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## COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1857.

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Drs. John & Rohrer, HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, ENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the odd fellows' Hull, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, May 3, 1856.

II. M. NORTII, TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. A TORNE I AND COUNTY Columbia, Pa. Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties. Columbia, May 4,1850.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.

GEORGE J. SMITH, W HOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine. Scroll, and Sugar Biscant Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. LOUST STRIET, Feb. 2, 56. Retween the Bank and Franklin House.

CORN Starch, Farina, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sago, Oat Ment, Arrow Root, &c., at the FAMILY MEDICINE STORE, Sept 26, '57. Odd Fellows' Hult. TUST received, three dozen Dr. Brunon's Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia: also, a fresh lot of Sap Sago and Pine Apple Cheese, Farina and Corn Starch, at D HERR'S Sept 5, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store.

HAIR DYE'S. Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale hy May 10, Front st., Columbia, Pa.

UST received, a fresh supply of Kennedy's Medical Discovery, and for site, by R WILLIAMS, Front street. Columbia, June 27, 1857.

BROWN'S Essence of Jamaica Ginger, Gen-uine Article. For rule at MCCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, July 25, 1857.

COLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purby gutive Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epson Salts. Scidlitz Powders, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at Da. E. B. HERR'S Drug Store. Front st. [12]

JUST received, a fresh supply of Corn Starch, Farina, and Rice Flour, at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia Columbia, May 30, 1857.

AMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at I Herr's Drug Store, a new and aps of all descriptions. av 2, 1857

LOT of Fresh Vanilla Beans, at Dr. E B. Herr's Golden Mortar Drug Store. Slumbia, May 2, 1857.

SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just

a received at R SUYDAM & SÓN Columbia December 20, 1856. 1 00FLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall. July 25, 1857.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for ealc by H. SUYDAM & SON HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c. just received Nuts, &c. just receive it, eutdam & son's.

Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856 A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at R SUYDAM & SON'S

Dec. 20, 1856. Corner of Front and Union SIS.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and News Depot. Columbia, April 18, 1857.

FATRA Family and Superfine Flour of the JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at Dec. 20, 1856. H. SUYDAM & SON'S.

WEIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeart or Baking TARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Com-mercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market-just received. P. SHREINER. mercial and other Go market—just received. Columbia, April 29, 1855.

White GOODS .-- A full line of White Dress VV Goods of every description, just received, at July 11, 1857. FONDERSWITES. WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for \$1.50 and upward-sil REINER'S?

Columbia, April 29, 1855 CAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lyc, for ma-Carunetick, or concentration upo, or many bing soap. (th. is sufficient for one burrel of Soft Soap, or the for other lard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, glard and Fancy Soaps. For sule by R. WILLIAMS.

Columbia, March 31, 1855.

Dr. GRATH'S ELECTRIC Oll.. Just received, tresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale try R. WILLIAMS.

May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Ps. A LARGE assorment of Ropes, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at THOS. WELSH'S, Murch 12, 1857. No. 1. High street.

A NEW lot of WHALE AND CAR GREASING OILS, received at the viore of the subscriber.

May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

ODZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEESE. For Columbia, October 25, 1856.

B. F. APPOLD & CO.

A SUPERIOR strice of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Cloth, Crumb, Nail, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for cate by March 22, '56. Front street Columbia, Pa. A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPICE BITTERS, autitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, May 10, 1856. Front street, Columbia.

