WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all amusements of the mind, From logic down to fishing. There isn't one that you can find So very cheap as "wishing!" A very choice diversion, too, If we but rightly use it, And not, as we are apt to do, Pervent it and abuse it.

I wish-A common wish indeed-My parse was somewhat fatter. That I might cheer the child of need, And not my pride to flatter : That I might make oppression reel, As only gold can make it, And break the tyrant's rod of steel As only gold can break it.

I wish that sympathy and love, And every human passion That has its origin above. Would come and keep in fashion-That scorn and jealousy and hate, And every base emotion, Were buried fifty fathoms deep, Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish that friends were always true And motives always pure; I wish the good were not so few, I wish the bad were fewer; I wish that persons ne'er forgot To heed the pious teaching; I wish that practicing was not So different from preaching.

I wish that modern worth might be Appraised with truth and candor; I wish that innocence was free From treachery and slander; I wish that men their vows would mind, That woman ne'er were rovers; I wish that wives were always kind, And husbands always lovers.

Lwish-in fine-that joy and mirth, And every good ideal, May come ere while throughout the carth To be the glorious real, Till God shall every creature bless With supremest blessing, And hope be lost in happiness,

The Hundred Pollar Bill.

And wishing be possessing.

Mr. John Somers was a merchant, doing business in a thriving country village. He faithful and industrious, but with some differchild of a now widowed mother, and in his equally as honest, but he paid more attention did his companion. For instance, it galled him to be obliged to put on his frock and overalls, and help pack up pork, potatoes, and so on while Peter cared not what he did. so long as his master required it, and it was honest.

One day, Mr. Somers called the two voung men into his counting room, and closed the door after them. His countenance looked troubled, and it was some moments; before he

eke.
"Boys,' he said, at lengther"I have been doing a very foolish thing. I have lent my name to those I have thought friends, and they have ruined me. I gave them accommodation notes, and they promised solemnly that these notes should not pass from their hands, save to such men as I might accept Of course I took their notes in exchange. They have now failed and cleared out, and have left my paper in the market to the amount of seven thousand dollars. I may arise again, but I must give up my business. Everything in the store is attached, and I am left utterly powerless to do business now. I have looked over your accounts, and I find Now I have just one bundred dollars in money. and the small piece of land on the side of the hill just back of the town house. There are four acres of this land, and I have been those who have land adjoining. I feared this he was not invited now. Walter Sturgis each one. But he didn't think of selling. blow, which has come upon me, and I conwish you would make your choice. If I could his smiles, and one of them he fancied he and the first thing he heard was:

the longest, and you shall say first." and then said: "I'm sure I don't want the land unless I'

could sell it right off." "Ab, but that won't do," returned Mr. Somers, "if you take the land you must keep it. Were you to sell it, my creditors would the money."

dollars with Peter, for if I had the land I sure that such a girl was not what he needed him noboby would have thought of building and-"

should do nothing with it." Oh you need not divide the money, for I can raise the hundred dollars on the land. My brother will do that. But I imagined Stevens was owing him just two dollars, and that you would prefer to have the land, for all he owed to the world was seventy-five I knew the soil was good though quite rocky. dollars for manure. On the third of July he of twelve square rods." However, what say you, Peter !"

equally with Walter," returned Peter, "each afterwards he carried to the city twenty-eight of us take balf the money and half the land." dollars worth. Toward the end of the month said Walter. "I could not work on it, I-I- worth of early potatoes, beans, peas, etc. should hardly like to descend from a clerkship Then he had early corn enough to bring him to digging and delving in a blue frock and afteen dollars more. Ere long his melons were cowhide boots."

"Then it is easily settled," rejoined Peter, "for I should prefer the land."

