BRADFORD

THE

OVE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

" REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Saturdan Alorning, January 19, 1856.

Selected Doetry. (From The Tribune.] THE FIRST DEEP SNOW.

BY R. H. STODDARD TO-DAY has been a pleasant day, Despite the cold and snow : A sabbath stillness filled the air, And pictures slumbered everywhere, ound, above, below.

We woke at dawn, and saw the trees Before our windows white ; Their limbs were clad with snow, like bark. Save that the under sides were dark .-Like bars against the light.

The fence was white around the house The lamp before the door ; The fence was glazed with pearled sleet .-Great drifts lay in the silent street,-The street was seen no more !

Long trenches had been roughly dug, And giant footprints made ; But few were out : the streets were hare-I saw but one pale wanderer there, And he was like a shade !

I seemed to walk another world, Where all was still and bleet : The cloudless sky, the stainless snows-It was a vision of repose, A dream of heavenly rest,

A dream the holy night completes ; for now the moon hath come stand in heaven with folded wings A free and happy soul that sings,

When all things else are dumb Selected Cale. **ESTRANGED BROTHERS**:

2 Jais of Christings Time.

CHAPTER I.

The cold Christmas moon was shining on the straggling street, and made every object almost main impressed upon the mind through a whole as distinctly visible as at noon-day. But in the life, outlasting the memory of events far more beautiful quietude, solemn, vet serene, seemed to rest on all things. The quaint houses, with went out into the world, and were battlers for their high-roofs, and oddly-clustered chimneys, fortune ; and one of them, alas ! in fighting looked as if they brooded over the recollections the grand old church looked doubly reverend, with the frost-work glittering about its Norman-arched windows, and on the boughs of the grey walls ; they fell, too, on the white grave- tions of his class. His old instincts were al- don. It was a night upon which thoughtful men as though they had never been. And yet the swer, I presume, to the announcement of my

for ? 'Tis n't morning !" "Hush ! speak low ! Don't you hear the mu-There was a pause. The two boys listened

in silence. "It's old Giles Headforth with his violon-It sounds so solemn now, so-"" His words died away in the intentness of his listening.

"Queer old tune, isn't it?" presently said Lau-"and queer old figures they look, I'll be standing in the street, with red noses, "You will improve. You may leave them bound, standing in the street, with red noses, and frozen evelashes, and muffled in worsted to protect their own interests, believe me." comforts up to the chin." He laughed, and then yawned.

tired of listening before they are of playing, I ger on his lips. expect.'

'Keep awake a little longer, Laurence, sic, and look out upon the moonlight together."

" Very well, Willie," assented the other boy, nipping a fresh vawn in the bud, "anything to tion :please you, old fellow "

There-put your arm round me-so," pursued Willie, always in the same hushed, whisyour shoulder. Now, that is pleasant. love each other ; don't we, Laurence ?" And the tender, childish face looked upward, askingly.

" I should think so-slightly ! You're a dear fashioned notions."

He stooped down, and pressed a hearty kiss on his young brother's delicate face. And then the two boys remained silent, watching the flickering moon-rays, and listen-

ing to the simple music without. * * *

CHAPTER II.

There are some recollections, oftentimes that hard fight, became hardened in nature, so

might gaze, and feel rising in their hearts sim- cold, hard, money-getting man of the world ne- marriage.

"Who calls ? Oh, Willie, is it you ?" he add- ings of his soul ; the closest, dearest portion of bride. In the course of the day he informed to me. My child is dying for want of food .-ed in a sleepy tone. "What did you wake me himself. There was in William Carr, that in- her that his brother had irremediably offended I wait. explicable, intangible somewhat, which marks him, and that he would never speak to him or

though he be dumb to his life's end. The man of business shrugged his shoulders, knitted his brows at 'William's strange fancies.'

He did not comprehend-he did not care to do cello," at length broke in Laurence, " and John so, it seemed. The first step towards their es-Read with his cracked hautboy, and little-" trangement was taken when William declined, "Ah, don't !" cried the younger boy, with a gently and thankfully, but decisively, a situa-gesture almost of pain ; never mind who plays. tion in the same house where Lawrence was now high in trust. " It is of no use, brother ; it would not be

to accept it. I am not fit for such a responsibility. It would be a wrong to my employers

William shook his head.

