.

"I do not see that there is room," said Miss Brandon ungraciously, and the poor woman shrunk back at the words.

Harry's eyes flashed in a very uncivil manner. I am afraid, as he said roughly, "We will make room, springing out at the moment, and hurriedly lifting the lachrymose traveller and her child into his place. Then without a word, he quattered himself upon a section of the sleigh's floor, and drove ahead.

In a little while Miss Brandon said, softly, "I think there is room up here, Mr. Langford."

"I am very well, down here," he answered, and then, in a low voice, leaning over towards her—"I could not have thought, Miss Brandon, that you would transfer any part of the resentment you felt towards me to this unfeeling and unfortunate person."

Lucy began to cry, but this new phenomenon escaped his notice. The woman of woe

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VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1859.

NO. 2.

ful countenance, who heard, nothing, but saw everything, sat on thorns.

'Now here was a most unhappy misunderstanding, for Lucy really deserved better of this good-natured, but too hasty young knight-errant. The fact was, that just at the moment when the pedestrian episode began to interfere, she had discovered that she was not irreconcilably offended, after all, and was longing for an opportunity to give a fraction of a hint to that effect. Having, after much wavering, heroically resolved to do this unfeeling thing, she was naturally disturbed by the interruption. So the cause of her pique was not at all unflattering to her cavalier.

Presently she bent forward, and said timidly, but with inexpressible sweetness:

'Won't you forgive me, Mr. Langford?'

Harry looked quickly up, and saw one tear glistening on the end of her nose, and another threatening to freeze upon her cheek. He pushed back something that came uninvited into his throat and sang out lustily:—"Come now, it is cold here, and I must have a share of the buffaloes!"—and he clambered in, without much disturbing the solemn-visaged passenger.

Lucy got up a small laugh.

Before they reached Linville it was six o'clock, and growing dark. A few snow-flakes, scarcely noticed, rested upon the horse's back. Five minutes more, and they had deposited their passenger at her destination. She flung out a profusion of thanks, flavored by a tear. The reconciled twin started homeward, each a little doubtful as to the exact condition of the other's temper. Preliminarily, they conversed upon very remote topics—agreed that as Linville was eight miles from Winston, they had now about eight miles to overcome; and that as it was already late, it would probably be later before they reached home.

The increasing snow furnished a new subject, and this very soon acquired a positive interest, as it steadily gained strength. In a little while gusts of wind came surging along, keen and icy, and impudently whirling the light snow into the faces of the homeward-bound. With any other companion, Mr. Harry Langford would have said disagreeable things. Miss Brandon acknowledged to herself that if she were now under the guidance of any of her professed devotees, there might be words as bitter as the wind.

When they were four miles from Winston, they came to a sudden turn in the road. The new snow had drifted here, and the way was difficult to pass. At a touch of the whip, the horse plunged forward—and a trace snapped!

This was serious. Langford sprang out, and discovered that the difficulty might be temporarily arranged by splicing. For this he needed time. Together they searched the sleigh, but found no consolation there. Ten cheerless minutes passed. Harry tried a dozen expedients, all unsuccessful. What should be done? There were no houses near. It was becoming very dark.

At last he proposed, not without hesitation, to draw the sleigh to the side of the road, to wrap his fair charge in impenetrable folds, and to start off on foot in search of time.

At this point all trouble vanished in an instant. In a faint voice Miss Lucy unexpectedly chirped forth from her pile of buffalo robes—"Will this do?" and instantly hid herself from human view.

She had let fall something upon the snow that lay like a half-coiled blue snake. In answer to her frightened question she was informed that it did. Harry, laughing himself to pieces internally, but superficially solemn and calm, repaired damages, resumed his place and drove cautiously onward. After a while he said—"Think, now, Miss Lucy, of a woman walking to Linville in this tempest."

Lucy looked appealingly into his face, and gave signals of great distress.

"You are cold, he said; and as she was silent, he took it for granted that she was!"

As they passed through the long avenue to Mr. Brandon's house, an electrical experiment took place, without the same explosive result as before.

The next evening there was a sewing-circle in a popular needle and thread assemblage, in which flannels and reputations are pitilessly punctured; at which under garments for infants and scandal-cloaks for adults are manufactured, and all made to fit. The duties of the occasion having been worried through early in the evening, the masculine element was suffered to mingle socially, and the sport began. Mr. Harry Langford was admitted with the rest of the hitherto excluded. He looked mischievously at the centre of attraction. The centre of attraction smiled at him, and folded its front upper teeth over its lower lip.