Walter was pleased with this, and before hight he had a hundred-dollar-bill in his the whole. pocket, and Peter had the warrantee deed of had always lived there. It was only five miles belped Mr. Stevens in haying and about some from the city, and of course many city fash other matters—enough so that he could have ions were prevalent there. It was under the some help when he wanted it. When the be enough to afford me quite a garden: twenty of the sharks after her—twenty of em and in his hand be brought a small trunk:

Times were dull and business was slack, kins, etc., and eighteen bushels of white even though it was early spring. Peter beans. White's first object, after having got the deed have found some place, but he knew no trade except that of salesman and book-keeping. A ment, but at the end of that time he found use. That winter he worked for Mr. Stevens, an old farmer who wanted a hand, though he at getting out lumber for twenty five dollars afford to pay !" could not afford to pay much. But Peter, per month; and when spring came he was finally, and with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an arrangement of this kind : He would work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens) steadily. until the ground was open and then he should land, and in part payment for his services, Stevens was to help about all the ox work the youth might need. Next Peter went to the hotel, where there was quite a stable, and engaged a hundred loads of manure, the landford promising to take his pay in products when harvest time came. So Peter, White pat on the bine frock and cow-hide boots and

went to work for farmer Stevens.

In the meantime Walter Storgis had been to the city to try to find a situation in some store, but he came home bootless. He was surprised when he met Peter driving an ox team through the village. At first he could hardly believe his own wes. Could it be possible that that was Peter White, in that blue frock and those coarse boots? On the next day a relation from the city came to see Walter. The two walked out, and dury ing the day Walter saw Peter coming towards them with his team. He was hauling lumber which Mr. Stevens had been getting out during the winter. Walter saw how coarse and humble his quondam clerk mate looked, and he knew that Peter would hail him if they met, so he caught his companion by the arm and dodged in a by-lane. Peter saw the movement, and he understood it, but he only smiled. By and bye, the snow was all gone from the hill-side. The wintry gark was removed from that spot some time before it left other places, for Peter's lot lay on the the advantages of the warm sun without any of the cold north and east winds. The youth were permanent; so his first move was to get off some of these obstructions, and as Mr. he obtained a second crop of much value was able to give his young workman considerable assistance. They took two yokes of oxen and two drags, and went at it, and in just five days every rock was at the foot of the slope, and made into good stone wall. Peter then hauled on his hundred loads of manure, which he had for seventy-five dollars, and part of it he plowed in, and part he saved for top dressing.

Peter now worked early and late, and much had two clerks in his employ, both of them of the time he had help. Mr. Stevens was surprised at the richness of the soil, but there ence in minor points of character. Peter was reason for it. At the top of the hill there was a luge ledge, and the rocks which had encumbered the hill-side must, at some Noice of a profession he had only been former period, have come tumbling down governed by the desire to yield to his mother from the ledge; and these rocks, laying there and self the surest means of honest support. for ages, perhaps, and covering nearly half Walter Sturgis was of the same age and the surface of the ground, had served to keep the soil moist and mellow. The first thing to the outward appearance of things, than Peter planted was about a quarter of an acre of water melons. He then got in some early garden sauce-such as potatoss, sweet corn, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes, and so on. And he got his whole piece worked up and planted before Stevens' farm was free from snow. People stopped on the road and gazed upon the hill-side in wonder. Why had that spot never been used before? -For forty years it had been used as a sheep pasture, the rocks baving forbidden all thoughts of cultivating it. But how admirably it was situated for early tilling; and how rich the soil must have been, with sheep running over it so long. An adjoining hill shut off the east winds, and the hill itself gave its back to the chill north.

Peter had planted an acre of corn, an acre of potatoes and the rest he had divided among all sorts of produce. Then he went to work for Stevens again, and in a few weeks he had more than paid for all the labor he had been obliged to hire on his own land.

In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had again been looking after employment. His hundred dollars were used up to the last penny, and that I owe you about a hundred dollars each. just then be accepted a place in one of the stores in the village, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. He still wondered how Peter White could content himself in how many house lots his land would make; such business. Peter used to be invited to and he found that his hillside would afford all the little parties when he was a clerk, but fifty building spots, with a good garden to went to these parties, and he was highly edifi-

cannot, one of you must take this land. What loved. After he had the hill side planted, he say you? You, Walter, have been with me went to see Cordelia Henderson, and be asked her if she would become his wife at some fu-Walter Sturgis hesitated some moments, ture period when he was prepared to take such an article to his home. She told him she would think of it and let him know, by letter. Three days afterwards be received a letter from her, in which she stated that she could not think of uniting her destinies with a man who could only delve in the earth for say at once you did it for me, and I pocketed a living. Peter shed a few tears over the unexpected note, and then he reasoned on the ing lot of him. One of them spoke to me "Then I am willing to divide the hundred subject; and finally blessed his fate, for he was about what a lovely spot it was; and I told