And in brief, the elder brother found the de-"I think I shall go to sleep again. These fel- licate-looking youth immutable in his decision. lows don't seem inclined to leave off. I shall be and left him, with words of impatience and an-

His heart reproached him for it afterwards He was not all encrusted as yet with the ossidear," pleaded the other. "It's only for one fication of worldliness. The next day he again night, and 'tis so nice for us to hear the mu- went to his brother's lodgings. But William was no longer there-he had left London, they told him ; and it was not till he reached his grim merchant-old before his time, but hard own home that he received a letter of explana-

DEAR LAURENCE-I thought it best to go. Forgive me if you think it wrong. I am not remembered. The face of his mother shone able to struggle with the fierce multitude of pering tone, "and let me lean my head upon money-getters in this dreary London. My old flash of memory-of the old childish days. We master Dr. K .----, has offered me a situation as classical tutor in his school. I have accepted it. It is the best thing I see to do. So greatness of his family-as enjoying, like a farewell. Ever yours. WILLIAM."

"And my brother will be the paltry usher to acquire. And the fair, gentle girl, whose gers again." old chap, Will, though you have rather odd old- in a country school !" muttered Laurence, as progress to womanhood he had followed in his he crushed the letter in his hand. "Gone, too, without consulting me, his elder, his natural heart to absolute tenderness. She it was who adviser. It is badly done."

dark and palpable. They occasionally corre- of his worn face ; whose gentle voice would sponded, but each succeding letter, instead of always have the power to win him out of his drawing them nearer together, seemed only to harder, sterner self. If either of his children widen the gap. They did not understand one had lived, Laurence Carr might have been a

rich man, had become a partner in the house he had prayed for-dreamed of as the solace sleeping village of Cheriton. It lit up the long, trivial enough in themselves, which yet re- where once he was a clerk ; while William still and delight of his old age, were only granted remained poor and obscure, with no prospect of to him for a very brief space, and then left his circumstances improving. And when the his sight forever. spiritual light they appeared very different. A striking and more recent in their occurrence. breach between two brothers or friends once Laurence and William Carr grew to be men, exists, difference of worldly position fatally, icily increases it. Laurence married brilliantly, choosing his

wife from a noble, but impoverished family, lously practical-one might almost say, mate- wedding tour, with his handsome but some-The moon-beams lingered lovingly about the heart and soul to his calling, and to the ambi- from his brother, forwarded to him from Lon-

one man among his fellows-the Poet-even see him more. Lady Henrietta elevated her traversed the luxurious chamber wherein he he added in a softer tone, "to be unkind to then restored her features to their usual ex-pressionless composure, and, without any re-resolution, he stepped forth into the hall. mark suffered her husband to turn the conver-

sation *

CHAPTER IV.

Time passed on. The wealth of Laurence in the ears of business men. His house was a can tell. palace ; his wife was jewelled like a queen .--He himself still burrowed daily in dusty city holes, whence all his riches seemed to springpassible, and more devoted to the one aim and

end of his life-money-getting. It was his sole ambition now-he had no brother's house. hope, no joy in anything beyond. There was

hearted boy's nature still lingering in the old and cold, and piercing as a steel poignard yet. But it was so. There were moments when his thoughts wandered at their own will-when he

on him sometimes ; and then would come a And his two children. The boy he often pictured to himself as born to continue the

thoughts ; whose birth softened his harsh would cling to him lovingly in after years-And so the cloud between the brothers grew whose soft lips would press upon the wrinkles another. Besides, Laurence was becoming a different man ; but both these blessings which

The blow rent his heart sorely. It was so

deep a grief, even, that at first he forgot the check to his ambition it involved. No son of his would carry his name into future ages-no descendants of his were destined to make illuswas cold, stony, and almost defiant. Bereaved

end-all of his existence now. He said to him- youth. self that it was enough ; he would make it

WILLIAM CARR " handsome evebrows in a momentary amazement had sate stately and solitary. He opened the yon, but-but-you must leave me."

