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WORKING-MEN'S SONG. BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

Whom do we call our heroes? To whom our praises sing? The pampered child of fortune, The titled lord, or king? They live by others' labor, Talk all and nothing give; The noblest types of manhood Are they that work to live.

Who spans the earth with iron? Vho rears the palace dome: Who creates for the rich man The comforts of his home ? It is the patient toiler: All honor to him then; The true wealth of a nation

Is in her working men. For many barren ages Earth hid her treasures deep And all her giant forces Seemed bound as in a sleep; Then Labor's anvil chorus Broke on the startled air. and lo! the earth in rapture

Laid all her riches bare.

'Tis toil that over nature Gives man his proud control; It purifies and hallows The temple of the soul : It scatters foul diseases, With all their ghastly train: Puts from in the muscle,

And crystal in the brain.

The great Almighty builder Who fashioned out this earth Has stamped His seal of honor On labor from her birth, In every angel flower
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master touches, The handy work of God.

CHORUS-Then honor to our working me

The hardy sons of toil.

The monarchs of the soil. Miscellaneous Mending.

ONLY A MISTAKE.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY. It was a winter morning, cold and cheerless, with the clanmy dampness of a coming snow-storm in the air. The strips of blue sky, upon which even the poorest beggar of the street may sometimes look with a faint glimpse of the heaven beyond were quite hidden by dark masses of cloud. that reflected their own somber hues on

the faces of the hurrying passers-by. Ralph Field ran down the steps of his boarding-house, and hailed a passing car. The down-town rush had just begun, and an involuntary shiver of discomfort ran beneath his wrappings, as he saw, on stepping in, that all the seats were taken. Ding! ding! went the conductors's bell, and one after another dropped in, till even standing room was limited. Another stop; and this time the new arrival was an el derly woman, very poorly and thinly clad, staggering under the weight of a huge laundry basket. Her thin features were unnaturally pinched with cold, and her whole frame trembled as she shifted her benumbed hands painfully, still holding up the heavy burden, unable to find room

Such a weary, pitiful look, in the worn face, shaded by its thin grey hair-such a patient endurance in the eyes, meekly east down. The comfortably scated gentlemen shrank closer into their gay scarfs and mufflers; but if any one thought, "it might have been my mother," the gentle charity was stifled in its first up-springing

and there was no outward sign. A little rustle of silk, as a lady rose in one corner, made Ralph look around, and a voice, clear and sweet as a silver bell said, "take this seat, my good woman," A glance of quick, grateful surprise shot up from the woman's eyes, as she murmured, "Thank you Miss, kindly," and sunk, with a sigh of exhaustion, into the

place just vacated. Three or four gentlemen sprang up with a simultaneous offer of their seats, but a glow of indignant color flamed into the lady's cheeks, as she answered, with a slight bow, "I thank you-I will stand." And stand she did, her little gloved hand holding the strap firmly, and her face turned a little aside, so that Ralph dared

study her with his admiring eyes.

"No ordinary girl." His artist sense would have told him that at a glance, even though his heart had not come in to aid his judgment, with its quick response to her generous action. Ralph Field had too tender memories of his dead mother and sisters, not to feel a kind of proprietorship in all that is noblest and truest in woman. And so he fell into a half dream, waking only as the lady signaled to the conductor and stepped lightly down. Then he saw, with a start, that he was quite beyond Flint & Chatterson's, and must walk up the street again two squares at least. Hurrying out, he caught sight of a lace handkerchief lying on the floor, just where the lady had stood. He picked it up hastily, but its fair owner had disappeared in the crowded street. A faint

perfume floated up as he shook it from the dust, and there, on one corner, was a name. "Etta Stuart." "Etta Stuart, Etta Stuart," said Ralph o himself, as he walked up the street. drawing his brows together in a puzzled rown; "I have surely heard the name be-

fore. 11 Just then, Frank Evans bore down on him with a hearty morning greeting. "Hallo, Ralph, my boy! What are you ondering, that you look like a judge, all but the wig? You must get off that face and come up to the house this evening. Sister Lou is just home from Springfield. and cousin Etta Stuart, the peerless, has come with her for the winter.