for a wife: When the first of July came, Peter reckon- you sold it though?" ed up his accounts, and he found that Mr. carried to the hotel ten dollars worth of green "Why I'll take the land, or I will divide peas, beans and radishes; and in three days "But what should I want with the land?" he had sold one hundred and thirty dollars ripe. A dealer of the city had engaged them all. He had six hundred fair melons, for which he received fourteen cents a piece by the lot, making eighty-four dollars for

During the whole summer Peter was kept the four scree of land upon the bill-side. Both busy in attending to the gathering and selling of the products of his bill-side. He much there was. I thought I should like to influence of this fashion that Walter Sturgis last harvesting came, he gathered in seventyrefused to have anything to do with the eight bushels of corn, and four hundred and so the produce would a dead body. Don't I know what they want I curtains close.

| Can't I see! Aha—can't I though! It's of potatoes, besides turning, squashes, pump, be worth. of potatoes, besides turnips, squashes, pump. be worth."

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Chursday Morning, July 29, 1858.

On the first day of November Peter White of his land, was to bunt up some kind of sat down and reckoned up the proceeds of willing to sell out, I suppose ?" work. Had he been a mechanic he might his land, and he found that the piece was yielding him just five hundred and five dol-lars, and besides this he had corn, potatoes, whole week he searched in vain for employ beans and vegetables sufficient for his own

ready to go at his land again. In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had worked a year at a fashionable calling for three hundred dollars, and at the end of the have half the time to devote upon his own term he was the absolute owner of just two dollars.

"Say, Peter, you aren't going to work on that land of yours another season, are you !" asked Walter, as the two met in the street one evening.

"To be sure I am," was the response "But here's Simonds wants a clerk, and I told him I guessed you would be glad to

"What will he pay !" "Three hundred "Ah, Walter, I can make more than that

rom my land." Sturgis opened his eyes in astonishment.

"You are joking," said he. "No, sir. I received five hundred and five dollars in money last season. Seventy-five of that went for manure; but some of that manure is now on hand, as I found the ground so rich last year as not to need much over half of it. This season I shall have two hundred dollars worth of strawberries, if nothing bappens unusual." "And you don't have to work any winters

to do this?" 2" No, four month's labor is about all I can lay out to advantage on it." Walter went to his store, and during the

rest of the evening he wondered how it was that some folks had such luck. During the second season, Peter had experience for a guide, and he filled up many southern slope of the hill, and thus had all gaps that he left open the year before. His strawberries turned out better than he had anticipated, and he made a better arrangefound his land very rocky, but none of them | ment for his melons. And then from all that land whereon he planted his early peas, etc., Stevens' land was not yet clear from snow, he It was but one half hour's drive into the city, and he always obtained the highest prices, for he brought the earliest vegetables in the market.

On the first of the next November he had cleared seven hundred dollars for the seaso over and above all expenses.

One morning, after the crops were all in, Peter found a man walking about over the land, and as the young man came up the stranger asked him who owned the bill side. "li is mine, sir," replied Peter.

The man looked about and then went away, and on the mext day be came again he heard that a railroad was going to be put attics of the upper ones. through the village as soon as the workmen

could be set at it. On the next morning, Peter went out upon his land, and as he reached the upper boundary and turned and looked down the truth flashed upon him. His hillside had a gentle, was delightful. A brook ran down through it from an exhaustless spring up in the ledge, in summer, and warm in winter. At the while the river ran in sight for several miles. "Of course," soliloquised Peter, "they think this would make beautiful building spots .--

of it before. And then when a railroad comes here, people from the city will want Somers, and he went into business with him, their dwellings here. But this land is valuable. It is worth-elet me see-say six hnndred dollars a year. I can easily get eight or nine hundred dollars for what I can raise is not a prettier spot than the old hillside,here, and I know that two hundred dollars The railroad depot is near its foot, and it is will pay me a good round price for all the occupied by sumptuous dwellings, in which labor I perform on it. And then when my peach trees grow up, and my strawberry be is cent city. increase-Ho-it's more valuable to me than it could be to any one else."

