

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

BY P. DELACY.

GEORGE BARTON was a merchant, who lived in the city of Elmira. He had been successful in amassing a large fortune, and looked upon money as the essence of all good.

Holding the views he did on this subject, it was not to be wondered at, that when James Carson asked Mr. Barton for permission to marry his daughter Augusta, who was a very pretty girl only twenty years of age, that consent was readily given.

Augusta's mother had entirely different views on this subject, and believed that moral worth and affection were more desirable in a husband than money, and her daughter was of the same belief.

When, therefore, Mr. Barton told Augusta of the proposition made by Mr. Carson, she at once protested against such a marriage as impossible, as she said she never could love or respect such a husband.

Her father was exceedingly vexed at her obstinacy, as he called it, and so determined was he on this marriage, that he at last threatened to disinherit his daughter, unless she consented to marry the man of his choice.

Mr. Carson will call to-morrow, and see that you receive him in a proper manner.

The next day the call was made, but Augusta took good care to be absent from home the whole afternoon, and Mr. Carson was therefore unable to make his proposal. Several calls were made with a like result, but at last Augusta became tired of having continually to dodge her aged suitor, and with the consent of her parents, accepted an invitation to make a visit to a sister of Mrs. Barton, who resided in New York.

As she left home, her father told her that he hoped before she came back she would make up her mind to accept Mr. Carson for her husband.

Mr. Barton had duly informed Mr. Carson of the proposed journey, and the train on which Augusta would go, so that, much to her disgust, on taking her seat in the cars, Mr. Carson came in, and she was placed under his care until her arrival in the city.

During the journey, the old man urged his suit to the best of his ability, but met with no success, and Augusta saw him depart from the residence of her aunt after their arrival in the city, with feelings of relief.

Two days afterwards Mr. Carson again called, and told her that business affairs compelled him to take a journey to Europe, and that he should probably be absent several months, and after again ineffectually urging her to marry him and accompany him on the journey, he departed, leaving Augusta happy with the assurance that for a time, at least, she would be free from his attentions.

James Carson had a nephew who resided in the city, and whose name differed but slightly from that of his uncle's, the young man being James W. Carson.

Circumstances brought this young man and Augusta into each other's society, and as she was a loveable young lady, it was not surprising that ere long he yielded to her charms.

When he made known the state of his heart to Augusta she frankly told him that his love was returned, but that her father would never consent to the marriage, as he had wishes of his own upon that subject. She also told him that a marriage without her father's consent would probably disinherit her, but as she did not tell her lover, the name of her father's choice, the young man was entirely innocent of any intentions of interfering with the matrimonial arrangements of his uncle.

He, however, expressed his determination to write to Mr. Barton for his consent, and if obtained, all right, and if not, he had Augusta's promise to marry him without that consent. The absence of Mr. Carson from Elmira was known to Mr. Barton, but he supposed that he was still in New York, and accordingly when his daughter had been absent nearly three months, the arrival of the following letter from that city was hailed with much satisfaction by the old gentleman:

New York, April 1, 1860.

Mr. Barton: Dear Sir—Your daughter, Augusta, has signified her willingness to become my wife, but before taking such a step, desires me to write for your consent. Hoping for a favorable reply, I remain yours respectfully, JAMES W. CARSON.

"Well," said Mr. Barton, as he read that letter, "I thought the girl would come around after a while. There is nothing like managing these girls right, but what the deuce does old Carson want to write me for? He knows I am willing. However, I will answer him, and tell him to have the marriage over at once. There

is nothing like striking while the iron is hot."

By return of mail, Mr. Barton accordingly wrote thus:

"Mr. Carson: Dear Sir—I am glad to hear that the girl was shown the good sense to accept you for a husband. I enclose you a check for \$500, which please hand my daughter, as she may need the money to purchase her wedding outfit. If you take my advice, however, you will not give her time to change her mind before you make her Mrs. Carson. Yours, &c., G. BARTON."

The tone of this letter was a source of much surprise to the young man, but he did not hesitate to act upon his proposed father-in-law's advice, and accordingly hastened to report the contents of the letter, and deliver the check to Augusta.

She at once saw the mistake her father had made by the similarity in names, but thought best to keep her own counsel on that subject, and yield to her lover's solicitation for a speedy marriage, before her father had an opportunity to discover his mistake, and withdraw the consent he had given. She therefore agreed to his proposal, and after a consultation with her aunt, whom she had taken into her confidence, it was arranged that the marriage should take place in a quiet manner that same evening at her aunt's residence.

Augusta immediately wrote her father, thanking him for his remittance, and telling him that in accordance with his letter to Mr. Carson, they had concluded to be married at once, and that she and her husband might be expected at home the following day.

The next day Mr. Barton hurried home from his office, so as to be ready to welcome his daughter and his son-in-law on the arrival of the train.

