PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS: SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars if paid Within the par; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adbered to in every instance. No Subscription discontinued until all arrorrages are paid unless at

he option of the Editor. ADVERTISEMENTS-Accompanied by the cash, and nal insertion. Those of a greater length in

Jon-Painting.—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with cerrary and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Spring was busy in the woodlands. Climbing up from peak to peak, As an old man sat and brooded, With a flash upon his check.

Many years pressed bard upon him, And his living friends were few, And from out the sombre future Troubles drifted into view.

In old ruins gray with years; et there's something far more touching In an old face wet with tears. And he sat there, sadly sighing "

O'er his feebleness and wrongs, Though the birds outside his window Talked of summer in their songs. But, behold! a change comes o'er him : Where are all his sorrow now?
Could they leave his heart as quickly
As the gloom clouds left his brow?

Up the green slope of his garden, Past the dial; he saw run
Three young firls, with bright eyes shining,
Like their brown beads, in the sun!

There was Fanny, fluhed for wisdom : And fair Alice, famed for pride; And one that could say "My uncle," And said little else beside.

And that vision startled methories, That soon hid all scenes of strife, Sending floods of hallowed sunshine Through the ragged rents of life.

Then they took him from his study, Through long lanes and tangled bot Out into the shaded valleys, Richly tinted o'er with flowers.

And he blessed their merry voices, Singing round him as he wont,

For the sight of their wild gladness
Filled his own heart with content.

and, that night, there came about him Far off meadows pictured fair, Ero he know the name of care:
And he said: "These angel faces
Take the whiteness from one's hair!"

Miscellaneous.

TICTURES OF THE NEW YEAR. BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

The Old Year was fast drawing to a close. But a lew hours and the advent of his sucessor would be hailed by merry shouts and oyful gratulations, mingling with the merry chine of bells ringing out a noisy welcon from church towers and steeples.

Adam Hathaway, a wealthy merchant, sat in his culating room, striking a balance be-tween his gains and losses for the year which had wearly passed. From the smile that lighted up his countenance, as he drew near the end of his task, it might enfety be inferred that the result proved satisfactory, Heat length threw down his pen, after oting up the last column, and exclaimed,

'Five thousand dollars net gain in one ear. That will do very well—very well, indeed. If I am as well prospered in the year to come, it will indeed be a 'Happy His meditations were interrupted by a

nock at the door. He opened the door and aw standing before him a man of ordinary ppearance, bearing under his arm some ing, the nature of which he could not conolurs, wrapt up in brown paper.
'Mr. Hathaway, I believe?' was the stran r's salutation.

Perhaps, if not particularly engaged, you rill allow me a few minutes' con Yes; certainly, was the surprised reply;

ough I am at a loss to conjecture what an have brought you here." You are a wealthy man, Mr. Hathaway, d every year increases your possessions. ay I ask what is your object in accumulaing so much property?'
This is a very singular question, sir,' said

ne merchant, who began to entertain doubts riding for my physical wants, and so con-

ributing to my physical wants, and so contributing to my happiness.

And this contents you? But your gains are not all deveted to this purpose. This last year, for example, the overplus has amounted to five thousand dollars.

The next scene represented the interior of baker's shop. The baker—a coarse feat-

'I know not where you have gained your formation,' said Mr. Hathaway, in surprise. However, you are right.'
And what do you intend to do with this?"

on, sir. However, I have no objection to nawering you. I shall lay it up.
For what purpose? I need not tell you money, in itself, is of no value. It is only the representative of value. Why then the woman, who was searching for her money to pay for her purchases; 'I can't stop all

My wardrobe is well supplied-should

bouse, comfortable clothing, and a well-supplied table, that others are equally well provided to the that others are equally well proided. Have you thought to give of your in a day or two. Otherwise my children bundance to those who are needy; to promuse your own happiness by advancing that "Can't help that. You shouldn't have

I must confess that this is a duty which have neglected. But there are almishouses the voice of the other customer arrested her and benevolent societies. There cannot be steps.

much misery that escapes their notice.' said

Mr Hathaway.
'You shall judge for yourself.'
The stranger commenced under his sem package which he carried under his arm.— It was a small mirror, with a veil hanging before it, He slowly withdrew the veil, and said: 'Look!'

