

cross lots." to the widow Blynn's house. Tip was creeping furtively behind the wall, stopping, with one hand steadying his hat, and the other his pockets, when a voice called his name.

It was the voice of Cephas Boxton. Now if there was a person in the world whom Tip feared and hated, it was " that ' Cephe,' and this for many reasons, the chief of which was that the Judge's son did, upon occasions, firt with Miss Nancy Blynn, who, sharing and attentions.

Tip dropped down behind the wall. "Tip Tansley !" again called the hated

But the proprietor of that euphonious. name not choosing to answer it, remained and prospectsquiet, one hand still supporting his hat, the whom glimpses of the aforesaid hat appearbeen visible, stepped quickly and noiseissly to the spot. Tip crouched with his ed him good humoredly, leaning over the phase

wall. "If it isn't Tip, what is it ?" And Cephas struck one side of the distended jacket with his cane. An ear of corn dropped out. He struck the other side; out dropped another. a good girl enough, fur's I know. But just A couple of smart blows across the back suc: reflect on't-you're of age, and in one sense creded, followed by more corn, and at the you can do as you please, but you ain't too fell off, spilling its contents in the grass.

"Did you call ?" gasped the panic-stricken

The rivals stood with the wall between hem-as ludicrous a contrast, I dare assert. sever two lovers of one woman presented. Tip, abashed and afraid, brushed the hair out of his eyes, and made an unsuccessful attempt to look the handsome and smiling Cephas in the face.

"Do you pretend you did not hear, with all these ears?" said the Judge's son. "1-1 was huntin' for a shoe-string," mur-

mured Tip, casting dismayed glances along the ground. , "I lost one here som'ers." "Tip," said Cephas, putting his cane under Master Tansley's chin to'assist him in hold-

ing up his head a look me in the eye, and tell me-what is the difference 'twixt you and that corn ?"

"I don't know-what ?" And liberating his chin, Tip dropped his head again, and began kicking in the grass in search of the ,imginary shoe-string.

"That is lying on the ground, and you are ing-on your feet," said Cephas. Tip replied that he was going to the woods

for bean poles, and that he took the corn to erful on that account. He said a good deal keed the cattle in the "back pastur," cause more in the same strain, holding out threats lifev booked."

the cattle are !" said the incredulous Ce: other, Cephas standing with his bridle in the saddle on Pericles." his hand, and poor Tip's anxious heart beat-Tip proceeded in a straight line to the sta- ing like a pendulum between the hope that e his pockets dropping corn by the way, his rival would be convinced and the fear while Cephas, laughing quietly, walked up that he would not.

and down under the trees. "Hoss's ready;" muttered Tip, from the in door.

Instead of leading Pericles out, he left him I'd much rather please you than displease the stall, and climbed up into the hayloft you." bide, and brood over his misfortane until

"rival was gone. It was not alone the af. sounds something like !" exclaimed the fair of the stolen own that roubled Tip; but Judge. watch his departure, he lay, under the make it an object ?" usty roof, chewing the bitter, cud of envy,

nd now and then a stem of new-mown timothy, till Cephas entered the stalls benesth, and said, "be still ?" in his clear, resonant one, to Pericles.

Pericles uttered a quick, low whinny of sand dollars and it's a bargain." cognition, and ceased pawing the floor.

lence, broken only by the rustling straw. : Then Cephas said : "Why absurd, father ?"

in : take a chair." "Absurd-because-why, of course, isn't true, is it?"

"I must confess, father," replied Cephas, the folks? Nancy to hum?" "the idea has occurred to me that Nancywould make me-a good wife." It is impossible to say which was the most astonished hy this candid avowal, the 'Judge or Master William Tansley. The latter nev-er once imagined that Cephas's intentions the popular prejudice in favor of fine clothes er once imagined that Cephas's intentions and tiches, preferred, apparently, a single respectilly flancy were so serious; and now passing glance from Cephas to all Tip's gifts the inevitable conviction forced upon him. maining until he was sent away.

that, if his rich rival really wished to marry as standin'," said Tip, depositing the burden her, there was no possible chance left for of his personality-weight, 146 lbs.-upon him, smote his heart with qualms of despair. "Cephas, you starger me !" said the Judge. "A young man of your education