RESH ETHEBEAL OIL, always on hand, and or sale by R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

## Paetry.

The Closing Scene.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees, The russet year inhaled the dreamy air; Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills, O'er the dun waters, widening in the vales. On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued, The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dreum, the distant woodman hewed His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, crewhile, armed in gold, Their banners bright with every martial hue Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old, Withdrawn afar in times remotest blue,

The dove scarce heard his singing mate's complaint And like a star, slow drowning in the light,

The village church vane seemed to pale and faint

The sentinel cock upon the hill side crew-Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before-Silent till some replying warder blew His alien horn, and then was heard no more

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest Made garrulous trouble round her unfledg'd young; And where the oriole hung her swaying nest, By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy martens of the caves, The busy swallows circling ever near; Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes, An early harvest and a plenteous year,-

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast, Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn, To warn the reapers of the rosy east;— All now was songless, empty and forlorn Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,

And cronked the crow through all the dreamy Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale, Made echo to the distant cottage loom. There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers

The spiders were their thin shrouds night by night; The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers. Sailed slowly by-passed noiseless out of sight. Amid all this-in this most cheerless air,

And where the woodbine shed upon the porch its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there, Firing the floor with his inverted torch; Amid all this, the centre of the scene,

The white haired matron, with monotonous tread, Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien, Sat like a Pate, and watched the flying thread. She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,

Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust, And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir Of his black mantle trailing in the dust. While yet her check was bright with summer bloom, Her country summoned, and she gave her all, And twice war bowed to her his sable plume— Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall.

le-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew And struck for liberty the dying blow; or him, who to his sire and country true, Fell and the ranks of the invading foe.

long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on, Lake the low murmur of the hive at moon; long, but not loud, the memory of the gone Bleathed through her lips, a sad and tremulous tune

It last the thread was snapped-her head was bowed, Life dropped the distaif through her hands serene: and loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

## Too Late.

Douglass, Douglass, tender and true "-Old Ballace Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, In the old likeness that I knew, would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true! Never a scornful word should pain ye! I'd smile as sweet as the angels do; Sweet as your smile on me shone ever, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh! to call back the days that are not! My eyes were blinded, your words were few; Do you know the truth now up in Heaven? Douglas, Douglass, tender and true!

I was not half worthy of you, Douglas, Not half worthy the like of you! Now all men beside are to me like shadows 1 love you, Douglas, tender and true!

Stretch out your hand to me. Douglas, Douglas, As I lay my head on your dead heart, Douglas, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

## Selections.

From The Atlantic Monthly. Turkey Tracks.

Don't open your eyes, Polder! You think Minnesota experiences; how I used to scamand lie in wait for wild turkeys on the edge of an oak opening. That is pretty sport, too, to creep under an oak with low-hangutumn day linger by the hour together in trance of warm stillness, watching the light tracery of shadow and sun on that mooth sward, only now and then roused squirrel, till one hears a distant, sharp, clucking chuckle, and in an instant more pulls the trigger, and upsets a grand old cock, every bronzed feather glittering in the sunshine, and now splashed with scarlet blood, the delicate under-wing ground into down as he rolls and flutters; for the first shot rarely kills at once with an amateur; there is too much excitement. Splendid sport, that! but I'm not going into it second-hand. I promised to tell you a story, now the skipper's fast, and the night is too warm to think of sleep down in that wretched bunk: -what another torture Dante might have lavished on his Inforno, if he'd ever slept in the old turkey hen 't sot under the grapea fishing-smack! No. The moonlight makes me sentimental! Did I ever tell you about a mouth I spent up in Centreville, the year I came home from Germany? That was turkey-hunting with a vengeauce!

You see, my pretty cousin Peggy married Peter Smith, who owns paper-mills in 1000 LBS. New Cured City Hams and Shoulders Centreville, and has exiled herself into deep Feb. 21, 1857.

