BUDOUT BE Deneman Colonial Colo

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Phorality.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

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ent he was called upon to render a service

and, quicker than usual though his motions

A new train of thought now entered the

broker's mind. This child of his old friend

had been taken into his office from a kind of

charitable feeling—though of very low vitali-

were, he had failed to conceal thom

Moet's Corner.

A Journey of Life. BY MRS. P. FARMER.

Up life's steep and rugged hill-side. Childhood slowly takes its way; From the smooth and flowery valley, Where the laughing streamlets play.

Free from care and free from sorrow. Chasing butterflies with glee; Listning to the merry music Of the birds and humming bee.

Flinging on the glassy brooklet Garlands for the nainds fair; Gazing in the book of nature, Conning many lessons there.

As the path more steeply windeth, Looking forward hopefully To a green and shady beliver, Which the fancy's eye can see.

Ever cheating and more fleeting. Passes youth's light hours away Hoping, fearing, laughing, sighing, Oft times serious, often gay.

Faster up the hill-side pressing, Eager for the glitter prize; Never dreaming 'tis unreal, Till the phantom pleasure flies.

From life's cares or sterner evils. Seeing there is no retreat, For the conflict firmen girding, Dark adversity to meet.

Skies clear up and fortune smileth, Friends enliven all the way: Clouds appear and fortune frowneth. Mirth and friends no longer stay.

Peering through the misty shadows. Mautling all life's hill-top o'er; Sad and trembling gazing backward, Looking hopefully before.

Wiser, and with fancy sobered, By the fierceness of the strife. Grave and calmly, meditating On the vanities of life.

Stepping down with more of caution. Searching not for idle pleasure, Seeking for the firmer ground.

With a calm and holy meekness, Bowing 'neath the chast'ning rod; Confidence from earth withdrawing. Looking trustingly to God.

Now more swiftly gliding downward, Gasping for another breath: Entering on the golden valley Through the sombre gate of death. New Iberia, La., May, 1853.

THE NEGRO-The happiest man in this 'niggar' is not only happy at a dance, but in moonlight beauty, the two sad women ressed every other position. A darky may be poor silently on, on to the field of glory to their but he is never low-spirited. Whatever he country, of desolation to them: charcoal fumes or a new bed-cord, but by vis. best blood, iting 'de fair sex.' and participating in the mader clarinett.

Tom Moore says, in his Diary, In talk ing of cheap living, Jekill mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him a most nothing; for on Sunday, I always dine with an old friend, when I eat enough to last me until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the devil, and which accordingly, makes me so sick that I cannot eat again until

Dear me, how grand you are growing Isaac, said Mrs. Partington, as that young when a friend had kindly sent a box; how gazing with a vague look about the bloody brightest now—come, what shall we talk want to board at the Brevier House and live on Manilla isonorm. on Manilla ice-cream. You mustn't be so glutmous, dear; I don't like to see a little boy with such velocity of appetite.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, in a speech at the recent Universalist Festival at Fanuel Hall, od Lena said that if a man would " wake the land with

that can be gained by the triumphant issue of some violent contest

and fell it in a whisper that if it will not go back if it is my notice away you will burn it out with canatie. If it somfort me does not take the hint, be see good as your

it's seldom you'll find a cheerful old maid

Original Call

Written for the Montrose Democra The Coward's Corner.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON. CONTINUED.

enance belied the assertion.

" Because you know that sometimes, in such great and overpowering affliction, people do sometimes lose their senses. But do not dream that trouble shall so conquer me. I am a soldier's widow, and though I stand like a blasted oak, still I stand, ave! and I will stand till I am wrenched from the soil."

