

The rest of their journey was accomplished without any accident, though not without delays, and it was quite dark before, weary and mud-bespattered, they reached the town where they were to part and go their separate ways. They had left the stage, and Miss Tucker stood on the piazza of the public house, giving some directions about her luggage, when Middleton approached and, taking off his hat, addressed her.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I use too great a freedom. You do not know me, but I have seen too many proofs of your goodness to-day not to feel that I know you. I see that you have kindly taken under your protection the poor woman and child who rode with us, and I am anxious to share with you the pleasure of assisting her. Here is a small sum of money, which you will oblige me by spending for her use, and a card with my address. If at any time I can be of further service to her, you will do me a favor by letting me know."

The young woman took the card and the crisp bank-note that accompanied it, and expressed her thanks with a dash of embarrassment and timidity which she had not before shown, but which Harvey thought became her wonderfully.

"There is one more favor," he added, with a little hesitation, which I would like to ask of you. Would you object to give me your address?"

"Not at all," she answered frankly; and gave it accordingly. He thanked her gravely, bowed again as he might have done to a duchess, and walked away. The next day he was in his office at Boston, and she at her busy, responsible post in a great Lowell mill.

For just one week Middleton turned things over in his mind. The result was a resolution and a letter. The last was addressed to Miss Olympia Tucker and contained a distinct and straight-forward proposal of marriage. He recalled himself modestly to the lady's recollection, referring to the journey they had taken together, and declared that the impression which she had that day made upon him was such that he ardently wished to journey through life in her company. He told her who and what he was, his family, business, and fortune; inclosed the addresses of several persons through whom she might, if she wished, satisfy herself in regard to his character and standing; and concluded with an earnest request to visit her. The letter, notwithstanding its abrupt and rather business-like character, was gentlemanly and respectful, and one which almost any lady might feel flattered to receive.

When it was sent he waited in a veritable fever of impatience for the reply. A week, almost another, elapsed before it came.—He tore it open: his suit was rejected!

The keenness of his disappointment almost surprised himself. He had hardly been aware how deeply his feelings and his fancy were interested in this woman, whom he had known but for one day, and who had begun by offending his social prejudices and his fastidiousness almost to the point of disgust. He took up her letter and read it again. It was written somewhat stiffly, as if it had cost its author a good deal of trouble, and now and then a word might not be spelled quite correctly; but it was a modest, womanly letter, dignified from its very simplicity. She thanked him sincerely for the compliment of his preference, though she felt compelled to decline his proposal. She had not done so hastily; she had considered his offer well. She did not affect to conceal from him that it had strong temptations for her—a poor, hard-working girl, struggling single-handed with the world. But she did not think it would be right for her to purchase ease and enjoyment for herself in that way.—She was not educated for the circle to which he belonged, and if she were to take him at his perhaps hasty word he might regret it some day. Then, too, he had a right to the love as well as the respect of the woman whom he should make his wife; and she could not pretend to give that to a man whom a week ago she had never thought of in any such relation. She should always feel grateful to him for the honor he had intended her, and she wished him all manner of prosperity and happiness with some woman who would be better suited to him than she.

Harvey read this letter over a great many times. He thought he saw that it was not so much any positive objection to himself which had decided her rejection of his suit as the womanly shrinking from so hasty an arrangement with one whom she knew so little. The naive confession that his offer had been a temptation touched him. Her life was laborious and full of care; there could be little brightness in it. Yet when he had thought of all she had done and been to others, and recalled the gay courage with which she faced her lot, the cheerful helpfulness, the gentle kindness that never failed, his heart swelled with tender admiration. "She is the only woman on earth for me," he exclaimed, "and by Heaven, I will win her yet!"

