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Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

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WHOLE NO. 323.

LITERATURE.

MARY A. SLIP

"My congregation desire me to marry again, and I think," said Mr. Pettibones, "that I shall select Miss Gubbins."

Miss Gubbins—Camilla Gubbins, spinster as she was mentioned in her grandmother's will—was not yet an old woman by any means, and was not exceedingly plain, certainly she was young enough and good-looking enough to match Mr. Pettibones, who was a widowed clergyman of forty-five years, and who was sensible enough to desire to choose his wife rather for good qualities than beauty both of which time must dissipate.

"Yes," said Mr. Pettibones, who was talking to himself in his library, "yes, Miss Gubbins is a most estimable lady. Devoted to the Church, charitable, energetic, excellent in every way, and she admires me—she!—that is, appreciates me. How she works among the orphans and the aged poor in the Home! How excellently she manages her Bible-class, and how kind of her to bring up that little orphan Jennie Wiggins! Yes, I shall gain a helpmate indeed if she will accept me. And," said Mr. Pettibones, regarding his clerical white tie in the mantel-glass complacently for a moment, "I have not a single doubt but that she will."

Then Mr. Pettibones put on his best hat and best gloves, took in his hand the gold-headed cane presented to him by his congregation, and set out in the direction of Miss Gubbins' cottage, having quite resolved that he would lose no more time but propose at once.

Ah, had Camilla but known it, nothing could have delighted her more. For two years she had made the capture of Mr. Pettibones, his big paragon, his snug income, and the honor of the title of minister's wife the object of her soul. With this hope she had devoted herself to church-work, to aged people in the Homes, to little orphans and the poor generally. She had given flowers at Easter, and twined evergreens for the decoration of the Church at Christmas, and oh how she had listened to the sermons Mr. Pettibones preached, and borrowed them for private perusal, and wept at the affecting points, and striven not to smile, oh, so very, very hard, because it was in church, you know, when he grew witty. Just about the time he took his evening walk it had often happened so singularly that she was hurrying up the road with a jar of jelly for a sick person or a tract for a wicked one. No one could guess how hard she had worked to gain her point and how, just as Mr. Pettibones had made up his mind to propose—poor Miss Gubbins began to despair. She had wasted full two years upon a clergyman who she might have spent profitably, for she had driven from her a respectable farmer with intentions, and he had married some one else.

This morning a false report that Mr. Pettibones was courting Delia Doseum the doctor's daughter had reached her and she was very cross. Moreover, her dear old crony, Miss Spence, had come to spend the day, and every woman has one crony in the world before whom she plays no part. Over a rather late lunch Miss Gubbins was talking to Miss Spence as she talked only to her when the clergyman arrived and a new servant who was not acquainted in the place thus announced him:—

"A man wants to see you, Miss Gubbins."

"Old Chicory, I suppose," said Miss Gubbins, "I promised to send him some clothes. Put him anywhere until I get through my lunch, Ann, for I don't disturb myself for anyone to-day."

And Ann, returning to Mr. Pettibones, escorted him into the parlor where every word that was spoken in the dining-room was plainly audible.

The clergyman took his seat in the largest armchair, which was near the communicating door, and folded his hands and waited. He was composing an ornate proposition. He had got as far as, "My dear and respected Mrs. Gubbins, you may often have remarked—" when suddenly a high, sharp-sounding voice smote his ears with these words:—

"Old Pettibones!"

"Old Pettibones!" he could hardly believe his ears. Involuntarily he inclined his head a little nearer to the door, and heard the words again repeated.

"It surely must be some one else of the same name; I'm not old," said Mr. Pettibones.

"It's nobody's business I'm sure," replied Miss Gubbins.

"But they said so," said Miss Spence.

"I wonder what they said?" asked Mr. Pettibones of nobody.

"And you've been so active in the church," said Miss Spence.

"I'm sick of the church," answered Miss Gubbins.

Mr. Pettibones started.

