Poetical.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY,

That certain little hypocrisies are sometim practised upon each other by young ladies and gentlemen in the matrimonial mood is scarcely a matter of doubt, but the appended simple narrative of one of the devices by which an ardent maiden may beable to preserve an appearance of invincible amiability before her lover—although given upon the authority (partially revised) of one "W. C. 2." in the Rochestor

ALMOST INCREDIBLE. When Jacob courted Mary Jane, A lass without a fault he thought her. And ev'ry evening, fair or rain, Attired in all his best he sought her, slie's honest, true, and kind, said he, As she is pretty in her features; And if she'll only marry mo, We'll be the happiest of cre

His parents, hearing how he felt, And noticing his eager flurry, ald "Son, be cautious. She won't melt, Hon't be in such a precious hurry, Her family are not renowned For being quite as meek as Moses.

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried. "In all the ways by spite invented;" ut ever a dozen tricks, he'd tried, His own good nature sore repented, The more he teased, to make her mad, Instead of vixen spunk revealing, She only seemed as meekly sad As comes of wounded tender feeling.

No langer seeing room to doubt. That she was mild beyond expression, that Jacob brought the question out, And she surrendered at discretion. In proper course the wedding came With orange plooms and tears and laughte A bridgi tour to crown the same, And pretty cottage home thereafter.

But ah, alas, for Jacob's peace! Ero yet the honeymoon was over, His Mary's temper broke the lease ite thought he had on life in clover.
From being gentle as of old,
And shedding tears when he'd offend her
She turned into a perfect scold,

As ugly as the Witch of Endor! Astounded at the fearful change, And wond'ring how he had been blinded, The hapless man could not arrange The question's answer as he minded; Till at her father's house, one day He put the query, quite emphatic: 'How did you take me in, that way!"

Said she, "I'll show you, in the attic. And then they climbed the garret stairs, The lady showed, with mocking airs, A central post, with braces cumbered "You see it's nearly worn in twain, Or seems to be, with weight it's carried: But with my teeth I gnawed the grain, A fortnight, just, before we married!"

"Whenever you would tease me most. And then had gone, and left me beam used to come and graw that post, To keep myself from raging screaming ! I knew you'd never know your mind. If temper I should show forbade you. aid Jacob, "that, my dear, was kind; But don't I wish some other had you!

Miscellaneous.

THE COUNTERFEITERS.

SAM STICKNEY'S DISCOVERY. "Well, this is getting rough!" exclaimed Sam Stickney, in no very pleasant tone, as he plodded wearily on through the thickly-falling show;-'rough enough, by gracious! I would not have come if I'd known it was going to be like this—I bet a dollar !"

He tramped on, scarcely able to distinguish, through the fast approaching darkness and the ever falling mass of great white flakes, the narrow path leading from the forest, in which he had been hunting all day, to the Grun-

But after half an hour more of this weary work, Sam found himself, to all appearances, as deeply in the woods as ever; and no signs of the road could be distinguished on either hand, and even the path seemed now to have disap-

"Confound it all!" he grumbled, as he rested for a moment in the snow the heavy gun which he carried, to ease his aching shoulder, " confound it all !" What am I going to do? I can't find the road, and it's so plaguy dark that a fellow can't tell whether he's going

As he thus spoke, gazing desparingly about him, his eve met a faint light, which made itself visible off to the left. through the tall pines.

"Wonder what that is?" muttered Stickney, as he gazed at it. "Im afraid I've lost my way, for there ain't no house within a mile of where I ought to be. Guess I'll push ahead, and try for a place to put up, for I can't stand this kind of thing much longer." to watch their movements with more

He plodded on, now striking his foot on some buried rock, and now sinking half up to his middle in some unseen hollow, until, at length, he reached a pair of bars, on the other side of which he could distinguish a small house, standing alone in the midst of a clear

It looked lonely enough, surrounded as it was, on all sides by gigantic pines. through which the cold wind moaned and murmured with ghostly sound; and, had the place been unknown to handed him; while Holinshead, junior him, in all probability, Sam Stickney, disappeared for a moment, and then who was none of the bravest, would have been by far too much afraid to pursue the course he did-leap over the bars, run across the clearing, and knock loudly at the little side door.

Yes, Sam knew this house well; and it would have been a hard matter to have found a house, man, woman or child, within five miles of Grundyville, which he did not know; for Sam bore the reputation—and deservedly, too—of

being the village meddler. He was too lazy to work, although he would wonder through the forest, from early dawn until nightfull, hunting and when not in the woods, there was one place where Sam was always to be

found-sitting on the barrels of th country store.