In due course of time the carriage conveyed the young couple from the depot to Mr. Barton's residence and the old gentleman, with a satisfied look hastened to the door to receive them.

As Augusta presented the young man to her father, as "My husband, Mr. James W. Carson," the satisfied expression of Mr. Barton's countenance rapidly changed to one of astonishment and anger.

For a short time there was a stormy scene, but as James had only followed the advice given him by Mr. Barton, and his daughter had not married without his consent, the old gentleman finally concluded to forgive them.

Shortly after that Mr. James Carson returned from Europe, and when he found how matters stood, he gracefully accepted the situation, and said he believed after all he would rather be Augusta's uncle than her husband, and in after years both the young people decided that as an uncle, he was a decided success.

An Editor in Trouble.

AN editor advertised the other day that he "would take a good dog in payment of one year's subscription" for his paper. The next day forty-three dogs were sent to the office. The day afterwards, when the news had spread out into the country four hundred farmers had sent two dogs apiece by express with eight baskets full of puppies, all marked C. O. D. In the meantime the offer found its way into neighboring States, and before the end of the week there were eight thousand dogs, tied up with ropes, in the editor's front and back yards! The assortment included all the kinds from bloodhounds down to poodles. A few hundred broke loose and swarmed on the stairways and in the entries, and stood outside the sanctum and howled, and had fights, and sniffed under the crack of the door as if they were hungry for some editor. And the editor climbed out the window, up the waterspout, and out on the comb of the roof, and wept. There was no issue of the paper for six days, and the only way the friends of the eminent journalist could feed him was by sending lunch up to him in balloons. At last somebody bought a barrel of arsenic and three tons of beef, and poisoned the dogs, and the editor came down only to find on his desk a bill from the Mayor for eight thousand dollars, being the municipal tax on dogs at one dollar per head. He is not offering the same inducements to subscribers now, and he doesn't want a dog.

Didn't Like Its Occupation.

COL. JONES had several Irishmen in his employ, and one hot day took it into his head to furnish each of them with a drink of whisky. He therefore brought out his bottle and glass, and as each took a liberal allowance, by the time it came to Pat, who was the last in line, there was scarcely a full drink left, but what there was he drained into the tumbler. As he was raising it to his lips a "tumble-bug," which unfortunately came flying along, just then struck the rim of his hat and fell into the whisky. There was no more liquor in the bottle, and as Pat hated to lose his drink, he gently fished out the bug and raised the glass to toward his lips. But his stomach rebelled against the dose, and he set down the tumbler with the liquor untouched, when the Colonel said:

"Drink it, Pat, it is nothing but a clean bug."

"It may be as clean as any bug in the world," replied Pat, "but by St. Patrick, I don't like its occupation."

SUNDAY READING.

Jesus in Social Life.

The home of Lazarus, Martha and Mary, was made glad in the presence of Jesus. Did they hesitate to express themselves joyfully? Were they embarrassed in the familiar works of domestic life? Did they have sadly sober faces and a restrained manner, and fall into gloom as soon as the Saviour in His intimacy came to the place?

We cannot think so. It is the furthest from our thoughts that the personal presence of Christ would have such an effect.

His coming was the signal of comfort, freedom, self-forgetfulness and delight.

His words of love brought peace to the heart, allayed the unrest of the soul, and incited all about Him to acts of affection and happiness.

Who knows that he did not laugh? unless it be accepted that a smile is proof of greater joy.

The Bethany home of Jesus shines in the thought of the world like the bright portals of a hall of light. It was a glad place.

The home, to-day and ever, is to be regulated by the spirit of Jesus. How would He do, and what would He encourage if He were there?

Would He allow the impression to be made that our religion is gloomy?

Would harshness be in any tones? Would sarcasm or complaint be heard? Would any scolding be there?

The heart of every one gives a strong negative. The home of Jesus would be a Heaven on earth.

The Cat and the Swallows.

One very fine day, a cat seated herself upon the top of a gate-post, as if in contemplation; when ten or a dozen swallows, knowing her to be an enemy, took it into their heads to tantalize her in a manner which showed a high degree, not only of good sense, but of humor.

One of these birds, coming from behind her, flew close by her ear, and she made a snap at it with her paw; but it was too late. Another swallow, in five or six seconds, did the same, and she made the same unsuccessful attempt to catch it. This was followed by a third; and so on to the number just mentioned; and every one, as it passed, seemed to set up a laugh at the disappointed enemy, very like the laugh of a young child when tickled. The whole number, following one another at the distance of about three yards, formed a regular circle in the air, and played it off like a wheel at her ear for nearly an hour, until the cat became disgusted and left her post, tired of trying to catch the frisky swallows.

Knowing creatures, those little birds were. They were careful to keep out of the reach of the cat's paw, but they ran a great risk. They succeeded better than some children who trifle with sin and are caught.

