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Poetry.

[Written for the UNION.]

A WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY SALLIE CARLTON.

Winter's reign is o'er at last,
With its steel-like piercing blast;
Ice and snowy draperies white,
Vegetation's chilling blight.

Thee we welcome, gentle Spring,
With thy breeze soft murmuring;
Verdant fields and shady bowers,
Singing birds and blooming flowers.

Insects flitting here and there,
Dewdrops sparkling fresh and fair;
Varied pleasures, thou dost bring,
With thy coming, gentle Spring.

While thy beauties we admire,
May we earnestly desire;
God's free Spirit, to impart,
Fadeless beauty on man's heart.

Father, while thy love we trace,
'Mid our earthly sinfulness;
Help us daily to prepare,
Thy Eternal Spring to share.

April 14th, 1875.

When Elihu Comes Home.

All her life long Sara Holmes had had a romance. It began and ended with these words: "When Elihu comes home."—And though she was but nineteen years old at the time of which I write, it seemed to her on the evening of that burning July day, as she sat in her bedroom, and looked out upon the moonlight fields, that she had been living one or two centuries in this world, and all the time dreaming golden dreams of Elihu, only to find them shivered into atoms at the last.

For Elihu had come. And the time and the manner of his coming were so unlooked for and so unexpected to her, as well as to everyone else that the girl sat there in the moonlight, saying to herself, "He is here, I need never watch or wait for him again. In the next chamber to mine he is sleeping—that is if he can sleep, poor Elihu!" The earliest stories she could remember had been told to her by her mother about 'Cousin Elihu' and the enormous fortune he had made 'down South,' at a time when fortune could yet be made in that unhappy land. She had heard fabulous tales of the palace in which he lived, of the negro slaves who fled to do his bidding, of the beautiful carriages and horses that bore him from place to place, and of the jewels, the silks, satins and velvets that fortunate woman would possess who would one day become Elihu's bride.

Other girls had heard these stories also, and the belle of the school at Holmesdale often said that, when she was sixteen, she should 'go traveling,' and find her way down south, and 'set her cap' for Elihu Holmes. That the result would follow for which she looked, no girl among them all doubted, for even 'the master's' stern face softened and smiled upon Rosanna Meadows, when she shook back her golden curls and lifted her large blue eyes, with a blush to his.

Poor Rosanna! Sarah leaned her cheek on her hand, and looked over the hill top toward the village graveyard, where the village beauty was now lying, with her blue eyes closed, her golden ringlets smoothed back from her white brow, and her hands clasped in an unearthly quiet on her breast. Elihu had never known how her girlish heart went out toward him. And now Elihu had come home!

As Sara Holmes grew up, and developed from the tall angular girl into the queenly and self-possessed young woman, the thought would sometimes occur to her, as she stood before the mirror braiding her dark hair, 'If he should come back, would he think me pretty, now that Rosanna is gone?' The broad, low brow, the oval cheeks and dimpled chain answered; the healthful color, the deep, dark eyes, the sudden, bright, bewildering smile, said, 'Yes.' For hers was now a higher beauty than Rosanna's pink and white loveliness had ever been, and the treasures of her mind and heart might well have won an older and wiser man to love her long before Elihu came home.

And now she drew a long breath, and set herself to recall all the incidents of that sudden and startling return.

Tea was over—the milk was strained—and they were all sitting on the front piazza, under the shade of the maples and locusts, while her father read bits from the weekly paper aloud. Her step-mother was knitting; her sister Grace was lining a hat, and her brother Ben was whittling out a toy boat from a bit of wood, while she, Sara, sat beside him and held his tools as he needed them, and lost herself in a reverie about our hero in the south.

A carriage drove up the village road and halted at their gate. The driver descended from his seat and beckoned to her father, who hurried down to the gate to meet him. After talking for some time together, a small trunk was lifted down and left beside the gate. Then the carriage door was opened and a tall figure descended, and, directly after, Ben, who had followed his father in a fit of boyish curiosity, galloped back with distended eyes, whispering loudly:

"Mother—girls! Cousin Elihu has come! And he has lost every cent of his property down south. I heard the driver tell father so! And they have sent him off up here, alone, because they thought he was going to be sick; and there he is, see, leaning on father and the driver, and he can't but just walk. Isn't it a blamed shame of these southerners?'