REPORTER.

lamp failed clearly to illumine, he distinguished so passed from the room,

bright haired child, who slept on his breast of ever softening the obdurate heart. Carr increased yearly ; his name grew glorious one Christmas night long years back? Who

he was recognized, or even seen by his brother; ready clear of the barren poverty he had at and it was by a servant that he sent to Wil- first experienced after his rain. Each succeedand every year he became harder and more im- liam a small but heavy packet. He eagerly ing year found him advancing to ease again, seized it, with a kind of smothering cry, almost like a sob, and in the next instant had left his unbending as ever.

The child was saved ; and then William had five years after that Christmas when the moon no happiness in his gorgeous home, no tender- time to think on the sacrifice he had made to shone on the little white bed at Cheriton. It ness in his majestic and aristocratic wife .- save it. His proud heart was torn at the re- was Christmas eve, and Laurence had been de-No one who looked on him would have im agined that he felt the warmth of love; that there was any remnant of the generous warm-been relieved at the hands of his brother's lack-wended his way homeward. It was a frosty ey. He could not know that Laurence, hard night, and moonlight, and the suburban streets man that he was, had tried to face him, but were quiet and slumberous ; Laurence's footcould not ; that he had watched him as he steps, echoing on the pavement, alone breaking darted away through the street ; that he had the stillness. Somehow without his own will, thought of him often, since, with something al- almost in spite of it, indeed, his thoughts tura-

ed with desperate energy, till he could give try where his boyhood had been passed ; the back his brother's gold, and then returned it large rambling garden, the big mulberry trees, with a brief acknowledgment. He added-"It and the wood near the village, where he and is best for us both to forget our humiliation, Willie had used to gather nuts. He and Will! prince, the wealth and luxury he had labored for you degraded both in me. Let us be stran-

CHAPTER T.

mistakes in home commercial policy-had with a kind of smile-the same smile as that wrought this great change, and he was bank- of long ago. * * * * He could not rupt. A day-two or three hours in that day sleep that night. He lay very quiet, but with saw the fall, saw the ruin to the climax .- a world of basy thought fluttering about his The merchant prince was worse than penniless, heart, striving for entrance. The moonlight for there were large debts which all his vast streamed in through a crack in the blind, and possessions, all his accumulated wealth, would lit up the dreary, comfortless room. Laurence fail to satisfy. His wife, naturally incensed at closed his eyes suddenly. The moonbeams his misfortunes, betook herself and her liberal jointure to the paternal roof, and he remained

alone to combat with ruin. Then came out the finer part of his character. With courage he encountered the host of the grand old church looked doubly reverend, loving boy of yore. His soul was chilled in the ic poverty with his wealth, merchant and ple-With scrupulous (some people call it Quixotic) stony routine of that life which is so scrupu- bian though he was. It was while on his came it added to his affliction a something that integrity he gave up all he had, and simply announced his intention of paying off the residue age cedar which towered beside the doorway. rial-the life of a London merchant, devoting what passe bride, that he received a letter love mourns, but blighted ambition erects its of his debts to the uttermost farthing, if he head in very importance of pride against the lived. Then with proud and silent bravery he hand that chastises. Laurence's heart grew accepted a clerkship in some brother merchant's heart, and even before he recognized it, he has stones in the churchyard, and made each one most dead within him ; his old aspirations, his stones in the churchyard, and made each one most dead within him ; his old aspirations, his still, calm smile-happy and holy. boyish predilections were crushed out, effaced, cd, explanatorily, as he opened it ; "in an-

The world-even the world of business and

"Go home to your father," said Laurence, in a harsh, constrained voice ; I have nothing Laurence rose from his gilded chair and to say to you. Go home. I do not wish,

The girl stood drooping and tearful ; the resolution, he stepped forth into the hall. In a remote corner, which even the brilliant eyes. He was fain to escape from them, and

a tall, thin figure—a pale, pinched face, with gray hair falling tangled over the broad brow. Did Lawrence see then the vision of the

Time passed on, and Laurence was untroubl-ed by his brother. His persevering industry Howbeit, he retreated into the room before was working its own way, too, and he was al if not to affluence ; and he was stern, cold and

Another Christmastide drew near-fortymost approaching tenderness. He did not know this, so he strove and toil-him a vision of the quaint house in the coun--there he frowned, and sternly refused to dwell on the retrospection. He walked quickly on, with his lips sturdily compressed and brows knitted, resolved to shut his mind on all softening influences ; but he could not-The returned money found Laurence Carr a the thoughts came again, and would not be repulsed. He lifted his eyes to the sky, and with the inevitable consequences-two or three the myriad stars were shining down on him brought a remembrance with them that he would not welcome.