He knew all that was going on ir Grundyville, and it was generally admitted that what Sam Stickney did not know about the affairs of the towns- | ties?" people, could not, in any sense of the

Word, be worth knowing. If the bottom fell out of Mrs. Deacon Jones' pickle pot, and its carefully prepared contents became a total loss; if | "They are counterfeiters, as sure as my Mrs. Parson Smith took two quarts of name is Stickney! Oh, ain't this luck! milk a day (what on earth can she do

The American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1872.

more besides. But there was one thing, however, which had puzzled him for several months past, and this was nothing more nor less than the occupation of the Holinshead family, who had lately come to live in the Blakely house-the very one now before him.

They were not farmers, for the land which old Blakely had so carefully tilled, had not known the spade since said the old man, as he stirred the mixhis death. They did no business in the city—did not do anything in town. Yes, Sam knew this place well, for many had been his prowlings around the little house, in vain attempts to discover

the occupation of its inmates. No wonder, then, that he hailed with delight this golden opportunity to obtain free admittance into the mysteriou

His knock was answered by a plainly dressed woman, of more than middle age, whom Sam recognized as Mrs. Holinshead herself.

"I've lost my way in the storm, ma'am," he began, "Can I--" "Oh, come in! come in!" exclaimed the woman, cordially. "It's an awful night, to be sure. Come right up to the

fire here, and warm yourself." Stickney accepted, this cheerful invitation, and approached the stove, stood dropped in the soft snow beneath. his gun in a corner, and began to remove his wrappings, at the same time casting sidelong glances around the

room, and at the other members of the These were four in number; an old man-Mr. Holinshead, Sr.; a young man-Mr. Holinshead, Jr.; besides a

girl of sixteen and a boy of ten, They all spoke pleasantly to their guest, and when supper was ready, invited him to join them, which invitation, it is needless to say, Sam accepted vithout reluctance.

The meal over they resumed their places around the fire, Mr. Holinshead, at the same time, inviting Stickney to pass the night with them. "You better stay, Mr-r--" he

' It's a long mile to Grundyville, and

ve've got plenty of room." "Thank you," replied Sam. "Guess will stop, for its a bad night, and a ong road, as you say ;" and he mental ly added: "Perhaps I may find out omething or other before I leave." The evening passed pleasantly, until about half-past eight, when Mr. Holinshead, remarking that his guest must be very tired, lighted a candle and of-

fered to show him to his room. This was not all what Sam wanted. for he had been trying, though unsuccessfully, to draw from the elder man the nature of his business, and had secretly resolved not to go to bed until his curiosity was gratified; but the suggestion was made so like a command that it was plain his company was no longer

well refuse. Following his host, who went before him with the candle, he was conducted to a small room directly over the one in

which they had been sitting. Setting the candle down upon a table. the old man bade him good-night, and

lescended the stairs. Left to himself, Sam, who had no notion of going to bed, began to look about him for some means by which he couldadiscover what was going on in the room he had just left.

The house was a roughly finished concern, unplastered, and full of cracks and chinks, and our inquisitive friend hole, through which he could plainly see everything which transpired be-

Hastily extinguishing the light, he tretched himself flat upon the floor, and applying his eye to the knot hole. obtained a full view of the room be-

right smart, if we want Jeff to get off

by seven to morrow," he heard the old "All right father." was the son's re

ply. "We can do it, if we work sharp, now that man's out of the way." "Oh, ho!" thought Sam, with a grin and a chuckle, "I ain't so far out of the way as you think!" and he continued

curiosity than before. The old woman bustled around, stirred the fire, brought out a great bass kettle, and put it on the stove; while the daughter took from the closet a number of empty bottles, and began to wash

them at the sink. Holinshead, senior, now brought from the closet some bundles of herbs, which, after pulling apart, he threw in to the kettle, pouring on top of them dark decoction from a jug his wif eturned lugging a sizeable iron machine, the use of which Sam was utter

ly at a loss to imagine. "Well, if this don't beat all natur! e ejaculated, under his breath. "What in the name of all that's lovely are they

ip to, any way?" 'You stir the kettle, father," said the wife, handing the old man an enor nous iron spoon. "You 'tend to the ooiling, and Eddy and I will cut the papers to print the money on." "The money," thought the listener

alive with excitement; "print the money; then they must be counterfeiters. If here ain't a regular go!" His suspicions, were soon confirm

for the oldest son, after working a few noments at the machine, exclaimed: "There, now I'm ready; let's have the doctor cried out: some of that paper. What shall they

be to-night, father, hundreds or fif-

"Hundreds, I guess," was the reply; they seem to go better." "Hundreds! go better!" repeated Sam, as he perred through the hole .-What does it say on the bills : 'Coun- disturbance?"

with it?); or whether the great Md, terfelting this note is felony, punisha-Merchant took the eight or the nine ble by five thousand dollars fine.' And o'clock train for the city; or rich Mr. the informant gets half! Oh, if I could Moneybags never gave his horse a sin- only get to the vil lage and call out old gle quart of oats-Sam was always sure Riggs, the constable, to catch them at to know particulars, and a great deal it, my fortune would then be made ! Twenty-five hundred dollars! Oh, glory !"