"Ah!" Frank was hardly prepared for the sudstared a minute, and then went on: "You know I told you about Etta before, and promised you an introduction." "Yes, yes. I remember. Thank you

Frank. I'll come." What an interminably long day it was! Ralph caught himself once sketching a pair of dark eyes on the margin of a busi-But, if the day was long, the evening ;

fair companion of the morning. She did TORS AND TEACHERS SUP
THE Companion of the morning. She did not recognize him—how should she, from a mong a score of fellow-passengers?—but he would have known her among a thou
ENO. 165 LOCUST ST., COLUMBIA, Pa.

The dainty mouchair was in his such developments and character. Withis about this friend, what wonderful genius he had, and such developments had, and such

but of that we can only guess. That was Ralph Field's never to-be-forgotten winter. It was the old, old story; so we need not linger over it. No matter what visions of love and honor came to him, in his bachelor den, others have dreamed before him, in all ages; no matter how fair and stately were the Spanish castles he built, in the dusk and dimness | Tileston-he is stopping with us-to take of the counting room-Love has had its the eleven o'clock car for the Point. own school of architecture since the world You'll go?"

Did Etta love him? He had never asked her in words; but the heart has more than one avenue of expression, and there is eloquence of look and touch that is some times even more than andible language. He waited the promised advancement. that should place him where he need not be ashamed to ask Etta Stuart's father for the keeping of his dearest treasure; and, meanwhile, was it not enough that she read the books and sang the songs he loved: that her cheeks took on a tenderer color and her eyes a softer smile at his

coming? Winter lad worn into spring again. Charley Marks placed his hand in Ralph's arm, as they left the supper-room together one evening. Somebody was announced to speak in Music Hall-wouldn't Ralph go down? It was still early when they took their seats, and there were few people in. Slowly up the aisle came a lady and gentleman. Rainh looked up to see his Etta; but who was this, with his suppose. Etta," with a sudden illuminabronzed, handsome face and foreign air? "Capt. Tileston, as I live!" said Marks. of this. I didn't know he he had arrived-you

know him?'' "No," said Ralph, shortly. that Miss Stuart is! I haven't seen her happy to get back her knight-errant. Well Tileston is a lucky dog!"

"What do you mean?" said Ralph, with an agitation he could scarcely conceal. "Why, don't you know they have been engaged three years. Capt. Tileson went with Frank Evans to Springfield, and met this girl there-Frank's cousin you know. It was all up with him from the first time he saw her. The day was fixed for their wedding, but Tileson had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, and the doctors said nothing would save him but travel. He looks well enough now.''

"You know all this, Charley? It's no friend's arm. "Know it?" Charley stared. "You

lon't want me to take my oath on it do you? By Jove, Ralph, a body would suppose you were personally interested!"
Poor Ralph! The chance shot recalled him for his sences. Herszak, buck again a his seat, essaying a faint redection of Charley's quizzical smile. He sat through the hour too utterly stunned to realize anything beyond a vague, terrible sense of loss-only knowing the lecture over by the tumult of applause that bust forth. and the noise of the audience rising to g an animated criticism of the speaker's

opinions, too eager himself to notice the abstraction of the listener. Before the dawn of the morning that followed that sleepless night, the first tumultuous surges of grief had passed, and Ralph looked his trouble in the face, rehe was. He did not reproach Etta now, though the temptation had been a sore one at first; doubtless see supposed the was just pouring out a glass, when the fact of her engagement too widely known | boat lurched, threw it over him from head | to large had a thought of campon; only a to foot. How we all laughed! Don't you foolish blindness could have made him remember? Why, mamma, you must not mistake the kindness, which her goble take them until I have searched the pockheart prompted toward all alike, for some- A letter, as I live! 'Miss Etta Stuart.'" thing, more personal and tender. Then how could she know how he had loved her. He had never told her so, he thought, bit- the light, and she had recognized the terly, although in those few months she handwriting. She snatched it from her had grown to be so much a part of all his cousin's hand, while the blood surged up to her heart in one convulsive throb. life, that as yet he was too weak to think of the desolate years that seemed to stretch endlessly before him without her. Life was made up of moments—he could | too." bear them, one by one, till, by and by,

may be, strength should easne with endur-Flint, senior, was waiting for him as he

went in. "A few minutes" conversation, if yo dease, Mr. Fields," he said. Ralph followed him to the office. What rather, written just before he sailed." new leaf in his book of fate would be

turned this time? Mr. Flint was a man of few words, and the expression of warm commendation with which be grasped Ralph's hand, and drew him into a chair beside him, meant very much coming, coraing from him. There had been letters by the last night's steamer-the Paris agency was vacantsome one must go on immediately. There was no one whom he could trust more implicitly than Mr Field-no one of whose success he should feel more proud. Would