Did you ever notice what a depth and variety of meaning is conveyed by that very curious contortion of the female face? It signifies amazement, amusement, grief, anger, reflection,—almost anything, according to the will of the exhibitor.

This time it meant remonstrance and exhortation. A divinity student was talking very loudly about the Atlantic cable, and descending upon the ingenuity of man.

Mr. Langford asserted that the ingenuity of man bore no comparison to the ingenuity of woman; and proposed to substantiate his position by a slight narration and a simple apparatus he had in his pocket.

From the centre of attraction there came again a high D head register, this time staccato. Miss Brandon broke recklessly from her circle, spilling all sorts of work-box treasures as she ran. Spools, needles, pins, bodkins, scissors, hooks were scattered around in inextinguishable confusion.

Harry, give it to me, she pleaded very softly—"please do, dear Harry."

The 'dear' was of at least ten seconds' duration. Long before the prominent vowel was exhausted, Harry Langford was a lost man. "There it is," he said, "and what shall I have in return?" (All this very softly.)

"Everything"—(more softly still, but with a smile that was better than a dozen orations.)

In the course of a week, the youth of Winston heard something that took away its appetite. It considered that its confidence had been abused. It regarded Mr. Harry Langford as an intruder who had exceeded the privileges extended by hospitality.

A little while after all this, in the course of a retrospective conversation, Miss Brandon made the following mysterious remark, with all the extravagant emphasis peculiar to young ladies:

'Nothing of the sort, Harry. It was hor-

bly old-fashioned, and it was the merest accident in the world!'

It seems there are ever so many morals in this story, notwithstanding it is short, and so true—for it is true, every word, excepting only the names of persons and places. There is a moral of youthful society, a moral of human life, a moral of feminine apparel, and some more, all of which it is very pleasant to reflect upon, since none of them were intended. But I shall not take the trouble to point them out.

HOW TO BEAR LITTLE TROUBLES.—There is a kind of narrowness into which, in our every-day experiences, we are apt to fall, and against which we should most carefully guard. When a man who is in perfect health has a wound inflicted upon him—a wound in his foot, a cut on his finger, a pain in his hand—he is almost always sure to feel, even though it be only a small member that suffers, and the suffering itself be unworthy of the name, that the perfect soundness of all the rest of his body counts as nothing; and a little annoyance is magnified into a universal pain. Only a single point may be hurt, and yet he feels himself clothed with uneasiness, or with a garment of torture. So, God may send ten thousand mercies upon us, but if there happen to be only one discomfort among them, one little worry, or fret, or bicker, all the mercies and all the comforts are forgotten, and count as nothing! One little trouble is enough to set them all aside! There may be an innumerable train of mercies which, if they were stopped one by one, and questioned, would seem like angels bearing God's gifts in their hands. But we forget them all, in the remembrance of the most trivial inconvenience! A man may go about all the day long—discontented, fretting, out of humor—who, at evening, on asking himself the question, 'What has ailed me to-day?' may be filled with shame because unable to tell! The annoyance is so small and slight that he cannot recognize it; yet, its power over him is almost incredible. He is equally ashamed with the cause and the result.

We may fall into such a state merely through indifference, and remain there simply because we have fallen into it, and make no effort to get out. When a man starts wrong early in the morning, unless he is careful to set himself right before he has gone far, he will hardly be able to straighten out his crookedness until noon or afternoon—if he can then; for a man is like a large ship; he cannot turn round in a small space, and must make his sweep in a large curve. If we wake up with a heavenly mind, we are apt to carry it with us through the day; but if we wake up with a fretful, peevish, discontented disposition, we are apt to carry that all the day, and all the next day, too! I have comforted myself, and risen out of this state of mind, by saying to myself, 'Well, you are in trouble; something has come upon you which is painful; but will you let it clasp its arms around you, and shut you in its embrace from the sight and touch of all the many other things that are accounted joys? Will you suffer yourself to be harassed and driven by it?' It is well to remember that there is a way of overcoming present troubles by a recognition of present or promised mercies. The apostle Paul knew this, and so exhorted us to 'look unto Jesus, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame.' All that Christ had to bear he bore patiently—he carried his sorrow about with him as a very little thing. Why? Because of the joy that was set before him! Oh! let us apply the exhortation faithfully to ourselves; and when we are worried, and tempted to give way to vexation, let us seek a sweet relief in the thought of the blessedness that is set before us to be an inheritance forever!—[Henry Ward Beecher.]

