

MADGE MORRISON,

The Molalla Maid and Matron.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

George Hanson searched hotel and city for his wife alike in vain. That Tommy, the waiter boy, knew of her abiding-place, he was thoroughly convinced; and that the boy was somehow in league with her, he strongly suspected; but he had no time, now, to prosecute his researches.

The Morrison estate had been admitted to sale by a decree of the court, and, although the more valuable portion, or that designed by nature for a town site, had been declared vacant through some technicality of the law in proving up its final title-deed, Hanson had bargained away Madge's remaining interest at a round figure—a bargain which was only a myth so long as he could not procure her signature; therefore, but for the finding of Morrison's diamond ring, he would have been, as he had often been before, without available funds to leave a country which was waxing decidedly warm for him, with Sara at his heels, and Morris Morrison, like an avenging Nemesis, hovering near.

A final effort to secure an interview with the wronged mother of his child had ended in complete failure, and Madge assisted him to pack his trunk and complete arrangements for his voyage with an alacrity that won for "Tommy" some hearty commendations. So at six o'clock he went aboard the out-bound steamer, carrying with him, besides his voyage ticket, sufficient surplus cash, as a realization of his visit at the business office of a well-known old clothes and jewel broker, to place him temporarily at ease over the subsistence problem.

At the earnest request of Madge, who had not conceived the remotest suspicion of the whereabouts of the stolen ring, Mr. Morrison had kept out of the way of his enemy; and it was not till the steamer had fired her departing salute, and turned well upon her way down the river, that he ventured forth to examine the register to ascertain the number of Sara's apartment. Failing in his search, for, really, the little apology for a room to which she had been assigned because of the overcrowded condition of the hotel, was not designated upon the books in terms intelligible to any but designing men, the gentleman was compelled to bide his time till Madge should be at liberty, which was not till a late hour.

"I'll go first, and break the news gently, and see if she'll be willing to meet you," said Madge. "You can wait in the ladies' parlor till I speak to her."

"Who's there?" cried Sara, in a tremulous voice, for she had been in mortal dread of offensive visits ever since her interview with George.

"It's I, Tommy."

"Oh! come."

"Would you like to meet a friend, ma'am?"

"Alas! I have no friend!"

"Don't be too sure of that. There's a gentleman in the parlor waiting to see you."

"A gentleman waiting to see me? I don't understand it."

"Perhaps you'd comprehend if you knew his name."

"Did he send his card?"

"No; but his name is Morrison—Morris Morrison, at your service, ma'am; and he says he'll be pleased to meet you at once."

"Did anybody go off on the steamer?"

"Oh, yes. A great many."

"Did George Hanson go?"

"He did."

"Are you sure?"

"Very sure, or I wouldn't say so."

"And Mr. Morrison really wants to see me? O, my God! I cannot meet him!"

"Why?"

"Don't ask me, Tommy. I cannot tell you."

"Then what shall I say to him?"

"That he will please excuse me."

"Really, madam," said Madge, hesitatingly, "I don't want to seem a meddler, and I beg your pardon, but it does seem to me that I'd see the gentleman if I were you. He's certainly your friend, and he's very anxious to meet you. Don't be afraid of me, madam. Mr. Morrison has told me all, and I am your sworn friend also."

"O, Tommy! And you don't despise me?"

"No, my dear girl; but I have no words to express my loathing and horror of the treacherous dog who wrought your ruin."

"O, Tommy! Don't say hard things of him. I can't bear it!"

"Do you love him, then?"

"Love him! O, Tommy! He's the father of my child!"

"And, despite the fact of his treachery; despite the fact that he's willing to assign you to a life of prostitution; despite the fact that he disowns his own

child, and has disgraced you for all time, you love him?"

"Yes, Tommy. And I must, so long as existence lasts. He's gone forth now, a fugitive—nobody knows where, and nobody cares but me. Some day he'll see the folly of his present life, but I'd gladly spare him every sad experience if I could."

"Then you're not made of my metal," said Madge. "Just let any man prove to me that he's not the soul of honor and I'll cast him from my heart or die trying."

"That's because you're not a woman," said Sara.

Madge blushed painfully.

"What shall I say to Mr. Morrison?" she asked abruptly.