A change passed over the surface of the mirror. Mr. Hathaway, as he looked at it intently, found that itreflected a small room, scantily furnished, while a feint fire flick-ered in the grate. A bed stood in one corner of the room, on which reposed a sick man.— By the side of it sat a woman, with a thin shawl over her shoulders, busily plying with her needle. An infant boy lay in a cradle not far off, which a little girl, called Alice. whose wasted form and features snoke of want and privation, was rocking to sleep.
'Would you hear what they are saying?'

asked the stranger. The merchant nodded acquiescence. Immediately there came to his ear the confused noise of voices, from which he soon distinguished that of the sick man, who asked for

'We have none in the house,' said his wife. 'But I shall soon get this work finished, and then I shall be able to get some.'
The husband grouned. 'Oh, that I should be obliged to remain idle on a sick bed, when I might be earning money for you and the children. The doctor says that now the fe-Ver has gone, I need nothing but nourishing food to raise me up again. But, alas! I see no means of procuring it. Would that some rich man, out of his abundance, would supply me with but a trifle from his board. To nim it would be nothing - to me everything. The scene vanished, and gradually another

present, seemed overspread with an air of

Mr. Hathaway, to his surprise, recognized in the gentleman Mark Audley, a fellow inerchant, and formerly, intimate friend, who but a few months before, had failed in busi-ness; and, too honorable to defraud his creditors, had given up all his property. Since his failure he had been reduced to accept a elerkship.

'I am sorry, Arthur,' said he to his son, very sorry that I could not carry out my intention of entering you at college. I know your tastes have always led you to think of a professional career; but my sudden change of circumstances has placed it out of my power to gratify you. It is best for you to accept the situation which has been offered. you, and enter Mr. Bellamy's store. It is a very fair situation, and will suit you as well

'I believe you are right, sir,' said Arthur. respectfully, 'though it will be hard to resign the hopes that I have so long cherished. I met Benry Fulham to day. He was in my class at school, and is to enter college next fall. I couldn't help envying him. How soon will Mr. Bellamy wish me to enter his Day after to morrow, I believe—that is,

with the beginning of the year, New Year's Day being considered a holiday.

Very well; you may toll him that I will come at that time.

The scene vanished has before—a change beheld the interior of his own store. A faint light was burning, by the light of which a letter, the contents of which seemed to agitate him powerfully.
The scone was brought so near that he

could, without difficulty, trace the lines, written in a delicate temale hand, as follows:

' My Dear Son :- You are not, probably, expecting to hear from me at this time. Alas! that I should have such an occasion to write. At the time of your father's death, it was supposed that, by the sacrifice of everything, we had succeeded in liquidating all his debts. Even this consolation as new denied us. I received a call from Mr. Perry, this morning, who presented, for immediate payment, a note, given by your father, for fifty dollars. Immediate payment! How, with a salary barely sufficient to support us, can you meet such a charge? Can any way be devised? Mr. Perry threatens, if the money is not forthcoming, to seize our furniture.— He is a hard man, and I have no hopes of appeasing him. I do not know that you can do anything to retard it; but I have thought it right to acquaint you with this new calam-

Your affectionate mother, MARY DURELL.

The young man laid down the letter with an air of depression. 'I scarcely know how to provide for this new contingency, said he meditatively.-'My salary is small, and it requires the strictest economy to meet my expenses. I might ask for an advance but Mr. Hathaway particular on that point, and I should but court a refusal. But to have my mother's furniture taken from the house-the whole amount would hardly cover the debt. There is one resource; but, alas! that I should ever think of resorting to it. I could take the noney from the till, and return it when I am able. But, shall I ever be able? It would as to his visitor's sanity, 'very singular. I suppose I am influenced by the same motives that actuate other men—the necessity of providing for my physical. At all suppose I am influenced by the same motives that actuate other men—the necessity of providing for my physical.

The young man blew out the lamp, and left the store. The picture faded.

a baker's shop. The baker-a coarse featured man, with a hard, unprepossessing as pect—was waiting on a woman, thinly clad in garments more suitable for June than De-You are somewhat free with your quest cember. She was purchasing two loaves of er customer waiting his turn. It was a gentleman with a pleasant smile on his face.
'Make haste,' said the baker, rudely, to

How else should I employ it? I have a comfortable house well furnished—should I waiting?

To pay for her purchases: 'I can't stop all day; and here's a gentleman that you keep waiting?

Well provided—should I live more luxurious the gentleman said.