Lena trembled excessively as she leaned against the window, while Madame Wolfsten fastened her cloak about her stately form. Never was there a stranger contrast the widow, dark, majestic, haughtily beautiful, with eves that flashed a flerce light even in her anguish, as if she was angry that sorrow dared distarb the fauntain of her tears and Lena's light drooping figure, pleading eyes of a paler blue, because of grief, and light, soft hair, that fell from under her hood in tangled ringlets. "Are you hungry?" asked the widow turn ing to her little companion - You must be

You are not strong go get some food." "I want nothing," said Lens faintly, with choking voice. "Then let us go. It is full three wear miles from this, and I know the way! Can you

bear it Lena? Can you bear the sight? What you. It has not hardened you as it has meif I should fall dead at the confirmation of my fears," she added with sharp emphasis. "But no, don't be frightened child; it is the tender flower that wilts in the flame. I was born to endure and endure I will there is consols tion at least in strength," she uttered almost behind and way for me. God will not give sunk fainting upon the threshold.

"O! let me go!" cried Lens, springing for ward. "I shall perhaps be strong; I was on ly thinking how horrible it would be to look upon him-upon him, so bright, brave and beautiful only resterday—to see him nowdend dend !- mangled perhaps crushed-

The widow replied not, save by

ing moonlight. Rolling fields in the full by the very muteness of her grief. wealth of harvest laughed in their abundance, a grasp that the light winds shook them to the world is said to be a niggar at a dance, but neither heading the sky with its white In our opinion, this rule is too limited. A palaces, or the earth in its magic treasures and

earns, he invests in fun and deviltry. Give By the dreariest tokens, they were nearing him a dollar, and in less than an hour he will the ground of action. Here and there the lay live shillings of it out in vellow neck-ties green sward was stamped in and clotted with or a cracked violin. There is something in blood. A horse, riderless, and stretched the African that sheds trouble as a duck will starkly out, grim and dreadful in death laid water. Who ever knew a 'collud pussum' to almost across their path. A gun, and a knapcommit suicide? The negro is strongly given sack trodden shapeless, and in the deepest to love and jezionsy, but he has no taste for shadow, the ghastly dead face of an old solarsenic. He may lose his all by betting dier gave sickening evidence of how mortal the against a roulette, but he don't find relief for battle had been, as if here on the outskirts his despair as white folks do, by resorting to man grappled with man to unvein his heart's

As they went slowly and painfully onward zy influence of de occiputal convulations of the face of the widow gathered more of the unearthly, till her young companion feared to look upward to her living form, even more than she dreaded the pale corpecs of the mur-

> The moon was high and glorious in her full orbit of beauty, when they reached the field of onthering whatever of treasure might be foundmoved nearly all the dead. One poor young most quite happy creature, whose face looked as if it had never known a mother's smile, startled poor Lens, so work gazed curiously at Lens watched the

ed boy. Come Lens, it will not do to give loving ear full of music. way to weakness yet. My heart needs all nobody disturbs as

and that if a man would "wake the land with and of the died like a coveral," answered the some old passage of the past, or some just widow hearsely, "they would leave him for lant strain of the future, let him set his foot T cannot say it. Of that I should live to see apon the pedal of Plymouth Rock and strike this night. Here is a copper, Lana, "she expenses the keys of Fanuell Hall."

A mild self-possessing mind is a bleast life there where close to the substrict of the self-possessing mind is a bleast life through the fall of the substrict of the substric kneeling down pushed but the thick cluster. How so I you were thinking perhaps ing curis for a moment, then giving way to a poor Eletano. some violent contest.

B Punch is a good doctor at time s. He it you! Dead cold, dishered it will not wan the first time that name had been spok warrens: "Put your month close to the warr, it heaven be memint to me is it in a whisper that if it will not go

> Contains High Contains and Contains county upon the clothed would "The willow. as her hope waned and died bent till her those enough, is it, for me, that he lies in that de-

touched that of her poor boy. And on those tested ground—the converts corner. How eyes fastened upon them—the head gradually fering the parlor unaware of the stranger's corpse that could not plead for justice, the cold moon gazed down with no pity in her

One hour passed—a dismal hour, during which to the hapless girl, life seemed an anguish too fearful to be borne. Would heaven ever look beautiful again with the wealth sun ever gladden her breast, or the green earth Go back! and would you wish me to ?" with its dancing flowers, welcome her step and whisper that her um denied her?

