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Literary.

The Old Mill. Rural ilfe has always a charm-a ro mace which clings around it, especially to one whose childhood was free and happy amid the society of brooks and vales and foliage and pleasing rural haunts. Continually will some germ of old remembrance uncover itself from the dust of cobwebs of dim recollection and come up fresh and possessing an interest, with a kind of weirdness of pleasure, causing pangs of severe regret that childhood had not always last-

A little stream which formed the outlet of a lake embowered among the hills, as if to add only the charm of a ray of sunlight to the beauty of the landscape, ran, concealed along by the alders and flags, the meadow and pastures, till at last it crossed the highway and plunged into a thicket forest and was lost to comprehension.

One summer day, I tired of wondering where this trout stream ran to; for, like the "Brook " of Tennyson, there was a poetic romance about it which was irresistible. Tempted by the wilderness of the scene, I made a journey to its course and wandered along its fringed banks. A slight rushing sound as of distant falling waters, or the hastening of the wind through the foliage, led me down the gradually steeping declivity and by the increasing rugged banks, now across the stream upon a high-suspended log, or picking my footholds among the rocks which rose above

the rapids. Over the bed of the stream, as it deep ened into the forest, hung the birch and elm, forming a continuous shade and vista down which my eyes peered with all the admiration of a young poetic soul. Here and there a white cascade broke the regularity of the descent, and wound around the base of jutting hill or rock, growing every step more wild, varied and picturesque.

As the descent grew steeper, the roughness of the banks compelled me to leave the shore and clamber around a distance of a few rods, when I again came full upon the stream and beheld the pouring waters, the sound of which had grown more and more distinct as I approached. Turning suddenly to the left around a projecting ledge, the stream plunged down a height of a hundred feet or more into a ravine still more dark and wild, and forming a beautiful cascade which broke in spray and sprinkled the mosses and wild flowers upon its banks with a delicious coolness.

Upon the brow of the opposite shore and the shelving rocks, the fir and hemlock grew so close and dense as to completely shut out all view of the scene beyond. The vine and goose berry intermingled with the dark grey rocks, while over the fall the mingling branches of the trees formed a beautiful gateway n which the white cascade darted

hotel which had grown up on the shores of Willoughby Lake, which was now a BY "BBICK " POMEROY. Those other girl of ours, as we are infavorite resort My unsettled fancy led me to long wanderings among the forest shores and by the new found pastures, in search of wild flower or strawberry. One afternoon I came upon a party of ladies wreathing garlands for a couple of bright little girls, the very embodiment loveliness and health, and placing them upon their summer hats, the party strolled down to the lake to watch the white-fringed waves as they laved

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the shining sand. I had not heeded the ladies, none could be beautiful nor charming to me but "A. B.;" but a sudden remark aught my ear, "How singular it is, Annie, that we never had a trace of

your lost hat." I hardly understood the words at first nor did I catch the reply, but I looked up, startled with a pang of despair, as I had no doubt from the appearance of the group that one lady was the mother

of the children, and the other an aunt or grandmother. I however caught a hasty glance at the features of the mother and beheld all my fancy ideal with but a bearing of still greater loveliness and grace than my fevered imagination ever had pictured. "Confound the fortune !" I ejacula-

ted, and turned'away to the hotel to consult the record. But nothing satisfactory was gained. Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow were there, and numerous other B's, but no "A. B.," although I was satisfied that "Annie" was the real "A. B." I cared not to learn further of my

fate, and came near quitting on the early stage for the Queen's dominions, when the landlord accosted me and asked if I would not make a party upon the lake; another gentleman was wanted, and the ladies had proposed you." I consented, was presented to the good-natured company, but forgot the name in my thoughtlessness until every indication of attention on her part, and frequent raillery of my melancholy proved o my satisfaction that she was not the

nother of the two lovely children I had seen her in company with. The boating party returned, and with it my drooping spirits, while the acquaintance begun ripened into admiration. The rambles were frequent and the wreaths of wild flowers often suggested a subject which I could not summon courage enough to touch upon. One day when her hat received a few flowers of my culling, I, while stopping to pluck a flower, and with my face turned away, mustered sufficient courage to say that I heard her once remark that she had lost a hat decked with flow

"Yes," she replied, "I lost my traveling hat once when I was a little girl, asked any one to help put back the and I would give my heart to know who It was pretty near her best holt. Makfound it." "Why?" suggested I, musing, and

ing mush was Kalista's charm. When learned that there was some mystery the water did boil, how she did sprinkle which she concealed with playfulness. meal into the iron-iron-recepteakettle, and shake her locks in 'I found the hat," said I, a

ture ere it was knocked down, and was ready to wedlock then. Kalista was onesome when her authors were gone, and we should have wedded then but

