

# The Albany Register.

VOLUME VIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, MAY 19, 1876.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

### SAMUEL E. YOUNG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**DRY GOODS,  
CLOTHING,  
GROCERIES,  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
THRESHERS,  
REAPERS & MOWERS,  
WAGONS, PLOWS,  
SEED DRILLS,  
BROADCAST  
SOWERS, ETC.**

**St. Charles Hotel,**  
Corner Washington and First Sts.,  
**ALBANY, OREGON,  
Matthews & Morrison,  
PROPRIETORS.**

### P. C. HARPER & CO.,

Dealers in  
**DRY GOODS,  
Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries,  
Fancy Goods, Notions, Stationery and  
Furniture, Wall Paper, Wood and Willow  
Ware, Trunks and Valises,  
Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c.**

Sold very low either for cash, or on prompt pay-  
ment customers on time.

### Making and Moving Buildings.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED BEG LEAVE TO  
announce to the citizens of Albany and  
surrounding country that, having equipped our  
rigs and removing buildings, we are ready at all  
times to receive orders for such work, which  
we will do in short or in longest time, and  
guarantee entire satisfaction in all work under  
taken by us.  
Orders left at the REGISTER are promptly  
attended to. Apply to  
J. B. DIXIE, ALLEN & CO.,  
Or., April 23, 1875.

### CHAS. B. MONTAGUE. RUIT, M'CALLY.

**MONTAGUE & McALLEY,**  
ARE NOW OPENING A MAGNIFICENT  
stock of

### FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

Selected with care, and bought for coin at  
scandalously low figures  
and as we bought low we can and will sell them  
at prices that will

### Astonish Everybody.

Come and see our selections of

Green Goods,  
Whites,  
Figures,  
Hosiery,  
Linen,  
Cottons,  
Silks,  
Woolens,  
Shoos,  
Hats,  
and all descriptions for men and boys. Also, full  
assortments of

### Groceries, Crockery and Glassware, or everybody.

The best goods at the lowest rates every time.  
E. P. Case and see transient customers.  
Latham, Oregon, October 30, 1874.

### Furniture Warerooms.

### FRED GRAF.

HAVING purchased the entire interest of G.  
Collar in the late firm of Graf & Collar, in  
the furniture business, takes this opportunity  
to return his thanks to the citizens of Albany  
and vicinity who have so generously patronized  
him in the past, and respectfully ask a  
continuance of the same. All kinds of furniture  
kept on hand and manufactured to order  
at lowest rates. FRED GRAF,  
Albany, Nov. 15, 1875.

### Albany Bath House & Barber Shop.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECT-  
fully thank the citizens of Albany and vicin-  
ity for the liberal patronage bestowed on  
him for the past seven years, and hopes for the  
future a continuance of their favors. For the  
accommodation of transient customers, and  
friends in the upper part of town, he has opened  
a neat little shop next door to Taylor Bros.  
saloon, where a good workman will always be  
at attendance to wait upon patrons.  
Dec. 11, 1874. JOE WEBBER.

### STOVES STOVES! At Cost

From this date until further notice, I will sell a  
GEO. BELMONT OF

### Stoves & Ranges!

FOR CASH,  
—AT—  
**COST!**

—ALSO—  
**PUMPS, HOSE, ETC.**

W. H. McFARLAND,  
Albany, Dec. 30, 1874-12

## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

THE COACHING CLUB—POLITICAL—THE  
CHILDREN'S OPERA—PICTURES—  
FASHIONS—RELIGIOUS—BUSINESS.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1876.