And he set himself to do so as earnestly, though not quite so precipitately, as before. He went to Lowell every week till midsummer, and then he astonished his numerous friends, including his sisters-in-law, by the announcement of his marriage. Curiously ran high in regard to his choice, but it was baffled for a time, for he took his bride

abroad immediately, and they were absent three years. You may well believe that three years were not wasted by a woman of Lymp Tucker's energy and ability. She had shrewdness, tact, and readiness of imitation. She only needed good models to shape herself into a lady. Indeed, all the essential elements of a lady's character were in her to begin with, and education drew them out. Accordingly she is at this present writing not only the handsomest woman of my acquaintance, but very nearly the most elegant. She does not laugh so loud as she did, but her smile is dazzling. Her voice is pitched somewhat lower, but it has lost none of its heartiness. She has a leaning toward magnificence in her dress, but is quoted as a model of good taste.—She is the pride of her husband, who has been growing younger all these ten years, and the fond mother of three splendid boys. Her sisters-in-law refer to her as a kind of oracle in all questions of taste and good-breeding. She is a gracious and hospitable hostess in a luxurious home, and a living illustration of the fact that there is no place a Yankee girl will not fit as if she were born to it, in spite of the most unfavorable circumstances.

A scrub-headed boy having been brought before the Court as a witness, the following amusing colloquy ensued:

"Where do you live?" inquired the judge.

"Live with my mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" said the judge, getting very red, as an audible titter goes around the court-room.

"They live at home."

"Where in the thunder is their home?"

"That's where I'm from," said the boy, sticking his tongue in the corner of his cheek and slowly closing one eye on the judge.

"Here, Mr. Constable, take this witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not know the nature of an oath."

A Profitable Patient.

The London *Medical Times Gazette* tells the following story of a queer patient:

"M. Latour, referring to the death of M. Chereest while still young, mentions a singular patient who contributed to his income 14,600 francs per annum, and in leap years 14,640 francs. This patient, a well known person in the mercantile world, had a terrible fear of dying, and besought Chereest to pay him a visit while in bed every morning at 9 o'clock, his fee being forty francs per visit. Chereest consented, and for several years paid his daily visits, always receiving his forty-franc piece. During the last years of his life this patient, a very old man, became really ill and exacted, first two visits a day, then three and then four, always paying his forty francs for each."

Wants Something to Tie to.

The latest invention comes from Delaware. A man down there, having heard that the earth revolves at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour, has arranged a plan of going up in a balloon and remaining stationary while the earth is permitted to slide away beneath. He thinks that by this means he can reach California in a couple of hours by shooting up from Wilmington in a balloon, and then dropping down again as soon as the Rocky Mountains are observed to go past. He has the whole thing arranged now in perfect order—the balloon, and the place to start from, and so forth—so the scheme cannot possibly fail, and all he wants to make things complete is something to tie the balloon to, in order to hold it still while up in the air.

Rev. Mr. H.—had a large family of boys. He tried his best to keep them all well posted in scripture matters; but they were such lively boys, and so many of them that his task was difficult. One day one of them done something very wrong, and as none of them would confess, he declared he would whip them all, and then he would be sure to punish the real culprit.

Lieping Jimmy, the youngest, retired to a corner and grumbled.

"What is that you say?" asked his father.

"I thaid," whispered Jimmy, "that juth what old Herod did. He killed 'all the children, tho that he would be thure to kill Jethuth."

Hard Words for a Spelling-School.

Intermittent, heresy, bilious, coercion, ecstasy, clarionet, surcingle, paralyze, floccose, trafficking, suspicion, ellipsis, apostasy, deleble, indelible, mortgaging, singing, skillfully, subpoena, allegeable, ignitable, phosphorescence, jeopardize, ebullition, aeronautic, sibylline, cachinnation, yscillation, bacchanalian, fascination, crystallize, catechise, trisyllable, tyrannize, apologize, gauging, saccharine, hemorrhage, rendezvous, Fahrenheit, Galliean, Saddleuce, erysipelas, hieroglyphics, apocrypha, daguerreotype, idiosyncrasy, canaille, cannibal, mignonette, kaleidoscope.