PERSUADING.—Lawyers are constantly in the enjoyment of fun. A trial is hardly ever got through without eliciting some stroke of wit—some grotesque or humorous idea, or absurd use of language that will keep the bar in pleasant humor till the next case comes along. Oftener than any other class, witnesses—either very sharp or willfully stupid—furnish the sport. A high legal functionary in this State tells about a cross-examination which he conducted once, which run somewhat after this fashion:

Lawyer—You said Smith and Simmons were engaged just outside of the grocery-door, toward the heel of the fight; now tell the Court and jury what you were doing at that particular juncture yourself.

Witness—Me? I was persuading Johnson that he was doing of a wrong thing, but he wouldn't listen to me.

Lawyer—What was it he was doing?

Witness—Well he hit me by the coat-collar.

Lawyer—Anything else? Come, let's have it all out.

Witness—Oh, yes. He hit me by the collar with one hand, and was passing 'necromancy on my head with a great big stick in 't'other.

DO EXTRA STIMULI WARM US.—Suppose we swallow rum, or smoke tobacco, or chew opium. The rum or opium, if not the tobacco, will increase the action of the heart and arteries, and for a time increase the heat. But as soon as the force of the stimulus is gone, we are not only no warmer than before, but rather colder. So it is with mustard, pepper and spices; and so, in truth, with tea and coffee, and all other medicaments, solid and liquid. They doubtless make us a little warmer for the time; and hence, at first, they certainly increase the activity of the circulation; but it does not last long. The final or remote influence of all these is unfavorable.

It is so with mental excitants no less than physical ones. Cheerfulness, and all the elevating passions and affections, warm us internally, and thus favor the healthful circulation of the blood and all the other fluids. But excess of these, especially of joy, love, &c., have the contrary tendency. They warm us, and cause the heart to beat high for a short time; but the final result is to reduce the heat of the system and enfeeble, in a corresponding degree, the circulation. [Alcott's Laws of Health.]

PRINCIPLES NOT PRODUCTS ENTITLED TO AWARDS.—The American Agriculturist calls for a reform in the management of agricultural societies, and says their exhibitions should be made a means of contributing to the science of the art of husbandry, by having the reports and addresses carefully prepared by eminent practical farmers; and advocates offering premiums to each class to those who can combine the most science and utility with the greatest economy in production.

THE WOOD THRUSHES.

BY REV. H. C. LEONARD.

It was the first of May.

A sweet, cool, calm, bright day,

Like that of Herbert's lay:—

A holy first of May.

The Sabbath bells had rung;

The village choir had sung;

Pastors, of glowing tongue,

Had preached to old and young.

The hours had nearly run;

Low sank the kindly sun;

And wafted, no ill to shun,

Insects where shone the sun.

Then wandered I abroad,

From temple of the Lord,

From prayer and preached word,

From songs of sweet accord.

Define the influence

That led me surely hence,

Over stream and wall, and fence,

Where birds their gifts dispense.

I saw the warm earth teem;

The forest's shade and gleam;

Pillars of moss and seam;

Arches of light and beam.

I heard from roof and niche

The thrushes' matchless stitch,

Poured forth on nature's pitch,

In flute-notes soft and rich.

I bent upon my cane,

Where winds the wood's green lane,

A captive to the strain

The thrushes sang so plain.

And said with bliss profound:

True worship hath no bound—

'Tis in your temples found,

And on this hallowed ground.

Waterville, Me., May 2, 1859.

[From the Maine Farmer.]

THE WOMEN.—If any of the masculine gen-

der has the courage to offer anything in reply

to the following, let him say on. Our discre-

tion enjoins silence.

MR. EDITOR:—It is said that there is a point, beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and the old proverb that 'It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back,' fits my case exactly. I'm rather slow to anger generally, but you men have kept up such a barking of late about what women do, and ought to do, and don't do; how they dress, and ought to dress, and don't dress, that I'm getting rather stirred up, and have just made up my mind to say a few words, which you may publish if you please, if not—why it's not my fault.

There's a great cry because farmers' daughters don't spin and weave as they used to: it is said they spin nothing but street yarn, &c., &c. But if the fathers and brothers get too proud to dress in good homespun—hate the noise of the wheel, and send the wool from the backs of the sheep to the factory, what are the girls to spin?

Men grumble at puny faces and meagre forms are coarse and vulgar, and health is entirely out of fashion, we cannot very much wonder that the few that have such ill appreciated charms should be ashamed of them, and beyond that, if fathers and mothers have eaten and drank intemperately, and by improper living, improper dressing, neglect of bathing, and all the laws of health, having corrupted their own blood and transmitted its corruptions to their children, who's to blame?