### THE COACHING CLUB

It is a terrible thing to have too much  
money. Indeed, I am not certain that  
it is not better to have too little. The  
last agony of young New York, with  
too much money, is coaching. What  
is coaching? A very simple thing.  
Men with fine horses who think there is  
comfort in the old-fashioned stage coach,  
went to England and had built for them  
old-fashioned stage coaches—just such  
gentle readers, as you saw on the roads  
thirty years ago, fitted out complete  
with boot for baggage, and everything  
else, as it was in the days when coaches,  
or stages as we call them were the only  
means of conveyance. They put to  
them four blooded horses, and they put  
themselves in the uniforms of drivers,  
and they load on the roof all their lady  
friends, and they drive them. That is  
all there is about it. It means that a  
certain number of rich young men choose  
to transform themselves into stage dri-  
vers. There is a club of these amiable  
lunatics in New York, the head lunatic  
being young James Gordon Bennett,  
the proprietor of the *Herald*. Last  
Saturday the club made its first parade.  
Seven stage coaches, rather more costly  
in style than those you need to see on  
your roads, drove up in front of the  
Union League Club, seven very rich  
young men habited as coachmen took  
their places on the seven boxes, forty-  
five very rich, and not at all beautiful,  
young ladies mounted the roofs, and  
with the utmost solemnity the cortege  
drove off, up fifth avenue to the park,  
and back again. The streets were lined  
with people to see this procession, from  
Madison square all the way to the park;  
and if the object of the parade was to  
attract attention the gentlemen stage  
drivers may be congratulated. But  
isn't it queer that in the day of steam  
men should attempt so absurd a thing  
as the revival of the stage coach? The  
horses on these coaches are the very  
best that money can buy, and they are  
groomed to a degree that is almost  
painful. By the way, the absurd Eng-  
lish fashion of cutting the tail of the  
horse into the shape of a club, has been  
adopted here. Pray let it be confined  
to New York, for it is as ugly as sin.

### POLITICAL.

The Democratic State Convention  
did two foolish things, viz:—It endorsed  
Sammy Tilden and rubbed John  
Morrissy. The Convention by its acts  
made it a certainty that every Republi-  
can in the country will vote his straight  
ticket, no matter how much he may  
have been disposed to bolt. For Tam-  
many—John Kelly's Tammany—run  
the machine from first to last. John  
Morrissy made a vigorous fight, but  
he was routed, horse, foot, and dra-  
gon, and the Kelly was left in com-  
plete possession of the field. Tilden  
was endorsed, and it he wins the nom-  
ination he goes before the people as the  
nominee of the most villainously cor-  
rupt organization that ever existed.  
He goes into the canvass as the especial  
creature of the old Tammany ring re-  
organized—the Tweeds and Connollys  
under other names. I have no especial  
admiration for John Morrissy, but I  
must say that he did make a good fight,  
and an apparently honest one, against  
these villains. But Tilden's money,  
and the Tammany organization were  
too much for him, and down he went.  
The decent portion of the Democracy of  
New York are very sore over the result,  
and with a good candidate the Republi-  
cans can easily carry the State. Tam-  
many has recovered from its defeat last  
fall, and is arrogant as ever. Let the  
Cincinnati Convention give the Republi-  
cans a good candidate, and let the St.  
Louis Convention nominate Tilden, and  
we can carry New York with perfect  
ease.

### THE CHILDREN'S OPERA.

"In aid of the Centennial," starts one at  
the head of every pleasant project now-a-  
days and people are pretty well pillaged  
on one pretext or another. The last  
was the very pretty spectacle of "Cin-  
derella" at the Academy of Music, given  
by two hundred and fifty children of  
fashionable families. Tableaux from  
Mother Goose followed, and it was a  
pretty sight, the curled darlings, with  
flowing luscious hair, and cloudy white  
silver-spangled dresses, with gauzy  
wings and wand as fairies, and all  
the romantic Mother Goose  
people—Red Riding Hood with her

### RELIGIOUS.

Moody and Sankey have gone, and  
the ministers of the city churches have  
undertaken to carry on the work that  
they began. That is to say, they are  
endeavoring to run revivals on their  
own hook, in the same manner that the  
evangelist did. They have employed  
better singers than Sankey, to sing  
Sankey's songs, and as they all think

### RELIGIOUS.

they are better orators than Moody,  
they believed they could carry on the  
work better than did these men. They  
have all failed. The fact is they may  
preach better than Moody, and their  
paid singers may sing better than San-  
key, but it don't amount to a straw.  
They have not the soul in it that the  
evangelists had, and soul is what counts.  
Moody and Sankey were in earnest,  
they believe in what they are doing,  
and they were successful. They agonized;  
they never ate or slept while at  
their work, and having no clap-trap or  
nonsense about it, they did good every-  
where; revivals by machinery won't  
do, and never will.