The widow lifted her form gloomily, and

and glittering, for she had not shed a tear. To-morrow I will send for him. On! that one of my blood should sleep in the coward's cannot bear this burden, and yet I cannot die Henceforth to live is ignominy, despised as the mother of a coward !"

"Will they then bring him home to-morrow? Shall we see him again?" "Never!" exclaimed the widow. "Were he my father, my husband, instead of my childnot even his lifeless body should rest beneath my roof. And now Lena, look at me"-how white, how high, how like a terrible statue she seemed-"from this time henceforth, never, girl, never let his name be on your lips."-Lean on my arm, poor thing-lean as heavily as you will. This has been sore suffering for

can you bear up yet a little while ?" She put an arm about that slight, sinking form, and turned towards home. Not a word was spoken by either as they traversed the weary distance; and when at last they reached the cottage, Madame Wolfsten entered fiercely, "If you fear me or for yourself stay with Lena in her arms. The poor child had

CHAPTER IV.

Lens and the widow sat outside the cottage in the shadow of a huge locust tree. With cheerful hum the spinning wheel flew round and the shuttle bobbed with a sort of living motion under Lena's quick plying fingers.

The girl had changed—changed innch. Her light hair was braided back from her temples A modest handkerchief encircled her boson and throat—only her white arms were uncov-The road was well travelled, and lined with ered. The girlish mouth occasionally dimpan undergrowth of short, scraggy trees. There led with smiles, the blue eyes were deeper and had been heavy rains the previous week, and more earnest. But smiles and songs came through the dark shadows in the side gullies, rarely now, for the widow had grown querelrustling along with a sort of silver music over ous. She hugged her sorrow, and like a the rough earth, ran limpid streams, now and mother whose sick babe is sleeping; banished love beside?" then showing their diamond drops in the fleet, all sounds of mirth from the guarded treasure

Madam Wolfsten was no longer beautiful and held their yellow treasures with so loose She had when a girl, been a reigning belle, season after season; toasted, admired, courtearth. Orchards hung thick with heavy fruit, ed but within the past five years of desols tion, there remained but few traces of her lovliness; and fe # saw her without an expressed wonder that affliction could so change the countenance.

Lens's task was no ordinary one, to soothe amuse and comfort her foster mother-anor to keep silence for long weary hours, when the widow would hear no conversation, but wrapped in the shadow of memory, would ommune only with the passionless image of the dead.

This afternoon Madam Wolfsten had been as usual taciture. She sat crimping the snowy folds of muslin which were part and parcel of her nest widow's cap.

Lena's face wore a 'quiet happiness, which might have been the result of the balmy season-for it was just that hour, when the hills laid in faint purple, and the sun hung over, not touching the calm of the soft-gliding stream. that swept in silver-beauty through the amber autumn-field. The sky, too, wore that dreamy haze through which the delicate blue looked more delicious, as a beautiful face through a veil of tissue; and the birds hopped about blood. But few bodies laid here and there, and sang, and the leaves rustled softly, and and an old bent man tottered feebly around, the warm south-wind broke over the flowers and wafted to the gentle girl the sweetest of The hand of love or colder friendship had re- their sweet perfume—so Lens was really al-

Suddenly the widow looked up from he that she shricked sloud, and clung to the wid the play of her steader fingers, and then said

Of anything to relieve the tediousness your strength and my own. Come, let us the time. Don't you think it sultry! forboding a storm? How obstinate this muslin is! "How do you know he lies here!" whisper- I have smoothed it out repeatedly, and yet I cannot make it suit." Let me take it deer mother

"Just as if I would let any one do my cap but myself—though you are nest fingered Le no." Then after a little pause, she exclaimed "I fear they would make you sad, mother,"

"Twenty-six on Chairtman day."

and glory of its moon and stars? Would the how they mocked my strow when he fell.