When Peter went home, he could not re-

Two days afterwards, six men came to look reged this land to my brother; so now he ed by them. Also, when Peter was a clerk, at the land, and after traveling over it, and can convey it to whom he pleases. Now I there were several young and handsome sticking up some stakes, they went away.

- " Aba, Pete, you've missed it.' " How so \$2 asked Peter.

"Why, how much do you get for your hill-ide i".

"What do you mean?" " Haven't you sold it?"

" No. sir." oath that each one of them engaged a buildthere till you get the rocks off. But baven't

"No, not an inch of it." "Why, that man told me he had engaged to pay four hundred dollars for a choice lot

"Then he will find his lot somewhere else, I guest, till I sell out." Some more conversation was held, and

then Peter went down. On the following forenoon, the very man who had been the first to come and look at the hillside, called to see Peter, introducing himself as Mr. An-

"Let's see-I believe you own some two or three acres of land, up here on the hillside," he said very carelessly. "I own four acres there," replied Peter,

very exactly. "Ah, yes-well; it doesn't make much the old man's neck, and kissed him, and then difference. I didn't notice particularly how she left the room.

much there was. I thought I should like to "It's curious how these young fools act,"

"That would depend upon how you work | my money! But Agnes has never loved one | piled the new bank notes upon the table. ed it," said Peter, dryly. "Oh, yes, I suppose so. But you are

" Certainly." The man's eyes began to brighten.

"How much should you want for it?" he It was a bright drop and the rays of the setasked. "Well, I don't know. What could you

"Why, I suppose I could afford to pay a great deal more than it is worth. Rather she never took it from me—but she may of the packages.

She never took it from me—but she may of the packages.

"Why have you taken it from the bank, than not have it I would pay—well, say two hundred dollars, or two hundred and fifty at the outside.'

talking, sir."

"But-you-paid one hundred, only, if mistake not.

dollars and the land, and I chose the latter, how she loved and nursed him, and cared for But as you seem to labor in the dark, I will him, and how she taught her child to care explain to you. In the first place there is for him, too. And he remembered how she not another spot of land in this section of the had never complained, even while suffering, country, that possesses the natural advanta- and how she had died, with a smile and a ges which this one does. I can have my blessing upon her lips, though the gold of early peas and vines up and hoed before my her husband brought her no comforts. neighbors get their ground plowed; so I have my early sauce in the market shead of all low, and in his heart he wished that he could others, save a few hot house plants, which forget all but the fleeting joys of his life.—cannot compare with mine for strength and But he could not forget. He could not forsize. Then my soil is very rich, and yields get that it had been whispered that his wife fifty per cent more than most other land.— might have lived longer if she had had the Now look at this: During the last reason I proper clothing and medical attention. have realized over eight hundred dollars from this land, and next season I can get much money!" more than that, for my strawberry vines are flourishing finely. There are not any two pang. The other memory was uppermost. Noah Bremen had passed the allotted age farms in this town that can possibly be made to realize so much money as my hillside, for of man, being over three score years and ten, you see it is the time of my produce, and not | and all his life had been devoted to accumuquantity, that does the business. A bushel lating money. He had denied himself every of my early peas on the 22d day of May, are comfort, and his heart had been almost as worth ten times as much as my neighbor's hard as the gold be had hoarded. But as beld a small trunk. They gazed upon the his hand. "I don't see anything very bad in bushel on the first of July and August. Two his hair grew more white and sparse, and the burning building, but neither of them spoke. that."

dollars interest." hundred, I suppose ?" said Mr. Anderson,

lars a year for that sum, sir ? asked Peter. "Ahem-well-ah-you put it rather-cu-

"Then I'll put it plainly. You may have the hill-ide for ten thousand dollars." he saw nothing more of the speculator.

