

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

A Word to the Wise.

Love hailed a little maid,
Romping through the meadow;
Needless in the sun she played,
Scornful of the shadow.
"Come with me," whispered he,
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
"By and by," she mocked reply;
"Love's not in season."
Years went, years came;
Light mixed with shadow.
Love met the maid again,
Dreaming through the meadow.
"Not so coy," cried the boy;
"List in time to love and reason."
"By and by," she mused reply;
"Love's still in season."
Years went, years came;
Light changed to shadow.
Love saw the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
"Fare no more my dream is o'er;
I can listen now to reason."
"Keep thee coy," mocked the boy;
"Love's out of season."

Qui Sait Aimer, Sait Mourir.

"I turn my soul away!"
So spoke the Rose, and smiled; within my cup
All day the ebbens fall in flame—all day
They drink my senses up!"
"I sigh my soul away!"
The Lily said; "at night the moonbeams' pale
Steal round and round me, whispering in their play
An all too tender tale!"
"I give my soul away!"
The Violet said; "the west wind wanders on,
The north wind comes; I know not what they say,
And yet my soul is gone!"
Oh, Poet, burn away
Thy fervent soul! fond Lover at the feet
Of her thou lovest, sigh, dear Christian, pray—
And let the world be sweet!

Selections.

The Third Class Hotel.

"Mrs. Maxwell will be down presently," said the careless-looking waiter, in his white apron, and the brush, his professional badge of office, tucked under his arm. The young lady he addressed scarcely bestowed a glance upon him while he was speaking. Her face and figure, both, were expressive of utter disgust at her surroundings; she occupied as little of the hair-cloth sofa as could possibly support her, and her dress was drawn up above her miraculously fitting French boots, as if she feared the contact of its frounces with the Brussels carpet. It was quite as clean as the velvet on the drawing-room of her own home, and the parlors were light and cheerful, though small for the present palatial style of hotels, and guiltless of the steamboat fashion and upholstery. In its day, the Ashley House had been a first class hotel, second only to its lordly neighbor the Astor; but of late years the tide of fashion has stranded over that once favorite mansion, in its retreat up town, and its sounding corridors echo chiefly the hum of political cabals, or the firm free tread of those who are more familiar with the quarter-deck than the saloons. The Ashley, having no such popularity to sustain it, had degenerated into a stopping-place for business-men, making their spring and fall purchases, and anxious to lose as little time as possible. It was in the centre of the great wholesale trade. Look from any window you choose, the pavement was piled with boxes and the streets choked with drays. It was the encounter with these actualities of life that had helped to ruffle the temper of Mrs. Maxwell's visitor. The carriage had been stopped by a blockade, at least ten minutes; she had been helped through the rush on the side-walk by a vulgar policeman, and had torn that lovely robe dress on a packing-box. Now if her Uncle Maxwell had been a buyer and seller of Merrimac prints and Allendale flannels, there would have been some excuse for his peculiar fancy for stopping in this dingy little Ashley house, miles away from every one they visited; and in fact Helen Sturgis sorely liked to say to her friends that Aunt Maxwell was in town, when she had to give her address at this out of the way place. If she would only stop at the Brevoort House, or the Fifth Avenue, the Saint Nicholas, even, where it would be a pleasure to go, "but this dreadful, forlorn, miserable, dingy little Ashley House!"—and Miss Helen looked around her in high disdain, and wondered what kept her aunt so long, and reflected on the mortification of being recognized by some personal acquaintance, calling at such an unfashionable place. "Well, Helen, how are you, dear? I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had so much copying a letter for your uncle."