"Nancy is not without some education, occasion to tumble upon the floor. "Hollo other his pocket, while young Boxton, to father," interposed Cephas, as the Judge hes itated. "Better than that, she has heart and ing over the edge of the wall, had previous | soul. She is worthy to be any man's wife !" corn ! Got any fire ? Guess we'll have a roast." <sup>a</sup> Although Tip entertained precisely the And Tip, taking off his hat began to empty same opinions, he was greatly dismayed to his stuffed pockets into it. scious eyes in the grass; Cephas watch- hear them expressed so generously by Ce-"Law me!" said the widow, squinting

over her work, "I thought your pockets stuck out amazin'! I ha'nt had the first taste The Judge rubbed away again at Pericles' flanks and shoulders with wisps of straw.

of green corn this year. It's real' kind o "No doubt, Cephas, you think so-and thoughtful in you, Tip: but the fire is all sartin I haven't anything agin' Nancy-she's a good girl enough, fur's I know. But just out, and we can't think of roastin' on't tonight, as I see."

same time Tip, getting up, and endeavoring old to hear reason. You know you might to protect his pocket, let go his hat, which marry 'most any girl you choose."

"So I thought, and I choose Nancy," answered Cephas, preparing to lead out Pericles. "I wish the Loss'd fling him, and break reader sympathizing with Tip, Nancy cared

his neck !"\_whispered the devil in Tip's heart. Don't be hasty ; wait a minute, Cephas," said the Judge. "You know what I mean -you could marry rich. Take a practical view of the matter. Get rid of these boyish notions. Just think how it will look for a young man of your cloth-worth twenty thousand dollars any day I choose to give it

to you-to go and marry the widow Blynn's daughter ! A girl that takes in sewing !---What are you thinking of, Ceptas?" "I hear," replied Cephas, quietly, "she

does her sewing well."

"Well, suppose she does? She'd make good enough wife for such a fellow as Tip, no doubt ; but I thought a son of mine would baye looked higher. Think of you and Tip after the same girl. Come, it you've any pride about you, you'll pull the saddle off

the colt and stay at home." moonrise, and her romantic dreams, and de-Although the Judge's speech, as we per scended into the prosaic atmosphere of the ceive, was not quite free from provincialkitchen, and of Tip and his corn. Tip's mouth, which had been watering in isms, his arguments were none the less pow

more than even at the sight of Nancy's exof unforgiveness and disinheritance on the quisite eyes and lips. Her plain, neat calico "I wish you were as innocent of booking one hand, and praise and promises on the gown, enfolding a wonderful little rounded,

embodiment of grace and beauty, seemed to him an attire fit for any queen or fairy that ever lived. But it was the same old tragic story over again-although Tip loved Nancy, Nancy loved not Tip. It was well for him

"The question is simply this, father." said that he and his mouth only watered for corn ! Cephas, growing impatient; "which to However he might flatter himself, her regard choose, love or money ? And I assure you for him was on the cool side of sisterlysimply the toleration of a kindly heart for

one who was not to blame for being less " That's the way to talk, Cephas! That bright than other people ... She took her sewing, and sat by the table. Oh, so beautiful ! Tip thought ; and envel-

oped in a charming atmosphere which seemed <sup>Aupected</sup> that Cephas likewise proposed pay. to say, "money it shall be. I ought to make to touch and transfigure every object except <sup>B</sup> a visit to Nancy Blynn. Resolved to lie a good thing of it. What will you give to himself. The humble apartment, the splint bottomed chairs, the stockings drying on the pole, even the widow's cap and gown, and "Give ?---give you all I've got, of course the old black snuffers on the table-all, save What's mine is yours-or will be some day.

"Some day isn't the thing. I prefer one poor homely Tip, stole a ray of grace from good bird in the hand to any number of fine the halo of her loveliness. ongsters in the bush. Give me five thou-

" Pooh ! pooh !" said the Judge.

pening the door; with her spectacles Now don't, Nancy ; don't, i be m her forehead, and her work gathered up e-cech." She -nw plainly, by the convulsive movein her lap under her bent figure. "Come

"Wal, may as well ; jest as cheap sittin"

"Mebby Nancy will," chuckled Tip.-

Ain't she comin' down? Any time to

night, Nancy !" cried Tip, raising his\_voice.

o be heard by his beloved in her retreat.-

Now, sad as the truth may sound to the

You do'no what I brought ye!"