Two days afterwards, however, three of the would love and care for him always. Father merchants came to see our hero, and when in Heaven, help me! Oh! help me." they had beard his simple story they were willing to do justly by him. They went up doors, and for a whole hour he walked alone among the trees. He thought again of his "Ruined! Lost!" groaned Noah Breand they seemed to be dividing it off into to be pure as chrystal, and as it was then a wife, again of his child-and then-of his men, as he turned from the scattered embers. small lots. They remained about an hour dry season, they saw that the supply of water gold! And this was not the first time he and then went away. Peter suspected this could never fail, and all the houses which had walked alone there. He did not know land was wanted for something. That even might be built upon Peter's land could be himself how great was the influence which ing he stepped in at the post office, and there supplied with running water, even in the very his child was then exerting upon him.

owned the land above Peter's, including the and when she had become calm, and her ledge and the spring, and he agreed to sell cheeks were dry, she-came down and got sup-for two hundred dollars. This, to builders, per. But she was not the happy, smiling bewas a great bargain, for the stone of the ledge ing that had flitted about the scarty board was excellent granite. Then they called a heretofore. easy slope, and the view from any part of it surveyor and made a plot of the hillside, A few days after this, as Noah Bremen whereby they found that they could have approached his cot one morning, he heard forty building lots, worth from two hundred voices within. He peered through a rent in and the locality would be cool and agreeable and fifty to four hundred dolla-s each. They the coarse paper curtain, and saw Walter hesitated not a moment after the plot was Adams with his child. Her head was upon foot of the hill, to the left, lay a small lake, made, but raid Peter his ten thousand dol- Walter's shoulder, and his arm was about lars cheerfulle.

Ere many days after this transaction, Peter live merchants who do business in the adja

reserve a building spot for himself. But his of love I gave to my dying mother must be usual good fortune attended him even here. kept." sist the temptation to sit down and calculate A wealthy banker had occasion to move to another section of the country, and he sold is to be changed to this sad reality! exclaim with Walter some months. out his house and garden to Peter for just ed Walter sorrowingly. "I cannot ask you one half what the huilding cost him. So to leave your father, sweet Agnes, for the asked in surprise.

Peter took a wife who loved him when he very truth in you which I worship would be "You used to dug in the earth, and found a home for her made a lie if you should do so. But I have you," returned Noah. and himself upon the old hillside.

veritable history I have been writing, and the place I have told you about, is now one of the most select suburban residences in the country.

THE MISER'S HEIR.

"I tell you no, Agnes, I wen't have it .-The fellow only wants my money. I know "Why there was a man here a week or so him, I know him. I know all these dandified ago, and to day he came and brought five jimcracks. They hang around a few bags of any such thing. Now you know." Father, you judge Walter too harshly .-

He is a good man, honest and industrious, "Industrious you say ? By the big lump

I'd like to know what he has got to show for his industry." "He has a superior Education, father." "Education ! Fiddlesticks! Can he live on his education! Can he make dollars by

"Yes, he can live on it. He has already obtained a good situation as a clerk." "And will earn about enough to keep him

in his fine clothes he wears. I know these walk among the sycamores, he wiped somefellows. But there's an end on't. If you choose him tather than your poor old father, you can do so. I can live alone, I shan't live long-you can-" "Stop, stop, father. You have no right

to talk so, You know I could not leave Still she murmured not, nor did her kindness And Agnes Bremen threw her arms about to her father grow less.

> forget my duty !" And the old man heard it. One night he came home from the city,

"See!" he said, as he opened the trunk, and did not think that; though I knew that the contingency from sudden or extensive floods.

of them till this Adams came along. The "look here, Agnes, and see how I have workjackanapes! And now she wants to get mar ed in my lifetime. I had no education, but ried right away. Nonsense."

I have laid up money—money!—
The old man bowed his head as he spoke

How many men would sell me all their brains

ting sun were playing on it.
"She cried when she kissed me," he whisage!" pered, wiping the tear from his hand, "I don't see who makes her so tender hearted.