Mr. Field take the place? Poor Ralph's cheek flushed for one moment, with a glow of honest pride: then, with a bitter pang, came the though, "how much this would have been worth to me yesterday; but to-day---'. "I am very grateful for the honor you tried to do my duty-I will try still. 1

thank you-I will go." And so it was settled. Busy in his room, that night, with preparations for his journey, Ralph took from his desk a little packer, touching it den illumination of Ralph's face. He tenderly and sadly, as one might gather a flower off a grave. The pretty hundkerchief, a withered rose or two-that was all Was he less manly that a few tears fell silently, poor drops that could bring back | The door opened softly, and little Carrie no fresh bloom to the faded blossoms? It was a little letter the last wail of a dying

ETTA-my Etta: I had thought to say, pair of dark eyes on the margin of a business note. "What ails me?" he said to himself, energetically, as he thrust the offending sheet into the waste-basket, and dashed off a fresh order.

But, if the day was long, the evening is vour perfect similarly. I heard last night to the come in to cloud your perfect similarly. But, if the day was long, the evening hours were winged. He found in Frank's for the first time of your engagement to "Etta the peerless," none other than his capt. Theston. May God bless you both now and forever.

Going out to mail his note next morning, Ralph met Frank Evans at the door. enthusiastic over a yachting party, to go out that day.

"Can't you get away, Ralph? Hal sent on an invitation. It is a glorious day: and just our set invited. I'm going back to the house to tell the girls and Capt.

it's impossible.'

Do come!" Ralph saw that his friend had heard nothing of his prospective business change, but he was in no mood for confidence. He said:

> you said?" " Yes.." "Will you give this to your cousin?" handing him the note. "Yes, certainly," and Frank thrust it

> in his vest pocket. "Good bye, Ralph; you'll regret staying ashore to-day." The week passed—Ralph Field sailed for Paris. Lou Evans pouted her pretty lips, in disgust at his impoliteness-"Never called to say good bye—just left his regrets with Frank, and tell the ladies he had been so busy. Busy, indeed! Making up for the lost time of the winter. I tion, "I do believe you are at the bottom

But Etta Stuart's countenance told no

The long visit came to an end, and Etta "Ah. I thought you did; but he was went home again. Her mother said, over abroad two-years. That a beautifut girl and over. "You are not well, my darling. The change has not been good for you." equal in the city this season. She looks | And Etta answered, "I am well, mother. dear, but a little tired; and so, so glad to come back. Home is so sweet and restful. I don't think I can ever wish to leave it again.

But the home that Etta loved proved but a transient resting-place. Her mother, never strong, faded slowly out of life. them for which an extravagant sum has and the first snows fellon her grave. Her father, after two years of mourning for never see it. It is the Madonna-Demonthe wife of his youth, and disheartened by successive and crushing financial disasters fell a victim to a sudden epidemic, and passed away after a few days illness. The wreck of his splendid fortune barely sufficed to meet his obligations, and Etta was mere rumor?" Ralph's hand was on his left, alone and penniless. More than one door opened to receive her; but her constant answer was, "I am deeply grateful, but it is better that I should depend upon

myself. I have health and education, and there is no balm like work for a wounded heart. No entrepties availed to change her determination: but at the earnest solicitation of her Boston friends, she consented to pass a few months with them, until she should be able to obtain a desirable situa-

One day, not long after her arrival, it out. Once in the street, it was an unex- great bundle of cast-off clothing, to be sent pected relief that Marks launched out into | to the suffering freedmen. Lou and Etta had followed her up-stairs, and were looking over the various articles, as she took them from the great cedar chest, where they had been stored. "Oh, Etta! see here!" exclaimed Lousolved to bear it like the brave fellow that | went out on the "Flying Arrow," just |

> It was Etta's turn to look now. One swift glance, as Lou held the letter up to

"Oh! Etta, dear, that's Loo bad," plead ed Lou. "I found it; so please let me see But Etta had flown to her own room,

not daring to wait the scrutiny of Lou's curious eves. When Frank came up to tea. Etta said. carclessly. Where is Ralph Field-in Paris still? I found a good-bye note from him, in one of your pockets, or Lou. did. "How like you, Frank," said Lou.