Miss Sturgis advanced, with considerable animation, to meet the speaker, a very well-dressed, fine-looking woman of thirty-five. To tell the truth, she did look a little out of place in these quiet old-fashioned parlors, with her rich drapery; it was not often the mirrors had so brilliant reminiscence of their old grandeur to reflect upon. It was not a limited income, evidently, that brought her to this stopping-place. "We were delighted to hear you had come, Aunt Margaret! I flew down the moment we got your note! How is Uncle Maxwell? how are the boys? Is Annie with you? or dear little Midge? and—you won't mind, will you—why in the world did you stop way down here, particularly now that you have gone up to Murray Hill?" Mrs. Maxwell watched the shadow of disdain creep over the fair face before her with an amused smile. "Ask your uncle; here he comes! Archie, Helen is as distressed as I told you she would be." "Yes, it's too bad"—and Helen adopted a pretty petulant manner with her uncle—"to drag Aunt Margaret out of the world so. Please change your mind and come up in our neighborhood. You've no idea how lovely the Fifth Avenue is! Ah do!" "Couldn't you oblige you, could we, Midge? anything else?"—and Uncle Maxwell bestowed a loving smile on his wife, and a provokingly my-terious one on her niece—"Couldn't be induced, could we?" "Well, I don't see what the attractions are! and only think how it sounds! I should think you would hate to ask your friends to call on you here." And then she blushed with vexation, and the unintentional rudeness of her last sentence. "I feel for you, Helen, indeed I do! Perhaps you don't think so! I know just how it will be when your devoted friend, Dolly Mandeville, asks you where your aunt is staying, to have to say in Maiden Lane—Horrible! Or to encounter that elegant and fascinating brother of hers on his way to Wall Street, just as you turn the corner—How he will lift up his aristocratic eyebrows! Never mind, Nell; if they show any disposition to cut you, remind them that their father had a retail boot and shoe store, and has taken my measure himself many a time, two doors below here." "Goodness, uncle, you don't say so!"—and Helen's astonishment displaced all other emotions. "Why, they are the most exclusive people in our square: Mr. Mandeville has done no business for years." "That's because he attended to it himself, when he was in trade; made excellent shoes," added Uncle Maxwell, with a recollective shake of the head. "As good shoes as old Williams did trousers, I had my first real roundabout from him." "Not the Jennings Williams family?" "Just so." "Well, I never would have believed it; why they declined to visit the Lawlers and the Hubbards last winter. I only wish I had known it!" And it was plain the Lawlers and Hubbards should know it by the very next opportunity. "If there's anything I hate, it is to see people setting themselves up." And Miss Helen shook out her frounces with the air of one who has some settled claims, and can afford to bid others be humble. "That was when our grocery store was on the corner of John Street and Nassau; many a pound of sugar I've done up for Jack Williams to carry home, helping myself liberally." "Uncle Archie!"—and Helen's face began to burn—"you are the worst tease!" "Does it tease you? I'm sorry." "Don't, Archie," interposed Aunt Margaret. "Because you know it isn't so; you know grandpa was a shipping merchant," said Helen vehemently. "So he was, in your day; and so was Mandeville, and Williams an importer; but 'great oaks' you know—I have a remarkably good memory." "There, Helen, he shall not tease you any longer. Go and attend to your letters, Archie; Helen will spend the morning with me. You have the carriage with you; can't you send it home and stay? I cannot very well go up town before afternoon." "Oh, you ask too much, Midge—Miss Sturgis taking lunch at the Ashley House; why the Williams family won't visit her, next if they get wind of such unheard-of proceedings!" "I shall stay just for that—now, then."—And Miss Sturgis began to unbuckle her gloves, holding them up after the manner of near-sighted, but it was a popular way with the young ladies of the Vancouver Institute. "And I'll find out what brings you here before I leave, see now. You can send Henry home, and tell him to come for us at three. Mamma expects you to dine; you will go, won't you, Aunt Margaret?" "Dine at three! Horrible! What has occurred to perill the gentility of the Sturgis mansion?" "I did not say dine at three; do send him off! I don't see how you live with such a horrible tease! Does he always kiss you good-by?" asked Helen, as she followed her aunt to the opposite side of the house, where bright cheerful apartments awaited them. "It's not so bad here, after all, is it? only the noise and confusion, and being so very far down town." "And so unfashionable; say it out, Helen. But it's the dearest old spot in the world to me—and this room, the very sight of it makes me happy!"

