## PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DURE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription diacontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVARTIESMENTS.—Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines), will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of greater length in proportion. Those of greater length in proportion.

JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on

## OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they becken to me-Loved ones, who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
And their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.

And their voices are drowned in the rushing tid There's one with the ringlets of sunny gold, And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue; He crossed in twilight grey and cold, And the pale mist hid him from mortal view; We saw not the angels who met him there; The gate of the city we could not see; Over the river, over the river, My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale Carried another—the household pet: Curried another—the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnic, I see her yet,
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark. And all our sunshine grew strangely We know she is safe on the further side,

Where all the ransomed and angels be; Over the river, the mystic river, My childhood's idol is waiting for me! For none return from those quiet shores, For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail,—
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye,
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea:

May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea; Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore They watch, and beckon, and wait for me!

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold Is flushing river and hill and shore, I shall one day stand by the water cold, And list for the sound of the boatman's oar; I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail; I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand; I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale. To the better shore of the spirit land; I shall know the loved who have gone before, And joyfully sweet will the meeting be. And joyfully sweet will the meeting be When over the river, the peaceful river, The angel of death will carry me!

A DOUBLE CHANGE.

· VERSIFED BY OUILP. A grave Professor, much renowned For classic learning deep and sound, But not a Master of the Arts But not a Master of the Arts
Which most prevail with female hearts,—
Once met a spinster, it is said,
Whom, bluntly, he proposed to wed:
But, proper modesty to show,
The lady promptly answered 'No.''
Soon, from his silence, she began
To fear that she had snubbed the man,
And, the first chance that she could find. And, the first chance that she could find Remarked that she had "changed her mind! When calmly thus he made reply: "Most worthy madam,—so have I!" | Boston Post

## "LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was an eventful era in my young life, of renting the light, airy southern cham- speak. ber of our old brown house to a young existence. Never before had my chidish field of action, or my little heart throbbed rides and parties, that the children in the painter under our own roof, within the ject of envy I should be to my little maining. mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of my heroic devotion, a terrific rumor reach- would wear it no longer. H should never Joe Mappin, of Holborn Buildings.

listened to my father as he talked of kings grandfathers and grandmothers, but I had his name? Didn't he write me regularly 'Dear, dear! if they would but forget black man' of more civilized nurseries. of the poorer creditors—those cr had to me always been so.

a myth, a fable! What a wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would boast, and what a monstrous, known, would be this portrait painter!

height in my busy brain, the hero made his thought it very bad taste in me to grow at Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am the West End. No one knew where he appearance, scattering them mercilessly to such a rapid rate. He was afraid I'd to see you!' and a hand clasped mine went to, though more than one lounger trash, and the mere mouthings of author had been a child, he was brought to the the four winds. Their was nothing gaunt- grow out of my engagement; he should tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were had set out to follow him; but somehow fools. He felt now, for the first time, that presence of those loved ones, all that his like in the lithe, graceful figure that sprang from the village coach, or dark in the head to keep me within bounds. We had haughtily. I was a little child no longer. doubling through the streets in such a as Love—the love of place the package in the widow's lap, and pleasant, boyish face, shaded by soft been engaged two years; I was twelve I would not accept, even from him, the quick and unexpected manner, that how-virtue, love for pity's sake. masses of brown hair, and lit up by a years old, and a head taller than I was at caresses that he had bestowed upon me ever it was done he invariably got away. masses of brown hair, and lit up by a years old, and a near table to the masses of brown hair, and lit up by a years old, and a near table table to track five years before.