"Why don't you get married child?" Lenz lifted her blue ayes, swimming in tears to the widow's face. Her features wore an expression of the most intense disappointment. "We will go," she said, coldly, her eyes dry while her fingers worked more nervous with

"I am sure you are stetty enough and good enough to be well settled. I myself have sitting there. You might get a fine husband, child, if it were not for me."

The girl's lip quivered, and the thread in her hand made forty Juplicates through the blinding tears that were just ready to fall. Do you want me to leave you, mother?

an old woman like me, who has lost her good dream?" temper and her good looks," answered the wid-

ed in a little snuggery of your own, and,-" she buried her face in its folds, and sobbed the table to night, in the arbor,"

sobbed Lena, as soon as she could find voice. per in your best style, Lena." Will you break my heart? You know I cruelly to me? Where can I go-who can I so much labor.

"Are you in earnest?" whispered madam Wolfsten, dropping the lace upon her lap. "I cannot live if I leave you I have no wish to marry. I am only too happy here. But if you are tired of me-"

"Hush! Lena; take down the handkerchief you are a dear, good girl," replied the widow. while something of their former beauty glist-

"And I may stay with you then." "Till I die child-then I intended to leave you the cottage.'

Lens did not answer. Her sensitive heart she launched forth with a copiousness of language, that nearly bewildered the girl, accus-

"I think something will happen; I am sure ger, her eye fell again upon her work. something will happen before long to change rour destiny, child; and mine too, perhaps," continued madam Wolfsten.

"Do you beleive in dreams Lena! I know you do not, nor do I think distinct revelaions are made to the slumberer, but I know here are certain times when an idea which would never enter our minds in our waking moments, adopted in the vagary of a dream will give life and coloring to the whole future of our existence. What do you think dear

"I'm sure I don't know as I ever thought much about it," answered Lens. abstractedly "I never dream." "You will laugh. Lena, but if, you had drea-

med what I did last night. I am sure you would think that some dreams are omens of good, or eyil. It was singular," she continned thoughtfully, raising her eyes to the heave rolled through the heavens. The widow, was ens over whose serene blue home clouds were startled, saying hurriedly you may come in the line home about the hand from which he received gathering. "I have been happiere ver since, probably the atorm will be over before night of depression and disappointment that com "It. He did not speak for strong emotion My spirits are more, buoyant than they have fall," she held the door open for his satrance, pletely shide wed his feelings. been for years. You have noticed the change. Whether or not he understood the higt that l know you have let me tell you the vision, accompanied her consent, he entered with also his employer during all this time, it is shifted flowing with thankfulness.

We were sitting on the perch you and I ____ rity, and in a few minutes was competely at remarkable, that he not once . Stay a moment, said the broker, as Joh It was part the twilight, and the stars were home in the nest parlor of the widow. His been conscious of the twilight, and the stars were home in the nest parlor of the widow. His been conscious of the twilight, and the stars were home in the nest parlor of the widow. His been conscious of the fact that the boy were love to your burning with a brighter glory than we see garb was respectable, his language polished were steadily apon him. In fact, he had been Perhaps I had better write a note to your burning with a brighter glory than we see them of nights. While we sat talking a great them of nights. While we sat talking a great white herself remarkably proud white eagle, brighten than show in the sun came boyering near us, with a beautiful near that her great was gentled fallion in his beat, suspended from a chain of the purest and most polished gold. All suddenly seed to his own advantage.

Meantime Leas was board below that her great was gentled to his own advantage. A brist not only said his which all the choice the boy seed to his own advantage.