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formed by letter, has done gone and got for the looks of the thing. well locked unto a tinkerist of the gos-Then there came from the war a ourneyman converter, and he offered pel, who attends prayer meetings, swops horses, stands chaplain in the army, Kalista all he had at once, and Kalista and gets drunk on the sly! Oh dear being a lonesome girl, said she would This is much misery! Wherefore shall and she did. And her and the good we flee go unto now? How we used to man went to the carpenter's and orderdo the courting for those girl. Candy, ed a graveyard fence for the loved relapeanuts, worm lozenges, peppermint tives, and the worker of wood threw in irops, little balls of honey soap, night a candle, and the pair wedded at once, and blooming for seriousness, and such evinow Kalista is telling some other delegate that "supper is ready !" And sel's side. "I had forgotten it," he exdences did we pour into them lap of hers whereon at vesper chimes this head of thus another of our hopes is spilled over life's precipice, and we are left to mourn | cabin. ours did erst so sweetly rest. Oh dear for the candy we gave unto Kalista, who Twas O! K-lista!

Brick and Kalista.

We used to blacken our boots, starch

our hair, grease our shirt and curl our

not for her ma?

has left us all alone for to die !

Desperation.

eyebrows for them girl. And we rode The following is a passage from the horse for her paternal derivative to culvery laughable tale of "Desperation," tivate corn; and we milked the brindle one of the rich articles which are emheifer as what no other boy could milk ; braced in the literary remains of the and we split oven wood, and who would late Willis Gaylord Clark. It is only necessary to premise that the author is And at night when bats came forth, a Philadelphia student, who, after a and tumble bugs crawled over the lea, and young pullets sat in maiden medistolen fortnight amid the gaities of a Washington season, finds himself, tation fancy free, holding their heads (through the remissness of a chum) at under one wing so as to learn love by hearing their hearts beat, we would Baltimore, on his way home, without a hasten under Kalista's window, and penny in his pocket. He stops at a she would with her lily white hand snail fashionable hotel nevertheless, where, us up by the hair till we arrived at the after tarrying for a day or two, he finally, at the head of a great dinner, bower of love, as she called her garret. 'omne solus," in his private apartment, 'Twas thus our hair became less and flanked with abundant Champagne and our confectionary for Kalista increased. Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to When the week had busted on the ock of Saturday night we used to the landlord. Summoning a servant, wander by the brooklet and let the brook he said:

"Ask the landlord to step up to my wander too. And Kalista went forth oom and bring his bill." with us. Hand in hand like the Siamese

He clattered down stairs laughing, twinsters we roamed, and sat on the dewy bank to catch cold in our heads and shortly after his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that and luxuriated on the " bank wet with made me hope for "the best his house dew !'' And we used to recline against afforded," and that just then, was credit. a fatherly or motherly elm tree, and squeeze our each other's hands as we "How much do I owe you ?" said I. He handed me the bill with all the rolled our eyes and peeked upward into the blue vault our spirits longed to vault grace of a private expectancy.

"Let me see-seventeen dollars.into but didn't. Oh, this sparking is How very reasonable! But, my dear Heaven in two earthly volumes, with sir, the most disagreeable part of the the price mark omitted ! Did you ever matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve spark ? If not, advance your works upon a female crinoline-dear and comto inform you that at present I am out of money, and I know by your philanmence active hostilities to onct ! hropic looks, that you will be satisfied Once we sparked Kalista when her when I tell you that if I had it, I would mother was looking. The old lady give it to you with unqualified pleasure. stopped us, cause it reminded her of other times, she said. But she didn't But you see my not having the change by me, is the reason I cannot do it, and keep us stopped. When we wanted to I am sure you will let the matter stand repose our head, Kalista held her lap and say no more about it. I am a stranand into it we went like an apple. When ger to you, that's a fact, but in the place we wanted a kiss we told Kalista such

Philadelphia,

'' But I can't.

bill.

olee to se

was our desire, when she would lean her I came from, all my acquaintances know amber head over upon our forces and me as easy as can be." say, "Now, 'Brick,' tea is ready."-The landlord turned all colors. "Where do you live, and how ?" tou just can gamble we took tea from "In Washin-I should say Philadel that little table lots of times, and never

phia.' His eyes flashed with angry disapplates! Kalista was a zephyr on a kiss. pointment. "I see how it is, mister; my opinion

is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is; you begin with Washington and then drop it for

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1865. featured aunt, "that it may contain Trusted and Trusty. omething better than the last. Dried 'Over the side with ye, quick : one ern-leaves, forsooth! What rubbish !" minute's delay may cost your life !" ex-Reginald broke the seal and opened claimed Mr. Gray to a fellow passenger, the letter. His hand almost trembled a lad of about fourteen, who appeared with excitement as he read. With a to hesitate about swinging himself down sparkling eye he gavei. to his aunt, who by a rope into a boat which rocked in looked at it through her old steel spectathe waves below the burning ship. The cles. fames were raging round mast and