All sorts of plans had been made to track him, but they all failed, every one of them; three or four years; what would I be 'Ah, Mr. Haynes,' I said, bowing in a him, but they all failed, every one of them; and mischief His name, too. quite like the generality of names, had when he returned? He did not dare to dignified way, 'I am pleased to see you.' and the broker's secret was a secret still. nothing wonderful or striking by which to think. He believed I would be as tall as characterize it. He was simply Frank he was by that time. Wouldn't I? Haynes, nothing more or less, and when, 'I hope so,' I answered, tartly, the with a pleasant, easy grace, he sought to ing the while of the story of his engage- his finely cut lips, 'Your pardon, Miss near Regent's Park, though that was a fate any medical man would have predictwin my childish favor, I should have been | ment. quiet at home, had not the stunning knowledge of his art overpowered me. It a fine young lady, already, my little Phewas a strange freak for a child of ten be,' he answered, laughing heartily. You baby-brain that I must not like him, al- to-day, if my heart should break for it, though the while, in spite of myself, a would you? preference for his opinions, ways and looks, grew up strong within me. If he spoke to me when any one was observing him, I was silent and shrank away from him timidly, but when we were alone, I chatted and chirruped like a young robin. I think he must have noticed this, and from it taken into his head the boyish idea of teasing me. To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester no longer, now that he knew he should call me Mrs. Haynes-little She is a lady of spirit, you see.' Mrs. Haynes, and should be very angry if anybody in the house did not follow his gaily, fixing his blue eyes upon my face. able and wretched as I could well be, and example. I must not ever have any little beaux among the schoolboys now that my Never mind reports, my little lady.' and proper like any married woman who

was faithful to her husband. 'Would I agree to this?' he asked.' muslin apron, which I had been twisting about my fingers, to meet my mother's eye my eyes, gave a sudden dash down my ment my lips were closed resolutely, while again, never!' he, seeing at once the cause of my silence, reached out of the window and plucked a

to the mossy eaves.

her to toss her head and throw his gifts repeated them. carelessly by. All married women wore flowers which their husbands gave them.— you!' Would I wear the rose 27.

Little Mrs. Haynes? 'Yes, I would consent.'

look about for a husband. We were Mr. life. I wept before my time for the delicious and Mrs. Haynes. Did that suit me?' 'Oh, yes, that suited me! I liked that 17 Well, then, he should have to buy me

owned me.' 'No. I didn't want a ring!' 'Tut, tut, tut! That would never do. 'Phebe, Phebe! mother says come down People who were engaged to be married stairs! There is a gentleman in the parlor always gave such pledges. He should who wishes to see you.'

speak to father about it, so that it would

wear the ring ?' 'No, I didn't like rings!'

'No-I wouldn't like a ring at any rate.'

not wear. Not even when he made ready stitches at its commencement. for his departure, and told me that in a 'Who can it be that wishes to see me?' fore me pictures that he had drawn at his it, Charlie?' leisure, during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely executed drawings, the prettily seen a gentleman with a heavily bearded framed portrait of himself, but I would face come up the walk, but I was too busy at the supper table my father quite forgot

At last he went away from us. I shall never forget the morning, or how cold, figure, and his quick springing step, there because he was going away. It was no rapidly. Surely I had seen that face and name is Haynes! heart, no childish promise that assured ly dear to me trembled upon my lipshim, as he kissed my quivering lips, that 'Frank Haynes!' I would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs. Haynes.

name? 'Yes, I would.'

'I was a good girl, then, and he would never forget me. Good bye!'
Good bye!' My voice trembled and

portrait painter, who was about becoming could have been more faithful to her abweeks of the summer. Never before had The brightest moments of my life circled Among my schoolmates I had no childish imagination been furnished with so wide a love, no juveniles to wait upon me to sleigh

the wondrous man of the wondrous em- ed my ears, a rumor that Frank Haynes, know that I had worn it at all. Just then woman said she'd as leave have the Em-I had heard of portrait painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and the city. It was a dreadful blow to my Mother says little Mrs. Haynes is of him, and screamed if he came near them, Thornton, living at the West End. read of fairies in my little story books, or precious hopes and plans, though for a wanted down stairs,' remembrance, had hung portraits of my was the only little lady who should bear leaned my head upon a chair handle. no idea how their faces came stamped upon every fortnight, commencing his letters, me! I murmured to myself, as the hum of Everybody said the man had a secret. the dark canvas, or when or by whom 'Dear little Mrs. Haynes,' and telling me their conversation came clearly to my ears. Some thought he was a coiner, and others their shadows had been fixed within the to be faithful to him? And—and—would An hour passed away, and I heard a sound that he had committed murder, and went and accusing themselves bitterly—the ten- come over him. The mastiff face graduheavy gilt frames. Like the trees that he do this if he was engaged? No, not a of voices in the hall, then steps in the walk to look at the body or grave. Others der-hearted at least—for the trouble they ally grew more softened and humanized by the door, and the lilacs that bit of it! Some one had maliciously lied below. I did not glance eagerly from the again said he had a mad wife locked up in are bringing on him. Joe Mappin, the blossomed every year by the old gate, they about him, had manufactured the story window, or peer carefully from the half the garret, on straw; but none knew ex- hardest of his profession, the iron-hearted, mammon, into that of love, and death, and from their own wicked imagination. I But now my eyes were to rest upon the would not believe it, though the wide tightly over my eyes till the sound of foot- broad fact that there was a secret some- have a single human feeling, even he was before the purification of this great baptism.