Shutting out the noise of the street, as the heavy curtains and closed windows did on that wintry day, it was as cheerful a transient home as a traveler could have found in all Gotham. Evidently the state apartment of the house in its best days, and now, though the hangings were a little faded, everything was nicely kept, and the heavy furniture had its own old-fashioned elegance. The lounge and easy chairs were drawn towards the hearth, where a ruddy fire glowed, reflecting its light from a burnished gate, and Helen presently found herself very comfortably basking before the blaze, and admiring her feet as they rested on the bright rim surrounding it. One hand lay idly on the arm of the lounging-chair, and with the other she held up an old-fashioned Indian screen that had been discovered behind one of the tall China jars upon the mantle-piece. It was evidently not at all distressing to have nothing to do for the next two hours; it appeared to be an employment she was entirely at home in. But her aunt had not had the privilege of an education in the Vancouver Institute, where "elegant idleness" is taught as an accomplishment. Traveler as she was, her little green morocco work-box stood upon the table beside her writing-desk; and, as she fitted a shining gold thimble to her finger, she took up a cambric handkerchief, half hemmed, before she settled herself on a corner of the opposite lounge. "Now, isn't this cozy, Nell? Quite as pleasant as your Fifth Avenue could be," she said lightly. "Oh, nice enough—better than I expected; but when one is traveling and has plenty of money, one might as well have the best." "Exactly what brought us here the first time I ever saw the Ashley House. The Astor was full, for it was the height of the traveling season, and this was next best; in fact, many preferred it then, it was so well kept. It was my first real journey; I never had been beyond Albany before in my life, and I was as old as you." "Why, Aunt Margaret!"—for, from the time Miss Sturgis could remember, the family had always travelled in the summer, and she had just returned from a six month's European tour, to say nothing of two winters in Havanna. "Oh, that was an unsophisticated age, when we read books of travel, and were satisfied to see with other people's eyes. Why, we were considered as very extravagant, 'stuck up people' at Oswego for going that year to Boston and the White Mountains, though it was not a fashionable route then. I had had a famous trip; I was very romantic, very susceptible, and, seeing more gentlemen in those two weeks than I should have done in five years at home, I had imagined myself in love twice at least, and looked upon every new acquaintance, if he was at all young or agreeable, as a possible lover. It was exhaustingly hot weather when we left Boston. The cars were crowded; as for the boat, people were piled all over the floor. It was impossible to sleep, so, after a bad night and a day of sight-seeing, you can imagine me pretty well wearied out. Still, nothing could have kept me in bed that evening; two of our late fellow-travelers stopping at the Astor, were coming over, and the hotel was thronged. I could not possibly miss such an opportunity for display. Tired as I was, and with a headache creeping on, I dressed my hair carefully as if for a ball, sixteen long curls on each side—I had not turned it up yet—and put on my handsomest dress, a blue French muslin and appeared with the rest at the tea-table. After tea, our visitors came, not particularly brilliant young men, but very complimentary—oh, very! The lights were excruciating to my poor head, so was the hum of conversation in the parlors; but I bore it like a martyr until nine o'clock and after, when it began to be intolerable. Just then Cousin Lewis came in, and said to his wife, with whom I was traveling; 'Who do you think has just come in, in the train from Philadelphia—our old friend Archie Maxwell?' "What—uncle?"—and Helen started up from her languid attitude. "Why, I did not know you had known him so long before you were—"