Yell, My wardship wardship waiting?

the gentleman said.
'I am afraid,' said the woman, in an alarmed tone, 'that I have lost my money. I had To these questions I answer 'No.' But it here in my pocket; but it is gone.'

does not follow, because you have a good "Then you may return the bread; I don'

'Can't help that. You shouldn't have

been so careless.' The woman was about turning away, when

'How much money have you lost?' he in-'It was but half a dollar,' was the reply;

but it was of consequence to me, as I can get no more for a day or two; and how we are to live till then, Heaven knows." Perhaps that will help you to decide the question, and he took from his pocketa five

lollar bill, and handed it to her. 'O, sir,' sald she, her face lighting up with gratitude, 'this is indeed generous and noble. The blessings of those you have be-

friended attend you! She remained to make a few purchases, and then, with a light heart, departed. The last ricture faded from the mirror

and the stranger, wrapping it up, simply You linve seen how much happiness i triffing sum can produce. Will you not out of your abundance, make a similar experi-

The stranger disappeared; and Mr. Hathaway awoke to find his dream terminated by the chimes of the New Year's bells.

'This is something more than a dream,' said he, thoughtfully. 'I will, at all events, take counsel of the mystic vision; and it shall not be my fault if some hearts are not made happier through my means before When the merchant arose on the following

morning, it was with the light heart which always accompanies the determination to do right. He was determined that the salutaion of A Happy New Year' should not be with him a mere matter of lip service.

'Thelieve,' said he to himself, 'I will go and see my old friend, Mark Audley. If his son, Arthur, is really desirous of going to

college, what is there to prevent my bearing The scene vanished, and gradually another formed itself upon the surface of the mirror. It was a small room, nearly, but not expensively, furnished. There were two occupants—a man of middle age, and a youth of a bright intellectual countenance which, at was drawn towards a little girl who was gazing with eager, wistful eyes into the wind wood a neighboring shop, where were displayed in tempting array some fine oranges. He thought—nuy, he was quite sure—that in her he recognized the little girl who figured in the first scene, unfolded the evening before by the mysterious mirror. By way of ascertaining, he addressed her in a pleasant

> 'Your name is Alice, is it not?' 'Yes sir,' said she, looking up surprised nd somewhat awed. 'And your father is sick, is he not?'

'Yes, sir; but he is almost well now.'
'I saw you were looking at the oranges in that window. Now I will buy you a dozen if you will let me help you carry them home.'
The purchase was made; and the merchant

walked along, conversing with his little con-ductor, who soon lost her timidity. Arrived at the little girl's home he found that he had not been deceived in his presen-timents. It was the same room that he had seen pictured in the mirror. The sick man was tossing aneasily in bed when Alice entered.

'See, papa' said she, joyfully; 'see what nice oranges I have for you; and here is the kind gentleman who gave them to me.' The merchant, before he left the humble apartment, gave its occupants a timely do-nation and made New Year's Day a day of thanksgiving.
Mr. Hathaway soon found himself at the

residence of his friend Audley, who gave him passed over the serface of the mirror. Again the merchant booked, and to his surprise, said he. 'The friendship that adversity cannot interrupt is really valuable.' Mr. Hathaway now introduced the object

young man whom he recognized as Frank of his visit, asking: 'What do you mean to Durell, one of his own clerks, was reading a do with Arthur? He was nearly ready to go to college, was he not?' He was; and this is one of the severest trials attending my reversed circumstances, that I am compelled to disappoint his long cherished wish of obtaining a college educa-

'That must, not be,' said Mr. Hathaway. 'If you and Arthur, will consent I will my-self pay his charges through college.' Mr. Hathaway,' said Mr. Audley, in a

glow of surprise and pleasure, this offer evinces a noble generosity on your part that I shall never forgot. You must let me tell Arthur the good news.'

Mr. Audley summoned his son, and pointing to Mr. Hathaway, said: 'This gentle

man has offered to send you to college at his own expense.' The eyes of the youth lighted up; and he grasped the hand of his benefactor, saying,

simply: 'Oh, if you but knew how happy you have made me!'
I do not deserve your thanks,' was the smiling reply. 'I have learned that to make others happy is the most direct way to se-

cure my own happiness." Mr. Hathaway took his way to the store Arrived there, he sought out Frank Durell, and requested him to step into his office, as e sought out Frank Durell.

he wished to speak to him in private.

'Your salary is five hundred dollars a year I believe,' said he,

'Yes sir,' said Frank Durell, somewhat surprised.