He looked once more. Yes, they were printing money, sure enough; for every time the young man turned the handle of his machine, out came a piece of paper, which, even at that distance Sam could see bore a strong resem blance to a treasury note.

"We'll be through by midnight," ture; "that is if we are not interrupted."

"But, by gracious! you will be interrupted!" chuckled Sam, as he raised himself softly to his feet; "and Sam Stickney's the boy to do it! They're naking money, sure as a gun; but I wonder what all those bottles are for, and the stuff in the kettle too? Some hing to do with it, I'll wager! Twentyfive hundred dollars! That's more money than I ever had in my life! I'm off for Grundvville! I've found them out at last-1 knew I should !"

Fortunately, for his plans, he had brought his hat and outer wrappings into the chamber with him; and hurriedly putting them on, Sam crept to the window, which he opened, and seeing that the distance to the ground was not great, quietly swung himself out, and Scrambling to his feet he ran across

the little clearing, and made for the road, saying, as he did so: "I'll leave my gun till I come back

with the constable! Ha! ha!" And making the best speed possible in the storm, he at length reached Grundyville, just as the bell in the church steeple rang out ten.

Sam had formed his plans on the road, and an hour had scarce clapsed when a party of excited villagers, headed by Stickney and old Riggs, the constable, might have been seen riding, at as rapid a rate as possible in the storm, toward the Blakely House." "We'll take the whole lot of 'them,'

cried Sam, as they rode along. "Hali the fine for the one who informs! Ain't that so, Riggs?" "So they say," replied Riggs; "but, I say, Sam, you musn't forget your friends who helped you catch 'em,

when you get all that money?" "Not I!" exclaimed the delighted Stickney. "You all know me, don't you, boys?".

"That's so!" replied the others, 'Sam's liberal, whatever else you may At length they reached the clearing, and fastening their horses, the men

stole cautiously up toward the house the snow rendering their approach inaudible to those within. "Get in line," whispered Stickney "get in line, boys, and we'll burst in the door and catch 'em at it, before

they have a chance to budge !" The men obeyed; and throwing door, had no difficulty in bursting it in, and the excited party rushed into the room, creating more than a little stir in the Holinshead family.

The old woman, who was in the act of lifting the great kettle from the stove, uttered a cry of, terror, dropping at the same instant her burden, and spilling its boiling contents on the leg of the unhappy old constable, who had been foremost to enter the room.

With a yell of pain, the old man siezed his scalded limb in both hands, and began to dance round like one pos

"What's the meaning of all this?" had little difficulty in finding a knot loudly demanded father and son in chorus.

"It means we've trapped you at last, you villains! you counterfeiters!" cried Sam, who, though very willing to shout, thought it prudent to keep behind the village doctor, who had accompanied the expedition.

" Yes" exclaimed another, "we'll cook your goose for you, old boy! Seenre the young one, doc, we'll take care of the old fellow!

"Yes, we'll take care of him!" houted Sam, keeping valiantly in the background, while the others seized the old man.

The doctor made for Jeff, the son, and as he did so, stumbled over Riggs, who was still dancing around the room. holding on to his leg, howling most lugubriously-and measured his length

As he picked himself up, his eye caught sight of one of the hundred dollar bills, which had fallen from th

"Is this your counterfelt money he cried, in a loud voice, holding u the bill.

"Yes, that's it!" answered Sam, lu ily-" that's it, doctor." The doctor burst into a loud laugh while the men who had been struggling

with the two Holinsheads turned their ittention toward him at once. " Boys, we've been fooled !" said the doctor, loudly. "Listen"-and he read

from the bills as follows: "Pay the bearer, on receipt of one hundre cents, one bottle of Hollaghead's Celebrate Patent Hyperborian Hair Rejuvenaton." AUGUSTUS HOLINGSHEAD, Pres't, "JEFFHERSON HOLINGSHEAD, Sec'y.