"Yes, before I was married. I don't often speak of it, you know; but here, just in this house, I have a kind of 'Ancient Mariner' feeling; it is a pleasure to talk it over." "But you were not engaged then?" "Oh, we are not introduced yet; you know Lewis said he had asked him to join us in the parlor after he had made his toilet, and presently he came in. Of course I was all curiosity. He could not have been such an old friend, for he had only left college a year, and that was where Lewis had known him, when he was tutor, while he studied law. You cannot recall him very distinctly at that age. Well, I saw a tall, slender young man, with rather heavy whiskers, and fashionably dressed. I thought him particularly elegant in manner, and poor Abbot and Calder, who had been quite high in my good graces, dropped instantly. Not that he would ever notice such a chit as I was; he only bowed in acknowledgement of the introduction to me, and taking a chair close to Cousin Anne, began to talk of mutual acquaintances at New Haven. I had a good opportunity, sitting on the other side of him, to study his face. His white, even teeth, his regular profile, his mellow, happy laugh, much what it is now, I admired exceedingly. I gave very absent replies to my visitors, for apart from their lack of conversational capabilities, my head trembled with wish pain and I began to think I should certainly drop from the chair if I could not get to my own room. But there was the curious crowd in the parlor, groups much like our own scattered all about, staring at and criticizing each other in the absence of any more intellectual occupation; and between me and the door Mr. Maxwell's long limbs stretched out carelessly. At last I could bear it no longer even with the dim, distant hope of sharing his attentions presently. I rose hurriedly to my feet, and made one step forward; alas! I did just what I tried to avoid; in the blind dizziness of pain, stumbled over his feet, and was caught in his arms, outstretched instinctively to save me from the fall. I gave one imploring, deprecating glance upward, and met such a look of mingled amusement and kindness as Mr. Maxwell quietly set me on my feet again, apologized for his monopoly of the floor, and hoped I had not been hurt. It seemed to me a general titter ran through the room, and that he was scarcely able to keep from laughter himself at my awkward predicament. I should have been greatly obliged if the floor had kindly opened and conducted me to the bar underneath." "Don't believe her," called out a voice from the adjoining chamber. "Why, Uncle Archie, is that you?" "You abominable eavesdropper!"—and his wife started up to meet him. "What business had you to come back so soon?" "Oh, you gave me the wrong letter, with your usual accuracy. I posted down to Brown Brothers, with an account intended for the Metropolitan Bank. She wanted to bring me back, Helen, and have the pleasure of seeing me once more. You have no idea how wearing her attentions are. I have to submit to it, though!" and with a rueful face he kissed her with a very well executed appearance of heartiness. "She's just as designing now as she was the night she pretended to stumble over my feet. Well, there; take another if you will have it," added Mr. Maxwell, showing no disposition to release his wife. "The fact is Helen, we've never quite made up that five years! Come, I must be off; give me the other letter, quick—"

"And order lunch as you go out, to pay for eavesdropping." Mrs. Maxwell took up her work again, but her eyes followed her husband to the door. "What loves they are still dear me!"—thought Helen—"how long does that kind of thing last? John and Fanny have nothing of that going on, and they've been married only two years." "Uncle's fond enough of you, now, at all events; isn't he, Aunt Margaret?" she added aloud, as her aunt's half amused, half questioning look met hers. "Yes, I think he is, judging from appearances." "But that five years, as he said, how did you ever happen to lose it? Didn't you fancy him then?" Mrs. Maxwell's eyes grew almost misty with tenderness. "I suppose I have loved him ever since. I went to bed that night to think of him at all events, with his face forever impressed on my memory. Sleep cured my fatigue, and I came down in my white morning dress to breakfast, expecting to meet our party in the parlor; but it was earlier than I supposed; there were one or two strangers, and Mr. Maxwell standing by a window. I did not think he would know me; but he came forward immediately, and inquired whether I had been lamed by my awkwardness, kindly taking the awkwardness all to himself, and was so agreeable that I forgot the unpleasant part, and only remembered—well, I will tell you, Helen, that his kind, strong arms had been around me, though but for a moment. "He went with us to breakfast, and to ride afterwards; we saw him constantly for the next three days, and you know how fast an acquaintance progresses in traveling. The night before we left, we all went to the old Park Theatre to see the little Viennese children—little wreath dancers—it was before your day, and he walked home with me.—We talked about it being the last evening; and he said he should miss us—well miss me—and the hotel would be dreadfully dull. That his brother's family were out of town and he was supposed to be reading law, and it would be a year and a half before he could be admitted to the bar; and his father's property could not be divided until his youngest sister came of age; talked quite confidentially, and as if we had known each other always. Then about our going away again—and that I should probably forget I had ever seen him in a month's time. We were just in the blaze of light at the Museum, when he said that, and I looked up, straight up into his face reproachfully; for I was feeling as if I should never be able to live without seeing or hearing from him; possibly you know what kind of a look I met without describing it." "I can guess," and Helen thought of a certain evening at Long Branch the summer before, when she had not cared to dance, but had walked the piazza in the moonlight, and the loveliest organdie dress; and had met several such looks. The very recollection made her heart dance; but then she had fired afterwards with Lieutenant Bradshaw, and they had quarrelled. Heigh-ho! "What a long sight!" said Mrs. Maxwell, gathering something of Helen's story, from the light that came over her face, and the shadow and sigh that followed it. "Your face looks almost as forlorn as mine did when the parting came, for your uncle