"Mercy!' exclaimed Ben's step mother, rising, as they all rose, when the tall, slender figure approached.

Sara looked up with her heart in her eyes, to greet her hero—no less a hero to her for the pitiful history of loss and ruin that she had just heard.

He was a tall, upright, elegant looking man, with a fair complexion, large melancholly blue eyes, a long straight nose, drooping eyebrows, fine lips, and a firmly rounded chin, that somewhat counteracted the listless sadness of the face. His hair was turning gray, and the heavy golden brown moustache had one or two threads of silver, but with that exception he wore no look of age.

Elihu was well but plainly dressed in a traveling suit of gray. He removed his hat as he drew near the ladies, with a courteous grace; but he looked in vain for the warm welcome from the second Mrs. Holmes and her daughter Grace that he would have received from his own cousin had she been alive.

Mrs. Holmes bowed to him coldly though civilly; and Grace, angry with him and with herself for the sudden collapsing of sundry ambitious hopes which she had never confided to any one except her mother, swept him her latest dancing school courtesy, and affected not to see the hand he held out.

Elihu colored slightly and turned to Sara whose large dark eyes were fixed with a look of tender pity upon his refined and melancholy face.

"You have a face that I ought to know, he said to her, gently. You are my own cousin's child, dear Sara! I hoped she would be here to meet me when I came home at last.'

Sara's heart was already full, and this reference to her dead mother caused her tears to overflow.

"Dear Cousin Elihu,' said she, taking his hand in both of hers, "my mother remembered and loved you to the last day of her life. She would have been glad indeed to see you here once more; I am glad, too. All my life long I have looked forward to your coming.'

"But you did not expect to see me return so poor,' said Elihu, sighing.

"Poor or rich, it matters little,' replied Sara fervently. "You are here at home once more, and that is enough to make us all rejoice.'

"Aye,' said Elihu, looking from her beaming countenance to the cold face of the rest. "I should have been glad to bring gold enough to make me welcome.—But what is done is done, and I do not wish to complain. Cousin Joshua, for my cousin's sake of the old times when you and I were boys together, I suppose you will let me stay at the old homestead for a few days?'

"Eh? Oh, to be sure! Stay and welcome,' stammered the farmer, who feeling the eyes of his wife and his daughter Sara fixed upon him, was like a man between two fires.

So it was settled, and Sara flew about like a good fairy to prepare supper for the wanderer and afterward, to set in order his room and bed. At nine o'clock he retired, and then the storm burst forth.

The second Mrs. Holmes inquired shrilly if their house was to be turned into a 'poor farm,' and made the abiding place of every shiftless creature who had wasted his substance in riotous living among 'those negroes'—only to come, at the last, without a penny in his pocket, to be supported by those who had the misfortune to be related to him in a distant way.

Mr. Holmes said, meekly, that "it was not likely Elihu would stay long, and that as he had once redeemed the farm, which was heavily mortgaged with his own money, and given a deed of the place to his first wife, he didn't very well see how he could refuse him shelter there if he claimed it—'for a time ,at least,' he added nervously seeing his wife's black eyebrows knitting together in a way that he had learned to dread.

Grace upheld her mother in all her denunciations; though Sara thought, privately, that it would have been more delicate had she kept silence, since as the daughter of Mrs. Holmes by a former marriage, she could not be supposed to have any great interest pecuniary or otherwise, in the disposition of the homestead farm.

As for Ben, like most boys of thirteen, he was on the side of right against might, and he did not scruple to say that, for his part, he hoped Cousin Elihu would stay there forever, and that he was sure, if he had redeemed the farm, that he had a perfect right to do so. His sister Sara could have kissed him for the answer, but she kept silence.

The days went on. By every art that a men and paltry spirit could invent, Mrs. Holmes the second showed plainly to Elihu how unwelcome he was beneath her roof tree. As for Grace, she simply ignored him. And, Mr. Holmes, though he would gladly have been both grateful and kind, was so tame by nightly curtain lectures, hours long, that he dared not show the ruined man any attention, and only looked at him wistfully now and then, as if wondering when he would be gone.