The worthy doctor burst into such fit of laughing that he almost went into convulsions. "Hold me !-hold me, some one!

cheeks. "What a hoax! bo, what a hoax !" The men all joined in the laughte except the luckless Sam, who looking crest-fallen and chagrined, was just about to sneak from the house, when

he cried, the tears rolling down his

"Catch him, somebody! Don't le him get off! He's made fools of us

and we must pay him for it!" "What, this fellow?" exclaimed the old man, coming forward and looking "Why, I took the viper in, at Sam. warmed him, sheltered him, gave him a supper! I thought he was up stairs in bed now! Is he the cause of all this

"He is," replied the doctor. "He came into town about an hour ago, and routed us all out in the storm, saying he had discovered you printing coun-

terfeit money !" "I manufacture this hair restorer," answered the old man. " and put one of these imitation bills in each package as an advertisement. I thought when I bought this place, that I had found a quiet spot, where I could carry on my business without annoyance; but it seems I was mistaken." ...

"But you shall find yourself not mistaken," spoke up the doctor. " No one shall interfere with you again Mr. Holinshead. It's all the fault of this meddiesome fellow here that you were dis turbed to-night. Let's roll him in the snow boys!" he added, turning to the others; "we owe him something for making fools of us!"

"Good!" cried Riggs, very loudly, "and give him an extra roll to pay for my scalded leg, while you're about it !" And, all siezing hold of the luckless Sam, they hurried him from the house. It was a sorry-looking figure that crept into Stickney's dwelling, late that night, and a still sorrier one that might have been seen, any day during the following week, with its head tied up, hovering over the kitchen fire.

I am sorry to say that Sam's adventure with the counterfeiters did him little good, for he was soon seen again hanging round his old haunt, the vi!lage store, and he bears to this day, and, probably, will bear for all time to come, his old reputation-the meddler of Grundyville!

EDUCATING GIRLS.—Educating girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary as instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and it is the household surroundings which effect most largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she understands how to "set a table," if she has learned how things ought to be cooked, how beds should be made, how carpet should be swept, how furniture should be dusted, how the clothes should be repaired, and turned, and altered, and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best in of provisions, how to make them go formed of her sister's feelings about farthest and last longest; If she appreclates the importance of system order. tidiness, and the quiet management of children and servants, then she knows how to make a little heaven of homehow to win her children from the street; how to keep her husband from the club house, the gambling-table and wine cup. Such a family will be trained to social respectability, to business success, and to efficiency and use-

fulness in whatever position may be alloted to them. It may be safe to say that not one girl in ten in our large towns and cities enters into married life who has learned to bake a loaf of bread, to purchase a roast, to dust a painting, to sweep a carpet, or to cut and fit and make her told the Judge that in his opinion marown dress. How much the perfect knowledge of these things bears upon the thrift, the comfort and health of families, may be conjectured, but not calculated by figures. It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a beginning by attaching a kitchen to every school in the nation, and have lessons daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table; and how to purchase them in the market to the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, an increase of comfort, and higher health in every family in the

A WIFE'S POWER.-The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistable,--Home must be the seat of happiness. or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, courage and strength: a had one is confusion weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to man where his wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man s strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intellectual man with a whole heart, he needs his moral forces in the conflicts of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of comfort. There his soul renews its strength and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and trouble of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, jealousy or gloom, or is assailed by complaints and censure, hope vanishes and sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who, it might seem, have no conflicts or trials of life; for such is

omen's power. DOMESTICATED BUFFALO S .- Som experiments have been tried crossing the buffaloes with domestic cattle, and the result is highly satisfactory, a breed of animals being produced which retains many of the valuable properties of both breeds. The animals are large and strong, the chief objection to them being that no ordinary fence stops them for a moment, and that they love the water so much that they will swim and sport in it even when it is full of floatcalf whose love for athletic exercises was such that they would jump from a bank ten feet high into deep water when there was an easy path close at hand. These personal peculiarities are drawbacks to introduction of buffalo blood into the veins of family pets; but on the other hand, when properly cared for, these animals make most deliclous beef, and their hides, when soft tanned, are as much superior to the buffalo robe of commerce as wool is to shoddy. The writer saw the pelt of the cow mentioned above. It was much larger than any buffalo robe which he ever saw before, and was covered with a mat of soft curly hair-there being none of the long shabby hair ordinari-

Each with a loveliness as with a crown, Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest, The second rose, as verginal and fair,

The third, a widow, with now grief made wild Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

NINA'S PRESENT. Ine little usurper, I am determined to be rid of her, Fanny!" "What has she done. Belle." Fanny Lorimer, Belle's sister.