Meantime Leas was board below that the control of the boy seed to his own advantage. A brist not only said his strong suddenly control only said his control of the boy and below that her great the first and the boy said his boy said his boy said his boy and below the said his choice to be precised present help that was used only when

of tame Ripe himbing stramberries occupied the con-Lime blooking street a country that the property of the proper

grew bolder in its outlines and detached itself presence. A quick blush painted her cheeks alowly uprising from the surface of the silver. crimson; the smile on her parted lips, faded,

was but a dream. Did I not forget all my wretchedness !

Then he turned to you but you are weeping; does my relation disturb you?" "O, no no; go on; it is charming. I weep bocause I see him again, so vividly, and because, alas! it is but fancy that gives him the glowing colors of life."

Well, as I was saying he turned to you with a wondrous smile—was not his smile pecorner Lens, my heart will surely break; I seen many a pair of tark eyes casting shy culiar? You held out your hand; and I said, glances in at the porch, when you have been Elstano, my braze boy, mind I said braze bing his hands together quickly in irrepressing since passed, ere generous feelings. "go to your betrothed kiss her; she has ble pleasure.

"go to your betrothed kiss her; she has ble pleasure.

"mad hardened into ice, or given place to an all waited long for you, and heaven gives few Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker pervading selfishness. He remembered too.

He had reached your side, bowed his head clear gain of two thousand dollars was secur- how proudly that friend presented her to their

ow, passing her hand across her still white eyes, and an expression of mystery about her was a slender, rather poorly dressed lad, in forchead. "I'm no companion for you Long, delicate lips. I do not wonder you think his thirteenth year, whom Mr. Everett had ena young, handsome girl, and I am well aware something will happen. I think so myself- gaged, a short time previously, to attend in the broker, when the lad returned from his why you stay your stered promise to Elsta something very good and unusual," and she his office and run upon creands. He was the errand. no! you consider it binding. Now you are smiled again in the same peculiarly arch man- son of a widowed mother, now in greatly relively as a cricket by nature, and I don't want ner; and then bit her lip with a frown, as if to duced circumstances. His father had been an confused him. you to feel under any obligation to stay with chide herself. Then starting up, she exclaim- carly friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact me, if you tire of my whims and ways. If ed merrily, "Well, whatever happens I must which led to the boy's introduction into the well either—thank you, sir." you were married to a good husband and liv- get tea. Hark is that four? Then it is time. broker's office. You had better come in mother; the warmth Two thousand dollars? The broker had Suddenly Lens let fall her implements of of this moist south wind is delicious, but uttered aloud his satisfaction; but now he

"Lena," cried the widow "I why child wind sings like a dirge, and the sky is chang- will say to-morrow morning, when he hears have I hurt your feelings? Are you in love! ing to the color of the tempest. Get tea in Do you dread to leave me? Don't sorrow so our room, Lena, and take down the honey-jar "Do you say all this to try me mother!" the tray, and the porcelein fruit-dish. Get sup-

CHAPTER V. "A stranger! yet I know him !"

The wind began to blow in short damp pulls, swinging the branches together with a force that struck off the dead leaves, and sent them curled and crisp up the road to find a shroud and a common grave by the highway. The coolness was grateful after a day of heat ened in her dark eyes. "Forgive mo for what and dust, and the red light playing through I have said. I feared I was tiresome to one the thunder-rifts, and mixing with the general of your tastes, I knew I was unlovely—per gloom that swathed hill and valley, gave a haps, also Lena, I wished to try you—that is wondrous and fearful coloring of crimson to the still, wide fields, through which swept a shiver as of fear, only when that sudden blast humbled the trees to its will.