### RELIGIOUS.

It won't answer to put an opera singer  
in the place of Sankey, for while he  
may be a better singer than Sankey, he  
will sing it as an opera singer, and not  
as a man who feels that he is responsi-  
ble for the salvation of men. It is sad,  
but it is true, that with the going of the  
evangelists, the interest in religious  
matters in the city is gone. New York  
will have to go on in its sin till they or  
some other equally zealous men come  
to lit it out.

### BUSINESS.

is as dull as it can be. There is little  
trade going, rents are falling day by  
day, thousands upon thousands are out  
of employment, and the outlook is  
gloomy. The interior cities are doing  
better, it is only the metropolis that is  
suffering. Take coaching outside, and  
put us who are sweating here. Per-  
haps it is as well, for big cities are great  
cups after all.

### STUNNING A LAWYER.

A French  
lawyer, who has figured with some dis-  
tinction in the National Assemblies of  
the Republic, has given a description of  
his debut in the following terms:  
I was young and unsuspecting when  
I pleaded my first case. It was that  
of a peasant charged with stealing a  
watch. The papers in the case, and above  
all, the air of the accused—which was  
that of a good man—had convinced me  
of the innocence of my client. I plead-  
ed with all the warmth of soul which  
could be inspired by this strong faith,  
and gained an acquittal. Once free,  
he cast his arms around me.

### SOMETHING ABOUT PICTURES.

The gallery of the late Wm. T. Blod-  
gett sold at auction this week for over  
\$90,000, a tidy sum to have locked up  
in pictures. Mr. Taylor Johnston, whose  
private gallery is one of the choicest in  
New York, opens it to the public in his  
own house in aid of the Women's Cen-  
tennial Fund, charging \$1 00 admis-  
sion, and the chance is eagerly sought.  
It is expected that Mr. Stewart's pic-  
tures from the public, will now be accessi-  
ble. Those who do not care for pictures  
on any other account will have some  
interest in this collection, knowing that  
it represents a value much above \$500,  
000.

### THE FASHIONS.

The mediæval lines are something  
for which the present has to thank  
modern skill and old design. They are  
stout damasks, in natural and half-  
bleached shades, relieved by soft dull  
colors, and form a desirable class of  
fabrics for use, coolness and artistic merit,  
as they have much the appearance of  
antique brocades, copied from old pic-  
tures. Linsens are taking their place at  
the head of textile fabrics, not excepting  
silk, for no other material takes more  
variety, or can be adapted to more pur-  
poses of utility and beauty. It rivals  
brocade in lustre, and cotton in service,  
while it is now made to resemble wool  
in finish and comfort. The heavy furni-  
ture brocades and tapestries, used in art  
furnishings, which look like silk and  
wool, are, one is surprised to learn,  
of linen, durable, and what is worth every  
other consideration, wholesome, as they  
do not absorb dust and bad odors as  
reps and brocades always do. The  
Venetian carpets, largely made of flax,  
are handsome as the choicest patterns of  
brussels, and wear wonderfully, while  
they are clean and sweet longer than  
wool carpets are. Fine mixed cotton  
and linen lawns are sold at the low price  
of 80 cents a yard, and make most com-  
fortable underwear for summer, while  
for dresses they do up like new every  
time they pass through the laundress's  
hands.

### RELIGIOUS.

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the ministers of the city churches have  
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better singers than Sankey, to sing  
Sankey's songs, and as they all think

## The Wisdom of Life.

BY PROF. JOHN STUART BLAKE.

