want to see Stanton and his fossil aunt.'

'Should you suppose any mortal youth

'My dear Charles,' said the old lady, at

tures as these since I was a child. How

' And you are not ashamed of your old-

'On the contrary, dear aunt, I am as

Agatha heard it all, and she also heard

And there she stopped resolutely.

furs and jingling bells. All the fashiona-

There were not many upon that day who

around the shoulders with snowy ermine,

The gilded chandeliers had been lighted,

here he comes to speak for himself-the

Agatha turned caimly to welcome the

ere he touched his lips to the glass.

'Never touch wine! and pray why

Because it is against my principles,

Fitz Aubyn curled his lips in contemp

tuous silence, that was several degress

harder when a young man leaped forward

'Offer it to him yourself, Miss Milne;

Agatha had grown very pale, but with-

Stanton looked at her with calm gra-

Miss Milne, I should be a coward in-

fell from Agatha's hand, and shivered into ground-and, in time, green will be the

a thousand sparkling fragments; she bit grass rich and varied the flowers which will

her scarlet lip until the blood started, with spring forth to be culled by our own hands.

deed did I allow your persuasions to sway

'Will you not take it from me?'

said Stanton, with quiet firmness.

to interpose his word.

here: where's your glass?'

Chevalier Charley Stanton!'

her.

'I knew you would enjoy it, aunt.'

moment.

started.

ful revery.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. SLISHED SVERY TURSDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DULL STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

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

THE DRAFTED WIDE-AWAKE. I was a glorious Wide-Awake, I was a glorious Wide-Awake,
All marching in a row;
And wore a shiny oil cloth cape,
About two years ago.
Our torches flared with turpentine,
'And filled the streets with smoke;
And we were sure, whate'er might come,
Secession was a joke.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things that now I know. The things that now I know, I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake

About two years ago. I said the South would never dare I said the count would never date
To strike a single blow;
I thought that they were cowards then,
About two years ago.
And so I marched behind a rail, And so I marched behind a rail,
Armed with a wedge and maul;
With honest Abe upon a flag,
A boatman gaunt and tall.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake

About two years ago. My work was good, my wages high,
And bread and coal was low;
The silver jingled in my purse
About two years ago.
In peace my wife and children dwelt,
Happy the live-long day,
And war was but the fearful ourse
Of countries far away. Of countries far away.
O, if I then had only dreamed

The things which now I know. I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake About two years ago. My wife sits pale and weeping now, My children crying low; I did not think to go to war

About two years ago.

And no one now will earn their food, And no one now will earl their rood,
No one will be their shield;
God help them when I lie in death
Upon the bloody field!
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.

One brother's bones half-buried lie Near the Antietam's flow; He was a merry, happy lad About two years ago. And where the Chickahominy Moves slow towards the se Was left another's wasted corpseas lett another's wasted corpse—
I am the last of three.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.

Just now I saw my torch and cape, They are not now what once they seemed About two years ago.

I thought I carried Freedom's light thought I carried Freedom's light
In that smoky, flaming brand;
've learned I bore destruction's torch—
That wedge has split the land.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been n Wide-Awake
About two years ago.

THE DOUBLE ROBBERY.

Toward the close of the last century Northumberland and the border were terribly infested by those-to the bucolic mind—particularly obnoxious specimens of the genus thief known as 'rievers,' or lifters of cattle.'

Almost all the rascals who followed this not unlucrative profession trusted chiefly to mere brute ferce to carry out successfully their nefarious schemes. There was, however, one exception to this rule to be found in the person of a celebrated freebooter, known as 'Dickey of Kingswood. This worthy openly expressed his disapprobation of his rivals' vulgar mode of following their profession, and repeatedly boasted that he could achieve twice as much by his cunning as they could by their brute force. Nor was this assertion of his empty boasting-far from it.