"Well, here is something odd," she vard, thick volumes of smoke hung remarked; "why, who writes this? like a funeral pall over the vessel, and John Gray; I never heard of the name.' the awful, red glare was reflected on the sea, which glowed like a fiery furnace. It was no time for delay, indeed, and yet Reginald drew back from the vesing into a smile. claimed, and darted back toward the

" Madness-he is lost !" muttered Mr. Gray; no money was worth such a risk. That young life is thrown away." Sailors and passengers with eager haste lowered themselves into the boats,

cause, as he writes, he knows the lad is but there was not room for all. Some to be trusted. It's the oddest fancy that under the direction of the captain, I ever heard of. What is Reginald to whose brave spirit only rose with the him, that he should take him by the danger, hastily lashed spars together to hand-first pay for his journey to Lonform a rude raft for the rest. Mr. Gray don, then offer-you see his own word laboring among these, gasping and al--offer to treat him as a son." most fainting as he was from the heat, "Wife, wife," cried Mr. Brown, laywhich had become well nigh intoleraing his finger on the letter, and looking ole. Often he glanced anxiously towwith hearty kindness at the orphan as ard the hatchway, with the faint hope he spoke, "you and I made a precious f seeing Reginald emerge again from mistake when we fancied that Reginald he burning cabin into which he had had carried nothing away from the ship but a trumpery packet of fern-leaves .--The raft, the last hope of the crew, is

than all the gold and jewels of the Indies-a character for doing his duty to God and man. And depend on't,' continued the old man, raising his voice, "a boy who has that, will never long be in want of a friend.'

hold !" cries Mr. Gray, starting up from his place, as a slight form, blackened with smoke, and with dress singed and burnt, appears on deck; he springs over the bulwark, missing the raft, and the next moment is dragged out of the billows to lie gasping and exhausted

"Thank God, my poor boy; you are

"Thank God," faintly uttered Regihald Clare.

murmured, "I'm so glad that I have it

It was not until the vessel had burnt down to the water's edge, and the flames had sunk at last from having nothing further on which to vent their fury, that the captain dared to raise a boat sail sigh of relief, he said : which he had the foresight to carry with him. By means of this he su-

'I do not know what it contains, sir,'

"Not know what it contains !" ex-

"It is not mine," said the boy, in ex-

planation, "it is a parcel entrusted to

'And you really rushed back in the

burning cabin to carry off that what

The pale cheek of boy flushed as if he

were almost hurt at the question, and

he made the simple reply, "I had been

trusted-I had promised-what else

was not the slightest value to you, and,

perhaps, of little to any one else."

placed by new ones.

breakfast some very pale tea.

tell me how to send it?"

only had the sense to carry out your

desk instead ; there was sure to be some

many years."

With the sudden revulsion which often comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man bursts into tears sobbing out, "Oh, yes. had an angel mother, and she loved her boy ! But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost-lost to good society, lost to honor,

Dow Discovering a Thief. After Lorenzo Dow had retired to be after a hard day's travel in the Western part of Virginia, a number of persons collected in the bar-room to enjoy their usual revelries, as was the custom in that nart of the country. At a late hour in the night the alarm was given that one of the company had lost his pocket-book, and a search proposed, whereupon the landlord remarked that Lorenzo Dow was in the nouse, and if the money was in the house, he knew that Lorenzo would find it. The suggestion was instantly received with approbation, and accordingly Mr. Dow vas aroused from his slumber and

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brought forth to find the money. As he entered the room his eyes ran through company with searching inquiry, but nothing appeared that could fix guilt upon any one. The loser appeared with countenance expressive of great con-

ern, and besought Mr. Dow for heaven's sake to find the money. "Has any one left the company since you lost your money?" asked Mr. Dow "None," said the loser.

"Then," said Lorenzo, turning to the landlord, "go and bring me a large dinner pot.' This created no little surprise. But as his supernatural powers were universally conceded, his directions were un-

hesitatingly obeyed. Accordingly the pot was brought forward and set, n the middle of the room. "Now," said Lorenzo, "go bring the

old chicken cock from the roost." This was also done, and at Lorenzo's directions the cock was was placed in the pot and covered with a board or lid. 'Let the doors be fastened and the

lights extinguished," said Mr. Dow, which was also done. "Now," said he, "every person in the

room must rub his hands hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches it the cock will crow."

lady, living in one of the large cities, Accordingly all came forward, and was passing a drinking saloon just as rubbed, or pretended to rub against the the keeper was thrusting a young man pot-but-no cocked crowed. out into the street. He was very young 'Let the candles now be lighted, and very pale, but his haggard face and said Lorenzo, " there is no guilty person wild eyes told that he was very fargone here. If the man had any money he in the road to ruin, as with oaths he must have lost it somewhere else. But brandished his clenched fists, threatstop," said Lcrenzo, when all things ening to be revenged upon the man were prepared, " let us now examine the who had so ill used him. The poor young man was so excited and blinded hands. This was the important part of his arwith passion that he did not see the

rangement. For on examination, it lady, who stood very near to him, unwas found that one man had not rubbed til she laid her hand upon his arm, and against the pot. Theothers' hands being spoke in her gentle, loving voice, askblack with soot from the pot was a proof of thier innocence. At the first kind word, the young "There," said Lorenzo pointing to

man started as though a heavy blow the man with clean hands, "there is had struck him, and turned quickly the man who picked your pocket." round, paler than before, and trembling The culprit seeing his detection, a from head to foot. He surveyed the once acknowledged his guilt. lady for a moment, and then, with a

Blucher and his Pipe. Here is an incident of 1815, which the

"I thought it was my mother's voice for it sounded so strangely like it. But her voice has been hushed in death for

"You had a mother, then," said the lady, "and she loved you?"