"Say I would rather not see him."

"But I implore you to see him, madam."

"No, no, Tommy. He'd only inflict another of the long moral lectures upon me with which he tired me out so many times while he was sending me to school. He's a good man, Tommy; too pure and good to look upon poor mortals like me with the least degree of allowance. I was his affianced bride for years. I thought, till I met George Hanson, that I loved him. He was my patron, my guardian, and friend. He forgot that I had a will of my own, and he sought constantly to mold me to his liking. I was willful and ungrateful, and in every way unworthy of him. But I was chaste, Tommy. If I could not be true to him, I was true—alas, too true—to George Hanson."

"But Hanson isn't worthy of any woman's love."

"I know it, Tommy; but I love him because I cannot help it. He's a creature of circumstances—more to be pitied than blamed. Don't speak evil of him in my presence again."

"Very well, ma'am; but let me go to Mr. Morrison, and ask him to visit you here."

"To receive one of his sanctimonious lectures? No, Tommy, don't ask it. Tell him that I feel deeply grateful for his many acts of kindness; that I always will revere and honor him; that I tried my very best to love him and be worthy of him, and could not."

"What do you intend doing for a livelihood, ma'am? It mayn't be a fair question, and you may have an annuity or something, but if you haven't, it'll be necessary for you to be looking up employment; I've had bitter experience in that line myself."

"But you're a boy, Tommy; and boys can always make their own way in the world. My foster mother is out in this country somewhere. If I could find her, and we could keep house together, I might get our living with my needle, and she could care for little George. But I don't know. She never has been friendly since disgrace came to me. O, George Hanson! I wonder that I do not hate you!" and the poor girl rocked nervously to and fro.

"So do I wonder," said Madge, impatiently; "and if I should speak my mind I'd say you haven't the highest principles in the world, or you would hate him!"

"Can the leopard change his spots? or the Ethiopian his skin?" cried Sara, bitterly. "I know I ought not to love him. I always fought against it, but I never could help it. Tommy, I'm sure I shall some day see him with his inner senses so aroused to duty that he will realize the oneness of our lives. He's under a cloud of bad habits, but there's good at the bottom—I know there is. If it were not that I feel so sure that I will some day save him, I know that I should die."

"Foolish girl!" thought Madge, contemptuously. "The dog isn't worth saving. 'Twould be better for you if a mill-stone were about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

But she abstained from further comment, and bade the wretched girl good-night, pitying even while she fairly envied her the freedom she so much regretted. Yet one was bound by human law, from which no escape seemed possible, and the other by an absorbing love which resisted alike the disgrace of the world and the scorn of its object. Was not one as free as the other?

"You've been gone a long time, Tommy," said Morrison, as Madge returned to the parlor.

"I beg pardon, sir. I was trying to persuade Sara to see you, but she will not. She is blindly infatuated with George, sir, and she firmly believes that he will yet love and honor her. Poor girl! But oh, Mr. Morrison! what a wonderful, subtle, sweet, and awful thing love is!"

"Why, Tommy?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking."

"And so was I, Tommy. Since I have been waiting here, a letter has been handed me conveying the welcome news that my missing claims in California are yielding large returns; so I am no longer poor. I want to assist Sara in some way, and I want you to be the messenger between us."

"But I can't reveal myself to her, sir."

"No matter. 'Tisn't necessary. I want to give her a check to-morrow for a few hundreds. She must have help, or be driven to the bad. She is dead to me, but she isn't dead to herself. I'll give you the check to-morrow at lunch time."

"O, Mr. Morrison! I am so glad! Her foster mother can take her and Jason

Andrews' children, and keep house, if they can get a little start, and that will relieve my poor mother."

Mr. Morrison smiled sadly.

"You forget that one important party to such a contract will be Jason Andrews himself," he said, dryly.

"True," replied Madge; "I did forget. There's always some horrid obstacle in the way of human happiness. But it's late, and I must be up early; so good-night. Remember me in your prayers."