In a few years' time Dickey's name became the terror of the country side. No farmer felt secure when he retired to rest at night that his cattle might not have vanished before morning. So cleverly, moreover, were all Dickey's enterprises conducted, that no man could ever succeed in making personal acquaintance with him. He openly set justice at defiance, and laughed at the futile efforts of law to punish him. Perhaps, however, the best way to illustrate the adroitness and good luck which characterized all Dickey's proceedings will be for me to relate the story of one of his exploits.

It appears, then, that during the course of his peregrinations through Northumberland, one fine afternoon, Dickey's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a pair of fine oxen which were quietly grazing in a field near Denton Burn, a viliage distant three miles from Newcastle.

Determined to possess them, Dickey hung about the place till nightfall, watch ed where the animals were driven to, and -his usual good fortune assisting himspeedily secured his prize. He also contrived, by the exercise of his accustomed cunning, to leave such traces behind him as made the owner of the oxen certain that the freebooter had made off toward Tweed. Thither he accordingly proceeded in hot haste. In the interim, however, Dickey had lost no time in 'making tracks' towards the west country, and so expeditious were his movements that in a short time he reached Lanercost, in Cumberland. Here he fell in with an old farmer on horseback. who, being delighted with the appearance

of the oxen, forthwith purchased them. Dickey was of course rejoiced at getting rid so pleasantly of a charge which could not fail to be troublesome-nay, possibly dangerous-to him longer to retain. The farmer, moreover, was mounted upon a splendid mare, which Dickey, with his peculiar ideas on the subject of meum and teum, at once resolved by fair means or foul, to secure. He therefore willingly accepted the farmer's hospitable invitation to accompany him to his house in order that they might 'crack' a bottle of good wine in honor of their bargain.—
Presently Dickey inquired of the farmer

if he would sell him his mare? 'Sell you my mare!' exclaimed his host, all aghast at this proposition. 'Sell my mare? No, thank you.' Why, there's not her equal in the whole north country! 'I do not doubt it, Mr. Musgrave,' responded Dickey: and from what I saw of her paces this morning, I am quite of your opinion that there's not her equal within a hundred miles of us; but,' added the obsequious Dick, 'since you will not sell her, I can only wish you a long life and good health to enjoy her.'

This sentiment was of course duly hon-

ored in a bumper. Dickey, that you keep a close look-out after your stable door, because now, where that rascal Dickey of Kingswood is allowed to be at liberty, a man cannot be sure but that any fine morning he may find his stable empty.'

'Stable! ha! ha!' chuckled the farmer. 'I think,' he continued, 'that Dickey Kingswood would find it rather difficult to steal my mare from her stable !'

'Indeed! where may her stable be situated?' inquired Dickey. 'Her stable! bless you, sir!' answered Mr. Musgrave, her stable is in my bed room! I'm a bachelor, and so every night I fasten her to my bed post. I have had a manger put up for her in the room, and no music is so pleasant to me as to hear her grinding her corn all night by my

bedside. Dickey was astounded-as well he might be-at such unheard of precautions; but disguising his astonishment, he contented himself by simply expressing to the farmer With which so oft, in former years, we've seared where he might know he would meet all his hearty approval of the means he

adopted to secure the safety of his favorite. your bed room door?' was Dickey's next 'feeler.' 'Come with me, and I will show it you,

replied the unsuspecting farmer. This was just what Dickey wanted .-He examined the lock carefully, and soon satisfied himself that he could pick it without much difficulty. He, however, declared to Musgrave that it was just the right sort of lock;' 'it couldn't have been better in fact; it was quite non-pickable,'

Again the cup passed round, and after draining a bumper to their 'next merry meeting' Dickey departed.

The old farmer, after his guest's leavetaking had been completed; carefully went the rounds of his house, locking doors and closing windows with all due precaution. He then, as usuar, tied his mare to her accustomed post, retired and was soon lulled to sleep by the sound of his favorite grinding her corn.