11. SUYDAM, & SON.

and Kate, her sister, had gone up to nurse benefit to the little chickens; a natural ques- altogether charming, I quite forgot Melindy stood still and eat, while I tied it up; all un- window by which she stood. her When I came home Peggy was getting tin enough, for the yard was full of it, and till dinner time, and then when that was better, and sent for me to come up and make I had seen Hannah give it to the baby.a visitation there in June. I hadn't seen (Hannah is my sister.) I could see only two Kate for seven years, -not since she was little turkeys, -both on the floor of the secthirteen; our education intervened. She ond-story parlor in the chicken-house, both had gone through that grading process and flat on their backs and gasping. Melindy the door of Smith's pretty, English-looking them up, slung them in my pocket-handkerthat little Brazilian princess we used to see in the cortege of the court at Paris. What walked off, swinging them; and to be sure, was her name? Never mind that! Kate had just such large, expressive eyes, just one of them kicked and lay still, and the such masses of shining black hair, just such other gasped worse than ever. a little nose,-turned up undeniably, but all the more piquant. And her teeth! good gracious! she smiled like a flash of lightning, -dark and sallow as she was. But she was more feebly every time. cross, or stiff, or something, to me for a long time. Peggy only appeared after dinner, looking pale and lovely enough to make Peter act excessively like---a young married for Peggy's ague. nan, and to make me wish myself at an invisible distance, doing something beside picking up Kate's things, that she always dropped when the sewed. Peggy saw I was bored, so she requested me to walk down to the poultry-yard and ask about her chickens; she pretended a great deal of anxiety, and Peter had sprained his ankle.

'Kate will go with you,' said she. 'No she won't!' ejaculated that young

voman. 'Thank you,' said I, making a minuet bow, and off I went to the farm-house. Such a pretty walk it was, too! through a thicket of birches, down a little hill-side into a hollow full of hoary chestnut-trees, across a bubbling, dancing brook, and you came out upon the tiniest orchard in the world, a one-storied house with a red porch, and a great sweet-briar bush thereby; while up the hillside behind stretched a high picket fence, enclosing huge trees, part of the same brook I had crossed here dammed into a pond, and a chicken-house of pretentious height and aspect,-one of those model institutions that are the ruin of gentlemen-farmers and the delight of women. I had to go into the farm-kitchen for the poultry-yard key. tiously, lest I should come unaware upon naked eye. And a scene I did come upon, fit for Retzsh to outline; -the cleanest kitchen, | Peggy! a dresser of white wood under one window, and the farmer's daughter, Melinda Tucker, moulding bread thereat in a ponderous tray; her deep red hair,-yes, it was red and comley! of the deepest bay, full of gilded reflections, and accompanied by the fair roseflushed skin, blue eyes, and scarlet lips that belong to such hair,-which, as I began to say, was puckered into a thousand curves pretty head, while her calico frock-sleeves her begin to strip the dough from her pink fingers and mould it into a mass, I ventured to knock. If you had seen her start and blush, Polder! But when she saw me, she she grew as cool as you please, and called her mother. Down came Mrs. Tucker, a talking Yankee. You don't know what that is. Listen then.

'Well, good day sir! I'xpect it's Mister Greene, Miss Smith's cousin. Well, you be! Don't favor her much though; she's kinder dark complected. See ha'n't got round yet, hes she? Dew tell! She's dre'ful delicate. I do'no' as ever I see a woman so sickly's she looks to be sence that ere fever. She's real spry when she's so's to be crawlin',-I'xpect too spry to be 'hulsome. Well, he sightly places they be though, a'n't they?per over the prairies on my Indian poncy, I've seen pictures in Melindy's jography, looks as ef 'twa'n't so woodsy over there as 'tis in these parts 'specially out West. He's got folks out to Indianny, an' we sot ing boughs, and in the silence of a glowing out fur to go a-cousinin', five year back, an' we got out there inter the dre'fullest woodsy region ever ye see, when 'twa'n't parted this life. Melindy all but cried .trees, it was 'sketers; husband he could'nt I laughed irresistibly. So there were no see none out of his eyes for a hull day, and more turkeys. Peggy began to wonder by the fleet rush of the deer through the I thought I should caterpillar every time I what they should do for the proper Thankswood, or the brisk chatter of a plume-tailed heard one of em toot; they certainly was the giving dinner, and Peter turned restlessly