"I wish I hadn't got in for it," said Miss Gubbins. "I never will again if I get out. I hate the very sight of old women with rheumatism and old men with wooden legs and sticky dirty little orphans with no pocket handkerchiefs. When I want to have comfort I've got to go some long tramp to read the bible to a horrible sick person. I'm going to move to New Giggertown, and buy a house there, and get a dog and teach him to drive all beggars away and bite all children who open the gate. I am!"

"My!" said Miss Spence who quite fathomed the cause of her friend's disgust. "I thought you were quite enthusiastic about Pettibones and his church!"

"Old Pettibones!" exclaimed Miss Gubbins; "the old poke. Why, he's more and more stupid every Sunday. I fairly yawn. And he's getting uglier and uglier and older. Gracious, how I did laugh, when I heard he was a courting Delia Doseum! Older they get, the younger they want, said I; and it's true."

"Well, perhaps it is," said Miss Spence; "though I don't see what they want to marry school-girls for. And you ain't going to have old Pettibones yourself, after all? Some one said so."

"I don't want to hear what they said," cried Miss Gubbins, to whom the grapes, which would have been so sweet had she known how near her lips they had hung that very day, were now particularly sour. "I detest him. I don't want to see him. I don't want to go to St. Samuel's church after this, if I go to any and I don't know that I shall. It's all poor box and children here. Money, money, money all the time. You are fairly squeezed like an orange. And, as I said before, I'll have done with all this poor work and take my comfort. If I'd done it before I might have had the largest farm in the country for my own to-day."

"Well, I never did expect to hear you talk that way," exclaimed Miss Spence; "when I was here Christmas time you called the minister, 'that excellent man,' and made me help to tie the evergreens until my arms ached."

"Well, I've changed my mind," said Miss Gubbins, "the less I see of old Pettibones, the sillier Gubbins, and his horrible old sick people the better."

Mr. Pettibones groaned softly once again. He arose and crept out of the front door, and from the porch to the road and then fled. He fully believed that evil spirits had taken possession of this lamb of his flock, and could have wept over her. He was a little angry too—that was but human nature.

But his congregation desired him to marry, and a few days afterwards he actually offered himself to little Delia Doseum and was accepted.

And Miss Gubbins never knew who was the "man" who disappeared so mysteriously from her parlor, or how near she had come to being the minister's wife.

"Suppose, Belle," said a poor but honest Chicago youth to a Prairie Avenue girl one day last week, "suppose that a young man loved you deeply—very deeply—but was afraid to ask you to marry him, because he was very timid or felt too poor or something—what would you think of such a case?" "Think," answered the girl immediately. "Why if he was poor, I should think he was doing just right in keeping still about it." The question was dropped right there.

It was a widowed miser who, after composing a long epitaph for his wife, suppressed it altogether, and said: "It's too expensive; put on the gravestone a few tears." "Very well," replied the artist: "say three tears, like this—111." "Heaven, no! Three tears, when I have only two eyes? Absurd! Two will be plenty."

It is better to wear a calico dress without trimmings, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

WHEN A YOUNG LADY and gentleman have a controversy about kissing, they generally put their heads together.—*Norristown Herald.*

ORIENTAL MARRIAGES.

MURDERED MAGGIE BAUER.

THE MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER DEMONSTRATING THE SUPPOSED MURDER.

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At this point the grandmother of the child rose up and, shaking her fist at Mrs. Hoffman, cried out: "You killed Maggie, you murdered her, and I'd kill you if I could get a chance."

"God forgive you," replied Mrs. Hoffman.

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At the prisoner concluded, Mrs. Bauer, Maggie's mother, sprang to her feet and shouted: "You are the murderer of my child!"

Mrs. Hoffman answered as before, "God forgive you."

After a deliberation of fifteen minutes the jury returned a verdict "Maggie Bauer came to her death by strangulation at the hands of some person or persons unknown."

Mrs. Hoffman was discharged. It is said that she was arrested at once on a charge of murder, and that she will follow up no other clue.