So the night wore away. Presently, as the first gray streaks of day began to appear, Mr. Musgrave awoke, and feeling very cold and chilly, looked around to ascertain the cause. To his astonishment, he found that all the coverlets had been taken off his bed and that his blankets had been spread out upon the floor. For what purpose? thought Mr. Musgrave. Was he the victim of some horrible nightmare, or was he really awake? Mechanically his eye glanced to the spot where his mare should have been. She was not there !-She was gone-stolen! During the night some daring thief had broken into the farm house, had picked the lock on the door of house, had picked the lock on the door of its mighty roar, the bed room, had spread the blankets When New York shall swell the chorus with Three so emphatically spoken that Fitz Aubyn over the floor, so that the hoofs of the mare should make no noise, and ha thus triumphantly made off with his prize.

Of course Mr. Musgrave roused his household, and commenced a vigorous search after the thief. It was useless .-The despoiler had left no traces behind him, and so Mr. Musgrave was obliged to imself with venting curses—neither

nor far between-upon the thief. In the meantime our friend Dickeymare, and was every moment increasing out of them. the distance between her outraged owner and himself. So great was the speed of with a knot of scarlet roses, whose velvet the mare, that by the break of day Dickey | petals glowed in her belt-ribbon, and lifted felt himself secure from pursuit. He had up her soft hazel-brown eyes with a prodirected his steps to the eastward, and while crossing Haltwhistle Fell, whom should he encounter but the veritable three days before and had just sold to Mr. Musgrave!

Dickey knew the owner of the oxen well, but, luckily for the freebooter, that injured individual did not know him. He therefore accosted Dickey, and inquired if he had seen any oxen in the course of his travels similar to those he described him-

self to Dick as being in search of. 'Why to be sure I have!' replied you describe, grazing in Mr. Musgrave's appearance, and learned, on inquiry, from one of his servants, that Mr. Musgrave had purchased them just yesterday. Undoubtedly the oxen are yours. I would claim them.

'Certainly I will,' replied the other .-But I am tired with hard walking, and it is a long way to Lanercost. I see you ride a good beast. Will you sell her? After some hard bargaining, terms were

stolen oxen, actually from the very owner while Dickey proceeded 'where he listed. The next day the farmer reached Laner-

cost and at once recognized his own oxen grazing in the field. He forthwith rode up apron-strings for life ?' to an elderly man standing near, whom he indged to be the owner of the field, and exclaimed :

'I say, friend, those are my oxen in your field! How may you have come by

them ?' riding! How may you have come by her, convinced that Charles Stanton is a noble

Each of course described the person from whom they had respectively purchased the done, they discovered they had indeed shawl.' been 'sold' by a rogue of no common order.

So laughable did the joke appear-even to those who had to 'pay the piper' in the of pictures in - street, you know.' affair-that neither party could prevent breaking out into a peal of merriment the imperial port of a young queen. when the particulars were fully disclosed.

back his own property. Musgrave was of superb paintings whose gilded frames liter- hand. course overjoyed at the recovery of his ally covered the walls of that vast suite of favorite mare and the Denton Burn farmer apartments. Here and there groups of out speaking she filled one of the tiny being equally delighted at the recovery of his oxen, it fell out that, in the general quietly pocket the sale money of both mare and oxen.

Whether Dickey ultimately came to an untimely end, or whether he reformed his ways, and died, duly 'shrived,' in his own bed, history telleth not.

Certain it is, however, that to this day his deeds are 'household words' in many 'I hope, Mr. Musgrave,' next observed parts of Northumberland, and the mention of his name among the peasantry is considered synonymous with 'cuteness.'

The wool clip of Ohio will this year amount to thirteen millions of pounds-two various observers. millions greater than the clip of 1861.

SONG OF THE DEMOCRACY.

Addressed to Father Abraham.

BY DOUGLAS A. LEVIEN. We are coming, father Abraham, Three Hundred
Thousand strong,
To save you from the clutches of the Abolition

Where?'
Opera-glass.

throng. You've heard from Pennsylvania, and from Indiana, And Ohio has been speaking through her ballot-box Look a little nearer the earth, if you

to you!
The sturdy men of Iron, from the Furnace and the Mine,
With the Hoosiers and the Buckeye boys, are wheeling into line:
They are marching to the music of the Union, as of wanted.

Without remark—she smiled a little, however, which was all that Fitz Aubyn wanted.

yore.