'The key if you please!' I meekly interposed. Mrs. Tucker was fast stunning me! a sprained ankle. 'Law yis! Melindy, you go git that 'ere kev: it's a-hangin' up 'side o' the lookin' glass in the back shed, under that bunch o' onions father strung up yisterday. Got the bread set to rise, hev ye? well, git your bonnet an' go out to the coop with Mr. Greene, 'n' show him the turkeys an' the chickens, 'n' tell what dre'ful luck he hev hed. I never did see sich luck! the crows they keep a comin' an' snippin' up the little creturs jist as soon's they're hatched; an' vine she got two hen's eggs under her, 'n' they come out fust, so she quit-

Here I bolted out of the door, (a storm at sea did not deafen one like that!) Melindy following, in silence such as our blessed New England poet has immortalized,-silence that

-like a poultice comes To heal the blows of sound.

because I like Peggy, and manufacturers Indeed I did not discover that Melindy could farm house to console Melindy, and take they were all crowding in and over the un- with some of Peggy's foreign purchases, for always bore me, though Peter is a clever talk that day; she was very silent, very in her a book she wanted to read, for no fine expected supper. fellow enough; but madam was an old flame | communicative. I inspected the fowls, and | lady of all my New York acquaintance enof mine, and I have a lingering tenderness for tried to look wise, but I saw a strangled joyed a good book more than she did; but that 'ere turkey's legs together; 'twon't stir, yeart-cakes to dry on a table, just by the her yet. I wish she was near town. Just laugh twisting Melindy's face when I inno- cousin Kate asked me to wind some yarn I'll ensure it!" that year Peggy had been very ill indeed; cently inquired if she found catnip of much for her; and was so brilliant, so amiable, so come out. By Jupiter! when she met me at did not know what ailed them; so I picked upon the odorous silence, as we rolled over gling kicking, squeaking things, 'werry procottage. I took my hat off, she was so like chief, and took them home for Peggy to orchards; over little bright brooks that chat- Bemont was paid, and while she was giving inquired I, in a tone meant to be tenderly manipulate. I heard Melindy chuckle as I tered musically to the bobolinks on the me the change,when I brought the creatures in to Peggy,

'What can we do?' asked Peggy, in the most plaintive voice, as the feeble 'week! week!' of the little turkey was gasped out,

'Give it some whiskey-punch!' growled Peter, whose strict temperance principles were shocked by the remedies prescribed

'So I would,' said Kate, demurely. Now if Peggy had one trait more striking than another, it was her perfect, simple faith in what people said; irony was a mystery to her; lying, a myth,-something on par with murder. She thought Kate meant so; and reaching out for the pretty wicker-flask that contained her daily ration of old Scotch whiskey, she dropped a little nto a spoon; diluted it with water, and vas going to give it to the turkey in all seriousess, when Kate exclaimed,-

'Peggy! when will you learn common sense? Who ever heard of giving whiskey o a turkey?" 'Why, you told me to Katel'

'Oh, give it to the thing!' growled Peter; it will die, of course!'

'I shall give it!' said Peggy, resolutely; it does me good, and I will try.'

So I held the little creature up, while Peggy tipped the dose down its throat .-How it choked, kicked and began again with 'week! week!' when it meant 'strong!' but it revived. Peggy held it in the Sun it with bread crumbs from her own plate, and laid it on the south window-sill. There good sport huntin' little turkeys; an' I guess The door stood open, and I stepped in cau- it lay when we went to tea; when we came you'll hev to stop, comin' home, so's to let me back, it lay on the floor, dead; either it was know ef you'll hev 'em.' some domestic scene not intended for the tipsy, or had tried its new strength too soon, and rolling off, had broken its neck! Poor

There were six more hatched next day scious of the fact at the time.