never to think of it; and we all so vexed, because he didn't call. "That's true enough, Loulie." Frank, penitenely. Then turning to Etta: { "I don't know where he is, I am sure. He never wrote to me a word. Not in Paris. probably, for he wrote to Flint & Chatterton, when he had been there only six months, asking to be relieved from his situation. They urged him to retain it. but he positively refused, giving no reason except that he was weary of business-so unlike him, you know. They have nothing from him since. It is the strangest

thing I ever knew." Etta Stuart was in Rome, She had sailed from New York, with the Wallaces. as governess for little Carrie, and compay me. Mr. Flint," he said: "I have panion for her mother. They spent some months in travel, but Mrs. Wallace longed to be near her artist son, so they had taken a pleasant suite of rooms, for the

summer, in the old imperial city. Evening was coming on, and indescribable color of the sunset still flooded all the air with an almost tangible radiance. Etta lay on a couch, with her hands clasped tightly over her forehead, as if to press the pain from her throbbing temples. came in.

tire you, but I wanted to tell you so much about our ride. Oh, if you could only have gone! First we drove to brother Charley's studio, and he said he wanted us to go with him and see a beautiful Madonna that one of his friends had painted. Mamma said she should like it very much, so we went, and, on the way, Charley told us about this friend, what

"Are you better, Miss Etta?"

it was a perfect likeness of you, only the expression was more lovely than anything can describe—as if an angel was looking out of your face. Mr. Field turned pale, and said to mamma, * Pardon me, madam [did I understand that the picture reminds) fou of some friend? Then mama told

for eleven o'clock car for the Point.

Tou'll go?"

"No Frank, I can't. Thank you, but this Stuart a very old friend." I should not be surprised if he were to come the white manufacture is and pleds to abstain totally from wine as a beyone the point. this evening, though mamma told him you were not quite well. Do you really think

"I would like to go, if it were best, but it is not. You were on your way home,

that you know him. Miss Etta?" Then,

without waiting for a reply, she started

"Miss Stuart is better, and will see Mr. Field. I will tell mamma." The door opened again, and Ralph Field came in. With a glad cry, Etta sprang forward. He took both her hands in his.

spoke for a moment, but her eyes answered the questions his had asked. " Miss Etta?" "Oh, Ralph! at last! at last!" Then with her thrilling eyes still raised. "Ralph, I have looked for you across the continent I have sought you everywhere. Your letter was mislaid. I never saw it until six

months ago. And Capt Tileston, Ettay" "Married my consin, Nellie Stuart ce years ago, after a long engagagement. Oh. Ralph! Ralph! what a terrible mistake!"

" And you loved me, Etta?" "Loved you, Ralph? I loved you then, now, and always!" There is little more to tell. Mr. and There is little more to tell. Mr. and the schoolboy in the due and time-honored Mrs. Ralph Field are still abroad. He is order, as laid down by the "melancholy winning name and fame, and his paintings." The only record of this affair winning name and fame, and his paintings are sought eargerly. There is one of

ests Monthly.

A STRONG TEMPTATION. A young man, or rather a boy, for he was not seventeen years of age, was a clerk in one of the great mercantile houses in New York. An orphan and poor, he must rise, if he rose at all, by his own exertions. His bandsome, honest face, and free cordial manner, won for him the friendship of all his fellow-laborers, and many were the invitations he received to join them in the club-room, in the theatre, and even in the law room. But Alfred Harrishad tho pure teachings of a christian mother to withhold him from rushing headlong into dissipation and vice, and all the persuasion

join them in scenes like this. He feared George Warren, the most high-toned and | will not accept his service, it shall never moral among them, invited Alfred to go home with him to supper and make the track of jumediate prescription. The obacquaintance of his family. The boy ject of his attachment was a Miss Rebecca gladly assented, for he spent many lonely evenings, with only his books and his or by way of concealment.) whom tradition speaks of as more distinguished for

"Oh. Etta! see here!" exclaimed Lon"here is that very layendar suit that
Frank ruined with lemonade, the day we went out on the "Flying Arrow," just after Capt. Sileston came home—let me see, two—three years ago. Poor Frank was just pouring out a glass, when the boat lurched, threw it over him from head to foot. How we all laughed! Don't you remember? Why, mamma, you must not take them until I have searched the pockA latter as I live! "Miss Etta Stuart."

evenings, with only his books and his thoughts for company.

He found his friend's family very social grad with the condition that he must be mother, was a pleasant, winning. I might almost say, fascinating woman; one of the kind whose every little speech seems of consequence, and whose every act praisworthy. Mr. Warren was a cheery social arcturn through the nothern British provinces in America, as his proposed route. Why he gave this up does no amusing young people. And George's sister. Jessie—how shall I discribe her?