The sudden disappearance of Madge, Hanson, and Morrison had awakened no little commotion at Molalla Moorland. Jason Andrews, like all men and women of narrow minds, was an incurable gossip; and, whenever he was sober enough to go among the neighbors, he kept curiosity on the qui vive by dark allusions to some probable crime, which allusions were remembered and magnified till the newly-created civil authorities, to whom a late county organization had recently given existence, were burning with impatient desires to distinguish themselves in serving for their country for so much per diem with perquisites.

The meeting of the first grand jury that ever held sage councils in the district gave Jason Andrews a favorable opportunity to lay before that august and honorable body the information that led to finding a true bill against Morris Morrison for the murder of George Hanson.

It was well known that the two men were enemies; and, though the precise nature of Andrews' testimony before the star-chamber-guardian of so-called American liberties was only guessed at by the general public, the fact was soon apparent that testimony had been given of sufficient circumstantial directness to seem to warrant the search for and arrest of the missing man.

All unconscious of his impending doom, Mr. Morrison, the next morning after his last talk with Madge, visited an exchange office, where the official letter from his California business proved satisfactory as collateral for any reasonable amount.

A check for a thousand dollars was soon in his possession, to say nothing of sundry bank notes of lesser value, when his eyes were attracted by the sudden gleam of a valuable diamond ring in a little show-case, where a number of other choice jewels were on exhibition.

"Where did you get that ring?" he asked, impulsively.

"Of an old clothes broker down street, sir. 'Twas pawned for a couple of hundreds by a worthless chap who went out on the steamer last night. Of course he'll never redeem it. They never do. I bought it this morning, sir. A bargain. Maybe you'd like to invest."

"Not to-day."

"Pocketing check and bank notes, Mr. Morrison went his way, saying to himself in an undertone:

"How the mischief did thatascal get Madge's ring? Is it possible that she gave it to him to get him away?"

Determining to question her closely as soon as he had opportunity, he entered the hotel at dinner time, and Tommy was bringing his order when the sheriff, whom she instantly recognized as the deep-voiced parson of Molalla, to whom she was indebted for much of her present trouble, walked in with a warrant, of the nature of which she was wholly ignorant, and, with the aid of two city policemen, carried him off as a prisoner.

It was all in vain that Morris protested against being sent to prison without having first been made acquainted with the nature of the misdemeanor with which he had been charged. The new sheriff was after business, and in no mood to be trifled with.

Daily mails and daily newspapers were unknown in the early history of the particular commonwealth of which we write, and for a week Madge lived in dread uncertainty concerning the fate of her friend.

Sara Perkins received the check which the last free act of her benefactor had been to draw in her favor, and Madge's heart ached almost to bursting as she assisted her to depart for her own mother's clouded abode.

"Oh, if I only dared to send a letter to my poor mother!" she thought. And then came the question, "Why shouldn't I write? Sara doesn't imagine that I'm George Hanson's wife, and she'll deliver it for me. I'll risk it, anyhow!"

So, while the coach was waiting that was to convey the girl and her child to the abode that Madge's hands had builded, the refugee from human law scribbled the words:

"Madge remembers you. Be hopeful and patient. You shall hear more anon."

"There?" thought Madge; "that will comfort mother, and will tell no tales, no matter who sees it."

The return post brought her a long letter in a large buff envelope, not from her mother, as she had hoped and prayed, but from Morrison, who informed her that he was in jail, awaiting trial and probable sentence and execution, upon the testimony of Jason Andrews, for the high crime of murder. A part of his letter ran thus:

"Of course you know Jim Innocent, dear Tommy. But it will be six long months before my trial, and in the mean time I must lie in jail. Jason will testify strongly against me. Hanson is missing. Nobody in Portland knew him. He registered there under an assumed name. He left Molalla in a sudden and mys-

terious way. He was last seen in the neighborhood by Jason and myself. Jason testifies that he heard me make savage threats, and I guess he did. I do not know what the end will be, but you know I am not guilty."

Then followed a long account of such Molalla matters as he knew would interest the refugee. The letter was hopeful and earnest, and did Madge a world of good, despite the news of her friend's imprisonment.

"Sara Perkins has seen Hanson since Jason Andrews did, and so she has. I'll save our benefactor," she said, earnestly; "yet it's awful to think of keeping him in jail six months."

[To be continued.]

Wouldn't Do Because She Had a Beau.