A man sauntered slowly towards Widow. Wolfsten's cottage, and leaned as if exhausted had been too rudely wounded to recover in. on the low paling that surrounded the pretty stantly, its usual tone of composure. But the garden, only a few feet from the spot where old lady had grown garulous. Something sat the widow. Every moment he would cast out of the usual course seemed to have given an anxious glance upward, and then scan the an impetus to the current of her thought, and face of the Widow Wolfsten, as if to calculate what his chances might be, should be ask for shelter from the threatened storm. The comed as she had been to such uniform ai widow looked up once, but too much absorbed to take any particular notice of the stran-

Soon heavy drops fell pattering upon the branches that now waved to and fro with a conotonous rustling. The red glory had geno. for the clouds huddled together, piercing the ragged edges with blackness. A congregation of voices, neither human or divine, filled all the gray atmosphere, and the wind grew strong throwing from its gaunt arms, sprays of whistling dust, and leading the dry loaves a merry chase up and down the narrow path. "May I claim the protection of your roof till the storm is over, Madam ?

The widow had risen to leave the porch, as hese words, uttered with a slightly foreign accept, arrested her attention. "We are two lone women," she thought but he has an honest look, and it seems to

me a strangely familiar one." Thunder, terrific in its first crushing pos

the medallion fell upon my len, and then to diebes of porcels in that were used only when loofs brown and delight preside in all Talkors selled, which was solder of labe years

"Would you not rather go back to your aunts. Remember how tich they have grown they would do well by you now, Lena."

The young woman duddered from head to foot as she said—go sack there! Ah you don't know how cruel they were to me; and embrace him, bless him, that the fearful past units.

alowly uprising from the surface of the silver. Crimson; the smile on her parted lips, faded, and she started back with a look and manner that plainly told they had met before. Nor was her confusion less, when Madam Wolfsten said, "a gentleman, Lena, who was exposed that of my son."

It was so real, so perfect. I see him now; to the actorm.) Perhaps he will take tea with embrace him, bless him, that the fearful past

Her quick eye had noted the sudden change. but she strove to appear unconscious. "With delight, madam," returned the stranger, "if I shall not be deemed an intruders"

Blessing of a Good Deed

(To be continued.)

BY T. S. ARTHUR. · I should like to do that, every day, for

to embrace you, when the engle swept toward ed. He was alone in his office; or, so much little world as his bride. The lad had her you both, and let fall the golden chain upon alone as not to feel restrained by the presence large, dark, spiritual eyes only the light of she whispered with as much composure as she your neck, and his, binding them closely to- of another. And yet, a pair of dark, sad eyes joy had faded therefrom giving place to se gether with its weight. I awoke only too were fixed intently upon his self satisfied counstrange sadness. Why you should be tired of staying with soon, but so thankful. Was it not a sweet tenance, with an expression, had he observed it, that would, at least, have excited a mo. Everett, and though he tried, once or twice "Very beautiful," said Lens, with smiling ment's wonder. The owner of this pair of eyes during the boy's absence to obliterate there,

labor, and snatching the muslin from her neck treacherous; perhaps I had better not spread communed with himself silently. 'Two thous- with kindness, and in a tone of interest. Not and dollars ! A nice little sum that for a sin- sick, I hope ? "No-for see, a storm is certainly near; the gle day's work. I wonder what Mr. Jenkins of such an advance in these securities?

From some cause, this mental reference to about it child—I shall get accustomed to your to night. Send Henrie to get some strawber- Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state while the color deepened on his face absence, no doubt, and I have long felt the ries also. We will have a little feast by our of exhileration. Most probably, there was Ah, indeed? I'm sorry for that. What is strange dissimilarity in our testes. I wonder selves, and there is a jug of good cream in the something in the transaction, by which he the trouble John ? dresser, remember. Use the silver spoons, too, had gained so handsome a sum of money, that in calmer moments, would not bear too close a secutiny—something that Mr. Everett would with a boyish shame for the weakness, he Lenn's graceful form viided within doors, hardly like to have blazoned forth to the turned away and struggled for a time with his love none but you—you must know that—and Madam Wolfsten remained to put the last world. Be this as it may, a more sober mood overmastering feelings. What have I done that you should talk so touches upon the snowy frill that had cost her in time, succeeded, and although the broker Mr. Everett was no little moved by so tinwas richer by two thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was certainly no

An hour afterwards, a business friend carrie into the office and said:

Have you heard about Cassen? 'No : what of him ? He is said to be off for California with than justly belongs to him.