And New York is coming after them, Three Hundred Thousand more! We are marching, Father Abraham, to that familiar last-century specimen to a place like this,

that same old coon!
Once more from hill and valley it rings forth with his fashionable acquaintances? Upon my word, I believe he'll take her to the opera dopted to secure the safety of his favorite.

| Cheerful sound, | found. See! Every star is blazoned on the banner we unyou of Don Quixote in his youthful days? For the Union that our Jackson saved, our Seymour

will uphoid!

To scatter all the Nation's foes—the Union to restore, We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand more!

Probably she has money to leave one of these days,' said Agatha, the distrustful element uppermost in her mind for the

We are coming, Father Abraham, and as we march We are coming, Father Abraham, and as we march along,
We'll relieve you from the "pressure" of the Abolition throng!
You told them that you couldn't make a pig's leg of its tail,
And that against the Comet Papal bulls would not avail;
They wouldn't heed your anecdotes, or listen to your plea—
They swore that White Men should be slaves and Niggers should be free!

'Not a red cent. I know, for I've inquired. She is 'in reduced circumstances'—that's the term I believe—but Stanton is very fond of her, nevertheless. She has come up to town from the backwoods for a few days, and '—
He paused abruptly as the very pair in question approached, still absorbed in pic-

Niggers should be free!

But you need not mind their ravings now, or tremble at their roar— For we're coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred length, 'you cannot imagine what a treat this is to me-I have not seen such pic-We are coming, Father Abraham, so cast away your

fears: tures as these since I was a confer.

It's the Democratic "slogan" that is ringing in your thoughtful of you to bring me here. ears! They pretend to call us Traitors! But we point you That soaks into Virginia's soil—that dyes Potomac's fashioned relative among these gay young flood—
That stains the hills of Maryland, the plains of people?

Such "Traitors," Father Abraham, this Union loves proud as a monarch while you are leaning It's a growing "Traitor" army that is thundering at your door,

And New York will swell its columns with Three
Agatha he

Hundred Thousand more!

We are coming, Father Abraham, to vindicate the of some companion :-Thank you, but don t recede upon upon to some of your party at the opera this evel answer: ocuses!

Our motto is, "The White Man's Rights:" for this we've battled long—
For this we'll fight with sinewy arms, with earnest hearts and strong—
For this we'll burst Fort Warren's bars and crumble

Long attention of this eventual as one of your party at the operation as one of your party at the operat

Lafayette—
For this we'll crush the Nation's foes, and save the 'Did you ever see such a fellow as Stanton?' 'Never,' was Agatha's reply, but it was

Union yet! Thus speaks the North! Oh! Abraham, you'll heed Hundred Thousand more!

LOVE AND MORAL COURAGE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

return home disconsolate, and to content tery of this true woman's reason? Be- makes men reckless in battle. I banished. That day will never come on means ten thousand things that cause ' pretty, dimpled lips don't choose to put into shape-it means they know why perfor his was the deed-was comfortably feetly well themselves, but won't tell; and Day it was! There had been just snow from the dusty city, you and us can talk mounted upon Mr. Musgrave's favorite not all the coaxing of curiosity can get it enough in the night to form a white glis-

And so pretty Agatha Milne played vokingly absent, unconscious look.

But, Agatha, pursued Ruth Ellen- and the ladies putting the last touches to its leaves, looks inviting, but its trunk is wood, stopping for a moment in her occu- their gorgeous toilettes. owner of the oxen he had stolen two or pation of braiding and arranging Agatha's beautiful waves of auburn gold hair. I'm sure I've heard you say, again and again, he was such a pleasant partner at balls and in her splendid drawing-rooms, every parties, and-oh, Agatha, don't jerk your mirror flashing back her loveliness. head so, or I shall have to braid all these dress was very simple-pink silk edged strands over again.'