I have come to the conclusion that this is insufficient, and I shall therefore advance t two hundred dollars; and, as a part of it may not be unacceptuble to you now, here are a hundred dollars that you may consider

.an advance.' 'Sir.' said Frank Durell, hardly believing his senses, 'you cannot estimate the benefit I shall derive from this generosity. My mother, who depends upon me for support, was about to be deprived of her furniture, by an extortionate creditor; but this timely gift-for I must consider it so will remove this terrible necessity. I thank you, sir,

y neart. from my heart. chant kindly. 'In future consider me your friend; and. if you should at any time be in want of advice or assistance, do not scrupl to confide in me.'

'At least,' said the merchant, thoughtful-

ly, 'I have done something to make this a 'Happy New Year, for others. The lesson conveyed in the dream of last night shall not be thrown away upon me. I will take care that many hearts shall have cause to bless the vision of THE VEILED MIRROR. We heard a good story the other night

of two persons engaged in a duel. At the first of the seconds proposed that they should shake hands and make up. The oth er second said he saw no particular necessity ever since they began!

A loin of mutton was on the table and the gentleman opposite to it took the carver 'Shall I cut it saddlewise?' quoth he.

You lead better cut it bridlewise,' replied his neighbour; 'for then we shall all stand a better chance to get a bit in our mouths! The strongest words are generally the oftenest broken.

An Exquisite Story of the Heart.

Lisle Merour went home early this eve ning. Little pet had said good bye, after dinner, with a great heavy eye that followed him all the way to the bank, and kept reminding him of some they had once closed

in death in that same household.
Willie was buried just three years ago to morrow. The father went lightly up the stairs, straight on his way, to the nursery.—
As he turned at the head of the staircase, Mrs. Mercur stepped out of her dressing room gantly arrayed for an evening party. She paused in surprise at seeing her husband paused in surprise at seeing her husband home so early. Pretty and piquant as she stood before him, her delicate beauty, as soft shadows were all passed. The real chain, and athered her the dress she was supplied by and ethereal as the dress she wore, quite lispelled the stern expression on his lips; she go back, seeking hid of the pleasure hunand the reproach in his tones died down to simple surprise, as he asked:

Are you going out to night, Fanny?
Yes. Why not?' she inquired, in her fluttering. girlish way.

'Your baby, dear,' the husband said in a

sad, reproving voice.
Pshaw, Lisle, she's only a little unwell: 'Ashaw, Lisle, she's only a little unwell: and Lette will sit by her. She says the child is foud of her, and begs of me to go and enjoy myself. She is thoughtful for me, the young wife added, casting a reproachful gilthce at the earnest face, looking with sure, disappointed inquiry into hers. 'She says' I must not shut inyself up like a nun.'
Do you think your French maid cares more for you than I do, Fanny?'

The small hand worked uneasily, opening and shutting her fan. She was always lost when this scrong man's love spoke to her in this twofold, unappealable way. So she ig-norantly pushed aside the sleadying hand that would have guided her into beautiful womanhood, and said, the least bit peevish-

Come, Lisle, don't be always making m golemn. Say good night and kiss me, and tell me to go and he happy.' The husband bent over and kissed the red ips-held-ap-coaxingly-to-his, and encircling the slight waist for a moment with his arm.

of giddy enjoyment at Mrs. Grange's. Lisle Mercur watched her graceful, retreating figure until it went out of sight. As the front door closed after her he turned heavily, with door closed after her he turned nearly, to say; the great want his beautiful wife so lightly to say; Y-e-s. comprehended, and walked to the nursery door. It stood slightly afar. A little quer ulous voice kept repeating,

'No, no; Pet wants Flynn.' -'sh. Lette's here. Lette's better than Flynn.'
Pet turned on the pillow and looked at the fussy French girl with childish incredulity.

'Pet wants Flynn.'