had not only been confidential, but had almost said 'I love you,' and even Lewis and Anne saw it, I am sure; for they allowed us to walk down to the boat together and rallied me about my dullness all day. It was not a very sentimental parting, for we were late, and I was hurried on board without the promise to write to me, which I felt sure to the last minute he intended to make; and I saw him last standing on the wharf watching the boat, amid the crowd of drays and produce, and porters, in a burning hot sun. Heigh-ho!" "You are sighing now, Aunt Margaret." "Am I?" and Mrs. Maxwell started from the commencement of a reverie. "I was thinking of that winter. I was really unhappy; I did not hear a word from your uncle, after all; Anne thought it so strange, and asked Lewis if he was sure Maxwell was a high-minded man, and he defended him warmly. You have no idea how miserable it is to be shut up in a country town, with little society, and very few interests, waiting and watching the post, from day to day, wondering and yearning over it; and at last I began to give up all hope, and accuse him of trifling, and myself of folly; and my face burned sitting all alone, when I remembered how I had allowed him to take my hand, when I met his eyes that night, and hold it all the rest of the way to the hotel, and how he had said—well, you can guess again." And Helen could guess pretty near the truth, for she had experienced more than once how much could be said without coming to the point. "I love you—will you be my wife?" "Oh, dear Aunt Margaret, men are all such horrid brats! but I never should have guessed uncle was! How can you love him so well, now?" "It's not very hard," said Mrs. Maxwell, quietly folding up the finished handkerchief, and taking another with the edge just turned. "And how can you bear to sit sewing away like any seamstress? Why don't you have a sewing machine?—we do. Lou and I never think of setting a stitch." "I have one, too; your uncle brought home one the last time he was east; but no one has ever blemmed his handkerchiefs but myself, since I had a right to do it, or myself." "Yes, but you haven't told me—"