She was at one of the union schoolhouses half an hour before school opened. She had "Linda" with her. She was a tall woman, forty years old, with a jaw showing great determination, and "Linda" was sixteen, rather shy, and pretty good looking. The mother said she hadn't been in the city long, and it was her duty to get "Linda" educated. When the teacher came, the mother boldly inquired:

"You know enough to teach, do you?"

"I think I do," replied the teacher, blushing deeply.

"And you feel competent to govern the scholars, do you?"

"Do you pound 'em with a ferrule, or lick 'em with a whip?"

"We seldom resort to punishment here," replied the embarrassed teacher.

"That's better yet," continued the mother. "I know if Linda was to come home all pounded up, I'd feel like killing some one. I suppose you are of respectable character, ain't you?"

"Why—ahem—why—" stammered the teacher, growing white and then red.

"I expect you are," continued the woman. "It's well enough to know who our children are associating with. Now, then, do you allow the boys and girls to sit together?"

"No, ma'am."

"That's right. They never used to when I was younger than I am. Another thing—do you allow any winking?"

"Any what?" exclaimed the puzzled teacher.

"Do you allow a boy to wink at a girl?" asked the woman.

"Why, no."

"I was afraid you did. Linda is as shy as a bird, and if she should come home some night and tell me that she had been winked at, I don't know what I'd do. Now, another thing—do you allow a beau?"

"Why—why—" was the stammered reply.

"I think you do!" resumed the woman, severely. "I know just how it works. When you should be explaining what an archipelago is, you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is way, way off!"

"But, madam—"

"Never mind any explanations," interrupted the woman. "I want Linda brought up to know jigger, figures, writing, and spelling, and if you've got a beau and are spooning to the theater one night, a candy-pull the next, and so on, you can't be on education. Come, Linda, we'll go to some other schoolhouse."

And they jogged.—Detroit Free Press.

The Last Words of the Dying.

The last words of the dying are eagerly sought after, and enshrined in memory's bosom, by loved ones. The hero standing upon the field of battle, amid the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry, is stricken down, and, dying, he utters some sentiment which tells the living he fought bravely and died loving his country. His words thus uttered are chanted in his praise, pass immediately into history, and are preserved to be handed down from generation to generation.

The mother, bending over the couch of her dying child, eagerly listens for its last words. As the heart's pulsations grow feeble, the respirations become more laborious, she silently listens. Now the pale lips are parted, and she draws nearer, until her ear comes in contact with the cold breath, when she catches the last faint murmurs of the dying one. Oh, how she treasures in her pure heart that last "Good-bye."

The husband, through weary days and nights, has been watching at the bedside of his darling wife, until now the dread moment approaches when she shall be waked beyond the River of Death. Under no pretense will he now leave her, and why? Ah, he is waiting and listening for the last whisper. As she speaks, her words echo and re-echo through the chamber of his soul, and she remains there throughout the mystic future.

As a young lady reads over the list of the slain in battle, and her eyes rest upon the name of her lover, almost her first thought is, "Did he leave me a dying message?"

The sweet sister of a shipwrecked brother impatiently awaits the arrival of some rescuer from the wreck, to learn if her brother, as he was swept beneath the dark waves, sent her a dying word. Yes, the dying words are those most sought after and advanced, by the human heart. Amid all the cares and disappointments that may surround us in life, we never can forget the last faint whisperings of the dying.

LAUGHTER AS A MEDICINE.—A gentleman was suffering from an ulcerated sore throat, which finally became so swollen that his life was despaired of when his household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each person grasped his hand for a moment, and then turning, passed out weeping. A pet ape, which had modestly waited until the last, then advanced, and grasping his master's hand for an instant, also turned and went away, with his hands to his eyes. This assumption of deep grief, which it is hardly possible the animal could have felt, since it could scarcely have comprehended the problem of mortality there so powerfully presented to the human mind, was so ludicrous in its perfection, that the patient himself was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of laughter as to break the ulcer in his throat, whereby his life was saved.

How Long to Sleep.

How much sleep is necessary to renew the exhausted energies of the brain and fit it perfectly for its work, must be determined by individual experience; but as to children, it is safe to say they ought to be indulged to the extent of their inclinations. They require more sleep than adults, and old people, if their slumbers are sound, incline to sleep at shorter intervals than persons in the prime of life. The difference in individuals in this respect is very great. Dr. Cochr mentions a man who sleeps only fifteen minutes a day and enjoys good health.