Lette was becoming annoved at the child's presistency, and pushed her chair back in atiently.
Mr. Mercur was about to open the door and

go in, when he heard a rustle at the foot of Pet's hed, and a pale, weary-faced woman glided in from a room adjoining the nursery and stooped over the restless child. Her lips went round her neck, like love chains from to Flynn, wild with fear lest they should all, needed no hushing. The touch of Flynn's cool hand was always enough for her. Lette went bustling stiffly through the door at the foot of the crib. After a while Flynn unlocked the fingers clasped about her neck, and holding them in her own, sat down by the bedside, and looked at the head nestled on the dainty pillow. Her white, illegible door, where Lisle Mercur stood with a father's pardonable curiosity. He had always regarded bis young sister's governess as a calm, gentle woman, with soul enough for her position. To night he caught a glimpse of something more. That strange power toward which childhood leaps instinctively, watched, unslumbering, self guarded in her steady gaze; thrilled in the low sure atterance of her conscious words, asserted itself in her lightest touch. Lisle Mercur saw why his child wanted Flynn. She was one of those women who, when one once knows them, breathe poetry to the very elements, even though they shrink from talking or singing it. To such it must not go through many hands, all dabbing at its freshness.—So she took to this fair child, and whispered

her sweet thoughts to her.

And they grew so quietly and naturally together, that even the close-sighted father never knew of the union, until this hight when accident showed him Pet's companion. And his pretty wife flashed back in

his face the truth, that as for spiritual communion he was alone.

Pet lay so still he thought she must be falling asleep. Then he heard her say, soit-

'Mamma's gone, Flynn.' Flynn smiled.

'Mamma was pretty.'

'Mamma was very pretty,' Flynn said.
'Why didn't God make Flynn prettier!'
'God knew,' Flynn said, reverently; and They came back brightly again.

'Where?' asked Flynn.
'Here,' and the little hands went together over Pet's bosom.
Pet Flynn's flowers.' The sweet face brightened with a mischie-

vous smile. 'Wear yours where mamma wears hers.' Flynn understood. She gathered the litthe form up in her arms, and pressed it close to her loving woman's heart. This bud she was nurturing would open one day into Flynn's beautiful bosom—not mamma's.

So thought papa, as we waited outside the door, while the pale governess walked the nursery floor with the burden on her breast, and at last laid it down sleeping, on the bed. Then he went back to his room and waited for mamma. She came home long after midnight, and slept late into the next morning When she met her husband at dinner; she said in her childish way quite exultingly:
'I knew Pet would be well enough off.-

Lette said she was quiet, and slept well.'
The father thought of weary feet going to and fro ioside the nursery, and the low lullaby hummed softly in his baby's ear.—
Thinking of the subtle music of this worther's voice, he forgot what matting was saying, or that she was there. So no revelations were made, Mrs. Merour grew feverishly fond of ex-

citement and party going. Her husband's remonstrances were unheeded; and at last, growing weary of her weak accusations, and | rious eves ope insining comparison of his conduct and the murmur of the waves were not strange

rapidly giving way. Then he plead with her, gently but earnestly. She laughed at his fears, and turned to the pleasures she was madly pursaing with renewed eagerness. Daty arged him to more decided action. He led her to her mirror one morning, after a night of dissipation, and bade her confront the sunken cheeks and great glassy eyes, staring back in her face like a solemn warn-

ing. She gazed for a moment like one transfixed, and the truth fastened slowly on her unwilling consciousness. She could not bear it. She turned fiercely toward him, and, with a wild resture, almost shricked, 'Stop your idle prating. I will live while I do live.' The end of her race was reached at last, the genuine gloom, were just outside: Should ters, through this place they had led her to?

Ah! they were cheerless guides how.
'I am dying, Lisle,' she whispered, hoarse ly. He gathered her cold hands in his warm nes, but he could not remove the chilt.
'I am dying, Lisle l' she shricked piteous. ly. He bowed his head over his pillow till his lips touched her damp forchead; but they had no comfort for her here.
Help me, my husband!

He could have helped her once. He could only turn in his deep distress, and groan now. A quick thought flashed through him hopefully. 'Shall I call Flynn?'
The dying eyes looked up imploringly.—
She came in white and marble like, as she,
who lay there in her last agony would be

soon. Liste could not see the eyes, in which he longed to read if there were he pe of com-fort for his wife, the lids lay down so heavily on her cheeks.
Fanny turned to her with a wild plea in ery lineament of her suffering face.
' Help me, Flynn!'
' God must do that,' said a firm sustaining

voice, close in her failing cuf.
'Where is he?' gasped the whitening lips. 'If I could see him! If I could feel him!

she cried, clingingly, as if reaching out in the slight waist for a moment with his arm, said in his deep, sad way:

'Go and be happy, Fanny.'

She glided down the stairs and sprang in the dark.

Call on him as you call me. Ask him to help you as you ask me. He loves you betto the carriage waiting for her at the door, but, could not shake off the strange feeling.