Eva Oudney, a little girl, was accidentally killed at Flint, Michigan. She ran in range of an axe with which a boy was chopping wood, just at the moment of its descent, and her skull was crushed.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

Cross-Word Enigma No. 1.

My first is in hard but not in soft.
My second is in cellar but not in loft.
My third is in lost but not in won.
My fourth is in star but not in sun.
My fifth is in flower but not in rose.
My sixth is in face but not in nose.
My seventh is in finger but not in hand.
My eighth is in table but not in stand.
My whole is one of the Geographical subdivisions in the United States.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of twelve letters—
My 2, 11, 10, 8 and 1, is a town in Alabama.
My 9, 10 and 12, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 6 and 12, is an article you probably you have under your feet.
My 3, 10, 7, 1 and 4, you would like to have well filled.
My 9, 4, 6 and 5, is a vegetable.
My whole is a town in Europe.

Enigma No. 3.

Take the words printed in this bracket and arrange them so as to name a mountain in the United States, [Saw nothing.]

Answer to Enigmas in last week's TIMES:

Enigma No. 1—BALTIMORE.

Enigma No. 2—LOS ANGELES.

A Woman Banker.

THE anecdote that lately appeared concerning Miss Burdett Coutts has called to mind some reminiscences of her, and some facts concerning her bank that may be of general interest just now.

The banking house of Coutts & Co., is the repository of all the old English aristocracy, who, from the Queen down mostly bank there. There are rich old dowagers, maiden ladies and honorables, the real old English baronet with his estate in the rich pasture of Berkshire and Kent and his "shooting box" up in the north; the statesman, peer, and foreign ruler—they all intrust the house of Coutts & Co., with their funds. The Queen has banked there for years, and, indeed, the immense wealth of Miss Coutts and of the bank is totally due to the patronage of royalty bestowed upon her ancestors—the founders of the bank. Her "pass-book" is a most handsome book, inlaid with gold, bearing the royal arms, in which all the entries are made in the handsomest and most ornamental of writing. Indeed, it is one man's work to attend to Her Majesty's account, which is superintended by the "Keeper of the Privy Purse." The emperor Napoleon, too much as he would like us to believe to the contrary, kept an account there, and the house prior to the fall of the Empire, was continually making purchases of English Consols on his order. There is no doubt the Napoleon had a short time ago a considerable sum invested in these English securities as have most of the European potentates at the present time.

Another great feature with the house of Coutts & Co., is the large deposit of jewelry, family paper, titles and other articles of value that are left in their hands for safe keeping. There are hundreds of large, heavy family cases in their vaults, and during the season at London, ladies go daily "to the bank" (they like to make use of the phrase) to take out some valuable ornament for the opera, etc., or to return some after use. There are clerks whose especial duty it is to see to the wants of these ladies.

The great success of Coutt's banking house is due almost to accident, as you will see. Burdett Coutts, one of the founders, was a modest banker, on the Strand, London, in George III's reign, and he made it a practice, as his bank was situated some distance from the so-called "city," in order to keep himself "posted" on the financial movements going on there, to dine with some of the leading city bankers and bank managers as often as opportunity would permit. It was during one of these reunions that a bank official casually remarked his surprise that Lord—had been refused a loan of £10,000 that day at his bank. The circumstances were noted by the West End banker, and, the dinner over, he repaired at once to the house of the nobleman, left his card, requesting his forbearance to be at his office on the following morning on business of great importance. The next morning Lord—was announced to Mr. Coutts, and, on his inquiring what business had necessitated his visit, the banker at once informed him that as a banker he had heard that his Lordship desired a loan of £10,000, and respectfully offered him his services.

"But I can give you no security, Mr. Coutts," said his Lordship, as the banker commenced counting a small package of crisp bank notes that were on his desk.

"Your Lordship's note of hand will be quite sufficient," gallantly responded the West End banker, as he handed him a note to sign.