"Done!" exclaimed Belle. "Is it not too much for me to look calmly on, and Nina Dayne, a poor girl, attracting the attention which I thought my right?" "Whose attention in particular

"Why, Mr, St. John's, of course. He is the only one in our set whom I care "Well, if he prefers Nina, I should say you are very silly to make such an ado about what you cannot help," said

Fanny. This enraged Belle, and for a moment she said nothing, but bit her lips in an-

Beile and Fanny Lorimer were the only children of Judge Lorimer, a gentleman of wealth. Their home was in Meldon, a beautiful town on the Delaware.. About a year previous. Nina Dayne, the orphan child of Judge Lorimer's sister, had been received into his home-but not into the hearts of all its inmates. The Judge had been a father to Nina since her own father's death, and when her mother died, had taken her as his own child. After her grief had somewhat subsided, Nina had been happy in her uncle's home, until she found that her aunt and Belle felt her presence irksome, and they looked upon her as an intruder. Had it not been for her uncle and Fauny, she would have been truly miserable. Mrs. Lorimer knew that her husband would be much displeased if aware of her true feelings concerning Ning, so kept them careful ly concealed, instructing Belle to do the same. The latter had done so, until the morning when our story opens. Then advantage, and understands the laying for the first time, had Fanny been in-

A few months before, Norton St. John

gentleman who had spent some years in traveling, had returned to his home near Meldon. What surprised his friend was that he came home without a wife Report had given him one sometime before his arrival; but when he actually came, as he went away, heart-whole the gossips set him down as a confirmed the world? Had he not seen the mos beautiful woman of his time? And did he find none to suit him? Where then could one be found for this very particular Mr. St. John? He, little knowing all that was said, was one day surprised by a bantering remark of Judge Lorimer's, and replied in a manner which and that he was in no hurry to select a wife. This came to Belle's ears. She had been much admired by gentlemen for she was beautiful and talented: bu she had never admired any one as she now did Mr. St. John: and when he paid her some little attention, that which a chivalrous gentleman cannot help offering the most beautiful and attractive women, Belle's heart was much elated at the thought that she would win the beart which had been proof against the attractions of so many.

As months rolled on the pleasant au tumn passed; winter's gaieties commenced, and Belle enjoyed often the sociery of Mr. St. John ; but his attentions to her were not any more pointed than from the first. This somewhat surprise her, but as he did not seem to be more attracted toward any one else, she felt secure in winning him for herself alone Her cousin was kept in the back ground as much as possible, and this was easily done. Nina was still in mourning for her

mother. Her uncle was often absent on business, and supposed she enjoyed all the pleasures in which her cousins participated. Nina's tastes did not lead her into gay society; she was well satisfied o remain secluded with her books. She often took walks in the autumn, and these she enjoyed. She had been accus tomed in her mother's life-time, to visit the sick, and carry little necessities to cheer them, and she had found several amilies in Meldon, to whom, without the knowledge of the family at her un cle's, she had become a ministering an gel. Thoughts of what she could do t gladden the lives of her poor friends, o learning all that she could from the ma ny books in the library of her uncle filled her heart much of the time; but she often longed for human sympathy from those of her class. One amuse ment she was fond of, that was skating. Her cousins never engaged in this sport o she went to the pond, near her unclė's, alone,

One day as she was walking briskly along, with her skates hanging upon her arm, and thinking how pleasant to have with her some of the old companions with whom she had spent so many happy hours, she heard a quick, firm step behind her, and some one just passing lifted his hat. Nina looked up and saw a gentleman whom she had met at her uncle's once or twice. He had been introduced to her as Mr. St. John. She ing ice. We have heard of a cow and had not thought much about him, thinking him an admirer of Belle's. She had not noticed that when they were introduced, he had bent a kind, earnest glance upon her, and when she looked toward hlm, she saw that, al though he seemed deeply engaged in conversation with look to her, but as she never saw him after that, until now, she supposed he had forgotten her, and was surprised to see him smile as if acquainted with her. Good morning, Miss Nina," he said: do you skate?"