" It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for years.' That of Edmonson ?" "Yes."

"How did he die?" "Poor, poor as .poverty ; his life was one long struggle with the world, at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined to never know fulfilment."

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"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian-enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved uccess.'

"He did not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

"No, sir; he died poor, as I have just said. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich."

"No, he had left nothing behind," was replied. "The heirs will have no concern for the administration of the estate.

"He has left a good name," said one, 'and that is something."

"And a legacy of good deeds, that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

examples," said "And precious nother.

"Lessons of patience in suffering; of hope in adversity of heavenly confilence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildered path," was the testimony of another.

"And high trust, manly courage, he oic fortitude."

"Then he died rich !" was the emphatic declaration; "richer than the millionaire, who went to his long home the same day a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend it was rather a triumphant procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant on the translation of an angel. Did he not succeed? Why his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping, selfish

soul may gather in money, and learn the art of keeping it, but not one in a hundred can bravely conquer in the battle of life, as Edmonson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor, but rich-rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections. And his heirs have an interest n the a lministration of the estate. A

large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose the English journals are relating : On the precious things through false estimation morning of the memorable battle of and ignorant depreciation."

Waterloo, Henneman had just handed "You have a new way of estimating his master (Blucher) a lighted pipe, the wealth of a man," said the one who when a cannon-ball struck the ground had first expressed sympathy for the e by, scattering earth and gravel in leceased. all directions, and causing the white " Is it not the right way? There are charger on which Blucher was mount higher things to gain in this world than ed to spring aside-a manœuvre that wealth that perishes; riches of priceless broke the pipe into a thousand pieces value, that ever reward the true merbefore the owner had time even to lift chant who trades for wisdom, buying in it to his lips. with the silver of truth and the gold of "Just keep a lighted pipe ready for love. He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever; and he who has French churls." to leave all behind on which he has With these words Blucher gave the placed affection, dies poor indeed. Our ommand, "Forward, boys!" and off friend died richer than a Girard or an he galloped with his cavalry. Instead, Astor; his monument is built of good however, of a chase of a few minutes, it deeds and examples. It will abide forwas a rapid march of nearly a whole

so daringly ventured. floating on the crimson billows, the He carried away something worth more boats have sheered off, Mr. crowded Gray, half blinded and suffocated by the heat and smoke, springs on the raft; he is followed by the captain and all who remain of the passengers and crew

except the poor orphan boy. Just as they are about to push off-"Hold,

with his head on Mr. Gray's knee.

saved!

A strange appearance was presented by the lad. His hair and eye-brows were singed, marks of burning were on his hands and face, his dress hung in tatters around him, but he held in his hand a flat parcel wrapt up in oil cloth, and a faint smile rose to his lips as he

all safe !'

ceeded, after long hours of painful anxiety, in reaching soon after sunrise, the coast, from which the homeward bound vessel had been not many miles distant occurred

"He was my fellow passenger-amerchant-and so kind !" "Kind, I should think so !" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, her sharp features relax-"What does he say, wife?" asked Mr. Brown, with impatience. "Why, he offers to take this boy here into his house of business without any premium," exclaimed the wife, handing over the letter to her husband, "be

Thought It Was My Mother's Voice.

A friend told me, not long ago, a beau-

iful story about kind words. A good

ing him what was the matter.

like a thing of life, and fled away down the deepening vista. At the foot of the fall stood the rain of

an old mill, the stones growing over with moss and weeds, while a little green plot of grass and wild flowers spread out before it. As I clambered upon the ruins, lost in the roar of the falling waters, and unconscious of outer things, I discovered a pretty summer hat, decorated with ribbons and wild flowers, lying partially concealed by some overhanging branches, and I suddenly recollected having caught an indistinct strain of a song as it mingled and seemed lost in the sound of the waters, so as not to have before left a distinct impression upon my ear. I listened and gazed about carefully, searching for some indication of the fair owner, but to no purpose.