Would you lead a happy life,  
Free from melancholy,  
Knowing care and anxiety,  
And possessing health,  
I will tell you how to live  
Heardly and truly,  
With sweet honey in your hive,  
Like a bee in a hive.

Like the bee, be out and work  
When the sun is shining,  
Never in a corner lurk,  
Whispering and whining,  
If you sense the fiddle, you'll find  
(Thyme, or mint or clover,  
Something to a willing mind  
God will still discover.

When the sky is calm and gray,  
Though the clouds are faintly  
March; the sunbeams on your way  
If a ghost beside you stand,  
Make no fearful comment;  
But face his shadow boldly, and  
'Tis vanished in a moment!

What folks of you may say  
Never mind the rattle,  
Spin your quiet yarn, while they  
Waste their wits in battle,  
Lies that float on sunny wings  
With windy haste will perish,  
But the seed of truthful things  
'Tis a fruitful womb will cherish.

Wear your heart out on your sleeve;  
But on just occasion  
Let men know what you believe  
With breezy ventilation;  
Prove the good and make them thine,  
With warm embrace and smile;  
But never cut your pearls to swine,  
Who turn and rend and trample.

Make a penny when you can,  
As useful as a loaf is,  
But who says, money makes the man,  
A meager-witted fool is,  
Rich is he whose genial breast,  
With liberal education,  
Hath welcomed all that's right and best,  
Throughout the wide creation.

### A TRICKY AGENT'S REPLY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The express train had come and gone  
through the rainy December dusk,  
with its eyes of scarlet fire, and its whizz  
of crossing steam, and there was only one  
passenger for Peterbark—a tall aristoc-  
ratic looking gentleman, with a fur-  
trimmed overcoat and eye-glasses, and  
a fringe of snowy whiskers under his  
chin.

Rolf Othelbrae, the young Scotch  
ticket agent looked at him with that  
half curious, half indifferent expression  
wherewith ticket agents grow in time  
to regard the world; and the old gen-  
tleman lifted up his glassy blue eyes to  
return the observant glance:  
"You are in charge here, I suppose?"  
said the tall, furry stranger.

"I am, sir," Othelbrae answered,  
half offended at the supercilious tone  
adopted by the newcomer.  
"Perhaps, then, you can tell me what  
time the train from Carrowdale is due?"  
"At six-fifty, sir."

The old gentleman glanced first at  
the clock on the wall, then at his watch;  
then sat deliberately down at the fire,  
as if resigning himself to an hour and a  
half of waiting. And Rolf went out  
into the twilight to make sure that the  
switch-tender, a hundred yards or so up  
the snow-covered track, had not fallen  
asleep, and that the signal lights burned  
clear and steady for the Southshore  
train, which would be along now, al-  
most before they knew it.

And so, naturally enough, Rolf Othel-  
brae quite forgot all about the old  
gentleman with the frosty whiskers and  
the costly sable furs about his wrists  
and throat.

The Carrowdale train came in about  
six minutes or so behind time, for the  
snow was falling fast, and the rail-  
way-perry—the hurrying passengers d'posed  
themselves into the gloom and dark-  
ness in various directions—except one  
young girl, dressed in pinkish gray,  
with a black bow wound round her  
throat, and a single long willow plume  
drooping over her almost alabaster pale  
face, who entered the ladies' waiting  
room, slightly shivering with the cold.

Mr. Othelbrae, the courteous young  
ticket agent, advanced towards her; it  
was but just to premise that he would  
have done so the same had she been sixty,  
and pitted with the small-pox.  
"Can I get you a carriage?" he asked,  
"or be of any other service to you?"  
"Thanks," she answered, shyly. "I  
expect a friend to meet me here."

Rolf Othelbrae could not but note  
as she spoke the extreme beauty of the  
fair, oval face under the willow plume,  
with its velvet hazel eyes, scarlet mouth,  
and small, regular features. Ticket  
agents have eyes—and appreciative  
ones, too—as well as the rest of the  
world. But he turned away with a  
bow, as the young lady seated herself,  
as if to wait—and once more the dull,  
drowsy silence, broken only by the tick-  
ing of the clock, settled down upon the  
room.