I. He is right here. Can't you see him? that her husband's manner had inspired can't you feel him? said the low voice, in a until fairly launched into the brilliant whirl

of an invisible presence. The look of terror went from the ghastly face, and the faint shadow of a coming smile paused on the dying lips that only had breath

She was gone where they could do no more Lisle Mercer left Pet with Flynn, and went alroad. Two years passed, and he did not return. Then came a letter saying he would sail in two days more in the Solitaire.

Toward the close of the summer, just at twilight one evening, the two sat alone in the window seat of the library, looking at the old

light house far up the beach on the Rocky It looks ugly—don't it Flynn?'
'Yes,' said Flynn, thoughtfully. 'It looks lonely, and bare, and grim, in the day light;

but how was it last night?' Pet remembered how the storm raged and the sea roared all night, and how she clung home, sea and winds, be whirled together in terrible destruction. Then, shining in thro' the chamber window, gleamed that solitary light from the old tower, and Flynn said. Look, child, what is it like?

Like a star of hope, isn't it, Flynn?' Flyin said yes, and hoped it might be such to those at sea. She did not whisper the dreadful fear she had in her heart-that a vessel, homeward bound, might go down that dismal night. She soothed the little head that might be fatherless, and wove that

in her prayers.

Later in the evening came a messenger saying the Solitaire had foundered in the storm the night before, and it was reliably reported that all on board perished. Almost vithin sight of home! Flynn had learned to bear cruel tidings. So no one knew how she The servants gathered, whispering, in the hall. She went out, and hade them disperse, in a husky voice, until Pet was asleep. The lamps were not lighted, and they could

not see her pallid face.

She took the child to her chamber, and sat beside her until she was asleep. Then she moved like a statue down the stairs into the presence of the cowering servants, who were waiting as if by instinct for her commands. "We will have no lights to night,' she said in a voice that thrilled through darkness,-

Let all retire, and the house be quiet. Tomorrow will be soon enough.' There was no need to say for what it would be soon enough, and they went from her presence awe stricken and oppressed with gloom. When they were all gone she went back to the window sent in the library; where she had been sitting with Pet, and kneeling down, buried her face in the cushions. The murmur of the waves breaking softly on the beach came in at the open window.

Lisle Mercur had sailed a week in advance

of the Solitaire, contrary to his expectations when he wrote. When the news of that vessel's wreck reached his family he was already impatiently moving toward home. It was still comparatively early in the evening when he alighted from the coach in front of his own house. Surprised at finding it closed and dark, he went around to the back part of the premises, intending to arouse one of the servants. As he passed the library winlow he observed it was open, and springing to the low balcony, he was going in, when omething suddenly arrested his attention .-Stooping over to examine more closely, he was startled by the sight of a human face half buried in the crimson cushions. lien the moon came from under a cloud, and shone full upon the object at which he stood n deep perplexity. He saw now Flynn, half kneeling, half reclithat it was Flynn, half kneeling; half reoli-ning, as if she had fallen asleep in the midst

of prayer. He called her softly by name, but she did not move. Then he spoke in a louder voice, almost roughly, but there came no response. He grew alarmed: The strong man shook like an aspen. He raised her head reverent ly, tenderly, and laid it against his bosom, smoothing back the wavy, ruffled hair, and guing fendly in the face he had looked upon ignorantly, unappreciatingly, times without number. How precious it seemed to him number. How precious it seemed to him then, as he grouned aloud, Great God, have I come back for this! He thought she was dead-that a new and deeper desolation than he had yet known was upon him.

As he gazed the nostrils slowly dilated,

the thin lips parted, and those dark mystened full on his. The sea breeze,

Lette's, he gave up the attempt of restrain- | to her; the moonlight coming in at the open window-all this was natural; but this face with its passionate energy, this breast against which she was held so tightly, what did it mean? She would see what it meant; so she made a strong effort and sat upright. She had passed through a great agony, she had dreamed a short, sweet dream. It was over now, and she must go back to her selfsustenance. In a moment of matual silence, she called up her old habit of calmness, and said, as firmly as her weakness would permit

We feared you were drowned.' 'I knew you would, and harried home or

'The servants are horror stricken; but thank Heaven ! Pet is spared what I feared she must know soon.'
Flynn'—the pale face turned so that the noonlight would not strike it so broadly-did any one else grieve for me?'

She trembled visibly, and tried to

something verging close on propriety.