"I do, and am very fond of skating, only it is a little dull sometimes alone,

"Then may I have the pleasure of ac companying you to the pond this morn ing?" was Mr. St. John's response.
Nina looked up surprised that he shoul

take the trouble to go with her, when she had heard Belle say that very morning, that Mr. St. John was coming up to drive with them, and she wondered

what had detained him. They had a merry time, and Mr. St. John told Nina that the hour he spent on the ice was the happiest he had pass ed in a long time. She could not belp being still more surprised at this, and wondered if the hours which were pass-

> ed with her cousins were not happier When they returned toward her un cle's. Nina said with a little smile. "Mr. St. John, I expect you will think very

strange of me, but you will excuse me now; I must stop at a house which we are just coming to." He did not see any house where a young lady like Nina would be likely to

all; only a small tenant house. "This is the place," said Nina, I must thank you for the pleasant time I have had; good morning." Mr. St. John lifted his hat, and held it

while he said: "One moment, Miss Nina; may I not have the pleasure of seeing you oftener? I never meet you, or very seldom, and I

"I shall be glad to have you for my friend, Mr. St. John," said Nina; "I do not have very many friends here," and she gave him her hand, as friends do when they part. He took her little hand in his, with a friendly clasp, and as he looked into her clean blue eyes, he felt that he would give much to win for himself the deep, deep love which lay hidden in their depths. As he left her he resolved, that if it was God's will'

Nina should some day become his wife. Christmas drew near. Great preparations were made at Judge Lorimer's for this happy time. Belle and Fanny said they would have the gayest party of the eason on Christmas night. It was but joy. a short time before that Belle had noticed that Nina came oftener into the parlor in the evening; that she seemed to grow more beautiful every day-and worst of all, that whenever she was talk- | find you.' ing to Mr. St. John and Nina came into the room, his attention, which she claimed, was only polite-that his eyes would follow Nina's every movement. Supreme ealousy took its place in the heart of Belle from the moment she first observed this, and her thoughts found vent in the words with which our story opens. Her olans were, that she must in some way get Nina away from Meldon, or Mr. St

John would be lost to her, Now, Judge Lorimer had an old aunt who visited his family twice during the year. She was very rich, but lived in the most secluded manner in a little vil lage, about fifty miles from Meldon send Nina to see this aunt, who had taken a great fancy to Nina, she would then be entirely out of the way. She could have danced for joy, when, a few days before Christmas, Judge Lorimer eccived a letter from Aunt Jane, saying that she felt very lonely and far from well, and ," would he send one of the girls to stay a time with her?"

When this letter was read, the Judge looked around in the little circle, and be-"Dear uncle, let me go; you are kind to me, I should like to do this for you; besides, Belle and Fanny want to

be here so much now," "Dear child," said Judge Lorimer. you want to be here, too, do you not?" "Uncle," replied Nina, "that would give me pleasure, but I greatly desire that you will let me go to Aunt Jane." "Be it so, then; you are so like your mother, Nina," and the Judge's eyes grew dim, as he remembered the sweet

sister of his youth. Belle exclaimed, "What a good girl you are, Nina!" These were the first words of praise that Belle had spoken to Nina, and she felt that she was a happy girl to win these from her proud cousin. visit Aunt Jane.

Nina was not the only one who had nade friends with the poor in Meldon, and Mr. St. John often met her in the cottages where she had been long accusomed to going. His heart was one of he kindest, and he was delighted to find that the woman he loved looked upon life as he did; indeed, the fact that Nina was a true-hearted woman, caring her sweet face, to love her with all the

strength of his manly heart. Two days before Christmas, Mr. St John went to see a poor woman, whose house he was having repaired. As he looked around the little room, his eyes rested upon an open Bible. The woman saw to what his look was directed, and

"Ah, sir! many a word of comfort do not been for Miss Nina, I might have ever read it." Mr. St. John liked to hear Nina spoken of, and as he seemed so attentive, the

"Do you know, sir, when she will be "Has she gone away ?" asked Mr. St

"Yes, sir, two days ago: but she camhere first, and told me to give some things for Christmas, to two or three people tha live near here." Where did she go, do you know?

" No, sir," replied the woman. Mr. St. John left the house in deer thought, and this was what he wondered : Where has Nina gone, and why has she left at this time?" . He was studying so deeply that he did

not see Judge Lorimer, who was return-

ng home from the depot. -"Why, my dear man," said the Judge 'how are you?" 'I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. John, " Have you been away?" "Yes, I have just come to-day from Clifton. Nina has gone there, dear child that she is, to stay awhile with an old aunt of mine, her great-aunt. She sent

pointed about the holidays, begged to o. Will you not go home with me? You are always sure of a welcome." "Thank you, not to-day," replied Mr. St. John, as with rapid strides he went n towards Rockdale, his own home. His one thought was that he would go

to Clifton without delay, for living in

that place was an old friend of his, who

for one of the girls, and Nina, thinking

how Belle and Fanny would be disan

wished for a visit from him. So that Clifton, and early the next morning he surprised his friend, who received him what her cousin would think if she knew with the old-time love.

"Really I am glad to have you here Norton, but did not suppose that I could attract you at this time of the year." " My dear Denby, you know I am candid, so to tell the truth I have come to Clifton to see another friend, who is visi ting here,"

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"Ah, ha! a lady, perhaps." "You are right, and can tell me is there is, near you, a lady related to Judge Lorimer ?"