its truth. set my prejudiced little mind to rights, the he had been. I was half across the room to Policeman X, 82. giant-like form! How entirely unlike next ceach set Frank down at our door.— before I noticed that I was not alone, and

Whew! You are taking on the airs of grown to be a fine lady.

'No, I have none to spare.'

'Not one?'

· Why? 'Cause--'

name was changed; but I must be prime I answered only by a curl of my lips.

to a seat upon his knee.

'My dear little Phebe!'

rose from a running vine that crept nearly manly voice, a quick, penetrating, surprised look in his clear, blue eyes, as he he was the veriest monster, instead of a Little Mrs. Haynes must wear the uttered these words, followed by a rapid, dear friend. What is the matter?

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. rose,' he said. 'It would never do for wondering expression of tenderness, as he

I stole quietly away from him out of the I glanced about the room again. My house, with that fervent benediction lying mother was no where to be seen, and so fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and I said that I would wear it if he wanted threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees, and sobbed out the 'And would I consent to be called heaviness that pressed upon my spirits. For hours I lay there in the mellow September sunshine, brooding over the little griefs that forever cling to a sweet, con- lightly from the room.

scious womanhood. a little gold ring to wear upon my third he left a small pearl box, which contained you a woman, reader and ask it?

The words broke harshly into my pleas-'Wouldn't I like a ring that he would my feet, upon the carpet, with its leaves every pulse in your heart beats for me rumpled and crushed, lay my neglected As well as this, Phebe ? Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin

During his stay, which was protracted condition, my sewing was lying, with the my tell-tale eyes, and be shocked that it to months instead of weeks, he strove in needle hanging by a long line of thread, had grown to be so near a wild, passionate every way to change my determination nearly to the floor, as if escaped luckily idolatry. about the engagement ring, as he termed from a round of monotonous hemming, it. I was inexorable. A ring I would which, as yet, boasted but two or three

few weeks he should be a thousand miles I exclaimed, rising hastily and calling after away from me, nor when he piled up be- my little six year old brother. 'Who is

'Don't know; it's somebody. Mother says come down.'

'Who can it be?' An hour since I had with my dreams to notice him very particu- himself and called me 'little Mrs. Haynes larly. Still, as I recalled his face and again. every day grief that bore down upon my form before, and a name that was singular-

But I could not go down to meet him, the foolish little girl of twelve summers character, and what that must have been, he had left five years ago in short frocks and both five years ago in short frocks and dearls, but a full-grown woman instead.

No, I was not the same. I would not go was reputed the hardest man of his trade; down. Besides, a sudden headache was and, as men of that trade are nonularly of me. fluttered upon the words. In my short down. Besides, a sudden headache was and, as men of that trade are popularly of me. when my father announced his intention life they were the hardest I had found to nearly blinding me. Mother could not ask supposed to be mere electrical machines, Would be still remember, tenderly,

and courtiers in the great world afar off. report. Hadn't Frank told me that he Please tell mother so; and I sank down District Bogle; and Old Joe Mappin Upon our parlor walls, from my earliest would never look about for a wife? that I upon a chair close by the window, and stood in Holborn Buildings, scaring the and are only brought to account when it and then he drove out of Holborn forever.

closed shutters, but clasped my hands actly what they thought, excepting the face of one whose existence had been like | world stood up before me and testified to steps died away in the distance, then I how; and of course, if belonging to him, touched by the gallant frankness and gra- | The journey—a long one for a dying As if to reward me for my faith, and softly into the silent parlor, where so lately but villainy to conceal,' said the inspector

summers, but somehow it crept into my wouldn't give me one of your brown curls so. But there was no pleasantry attempted the report had got about that it was a love and even food, had kept Mrs. Thornton answered her in a few evasive words, as landlord's little boy Teddy.