Elihu's plate, knife and fork were placed upon the table at every meal, it is true.—He fared as the rest fared, and his room and bed were the best in the house.

But this was Sara's doing. To her and to Ben, he owed each moment of happiness which he enjoyed in the old house. The sister and her young brother were always glad to be with him, but the other inmates of the house looked over and around him, and even when he ate of their bread and drank of their cup, seemed as if they knew him not. Sara's proud spirit blazed up for his sake at a thousand petty insults and affronts each day. She wondered privately to herself, and aloud to Ben, how Cousin Elihu, with the memory of his past wealth and grandeur fresh in his mind, could endure it! Nor was she surprised when, one pleasant evening just four weeks after his arrival, Elihu told her he must go.

"I cannot blame you, so shamefully have you been treated,' she said, while her heart sank down in her breast, like a stone sinking into the depths of the tiny lake on whose bank they sat. "But where will you go, Cousin Elihu? What will you do? You were ill when you came here, and thanks to their unkindness, you are not well and strong enough to care for yourself.—O, it is a shame—a shame!' she broke out again. "And if you had come rich as they expected, every one of them would have been at your feet!'

Cousin Elihu smiled the smile that always brightened her melancholy face, till in her eyes it was the noblest, handsomest face on earth.

"Never mind them Sara,' said he; "you and Ben have been so good to me that I have scarcely noted the rest. So good that—"

He paused and looked at her.

"Sara, when I am gone, shall you miss me?'

The tears rose to her eyes.

"O, how can you ask? You know, Elihu, that when you go I shall think of you among strangers, poor, perhaps ill, perhaps dying—"

She hid her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

Elihu waited till her grief had exhausted itself, and then took her hand.

"What you say is all very true, Sara.—I am not fit to go out into the world alone. Will you go with me? You have a good home here, I know, but if I have you to work for, I will soon give a better one.—And by and by Ben can come to us, and we will make a man out of him. Will you be my wife, Sara?'

She looked at him with all the solemn fervor of a woman's love and devotion shining in her eyes.

"If you will take me, Elihu, and let me care for you, I shall be the happiest creature on earth. From the moment when I saw you come in at the farm gate, from the moment when I knew that your fortune was gone, and that you were ill and alone in the world, I have prayed that you might love me. I don't care where our home is or what it is, so that we share it together. I can be happier with you in a log hut than I could be with anyone else in a palace; for you need me, Elihu, and I—I have thought and dreamed of you, and, I really believe, loved you from the day when my mother first told me about you, when I was sitting at her knee.'

"So they were betrothed, and, after a storm at the farm house, when her decision was first made known, Sara followed the fortunes of her lover to a distant city where they were married.

Ben went with her as her protector and "best man.' Her father kissed her and cried over her, as he bade her farewell, and put a pocket book containing five hundred dollars into her hand for the wedding portion.

"I can't go with you to give you away, my dear, and I can't let you be married here,' said the poor man. "I shall never hear the last of it if I do; and I'm getting old now, and I want peace and quiet in my own home. But God bless you, Sara, and your husband that is to be. Poor Elihu! Your mother loved him dearly, and I don't know a fault he has in the world, except that he is poor.'

So, strengthened by her father's approval and blessing, Sara approached the altar to consecrate her life to the hero of her dreams.

The ceremony over they drove to a first class hotel, and breakfasted in style that made Sara tremble for the fortune. And after breakfast Elihu laid a package before her, and a casket by the side of her plate.

"My first present to my wife,' said he. "As for you, Ben—"

A cry of delight from Ben made his sister turn around to look at him. The boy was glorying in a gold hunting watch and chain.

"Open your casket, love,' said her husband, smiling.

She obeyed and a river of light seemed to flash upon her from the diamonds within. At the same moment her husband broke the seal of the package; and showed her a bank book inscribed with her name.

"Ten thousand dollars are deposited there, subject to your order,' said Elihu, carelessly.

"Ten thousand dollars! and the watch! and the diamonds!' gasped Sara, turning pale. "What can it all mean!'

