# SELECT MISCELLANY.

## CONSCIENCE MONEY.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

There was a barn raising at Driscoll's; and, although it was scarcely the end of planting, the neighbors turned out in strong force. The first or June, up in that high northern latitude, had scarcely made ghosts of the dandalions; but the cattle enjoyed their meal on the green hill-sides, for it was a grazing country, and the sky was bluer than other skies are apt to be, with compact masses of shining cumuli, conveyed by a western breeze.

The boys were in for a good time that day at Driscoll's. The tables were spread in the great kitchen, and the Driscoll girls were famous for their pies and lection cake. The honest farmer had provided pailsful of lemonade, and the coffee was made in the tin boiler; but he did not favor whisky drinking, being a firm "teetotle," as Mother Hinchman said.

It was whispered around by the young men that Sally and Ann Driscoll would be ready for a dance in the evening: and old Jake, the colored fiddler of the vicinity, was on hand, prepared to spin off Virginia reels and Spanish quickstops by the yard. Most of the girls of the neighborhood had come in to help wait and lend a hand at the "chores." They were dressed in their prettiest muslin gowns and brightest belt ribbons, with many a spit curl twined tendril like upon their foreheads, and wreaths of artificials bedecking the high back combs then in fashion.

There was one little woman, not very robust looking, with a tender, appealing face, and soft, large eyes, that shrank before too direct a gaze, who wore her hair in natural ringlets, brightened by a single white rose she had pulled from the bush that grew stragglingly against the old red farm house where she lived. This was Nate Hilliard's wife. She had come over early with the baby; and she could not help running away now and then from the mother boisterous fun in the kitchen, to peep at little Nate, as he lay asleep in the bedroom under good mother Driscoll's patchwork quilt. He was a lusty, bouncing fellow, going on two years, so stout in the arms and legs, and so persistent in his own way that folks shook their heads and said he would soon get the whip-row of his little mother; but as to Elvira Hilliard, I don't think anybody ever took quite so much pride in a handsome, imperious baby, as she did in hers.

The Bascom people pretty generally admitted that Nate Hilliard was a likely young man who, with a moderate share of good luck, would be well off by and by. He was a popular fellow; but he had none of that shiftiness and easy morality which popular fellows are apt to have. His trade was that of a cooper, and he did odd jobs of farming work during the slack times of summer. This year he had taken twenty acres to plant on shares; and there was some talk that eventually he was going to buy a half interest in Fink's sawmill; which would enable him to get out the stuff he used in making butter tubs and sap buckets at a small cost.

Through the din and laughter in the kitchen, the concocting of lemonade and clatter of plates, Elvira could hear the steady 'yo heave! yo heave!' of the men as they raised one side of the frame after another, and adjusted stud, and sleeper, and beam, in their place. Farmer Driscoll knew how to push work. His neighbors called him a hard driver, and he was everywhere at the fore front, putting his broad shoulder to the wheel. There was a deal of hard tugging to be done. But the men wiped their perspiring faces, always ready for a joke; and now the ridgepole was on, and before sundown the building would be completed.

The shadows were getting long and cool now, and Elvira was standing in the doorway of the old farm house, which made a pretty frame for her girlish figure, wreathed as it was with garden beans and morning glories, while leaf and shadow flecked over her white dress. She was watching the progress of the frame, and had just turned with a shade of anxiety upon her forehead, which had a pretty way of knitting itself about the brows, and said to mother Driscoll, who loomed up behind her like the homley, old fashioned genius of Bounty, that she hoped the men would not be too venturesome. It almost made her dizzy to look at them—when somebody fell. There was a swaying in the crowd, and a sound like a low wail; and how it was conveyed to the little woman's stunned senses that Nate had got hurt she was never able to conjecture.

It was inexplicable that he should have fallen at all; for he was a cool hand, perfectly used to that kind of work, and springy on his feet. He was fitting a rafter, at the time, and there was difficulty in fitting down to the plate; but, as generally happens in such cases, no one was noticing at the exact moment the poor fellow slipped. He had dislocated his hip, and in any case he must remain a cripple for life; but there was also an ugly purple bruise on the left temple, that told badly for saving him.

He had been laughing only ten minutes before—such a cheery hearty laugh; and now they got him into the kitchen in a senseless condition, six men of them—for Nate was tall and heavy, and these facts were against him in his fall. In the dismay of the moment Elvira was forgotten, until some one found her in a dead faint behind the door; her childish, appealing face as white to the lips as the poor withered rose in her hair. She was a long time in coming to. Mother Driscoll kept saying, "Poor, dear, young creature; it is sheer cruelty to bring her back;" while she supported the head Nate had loved so well against her ample waistband, the tears plashed down very loudly and lustily from eyes to room, and to struggle out from under the cover with his fat little fists and feet. It must have been that sound that brought Elvira back to consciousness.