Whether the wearer had noticed me and hastened away, fearing to stay to claim it, or whether some accident might not have befallen her, were thoughts which engaged my curiosity until near the sinking of the evening sunshine into twilight. The soft air grew cool and balmy, and the fall more beautiful in the contrast of the deepening shade, but still I waited, thoughtlessly carving a device upon a shelving rock, and musing until the moon was up and shining, when I wound along by the ravine outward, bearing and admiring the hat, to my youthful fancy the embodiment of beauty and artless love-- liness. I doubted not the waving tresses of the fairest flower of sixteen sum-

mers had often been concealed beneath delight, and told him what he had been Many a year later, I strayed again to the thicket and the fall, still hidden in the depth of a large forest. There lay the old millstone-a tree of considerable size growing through it, and the wild flowers and the brambles were thicker and coarser. The ruins suddenly called to mind the incidents of the former visit, so long before that the precise time was not recalled ; but before I left my eye fell upon the following in-

scription : JUNE 15, 1845.

FOUND A HAT, AND LOST MY HEART. S. S.

Just below, cut in a similar style, by the chiseling of a piece of quartz, was-LOST MY HAT, BUT FOUND NO HEART. A. B.

I called to mind my impression of the time that the hat was of a style and trimming unusually worn in the country, and that it was no doubt that of a visitor to the locality, who had unattended strayed to gratify a curiosity for romanticscenery, similar to my own, and that rambling away from the locality had mistaken the place where the hat was left.

It was in a moment, my full determination to discover who was the fair "A. B," and then for the first time in my life I seriously thought of the idea of choosing a companion to with me admire the romance of nature.

"Yes," said I, "she could not have come here unless tempted by the same fancy, and if the germ budding so young has been cultivated, she must be all I could imagine, both in body and soul." But the wide world spread out before me, and with it a vista of uncounted years, while how many times might the fancied "A. B." have become A.any of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, yes, and the "&" besides. And I was no longer a resident of the country, and she might be abroad.

The meditation was well nigh distracting, and the moments of sleep that night were but snatches of wild song and fairy nymphs just eluding my gaze and grasp by the foaming spray. To free

myself of the effect the madness had produced, I quickened my departure to a contemplated tour among the north- over \$10,000,000. ern hills and lakes. The long absence

from these scenes had a new charm to ame, or else the interruption of my peace ment. During the past year the popular of mind had suddenly made me more appreciative. I passed a week at a fine i dollars;

down upon a knoll, shaded by an over- the infant mush bubble and splutter like a fellow kissing a baby with his hanging maple, "and I will take the mouth full of beechnuts. heart.' "You, Mr. Smith?" said she, in sur-We courted, sparked and courted

prise, "you found my hat by that beau-Kalista seventeen long years. She grew from sighs to greater size, and all went tiful waterfall ?" "I did, Miss Annie, and lost my heart."

merrily as a funeral bell. Kalista's maternal author said we might, and we There followed no surprise nor exclaintended to. We sat on rail fences, end boards to wagon boxes, piles of pumpmation at my last remark, but her hand kins, heaps of potatoes, door steps, saw unconsciously dropped upon mine, as we both at the same moment asked how logs, plow beams, pine stumps, where it came about? As I divined, she had we pined for each other and told our thoughtlessly strayed away from the love, and in anticipation, combed our spot where the hat was left until too hair, peeled our potatoes, chopped our near night and too far away to return hash, rocked our-well, never mind; Upon returning with a comwore our old clothes except when we for it. panion the next morning, the hat was not to be found, but instead the inscription as I had made it. She added the playful suggestion, and returned harboring the same curiosity as I had done. The hat had been carefully kept as a achelor relic, stowed in my garret,but it has since been pulled out and embodies to two happy hearts a bright page of childhood. We have both since

visited the fall and the mill ruins, which somebody has added to the for mer inscription : "FOUND THE HAT, AND FOUND THE HEART.

"And Then."

mean to do then ?"

again.

The following story is told of St. measuring fifty-nine inches around her Filippo Neri. He was living at one afflictions, and so we murdered the steer and made him into smoked beef. And of the Italian universities, when a at supper table, and as we lunched beyoung man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of | tween the heavy courting, we chawed

shell than meat.

the beef, and thus Kalista and us got long wishing above all things in the satisfaction from the juvenile ox who world was at length fulfilled, his parents steered his foot wickedly. having just given him leave to study Then Kalista's mother, who would not partake of the beef, took cold in the the law; and that thereupon he had come to the law school in this university head, and went hence. It was autumn on account of its great fame, and meant -one of the fall months. The mother to spare no pains or labor in getting of our heart's poison as we family-arly through his studies as quickly and as called Kalista was of an enquiring diswell as possible. In this way he ran on position. She always asked numerous a long time, and when at last he came things. She asked the egg-man if chickens abided in the shells of the hen fruit to a stop, the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience she bought. She wanted to know why rounds were put in ladders crosswise and kindness, said :