On my faith, she is!' he exclaimed calm, cool dignity, though I was as miser-

ness. All the time that I could spend in my while he reached out his hand to draw me | chamber, without being absolutely rude, o a seat upon his knee. | was passed there, till my strange, unusual 'No, I wouldn't sit there!' I cried, appearance was noticed by my father and which had been crowding there way into upon before our guest.

about my fingers, to meet my mother's eye my eyes, gave a sudden dash down my fixed laughingly upon my face. In a mo-burning cheeks. 'I'll never sit there mother, one morning, 'I really do not occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though | are to-night!'

'My dear little Phebe! May God bless

'Phebe!' roachful, but I did not heed it. ' He does hate me, mother! hates me

'Your pardon, little Phebe-Miss Lester -but he does not!' broke in the clear, 'Then all was right. He would never romance that had so silently and strangely rich voice of Mr. Haynes. 'Of all persons look about for a wife, nor I should never grown into the woof of my almost baby in the world—' He paused, and in a solid in a golden cage—how strange the manner their lives had passed for the last moment more I heard my mother step

'I am not cold, haughty and proud,' I When I returned to the house, Frank said excitedly, looking up into his face, had taken his leave, but in my work-basket and I do like you just as well-as well-'What, little Phebe?' he asked eagerly, finger, to let folks know that some one a plain gold ring! Did I wear it? Are a quick expression of joy lighting up his petted him as a woman only can pet, with- lavished his money like water and thought blue eyes.

'As well as ever I did!' I faltered. 'And how well is that? So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every be all right. If he was willing, would 1 ant dreams, which I had been weaving all strong, passionate hope of your womanly the long golden July afternoon, in the un- nature has reached out constantly to me? broken stillness of my little chamber. At As well as I have liked, ay loved you-till

> I covered my face that he might not dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled | read the whole expression of my love in

'Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth. in earnest, Phebe?' he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his knee.

' And will at last wear the ring?' I held up my finger before his eyes. 'My own darling little wife; at last my little Mrs. Haynes, in good faith,' he ex-

claimed, covering my lips with kisses. That night there were sly looks and glances cast toward me at every turn, and

Reader, I have been a happy wife for dull and cheerless it seemed to me. How seemed something strangely familiar in some three blessed, sunshiny years, and, dreary and desolate every thing looked, them. Who could it be? My heart beat as you may have already conjectured, 'my

## THE WIDOW:

lways be his little Mrs. Haynes.

'Would I write to him and sign that I did not wish to see him; why should I?

He looked like an old clothesman, but There was no occasion for it. I was not he was only a broker—a broker with a bad

plain gold circlet. The hot blood rushed to be put on miles round the neighborhood, quarters. But while I was in the very midst of up into my cheeks as I looked at it. I they prayed that it might not be by old my self-appointed lord and master was en- my brother came again to the door of my peror of Roosha' as him; her daughter said she'd liefer. The very children were afraid to seize the goods of a certain Captain unless they were impudent and mocked Captain was one of those gay, reckless, precious hopes and plans, though for a wanted down stairs.'
unless they were impudent and mocked Captain was one of those gay, reckiess, long time I battled against crediting the 'I have a terrible headache, Charlie. him. But to the little ones he was the loveable men, who, by dint of sheer ani-

crept stealthily down stairs and stepped a disgraceful one; the could have nothing

Why the report arose of his having a every person that I had ever seen or He thought he must come and see his litten, before I could make a hasty retreat, secret in his life was, because evening tle wife once more, he said, as I went a glad, merry voice rich with its golden after evening, he was seen stealing in the While these speculations were at their timidly forward to meet him, though he music, exclaimed: 'My own dear little dusk from his garret along Holborn towards have to put a loaf of hot bread upon my bent down to mine. I drew my head back the old man always contrived to escape, there was such a thing in the human heart genial nature. Stepping back from me and nearest to the discovery, but he lost him

red, laughingly, to our old engagement, he for 'he had a Californey-worth,' said his tives, who were perhaps not sorry now of though the subject was not an agreeable one One evening Joe set out as usual, with When the Captain died, then Joe Mappin his shabby old cloak and battered old hat, came forward openly. He told her he had his shadby old cloak and battered old nat, came forward openly. He told ner ne nad Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but but well enough beneath. He walked lived an Ishmaelite life, without pity and 'Cause what?'