Nate lay motionless on an old chintz covered lounge, under the window, where the breeze could blow upon his face. There had been a group of weeping women around him; but Hester Goss, the best nurse in the country, sent them quietly away to clear the tables, while she applied bruised wormwood and such simple remedies as were at hand. The room was beginning to have a heavy sickening smell of camphor. The doctor had not yet arrived. Now and then some of the younger men and boys took their hats off and came in with pale faces, and looked at poor Nate as they would have looked at a dead body in a church. A group of weather-beaten farmers, looking dreadfully sober, were gathered outside near the door. Hosea Driscoll appeared to feel it more than any of them. He would have given the worth of his rich farm three times over to put Nate Hilliard back to where he was at ten o'clock that morning.

The little wife was kneeling now by her unconscious husband, and a series of dumb sobs shook her breast, although her eyes looked dry and scared, and her lips were tightly pressed together in a rigid line. Ann Driscoll went and took the baby from her mother's bed, half way feeling thankful for the blessed unconsciousness of childhood. He had waked up cross, with his face red, and the silky hair very moist where the heavy drops of perspiration stood on the tender skin. He screamed vociferously for his mother; at last she opened her arms to him, and then she crept nearer to the old lounge. And the child hushed all of a sudden and half awed looked into her suffering eyes. "Papa," he lisped softly, "poo papa!" and then his dimpled hand went pitcously straying over the man's cheek, where a livid color showed under the tan, and wandered to his sun browned neck, and through the thick locks of his hair, with a little patter of baby touches that never had failed to wake poor Nate before. The steel bands that seemed binding Elvira's brain and heart gave way, and she threw herself on her husband's breast—that strong, manly breast that had loved and sheltered her by every one of its throbs—and moaned like a hurt lamb and cried: "Nate! Nate! Don't you know the baby? Wake up, or I shall die!"

"Let her be, it's good for her," said Hester Goss holding the women back, while real genuine tears stood on her parchment visage.

It seemed as though Elvira's voice drew Nate back from over the brink, for he was passing away. He opened his eyes and fixed them on her with just one glance of recognition. Sunny, kindly, laughing blue eyes they were; but now the glaze of death was on them, a thick bead stood on his cold forehead, a trouble grew in his look, he tried to utter a sentence; three times he tried in dire agony, and then there was the drawing of the breath, the convulsive heaving of the chest, and all was over, just as the doctor tied his horse to the gate post.

They took little Nate away by main force, and nothing would pacify him but the brass knobs on the top of the old fashioned looking glass in the keeping room. Elvira had clung to her husbands body as if her little frail hands would never let go; but a chill seized her, which was followed by a short, quick convulsion. The doctor and Hester Goss got her into a hot bath. Some of the elderly women, who were used to such things, began to prepare the body for burial. The great home clock was stopped. Henry, the eldest son of the Driscolls, went with the two horse team to Hingham to buy a coffin, taking his sister Ann along, who was to see about mourning for the poor little widow. He was to pick up the minister and bring him over on his way back. Gradually the knot of elderly men about the door melted away. Three of them took thereod to Finktown, where Fink's mill and a spatter of houses stood beside a bridge and a brawling stream.

"Life's awful onsartin," remarked one of them—Uncle Abe Spencer, as he was called—with a sigh. This was about as far as Uncle Abe's philosophy went. Folks said he had worked himself into the condition of a well seasoned pine knot.

"Yes," said Deacon Hone, with a thought of improving the solemn occasion for the benefit of his impenitent comrades; "no man knows the day or the hour when he shall be called to give an account for the deeds done in the body. I tell you it is an awful thought; and the young ain't no more likely to escape than the old. Look at Nate Hillard. There wasn't a man in the country that could do a bigger day's work than he could; and here he's cut down like the grass that is cast into the oven. All that I can say is that I hope he was prepared. He never would jine the church; but he was under powerful conviction the last revival Elder Slocum held here, and I can't help thinking he experienced a change of heart."

The Deacon was a clumsy, shuffling man, with a tendency to nasal utterances. Now he took out his bandanna, put it well into the hollow of his large freckled hand, and wiped his ridgy forehead.

"I wish my chance of getting to heaven was as free from risk as I think his is," said Joseph Bell, the man who had not yet spoken, throwing back his head toward Driscoll's. He had walked along gloomily, with a look bent upon the road, and it was evident that Nate Hillard's untimely death had told upon him severely. He was a tall, dark man, with a compact head set upon a broad base. His under jaw was powerful in its make, and it was easy to guess that if Joseph Bell had taken a wrong turn in life he would have made all the hearts that loved him sob bitterly. As it was, though quick and terrible when roused, he was counted to have the soundest judgment and the largest head of any man in Bascom.

"Nobody in this community," he added slowly, "toed the mark closer than Nate did; and I guess it's the life that's going to tell after all."