After a week or two, Melindy and I began to have bad luck with the turkeys. I found deep, low tone, her dark cheek flushing with the turkeys. two drenched and shivering, after a hail-and- the words. Melindy and I looked off there thunder storm, and setting them in a basket together. 'It's real good land to farm,' had on the cooking-stove hearth, went to help Melindy 'dress her bow-pot,' as she called arranging a vase of flowers, and when I came back the little turkeys were singed: tells me you've been 'crost the water 'Ta'n't pair one disappeared mysteriously,-sup- brown towel. am going to tell you about some of my jest like this over there, I guess. Pretty posed to be rats; and one falling into the duck-pond, Melindy began to dry it in her turkeys, ma'am?' said I, insinuatingly. apron, and I went to help her: I thought as was rubbing the thing down with the apron, while she held it, that I had found one of her soft dimpled hands, and I gave the luckless turkey such a tender pressure that it uttered a miserable squeak, and deon his sofa, quite convinced that everything was going to rack and ruin because he had

'Can't we buy some young turkeys?' timidly suggested Peggy. 'Of course; if one know who had them to

sell,' retorted Peter. 'I know,' said I; 'Mrs. Amzi Peters, up on the hill over Taunton, has got some.' 'Who told you about Mrs. Peters' turkeys,

Cousin Sam?' said Peggy, wondering. 'Melindy,' said I, quite innocently. Peter whistled, Peggy laughed, Kate

lashes. 'I know the way there,' said Mademoiyou drive there with me, Cousin Sam, and get some more?'

'I shall be charmed,' said I. Peter rang the bell, and ordered the horse over, there was a basket to be found, and we the pan, producing a start and a scatter of were off,-turkey hunting! Down hill sides, | brief duration. Kate had left the wagon, overhung with tasseled chesnut boughs; and was shaking with laughter over this ingly remarked I. through pine woods where neither horse nor extraordinary goodness on the turkey's part; wagon intruded any noise of hoof or wheel and before long our basket was full of strugthe sand, past green meadows, and sloping miscuous' in Mr. Weller's phrase. Mrs. fence posts, and were echoed by those sacerdotal gentlemen in such liquid, bubbling, made one think of Anacreon's grasshopper. 'Drunk with morning's dewy wine.'

Melindy,-(across lots it was not far,)-and you had better tell 'em.' having been asked in then, and entertained the lady with a recital of some foreign ex- I jumped over the basket. ploit, garnished for the occasion, of course she recognized me with clamorous hospitality.

'Why how do yew dew, Mister Green? I story you told us the day you were here, waked pool. long o' Melindy.' (Kate gave an ominous little cough.) 'I was a tellin' husband yesterday, 't I never see sech a master hand for stories as you be. Well, yes, we hev got turkeys, young 'uns; but my stars! I don't know more where they be than nothin'; they've strayed away into the woods, I guess, and I do'no' as the boys can skeer em up; besides the boys is to school; h'm -yis! Where did you and Melindy go that day arter berries?

'Up in the pine lot, ma'am. You think

you can let us have the turkies?' 'Dew tell ef you went up there! It's near about the sightliest place I ever see. Well, no .- I don't see how's to ketch them turkeys. Miss Bemont, she 't lives over on Woodchuck Hill, she's got a lot o' little turkeys in a coop; I guess you'd better go 'long over there an ef you can't get none o' her'n, by till it grew warm, gave it a drop more, fed that time our boys 'll be to hum, an' I'll set 'em arter our'n; they'll buckle right to; its