Blaine, in his "Medical Logic," speaks of some missionaries in Cuba who reduced their sleep to the minimum, that they might pursue their labors with the least possible interruption. When forced to rest, they threw themselves on a couch with a brass bar in hand over a brass basin. The moment they lost their consciousness, the ball dropped from their fingers, and ringing on the basin, waked them; and this sleep they found afforded all the recruit that nature demands. Seneca declares that Maccenas passed three years without sleeping a single hour; and Boerhaave affirms that he passed six weeks at one time without sleep; but neither of these statements is credible.

Blaine says that Gen. Pichegrat, during his active campaign in Holland he never for a year slept more than one hour in twenty-four; and the same is related of Charles XII., of Sweden, during his wonderful career. Jeremy Bentham, during the greater part of his life, slept only three or four hours in the twenty-four; and Napoleon slept only four or five hours during his military career; but he was able to fall asleep at any time in the midst of his work when he felt drowsy. John Hunter, the great surgeon, slept four hours at night and one after dinner.

Sir John Sinclair gives the history of a man who had reached the advanced age of ninety-one, and all his life had slept but four hours in the twenty-four. Sir Walter Scott said that he was not entirely himself unless he passed seven hours in total unconsciousness. Southey required ten hours, going to bed at ten and rising at eight. Sir William Jones laid down the rule of life students in the walk home, but shortly after he became a Universalist.—Danbury News.

Yankee Doodle in 1814.

Americans, when questioned what is their "national air," or tune, sometimes hesitate whether to say they have none, or three. The tune called "America" is perhaps often performed as such to any other, though its music is not native to our country. But, in a sense, "America," "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle" are all "national airs" of the United States. The musical incident shows how the question stood in the minds of our statesmen more than sixty years ago.

At the close of the last war in England, by the treaty of peace signed at Amiens, in Belgium, the Ministers Plenipotentiary of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors, the burghers of that quaint old Dutch city determined to give an entertainment in their honor, and desired to have the "national air" of the two treaty-making powers performed as a part of the programme. So the musical director was directed to call upon the American Ministers, and to obtain the music of the "national air" of the United States.

No one knew exactly what to give, and a consultation ensued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored "Hail Columbia," while Clay, Russell, and Adams were decidedly in favor of "Yankee Doodle." The musical director was called in and informed of the decision.

He then asked if any of the gentlemen had the music, and receiving a negative reply, suggested that perhaps one of them could sing or whistle the air.

"I can't," said Mr. Clay. "I never whistled or sung a tune in my life. Perhaps Mr. Bayard can."

"Neither can I," replied Mr. Bayard. "Perhaps Mr. Russell can."

Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin, and Mr. Adams in turn confessed their lack of musical ability.

"I have it," exclaimed Mr. Clay, and, ringing the bell, he summoned his colored body-servant.

"John do so," said Mr. Clay, "whistle 'Yankee Doodle' for this gentleman. John did so. The chief musician noted down the air, and, at the entertainment, the Ghent burghers Band played the "national air" of the United States, with variations, in grand style.—Boston Journal.

HAPPINESS CONSISTS IN LOVE.—As the affections are the noblest ingredient in human nature, so the elevation and happiness of a human being mainly depend on the right bestowment of ample exercise of these affections. To be self-sufficient and self-seeking—that is, to keep all the affections to one's self—is the meanest and most miserable predicament a creature can be in. The homestead spirit—much more the chamber of a sinful heart—does not contain resources enough for its own blessedness. The soul must go out from itself, if it would find materials of joy. And just as its happiness depends on going out from itself, so its elevation depends on its going up—depends on its setting its affections upon something higher than itself, something nobler or holier or more engaging. The main part of true religion is the right bestowment of these affections. When they are set on the things above, they are set as high as a seraph can set his. They are set so high that they cannot fail to lift the character along with them, and make him a public character whose name in living are so lofty.—James Hamilton.