"You had better not lean on works. If you do you will find it a broken reed," put in the Deacon, shaking his head.

"I wonder if the widder is left comfortably off?" said Uncle Abe, hitching up his tow trowsers, and changing his quid, with the evident desire to turn the conversation. "She don't know no more about taking care of herself than a kitten that hain't got its eyes open. And there's that bouncer of a boy poor Nate was so proud on; he looks as if he could whip her any time."

"There's no danger of her suffering or going to the poor house," replied Joseph Bell, gloomily.

"I don't suppose there is," responded Uncle Abe, with another hasty twitch at his trowsers. "You'd see to that of course, Joe; for you and Nate always have been thick ever since you was little chaps. I allow though that Nate must have left a snug little pile. He was clost about his affairs; but last fall he bargained considerable for Jim Morse's place, and just now there was talk of his buying out half of Fink's interest in the mill."

Joseph Bell did not make any answer to Uncle Abe's rambling talk. "You'll be over to the funeral, of course," said he, and turned down the lane toward his own house—and what reply came back he did not heed or hear. He walked forward to the gate of the long meadow, which was over shadowed by a wide spread hickory tree. He had sent his two half grown boys home ahead of him to do the milking; and now the sun was setting, making ruddy the stems of the trees, that cast long dewy shadows upon the grass, and the birds sang as if nothing had ever gone amiss in the world. Joseph Bell of poor Nate, the cute post and tho't like tears forced their way up through the iron of his nature.

He remembered how they had stuck together since boyhood—how Nate stood by him once when he got into trouble. It was a hard scrape, and looked to have ruined his rising but Nate's firm friendship was the stepping stone that lifted him across the abyss. These thoughts came down to the present, and Nate was in debt, and he had lent him a hundred dollars, the first money earned after working out his time to the old man. His memory lingered there lovingly. He was so glad he could aid Nate. That, at least, was something to tie to. But further on, only six months ago, after Nate had given up buying the Morse place, one day, while they were standing by that very gate, Joseph remembered how he had offered to take Nate's savings, five hundred dollars or more, at ten per cent. interest for six months. And Nate had agreed to it, and had received a note of hand for the amount; although he laughed at the time, and said he would as soon take Joe's word as so much gold. The time of the note had almost expired, and just a fortnight before Nate had come over to say that he had mislaid it. He was always a careless fellow about his papers. Joseph recollected his saying he did not care for himself; but, if anything should happen, of course, he must care for Elvira and the boy.

Joseph arranged to renew the note for three months. The bargain with Fink would not take effect until that time, and it was as well as the young cooper could do with his money, though times were tight. Joseph promised to bring the new note the next day; but it slipped along, and never was given. The truth was, Farmer Bell was short of funds. He had added to his dairy that spring, and taken a few shares of the new railroad stock; and it was very important that he should wait until his butter was sold in the coming fall, and his crops in, before he paid Nate that money.

As he was thinking there was not a scrap of writing to show for this transaction, his eye happened to light on Long Meadow. It was a beautiful piece of ground, as level as a house floor, and beginning to waive now with rank, green grass, smooth and free from daises. Just beyond it rose old Simeon Barlow's house. The old man was accounted the forehanedest man in the township. Folks said he expected to live forever. He always kept a sum of money by him in the house, because he was afraid of banks. The Long Meadow made an ugly notch in the old man's farm, and he stood ready to buy it, and had, for the last thirty years. There had been a bitter quarrel between Simeon and Joseph's father about a right of way which came down as a sort of legacy to Joseph; so that he had vowed that he would not sell Long Meadow to old Barlow if he should offer to cover it with gold eagles.

When he got home his wife—who was a mild, pious woman—noticed his almost savage mood, and attributed it to grief over Nate's death.—She could only pray that this affliction might be made a means of grace to her husband. She was always praying for him, and he knew it. He did not mind being prayed for by his wife; but he never meant to get religion. A slight touch of her hand, though upon the shoulder, would sober him when the blood was up and there was danger of his hurting some one.

Little Winny, his only girl, a sunny faced darling, the apple of his eye, came and asked to be taken up and petted; but he pushed her off roughly and she cried, and had to be kissed and comforted by her mother.

Every day, for a week after the funeral, Joseph Bell went to Long Meadow and looked it over, and came back with a darker scowl on his face. It was the slack time between planting and hoing, and there was not much work to be done. By this time it was coming to light that Nate was owing a large store bill in Hinghham, and a few scattering debts; that the sum accruing from the sale of his personal property would no more than cover these. The little wife, Elvira, had shown a force of character, after the first dreadful shock, which none gave her credit for possessing. At first she was sure that Nate had a sum of money saved—quite a large sum; for, although he was close mouthed about his affairs even to her—and her head was a little dazed now—she recollected a note he had taken from somebody, but who she could not tell. She searched everywhere, dropping her tears into bureau drawers and trunks, and in among poor Nate's clothes, but all in vain.