"I know,' broke in Ben, with a joyous laugh. "Cousin Elihu has only been pretending to be poor all this time. Nicely sold all those people at the farm will be!'

Sara turned to her husband. He smiled and drew her closely to his breast. From that happy day not a wish of hers or Ben's has been ungratified. And all the romance of her life began instead of ending (as she for a time supposed) "when Elihu came home."

What Women Can Do.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LIVES OF FEMALE CLERKS IN WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the Albany *Journal* gives some interesting information concerning women employed in the bureaus of the government. The writer speaking of the clerks of the interior says:

The black-eyed musical voiced beauty whom you see conversing with the head of a bureau is one of those creatures you have often read about and never yet seen, who, in the warmth and verdancy of maidenhood, married their father's servant, and then, disowned, ostracised. This was her freak. She had spent a year or more in traveling over Europe with her father, who was a wealthy New York merchant. She was tutored in the best culture and walked in the social path of her parents, but under too strict surveillance. The only man she came in close contact with outside of her relatives was her father's coachman. He was young and fine looking, as servants often are.

Her heart was captured, and the coachman, though fortunately a man of conscience, could not resist the opportunity. They were married and the bride was banished from her home to the humble level of her husband. But she accepted her fate, girded up her courage, made most of her talents and went to teaching and writing. Finally she secured employment under the government in preparing official reports, etc., and she not only holds that position now, but is a liberally paid contributor to periodical literature. Her love for her husband has never grown cold; but he does what work he can; though her mother and brother still live (her father is dead) in opulence in New York, she has never been called home nor forgiven.

At that desk stands the mother of five children, two of whom are dead, one lives in New Mexico, and the other two are supported by her own efforts. Her age is 37. In her girlhood her parents moved from Massachusetts to Kansas in the days that tried men's souls. There she married a young printer about the time of the Pikes Peak gold fever, and they took for their bridal trip a journey to that delusive summit—a distance of over eleven hundred miles. According to her published account of the journey at the time, she was arrayed in calico pants and dress of the same material, reaching to the knees, Indian moccasins and a hat.

She traveled on foot much of the way; walking from four to ten miles a day, admiring the endless varieties of flowers at their feet, and was charmed with the wild solitude of the uninhabited plains. She is doubtless the first woman who ever made a bridal trip in such a traveling suit. The adventurers actually followed Fremont's footsteps nearly to the top of that famous peak where he heard the bee sing. From Pike's peak they journeyed into New Mexico, and during her stay there she became a mother.

Longing to return to civilization and friends, the couple returned. The war was then in progress, and they entered the work of educating the negroes in the Southwest. From there they drifted to Washington. The husband secured a clerkship, and the wife commenced writing for the press. Like too many printers, the husband was bound to be poor, he would keep "tramping," lost his clerkship and became contaminated with free love. Poverty and destitution crept closer and closer to the family, a long sickness overtook the wife, and in this dire misfortune her husband abandoned her and disappeared down the maelstrom of free love. The wife recovered, gained a small clerkship, and contributed to the press, though it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet.

Serving as a photographer in a private office is another unfortunate wife, whose home was for a time in Ohio. She married very young. Her husband, she says, proved to be tyrannical and cruel. She fled from him and emerged into what seemed by contrast a heaven—the struggle of a lone weak woman for bread. The husband obtained a divorce, not on ground of desertion, but on false and slanderous charges, and this, too, without the knowledge of the wife. But so glad was she on learning she was free, that she never thought to correct the record. She was not, however, to be crushed. She commenced canvassing for pictures and studying short hand, and in an incredible short period was able to command a living in the practice of the latter art.

On G street is the daughter of a millionaire, and the recent holder of a small position in the green-back printing bureau, but who to-day doesn't know where she can get her breakfast on New Year's day.—Her father was a Philadelphia manufacturer, and, retiring from business, the possessor of great wealth, he purchased a beautiful site in St. Mary's county, Maryland, just before the war. In the convulsions of those days adversity overtook him, and also political prosecution. Ill health finally followed, sweeping away the entire family except the daughter. But now, alas! she is one of the three hundred who were discharged from the printing bureau last Saturday, in order that the work might be given to a New York monopolist.