'Because she has heard strange reports of you, Frank,' broke in my mother, mis
as cold and distant as he had been from but after he passed through his particular ence for humanity, such as he had never chievously. 'She hasn't any idea of letthe moment I first repulsed him. I would quarter, turning round constantly, as if to known before; and the old man bowed ting you rob her of her curls while she have given worlds to have recalled my uncough but in reality to see if any one were himself before as to a superior being, and how much I cared for him. For the future doubts your sincere allegiance to her .- lucky words, yet, since they were spoken, following, he walked briskly on, cutting besought of her the privilege of maintain-I would not unbend a moment from my through all sorts of queer alleys and bye ing her and her child. He wanted noth-And I trow I'm in love with her for it. knew that Mr. Haynes shared my wretched- have followed him. At last he came to a He had not a relation in the world to was passed there, till my strange, unusual appointments were in such perfect keeping, hoard; but he never knew to what end he I glanced up from the hem of my white pushing away his hand, while the tears, mother, and my mood commented freely simplicity about it as could only belong to Heaven, if she would accept her life on know how to understand you. I'm afraid fifteen—but slight of her age—leaning out happiness, and that sweet baby's—not his that Mr. Haynes will think you are not from among the geraniums, cried, in ans- own-he cared for in the offers! There was a real pathos in his rich, pleased to see him. Every chance that wer to his look, 'why, Joe, how late you

That sweet voice! The old man used of her subsistence? What could she do,

Nothing. The strangeness of my ap- its 'Joe!' for a good fippun' note! He hands to that strange old man, and burst pearance is but a reflection. I cannot help nodded to her affectionately, and carefully into tears of gratitude and shame, and sorit. Mr. Haynes hates and despises me scraping his shoes, went in with the air of row, all mixed up together as she faltered now,' I said, burying my tearful eyes in my a man who knows that he will be welcome. out 'Yes,' and took her fate from his hands.

the drawing room. fifteen-was sitting there embroidering. bound old Joe Mappin as her slave for life: Surrounded with every beauty and every the first, last, and only time a woman's luxury-nestled in that lonely home, like lips had ever touched him; and in this chance which had thrown together any- fifteen years. and watch her as she bent over-her embroidery, and to hear again that she was his life. contented and happy.

Margaret neither?

spoken to a father.

iug him 'Dear Joe' as if she meant it. And is there nothing that the little out seeing them once more. lady wants? said Joe, patting her head and smoothing down her curls. 'Has she on his face, the old man resolved to make gowns and bounets enough, lady? for you this long and perilous journey. He knew know she has but to ask and have.'

'Why, Joe, I don't wear such a frock it would be better even if he did, he said, in a week!' said Margaret, laughing; 'and sadly. He had done all he could do now; it was only last Tuesday you gave that he had established the dear ones, and his beauty, though I hadn't yet half worn my death would not deprive them of a farthing, blue silk.'

Joe Mappin drew her between his knees,

But they both said again that they had he was old and weak, he would not be done it of me when I was hardly able to sit up. worked by fliuts, not hearts, a supremacy all they could require, even if they were even by the biggest ruffian among them, During the next two year no lady-love But what would be think? Would be care? of flintiness must have left him a fearful princesses in a fairy tower, Margaret ad- he growled out. When the woman left BROWN'S COUGHS, &c. the conglomerate. He was a withered old ded; and when this assurance had been the conglomerate. He was a withered old ded; and when this assurance had been the room old Joe dragged himself as best the room old Joe dragged himself as best TROCHES "Beneficial in Brancountris."