"But I do not think I shall now want as much as ten thousand pounds" hesitated the nobleman.

"That is immaterial, your Lordship," replied the banker.

"On second thought I will take the ten

thousand, and as I shall only need five thousand, you will please place the remainder to my credit as an opening of an account with you in my name."

The baker thanked his new customer, escorted him with much politeness to his carriage at the door, and then bade him "good day."

The action of the banker was a long sighted one. It was a good investment. The balance was soon increased, the loan returned, and the nobleman commenced to tell the story round at the Court of St. James of the wonderfully accommodating spirit of the West End banker. Others soon deposited their funds in his hands, and the story was so circulated at the palace that the King's curiosity was aroused, and he informed the banker's patron of his desire to meet the banker.

Coutts went finally. He was introduced to the King, and his quiet modest manners won the favor of the court. His presence at the court created quite a sensation, for it was soon afterwards reported that the King had given his private finances into the keeping of Burdett Coutts. The rest of the court soon followed the example of the King, and thus was secured to the house the wealthy patronage of the aristocracy of England.

Miss Burdett Coutts has, as is well known, the interests of the employees of the bank much at heart. It is a hard matter to get into the bank. Noblemen's sons now seek positions in the establishment, and some of the partners are noblemen. College educated men are alone taken as clerks, and then an examination is gone through, which is conducted with the same strictness as in the examination into the family, reputation and general recommendations of the applicant. For every vacancy there are hundreds of applicants. But when admitted the clerk has a fine position. He will be told, on his being admitted, that he must not wear a moustache, but simply side whiskers; and in his dress, although nothing will be said to him on the subject, every modesty will be expected of him. This is done on account of the great dislike the real aristocracy of England have for the gaudy, showy fop of the middle classes, who so often in his ignorance and self-conceit, apes the gentleman.

The clerks are all supplied with dinner inside the establishment, at the present personal expense of Miss Burdett Coutts, and they owe this good fortune (for the dinner, "lunch," as it is called, is first class) merely to accident.

It appears that on one occasion Miss Burdett Coutts entered the bank shortly after one o'clock, and remarked to one of the partners that the bank seemed very empty. "Where are the gentlemen?" she inquired.

"They have gone to lunch, as they generally do every day about this time," answered the partner.

She expressed herself as not approving of "the gentleman" going out in all weathers from one coffee house to another in search of a meal, and she then inquired if there was no possible remedy for it. She was answered in the negative.

She then asked why they could not dine at the bank.

"Extra expense," suggested the partner, whereupon Miss Burdett Coutts authorized the providing of a meal regularly for the gentleman and her account to be debited with the necessary expense.

And thus it is ever with her. She is always on the watch for the opportunity to do some benefit with her wealth. To say that those clerks worship her and her good heart does not exaggerate their feelings of respect and love for her.

Doing Well.

During a class-meeting held several years since by the Methodist brethren of a Southern village, Brother Jones went among the colored portion of the congregation. Finding there an old man notorious for his endeavors to serve God on the Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week, he said:

"Well, Brother Dick, I'm glad to see you here. Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones; no turkeys."

"Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones; no chickens."

"Thank the Lord, Brother Dick! That's doing well, my Brother," said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his overburdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief:

"Ef he'd a said ducks, he'd a had me."

A lady entered a drug store and asked for a bottle of "Jane's Experience."

The clerk informed her that Jane hadn't bottled her experience.

"Perhaps then its Jane's expectation that you want," suggested a friend.

"I dopt think she has any, but perhaps its Jayne's Expectorant you want," replied the clerk "and that we have."

"Garden Island" is the name of a little islet in Lake Ontario, near the city of Kingston. The population is about a thousand. Twenty years ago a law was passed that no one should, under any pretence, bring any liquor on the island. There is not a pauper or policeman among the inhabitants, and not a case has come before the magistrate for fifteen years.

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SAMUEL LIGGETT.

Ickesburg, May 14, 1872.

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April 3, 1871. H

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