God Knows.

A little boy and girl, brother and sister, were playing in the dining-room, where their mother had set a basket of cakes on the table, and had gone out. "How nice they look!" said Charlie, reaching out his hand to take one of the cakes.

"O, don't do that, Charlie," said his sister Jane; "you know mother told us not to take any of them."

"But mother didn't count them, and she won't know if I take just one," said Charlie.

"But remember, Charlie, that God counts them," said his sister, and He will know."

Charlie put back the cake, and turned away from the temptation, looking serious. Presently he said: "You are right, sister, God does count, for the Bible says: 'He telleth the number of the stars, and 'the hairs of your head are numbered.'"

A Fact.

The man who can sit down in a leaky boat and fold his arms, thinking that if it is the Lord's great will that he should be saved, he will be saved, will find that God's great will, will be done; and that it is His great will that he should go to the bottom; because God has no better use for such a man. And the churches which undertake to let the Lord do all their work, are the churches whose work will never—no, never be done.

Be Honest in Preaching.

An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes. She disbelieved it. Said one, "Go into the gallery and see." She did so and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said, "But I will not enlarge." The old woman cried out from her lofty position, "Ye canna, ye canna! for your paper's gave out."

Truth is a virtue that scathe the heavens, illuminateth the earth, maintaineth justice, governeth common weals, killeth hate, nourisheth love, and discovereth secrets.

There is no worse robber than a bad book. Other robbers may spoil us of our money, but bad books rob us of our faith, our truth, our purity of heart—of all we value most. Young reader beware of bad books.

A Rich Marriage Ceremony.

HAVING been appointed Justice of the Peace, I was accosted on the 5th day of July, by a sleek-looking young man, and in silvery tones requested to proceed to a neighboring hotel, as he wished to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. Here was a "squealer." I had never done anything of the kind, had no books nor forms; yet I was determined to do things up strong, and in a legal manner; so I proceeded to the hotel, bearing in my arms one copy of Revised Statutes, one of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, one copy of a large-sized Bible, a small copy of the Creed and Articles of Faith of the Congregational Church, one copy of Pope's Essay on Man, and a sectional part of the map where the victim lived. Having placed a table in the middle of the room, and seated myself behind it, I, in trumpet tones called the case. With that, the young man and woman, with great alacrity, stepped up, before me. Having sworn them on the dictionary to answer well and truly all questions I was about to ask, I proceeded. I told the young man that being an entire stranger, I should ask him to give bail for the costs. Having heard this so frequently in court, I thought it indispensable. He answered, if I meant the fee for performing the ceremony, he would deposit it then and there. As I did not know exactly what I did mean, I magnanimously waived that portion of the ceremony. I then told him it would be necessary to give bail to keep the peace. This he said he was willing to do when he arrived home, and I then waived that point also.

Having established to my satisfaction that they wanted to get married, and that they were old enough to enter into that blessed state, I proceeded to tie the knot. I asked him if he was willing to take that woman to be his wife. He said he was. I told him that I did not require haste in the answer; that he might reflect a few moments if he wished. I told him she looked like a fine girl, and I had no doubt she was; but if the sequel proved that he had been taken in, I did not want to be held responsible. I said he must love, honor and obey her as long as she lived; he must not be "snappy" around the house, nor spit tobacco-juice on the floor; all of which he faithfully promised to heed.

"Now," said I, "Georgiana, (her name was Georgiana,) you hear what Humphrey says. Do you accept the invitation to become his wife, will you be lenient towards his faults, and cherish his virtues, will you never be guilty of throwing furniture at his head for slight offenses, and will you get three meals a day without grumbling?" She said she would. I asked them if they believed in the commandments: they said they did. Having read the Articles of Faith as aforesaid, I exclaimed, "Humphrey, take her, she is yours—I cannot withhold my consent."

"Georgiana, when safe in the arms of your Humphrey, you can defy the scoffs and jeers of the world." I then read a little from the "Essay on Man," including that passage, "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long." As a finale to the scene, I delivered the following exordium: "Go in peace, sin no more."

The generous Humphrey having placed a fifty cent check in my unwilling palm, I bade the happy pair a final adieu.

An Unlucky Kiek.

A MINISTER in one of our orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady who lived near the road he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them—they were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insisted on the minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected on account of not having his portmanteau with him.—This objection was soon overruled, and the lady, after wrapping them in a rag, fully placed a bundle in either pocket of the preacher's capacious great coat. Thus equipped, he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn duties of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pockets of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking these whelps away. The obsequies at the grave being completed, the minister and the congregation repaired to the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached. After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to the congregation, when a brother who desired to have some appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to get his attention. The divine thinking it a dog, having designs upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps.

"You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister, confused and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it—I have sausages in my pocket, and that tartarion dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises!"

Virtue has its own reward but how few are satisfied with it.



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