The old man stopped, and a cloud came father !" she asked. over his wrinkled brow, for there was a pang "I don't think there is much use of our in his beart. He remembered the gentle uncomplaining being who had once been his companion—the mother of his child. He remembered how she became his wife, even "I had my choice between one hundred when the bloom of manhood passed from him;

> Noah Bremen bowed his frosted head more "But it would have cost so much ! I saved

Ah, the reflection would not remove the hundred dollars will more than pay me for years came more heavily upon him, he tho't all my time and trouble in attending to my more. The sweet smile of his dead wife was no one tried to stay the flames. And the to trifle with me thus.' land; so you see I have this year six hundred doing its mission now; and the pure love of effort would have been useless had it been his gentle thild was a remembrance to him made, for the old shell burned like tinder.-"Then you wouldn't sell for less than six that there were better hearts than his own. from the room. He would have left the hut, miserable old hut had too long occupied one hover about, my child, I believed they were "Would you sell out a concern that was but as he reached the little entry-way, he of the fairest spots in the village. There only after my gold: and I know that in yielding you a nett profit of six hundred dol- heard a voice in the garret. It was his were no other buildings to be endangered, so most cases I was correct. I believed the same of child's. He crept up the rickety stairs, and looked through a crack in the door. He saw Agnes upon her knees. Tears were rolling "Yes. See—I took the trunk. I left the towards heaven. And she prayed

curse and swear. At this, Peter simply love him with all tenderness and enable me upon it by the light of the flaming ruins. turned and left his customer to himself, and to do well and truly the duty which I pledged to my sainted mother! I promised her I nes, in affright.

ttics of the upper ones.

Agnes—pure, good, beautiful Agnes—
The merchants first went to the man who wept long and bitterly in her little garret,

Walter was an orphan, and had been Ag-White received a very polite note from Cor- nes' schoolmate, and her fervent lover thro' And wouldn't it? Curious that I never tho't delia Henderson, asking him to call and see all the years of youth. He was an honorable her; but he did not call. He hunted up Mr. virtuous man, and loved the gentle girl because she was so good, so gentle, and so and this very day Somers & White do busi- beautiful. And she loved him, not only beness in that town, and Walter Sturgis is their cause he had captured her heart in time book keeper. And in all the country there agone, but because his was of all suitors the only one whose character and habits promised

ov and peace in the future. "I cannot leave my poor old father. Walter" the old man heard his daughter say,-"I must live to love and care for him. It is

"And so the great joy-dream of my youth. prayer—an honest, sincere prayer. I pray

"The curse, Walter I" "Aye-the gold curse," rejoined the youth, ferrently. "I hope God may render him nenniless !"

"What I penniless !" repeated Agnes, with a start." "Aye-penniless! for then he would be ar more wealthy than he is now. Then he the old man's eye now. would know how to appreciate the priceless blessing of his Agnes, love; and then the city merchants with him, and I can take my dollars like cows around carrion; I won't have crust might be broken and his heart grow human again. And more than all," Walter continued, winding his arm closely about the fair form of his companion, and speaking more deeply, when I could prove to him my love. Then I could take you to my home-and take your father to my home-and we could both love him, and care for him while he

> lived. Noah Bremen stopped to hear no more, and as he walked away he muttered to him-

"The rascal! He'd do great things. Me days. He is well advanced in years and has penniless! And he prayed for it! The young made a fortune in the business, and he will villain!" When the old man gained his accustomed

thing from his eye. He acted as though a mote had blown in his eye. Two weeks passed on and Agnes grew pale and thin. She did not sing as she used to, nor could she smile as had been her wont.

"Oh God ! help me to love my father!" she prayed one night. "Let not grief make me

and he saw a drop upon the back of his hand. for this to-night! See -one thousand-two clear capital of one hundred and fifty tho ta--three-four-live-count them, Agnes- and dollars in the business at this moment: there's a thousand gold dollars in each pack- and then think of all the standing, and good-

> Agnes counted them over, for she thought her father wished it, and she made out fifty

"To let it, my child-to let it at a round interest, Agnes. I shall double it, darling— had a vacant and wandering look, double it—double it!" And while the old "Walter!" cried Agnes in terror man's eyes sparkled with evident satisfaction, has happened?". his child wore a sad, sorrowing look. And long after she sat and looked at the working out looking round. features of her father and prayed that the Gold flend would set him free. man, starting up
When Agnes retired she left her father up; miserable trifling.

but ere long she heard him put his little "Eh! I trunk away and then go to his bed. And his chair.