nent of the girl's bosom, and the quivering "Guess I can't stop," replied Tip, sidling of her lip, that some passionate demonstation was threatened. Tip meanwhile had advaninto the room with his hat on. " How's all eed still nearer, contorting his neck and look-"Nancy's up stairs; I'll speak to her .-

ing up with leering malice into her face until Nancy," called the widow at the chamber his type almost touched her cheek. door, "Tip is here! Better take a chair "What do ve think now of Cephe Box while you stop," she added, smiling upon the ton ?" he asked tauntingly ; " hey ?" A stinging blow upon the ear rewarded visitor, who always upon arriving "gnessed his impertmence, and he recoiled with such he couldn't-stop," and usually ended by rempetuosity that his chair went over and

threw him sprawling upon the floor. "G sh all hemlock !" he muttered, scrambling to his feet, rubbing first his elbow, then

one of the creaky, splint-bottomed chairs. his car. "What's that fur, I'd like to know "Pooty warm night, kind o'," raising his -knockin' a feller down ?" "What do I think of Cephas Boxton?" arm to wipe his face with his sleeve, upon eried Nancy. "I think the same I did bewhich an ear of that discontented tucket took fore-why shouldn't I? Your slander is no slander. Now sit down and behave yourwhat's' that ! By gracious if 'tain't green self, and don't put your face too near mine, f you don't want your ears boxed !"

"Why, Nancy, how could you ?" groaned the widow. Nancy made no reply, but resumed her

work very much as if nothing had happened. "Hurt you much, William ?" "Not much ; only it made my elbow sind like all Jerewsalem! Never mind; she'll find out. Where's my hat ?"

"You ain't going be ye?" said Mrs. Blvnn. with an air of solicitude. "I guess I ain't wanted here." mumbled

Tip. pulling his hat over his ears. He struck the slate, scattering the fox and geese, and demolishing the house of green corn. " You

can keep that; I don't want it. Good night, Nancy. Miss Blynn." Tip placed peculiar emphasis upon

little what he had brought, and experienced no very ardent desire to come down and meet him. She sat at her window looking latch, expecting Nancy would say something; at the stars; and thinking of somebody who but she maintained a cool and dignified sishe had hoped would visit her that night ;reluctantly departed, his heart full of injury, but that somebody was not Tip ; although

and his hopes collapsed like his pockets. the first sound of his footsteps did set her For some minutes Nancy continued to sew heart fluttering with expectation, his near approach, breathing fast and loud, had given ntent and fast, her flushed face bowed over her a chill of disappointment-almost disthe seam ; then suddenly her eyes flamed, her fingers forgot their cunning, the needle gust; and she now much preferred her own shot blindly hither and thither, and the quick thoughts, and the moonrise through the trees

in the direction of Judge Boxton's house, to ly-drawn thread snapped in twain. " Nancy ! Nancy ! don't !" pleaded Mrs all the green corn, and all the green lovers

in New England. - Her\_mother, lowever, Biynn; "I beg of ye, now don't !!" who commiserated Tip, and believed as much "Oh, mother," burst forth the young gir. who commiserated Tip, and believed as much in being civil to neighbors as she did in keep-ing the Sabbath, called again, and gave her strike poor Tip for? He did not know any no peace until she had left the window, the better. I am always doing something so wrong. He could not have made up the story. Cephas would have come here to night -I know he would."

"Poor child ! poor child !" said Mrs. anticipation of the roasted incket, watered Blynn. "Why couldn't you hear to me? I always told you to be careful and not to like Cephas too well. But may be Tip didn't understand. May be Cephas will come tomorrow, and then all will be explained." "Cephas is true, I know-I know !" wept Nancy, " but his father-"

The morrow came and passed and no Cephas. The next day was Sunday, and Nancy went to church, not, with an undivided heart, but with human love, and hope, and grief mingling strangely with her prayers, averted head, his proffered kiss; and seated She knew Cephas would be there, and felt herself at a cool and respectable distance. that a glance of his eye would tell-her all .-

But-for the first time in many months it happened, they sat in the same house of worship, she with her mother in their humble corner, hà in the Judge's conspicuous pew, She went home, still to wait; tortured with Nancy's aching and swelling heart came up the wasting anguish known only to those who and choked her. and no word or look passed between them. himself. The humble apartment, the splint She went home, still to wait; tortured, with love and doubt. Day after day of leaden lonekness, night after night of watching and despair, succeeded, and still no Cephas. Tip the last time I was here?"