"Well, and when you have got through instead of up and down! She wanted your course of studies, what do you to know why pants were made so that a man could not take them off over his "Then I shall take my doctor's degree," head? She said in her innocence that an eclipse was caused by a nigger con-

answered the young man. "And then?" asked St. Filippe Feri

'And then,'' continued the youth, " I shall have number of difficult and knotty cases to manage, and shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my learning, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation. 'And then? repeated the holy man." "And then?" replied the youth, "why then I shall be promoted to some high

office or other, besides, I shall make money and grow rich." "And then?" repeated St. Gilippo Neri. "And then," pursued the young lawyer -"then I shall live comfortably and honorably in health and dignity; and shall be able to look forward quietly to | in the house was still she emerged into

a happy old age." "And then?" asked the holy man. "Aud then," said the youth-" and then-and then-I shall die." Here St. Filippo again lifted up his fine supper!

voiceand said, "And then?" whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. This last And then ? had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul and he could not get rid of it. Soon after he forsook the study of the law and gave himself up to the ministry, and spent

the remainder of his days in goodly words and works.

-During the three months ending Sepember 30th, the receipts from customs were \$46,237,217. The receipts for October were

-The Washing ton Monument Associa tion wishes \$300,000 to complete the monucontributions to the fund was but eleven

when the terrible fire had You must pay your When the worst of the peril was over and the raft, under a favorite breeze, was floating toward the land, Mr. Gray,

great value."

my care."

was Reginald's reply.

alaimed Mr (fray.

"Then I'll take your clothes; if I who felt a strong interest in Reginald don't blow me tight. Clare, asked the poor lad some ques-"Scoundrel," said I, rising bolt uptions regarding his family and position. right, "do that if you dare, and leave He knew already that the boy was the orphan of a missionary, who had died the rest to me." There were no more words. He arose at Sierra Leone; he now found that

deliberately, seized my hat and my young Reginald was returning to Engonly inexpressibles, and walked down land, to be dependent on an uncle whom he had never seen. stairs. Physicians say that two excitements " I am glad that you have succeeded

can't exist at the same time in one in saving something," said Mr. Gray system. External circumstances drove who had himself preserved a box conaway, almost immediately, the confutaining his principal treasures ; "doubtless that parcel, for which you risked ion of my brain. I rose and looked out of the window. your life, contains something of very

had company and waxed fat on love, The snow was descending as I drumand sich. Kalista's father said we med on the pane. What was I to do? might, and there again we had things An unhappy sans culottes in a strange begged. We counted our calves (and city; no money, and slightly inebri-Kalista had nice calves) and weighed our pork and sold our yeal, and churned ated.

A thought struck me. I had a large our little mess of butter, and took our full cloak, which with all my other apwool to market, and put up our little pointments, save those he took, the preserves and revelled in that future landlords had spared. I dressed immewhich is so much like an oyster, more diately, drew on my boots over my fair drawers, not unlike small clothes; put

One day a baulky steer slung one of on my cravat, vest and coat, laid a his back hoofs in among the old gent's travelling cap from my trunk jauntily waistband, and after a series of severe over my forehead, and flinging my fine discomforts, the old rooster went hence long mantle gracefully about me, made in February, when we all followed with my way through the hall into the street. march! Kalista was a sensitive plant, Attracted by the shining lamps of the

could I have done?" portico of a new hotel, a few squares The party safely landed in England. from my first lodgings, I entered, record-As the fire had left poor Reginald pened some name on the books and bespoke iless, Mr. Gray liberally paid for his ourney to London. Reginald arrived a bed. Everything was fresh and neat, every servant attentive, all augured well. that evening at his uncle's house, when I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a he was received first with amazement cigar, and retired to bed to mature my at his burnt and ragged state, till surprise was changed to pity, on the cause of his strange appearance being known

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow," said I, in the morning, as he entered my room; mind the pantaloons; don't spill anything from the pockets-there is money in both.' "I don't see no pantaloons."

"The devil you don't. Where are they ?''

"Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't know. s'elp me God !"

Go down, sir, and tell your master o come here immediately." The publican was with me in a mo-

ment. I had risen and worked my face before the mirror into a fiendish look of passion. vention between her and the moon!

"Landlord!" exclaimed I, with fierce But why the moon fulled, rather busted gesture, "I have been robbed in your the venerable mother of our Kalista, ouse-robbed, sir-robbed my pantaand she sought to study it out. She loons and purse containing three fifty read Daboll's arithmetic, Sands' spelldollar notes, are gone! This is a pretty ing book, Robinson Crusoe and the La hotel. Is this the way you fulfill the Crosse Democrat, but she could not get injunctions of Scripture? I am a stranher fork into the reason. The old lady ger, and have been taken in with a venread in an almanac that on a certain geance. I will expose you at once if I night the moon would full. We went am not recompensed."