There came a sound of music outside in the frosty night.

The waits. And they played the old, old

Very strangely it sounded on Laurence's ears-strangest of all because it seemed so familiar. With a mysterious, irresistible power the sweet, solemn strain smote on his closed And then came thronging the 'recollections of the olden days-vanished the intervening money-getting-is not so wholly bad as we year like an obscuring smoke, leaving clear face with its golden curls-he opened his eyes,

altaneous hope for earth and aspiration to ver lost the vivid remembrance of that Christheaven.

lustre of gaze. And there was one house, iso- lage waits. lated from the others by a somewhat extensive domain of shrubbery and garden, about which the moonlight seemed to play as if in cariosity.

caped the shadow of a projecting buttress in er's knee. the wall; and the pale light fell full upon a The two boys were left orphans before Wil- One more tender might even have drawn the htte white draped bed, wherein lay two young bys. One, the eldest by some years, during bys. One, the eldest by some years, was usteep, sud the quivering light fell on his face, sud been all for a life of change, adventure, by some years, during light fell on his face, sud been all for a life of change, adventure, be was the first since many years, during the was the first since many years, during the woold gladly return to his old poverty, if the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent the could only recall the few lines the had sent a face every lineament of which was so full of and travel ; but instead he was compelled to breast. terrous energy, that even in sleep it did not take the only opening which offered to him ; ver an expression of repose. His brother's and, before his father's death, was established I will never look on his face again. I will ne- London, and had commenced the new life of him with attempts at reconciliation. He felt words-" And this commandment I leave with rale, delicate features were, on the countrary, in the counting house of a wealthy relative .-- ver give him help-we are strangers from this authorship, and Laurence had occasionally met keenly, with anguish, the fresh bitterness he you, that ye love one another."

ensitive month, which to the most masculine an inherent instinct in man's nature. It fills ness of expression.

The two boys seemed apt illustrations of two yearning for dominion which is the inevitable letter. Foold be a poem.

lends rose unbidden to his mind.

pundered in the stillness of that wintery mid-

· EBBEEL BERRE 46 23

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To orderaly, ergine aloud-

mas night, years and years ago, when his lit- slight bend of her long neck, and busied her-Very quiet was the place, as the moon went the brother lay with his head leaning on his self with her chocolate and muffins, while her looked enviously, and sometimes with a feeling offers of assistance, and one or two good hearts time, when he was a boy, and Willie was his houlder, and they listened together to the vil- husband perused the letter. When he had less selfish than envy, at the happy parents of persisted for a long time in following him with

* * * * * *

CHAPTER III.

dow-shutters and blinds were few, save to the tranged. The world came between them, and observant of other people's emotions, even a nature would shrink into itself, while the other and the moonbeams penetrated stilled the frank, free love which each, though husband's. Lady Henrietta Carr was scrupp- nature would shrink into itself, while the other looked on it with a sardonic kind of pity. Trevolution. While depressing one brother, him. No! the moonlight only fell on his own dow-shutters and blinds were few, save to the tranged. The world came between them, and observant of other people's emotions, even a self with stern resolves; the one-half of his repulsed all proffered generosity. The wheel of fortune had made a complete almost expecting to see it on the pillow beside beside to the pillow beside beside to the provide the frank free love which each, though the provide the frank free love which each, though the provide the pro tastic upon the walls and floors. Into one lit- other, ever since the childish days when they One more loving than she was, might possibly the room, the elfish rays darted -on a sudden, had played about the old house at Cheriton, have divined how much was concealed under reveries. It was in the midst of one of them, ing into that rara aris, a flourishing author. the troubles and the cares of well nigh sixty as the moon rising higher in the heavens, es- and prayed, night and morning, at their moth- the pale face, the bent brow, and the remarka- in the twilight of a dreary December evening He was sufficiently far from being wealthy, years.