'Nonsense—that's no test at all!' said and long sprays of jessamine drooping from Agatha, pettishly, the peach-like crimson her hair; yet she knew that she had never mounting her cheek; what can you tell been so beautiful as now, as she listened about a young man, from a mere ball-room with languid smiles to the compliments dablia, so beautiful in its delicately tinted Dickey; 'with the very same marks as acquaintance? Any one can be agreeable showered upon her. It was nothing new. enough to hold your boquet, or bring you rather struck,' he continued, 'by their not to tread on your toes in the polks, nor baster clock on the mantel pointed to a late not to tread on your toes in the polka, nor baster clock on the mantel pointed to a late to step on your flounces in a promenade.' 'I know it,' said Ruth, 'but the ques- nounced a new incursion of guests, and

tion is '--But the question is,' interrupted the gay party of young men. advise you to go to Lanercost at once and | imperious young beauty, 'how do I know | that Mr. Fitz Aubyn, silver-tongued as he am not too late to wish you the happiest pearly stream singing by us is often roiled, your mind, your fortune, your future, your is to me, with his homage and compliments, don't go home and swear at his mother and you suppose I saw steering in the direction finest hair of your head, my boy, is in re- terrible machine until, according as you sisters? How do I know that Mr. Jenning, who has the whole dictionary at his finger-ends, does not cheat his landlady? agreed upon, the purchase money was paid | What means have I of ascertaining that down on the spot, and Dickey and the young St. Simons, who is such a graceful farmer separated; the farmer to seek his waltzer and agreeable small-talker, does searcely have discerned the deeper shade beauty. The wished for country has its not finish his evening in a drinking saloon? of the stolen mare he was himself riding, Oh, Ruth, we have tests for ascertaining cheek, as he quietly came forward to greet misery than pen or tongue can tell. spuricus dollars and counterfeit bank notes, but how on earth are we to know a counterfeit husband, until he is tied to our

for her bonnet, but the long eye-lashes let us drink to the health of our fair hostess, Miss Agatha Milne.' drooped low with a very suspicious

Well,' said Ruth, caressingly patting Agatha's tiny hand, 'I'm very, very thank-'And I'll be hanged, replied the other, ful that Providence didn't make me a beauafter taking a long, astonished look at ty and an heiress, since it has a tendency to the animal on which his questioner was awake suspicion and distrust. But, Agatha, mounted,) 'if that's not my mare you are in spite of all you have said, I feel firmly

fellow.' 'Very likely,' said Agatha, lightly; but here is Fitz Aubyn, with those splen- | wine.' oxen and the mare; and when this was did white horses of his, so give me my

And whither are your footsteps to be directed to to-day?'

'Oh, we are going to that private view And Agatha swept out of the room with The white lustre of moonlight pouring

settle the affair was for each party to take frosted glass, gave a life-like glow to the gallantry as to refuse it from your fair blast is piping. Keep still and thank God absorbed dilettanti moved with subdued goblets, and held it towards Charles Stanwhispers and brandished opera-glasses, as burst of rejoicing, Dickey was allowed to if it were a forbidden thing to speak above one's breath in the presence of those fair landscapes and classic scenes from history's

Directly in front of one of the finest works of art stood a pair who had uncon- me from the fixed principles which are the sciously been the object of many a curious guiding stars of my whole life.' glance and whispered observation of the other sight-seers-a tall, stylish-looking young man, with an old lady leaning on his arm. whose antique dress of snuffcolored bombazine and oddly-shaped beaver a strange sympathetic thrill of exultation. bonnet occasioned a good many covert Had he wavered for an instant in his de- In his own castle, the king can be safesmiles and half-concealed titters from the termination, she would have despised in his hut, the occupant can bar the door,

O, by the way, Miss Milne, said Fitz A very poor investment, those horses can you and us do, my boy, with the door

most leisurely and epicurian manner. Agatha turned her head accordingly,

all the Beauties?

who it is. Perhaps you will wish to ride wits nor her property, I hope?' would have the courage to bring such a 'No; but I've lost the latter item pretty alone. Better go a thousand miles to find effectually. Who do you suppose she is a friend! than take in one who is not. going to marry ?'