Off we drove. I stood in mortal fear of Mrs. Peters's tongue,-and Kate's comments; but she did not make any; she was even more charming than before. Presently though, and I held many consultations with we came to the pine lot, where Melindy and Melindy about their welfare, Truth to tell, I had been, and I drew the roins. I wanted Kate continued so cool to me, Peter's sprain- to see Kate's enjoyment of a scene that ed ankle lasted so long. Peggy could so well Kensett or Church should have made imspare me from the little matrimonial tete-a- mortal long ago:—a wide stretch of hill and tetes that I interupted, (I believe they did'nt valley, quivering with cornfield, rolled away irists had got into the turkeys. I could not mont's a huggin' on her.' mind Kate!) that I took wonderfully to the in pasture lands, thick with sturdy woods, chickens. Mrs. Tucker gave me rye-bread or dotted over with old apple trees, whose trying to curl, and knotted strictly against and milk of the best; 'father' instructed me dense leaves caught the slant sunshine, in the mysteries of cattle driving; and Me- glowing on their tops and deepening to a cover a dawning smile on Kate's face; she howled! while Kate exploded with laughter, templating the picture, and presently seeing very good fun to see her blue eyes open and pearly summits, tower upon tower, sharply was man more at fault! they were no way tother day, Mr. Greene. I shall her to her red lips laugh over my European expedefined against the pure ether, while in its stilled by my magnetism; on the contrary, tewtor that boy; he's got to hev the rod, I riences. Really, I began to be of some import purple base forked lightnings sped to and they threw their sarcastic utterings into my guess." tance at the farm-house, and to take airs fro, and revealed depths of waiting tempest teeth, as it were, and shamed me to my very tance at the farm-house, and to take airs upon myself, I suppose; but I was not contained by Mrs. Tucker good night, for Kate upon myself, I suppose; but I was not contained by Mrs. Tucker good night, for Kate upon myself, I suppose; but I was not contained by Mrs. Tucker good night, for Kate upon myself, I suppose; but I was not contained by Mrs. Tucker good night, for Kate upon myself, I suppose; but I was not contained by Mrs. and over the superb picture.

been the sweet little rustic's comment. How charming are nature and simplicity!

Presently we came to Mrs. Bemont's, a brown house in a cluster of maples; the they died a few hours after. Two more door yard full of chickens, turkeys, ducks were trodden on by a great Shanghai roos- and geese. Kate took the reins, and I ter, who was so tall he could not see where knocked. Mrs. Bemont herself appeared, he set his feet down; and of the remaining wiping her red, puckered hands on a long

'Can you let me have some of your young 'Well, I do'no';-want to eat 'em or rais

'Both. I believe,' was my meek answer. 'I do'no' 'bout lettin' on 'em go; 'ta'n' o gret good to sell 'em after all the resks

'I suppose so; but Mrs. Smith's turkeys have all died, and she likes to raise them. 'Dew tell, of you han't come from Miss Peter Smith's! Well, she'd oughter do gret to. I gained nothing by that move. things with that 'ere meetin-'us' o' her'n for the chickens; it's kinder genteel-lookin' and I spose they've got the means; they've got the ability. Gentility without ability I do despise, but where 't'a'n't so, 't'a'n't no safety of my prizes, but Kate wanted to play matter; but I'xpect it don't ensure the faowls

none, doos it?" is the reason we want some of yours.'

'Well, I should think you could hev some darted a keen glance at me under her long the market price.'

selle, in a suspiciously bland tone. 'Can't I'xpect you can hev 'em for two York shillin' apiece.' 'But how will you catch them?'

'Oh, I'll ketch 'em easy!'

conscious till it tumbled neck and heels into

Tucker's a'n't ye?-got to drop the turkeys; honest, Polder, I had been a little sweet rollicking, uprorious bursts of singing as -won't you tell Miss Tucker 't George is to the girl before Kate drove her out of my comin' home to morrow, an' he's ben to head. The hand was snatched away. I Californy. She know'd us allers, and Me-tried indifference. All these we passed, and at length drew up lindy 'u' George used to be dre'ful thick bebefore Mrs. Peters' house. I had been here fore he went off, a good spell back, when before, on a strawberrying excursion with they was nigh about children; so I guess the scene suddenly.