It was settled there should be an auction sale of her things, her husband's tools, and the little household stuff they had worked so hard to get together—the bed, the cradle, the little book stand, and sewing chair—every one of them tied up in some way with her heart strings.

"I guess I will go over to the auction to-morrow," said Mrs. Bell, on the evening previous to the sale. "I would like to buy in Elvira's work table for her. You know how ingenious poor Nate was, and it was one he made for Elvira just after they were married."

"You shan't stir a step to that auction," said Joseph, with an oath, getting up and slamming the house door behind him. He went out upon the road, and doggedly walked along with his head bent. It had come into his mind to go and offer Elvira and her boy a home in his house. He imagined there was such a thing as making a compromise with the devil. Pretty soon a clatter of horse's feet was heard behind him, and Stephen Fink, the miller's son, rode up.

"Good evening, Mr. Bell. I was just going over to your house. You see we are getting up a subscription to save the Widder Hilliard's things, and we counted pretty liberally on you."

"D——d if you did!" replied Joseph, in a passion. "I won't pay a red. I do my own giving in my own way."

"You surprise me," said the young man, reining his horse aside. "We all supposed you were a great friend of poor Hilliard's; and everybody is doing what they can, though times are hard. Farmer Driscoll has offered the widow and child a home as long as they care to stay there."

Joseph Bell uttered another oath, and did not stop to hear more. He turned abruptly back to his own house. It seemed as though he must get somewhere near his wife, or else the fiend would catch him. He crept round softly under her bedroom window. It was almost dark now, and the air was heavy with the perfume of sweet clover. Little Winny was kneeling in her nightgown, on her mother's lap, saying her prayers. He heard her lisp out, "O God, bless little Nate, now he hain't got no papa."

This was too much for the tortured man to bear. His little innocent child was blessing those he was striving hard to curse.

An hour later he knocked at Simeon Barlow's door, and asked to see the old man alone. When he came out, old Barlow was chuckling, and Joseph found it quite hard to walk quite steady. It was a good mile to the old farm house where Nate Hilliard had been so happy with his young wife. As he approached, he saw a light coming down stairs, and knew Elvira had just got Natie to sleep. When she opened the door, looking very pale and a little scared at the late knock, Joseph put a roll in her hand.

"Things, conscience money,' said he, with difficulty. 'It's pay for that note that was lost. I hope poor Nate knows and sees.'

His wife was still up, mending the boys socks, when he reached home. He well in and put his great arms around her, and laid his powerful black head on her bosom, and said night, wife by wife, and his soul to the Long Meadow."

### The Evil And Its Remedy

It is an encouraging sign that the determination of the independent masses, at least among the Republicans of Pennsylvania, to repudiate corruptionists and the action of conventions under their influence, is not less strong as the canvass progresses. Leaders who have flattered themselves that the convictions and interests of the people may be disregarded without provoking retaliatory action are likely to realize their mistake. The duty of the people—more especially Republicans—to repudiate, instantly and without fear of consequence, candidates "tainted with suspicion," is forcibly set forth by that able and sterling Republican journal the Gettysburg *Star and Sentinel*, of which the Hon. EDWARD MCPHERSON is the editor, as follows:

"The terrible corruption which has characterized the Legislature of Pennsylvania for several sessions, and the shameless trafficking in votes of members for moneyed consideration, is exciting close scrutiny into the official records of members of the last Legislature, all over the State. We are glad to notice that this movement is not confined to Republican districts. We occasionally meet with a Democratic exchange outspoken on the subject. The only way to break up the infamous system of bribery so dishonoring to the reputation of the State, and so prejudicial to fair legislation, is for honest men of all parties to unite in the demand for the nomination of men of solid worth and tried integrity.

"If party conventions will persistly insist on nominating individuals tainted with suspicion, let honest men resolutely black ball them at the polls. Too many men seek legislative position for the opportunity which it presents of making money; and nothing will cure the evil, but a combination of good men of all parties to give such characters the privilege of staying at home."

## HOW I MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF.

As I sat alone at breakfast, I was somewhat surprised on receiving a most courteous and pressing invitation from my uncle Jeremy, to spend a short time with himself and family at his seat in Warwickshire, previous to my leaving England. The old gentleman and my father had been estranged from each other for many years through some slight family quarrel, so that I had not seen my uncle Jeremy, save on one occasion, since my boyhood.

In consequence of my father's death, I had been summoned from America, where I had been pushing my fortune with success for a considerable time; and now, having settled my affairs, I was preparing to cross the Atlantic when my uncle's letter reached me.