low in suspense in this sort of way.' and cotton umbrella! Don't he remind 'Probably she has money to leave one rent in this world.' 'Not a red cent. I know, for I've in-

columns. question approached, still absorbed in picto a lifelong question, she's apt to prefer a the days or hours thereof. safe man for her husband."

sidered his position too precarious to be has more money in his pocket than we have

busy as a bee working at her cousin's wed- that not one in ten are as happy as ourding robe of spotless white satin, and ask- selves, or get through the world with as ing ten thousand questions, the final of little trouble. The breeze might have vhich always was :

why you didn't like him, and now you are good ones, or they would not fall off as do just as bad. Tell me, that's a darling, rose leaves, themselves worthless, while why you changed our mind?' him answer, in reply to the gay challenge

'Oh—because!

Valter and Us Continue Our Valk.

AND HAPPINESS WHERE WE HAD NOT

LOOKED FOR IT. People never know how to be happy, my boy. There is not one of God's living And that night, when the courted beau- images but has anchored in his heart a ty was brushing out her luxuriant hair, she boat which braves out, and tosses upon paused many a time and fell into a thought- life's roug; sea, waiting as it rocks and pitches, for a full freight of happiness, at earth, my boy. may look ahead—the morrow may be golden-till the morrow What a glorious, bracing New Year's comes. As we valk along this road, away quietly over these matters. We can talk

tening coat over everything, and afford an of little things unnoticed by those who are excellent excuse for the merry sleighs that in great haste to finish this book-for one darted hither and thither with streaming they know not of. The tree which spreads it branches out ble world was astir-the gentlemen busily as a mother holds her hands to the tottling consulting their interminable list of calls, infant, seeming to ask us to be seated under covered with bugs and ants. The beautiful green leaf, which toys with the evening received more adulation than Agatha breeze, bears on its under surface insect Milne, as she stood like a young empress cities which will hasten its fall. The limb above us is half decayed, though the foliage thereon is yet green and fresh. The little white stone at our feet is the roof for ugly worms and beetles. The rose which laughs at its escape from yonder hedge-the rose which looks so sweet, has in its centre leaves a score of little bugs. The lovely handsome oil painting, on close examination seems like a daub, made by amateur hands. The crimson cloud seeming to be M. Fitz Aubyn entered, surrounded by a nister to kiss the lips so sweet to him, are

close inspection reveals all the imperfections of the face of the setter. The rustnew comer, and the keenest eye could ling silk has yawning stiches to mar its of color that glowed on her delicate dark side—the thronged city sees more

On everything, my boy, the destroyer 'Fill your glasses, gentlemen,' exclaim- has set his seal. There is nothing perfect. ed Fitz Aubyn, holding high above his Still we can make the most of what we head a tiny chalice of engraven Bohemian | have. We can valk along through life-She laughed as she sprang up to look glass, brimming with crimson wine, 'and passing by the dark scenes--lingering today by those of beauty, of joy and love. If to-morrow brings others, well and good. The impromptu toast was received with If not, the happiness we find to-day is general acclamations of satisfaction, and clear gain. We must learn to take the Fitz Aubyn glanced around a second time bitter with the sweet. Roses grow on to see if all had followed his injunctions, brambles. Flowers of beauty and fragrance spring from the most neglected places. There is joy and happiness every-'Come, Stanton, no lack of chivalry where, if we do not look for too much at 'I will drink Miss Milne's health in a time. Some of these evenings, Valter, clear iced-water with the greatest pleasure,' you and us will sit quietly down, and by

said Stanton, smiling; but never touch ourselves have a picture of happiness. Not now my boy, but very soon. The morning sun is the most pleasant. Its hot, mid-day beams are not what we want. Full rays of happiness bring more misery along than we can endure. Let us he thankful for what we have, and all will be well. Enjoy the present-hope for the future. The hour may look dark-there is light beyond. Be happy while you can. When in the house, do not put your head It was now clear that the only way to down through the circular dome of the surely he cannot be so lost to all sense of out of the window, to see how hard the you are safe for a moment-if no longer. Borrow no trouble. It will be left at your door as fast as you can use it. The ice man calls in the morning, and leaves the cold crystal, in small or large cakes, as you use. Time leaves cakes, chucks and blocks of trouble in the same way. Daily he leaves them. Ice is no colder-ice will not melt quicker, if you but leave it out of doors. If you have no use for trouble, do not go or send out for it, my boy. Let it lie and melt. Lie and melt is a good

Every man is monarch in his own heart.

and none but bidden guests can enter. So

Aubyn, as, in their progress round the rooms, this couple gradually came in view, boy in story books," muttered Fitz Aubyn, as he strode all, yet."