A life insurance company has refused to pay a $10,000 policy because the insurer committed a moral suicide, he having procured the policy in reply to a message from a friend in the unseen world to the effect that he would certainly die upon a certain day and hour—which he did.

Little Dan's Mother.

You see, the people at the postoffice soon recognize men, and names, and after a man or woman has appeared at the general delivery window three or four times they are well known. It is a real pleasure to hand out letters to some people, while the clerks care little for the calls of others to get hold of their epistles.

One day, a year or two ago, a funny looking little old woman, wearing faded garments, but having a tidy look and a motherly face, appeared at the window and asked for a letter. There was one for her, sent from a distant city, and anybody could have told an unlearned boy directed the envelope. There was a little "d' in Detroit, with a big "T' to end the word, it seemed wonderful that the letter reached its destination.

The old lady felt so good that, tears in her eyes and yet trying to smile, she put her head in the window and said:

"Thanks. It's from my boy Dan, and you don't know how much good it does me.'

The lady delivery clerk rose up to look after the old woman, and when a second letter came she was looking and watching for "mother' a whole day before the letter was passed out.

"It's from my Dan again,' cried the old woman, as she noticed the subscription.—He's in Buffalo learning a trade. He's only a bit of a boy, and there wasn't a show for him in Detroit, and besides he was running out nights and going to the bad. I sent him away and he's working hard and trying to be good, God bless my Dan. I'm a lonely widow with only him to love, and I hope he'll be good!'

"I hope so too,' added the clerk, and after that the two were friends. Sometimes the letters were far between, and when the old woman would worry over the delay and the big tears would fall, the lady would almost shed tears over her.—"Mother' would open her letters at the window, and if Dan was feeling brave-hearted and getting along well, both would rejoice, while both would still be anxious if he complained and was discouraged.

Almost every week for a year and a half the old lady received a letter, and just as regularly she came to post the answer. She wrote in a quaint, bold hand, but the boy could make out every word, and once when he wrote that her writing was improving, she felt all the pride that a schoolgirl could have shown. He improved as well. By and by he wrote "Detroit' plain and fair, and he took extra pains to commence his "Dear mother' with a grand flourish, and to add something extra after the words "Your Son Dan.'

These letters were food and drink to the old lady, and she seemed to actually grow younger. Little Dan had many friends in the postoffice, and had the mother been ill, any carrier would have hunted till midnight to find her and hand her the looked for letter. Three or four weeks ago, when she opened her letter, she wept and smiled as over the first. She said she'd have the cottage looking new for him, and she'd be at the depot to welcom him first of all. Every body felt glad with her, and the lady clerk was to go up some evening and have tea with her and see little Dan and encourage him, for the more kind words a boy can have the better he will seek to do.

There was no letter the next Tuesday, but the two excused its absence by saying that Dan was getting ready to come home. That was early in February, and he was to come early in March. The next Tuesday there was a letter, but the handwriting was not little Dan's. It was a strange business hand, and the clerk felt a chill go over her as she turned it over. It might be good news, but she feared not.

"Mother' came in at the usual hour, and she turned pale as she took the envelope.—Her fingers trembled as she opened it, and she had to wipe the mist out of her eyes before she could decipher a word. She hadn't read over four of five lines when she uttered a moan and sank right down, like one crushed by some awful weight. They lifted her up and took her home, the letter clasped in her stiff fingers, and though she came out of the faint after awhile her heart was broken, and in a week she was in her grave.

Dan was dead! the letter said that he had been taken suddenly ill and that nothing could save him. The blow was too heavy for one with her gray hairs and childish heart, and her little old house is without a tenant.