istinguished by a sort of sculptural calm. He He soon learned contentment with his fate. To hour. Let him travel his own road-and his name in passing periodicals. But direct had himself added to the former estrangement. hal a high, straight, thoughtful brow, and that pursue an object, be it fame, or wealth, seems starve."-

are always adds an almost womanlike sweet- his energies, satisfies his restlessness, and insen- sionately uttered as he trod the room to and fro, hand. sibly but gratefully ministers to that vague

Erently-constituted beings. The one all ac- birtbright of every man since the beginning of on the other all thought ; if the life of the the world. Laurence, shut out from worthier letter, with its brief announcement of your men whose hearts are hardened. Oh, angels ! ist might be a picture, that of the second aspirations, found his ambition run high-to be marriage, gave me great pleasure, not only plead for them, strive for them; for verily if The younger brother was awake. His eyes him understood greatness. He would be rich, the kindly manner in which you coaveyed it to does not dwell and where no saving spark of

(dark, deep, liquid hazel, were thoughtfully He would work his way to fortune, to position, me. the apon the sleeping face beside him, and to infinence. Keeping that goal ever in view, Perhaps, brother, it is an equal reproach to heart of a world-hardened man. how and again, as with a tender impulse, his he would struggle through every difficulty, both of us, that the cordiality was strange as Laurence frowned; but he tore the letter and yearning over his brother, besides the Carr. tur's from the broad forehead of the sleeper. gain it at last. So he said to himself, silently, heart, as in name ; we were so once-but it is and he read : Insends he drew back the white curtain, and many times, during the weary time of proba- a long while ago. In our new happiness we "I had almost sworn never to address you estate, smote him with an intense, sharp re- its close. The evening bells were ringinghold out at the quiet, homely scene stretch-el out in the mocollight—at the foreground of bes, hadess, but clothed in a fairy robe of But the dark period did not last long; it was 100, and (in the far distance, strangely clear not likely that it should continue. He had liancies and grandeur of life ; I only ask for sist me, however straight my sore might be .-- barrier he had set between them. that night,) the wide wonder of the silent sea, talents, quickness, vigor, untiring perseverance, a little quiet-I am easily content. My wife I forgot that you were my brother when 1 At length William and his wife bethought Only two days before, William Carr had he boked-his face lit up-glowed with a and unfailing health. His progress was rapid vou may remember ; we all knew her when we read those words ; the devil rose within me, themselves of another plan. Their child, the come to live at Cheriton in the old house. It hand is face in up-growed with a and durating heater. This progress was raped to make the and I had uttered what hereafter might have girl, that Lourence's assistance had saved from was nothing altered ; there were the same " the roung heart-instinctive hope-blessed were sure, and when his father died the old her father was a village tradesman, had the

And even while he thus gaped, and felt, and prospects and ultimate success.

The character, half carol, half hymn, which pleasant home and the familiar faces which fer my affectionate regards. Mary also joins is a word the meaning of which I know. hat in the quiet sanshine of a Sabbath afternoon. lighting up the pictures on the walls, the books, around well with the place and the time. made it so dear, seemed to slide from him, and me in the same to yourself, my dear brother. would not drag me one quarter inch towards "We are Willie and Alice," said the girl, the prints, and drawings scattered on the tathe very roice of the quaint and the peace- left him standing alone in the bleak world, And believe me ever yours fathfully, WILLIAN CARR." a twentieth part of that which even the thought in an Arcade, is on a sudden thrust in-Such dotting the dark sky, with the snow- to the midst of the force tarmoil of a battle. the daughter of the Earl of Tynford to call But that anguish now is swallowed in a greater. mother's name, and his mother's face seemed --his hand wandered among her bright curls "s lae some visible actuality with the wintry reared in an Arcade, is on a sudden thrust inmore roots, and walls, and trees, and with He sought his brother-but the two natures, each other sisters ! And he has done this.- I ask your help-I entreat you, I beseech you bent on him now, longingiy, yearningly. passionless moonlight shining over always different, were doubly so now, when a He will repeat it ; be must, he shall. He is to assist me. Laurence, we are brothers, the William and wife were right, he could not his thoughts had traveled back many, many

this same time before the subdued voice promising; while years of quiet retirement had fullows, so you be not deaf to my ery; only be --me and little Willie!" with no sympathy in all these incornect feel. Bung them into the fire. Then he joined his i