'You haven't seen the greatest curiosity of about four weeks subsequently, as he strode into the brilliantly illuminated saloons of the Club House. 'Here, waiter, a glass of brandy and water—quick!'

'You are mistaken—it don't hang on the walls,' returned Fitz Aubyn, laughing.
'Look a little nearer the earth, if you haven't seen the greatest curiosity of about four weeks subsequently, as he strode into the brilliantly illuminated saloons of the Club House. 'Here, waiter, a glass of brandy and water—quick!'

'What's the matter, Fitz? You look the walls,' returned Fitz Aubyn, laughing.
'Look a little nearer the earth, if you haven't seen the greatest curiosity of about four weeks subsequently, as he strode into the brilliantly illuminated saloons of the Club House. 'Here, waiter, a glass of brandy and water—quick!'

'What's the matter, Fitz? You look as black as a thunder cloud,' observed a black as a thunder cloud,' observed a brand any climate. The tone is very deep, round, full and mellow; the out rouble, either real or imaginary. Grief seld m kills—true friends—the strong have feel the nightmare of sorrow by brooding and worrying over trouble, either real or imaginary. Grief seld m kills—true friends never desert you. Leeches quit of the best and worrying over trouble, either real or imaginary. Grief seld m kills—true friends never desert you. Leeches quit of the best and worrying over trouble, either real or imaginary. Grief seld m kills—true friends never desert you. Leeches quit of the best and worrying over trouble, either real or imaginary. Grief seld m kills—true friends never desert you. Leeches quit of the best and worrying over trouble, either real or imaginary. Prices from \$175 to \$700.

'What's the matter, Fitz? You look as black as a thunder cloud,' observed a black as a thunder cloud,' observed a branch friends—

'What's the matter, Fitz? You look as marble pillar and picking his teeth in a most leisurely and epicurian manner.

'The matter! Do you remember that manginger that another. Then you can magnificent Agatha Milne, the Queen of all the Beauties?'

'Of course I do; she hasn't lost her with you, ask not the first one you overtake, except you know wits nor her property. I hope?'

'On the matter of the property of the part of the property of the part of the property of the part of the part of the property of the part of the part of the property of the part of the part of the part of the property of the part of the marble pillar and picking his teeth in a know your troubles. If you would ride magnificent Agatha Milne, the Queen of singing on your way, and be happy.

> Look around us, my boy. Look ahead 'I am sure I cannot guess. Do tell to the work of life, with heart and nerve. your news at once, and don't keep a fel- Then all troubles vanish. Look back and you will see a thousand incidents in life-Well, she is going to become Mrs. now sacred to memory—the uncared for Charley Stanton; actually going to marry and almost unnoticed. They were moa man with a fossil aunt, and principles ments of happiness studding the dome of that wont allow him to drink a glass of life, as the golden headed bolts stud the wine! Bah! the humbug that passes cur- floor of God above us, and glisten in mysterious tremor while we sleep. We pass 'I could have prophesied as much be- them daily, little dreaming the fact, as the fore, my dear boy, if you would only have traveler passes parallels of the meridiandone me the honor to listen to me,' ob- to look back and see them far in the past. served the other, coolly unfolding the We can look back and see how much we newspaper, so as to get at the inside missed in not knowing which were our 'You gay, dashing young fel- happy moments-and, my boy, we can lows are all very well as long as a girl also in retrospect wonder, and wonder how wants to amuse herself; but when it comes little troubles could have worried us so in

> The trouble is, my boy-we think every Fitz Aubyn groaned deeply, but con- one is happier than ourselves-every one worth arguing.
>
> In ours—more comfort by the raminy hearth than we enjoy, while the truth is hearth than we enjoy, while the truth is been a hurricane—the shower a hail storm. But, Agatha, you never would tell me The friends we at times lose were never the pod with the germ of so many beauti-And Agatha only laughed and crimson- ful flowers remains. Valter, just think if ed, and made the same old provoking you are not much happier than you thought you were.—La Crosse Democrat.