My mother and elder brother with whom she now resided were the only near relatives I had in London. Fred had long since settled down in the world with a good and kind wife and well knowing that my mother would be sure to receive every attention under his happy roof, I cared little to remain in England a homeless bachelor, while anything in the shape of marriage was still further from my rambling thoughts. Of course, my brother was extremely obliging, would do anything he could to serve me, and expressed himself open at any moment to stake a handsome wager that he could introduce me to at least half a dozen angelic creatures the possession of any one of whom would prove a fortune in itself; but to all these generous offers I turned a deaf ear. Liberty was sweet, and I felt in no haste to sacrifice it on the alter of Hymen. Not that I was a wild young gentleman, who did not care for the comforts and attraction of home; but I didn't wish to have the honors of a household thrust upon me so long as I felt happy and contented alone.

Six and twenty and alone! ha, ha? No one to bother and worry you—no shopping—no Midsummer and Christmas bills—free as the air—capital!

I rose from my chair, put my back to the mantlepiece, lit a cigar, and smoked away for a couple of minutes most furiously, then I consulted my watch, rang the bell, ordered handsome, resolved to see my brother Fred before I accepted or declined my uncle's invitation.

'Here's an unexpected epistle I received at my hotel this morning, Fred, and I want your advice upon it,' said I, on entering his office.

'What, are you going to get married, after all?' he asked.

'Are you going to drown yourself, sir?' said I.

'No, thank you,' replied Fred laughing.

'Well, then I, 'don't ask nonsensical questions. Uncle Jeremy has sent me a very polite invitation to spend a week or two with him in Warwickshire before I leave England, and I thought I would just run down and ask you what I should do in the matter.'

'Why, accept it of course,' said Fred.

'Well, but does it not seem strange I asked, 'for I always thought that he and our father were never on very good terms.'

'No—they were not for many years,' replied Fred; but matters were put right between them some time ago by Uncle Jeremy apologizing and otherwise behaving like a gentleman.'

'You never told me of that, Fred,' said I.

'No, because I thought you would come to know all about it in due time. But I see here, Tom,' continued my brother, returning the letter, 'he even offers his friendship. Would you ever settle in England; and that would be something worth having, I can tell you.'

'Yes, doubtless it would,' said I 'but I've got a balance at my banker's, and can manage very well over the water. Besides, I don't think I should like to remain in England, now that I've got used to the Yankee fashions.'

'Bosh, all bosh, Tom, you'd become an Englishman again in no time,' replied Fred smiling.

'Perhaps so,' said I, 'but I doubt it. However, I'll follow your advice and telegraph to Uncle Jeremy, saying I'll be at Marston Hall to morrow.'

'But won't you dine with us this evening.'

'Oh, certainly,' said I; 'at six as usual?'

'Yes, at six,' he replied.

And we did dine at six, and a jolly evening we had; but strange to say not the least allusion was made to my intended visit to Uncle Jeremy's until I broached the subject myself, by asking my brother if he thought I should enjoy the excursion, and what sort of people I might expect to meet there.

'Well, not many of any sort,' he replied; 'for I don't think they keep much company; but you will have a kind host and hostess, and her daughter Agnes, (who will, I suppose, have to do duty) as your companion-in-chief.'

'Daughter Agnes!' I exclaimed, 'Why she was a mere child when I left England.'

'Quite true, Tom,' continued my brother; 'but she is a woman now, and, if you dare hazard an opinion, a very fine one too.' Then glancing mischievously across the table, he added, 'but of course we take you to be proof against even feminine perfection itself.'

'At any rate, Fred,' I observed rather snappishly, 'I'm proof against any assaults from that quarter.'

'All right, Tom; only don't make a fool of yourself, that's all,' said my brother.

'No fear of that,' I replied, now almost wishing I had declined the invitation.

Nothing more was said on the subject during the evening, and when I took leave of my brother and his family I immediately determined not to afford my fair cousin the least reason to suppose that I had come to Marston Hall with the intention of falling in love with her.

On my arrival at the railway station, where my uncle had promised to join me, I was disappointed at not finding him, and was about hiring a conveyance to convey me to my destination, when up dashed a dark phaeton, driven by a very remarkably young lady. She drew up hastily and beckoned me toward her.

'Mr. Lawson, I presume?' said the lady.

'Yes, that is my name,' I replied, bowing.

She at once introduced herself in the most unaffected manner, excused the absence of her father on account of indisposition, hoped I had enjoyed my journey, was very glad I had come, because they saw so little company; and in fact, behaved herself just as if we had long been familiar to each other.

At length after seeing my luggage all right, I took my seat, and then asked in the politest manner for permission to take the reins.

'Oh! no, thank you, Cousin,' she replied, with a provoking smile playing around her well formed mouth. 'I am rather fond of driving; besides you do not know the way as well as I do, and these ponies are apt to become restive sometimes; so I think I had better keep my post till we get home.'

I merely bowed in acquiescence, though I did not exactly like her little speech, and the next moment we were going at a terrible speed along a broad, winding path which led through an extensive park, beyond which, on a slight eminence, stood Marston Hall.