to see Kalista that night to see if our "Pray keep your temper," replied the publican. "I have just opened this love would full. The old lady determined to watch it and see how a man fulled, and when it fulled and what for did it full. Night came, and she wrapped one leg of a pair of red flannel drawers about her head, and when all ments. Your money shall be refunded. the sitting room. and in her antique

costume, the old lady says "Brick, your supper is ready !" So we went into the parlor and kissed the hours away. Very The old lady took an almanac, a New York directory and a tallow candle out keep the others if you find them, and in on the back stoop. She anchored in a big chair and waited to see the moon

change its clothes. She looked and are yours." looked and at last fell asleep for a mo-The next evening, with new inex ment, when, as she said, the darned

thing up and fulled, and she didn't see She was not an observing female, but she never lost any children. Yet for all that, the moon worried her—her candle went out. Kalista was left to be her own mother or do without. Kalista

took grief very healthy. She word mourning and looked well, as she wep because the jeweler did not get her mourning pin done in time. She froned a new cotton handkerchief on the coffin Tid, so as to have some use of the furni-

house, and it is getting a good run; would you ruin its reputation by an ac cident? I will find out the villain who robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing gar

Do you see that your anger is useless?' "My dear sir," I replied "I thank you for your kindness-I do not mean to reproach you. If those trowsers can be done to-day, I shall be satisfied; time is more precious than money. You may

exchange for the one hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, the content

pressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my pocket. I called upon my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave it with a lecture on collegiate dissipation, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord by the firstpost, settled my bill at old Crusty's the first publican, and got my trunk by mail.

ed. The burns on his face and hands eemed to pain him more than ever.-"And yet," thought he, "I need not mind-I only did my duty. I had been trusted-I had promised. I could not have broken my word. How could I have known what was in that parcel ?".

like a beggar !"

one fire into another!"

Ratitat! It was the knock of the eve--- Yesterday an oll-cloth factory was purned at Biddeford, Maine, The loss was

lost to decency, and lost forever." No not lost forever ; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners, said the lady in her low sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feelings which had been long untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a host of tender emotions which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin

and crime. More gentle words the lady spoke and when she passed on her way, the young man followed her. He marked the house where she entered, and wrote the name which was on the silver door plate in his little memorandum book.-Then he walked slowly away, with deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feeling in his ach-

ing heart. Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incidents we have related when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her. Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlor, where she found a noble looking well-dressed man, who rose to meet her. Holding

out his hand he said: "Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion, but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago, said he in a trembling voice."

The lady was puzzled, and asked for It soon became clear to the boy that an explanation, as she did not rememhis uncle, Mr. Brown, and his wife, ber having seen the gentleman before. were not in easy circumstances, and "I have changed so much," said the they were likely to feel his maintenance man, "that you have forgotten me; but very unwelcome burden. The thin, though I only saw your face but once, I sharp-featured lady, in her gown turnam sure I should have recognized it ed and dyed, looked gravely at the tatanywhere. And your voice, too--it is tered clothes which must at once be reso much like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady re-"Did you save nothing from the fire? member the poor young man she had inquired Mrs. Brown, as on the followkindly spoken to in . Int of a saloon so ing morning she poured out at the long before, aud she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly "Nothing but a parcel which I had

over the man's cheeks. in charge for Mrs. Bates, of Eccleston After the first gush of emotion had Square. Here it is." And Reginald ubsided, the gentleman sat down and laid on the table the flat parcel wraptold the lady how those few gentle ped in oil cloth. "Could you kindly words had been instrumental in saving him and making him what he was. The earnest expression of "No, not There was no difficulty in sending the parcel as Mrs. Bates happened to live lost forever, followed me wherever I went," said he, " and it always seemed near; but Reginald could see that his that it was the voice of my mother aunt was provoked at this being the onspeaking to me from the tomb. I re ly thing which he rescued out of the pented of my many transgressions and flames. Her impatience broke out into resolved to live as Jesus and my mother open expressions, when, as the old couple and the boy sat together, in the evewould be pleased to have me; and by ning by the light of a simple dip canthe grace and mercy of God I have been

dle, a note was brought from Mrs. Bates, enabled to resist temptation, and keep thanking Mr. Clare coldly for bringing my good resolutions." the parcel of dried fern leaves, but in "I never dreamed there was such a power in a few kind words before," exformed him that they had been sadly broken and spoiled on the journey. claimed the lady, "and surely ever af-"Fern leaves! trash!" exclaime ter this I shall take more pains to speak Mrs. Brown, dropping the stitches of them to all the sad and suffering ones I her knitting in vexation. "If you had meet in the walks of life."

A Tight Place.

money in it. If you only had saved a Brother G., in times of revival and good suit of clothes and not come here protracted meetings, always stepped in and took charge of the singing. He Mr. Brown leaned back in his arm was very fond of that interminable song

chairand laughed. "Dried fern-leaves!" that begins with, "Where, O where, is good old Adam?" and might end with he chuckled; "and spoiled ones to boot! They've only been pulled out of the last man. He had passed through Poor Reginald was mortified and vexthe patriarch and prophets of the olden time, and the disciples and blessed women of the New Testament, when John the Baptist occured to him. "Where, O where is John the Baptist Safe in the promised land. He went up"-but still there was a difficulty in fixing the Baptist's ascension. At

length, with desperate energy. he put ning postman. Another letter lor Regia it through. "He went up without any nald Clare." "I hope," said his sharp ' head on, safe in the promised land.

me; I shall be back in a few moments, after I have driven away the rascally

ever. hot summer day, as we all know from

history. After the battle was over Blucher rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combatting armies, and nearing the spot where Blucher had halted in the morning, they saw to their surprise solitary man, his head tied with handkerchief, one arm in a sling, and

calmly smoking a pipe. "Donner and Blitz!" cried Blucher why that is my Henneman. How you look, boy; what are you doing here lone?