CHILD AND WOMAN .- What is there in the glance of a young girl? Nothing and everything—a mysterious abyss, half open, then suddenly closed. There is a time when every young girl looks thus. Woe to him upon whom she looks! This first glance of a soul which does not know itself, is like the dawn in the sky. It is the awakening of something radiant and unknown. Nothing can express the dangerous charm of this unlooked-for gleam which and does not know itself, with splendid vignette; music by Grailla, leader of the 7th Regiment Band. Joents. The Seren Sons' Gallop, and Laura Keene Baker. Music Box Gallop, by Herring, 35 cents. Union Waltz, La Grassa, 25 cents. Volunteer Polka, Goldbeck, 25 cents each; Airy Coatles, 30 cents, all by A. E. Parkhurst. Freedom Truth and Right Grand March, with splendid vignette; music by Carl Heineman, 60 cts. softo voce tone, shrugging his shoulders. IN WHICH WE FIND SMILES AMONG TEARS, everything—a mysterious abyss, half open, BY AMY RANDOLPH.

But why don't you like him, Agatha?

But why don't you like him, Agatha?

Moral courage!' she murmured to hersuddenly suffuses adorable mysteries, and
which is made up of all the innocence of
the present and all the passion of the fusuddenly suffuses adorable mysteries, and
which is made up of all the innocence of
the present and all the passion of the future. It is a kind of irresolute lovingness
when care, trouble and sorrow shall be
banished. That day will never come on
ause.' means ten thousand things that.

But revery.

NEW VO O A L M U S I C.

I will be true to thee; A penny for your thoughts; Litsuddenly suffuses adorable mysteries, and
which is made up of all the innocence of
the present and all the passion of the guaranteer. Where it is a kind of irresolute lovingness
ture. It is a kind of irresolute lovingness
which is revealed by chance, and which is
which is revealed by chance, and which is which is revealed by chance, and which is waiting. It is a snare which innocence unconsciously spreads, and in which she catches hearts without intending it, and without knowing it. It is a maiden glancing like a woman. It is rare that deep reverie

is not born of this glance wherever it may fall. All that is nure and all that is vestal is concentrated in that celestial and mortal glance, which more than the most studied ogling of the coquette, has the magic power of suddenly forcing into bloom in the depths of the heart this flower of the shade. full of perfumes and poisons, which is called love. The glances of women are like certain peacefully really formidable machines. You pass them every day quietly, with impunity, and without suspicion of danger. There comes a moment when you forget even that they are there. You come and go, you muse, and talk, and laugh. Suddenly you feel that you are seized! is done. The wheels have caught you, the glance has captured you. It has taken variegation is without fragrance. The you, no matter how or where by any portion whatever of your thought which was trailing through any absence of mind. You are lost. You will be drawn in entirely hour when the peal of the door-bell an- hanging from Heaven to kiss earth, as a A train of mysterious forces has gained lover hangs by one hand over the ban- possession of you. You struggle in vain. No human succor is possible. You will be drawn from wheel to wheel, from anguish y party of young men.

no different from the morning banks of fog drawn from wheel to wheel, from anguish cond evening, Miss Milne; surely I only as reflecting the sun's rays. The of all imaginable New Years! Whom do and its bed is the home of reptiles. The soul; and you will not escape from the of your hospitable mansion just now? O, ality like the cylinder to a threshing ma- are in the power of a malevolent nature or chine. The mysterious photography, on a noble heart, you shall be disfigured by shame or transfigured by love .- Victor Hugo.

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