DR. J. F. W. LANE, a resident in our village during a few sent knight than I was to Frank Haynes. little Mrs. Haynes of five years ago? man now, almost double with age and repeated to almost a wearisome number of he could to a small iron safe he had let Little! I repeated the word as I stood rheumatism, with a booked nose, and light times, Joe Mappin was content, and so into the wall with his own hand. No one an event so stirring and exciting in its ten- about the reception of his letters, the before the long mirror which gave back to brown eyes, red round the lids, and a rel psed into silence again. And there he knew it was there—not even the landlord, dency broken over the monotony of my greatest joy of life was in answering them. me an accurate picture of myself. A strange mixture of surliness and suspicion sat till the last rays of the sun had gone nor those prying eyes of little Teddy. slender, passable form; a dark, clear com- in his face. He looked a cross between a and candles had been brought—they were He unlocked it, and took out a roll of plexion; large grey eyes; a mouth whose mastiff and a weasel, which he was, in of the finest wax, you may be sure—a pe- bank notes, railway scrip, and mortgage redness seemed to have robbed my checks character as well as countenance No one culiar expression of tenderness on his mas- bonds, and tied them all in a cotton handand palpitated with such a strange mix- neighborhood delighted in. If I could of their color; white teeth; a forehead had a good word to say to him. The pub- tiff face, as she was reading a sweet chap- kerchief, together with a parchment tied ture of wonder and delight. A portrait not go and come alone, I would remain at broad, but not high; large, heavy braids lican at the corner was sure there was ter lovingly—listening to a noble song ad- with red tape, sealed with a big seal, and home, whatever might be the inducements of chestnut-brown hair, was the likeness something queer in a man who did not miringly. And then when he was quite endorsed 'Joe Mappin's will,' in his own TROCHES walls of my own home!—what a rare offered to tempt me from my unswering framed before my eyes. I turned away take an honest glass like the rest, and the muffled up in his greasy old cloak, as he chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in course. I was little Mrs. Haynes, and with a sigh, and glanced down to my hand. baker looked down on him because he ate had come, he left the house, and hobbled his greasy old cloak; and then the woman a new field of knowledge! What an ob- little Mrs. Haynes I was bent upon re- Upon the third finger of the left was a 'seconds' on principle. If a distress was rheumatically when he came near his own This, then, was the broker's secret. and

One this was its history. About fifteen years ago Joe Mappin, almost an old man even then, was called cious manner of his victim, and as for his man-tired him sadly. He did not care wife, that noble, patient, glorious woman, though for the pain it caused him; his rose up in his heart for her which he had his home—the home of of his spirit, of his never felt in his life before. It was an better and purer life, but he survived ithad seized, but which he always thought ried by the cabman in his arms as if he

Queen's Bench, and after a short term of imprisonment died suddenly of apoplexy.

I. and the broker's secret was a secret still.

I. Little Teddy, his landlord's, boy came the nearest to the discovery, but he lost him at last somewhere up in the New Road, see near Regent's Park, though that was a good measure to have taken, too. Moreover, he saw that Joe was decently dressed beneath his shabby old sloak—a thing no one else would wear; and from that time the report had got about that it was a love affair, with some mysterious celebrity, and that Joe was buying a wife with his cold.

Imprisonment died suddenly of apoplexy.

He had lived too freely and taken too little exercise; and being one of those fair haired men of sanguine temperament, who love idleness and luxury, he had met the fate any medical man would have predicted. His wife and child were thus left alone in the world and penniless. The broker had never lost sight of them. Gifts from an unknown hand, money, clothing, and even food, had kept Mrs. Thornton from want—all the more welcome as, by of the control of the proprietors are prepared to PRINT CHECKS.

NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

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PAPER BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS,

PRINTING IN COLORS AND PIAIN PRINTING, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, on the most reasonable terms, and in amaner not excelled by any establishment. My manner chilled at once his warm, Little Teddy, his landlord's, boy came the tle exercise; and being one of those fair-'I hope so,' I answered, tartly, think- releasing my hand, he said, with a curl of at last somewhere up in the New Road, love idleness and luxury, he had met the Lester; I had quite forgotten that you had good measure to have taken, too. More- ed. His wife and child were thus left grown to be a fine lady.