'See, there's our house, through the trees, right in front of us. It stands on a lonely spot does it not?' asked my fair companion.

'Very secluded,' I replied laconically, remembering the determination I had made about falling in love.

'Well, we shall be there in a few minutes,' said she, 'and I rejoice to think that, however fatiguing our drive may prove, you will not have exhausted yourself with conversation.'

'Hang it,' thought I, 'this is right down impertinence! though I almost deserv it. By Jove! she takes things exquisitely cool.' However I smiled, and said that I had been trying to take a flying glance at the splendid scenery.

She gave a low, short laugh as she replied, 'that's exactly what I've been doing, for want of other occupation; but at this speed one cannot observe much.'

'There you are right,' said I; and if we were in any other place we should certainly be fined for furious driving.'

'By the way, are you fond of riding?' asked my cousin abruptly.

'Well—yes,' said I, with some hesitation, 'but I am not a bold horseman.'

'I am sorry to hear that,' she continued with evident interest, 'for it is an exercise of which I am passionately fond. I delight in a good tight run across the country; for nothing raises my spirits half so much. But see, papa is looking at us through dining room window, and John is waiting to take charge of the ponies; so you must be ready to alight the instant I stop.'

In another minute my eccentric, not to say incomprehensible cousin, did stop, and I alighted as quickly as possible but not without losing my balance and wondering what could be the meaning of such unseemly haste.

Throwing the reins to the servant, my cousin followed me, but with such agility that I scarcely noticed the glance which fell upon me from her laughing blue eyes, but stood before the entrance to the fine old mansion, expecting to have the pleasure of giving her my hand.

'Why did you not permit me to assist you?' I asked.

'Simply because I made up my mind some time ago never to give any gentleman more trouble than I could help,' she replied, with a peculiar smile.

As she finished speaking, the door opened, and Uncle Jeremy, his venerable physiognomy beaming with kindness and good humor, came forward to meet us, giving me a hearty welcome to Marston Hall. Feeling, however dissatisfied with myself and not over pleased with my cousin, I took the earliest opportunity of retiring to my room, as much to collect my scattered thoughts as to dress for dinner.

'She's a strange unaccountable girl,' thought I, surveying the neat and and elegant chamber which had been prepared for my reception; 'but I am astonished at finding her so masculine and unladylike in her manners and behavior. Why, 'pon my conscience, she deports herself more like a young fox hunter than a gentleman's daughter.' Then I stood gazing at the beautiful view before me, stretching far away as the eye could reach, and finally dismissed my cousin from my thoughts with the consolatory reflection that the chances were very remote of my ever falling in love with one who appeared to delight more in manly sports than womanly duties.

Soon after dinner my uncle related the cause of his long estrangement from my father, and the manner in which they became reconciled, concluding with the expression of sincere regret that the misunderstanding had not been consigned to oblivion long before; and however much I felt inclined to find fault with the odd ways of my cousin, I could not help admiring my uncle's candor and good feeling. In fact, I dismissed the subject from my mind, under the conviction that, like most other family jars, there had been faults on both sides.

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I had now been a guest at Marston Hall nearly three weeks, during which time I had made myself familiar with the surrounding country, invariably joining my cousin in her long rides, drives, and wild, out of the way rambles; and, strange to say, the first few days sufficed to make us tolerably good friends. For I soon perceived that she had no uncanny discovered my first description, but, on the contrary, possessed many good qualities, which, in spite of my bachelor prejudices, I could not help approving, though I could never find courage enough to indicate such approval in words, until I so far forgot myself as to express my surprise, in a bantering tone, that so accomplished and delightful a companion had not a host of beaux at her feet.

'Sir;' she exclaimed, in a voice and with a glance that made me decidedly uncomfortable, 'I do not like trifling. It is wrong and foolish in our sex, but in yours it is unendurable. Flirting is not and never can be love. I might indeed have many admirers, but I do not want them. No, cousin, when I acknowledge an admirer the feeling must be mutual.'

'If I have offended you, my dear cousin,' said I, 'surely you will not refuse your forgiveness?'

'You have not offended me,' she replied; 'only I wish you to understand that I feel strongly and think deeply on the subject of your remark, and therefore cannot suffer the advance of lovers whom I neither respect for their wisdom nor esteem for their goodness.' Then, in a light, satiracal tone, she added, 'but in truth, I do not think I shall accept an offer, however tempting, for a long time yet. I love my own way, cousin, I like liberty and admire independence. In short, I am such an odd, queer person, so very unsentimental in my conversation with young gentlemen, that I verily believe sometimes I shall truly enjoy the exquisite pleasure of dying an old maid.'

On hearing the confession I laughed outright.

'Of course you may laugh, sir, and so may I; but that won't increase my prospect of marriage,' she added smilingly.