A latter as I live! "Miss Etta Stuart."

Kins proposals seem to have been clogged with the condition that he must be absent for two or three years in forcign and whose every act praisworthy. Mr. Warren was a cheery social and entertaining. Mrs. Warren, the mother, was a pleasant, winning. I might almost say, fascinating woman; one of the kind whose every action. His proposals seem to have been clogged with the condition that he must be absent for two or three years in forcign are reversed. His proposals seems to have distinguished for theauty than cleverness.

His proposals seem to have been clogged with the condition that he must be absent for two or three years in forcign are reverled to a very lateration of the order to a very lateration of the postlateration of the proposals seems to have or three years in forcign and entertaining. His proposals seems to h sister. Jessie-how shall I discribe her?

A girl about Alfred's own age, a balt-bashful half-saucy, dimple-faced, rosy-checked maiden sparkling with wit and pleasantry, and prerty enough for any young man to fall in love with at first sight.

This was Mr. Warren's family, and it was no wonder that Alfred was charmed with them. They were not wealthy people, but were in easy circumstances, and on a promising rode to fortune. Alfred on a promising rode to fortune. Alfred work of gray,) were peculiarly expressive, very soon felt as well acquainted with them all as if he had known them for years. The supper was delicious, especi-

After supperwine was brought in. Mrs. Warren poured it out herself, and with a winning smile passed a glass of the sparks-ling liquid to the guest. Affred took it with some hesitation, but did not raise it to his lips. Each of the family held a glass; waiting to pledge their visitor. But Affred feared to drink. He sat the extelled by friends, and to which enemies existence in the table, while a lamping thick. goblet on the table, while a burning blush overspread his face.
"What! do not drink wine?" asked Mrs. Warren, in her pleasant tones. Mrs. Warren, in her pleasant tones, 11 have been taught not to drink it.

"You have had good teaching. I doubt not, Said the lady, and I honor you for respecting it; but I think it makes a difference where and in what company you take it. I should not be willing for you take it. I should not be writing for George to go into bar room company with dissipated young men, and call for wine, but at home, in the family circle, it is different. A moderate use of wine never but at home, in the family circle, it is antererent. A moderate use of wine never hurts any one. It is only when carried to excess that it is injurious, You had better drink yours. So little as that will sie was sitting by Alfred. She took

up the glass he had set on the table and gave it to him with a charming smile.

Again he took the goblet in his hand.

can not drink it. "Mama said she was afraid I should A silence fell upon the little circle. No label to strong drinks in mutal aversion one spoke for several minutes. Then Mrs. Warren said, in a voice choked with emotion: "Forgive me, my boy, for tempting you to violate your conscience. Would that all young men would show as high." "death of a fox," he never put but one boyen is training to the victory of a favorite horse," and the "death of a fox," he never put but one boyen is training to the victory of a favorite horse," and the

Every one of the family put down their wine untasted,
"The boy is right," said Mr. Warren,
"Drinking wine leads to deeper potations, We have done wrong in setting such an example before our children. Here, Ellen," he called to the servant, "take away this decanter.

And the pleasant excitement—he knew it to be too pleasant for the aspiring student—of the chase. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, and even of vice-royalty, to urge him onward, Mr. Jeller-son was not a voing man to be lightly re-

so tail and handsome, but with the saddest eyes I ever saw. As soon as he uncovered the picture mamma and I both exclaimed 2t once; for, indeed, Miss. Etta.

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to him. And Mrs. Warren softly responded "Amen." Mr. Warren turned to Alfred. "A are tool drunkards, nor wing-biblers be, my boy. I have always preached tempo ance to my children, but I have never alized before how an occasional glass wine, if partaken of in good society, con him, and he asked a great many questions injune. I see it now. If a -person's about you, and listened so eagerly. Manasked him to call, and he thanked her manasked him to call, and he thanked her will be a start of the first transfer of draw the line. I thank four forms and the first transfer of draw the line. I thank four forms are the first transfer of the first transfe

age?"
"We will, father," was the response This pledge was never broken by any the family, and never did Alfred Harr without waiting for a reply, she started the family, and nover did Alfred Harring, saying, "There, I do believe that I have cause to regret that he resisted I hear his voice now—shall I tell him that you will see him, Miss Etta?"