and thick volumes of smoke pour into the work when Mr. O-good came in and placed

And in another moment she meets her father upon the stairs. He is dressed, but she is business, and footed up, in square numbers,

on fire."

child stood in the road, the latter with a bundle of clothing in her hand, while the former And others came running to the scene but But more still—no one would have made the thus; At length the miser grose and passed out effort, even had success been evident, for the

down her cheeks, and her hands were clasped candle burning so that I could watch it .-Mr. Anderson laughed, but be found that

O, God! be good to my father, and make have fallen over. But I got the trunk!"—

Peter was in earnest and he commenced to his heart warm and peaceful. Make me to And as he spoke he held it up and gazed

> "That is not the trunk!" whispered Ag-"Nor-" But the old man spoke no further. He saw that he had taken the

"I had fifty thousand dollars in that trunk! And where are they now?" "Never mind," said Agnes, winding her

arm about her father's neck, "we'll be happy her, and she tried to smile upon me. One into Walter Adams' face. "Do you me in her father, rather than break that duty in that you will give me a home, too? That you will provide for me and keep me?" "Yes," returned the young man hopefully.

"I never could be happy with Agnes, much as I love her, if I thought her poor old father had no home—Come—we'll live together, and be as happy as the days are long." "But your salary, young man ?"

"Is sufficient for us, sir. I have five hundred dollars a year. . We can live well on that, and lay up something, too."

" Well, well-take her-love her-be good to her make her happy—don't never—"
When the old man saw the joyous tears leap from the child's eyes he turned away, miserable old hut was set on on or aand walked quickly from the house; but he caught fire. I shall always think my candle was not so quick, but that he heard the did it. But the old shell burned down, and blessings that followed him. And when he room was made for a better building. I came walked alone beneath the starry heavens he out with the wrong trunk, and the other

Gay as a lark, was gentle, beautiful Agnes, when she became the wife of Walter Adams. The rose bloomed again upon her cheek, and One thing Peter missed-that he did not bard! my heart may break. But the pledge the smiles were upon her happy face like the bright sunshine all the day long.

Do you pray God to help you love me now?' the old man asked, after he had lived "Why-what do you mean?" Agnes

"You used to pray so, for I have heard

A moment the young wife gazed into her And now, reader, where do you think the that God, in his mercy, may remove the curse parout's face, and then she answered, while bill-ide is? Perhaps you know; for it is a from your father's bended form!" "Oh! I pray that you may be spared to us for long years in peace and happiness; but-love you? Oh! I could not help it if I should try. And Walter loves you, father -he loves you very much, for he has told the so many a time."

There was something more than usual in One evening, as the happy trio sat at the tea-table, Walter looked more thoughtfully

than usual. "What is it love?" Agnes asked. "O-nothing," the husband said, with smile. "I was only thinking."

"But of what?"
"Only castle building—that's all." "In the air, Walter?" asked Noah.

"Yes-very high in the air," the young man returned with a laugh. "But tell us what it is." "Well-I'd as lief tell von as not. Mr Osgood is to retire from our firm in a few

He has not been very well of late years." "And is that all I" " Yes." "But what castle in the air is there about

live now for comfort and for health alone.

that ?" "O-that isn't the castle!" "Then what is the castle?" urged the old

man, playfully.
"Why-why simply this," said Walter aughing, but yet almost ashamed to tell This moon Mr. Osgood patted me on the fifty thousand dollars."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Noah Breman. and you thought he was in earnest."

other two partners would willingly have me

for an associate.' "But it seems to me that Old Osgood holds his share in the concern at a high figure." "Oh no; it is a very low one. There is a

will which goes for nothing." "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old man again. Then Wal er laughed; and then Agnes laughed; and then they finished supper. On the next evening Walter Adams came in and sank down on the sofa without speaking. He was pale and agitated and his eyes

"Walter l" cried Agnes in terror, "what "He's sick," muttered Noah Bremen, with-

"No, no-not sick returned the young man, starting up; " but I am the victim of a

"Eh! how so !" asked old Noah turning then she slept.