also had discontinued his visits. Mrs. Blynn Nancy discouraged the proposition of roastsaw a slow, certain change come over her ing corn, and otherwise deeply grieved her child; her joyous laugh rang no more; neithvisitor by intently working and thinking, in- er were her tears often seen or sighs heard; casm was a sword with two points, which in the dark .- Punch

leading his animal to the "Dearest, dearest Nancy !" Cephas caught voice saying, "Be still, Pericles !" and foot-

wife, Nancy !"

"Oh, Cephas! is it true? Let me look at

What more was said or done I am unable

to relate; but a month later the village cler-

"Read it, please," said Cephas.

or in any place, to marry any poor girl."

some trifle of three thousand dollars."

"I should be very sorry to have you d

cutting off with a shilling.

my wife."

the parental roof.

good for a rogue like you !"

unspeakable contrition and gratitude.

you !" She held him firm, and looked into

his face, and into his deep, truthful eyes .-

'It is true ! Forgive me ! forgive me !"

steps approaching the door. not understand ? It is your dowry ! You are Nancy ! Nancy !" articulated Mrs. Blynn, no longer a poor girl. I promised not to scarcely less agitated than her daughter, " he marry any poor girl, but I never promised has come." not to marry you. Accept the dowry, then

"It's Cephe !" whispered Tip, hoarsely.-" If he should ketch me here ! I-I guess I'll go. Confound that Cephe, anyhow !" "Rap ! Rap !" two light, decisive strokes of a riding whip on the kitchen door. Mrs. Blynn glanced around to see if everything was tidy; and Tip, dropping his sassafras, whirled about and wheeled about like Jim Crow, in the excitement of the moment. "Mother-go !" uttered Nancy, pale with

gyman was called to administer the vows of wedlock to a pair of happy lovers in the widemotion, hurridly pointing to the door; "I ow Blynn's cottage ; and the next morning can't." She made her escape by the stairway : obthere went abroad the report of a marriage serving which the bewildered Tip, who had which surprised the good people of the par

indulged a frantic thought of leaping from ish generally, and Judge Boxton more parthe window to avoid meeting his dread rival, ticularly. In the afternoon of that day Cephas rode changed his mind and rushed after her. Unhome to pay his respects to the old gentle advised of his intention, and thinking only of shutting herself from the sight of Cephas, man, and ask him if he would like an intro Nancy closed the kitchen door rather severeduction to the bride. y upon Tip's fingers; but his fear rendered him insensible to pain, and he followed her. scrambling up the dark stair-case just as Mrs. Blynn admitted Cephas.

Nancy did not immediately perceive what had occurred, but presently, amid the sound of the rain on the roof and the wind about running his troubled eye over the paper, the gables, she heard the unmistakable per-

turbed breathing of her luckless lover. " Nancy," whispered Tip, " where are ye? I've 'most broke my head against this blast'

ed beam !" agreement. And I have the honor to inform "What are you here, for ?" demanded

"'Cause I didn't want him to see me. He won't stop but a minute, then Pill go down. name, and funibled a good, while with the I did give my head the all-firedest tunk !" said Tip.

Mrs. Blynn opened the door to inform ence; and as nobody urged him to stay, he Nancy of the arrival of a visitor, and the light from below, partially illuminating the fugitive's retreat, showed Tip in a sitting posture on one of the upper stairs, difigently rubbing that portion of his cranium which

had come in collision with the beam ! "Say, Nancy, don't go !" whispered Tip :

don't leave me here in the dark !" For the widow had closed the door, and Tip was sus-

of her own to give much heed to his distress; and having hastily arranged her hair and he, "I must first source a liter source him, bidding him keep quiet, and descending the stairs to the door, which she opened and closed again, leaving him to the wretched sol-the money until I had promised to return it itude of the place, which appeared to him a to you as soon as we were married. And hundred fold more dark and dreadful than | here it is !"

before. Cephas, in the meantime, had divested himself of his oil-cloth capote, and entered the neat little sitting room, to which he was civily shown by the widow. . . ! Nancy'll be down in'a minute." And placing a candle upon the mantle-piece, Mrs. Elynn withdrew. Nancy, having regained her self-possession, appeared mighty dignified before her lover; gave him a passive hand declined, with "Nancy, what is the matter ?" said Ce-

phas, in mingled amazement and alarm .----You act as though I was a pedlar, and you didn't care to trade.,' "You can trade, sir-you can make what

has changed you so? Have you forgotten-"Twould not be strange if I had, it was

the playing of his neighbor's piano. 7-The so long ago."