Click! The sharp, sudden summons  
of the little telegraph behind the railed  
compartment at the further end of the  
room—and Mr. Othelbrae who was tele-  
graph operator, as well as station  
agent, hurried to the post.

"H. Othelbrae, Peterbark Station."  
The tongue of the telegraph whirred,  
with its wiry, clicking sound:  
"From Police Headquarters. Stop  
an old gentleman and a young girl,  
well dressed and plausible. Forger."  
H. C. Drake, General Office, N. Y.

Rolf stared at the quivering wires as  
if expecting to glean further intelli-  
gence from their metallic surfaces, then  
he looked across the room to where the  
slender dark-eyed young lady sat, her  
hands clasped on her knee, and her eyes  
fixed intently on the dull fire.

"A young girl, well dressed and  
plausible!" The description tallied well  
enough—but then she was alone! And

as for her being connected with a for-  
ger's gang—pshaw! Rolf Othelbrae  
knew better!

At the same instant she rose and came  
heatingly half across the floor.  
"I beg your pardon, sir—but has the  
express train come in yet?"  
"Two hours ago," Mr. Othelbrae me-  
chanically answered, wondering if it  
were possible that so fair an outward  
exterior could conceal the hideous inner  
life of crime! And then all of a sudden  
it occurred to him that the tall gen-  
tleman in the fur trimmed overcoat in the  
other room might possibly be the  
"friend" she had spoken of—and the  
"old man" alluded to in the telegram.

At the same instant, advancing a  
pace or two farther, she caught sight of  
the tall, erect figure by the fire in the  
other room—the figure stamped in fire,  
with the silvery, aristocratic hair, and  
the chin drooping on his breast as if in  
slumber.

"Papa!" broke involuntarily from  
her lips. "He has been waiting for me,  
and I never knew it!"  
She hurried past the ticket agent  
into the other room. Rolf Othelbrae  
looked after her in dismay.  
"I'm to stop her, am I?" thought  
Rolf. "And how the deuce am I to do  
it, I'd like to know? I wish Mr. Deko  
was here himself!"

As these disjointed reflections passed  
through his mind a sudden shriek rose  
up in the silence—and Mr. Othelbrae  
hurrying into the waiting room, saw the  
young girl kneeling on the floor beside  
the old gentleman. And in an instant  
he perceived the secret of her cry.

The stately old gentleman with fur  
trimmed garments and the snowy beard  
was quite dead.  
As Rolf advanced she look wildly up  
into his face.  
"Can't you help him?" she gasped.  
"Can't you do something? O, don't  
you see he has fainted? Tell me where  
to go for a doctor. Where can I find  
some one? I have a smelling bottle,  
but—"

"It is of no use," Rolf answered,  
gently, entirely forgetting the telegram,  
or rather resolving to ignore it. My  
mother's cottage is close by. Let me  
take you there."

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Free from melancholy,  
Knowing care and anxiety,  
And possessing health,  
I will tell you how to live  
Heardly and truly,  
With sweet honey in your hive,  
Like a bee in a hive.

Like the bee, be out and work  
When the sun is shining,  
Never in a corner lurk,  
Whispering and whining,  
If you sense the fiddle, you'll find  
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When the sky is calm and gray,  
Though the clouds are faintly  
March; the sunbeams on your way  
If a ghost beside you stand,  
Make no fearful comment;  
But face his shadow boldly, and  
'Tis vanished in a moment!

What folks of you may say  
Never mind the rattle,  
Spin your quiet yarn, while they  
Waste their wits in battle,  
Lies that float on sunny wings  
With windy haste will perish,  
But the seed of truthful things  
'Tis a fruitful womb will cherish.