In Germany the movement for the higher education of women and for the opening up of new avocations is making headway by means of the foundation in various towns of first-rate grammar schools for girls equal to those for boys, as well as by the exertions of the different Frauen-Vereine, or women's associations, which recently met in a delegates' conference.

A bill exempting from taxation buildings for religious worship, with one acre of land, has passed both houses of the Rhode Island Assembly.

The art of life consists in being well deceived.

Bartram as a Young Lover.

That was a big book P. T. Barnum wrote about himself. It is very complete, too; but there is one little incident which he either forgot to mention, or which got pined when the forms went to press. It occurred when the great showman was a young man and a resident of this section. He was paying impetuous attention to a lady living in Newton. Being a son of poor but honest parents, he was obliged to walk over to the village which contained his adored. When there, he labored under another and more awkward disadvantage. The young lady's father conceived of a singular and most violent dislike of the amiable embryonic showman. This necessitated extreme caution on the part of the lover, and he was equal to the emergency, as a matter of course. His ingenuity in the matter was by a window on the second floor, which he reached by springing from the cover of a cistern curb, and catching hold of the window ledge. His egress was effected by hanging full length from the ledge and then dropping to the cistern cover, a fall of about six inches.

On Sunday he took with him on the visit a young man who now carries his silver hair behind a Danbury grocery counter. They reached the place, the young man saw the signal, opened the window, and the famous Barnum sprang up into bliss. The young man was to amuse himself about the village until the time of departure. He amused himself. It doesn't seem possible that any one could be so brutal, but that young man actually removed the cover of the cistern. Then he sat down by the fence and ate crabs, and calmly waited for the result. P. T. finished his sparring, and backed out of the window the full length of his hands would permit.

"Good-bye," he gasped, in a whisper, as he prepared to drop.

"Good-bye, Phinny," she whispered back. Then he let go, and instantly shot from sight into the yawning abyss of darkness and rain water, and if he had been of solid iron, heated to a white glow, he could not have created more of a commotion in striking the water. It is not necessary to repeat what Mr. Barnum said, both when crawling out of the cistern and during the eight miles' walk home, but shortly after he became a Universalist.—Danbury News.

LEGALITY OF SLAVE MARRIAGES.—

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood lately gained an important case in court, which the Washington Republican of a recent date reports as follows:

"Yesterday the important case was argued before Justice Wylie, in the Equity Court, that of Newbern vs. Washington. The complainant had sued for the assignment of dower in the estate of her deceased husband, the defendant demurring because of unpaid trusts, and, on the overruling by Justice Olin, had demanded strict proof of marriage. Upon proof it was shown that complainant was the second wife, and was married in accordance with the slave law of North Carolina, and that she removed to this district with her husband after the passage of the act of 1866, regulating the marriage of colored persons in the District of Columbia. Judge Wylie ruled that the marriage of the petitioner was legalized by the statute, and that she was consequently the heir to the whole estate, the first marriage never having been legalized, and the second marriage without issue. Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood appeared for the complainant, and George F. Appleby, Esq., for the defense. This was a novel case of importance, some \$10,000 being involved. The complainant's counsel deserves much credit for the ability with which he exhibited in the conduct of this case. Some time since the complainant was ejected from the premises in litigation, but, since the strong arm of the law has interposed itself, she will be reinstated in possession."

A VERY GOOD REASON.—Says Max Adler in the Philadelphia Bulletin: Judge Pitman came down stairs the other day in response to a call by his servant-girl, and found standing at his door a man with a carpet-bag. The man said: "Is your piano out of tune?" "No; I don't think it is," said the Judge.

"Ain't you sure about it?" "Certainly I can." "I don't believe you can," said the Judge.

"I'd like to know why not. I never saw a piano yet that I couldn't tackle." "There's one mighty good reason why you can't in this case."

"I'd like to know what it is." "You want me to tell you, do you?" "Yes." "Well, it's because I haven't got any piano."

Then the man put the carpet-bag under his arm, rubbed his nose thoughtfully and left.

FRETTING.—He who frets is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evils; he discourses, enfeebles, and too often disables those whom he frets. It is to the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person of the mere neighborhood of a fretter is indescribable. It is to the soul what is to the body, more chilling than the bitterest frost, more dangerous than the fiercest storm. And when the fretter is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting, even at the