"I don't like to think about that part of my life very much. I grew more and more low-spirited and self-accusing, and then Judge Flint had that famous lawsuit with Lewis, and he was very courteous, and dignified, and attentive to me; and every one said what a good match, and I had the silly idea of showing your uncle that he had not made me miserable, after all; and so it went on, and I had had a grand wedding, and became Mrs. Flint before I fairly realized what I was doing." "And didn't you see uncle, or hear from him all this time?" "Not a word; and after I became a wife I thought it was right to put away even the recollection of him. I gave away the copy of Tennyson's Poems that he had given me, and never sang the songs that I had sung to him—and Judge Flint was very kind, and I had the children to think of after a while; then he died, suddenly, and it was found he had speculated, and all his property was gone. At twenty-three, I was a widow, with two children, entirely dependent upon my own exertions." "Dreadful!" Helen had about as much idea of earning a dollar as she had of wanting bread. "Ah, you poor child, you what did you do?" "All manner of things—sewed, taught, dragged along for two years, determined not to be separated from my children, nor be dependent on my friends. But it was no use; the horrid plan I had put off from day to day—the agony of parting with my children had to come. I can't talk of it, now," and Mrs. Maxwell's lips quivered, and her eyes dilated with starting tears. "To feel those little clinging arms around me, to hear that soft, lisp little voice: 'Come home to-night, mamma, and bring Robbie present!'—and see the manly efforts of the oldest not to cry, not to make mamma feel badly, and know that death and sickness might rob me of them before I should ever see them again, or that they would forget me and cling to strangers. Oh, Helen, it stifles me yet! They were to be with Anne and Lewis, that was some comfort; I don't think I could have brought myself to it otherwise; and I came to New York with one of our neighbors, a merchant, to advertise for a situation South or West as governess." "We came here. Mr. Grant's business brought him to the Ashley House, and the very name thrilled me with old recollections; how much more the room, the well-remembered furniture. The house was crowded; I had a bit of a room way up against the roof. We arrived in a terrible October storm. I never remembered one like it. I was drenched going from the boat to the carriage, and almost blown off the sidewalk getting into the house. My room being so near the roof, I heard it in full force, and looking down into the street it was almost deserted, the awnings were torn off—shutters flapped drearily in the wind—the windows rattled. Oh, how desolate it was!—Such a contrast to my last stay here. Then I was so young, so full of health and hope, surrounded by friends; now in the care of a nominal acquaintance, broken in health, wearied out in mind and body, desolate and asked with the pain of that parting. All night I lay there listening to the storm, stretching out my arms to shelter my children, and turning on an empty pillow with great hot gushes of tears at the silence; thinking, too, of the past, and how different it might all have been. "When morning came, I dreaded to face it, to set about the business of my journey, to make my first solitary step in life. I felt as if I could shut my eyes to the light forever; tempted to turn at once and fly back to my children, trying to familiarize myself with the long year at least that lay between me and the sight of their little faces. I had no sympathy to expect from Mr. Grant. He had come on business, and but half finished his hurried breakfast when he stretched out his hand for the advertisement he was to insert in a daily paper for me, and was gone, leaving me to the loneliness of an unoccupied stormy day. "The week dragged by. I had had several applications, but none that I felt I ought to accept in justice to myself or my children. The more advantageous offers were to go too far from them, and some required too much—sewing and personal supervision out of school hours. It was pretty hard to find one's time and powers so keenly bargained for; I was questioned as closely as a chambermaid looking for a situation." "Poor Aunt Margaret!" said Helen, thinking with a little self-reproach of the heavy-eyed Miss Ferris who taught her little sisters, and that perhaps she might have a story, too. "I was almost disheartened"—and here the work dropped unconsciously from Mrs. Maxwell's white hands. "Mr. Grant was to go the next day, and the little money I had was melting away. I felt almost desperate, and said to myself, I would take the next situation, let it be what it might. Just between daylight and dark that last evening, a gentleman from the West called. The room was vacant, save the figure that rose to meet me, and it was so dusky that I could not see the face distinctly, but the gentleman was very kind in his manner, made me be seated, apologized for asking questions, but said it was necessary to make a few inquiries. I had advertised for a situation as Mrs. F. Was I a widow? was I willing to go to Chicago? I seemed young—excuse me—for my position." "His kind and considerate manner, so different from anything I had experienced through the week, and a strange echo in his voice of one that had once spoken far more kindly to me, made me tell him my story briefly. I was not so young, twenty-five, a widow two years, and I was working for my children, and then I felt my fortitude and endurance leave me suddenly, with the thought of those wondering little faces watching in vain for me, and I sobbed out the last. "It was so thoughtful as not to attempt to soothe me, though I felt that he was moved, for his voice was tremulous when he spoke again. It almost made me start, it was so like one I had heard of that very spot before, but I knew it was fancy, connecting it with the place. "I am truly sorry for you, madam,—and then, before I could speak or think, the tremulousness deepened into entreaty, and I knew in an instant who it was that said, 'Oh, Margaret, your tears are choking me! We did not dream of all this when we parted. I thought you loved me then.' "I tried to be cold, resentful, but I could not. I was too unhappy to refuse any comfort, and I could not put away his; for all that week the spell of the old time had been upon me, and I had turned a hundred times, thinking I must see him among all these strange faces. "Perhaps you thought hardly of me," he went on, hurriedly; "but I only meant to prove myself, and to work hard to be able to be nearer offering you a home when I did speak. I wrote you twenty letters that winter and destroyed them all but one; I have one witness to speak for me. I started once to go to you, but I thought you understood me, and were waiting for me, and when the time came, I heard you had given yourself away." "I could not say one word; all that weary winter rose up—and to think that he had really cared for me. "I come to offer you a situation from my partner, he said, presently; "but if you did care for me, Margaret, I can make you think of me again. Be my little governess; I need one sadly; I have wandered out of all good ways since that great disappointment; you ought to guide me back again." "And what did you say," asked Helen, eagerly, feeling as if she was in the second volume of a sensation novel. "Why, it's as good as a real love-story." "Oh, you know I had promised myself to take the next situation, let it be what it would," said Mrs. Maxwell, gayly, gathering up her work; "and so my poor deserted children got their mother back again, and a father, too." "Did it really happen in the parlor we were in just now?" "Really; on that very dear old hair-cloth sofa your uncle kissed me for the first time in his life. If there is ever a sale of furniture here, we mean to have it bought in." "So that's what brings you here. But how did uncle know it was you?" "Why, it seems, after he became a banker in Chicago, he used to come here and stop for the sake of old times, and he had arrived the day before, one of his errands being to look for a governess, and some one had told him of me."

"Well, I don't know but I'd come here, too, in spite of Maiden Lane," said Helen, quite heartily. "I don't know but I'd go to Long Branch every summer, if—"

"If what?" asked her aunt, wondering if Helen had a heart after all.