Wear your heart out on your sleeve;  
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Let men know what you believe  
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### A TRICKY AGENT'S REPLY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The express train had come and gone  
through the rainy December dusk,  
with its eyes of scarlet fire, and its whizz  
of crossing steam, and there was only one  
passenger for Peterbark—a tall aristoc-  
ratic looking gentleman, with a fur-  
trimmed overcoat and eye-glasses, and  
a fringe of snowy whiskers under his  
chin.

Rolf Othelbrae, the young Scotch  
ticket agent looked at him with that  
half curious, half indifferent expression  
wherewith ticket agents grow in time  
to regard the world; and the old gen-  
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"You are in charge here, I suppose?"  
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it occurred to him that the tall gen-  
tleman in the fur trimmed overcoat in the  
other room might possibly be the  
"friend" she had spoken of—and the  
"old man" alluded to in the telegram.

At the same instant, advancing a  
pace or two farther, she caught sight of  
the tall, erect figure by the fire in the  
other room—the figure stamped in fire,  
with the silvery, aristocratic hair, and  
the chin drooping on his breast as if in  
slumber.

"Papa!" broke involuntarily from  
her lips. "He has been waiting for me,  
and I never knew it!"  
She hurried past the ticket agent  
into the other room. Rolf Othelbrae  
looked after her in dismay.  
"I'm to stop her, am I?" thought  
Rolf. "And how the deuce am I to do  
it, I'd like to know? I wish Mr. Deko  
was here himself!"

As these disjointed reflections passed  
through his mind a sudden shriek rose  
up in the silence—and Mr. Othelbrae  
hurrying into the waiting room, saw the  
young girl kneeling on the floor beside  
the old gentleman. And in an instant  
he perceived the secret of her cry.

The stately old gentleman with fur  
trimmed garments and the snowy beard  
was quite dead.  
As Rolf advanced she look wildly up  
into his face.  
"Can't you help him?" she gasped.  
"Can't you do something? O, don't  
you see he has fainted? Tell me where  
to go for a doctor. Where can I find  
some one? I have a smelling bottle,  
but—"

"It is of no use," Rolf answered,  
gently, entirely forgetting the telegram,  
or rather resolving to ignore it. My  
mother's cottage is close by. Let me  
take you there."

## The Wisdom of Life.

BY PROF. JOHN STUART BLAKE.

Would you lead a happy life,  
Free from melancholy,  
Knowing care and anxiety,  
And possessing health,  
I will tell you how to live  
Heardly and truly,  
With sweet honey in your hive,  
Like a bee in a hive.

Like the bee, be out and work  
When the sun is shining,  
Never in a corner lurk,  
Whispering and whining,  
If you sense the fiddle, you'll find  
(Thyme, or mint or clover,  
Something to a willing mind  
God will still discover.

When the sky is calm and gray,  
Though the clouds are faintly  
March; the sunbeams on your way  
If a ghost beside you stand,  
Make no fearful comment;  
But face his shadow boldly, and  
'Tis vanished in a moment!

What folks of you may say  
Never mind the rattle,  
Spin your quiet yarn, while they  
Waste their wits in battle,  
Lies that float on sunny wings  
With windy haste will perish,  
But the seed of truthful things  
'Tis a fruitful womb will cherish.

Wear your heart out on your sleeve;  
But on just occasion  
Let men know what you believe  
With breezy ventilation;  
Prove the good and make them thine,  
With warm embrace and smile;  
But never cut your pearls to swine,  
Who turn and rend and trample.

Make a penny when you can,  
As useful as a loaf is,  
But who says, money makes the man,  
A meager-witted fool is,  
Rich is he whose genial breast,  
With liberal education,  
Hath welcomed all that's right and best,  
Throughout the wide creation.

### A TRICKY AGENT'S REPLY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The express train had come and gone  
through the rainy December dusk,  
with its eyes of scarlet fire, and its whizz  
of crossing steam, and there was only one  
passenger for Peterbark—a tall aristoc-  
ratic looking gentleman, with a fur-  
trimmed overcoat and eye-glasses