'Confound these turkeys.' muttered I, as Melindy says there's one on 'em struts jes'

'Why?' said Kate, 'I suspect they are confounded enough already!" 'They make such a noise, Kate!'

leclare I ha'n't done a thinkin' of that 'ere the way, like a colony from some spring-till her arms grew red. I picked up my

'Their song might be compared To the croaking of frogs in a pond?' The drive was lovelier than before. The road crept and curved down the hill, now

covered from side to side with the interlacing boughs of grand old chestnuts; now barriered on the edge of a ravine with broken fragments and boulders of granite, gnarled by heavy vines; now skirting orchards full of promise; and all the way accompanied by a tiny brook, veiled deeply in alder and hazel thickets, and making in its shadowy channel perpetual muffled music, like a child singing in the twilight to reassure its half fearful heart. Kate's face was softened and full of rich expression; her pink ribbons threw a delicate tinge of bloom upon the rounded cheek and pensive eyelid; the air was pure balm, and and a cool breath from storm just freshened the odors of wood and field. I began to feel suspiciously at my feet. Did I make a fine remark response. Did we get deep in poetry, robrilliant quotation, the sublimest climax, out now, seein' it's arter sundown. the most acute distinction, came in 'week! week! week!' I began to feel as if the old from behind the door, where he had retreatstory of transmigration were true, and the ed at my coming. 'She's settin' on a flour souls of half a dozen quaint and ancient sat- barrel down by the well, an' George Beendure it! Was I to be squeaked out of all | Good gracious, what a slap Mrs. Tucker my wisdom, and knowledge, and device, af- fetched that unlucky child, with a long this fashion? Never! I began, too, to dis- brown towel that hung at hand! and how he

'How sweet and mystical this hour is!' said I to Kate, in a high-flown manner; 'it is indeed

"An hour when lips delay to speak, Oppressed with silence deep and pure; When passion pauses—"!

'Week! week! week!' chimed in those con- content just now. founded turkeys. Kate burst into a helpless fit of laughter. What could I do? I had to laugh myself, since I must not choke the turkeys.

aughter-wearied tone, 'I could not help it; hilly range just east of Centreville, when turkeys and sentimentality do not agree-al- that clvish little 'week, week!' piped out of ways!' adding the last word maliciously, as the wood that lay behind the house. and disclosed Melindy, framed in the but- lindy and George must have tracked the tery window; skimming milk; a picture turkeys to their haunt, and seared them worthy of Wilkie. I delivered over my cap- homeward.' is over; they git their own livin' pretty tives to Joe, and stalked into the kitchen to much now, an' they'll be worth twice as give Mrs. Bemont's message. Melindy came out; but as soon as I began to tell her mother where I got that message, Miss Melindy, with the sang froid of a duchess, turned back to her skimming-or appeared

Peggy and Peter received us benignly; so universal a solvent is success, even in turkeyhunting! I meant to have gone down to the farm-house after tea, and inquired about the chess. Peter couldn't, and Peggy wouldn't: I had to, of course, and we played late. Kate 'I rather think not,' said I, laughing; that had such pretty hands: long, taper fingers, rounded to the tiniest rosy points; no dimples, but full muscles, firm and exquisitely had heard that once before! Peter and Peg. on 'em. What be you calc'latin' to give?' moulded; and the dainty way in which she gy roared; -they knew it all;-I was sold! 'Whatever you say. I do not know at all handled her men, was half the game to me; 'Good land! 't'a'n't never no use to dicker day Kate went with me to see the turkeys; ing to fight shy, I was so sure of an allusion with city folks; they a'n't used to't. so she did the day after. We were forget to turkeys. No, I took the first down train. before I remembered I had promised her a twice over, than there are in Centreville, I new Magazine. I recollected myself; then console myself. but, by George! Polder, with a sort of shame, rolled up the number Kate Stevens was charming!-Look out, She went into the house and reappeared and went off to the farm-house. It seems there! don't meddle with the skipper's coils to be ready in the single seated wagon, after presently with a pan of Indian meal and Kate was there, busy in the garret, unpack- of rope: can't you sleep on deck without a dinner. I was going right down to the water, called the chickens, and in a momen, ing a bureau that had been stored there pillow?

summer wear, in the drawers. I did not 'Now you jes' take a bit o' string and tie know that. I found Melindy spreading north end of the house, a hop-vine in full Strange to say, the innocent creature blossom made a sort of porch-roof over the T've brought your book, Melindy,' said I.

