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here again until you can bring good money, for we always suspect such persons as you, that come on dark days with a well made story."

"But sir—

"You need make no explanations, Miss," said the man insultingly. "Take your bill, and the next time you want to buy a dressing gown, don't intend to pass counterfeit money, and, as he handed it, the bill fell from his hands.

Alice caught it from the floor and hurried into the street.

Such a shock the girl had never received in all her life before. It was the first insult she had ever known, and it burned her cheek and pained her heart.

Straightway, indignant and grieved, she hurried to a banking establishment, found her way in, and presented the note to a noble looking man with grey hair, faltering out, "is this bill a bad one?"

The cashier and his son happened to be the only persons present. Both noticed her extreme youth, beauty and agitation.

The cashier looked at it closely and handed it back, as with a polite bow and somewhat prolonged look he said—

"It's a good bill, young lady."

"I knew it was," cried Alice, with a quivering lip—and he dashed—

"She could go no further, but entirely overcome, she bent her head, and the hot tears had their way.

"I beg pardon, have you had trouble with it?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, sir, you will please excuse me for giving way to my feelings—but you spoke so kindly, and I felt so sure it was good! And I think, sir, such men as one of those clerks in Hunter & Warner's should be rewarded. He told me that it was counterfeit, and added something that I am glad my father did not hear. I knew the publisher would not send me bad money."

"Who is your father, young lady?" asked the cashier, becoming interested.

"Mr. Benjamin Locke, sir."

"Benjamin—Ben Locke—was he ever a clerk in the Navy Department, at Washington?"

"Yes, sir; we removed from there," replied Alice. "Since then—he hesitated—he has not been well—and we are somewhat reduced. Oh, why do I tell you these things, sir?"

"Ben Locke—reduced!" murmured the cashier; "the man who was the making of me! Give me his number and street, my child. Your father was one of the best, perhaps the only friend I had. I have not forgotten him. No. 4, Liberty street. I will call this evening. Meantime let me have the bill—let me see—I'll give you another. Come to look, I haven't got a five—there is a ten?—I'll make it all right."

That evening the inmates of a shabby, genteel house received the cashier of the M— Bank. Mr. Locke, a man of grey hair, though numbering but fifty years, rose from his arm chair, and much affected, greeted the familiar face. The son of the cashier accompanied him, and while the eldest talked together, Alice and the young man gazed quite chafly.

"Yes, sir, I have been unfortunate," said Mr. Locke, in a low tone. "I have but just recovered, as you see, from a rheumatic fever caused by undue exertion—and had it not been for that sweet girl of mine, I know not what I should have done. She, by giving lessons in music and French, and by writing for periodicals, has kept me, so far, above want."

He came obsequiously.

"You shall never, know, Wang, my old friend," said the cashier. "It was a kind Providence that sent your daughter to me. There's a place in the Bank just made vacant by the death of a valuable clerk, and it is at your disposal. It is in my gift and valued at twelve hundred a year."

"Pen cannot describe the joy with which this kind offer was accepted. The day of deliverance had come."

On the following morning the cashier entered the handsome store of Huntley & Warner, and asked for the head clerk.

"Sir," said the cashier, sternly, "is that a bad note?"

"I think not, sir," said the clerk, stamping.

The cashier went to the door. From his carriage stepped a young girl in company with his daughter.

"Did you not tell this young lady, my ward, that this note was counterfeit? And furthermore, did you not so far forget self-respect, and the interest of your employers, as to offer her an insult?"

"The man stood confounded—he dared not deny—he could say nothing for himself."

"I'm not mistaken; I'm never mistaken, Miss. The bill is counterfeit. I must presume, of course, that you did not know it, although so much bad money has been offered us of late that we intend to secure such persons as pass it. Who did you say sent it?"

"Mr. C—, sir, of New York. He could not send me bad money," said the trembling, frightened girl.

"Humphry said the clerk. I well, there's no doubt about this; you can look for yourself. Now don't let me see you

STAGE NONSENSE.