"Yes, Carrie, if you please." Etta's voice trembled, but Carrie did not stop to notice it. A moment more, and Etta heard the little girl's voice in the passage.

"Miss Stuart is better, and will see Mr.

heart of her boy. JEFFERSON AS STUDENT AND LOVER. During Mr. Jefterson's law course of the years he usually spent the summer months at home, at Shadwell, where the rest of the family continued to reside. The systematic industry of his college life continued. Notwithstanding the time given to company, he contrived to passward to just the contribution of t and looked down into her face. Neither given to company, he contrived to pass nearly twice the usual number of hours of law students in his studies. He placed a clock in his bed-room, and as soon as he could distinguish its hands in the gray of the summer morning he rose and commenced his labors. In winter he rose punctually at tive. His hour of retiring in summer, in the country, was nine—in in the winter, at ten. At Shadwell, his studies were very little interrupted by company. He usually took a gallop on horseback during the day, and at twilight walked to the top of Montcello. An hour or two given to the society of his family, and the favorite violin, completed the list of interruptions, and still left fourteen or lifteen hours for study and reading.

With Mr. Jefferson, the lover succeeded the schoolboy in the due and time-honored

Jacques. The only record of this affair is to be found in a series of letters addressed by him to his friend, John Page, commencing immediately after he left college, and extending, at intervals, through the two succeeding years. These are to be found at length in the Congress edition of his works, and also in his life by Peaf more than once, been offered. He will of his works, and also in his life by Prof Tucker. They possess some interest, perhaps, in relation to their subject matter, but most, as the earliest specimens of their author's epistolary writing which have been preserved. Though they dishave been preserved. Though they dis-play some of that easy command of language—that "running pen"—for which he was afterwards so celebrated, they exhe was afterwards so colourated, they exhibit no peculiar grace of style, or maturity of thought. Perhaps, however, these would scarcely be expected in the carcless, off-band effusions of boyish intimacy. It causes a smile to see the future statesman 'sighing like furnace' in a first love: "signing like furnace" in a first love; concealing, after the approved fashion of student life, the name of his mistregs under awkward Latin puns and Greek anagrams, by burying a secret which, the world, of course, was supposed to have an interest in discovering; delightedly describing happy dances with his "Belinda" in the Aurolle (thus toom of the Pashim). dissipation and vice and all the persuasion of his comrades could not induce him to scribing happy dances with his "Bellinda" in the Appollo (that room of the Raleigh tayern where we shall soon find him acthe consequences.

One evening one of his fellow-clerks. ing so different a part); vowing the customary dispairing vow. that "if Belinda

another man in 1761.

ed Farquier.

the cloud, every motion which was passing through his mind. He stood six feet two and a half inches in hight, and, though ally to a boy whose salary could afford him only the plainest living.

After summer wine was brought in. Mrs. vert musician a fine dancer, a dashing rider and there was no manly exercise in which —a deep sympathy with humanity—a confidence in man, and a sanguine hopefulness in his destury, which irresistbly won upon the feelings not only of the ordinary heaver, but of those grave men whose com-merce with the world had perhaps led them to form less glowing estimates of it of such men as the scholar-like Small the sagacious Wythe, the courtly and gift-

Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kindly and forgiving. It is naturally had anything of that warmth which is the usual concomitant of affections and sym pathies so ardent, and it no doubt had, it had been subjugated by habitual control. Yet, under its even placidity, there were not wanting those indications of calin self-reliance and courage which all in-stinctively recognize and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having Again he took the goblet in his hand. The glowing wine was tempting, but the faces around him were more tempting still. He raised it towards his lips. But at that moment there rose up before him a pale sweet face, with pleading eyestile face of his mother in heaven. The boy laid down the glass with a firm hand, and with firm tone said:

"I can not drink it. It was my mother's dying request that I should never taste of wine, and if I disregard it now! fear greater temptations will follow. You must pardon my seeming discourtesy, but I can not drink it. companied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another; he was moderate in the enjoyments of the A silence fell upon the little circle. No | table: to strong drinks he had an aversion Would the victory of a favorite horse, and the high death of a fox, he never put but one horse in training to run—never ran but a

COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1870. breast pocket, but before the evening was New Hampshire hills, are all that is left | Field, the gentleman's name was he was | emply; - Now here, in the presence Moetry. thalf over he had decided upon his first the first—he would not give it back. Perhaps its owner had already exacted more than a fair equivalent from the finder:

RALEH FIELD.