'Egad, Fred was right,' thought I; 'she really is a spendid girl.' I felt my love of bachelorhood growing less. 'Now, if she were only tender, delicate and sympathizing at home, instead of being a partial to horses, I would almost forswear my determination not to make a fool of myself. But tush! why should I give away to such nonsense? I'll think no more of her.'

'Halle, cousin, have you fallen into a brown study through admiring the color of your mag?' said my companion, with one of her short merry laughs.

'No—no—that is—I was just absent for the moment,' I stammered out.

'Doubtless present in spirit with some fair but distant object,' she observed, again laughing louder and more merrily than before.

This thrust abused me thoroughly, and perceiving that my companion was bent upon trying to get me into an ill humor with myself, resolved to tell a lie, and nip her project in the bud.

'No, you are quite mistaken, cousin,' said I very gravely, 'for I was just then thinking of the advisability of returning to London.'

'Well, then, I beg to inform you, in the plainest terms possible, that you are extremely unkind to let such and idea enter your head,' she replied in a half offended and half playful tone; and then, as if desirous of not pursuing the subject further, she continued, 'But come, we shall never get back to the Hall at this pace. Here is a nice little run before us. Don't be afraid of the fence; it isn't much, and your horse has gone over it often.'

Away we went at a flying gallop. I followed after her as she cried, 'Keep well up, cousin—you've improved wonderfully.'

I did keep as 'well up' as I could, but on leaping, the horse stumbled and I fell. 'I don't know how long I lay insensible on the ground, but I do know that the accident proved a serious one.

Many hours elapsed before I recovered consciousness, and on opening my eyes, I found myself in Marston Hall, feeling very weak, with an indistinct recollection on my brain of having had a long but painful dream. As I lay gazing at the various objects around me, I could scarcely believe that I was under my uncle's roof, there seemed to be such an air of deathlike stillness reigning over the whole household. I listened for some time, but couldn't hear the least indication of life or motion, and was beginning to get weary of my oppressive loneliness, when a slight rustling noise near the door of the apartment arrested my attention. Then I imagined I could hear the subdued accents of a low, sweet voice, and in another moment the door opened slowly, and my cousin Agnes stood before me, fairer and lovelier than ever, her handsome features now saddened with an expression of deepest sympathy, her whole manner so changed that I looked upon her as some ministering angel. I made an attempt to speak, but she raised her hand and motioned me to keep silent.

'You have been ill, cousin, very ill,' she said, in a tone scarcely louder than a whisper, 'and now you must be perfectly quiet. To-morrow perhaps you will be much better, and then you can speak to me, but not now.' I have been anxiously waiting until you awakened, that you might take some refreshment I have prepared for you; but I must beg your promise not to think about anything until you feel quite well again.'

I mottioned obedience with a faint, but grateful smile. She then withdrew as noiselessly as she came.

Many a weary day and long night elapsed before I recovered from the dreadful shock my system had received. Many times I listened eagerly during that long illness for my kind and loving nurse; and every time she came I seemed to acquire fresh strength and energy to bear bodily pain, which I was compelled to suffer.

At length I found myself sufficiently strong to read and walk within doors, and the recollection of the happy days I passed as a willing invalid at Marston Hall repays me now a hundredfold for my previous sufferings.

Well, I regained my wonted health at last, but felt no desire to return to London. In short, there was something that would keep flashing thro' my mind, making my heart beat quicker than usual, especially whenever I chanced to be alone with my cousin. I became dull, pensive and absent, a change which my cousin was not long in observing and calling me to task for; but instead of giving a rational explanation of the cause of my moodiness, I told her that if she would join me in a ramble through the park on the following day, I would then and there make a very important confession.

'Confession!' she echoed. 'Nay, I do not want to be acquainted with your doings; but if it is anything that concerns you, and I can help you get rid of it—'

'My confession is not one of wickedness,' said I, eagerly interrupting her, 'and you can, if you will, help me out of my trouble.'

'Very well, then,' said she smiling, 'provided you do not ask me to do anything repugnant to my conscience, I promise you my help. But, cousin,' she added, speaking very deliberately, 'why delay your statement until to-morrow? There is no time like the present, especially for the penitent; so if you will graciously feel inclined to find fault with the odd ways of my cousin, I could not help admiring my uncle's candor and good feeling. In fact, I dismissed the subject from my mind, under the conviction that, like most other family jars, there had been faults on both sides.

'Indeed!' she exclaimed in a slightly altered tone, while I could detect a sudden flush on her now averted cheek.

'Courage!' I whispered to myself. 'Now is the time for me to ascertain my fate.' Then seizing her hand with passionate tenderness, said, 'Cousin Agnes—dearest Agnes—you will not deny me the pleasure of calling you by that sweet name? Nay, turn not from me,' I continued, as she made a desperate effort to release her hand, 'until I have told you how deeply, fondly, truly I have loved you; how, day after day, I have seen and felt your goodness and worth. Oh, do not then plunge me into utter despair by rejecting the offer I now make of my love, my devotion—of the most precious gift man can give to woman, and which even you have already taken from me—my heart.'