The frigidly high-bred lady responded by a enough.

bly quiet voice of Laurence Carr that morning

"I will never forgive him-never, never !- somewhat, however, for William had come 'to

when he was alone, and after again reading the

the world. Laurence, shut out from worlder in which will be rich in the kindly manner in which you conveyed it to does not dwell and where no saving spark of the saving spark of the waits ceased—the air was silent—but the waits ceased the silent the waits ceased the wai

rendering it more than ever stern and uncom- been an aid-he might have helped my plans. Give to me as you would to a beggar-fling

when at last he was aroused, he And from Laurence the younger brother met clamations as he tere the letter in pieces, and prompt, for death is pitchess

William.

But meanwhile William had remained at her, and she me, for six years. She is an or- not speak, nor even think what was hissing at as be had. The stillness of that wintery mide the stillness of that wintery mide both heads and dearly lov-but instruction of the oak-pannelled par-but instruction o your threshold ; its worst agony is not within timidly, looking in his face.

life of active business had hardened the one, a disgrace, a shame to me. He might have children of one mother ; do not deay me .- turn her from him.

Brother ! Ged look on you at you hearken boy morphertunely.

Yet, spite of all his inward protestations, he read of in novels. Laurence received many and vivid the memory of the happy, innocent finished, he refolded it carefully, and placed it blooming children. He would have given well their active friendship. But he was not great father, and-gentlest thought of all-the moin his pocket, then turned in silence to his nigh all his hard-won wealth for one such boon enough to feel gratitude, or even to thorough- ther who had been wont every night to hang breakfast. His wife never noticed any pecu-inarity in his manner ; she was one of those by his will be often found himself musing thus, but the pride of a strong, bold, determined lingeringly kiss them ere they went to eleep. It was a primitive, old-fashioned abode ; win- The brothers were separated now-worse es- whom it is seldom considered good ton to be sorrowfally, yearningly. He would awake him- man. He disdained sympathy, and sullenly How plainly he remembered all-the childish

> Yet again and again came these softening she elevated the other. William was grow thin, wrinkled hand, worn and shrivelled with that he was roused by receiving a letter from certainly, but he was at an equality safe dis Prayerful thoughts, long strange to him

had become of the other. He had known awhile since to his now ruined brother.

communication between the two had altogether If desperate then, it was surely hopeless now. ed on her boy with such an infinite yearning These hard, terrible words the brother pas- ceased. He frowned as he recognized the Yet he tried. He wrote again and again, and tenderness in their depths. He could tell now, his letters were returned with their seals un- what that earnest look meant. He could Perhaps, had this letter come at any other broken. He lay in wait often, and essayed to guess, too, something of what were her thoughts, tter. "Dear Brother Laurence" (it ran)-"Your Oh, men ! ye who pray, pray for your fellow coldly thrust aside, without a look. He was draw little Willie close to her side, and then always denied admittance at the door when pass her arm round the strong, active, vigor-

> divinity can linger, it must be in the sterile had been effectually repulsed with half the re-heart of a world-bardened man. buffs he met with. But his exceeding love there was music still in the heart of Laurence pride, now that he was fallen from his high | Christmas Day at Cheriton was drawing to

man felt easy on the score of his eldest son's education, and innately possessed the refine-prospects and ultimate success. up to me, and looked in my face, and, God some fourteen years. She was much like her gabled ends ; the same surrounding domain of father, with golden hair and brown eyes, such garden, with the grove of trees beyond, behind

big with untaught skill on two or three old-big with a kind of patriarchal simplicity is the dread realities of death and poverty. The

tance from want. And now, oh, beware ! ye alas ! came instinctively to his mind, and he while since to his now rained brother. It was long before he dared to approach He heard solemn, slow, and sweet, the Divine

He saw the dear mother's eves as they rest-

which the icy moon was rising even now.

ble, and the graceful groups of winter flowers WILLIAN CARR." a twentieth part of that which even the thought He knew them at once, though his eves had lavishly disposed, as women love to have them but he was looking towards the fr grove, and years. His wife's eyes were fixed on his face ; "Uncle, won't you look at us?" said the she could read the language of that sad wist "Papa's own little Wulle," chimed in the childesh donel tender, pathetie memories that for his sake The i the also loved so dearly