Poor Nancy spoke cuttingly ; but her sar- of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside many persons comparatively is this faculty.

here is yet nothing stable in this department of the work of life. her and folded her in his arms-"do you

The following lines, arranged from a poem by a writer who was imbued with the true American spirit, might serve appropriately for declamation in our schools. Young you will be a rich girl, and my wife, my America will not be harmed by their sentiment:

In life's earnest battle, They only prevail, Who daily march onward, And never say fail. All obstacles vanish,

All enemies quail, In the might of their wisdom, Who never say fail. In life's rosy morning,

In manhood's fair, pride, Let this be your motto, Your footstep's to guide ;

In storm and in sunshine, Whatever assail, We'll onward and conque And never say fail !

EDUCATION .---- An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal & "Cephas !" cried the Judge, filled with and magazine, filled with all the weapons and wrath smiting his son's written agreemen engines which man's skill has been able to with his angry hand, " look here! your promise! Have you forgotten ?" devise from the earliest time; and he works accordingly with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who "In consideration-" began the Judge, stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or redo hereby pledge myself, never at any time main for ever shut against him ! His means are the commonest and rudest: the mere "You will find," said Cephas," that I have work done is no measure of his strength. A acted according to the strict terms of our dwarf behind his steam engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them you, Sir, that I have married a person who. down with the pickaxe; and he must be a with other attractions, possesses the hand-Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms. -Carlule.

The Judge fumed, made use of an oath or OUR LANGUAGE.-The Dublin University two, and talked loudly of disinheritance and Magazine, says: "Dictionary English is something very different not only from colloquial English, but even from that of ordinsuch a thing," rejoined Cephas, respectfully; "but, after all, it isn't as though I had not ary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single aureceived a neat little fortune by the way of thor in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as 10,000 words A retort so happy, that the Judge ended could be collected. Of the 40,000 words with a hearty acknowledgement of his son's there are certainly many more than one-half that are only employed—if they are ever superior wit, and an invitation to come home and lodge his lovely incumbrance beneath employed at all-on the rarest occasions .--We should any of us be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say, either with our lips, or even with the pen. Our common literary Eog-lish, probably, hardly extends to /10,000 sioned me. She is more scrupulous than the son of my father, and she refused to receive words, our common spoken English hardly to 5,000.

LITERAL LEARNERS .--- A schoolmaster, wish-"Fie, fie !" cried the Judge. " Keep the money. She's a noble girl after all-too see it, and therefore know that it is there; but when I place. it under this teacup, you "I know it !" said Cephas, humbly, with have faith that it is there, though you no longmany tears in his eyes, for recollection of a er see it." The lads seem to understand persomewhat wild and wayward youth, minfectly; and the next time the master asked gling with the conscious possession of so much them, "What is faith ?" they answered, with love and happiness, melted his heart with one accord, " An apple under a teacup."

PRONUNCIATION,-Sheridan agreed with SEVEN FOOLS .--- 1-The envious man---who Walker about the word wind-pronouncing it wynd ; but differed from him in respect to gold, which he would pronounce goold. Shersends away his mutton because the person next to him is eating venison, 2-The jealous man--who spreads his bed with stingidan tells that Swift would jeer those who ing nettles, and then sleeps in it. 3-The pronounced wind with a short I, by asying. proud man-who gets wet through, sooner "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd." An illiberal critic rethan ride in the carriage of his interior. 4bargains you please with others; but-" The litigious nian-who goes to law in the torted this upon Sheridan by saying, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold hopes of ruining his opponent and gets runed himself, 5-The extravagant man-who why you pronounce it goold ?"

buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it Addison defines a fine taste in writhome 6-The angry man-who learns to ing as "that faculty of the soul which dis. play the tamborine because he is annoyed by corns the beauties of an author with pleasure ostentations man-who illumines the outside | and the imperfections with dislike." By how possessed 1