"I'll tell you," said Walter with a spasmodic effort. "I had some forg entries to post tarts up in affright, and listens. But see! this evening, so I remained in the counting A bright light is gleaming out into the night, room after the rest had gone. I was still at "Fire! Fire! sounded a voice from the entry, and she hears the sharp crackling now, and feels the hear. "Agnes! My child!" I opened the waners. The first work, ome papers on my desk, saying as he did so I opened the papers. The first was a sort of inventory of what Osgood had owned in the forty-nine thousand eight hundred and sev-"Take all your clothing, Agnes, and you enty-five dollars. The next was a decd concan put it on in the entry. The house is all veying the whole wast property to me; and making me a partner in the concern upon In a few moments more the father and equal footing with the other two?" Well," said the old man, thumping his

> "But I do," replied Walter. "It is gruel There was something in Noah's eye again,

foot upon the carpet, and keeping time with

but he managed to get it out, and he spoke "Walter Adams, when young men used to von. I knew nothing but the love of money that could underlie human action. - My heart had become hardened by it, and my soul darkened. But it was for my sweet child to pour the warmth and light into my bosom. It was for her to keep before me the image of the gentle wife whom, I had loved and lost, but, alas! who occupied a place in that love second to my gold! It was for my child to open gradually, but surely, the fount of feeling which had been for a life time closed up. I heard her pray for me-pray that she might ove me-that she might have help from God to love me; and that was after I had refused to let ber be your wife. I saw her done it-and she loved me still. And still she prayed God to help her—help her what? help her love her poor father! I was killing evening I heard you conversing in the old hut. My child chose misery with duty to union with the man she loved. And you uttered a prayer. You prayed that I might be made penniless !-- Stop! hear ine through .--You would then show your disinterestedness. I walked away and pondered. Could it be that I had found a man that would love an old wretch like myself with no money. If is was so, then that would break the last laver of crust from my soul. I determined to test you. I had gained a glimering of light-my heart had begun to grow warm-and I prayed fervently that I might not be disappointed.

"I went to the bank and drew out fifty thousand dollars in bills. That night my wiped his own eyes as though something was burned up. But the money wasn't in it. trubled him. No, no. I had that safely stuffed in my bos som in deep pockets, and all buttoned un: and the next day I carried it all back to the bank, and had it put with a few thousand more which I hadn't disturbed-and so my experiment commenced; and I found the full sunshine at last. Ave. Walter, I had found you the noble, true bearted man I had prayed for. You took me into your home, and loved me when you thought me penniless, and you took my child to your bosom for just what God made her. And now, my boy, I have paid \$50,000 in cash for Mr. Osgood's share. in the business, and it is all yours. And let me tell you one thing more, my boy—if your two partners can raise fifty thousand dollars more to invest, just tell'em you can put in five and twenty thousand more at twelve hours' notice. Tell'em that, my boy! Tell'em old Noah ain't ashore yet. Tell'em he has found a heart—a neart, my boy! Coma. here, Agnes--come here, Walter. God bless you both-bless you as you blessed me!"

> the eye now, for the occasion of the weeping was too palpable. THE LIQUOR LAW IN MAINE.—At the recent session of the executive council the vote upon the liquor law submitted to the people on the 7th June, was counted and declared

Nobody pretended that they had motes in

The aggregate was as follows: For the prohibitory law of 1858, 28,864. For the license law of 1856, 5.912. Aroostook was the only county in the State which gave a majority for-license .-The vote there was "license" 399, " probibibition" 370. The vote in Penobscot was "prohibition" 2705; "license" 2486:

PRETTY FAR UP. - The Mississippi river was ascended this spring as high as the Pokegama Falls-upwards of one hundred and fifty miles further than was ever reached before. The steamer North Star made a trip recently, having on board about sixty persons who went up on a pleasure excursion from St. Paul. The party speak in the highest terms of the country, and express the belief that it will. in the vicinity of the river, be settled at no

distant day. THE NORTH BRANCH CANAL -The North shoulder, and said he—in a playful way—
Walter, I'll sell you all my interest here for baving the whole line of their canal put in order, so far as to be ready to ship coal either north or south from Wilksbarre, at this time. The dams are nearly completed, and permaand you thought ne was in earnest."

"No, no," returned the young man. "I nently secured by coffers against any further