"That, I can, my dear boy; but have you come to visit her? She is old enough to be your grandmother." "I intend to visit her house, but not

particularly to see her." "Ah, well, I will not pry into your secret farther, but direct you. And St. John received the knowledge he desired, and left his friend with a

merry adieu. He walked down the street, and as he drew near to the house to which he had been directed, he wondered what Nina would say-how she would receive him. He was admitted by a servant, and waited impatiently for Nina's appearance. Soon a light step came along the hall, and the next moment Nina stood before him. She had been surprised to learn that a gentleman wished to see her, and thought perhaps her uncle had forgotten omething; but the servant would have

known the Judge. When she saw Mr. St. John, she uttered a cry, and sprang forward; but the next instant remembered, and stopped, while the color flashed into her face. It told him all, and that he was beloved. So he just took her in his arms, saying : "Nina, are you glad to see me?" But Nina could say nothing at first;

she trembled-not with fear-but with At last she said, "Mr. St. John, how did you know that I was here?" "Your uncle told me just at a moment when I was wondering how I should my clothing. In moving my hand carelessly over

Her sweet face was lifted from its happy resting-place, and the wished-for anwer he read in her beautiful eyes. "I did not think that I should have a happy a Christmas." said Nina. "My darling," whispered St. John, nderly, "I give you myself for a Christ-

present, and in return I take you to be my own little wife." And there fell the sweetest silence upont he hearts so united until death. Two happy hearts so truly given to each

rouble.

"Are you mine, Nina?"

THE TWO MR. BROWNS. I am Mr. Brown, but I am sorry to say here is another Mr. Brown. It is on acount of the existence of this other Mr. Brown, that I have lately had so much

I am employed by one of our large Philadelphia commercial houses as a traveling salesman, and frequently make business visits to the principal cities of our own and adjoining States. Last It had the effect of bringing the landlord summer, while on a visit to a neighborng city, and stopping at a cosy hotel there, the following ludierous incident

occurred: On my arrival I registered my name on the visitors' books as Mr. Brown.-The landlord's consequential manner immediately altered to one of deference on reading the name and I was unexpectedly assigned one of the best room n the house, and was still more surprised at mine host going to my chamber with me, and personally superintending the making of the room tidy and comfortable. I was not accustomed to having so much attention paid to me by strangers, and could only attribute it to my good

looks and gentlemanly deportment. After the landlord had retired, I seated myself at the table, and begun a letter to That day Nina started with her uncle to my friends at home. I had written but few lines, when I was annoyed by a strange buzzing of voices, which seemed to come from the keyhole of the door. "Is it possible," I said to myself, "that the residents of this house can take such an interest in my affairs, to go eaves dropping after me?"

I walked noiselessly to the door, and suddenly opening it, I surprised no less than a dozen ladies and gentlemen, who for others' woes led him from admiring | were taking covert glances at me by turns, through the narrow orifice intend ed for the key. On my unexpected appearance at the door, all beat a hasty re treat into their respective bed chambers and the flying spectacles of disappearing skirts and coat-tails, was a scene I sha long remember.

I could not imagine what it could all nean. Why should the landlord be so attentive to a stranger, and why should I find in that blessed book; and if it had the ladies and gentlemen of the house take such an extraordinary interest in me? But other wonders were to come I had scarcely proceeded with my letter before I was again interrupted by a knocking at the door. I answered the summens, when to my intense astonishment, à beautiful young lady sprang into my arms, calling me " papa, dear papa!" There must be some mistake, my

dear," I said, "I am not your nor anybody else's papa." The young lady was not dismayed by this declaration, however, but continued to embrace me and claimed me as her aternal relative.

What was my surprise, when I again disavowed any knowledge of her, to be assured that she had expected I would disown her, but attributed it to the wild freaks to which I was subject. " What wild freaks, my dear miss?"

your character and peculiarities in her letters. But how is mamma?" "My good girl, do you wish to drive me mad? First you call me papa, and now you ask me about mamma. Who in the deuce is your mamma?

"Oh, we have heard of them all," sh

replied: "Aunt Laura has well desribed

"Who is she? Why, your second wife, of course, and my step-mother, I than for them to suppose me their father whom I have never seen; but I am dying to get a look at her." I was about making an angry answer

and declaring my claims as a bachelor when there came trooping into the room half a dozen little children, who imme diately seized upon the tails of my coat and the legs of my pants, almost throwing me off my feet. "Who are these?" I cried, in distracTwelve lines constitute a square.
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tion; "are these youngsters more of my offspring?"

ae. Double column advertisements extra.