'Spare me this Flynn,' he said, pleading Come down from this distance at which have viewed you, and tell me for once what 'How far would you have me come ?' slie

asked with quiet significance that he understorid at once.
'Not beyond the borders of female delica cy. I forgot in the intensity of the moment that I had not met you there with a broad avowal of my love—love such as men seldom

give to women, Flynn.'
She looked at him as if to comprehend his meaning, and said, musingly. 'I have wandered so long I am lost now Come home, Flynn, he anid, reaching out

his arms to her. Lay your head where it lay helplessly a moment since. Trust me.-Her head drooped where it was to rest 'Tell me why you knelt here like one 'For you,' said she thid, shivering. 'I

Then you loved me?'
'Oh, Lisle!' The fervor of her words hrilled through his soul. 'How long has this been, Flynn !' 'Since I came here as your sister's gover-

He started suddenly. Before Fanny?' 'Yes,' said a voice tinged with long born

thought you were dead.

Flynn, Flynn, you have suffered !' She smiled a smile borne of deep, struggles. It has not been in vain.' The mask whe all off now. Lisie Mercur saw the loving, purified character shining through the face he held to his lips.

'You shall suffer no more alone, darling.'

Avoid Decertion .- Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality cast ing a midst before their own eyes. persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinion and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self interest forbid him ever

to make false prefences. When Gen. Lafavette was in the Uri ted States, two young men were introduced to him. He said to one:

'Are you married?'

'Yes sir,' was the reply. 'Happy man,' quoth the General. He put the same question to the other, I am a bachelor.' "Unlucky dog,' said the General.
This is the best essay on matrimony ex

An editor out West gives the following notice:— Our purso is lost! The finder is requested to return it, being careful not to disturb its contents, which were a brass rule, a piece of leaf tobacco nicely twisted, the ump of a cigar, and a very good leather

'I am glad this coffee don't owe me any said Brown, a boarder, at the break fast table. 'Why?' said Smith.

'Because,' said Brown, 'I don't believe it vould ever settle!' A Re-Tailor .- A newsboy rushed into a retail store on Hanover street, the other day, and thus accosted the proprietor:

f' Say, Mister, do you retail shirts here?'
'Yes, my boh; we have them to fit you a one dollar each—very nice ones.'
'Oh, blazes I I don't want a whole one.-But I seed on your sign: Shirts retail and wholesale, and I thought you might re-tail mine, for it wants it bad; a dog got hol it, and wouldn't let go if I'd kill'd him.'

An exchange comes to us with a notice that 'Truth' is crowded out of this issue .-This is almost as bad as the country editor who said, 'For the evil effects of intoxicating drink see our inside.'

o have been, there was evidently a method his madness at times. Speaking to Arch-Bishop Sutton of his large family, he used the expression, 'I believe your grace has better than a dozen?' 'No, sire,' replied the Arch Bishop, 'only eleven.' 'Well,' rejoined the King, 'is not that better than a doz-IS A schoolboy down East, who was no

Crazy as George the Third was said

ted among his play-fellows for his frolics with the girls, was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when, coming to the phrase 'making waste places glad,' he was asked what it meant. The youngster paused-sorutched his head-but gave no answer, when up jumped a more precocious urchin and cried out: 'I know what it means, master. It means hugging the gals; for Toth Ross is allers huggin om around the waist, and it makes 'em glad as can be:'

RATHER unexpected was the raply of the urchin who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, 'Do you know where those little boys go who play marbles on Sunday?' replied innocently-Yes; some of 'em goes down by the side of

A woman is not fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this s as true of a tongue as of a baby.

Speak no evil of the dead or of the ab

One ounce of discretion is worth pound of wit.

THE BEARD

Nature has supplied the most of mankind with beards, and in very ancient times, the use of a razor upon it was unknown. In Greece, the first instance of shaving occurred in the reign of Alexander the Great. This varrior ordered the Macedonians to be shaved lest the beards of his soldiers should afford handles to their enemies. The sarcastic Diogenes, when he once saw some one whose chin, was smooth, said: I am afraid you think you have great ground to accuse nature for having made you a man and not a woman.' In Cicero's time the genuine beard was not worn in society. But the barbula (goatee) seems to have been affected by the young Roman "swells."

young Roman "swells."

The heard began to revive again in the time of the Emperor Hadrian But of all the emperors who were that ornament, none creates so much inferest in posterity as the remperor Julian. His beard is the most famous board in history. Speaking of it, he says: "I commence with my countenance. It had nothing regular, or particularly agreeable aboat it and out of humor and whimsisselits and just to pupils it for not heir tality, and just to punish it for not being handsome, I have made it ugly by carrying this long and peopled beard.