"Waiting for your speedy return, was the grumbling answer. "You have come at last! I have waited for you here, pipe in mouth, for the whole long lay. This is the last pipe in the box. The cursed French have shotaway every pipe from my mouth, have ripped the flesh from my head, and shattered my arm with their deuced bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late even for the

ast pipe." Saying which, he handed to Blucher the pipe, to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed. Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blucher, "You have just admired the unflinching loyalty and bravery of my Highlanders, what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?" "But your Highlanders had no pipe to regale themselves with, coolly replied Blucher."

Glants.

In the time of Agustus Cæsar there vere two persons living in Rome called Idusio and Secundilla, each of whom exceeded ten feet in height. Their bodies, after death, were kept and preserved as miracles of curiosity in a sepulchre within the Sullustian gardens. Pliny names a certain Gabara, who, in the days of Claudius was brought out of Arabia; and says he was about nine feet nine inches high. The emperor Maimin, originally a Thracian peasant. measured eight feet and a half. His wife's bracelets served him for rings. His voracity was such that he consumed daily forty pounds of flesh and drank eighteen bottles of wine. His strength was proportionable to his gigantic shape. He could draw a loaded wagon without help, and with a blow of his fist often broke the teethin a horse's mouth. He also crushed the hardest stones between

his fingers, and cleft trees with his hands. Pliny and Valerius Maximus speak of Polydamus, a clebrated athlete. son of Nicias, who exceeded all men of his day in stature and strength; he aped Herculus—not without pretension. In Mount Olympus he killed a lion with a blow of his fist, being unprovided with any other arms. He could stop a chariot with his hand in its most rapid course. Once he singled out the largest and fiercest bull from a whole herd, took hold of him by one of his hinder feet, and notwithstanding his struggles to escape, grasped him with such strength that the hoof remained in his land.

-The Free Masons of Rockland, Maine, resterday erected a monument over the remains of General Berry.

-Jefferson Davis is preparing for a long winter stay at Fortress ordered a new overcoat.

- During October the Internal Revenue eccipts were \$20,457,983.

and self-controlled. Children willsoon follow. Disorderly children cannot be corrected in any other way. Beauty in Women.

the latter-and the chances are of immediately falling desperatately in love. The poor wrêtch cannot avoid it and in his frantic efforts to escape he falls on his knees at her feet and avows the might and majesty of her beauty. All you have to do will be to treat the poor fellow as kindly as you can, and make no effort to please him. Let nature have her own wise way, and depend upon it, you will be fondly pressed to the warm bosom of some generous hearted fellow

Disorderly Children.

It never fails to make an unfavorable impression upon our mind when we hear, as we sometimes do, parents complain of their children, as rough, disorderly, ill-mannered and disobedient. Because in the first place if children are such, it must to a great extent be the fault of the parents, who ought better to have trained them. And besides, we think there must be something radically wrong in a father or mother who will expose or gossip over the faults of their children. The sensibility of a genuine parents affection will hide the faults of a child, unless honor and rectitude require that they shall be exposed. And then if they must be confessed, it will be with shame and sincere sorrow, as for a misfortune in which the parent is implicated. We cannot think well of any person who will make confidents of strangers, for the purpose of revealing to, and discussing with them, the faults of their own families and relatives. We receive their statements with caution. and question whether they themselves

are not, in part at least, the cause of the faults they condemn. But as to disorderly children-and we know there are many such-we have observed this, that to some extent at least they had disorderly parents. We do not intend to charge everything to parental neglect or mismanagement. But when you see children rude about the house, noisy, with loud voices and harsh words, do not the parents pursue the same course? Has not the father or mother, or both, been accustomed to boisterous conversation, reproving and blaming in a threatening manner: harsh and head long in their general deportment? How can children be expected to be other than disorderly, if disorder and confusion prevail in the family? And the way to cure the evil in the children, is not by blaming or threatening, but by changing the whole system of domestic management. This cannot be done at once easily; but it can be done. Parents must themselves become orderly

A beautiful face and figure are the two things in a woman that first attract the attention of a man. The second is a fine taste, both in dress and habits, and the third is common sense. What a man most dislikes in a lady is untidiness, slovenly habits and affectation .-There is a medium between prudery and relaxed behavior, which a man appreciates almost by instinct. Place a man of genial disposition, with a disengaged

heart, in the society of a woman of beauty, sense and spirit-not too much of