"Oh, no, papa," answered the young lady; "these are Carrie's, your oldest daughter's children. They are your grandchildren."

"For heaven's sake, stop there," I

shouted; "you have made me a grandfather, but be good enough not to go any farther with my descendants." "The truth must be told," said the young lady with a rosy smile; "you

know your oldest son is named John?" "Well, since you say so, we will call him John. "John has a married daughter, who

has lately had—-" (I knew what was coming, so I jumped up and selzed my hat while she conclu-

" A hounging little boy-so you are a great grandfather," continued the young

Like Macbeth, I would "hear no more." but rushed from the room as if Satan and all his imps were at my heels. As I passed out at the street door, like a young hurricane, I noticed that an elegant carriage had stopped in the front of he hotel, and a lady was getting out of it, but I was in too great a hurry to pay

much attention to her. I was so much annoyed with the unaccountable conduct of the people at the hotel, that I did not return until late in the evening, preferring to purchase my supper at a restaurant. When I did return, the landlord again welcomed me, and assured me that my bed was all ready, and everything was "all right." He said "all right" with such an insinuating, deferential smile that I could not comprehend what the fellow meant.

When I reached my bed room, nashing the door to I accidently blew out the light, and found myself in the darkso intensely dark that I could not see a step before me. 'However, I concluded to undress in the dark, so I sat down unon the bed, and began to divest myself of

the bed it suddenly came in contact with solid body, which felt most singularly like human being. In the next momen my hand was grasped by two smooth oft hands, and then I felt the tips of my fingers pressed against the delicate, rapturous lips. What did it mean? Could it be a chost in my bed or a burglar? Or was

latter possibility, my limbs trembled in terror and I was about to light the lamp again. Before I could do so, however, a sweet voice spoke to me-"Brown," said the voice, "who don't you come to bed? Here I have been

it a young lady? When I thought of the

waiting for the last half hour." I understood what was the matter now and I determined to have some fun. "Go to sleep my dear, and don't bother me," said she; "I will come to bed when I am ready." In a moment there came a piercing

scream from the bed, loud enough to

have raised the shingles from the roof.-

What was my dismay, when a light was brought, to discover a beautiful lady sitting bolt upright in bed, and attired

in a snowy white garment. "What do you mean sir by entering my bed chamber?" asked the lady in a severe one of voice.

" Yes and I would like to know what you mean, sir?" said a stout centleman of my own age, who came tearing into the room at that moment, like a wild hyeana flourishing a thick cane in one hand, while in the other he carried a carnet bac. "Who the devil are you, sir?" asked this gentleman, stalking up to me, and staring me in the face.

"I am Mr. Brown, sir," said I assuming a most dignified expression of courite. "And I am Mr. Brown," said the oth

er, scowling at me fearfully. "That's a coincidence," said I. "What were you doing in my wife's room?" asked the man. " That's another coincidence, hey?"

"You are mistaken, sir," said f. "Your wife got into my room. I engaged this prove by the landlord." At this moment the young lady who had claimed me as her father in the afternoon, approached the lady in the bed,

and inquired:

tlemen is my papa?" "Why the good-looking one of course." said the lady, "the gentleman with the side whiskers." She meant the other fellow.

"Oh, how I have been deceived!"

cried, the young lady, her face suffused

"Teil me mamma, which of these gen-

with blushes. "Yes, and I have been deceived," said the landlord, "for I took this Mr. Brown to be the other Mr. Brown, and I let him have the best room, which I intended for the wealthy Mr. Brown and his wife " The horizon began to clear a little, and I saw the light. But I determined to

button-holed the landlord, and drew him into a corner, when I put " a few leading questions, as the lawyers say. I learned that the other Mr. Brown was a wealthy individual, who had been traveling in Europe for several years, and had not seen his family for a long time. During his absence his wife died, and he took another partner to his bosom, and wrote home to his family that

get to the bottom of this mystery, so I

he would return immediately, and bring his bride with him. His arrival was anxiously looked for, and his children residing at the hotel where I was putting up, that establish ment was in arms for the event.

Brown had left his children when they were so small that they could not remen ber him, and what was more strange, he neuer sent them a picture of himself—so the only way they could identify him was by his name. What more natural on my registering my name? When I looked into the matter. I could even for give the landlord for his blunder.

On the mistake being explained to the ether Mr. Brown, heacknowledged I was not to blame, and volunteered to stand treat to champagne and oysters. I respectfully declined, and departed for nother hotel, where I was the only Mr.

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