We were speaking to a friend, the other day, respecting the merits of a "celebrated tragedian," when we had occasion to comment on the rant of the stage—the loud mouthing, the outrageous gesture, the furious rolling of the eyes, the strident, sword that rattles in the belt, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of the modern drama. Fancy this style carried into real life. On being introduced to a lady you would say, throwing yourself into a splendid attitude—"Most gracious madam, my knees I greet you," impressively placing your right hand on your heart. To a creditor who would not pay—"Fraudulent knave, payest thou me not? By yonder sun that blazes in the zenith, thou wilt I sue, and thou shalt see 'tween impious name flaming the streets on posters huge!" At dinner—"Now, by my soul and all my highest hopes, those beans are royal. Were I Jupiter, beans should grace each royal banquet. What, ho! waiter, blither more beans!" To your wife—"Madam, be wary, thou dost excite me not; else, being too hot with wrath, I do myself some harm. A needle here—a button on my shirt—and see it instantly performed. Do it? I not leave the task to me! To your butcher—"Thou ungracious dealer, stroyer of bovines, send me some mutton and some beef; and, mark you! let it be tender than love and sweeter than the bees' rare burden. I would give thee a portion of that plant, ranked by the Botanist among the genus nicotiana, or 'Most noble friend,' wilt thou part with me some strong libation? Thou lookest dull to-day; 'twill cheer thy ailing heart." Reply—"Oh, noble soul! alas, not all the wine of Bacchian revels could ease this sorrow here—here, here! (Left arm struck several times.) On, what a fool and arrant knave am I! the very sport of fortune! This is so sorely more ridiculous than three-quarters of the nonsense on the stage!

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Select Poetry.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful; Free and gay, but not bold; Like an apple-pie and mellow; Not too young, and not too old; Half retiring, half repulsive; Now advancing, and now shy. There is mischief in her dimple, There is danger in her eye. She has studied human nature; She is schooled in all her arts; She has taken her diploma; As a mistress of all hearts: She can tell the very moment When to sigh and when to smile; Or, amid is something charming, But the widow all the while. Are you said how very serious Will her handsome face become; Are you angry? she is wretched, Lonely, fondless, fearful dumb; Are you faithful? she has laughter, Silver sounding, will ring out; She can lure, and catch and play out, As the angler does the trout. You old bachelor of forty, Who have grown so bald and wise, Young Americans of twenty, With the love-life in their eyes, You may practice all your lessons Touching the world and the fall, But I know a little widow Who could win and fool you all.

Select Miscellany.

WHAT CAME OF CALLING A GENUINE BILL COUNTERFEIT.

"What is the price of this dressing gown, sir?" asked a sweet faced young girl entering the elegant store of Huntley & Warner in a city and the street of a city which shall be nameless.

It was a cloudy day. The clerks lounged over the counters, read papers and yawned. The man to whom Alice Locke addressed herself, was jaunty and middle aged. He was head clerk of the extensive establishment of Huntley & Warner, and extremely consequential in his manner.

"This dressing gown—we value it at six dollars—you shall have it for five, as trade is dull to-day."

Five dollars? Alice looked at the dressing gown longingly, and the clerk looked at her. He saw that her clothes, though made and worn the common line, were common enough in texture and that her face was very much of the common line. How it changed! now shaded, now lighted by the varied play of her emotions. The clerk could almost have sworn that she had no more than that sum, five dollars, in her purse or pocket.

The gown was a very good one for the price. It was of common shade, a tolerable merino, and lined with the same material.

"I think—she hesitated a moment—I think I'll take it," she said; then seeing in the face before her an expression which she did not like, she blushed as she handed out the bill, the clerk had made up his mind to take.

"Jonny," cried Torrent, the head clerk, in a quiet, pompous tone, "pass up the bank detector!"

"Up ran a tow-headed boy with the detector, and up and down ran the clerk's eyes from column to column. Then he looked over with a sharp glance and exclaimed—

"That's a counterfeit bill, Miss!"

"Oh how pale the sweet face grew!" said the girl, "Oh, no! it cannot be!"

"The man who sent it could not have been so careless; you must be mistaken, sir."

"I'm not mistaken; I'm never mistaken, Miss. The bill is counterfeit. I must presume, of course, that you did not know it, although so much bad money has been offered us of late that we intend to secure such persons as pass it. Who did you say sent it?"

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THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES.

By JOHN W. WILSON, Professor of Pathology and Operative Surgery in the Veterinary College of Philadelphia, etc.

With 200 Illustrations of the various breeds of European, Asiatic, African and American Horses, with the physical formation and peculiarities of the animal, and how to ascertain his age by the number and condition of his teeth; illustrated with numerous explanatory engravings.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES. A Treatise on Breeding, Feeding, Stabling, Feeding, Dressing, Shoeing, and the various diseases of the horse, with the best mode of administering medicine, also, how to treat him when sick, and how to prevent him from being kicked, bitten, and other vices to which he is subject; with numerous explanatory engravings.

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