No more letters commencing "Dear Mother,' come for the dead, and the trembling hands which used to linger fondly over the words, "My Dear Boy Dan,' are folded over a lifeless breast, there to rest till the angels unclasp them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOME GEORGIA LAWYERS' FEES.—Yesterday, in conversation, some one remarked that General Toombs never crosses a court house door for less than $5,000, when Judge Lochrane said there was nothing strange about that. "I wouldn't take any case for a smaller fee than $10,000."—This caused the crowd to discuss legal fees, and it was found that several large fees had been paid Atlanta lawyers since the war. Mr. Hill, in the celebrated Metcalf case, received a $100,000 fee. Judge Lochrane a fee of 40,000 in the Brunswick and Albany case. Mr. Hill received a fee of $25,000 for the management of Kimball's case. Judge Lochrane received $15,000 as a fee from Mrs. Kimball in the Kimball House case.—*Atlanta Herald.*

[Written for the UNION.]

A WISH FOR MY FRIEND.

BY SALLIE CARLTON.

A New Year's wish, my friend for thee,
To day I write;
Oh! may thy heart, from sin be free;
Thy way be bright
From Him who ever watches from above,
Our live below; [love,
Who guards His children, with an eye of
Where'er they go.

Then through the untried year, in good or ill,
Be this thy aim;
To do, not simply say, the Father's will,
In Jesus' name;
And if for failure, in the past of earthly life,
Thy faint heart moans;
Remember for the wrong, amid the strife,
Christ's blood atones.

And whereso'er thy weary feet may press,
Thou'lt find Him there;
Waiting, His earnest child to bless,
Then do not fear; [night,
But trust Him ever, though by clouds and
Thy sky is overcast; [light,
The crown, the robe, and home of perfect
Shall all be thine at last.

MAPLETON, Md., January 1st, 1874.

Patience.

Of all virtues patience is the easiest to practice. Or will the reader say it is the hardest? It is only waiting; is it not easy enough to waite? It is not doing with laborious and wearisome exertions. It is not a resolution spurring on the weak or reluctant mind. It is not couaage in the midst of dangers which the common mind might fear. It is keep still; and is it a virtue to keep still? It is much needed in domestic life, and in many private and public relationships. Can we not have more of it? And is it some delusion that enables us to say it is only through momentary thoughtlessness that we ever violate its important requisitions? It is so great an excellence that, upon thought, we shall find it the prime element of all other, at least of which partake in any way of self denial. It is not exercised alone in waiting for a dilatory friend to ride or walk with us; in suffering in our poverty the long delay of the debtor's promise; in endurance of the tedious cunning of the suit-at-law.—The vices and crimes of individuals are eminently owing to a want of patience.—The slave of intemperance thinks he cannot wait till his appetite shall have passed. He cannot wait till sleep shall over take him, and he forgets it. He cannot wait till he can reach better company than his own solitude or his common companions, and he will be ashamed of indulgence, and find denial easy in the society of the pure and good. He cannot wait, waking and alone, till the fire is consumed and his nature is all calm again; and impatience, doubtless, is the cause of a large proportion of the intemperance of the land. The child in early years was never taught to wait.—What it wanted it wanted at the moment; and at the moment the parent always hastened to gratify its imperious desires. We need have no laws for the suppression of intemperance, none to prohibit or license the sale of liquor, if we could only in some way teach men to wait. And the passion that demands relief in the use of intoxicating drinks is the type of all other passions, all to find their remedy in the same way. Revenge would stay its hand if it would only consider. The grosser views that destroy the body and the soul would change to health and purity if the guilty would bat wait to know what they are about. The iritations of domestic life and common relationships that impel to unkind words, unkind deeds, and to alienations and hatreds would never be allowed indulgence if people would wait before they spoke or thought. And the distaste some have for the society of their fellowmen, which they think themselves comes from a sense they have of the unworthiness of other people, might find its easy remedy in patience—a patience that can look for the origin of people's evil and the way to the end of it, and can overlook the pressing view and take knowledge of existing virtues also. Impatience is sometimes a sort of derangement. From being a habit of thought it gets to be a habit of body. It is a derangement of ideas come out of their proper order; derangement of the nervous system also the blood quickening along its currents, habitually rushing up to overfill the brain. And their habitual derangement, though it may not be great enough to send its victim to an insane asylum, but only enough to make friends and family wish that he would hold his tongue or stop his crossness, is, during its seeming uncontrollableness as much an insanity, though not as great a degree of it, as the ravings of the maniac which also are sometimes cured by continued efforts of self-control. The irritable, impatient, passionate man, whatever form his passion may assume, for in spirit they are all the same, only the manifestation being different—needs often the composing draught to quiet his nerves as much as the crazy man does. Happy if he has allowed his impatience so to get the better of himself that he cannot always control it by just a moments consideration.