I paused, but my companion did not speak. I gazed intently into her innocent eyes, and there I read her verdict. 'I was made happy for the remainder of my existence.

'But,' said my beloved Agnes, speaking very solemnly and looking quite distressed, 'I thought you had better reconsider your words, for I am afraid—'

'Afraid—of what, dearest?' I asked, interrupting her.

'That you have—'

'Good heavens! tell me,' I again exclaimed, 'what have I done?'

'Made a fool of yourself,' she replied, with a merry twinkle of her eye.

I saw through the mystery in a moment. Fred's wife had informed my cousin of the conversation which took place between Fred and myself the day previous to my coming to Marston Hall. So I laughed, and Agnes laughed, and then we both laughed together, until the joke had been heartily appreciated on both sides.

And now it only remains for me to add that I did not leave England; that shortly after I had put the question to my cousin Agnes, brother Fred and his family were summoned to Marston Hall, where a very happy wedding took place; and when my brother reminded me of what I had done in the way of making a fool of myself, I told him I did not care, so long as I felt convinced that I had shown nothing but sound sense in wooing, winning and wedding my odd, but good and loving cousin.


*Miscellaneous.*

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may12:6m

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*Railroads.*

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after May 9th, 1869, Trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.—[Train leaving Chicago at 8.00, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.10 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

| STATIONS. | Exp's. | Exp's. | Express. | Exp's |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 645AM | 900AM | 210PM | 155AM |
| Rochester | 880 | 1040 | 380 | 375 |
| Salem | 1038 | 1205PM | 506 | 444 |
| Alliance | 1125 | 115 | 555 | 545 |
| Canton | 1233PM | 138 | 657 | 657 |
| Massillon | 1254 | 213 | 726 | 646 |
| Orrville | 133 | 253 | 730 | 715 |
| Wooster | 206 | 323 | 754 | 746 |
| Mansfield | 403 | 500 | 900 | 921 |
| Crestline { A | 445 | 530 | 1000 | 945 |
| Crestline { D | 500AM | 550 | 1015 | 1000 |
| Bucyrus | 630 | 685 | 1041 | 1098 |
| Upper Sandusky | 720 | 703 | 1118 | 1057 |
| Forest | 753 | 747 | 1145 | 1127 |
| Lima | 910 | 852 | 1253AM | 1238PM |
| Van Wert | 1027 | 1025 | 302 | 137 |
| Fort Wayne | 1201PM | 1140 | 230 | 233 |
| Columbia | 1257 | 1237AM | 357 | 333 |
| Warsaw | 158 | 120 | 453 | 417 |
| Plymouth | 220 | 222 | 525 | 502 |
| Valparaiso | 430 | 411 | 743 | 632 |
| Chicago | 630 | 630 | 920 | 820 |

TRAINS GOING EAST.

| STATIONS. | Exp's. | Exp's. | Exp's. | Exp |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | 920AM | 840PM | 550PM | 450AM |
| Valparaiso | 1044 | 1022 | 748 | 656 |
| Plymouth | 1135 | 1158 | 915 | 900 |
| Warsaw | 1220PM | 1248 | 1005 | 1001 |
| Columbia | 1257 | 133AM | 1046 | 1100 |
| Fort Wayne | 155 | 230 | 1120 | 1201PM |
| Van Wert | 328 | 340 | 1233AM | 137 |
| Lima | 354 | 449 | 132 | 216 |
| Forest | 458 | 546 | 235 | 418 |
| Upper Sandusky | 518 | 610 | 305 | 451 |
| Bucyrus | 555 | 702 | 334 | 544 |
| Crestline { A | 640 | 720 | 400 | 615 |
| Crestline { D | 640 | 740 | 415 | 1205PM |
| Mansfield | 703 | 819 | 445 | 1224 |
| Wooster | 838 | 929 | 620 | 155 |
| Orrville | 900 | 1022 | 646 | 220 |
| Massillon | 930 | 1056 | 718 | 253 |
| Canton | 947 | 1115 | 734 | 305 |
| Alliance | 1030 | 1215PM | 833 | 350 |
| Salem | 1100 | 1253 | 905 | 423 |
| Rochester | 1145AM | 350 | 1045 | 555 |
| Pittsburgh | 145 | 550 | 1150 | 655 |

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2.25 p. m; New Castle, 3.05 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 8.45 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7.15 a. m; arr. at Youngstown, 10.60. N. Castle, 5.20 a. m;

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6.30 a. m; New Castle, 7.30 a. m: Arrives at Allegheny, 10.10 a. m. Returning, le