'Thank you, sir,' returned she crisply. 'How pretty you look to-day!' condescend-

'I dont thank you for that, sir;-

"Praise to the face Is open disgrace"?

'Why, Melindy! what makes you so cross?' reproachful,-in the meantime attempting 'Oh!' said she, 'you're goin' right to Miss to possess myself of her hand; for, to be

> 'How are the turkeys to-day, Melindy?' Here Joe, an enfant terrible, came upon

'Them turkeys eats a lot, Mister Greene. like you, 'n' makes as much gabble.'

'Gobble! gobble! gobble!' echoed an old turkey from somewhere; I thought it was overhead, but I saw nothing. Melindy And so they did; 'week! week! week!' all threw her apron over her head and laughed hat and walked off. For three days I kept out of that part of the Smith demesne, I assure you! Kate began to grow mocking and derisive; she teased me from morning till night and the more she teased me, the more I adored her. I was getting desperate, when one Sunday night Kate asked me to walk down to the farm house with her after tea, as Mrs. Tucker was sick, and she had something to take to her. We found the old woman sitting up in the kitchen, and as full of talk as ever, though an unlucky rheumatism kept her otherwise quiet.

How do the turkeys come on, Mrs. Tuck-

er?' said I, by way of conversation. 'Well, I declare, you ha'n't heerd about them turkeys, her ye? You see they was doin' fine, and father he went off to salt for a spell, so's to see'f 'twouldn't stop a comthe receding showers of the distant thunder plaint he's got,—I do'no' but it's a spine in the back,-makes him kinder faint by spells, so's he loses his conscientionsness all to sentimental, but through it all came that permellindy to boss, 'n' she got somethin' else into her head, 'n' she left the door open one about the beauties of nature, 'week!' echoed night, and them turkeys they up 'n' run the turkeys. Did Kate praise some tint or away. I 'xpect they took to the woods, shape by the way, 'week! week!' was the 'fore Melindy brought to mind how't she hadn't shut the door. She's sot out fur to mance, or metaphysics, through the most hunt'em. I shouldn't wonder if she was

'She ain't nuther!' roared the terrible Joe

I bade Mrs. Tucker good night, for Kate

Peters's. I took a cross-road directly home-knew what she was about, had taken a by-'How magnificent!' was all she said, in a ward.—A pause—a lull—took place among path in sight of the well; and there, to be sure, sat Melindy, on a prostrate flour-barrel that was rolled to the foot of the big apple-tree, twirling her fingers in pretty embarrassment, and held on her insecure perch by the stout arm of George Bemont. a handsome brown fellow, evidently very well

'Pretty,-isn't it?' said Kate.

'Very,-quite pastoral,' sniffed I. We were sitting round the open door an hour after, listening to a whippoorwill, 'Excuse me, Cousin Sam,' said Kate, in a and watching the slow moon rise over a

sprang out to open the farm-house gate, 'That is hopeful,' said Kate: 'I think Me-

'George-who?' said Peggy.

'George Bemont: it seems he is-what is your Connecticut phrase?-sparkin' Melin-

'I'm very glad; he is a clever fellow,' said 'And she is such a very pretty girl,' con-

tinued Peggy,-'so intelligent and graceful; don't you think so, Sam?' 'Aw, yes, well enough for a rustic,' said

I languidly. 'I never could endure red hair, though!' Kate stopped on the door sill; she had

risen to go up stairs. 'Gobble! gobble! gobble!' mocked she. I

'Cure me of Kate Stevens?' of course it \_I lost it; I played wretchedly. The next did. I never saw her again without want-