'What!'

'Too true, I believe. His name is in the steamer yesterday." The scoundrel! exclaimed Mr. Everett.

'He owes you, does he?' said the friend. 'I lent him three hundred dollars only day efore yesterday.

A clear swindle. 'Yes it is. O, if I could only get my hands

lid not wear a very amiable expression. I think he has let you off quite reasonably. Was that sum all he asked to borrow?

ouple of thousands by his absence." ker walked the floor of his office with come all into the street. Poor mother! She went pressed lips, a lowering brow, and most in to bed sick.

happy feelings. The two thousand dollars to How much does your colless owe the gain is no way balanced in his mind the three man! asked Mr. Everett.

had taken quick cognizance. And he comprehended all. Scarcely a moment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked with aneasy steps, the floor of his office.

intent as had been the lad's observation of bears in his large well eyes; and it was over-

ty. He paid him a couple of dollars a week. and thought little more about him or his widowed mother. He had too many important interests of his own at stake, to have his mind turned aside for a trifling matter like this. But now, as the image of that sad face for it was usually sad at the moment when Mr. Evcrett looked anddenly towards the boy lingered in his mind, growing every moment more distinct, and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the year to come, said Mr. William Everett, rub- pleasant hours they had spent together, in and had just made an 'operation,' by which a the beautiful girl his freend had married, and

> All this was now present to the mind of Mr. recollections, he was unable to do so.

How is your mother, John ? kindly asked The question was so unexpected, that it

She's well—thank you air. No not very And the boy's face flushed, and his even Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke

No. sir; not very sick. But-

But what John, said Mr. Everett, encour-She is in trouble, half stammered the boy

The fears, which John had been vainly stri-

expected an exhibition. He waited with a new born consideration for the boy, not unmingled with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

John, he then said, if your mother is in trouble, it may be in my power to relieve

O. sir !" exclaimed the lad engerly, coming twenty thousand dollars in his pockets more up to Mr. Everett, and, in the forgetfulness of the moment, laying his small hand upon that of his employer, if you will, you can. Hard indeed would have been the heart list of passengers who left New York in the that could have withstood the appealing eyes lifted by John Levering to the face of Mr. Everett. But, Mr. Everett had not a hard heart who, by this time, was very considerably exci- Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference towards others; but the

crust was now broken through. Speak freely, my good lad, said he kindly, Tell me of your mother. What is the troub-

We are very poor, sir.' Tremulous and nournful was the boy's voice. And mother Mr. Everett's countenance as he said this isn't woll. She does all she can and my wages help a little. But, there are three of us Don't get excited about it, said the other, children; and I am the oldest. None of the rest can earn anything. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, air, because she hadn't the money to pay it with ... This morn-I knew two, at least, who are poorer by a jug, the man who owns the house where we live, came for some money, and when mother But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an fold him that she had none, he got, our so anhour after the individual left, who had commu- gry hand frightened us all. He said if the nicated this unpleasant piece of news, the bro- rent was in paid by to morrow. And turn us.

hundred lost. The pleasure created by the Cit's a great deal, air. The afraid she if one, had not penetrated deep enough to escape never, be able to pay it; and I don't know Of all this, the boy with the dark and eyes thow much? Fourteen dollars, sir, answered the lad. 'le that all ! And Mr. Everett, thrust, his band into his pocket 'Here are tatental dol-

lars. Run home to your mother, and give them to her with my compliments." As the afternoon waned the broker's mind do boy grasped the money exerty and graw calmagn. The first excitences produced as he did so, in an irrepressible built brave. choked all utterance for Mr Everett saw his

The part of the property of th

Or a sour old bachelor neally arrayed.