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COUNTRY JUSTICE.

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THE MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER DEMONSTRATING THE SUPPOSED MURDER.

From New York Times.

Margaretta Bauer, the little nine-year old daughter of George Bauer, a thrifty German farmer, who tills a small farm about two miles from Valley Stream, on the Long Island Railroad, was murdered on Aug. 14, and her remains thrown into a tangled thicket of a forest. Many arrests of suspected persons were made, and all were discharged for want of evidence except Mrs. Hoffman. Coroner Hicks began an inquest into the death of the child on Aug. 21, that was concluded on Monday. All the evidence pointed strongly toward Mrs. Hoffman as the guilty person, but there was nothing that directly fastened the crime upon her.

At 9 o'clock Monday morning many people from the surrounding farms gathered in and around the hotel barroom of W. R. Charlick, in Valley Stream, to attend the inquest. District Attorney Downing conducted the examination, and after hearing the testimony of several unimportant witnesses, Mrs. Hoffman was put on the stand for the first time. She told substantiated the same story as the one she told at the time of her arrest. She said that when she left Maggie at the Hummel's barn she kissed her and left her in "full health and strength."

At this point the grandmother of the child rose up and, shaking her fist at Mrs. Hoffman, cried out: "You killed Maggie, you murdered her, and I'd kill you if I could get a chance."

"God forgive you," replied Mrs. Hoffman.

Then the excitement became so intense that it was necessary for the court officers to interfere. District Attorney—Do you mean to say that you did not murder Maggie Bauer?"

Mrs. Hoffman—I say here in the presence of God, to whom alone I can appeal, that I am as innocent of that murder as the child unborn.

At the prisoner concluded, Mrs. Bauer, Maggie's mother, sprang to her feet and shouted: "You are the murderer of my child!"

Mrs. Hoffman answered as before, "God forgive you."

After a deliberation of fifteen minutes the jury returned a verdict "Maggie Bauer came to her death by strangulation at the hands of some person or persons unknown."

Mrs. Hoffman was discharged. It is said that she was arrested at once on a charge of murder, and that she will follow up no other clue.

Is Sitting Bull An Old West Point Cadet?

There may be some truth in the story that Sitting Bull and "Bison" McLean are one. "Bison" McLean was a cadet at West Point from Missouri from 1844 to 1848, and stood well intellectually. His diploma was adopted into the tribe, and he has been a member of the tribe ever since.

Dr. Van-Lennep, president of the characteristics of an ideal wedding-dress. It should measure six yards from the shoulders to the end of the train; the long sleeves should sweep the floor; the material is silk; it is elaborately embroidered by a party of professional embroiderers under the direction of a chief. The sum paid for superintending the needlework on a single robe referred to by Dr. Van-Lennep was five hundred dollars, while the charge for the work done by the embroiderers was two thousand five hundred dollars, and the entire cost of the dress was ten thousand; nor must it be forgotten that labor in that country is very much less expensive than in this.

The marriage festivities last often for a week, and in many sections of the East the old practices are still maintained. The bridegroom, with a procession, starts with music and torches, by night, for the house of the bride, where, after a show of resistance, and sometimes quite a struggle she is taken possession of, and borne away to her future home. This resistance by the coy maiden to the approach of her husband is a curious illustration of the marriage customs of many countries, and in various forms—from that of African society, in which the bridegroom chases the fleeing bride, to capture, and carries her away bodily, to that of the Nestorians, where the bride remains in a corner of the church until the time comes for the joining of hand, when she is dragged half across the aisle by a strong man, and is allowed to seize her hand only after a vehement struggle, during which the officiating clergyman stands passively by.—*LYMAN ABBOTT, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

ILLINOIS HAS 929,940 horses, nearly 3,000,000 cattle, 1,500,000 hogs, 17,575 pianos, 21,600 melodeons, 155,728 sewing machines and diamonds valued at \$50,000. Carl Woloshin, with his "vel