VICE PRESIDENT WILSON has kept an autograph album in which he has obtained the signatures of all who sat with him in the Senate, accompanied by the dates of their birth, and the number is now two hundred and sixty, embracing many of the greatest and some of the worst of the public men of the eventful generation.

Romance In Real Life.

In New York, in 1706, my store was in Maiden Lane, within three doors of the store of John Mowatt, an extensive dealer in shoes. His foreman was John Peluse, who sat behind the counter stitching shoes and waiting on customers as they stepped in. One day a corpse was found in the dock, at the foot of the street. The Coroner took the jurymen from the neighborhood, among them John Mowatt and his foreman, John Peluse. The corpse lay on a table in the centre of the room. Some of the jurymen remarked that as soon as John Peluse looked on the corpse, he started, turned pale, and looked as if he was going to faint. He rallied, however, but his subsequent movements occasioned some curious remarks. The jury having rendered a verdict of death drowning, were discharged. Mowatt turned around to look for his foreman, but behold, he was not there. We stepped out of doors and saw him high up the street, on a half run, when he quickly turned a corner. * All sorts of inquiries were made, but nothing could be heard of him. This, with his turning pale at the first view of the corpse, occasioned some strange surprise among the jurors, for many days afterwards.

John Mowatt was a bachelor of thirty-five, and Peluse had seen about thirty summers.

On a certain day, about one month thereafter, a lady in deep mourning stepped into Mowatt's store and asked for a pair of shoes. While John was trying how the shoe fitted, the lady inquired: "You had a man in your store—John Peluse by name—what has become of him?"

"Yes," said Mowatt, "but what has become of him I would give a good deal to learn. He then related the story as above stated.

"Strange," replied the lady. "And you have not seen him since?"

"No,' replied Mowatt, "I have not seen him since.'

"Yes you have seen him,' replied the lady.

"I certainly,' said Mowatt, "I would not contradict a lady of your appearance, but I have not seen him, to my knowledge.

"Well, then,' said she, "I am John Peluse; and that subject on whom we held the inquest, was the corpse of my husband. My family name is Randall, I was born in Philadelphia. I married (against the wishes of my parents) John Conner, a sober, industrious man, by trade a shoemaker. He took to drinking, neglected his business, and once struck me, while in liquor. We had no family, so I resolved, while we were stitching shoes together to learn his trade and leave him.—I soon made a passable shoe, when I assumed male attire, came to New York, and you gave me work as journeyman. The rest you know.'

John told the present narrator, some days after, that on hearing this, he was dumfounded.

"Well madam,' said John, "what are your plans for the future?'

Says she, "I have not yet formed my plans.'

"Well,' said John, I like you as a journeyman, and when my foreman, I was pleased; suppose we new go into partnership for life!'

In forty-eight hours thereafter they were married. She was a fine looking woman, and might have passed for twenty-five.

This perhaps, is the first instance on record, of a woman sitting as a Coroner's juryman on the corpse of her husband.—The above is a simple tale of truth.

Running for Office.

I never run for office but once. At the earnest solicitations of some of my friends, in an ungarded moment I allowed myself to be announced as candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace. Previons to this fool move I had been considered a decent kind of a man, but the next day when the Bugle came out it was filled with accounts of my previovs history that would have curled the blood of a Digger Indian. A susceptible public was gravely informed that I was not fit for the office, that I was almost a fool, besides I had come West under very suspicious circumstances. I had starved my deaf old grandmother to death and then sold the remains to a soap-factory. I had stole a hand-organ from a poor blind cripple and run away with the proceeds. I had sold my grandfather's coffin for fourteen dollars, and buried the old gent in a boot box. In utter despair I rushed around to headquarters, withdrew my name and swore a solemn swear that I would never indulge in politics again.—And I never will.—*John Quill.*

HABIT.—"I trust everything under God,' said Lord Brougham, 'to habit upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the school-master, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or swearing."