If they have suffered the girls to lie in bed till eight o'clock in the morning, and neglected to give them habits of industry and obedience; if they have left them to act, without giving them any rules of action, and they are idle, disobedient and disorderly, who is to blame?

If gentlemen esteem outward beauty more than inward purity, and slatternly extravagance more than industrious neatness, and get what they prefer, whom can they blame?

Our present philosophers say that young men now dare not marry, because no woman is satisfied with an establishment at the beginning, less expensive than her mother had at the end of her life. Now this sounds like a miserable subterfuge. Look at any place where you will, and see if the most showy, extravagant girls are not the first to get married. They not only get married, but leave a score at aching, jealous hearts behind them.

After a while, domestic cares rob the face of its youthful bloom, and ripen an undeveloped, un disciplined temper into a chronic distemper; with no exciting cause for, dress and display, the latent germs of disorder and indolence spring into life, and the lack of principle shows itself; then comes the cry, women are not what they used to be!—then the husband deserts his home for the grog shop, and the miserable wife is left to sink into deeper wretchedness, and the husband is not to blame!

It is true he did not choose his wife because her temper was chastened and refined, because she displayed those graces of the spirit, patience, meekness, long-suffering, kindness, charity; not because she had been an obedient daughter at home, regarding every one's right, rigid in the performance of every duty. But O wise men, (wise in your own conceits,) hear the weighty reason that decided a 'lord of creation' in his choice of a life companion. She had nineteen beads, he was the twentieth, and it was so rich to carry off so disputed a prize! and then she was so pretty!

If men will say, 'I don't want a plain dressing, industrious, prudent woman, and I can't afford a showy, expensive doll,' I'll admit they have told the truth; but let not the first half of the truth be left unsaid. I don't deny that there are more frivolous women in society than sensible ones, but I honestly believe there are more than enough to mate all the men who have the sense to appreciate them. So convinced am I of the fact, that I'll engage to find a wife—prudent, discreet, willing to labor and regulate her expenses by her husband's means; who shall delight in comfort more than display; who shall also be constant and chaste—for every man desiring such a treasure, provided he prove himself worthy by possessing corresponding virtues.

The demand for any article regulates supply, and while the supply exceeds the demand, there cannot be a scarcity.—When the market is glutted with any article and there is no demand, who'll invest money in the manufacture of it? Now sensible women are very much like ancient bonnets, they are undoubtedly better than the present style, but who wants to wear them? Men's conduct towards fashionable women is very much as it is towards those monstrous hoops about which they make such a fuss; they ridicule them, and yet call every woman a dowdy who does not wear them; so they ridicule fashionable women, and yet choose them for wives if they can afford it. Now gentlemen, stop this clamor! be sensible and honest; own up to your preferences, don't say one thing and mean another. Consistency is said to be a rare jewel; pur-

chase it, and it may save you the cost of many other jewels neither rare nor valuable! Believe me, there are many women who groan under the burden of fashionable folly! For my own part, I would far rather move beyond the borders of civilization, and help clear up a farm, as my mother did before me, than live the tedious artificial life of a fashionable lady!

But writing will not feed the pigs, milk the cows, nor keep the weeds down in the onion bed; so I must close, trusting the sensible women, and men too, will increase till they fill the length and breadth of the land; for which millennium, I remain,

Yours in hope,

Reduction in the Price of Harnesses.
R. S. BOULTER

rainfall for past season, was
the heaviest for many years,
and the public generally, but
still continues to carry on
the business of the
branches, and is ready to
accept all orders at \$3.50
per barrel.

He has on hand a good stock
of LIGHT & HEAVY HAW
NEEDLES, that will be at
the service of the public.

Old Harness taken in exchange for new. Repairing
tended to suit the customer.

Harness Cleaned and Oiled for 75 cents.
Waterbury, Dec. 21, 1888. RUSSELL S. BOILEAU

Howard Association, - Philadelphia.
*Beneficent Institution established by special Endowment
for the relief of the Sick and Suffering afflicted
with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.*

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION, in view of the awful
destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases,
and the enormous number of persons afflicted with these
diseases by GONORRHOEA, several years ago directed their Committee
Bureau, as a charitable act worthy of their name, to open
a dispensary for the treatment of these diseases in their
form, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS to
whomever by letter, with a description of their condition, re-
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to, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. For
compliance to add that the Association commands the highest
Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most modern
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port on the treatment of Sexual Diseases, for the year
January 1st, 1888, express the highest satisfaction with the
results of the treatment, and state that the Association
in the care of Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Seminal weakness, Impotency

And, and a continuation of the same plan for the ensuing year.

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