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a beneath his shabby old sloak—a thing no broker had never lost sight of them. Gifts quick, impetuous glance upon him as I did one else would wear; and from that time from an unknown hand, money, clothing, on his part, and when my mother entered affair, with some mysterious celebrity, and from want—all the more welcome as, by the room, a few moments after, and refer- that Joe was buying a wife with his gold; her marriage, she had displeased her relathis excuse to avoid maintaining her .places, winding and doubling like a fox; ing, he said, but to know that they were the best topographer in London could not happy, and sometimes to hear them say so. pretty house in Regent's Park-a house whom he could leave his money-not one evidently inhabited by a gentlewoman of that they would wrong by taking it; he fortune, as well as of taste! for all the had hoarded because it was his nature to and there was such a wealth of costly saved. Now he should have saved for both of these conditions. The broker these easy terms. They were not hard! looked up at the window as he came be- and if she objected to his going to see her, neath it, and a little girl of fourteen or he would not. Indeed, indeed, it was her

What could she do, that gentlewoman without friends or fortune, or the means to say himself, that he would not exchange but look at her child, hold out both her

He took off his hat and cloak and put them She understood the truth of his feelings, away in a dark corner, and then clean and and was herself too noble to assume a false My mother's voice was stern and re- respectable looking, he went up stairs to dignity which would have been less digni-

fied than the acceptance of his generosity. A lady, still beautiful and still young - She thanked him by her tears, and she young at least for the mother of a child of kissed his withered hand; and that touch

thing so graveful as that lady and the old He took a beautiful little house for the Jew broker. Yet they were well acquaint- widow and hef child, and furnished it with ed; they were even friends; for she rose every luxury, dress, jewelry, furniture, when he entered, and advanced towards ornaments-whatever it might be that was him kindly and shook hands with him, and rare and expensive he bought them. He out any visible overt act. But all that nothing eear which would call forth a Joe seemed to wish for was to sit a little, smile faom the child. Their pleasure repaid him everything; it was his Heaven,

ontented and happy.

But the time was coming fast, now,
'Are you certain, sure that you want when poor old Joe Mappin, the broker, for nothing? inquired Joe; 'nor Miss must face the boundary lines between time and eternity, and learn the great secret .--'Nothing, Joe, nothing,' and the sweet When the winter had killed Margaret's lady looked up affectionately, as if she had flowers, had stripped her geraniums of their leaves and had frozen the songs of the birds, 'That's enough, that is all I want,' the old man and Death stood face to face. muttered Joe, and then he went back into His rheumatism and asthma had been very the depths of his quiet meditations, watch- bad for a long while; and living in his ing the lady's face, and even now and then niggard and neglected way had not given glancing round the room, as if to see that him the best chance of recovery. He knew all was right, and to find out where he could not die in peace could alter and improve. After this had without looking once more on those two gone on for a short time, Joe Mappin ask- faces he loved so much—the only two he ed for Margaret in an uncouth way, ever loved through the whole of his long strangely softened, like a mastiff partly life. They could not come to him, for mesmerised. The lady rang the bell and they did not know his address nor even his Margaret came. It seemed to be the usual surname. He was only 'Joe' in the beauway in which she was summoned when the | tiful house in Regent's Park, and the serbroker was there, for she came at once, vants thought he was 'Missus's queer old without giving the servant time to call uncle-perhaps from lngey or furren her. She also showed the most unaffected parts.' But if they could not come to him, gratitude and love for the old man, run- he would go to them-and must-whatever ning up to him and taking his hand, call- the risk. He could not die happy, he believed he could not pass away at all-with-

> he should hasten the supreme moment, but or a single comfort. He had saved enough; let him die! He sent for a neighbor to for his fair up to Regent's Park. Because handwriting. He hid the bundle under came back, and found him panting and pale, and she screamed out dying. But he swore at her between each gasp, and told her to hold her noise and to help him down stairs. And then half stumbling and half carried the old man got down the stairs at last; and so was put into the cab.

He gave the man his direction in an undertone, jealously guarding the name mal magnetism, live for years on credit, from the crowd standing curiously about; riotous small fry of the gutters, for 'the becomes a matter of life and death to some As he left his old neighborhood, with allare as sorry for their creditor as if it were of which he had been the instrument, and themselves going to the Queen's Bench, the heartless cause, a change seemed to He was passing from the world of men and grasping broker, who was believed not to the evil influences of his material life faded

with her little one in her arms-something only fear was he should die ere he reached infinite yearning worship, such as he had in a sad state of suffering and prostration; read of in the novels of the libraries he and only just survived it; for when carfailing life left him power to do, was to murmur faintly, 'It is all yours,' to die Captain Thornton was carried off to the with her tears falling softly on his face.

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