"Oh, nothing!" But Helen was thinking of some fortunate accident should ever bring about an explanation between herself and Fred Graham.

"And you see some people do condescend to come and see us here," said her aunt, holding out a card brought in just at that moment.

Helen could scarcely believe her eyes as she read—"Mrs. AUGUSTA BELMONT."

"I suppose you don't feel so badly about it now"—and Mrs. Maxwell stood up before the dressing table to assure herself of the rectitude of her collar. "Come, go with me, and have a look at the old sofa."

BROWNLOW AND YANCEY.—In his speech at the Academy of Music in New York, Parson Brownlow gave the following account of his interview with Yancey:

A few weeks prior to the last Presidential election they announced in their papers that the great bell-wether of the whole disunion flock was to speak in Knoxville—a man, the two first letters of whose name are W. L. Yancey—a fellow that the Governor of South Carolina pardoned out of the State prison, for murdering his uncle, Dr. Earle. He was announced to speak, and the crowd was two to one Union men. I had never spoken to him in all my life. He called out in an insolent manner, "Is Parson Brownlow in this crowd?" The disunionists cried, "Yes, he is here." "I hope," said he, "the Parson will have the nerve to come upon the stand and let me catch him." "No," said the Breckinridge secessionists. For, gentlemen, we had four tickets in the field the last race—Lincoln and Hamlin, Bell and Everett—the Bell and Everett ticket was a kind of kangaroo ticket, with all the strength in the hind legs (great laughter)—and there was a Douglas and Johnson and a Breckinridge and Lane ticket. As God is my judge, the last was the meanest and shabbiest ticket of the four. Lincoln was elected fairly and squarely under the forms of law and the Constitution, and though I was not a Lincoln man, yet I give in to the will of the majority, and it is the duty of every patriot and true man to bow to the will of the majority (cheers). But the crowd hallooed to Yancey, "Brownlow is here, but he has not nerve enough to mount the stand where you are." I rose and marched up the steps and said, "I will show you whether I have the nerve or not." "Sir," said he—and he is a beautiful speaker and personally a very fine looking man—"are you the celebrated Parson Brownlow?" "I am the only man on earth," I replied, "that fills the bill" (laughter).—"Don't you think," said Yancey, "you are badly employed as a preacher, a man of your cloth, to be dabbling in politics and meddling with State affairs?" "No, sir," said I; "a distinguished member of the Christ you are acting with once took Jesus Christ up into a mount (uproarious laughter)—and said to the Savior: 'Look at the kingdoms of the world. All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' Now, sir," I said, "this reply to the Devil is my reply to you: 'Get thee behind me, Satan'" (renewed laughter and applause). I rather expected to be knocked down; but I stood with my right side to him and a cooked Derringer in my breeches pocket. I intended if I went off the scaffold that he should go the other way (cheers). "Now, sir," I said, "if you are through, I would like to make a few remarks." "Certainly, proceed," said Yancey. "Well, sir, you should tread lightly upon the toes of preachers, and you should get these disunionists to post you up before you launch out in this way against preachers. Are you aware, sir, that this old gray-headed man sitting here, Isaac Lewis, the President of the meeting, who has welcomed you, is an old disunion Methodist preacher, and Buchanan's pension agent in this town, who has been meddling in politics all his lifetime? Are you aware that this man, James D. Thomas, on my left, is a Breckinridge elector for this Congressional District, and that he was turned out of the Methodist ministry for whipping his wife and slandering his neighbors? Are you aware that this young man sitting in front of us, Col. Loudon G. Haynes, an elector of the Breckinridge ticket for the State of Tennessee at large, was expelled from the Methodist ministry for fowling and cheating his neighbor in a measure of corn? For God's sake say nothing more about preachers until you know what sort of preachers are in your own ranks." And thus ended the colloquy between me and Yancey. I have never seen him since.

EDUCATION IN SPAIN.—Some years ago there was a legend about, that Noah had been permitted to re-visit the earth. He wandered about from country to country, ill at ease in each of them. Nothing was natural—noting was as it used to be.—Steamboats and railroads, telegraph wires and lucifer matches, with a thousand other innovations, met him at every turn. The legend says at length he reached Spain, that the sadness of his countenance was changed, his eyes sparkled with delight, and in the exuberance of his joy, he threw up his hands and thanked God that there was one country which remained just as he had left it.