The Brittens, like the ancient Gauls, al-

lowed the hair to grow thick on the head; and, although they shaved their beards close on the chin, wore, immense tangled moustu-ches, which sometimes reached their breasts.

It may be presumed that the northern nations felt the symbolic force of these appendages t we have a well known passage in Tacitus about the Catti, who says, made a Tacitus about the Catti, who says, made a general custom of what, among other Gorman people was an affair of private darings the letting the crinem harbamque grow till they had killed an enemy. The Normans, when they conquered England, when well shaven, on the back of the head and on the ace; but the Saxons wore full beards. In Edward. II.'s reign, beards were worn

In Edward II.'s reign, beards were worn apparently by persons in years, great officers of State, and knights templars, but not generally. Sin John Mandeville, the travelor, who died A. D. 1372, was called Sir John with the Beard (persumably from its size.) In Edward III.'s time—the hey day of chivalry, of feudal ornament, of love poetry, of besseldry—loss heard and fine mystophe wars. heraldry-long beard and fine mustache were in honorable estimation. In Richard II.'s reign, the fashion continued: The beard was forked, and in all knightly effiges the mustache is long and drooping on each side

mustache is long and drooping on each side of the mouth.

A sober and well governed gentleman of Elizabeth's time, regulated his beard as he did his dress, mind, manners or conduct. It was an index of his status or profession; an emblem of his feelings and tastes.—a symbol to be respected like his coat of arms. The Reformer, John Knox, cherished a large and profuse one obviously from its patriarchal prefuse one, obviously from its patriarchal character, from the honor shown it in the Jewish days, from whose sentiment he drew his inspiration. The scholar, such as George Buchanan, wore it-sometimes as one who followed Knox and Calvin. ollowed Knox and Calvin.

The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the civil wars of

England; and the same rigor which the Puritan exercised on the head he exercised on his chin, and trimmed his beard as closely as he trimmed his locks. The Vandyke heard is the typical one of this period.—Peaked beards and mustaches were popular among the cavaliers; and were at least pretty generally word. two hundred years, among the Anglo Sax-

ons of Europe and America; but they have been revised again, and are now cultivated and defended upon scientific considerations.

The mustache is approved because is said to be a natural respirator; andefense to the lungs against the inhalation of dust, and defended as a protection for the throat against cold. It has been recommended that all preachers who are subject to throat diseases should allow their beards to grow. Travelers in sandy regions, millers, bakers and all mechanics should allow the

beard free play. The system of employing substitutes was practiced to a certain extent in the fevo-lutionary war. Mr Elijah Gaylord, now or very recently a resident of New York willy, and nearly one hundred years old, engaged as a substitute during the wa. of independence at Hartford, Conn., where he was born, in consideration of a cow, a swithble out it of. clothing, one Sianket, a few farming utensils

and twelve bushels of wheat per month. A few days since a gentleman, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, asked a negro if the read he was traveling led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required in formation, but seemed curious to know who the stranger was, as well as his occupation. For the fun of the thing the traveler ded to humor Ebony a little, and the follow

ing dialogue ensued:

'My name:

, and as to the business.

I follow, if you are at all smart you can guess that from my appearance. Can't you see that I am a timber cutter?' 'No, boss, you no timber cutter.' 'An overseer then?'
'No, sir, you no look like one.'

'What say you to my being a doctor?'
'Don't think no boss—dey don't ride in & 'Well how do you think I would do for a 'I sorter specs you is dat sir.'. Pshaw, Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for. Don't I look more like a law-

yer than anything else?' 'No siree, Buh; you don't dat:' Why, now you see boss, I's been ridin', wid you for more'n a mile, an' you hain't

cussed an' a lawyer always cusses." The last dodge of the conscript desertinto compas deserters. They are then sent to Washington take the oath of allegiance and caught at this game last week.

A LITTLE girl who had often contemplated the very aged appearance of her grandmoth er of more than eighty years, her face wrinkled and time worn, ran up to her one day, and asked, 'Grandmother were you alive when God made the world?'

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reitl as long as the sun, moon and stars endured. 'Faith, mon,' said the King to the person who presented it, my son then must reign by candle light.

All faults are pardonable when one has the courage to avow them.

Hasty words are soon repented.