DAILY Patriot Union.

VOL. 3. HARRISBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1860. NO 82.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING,
SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
BY O. BARRETT & CO.

THE DAILY PATRIOT AND UNION will be served to subscribers residing in the Borough for SIX CENTS PER WEEK payable to the Carrier. Mail subscribers, FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE WEEKLY will be published as heretofore, semi-weekly during the session of the Legislature, and once a week the remainder of the year, for *two dollars* in advance, or *three dollars* at the expiration of the year.

Connected with this establishment is an extensive JOB OFFICE, containing a variety of plain and fancy type, unequalled by any establishment in the interior of the State, for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less constitute half a square. Ten lines or more than four, constitute a square.

Half sq. one day	$0.25	One sq., one day	$0.50
" one week	1.00	" one week	1.25
" one month	2.00	" one month	3.00
" three months	3.00	" three months	5.00
" six months	4.00	" six months	8.00
" one year	5.00	" one year	10.00

☞ Business notices inserted in the LOCAL COLUMN, or before marriages and deaths, FIVE CENTS PER LINE for each insertion. To merchants and others advertising by the year liberal terms will be offered.

☞ The number of insertions must be designated on the advertisement.

☞ Marriages and Deaths will be inserted at the same rate as regular advertisements.

Books, Stationery, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—School Directors, Teachers, Parents, Scholars, and others, in want of School Books, School Stationery, &c., will find a complete assortment at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Market Square, Harrisburg, comprising in part the following:—

READERS.—McGuffey's, Parker's, Cobb's, Angell's
SPELLING BOOKS.—McGuffey's, Cobb's, Webster's, Town's, Byerly's, Comby's.
ENGLISH GRAMMARS.—Bullion's, Smith's, Wood bridge's, Mentaith's, Tuthill's, Hart's, Wells'.
HISTORIES.—Grimshaw's, Davenport's, Frost's, Wilson's, Willard's, Goodrich's, Pinnock's, Goldsmith's and Clark's.
ARITHMETICS.—Greenleaf's, Stoddard's, Emerson's, Pike's, Rose's, Colburn's, Smith and Duke's, Davie's.
ALGEBRAS.—Greenleaf's, Davie's; Day's, Ray's, Bridge's.
DICTIONARYS.—Walker's School, Cobb's, Walker, Worcester's Comprehensive, Worcester's Primary, Webster's Primary, Webster's High School, Webster's Quarto, Academic.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHIES.—Comstock's, Parker's, Swift's. The above with a great variety of others can at any time be found at my store. Also, a complete assortment of School Stationery, embracing in the whole a complete outfit for school purposes. Any book not in the store procured at one days notice.

☞ Country Merchants supplied at wholesale rates.
ALMANACS.—John Baer and Son's Almanac for sale at E. M POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Harrisburg.
☞ Wholesale and Retail. my1

JUST RECEIVED
AT
SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
ADAMANTINE SLATES
OF VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES,
Which, for beauty and use, cannot be excelled.
REMEMBER THE PLACE,
SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
NO. 18 MARKET STREET. mar2

BOOK AUCTION.
BEN F. FRENCH
Will supply his old friends and customers with the following Books at Auction prices:
Pacific Railroad, 10 vols., complete, 4 illustrations $24.
Japan Expedition, 3 vols., complete, illustrated and illuminated, $12.
Emery's Expedition, 2 vols., complete, illustrated illuminated, $10.
Congressional Globe, $1.50 per volume.
Waverly Novels, complete, 12 vols., cloth. $10.
" " " 27 vols., halfcalf, $34; &c., &c., &c.
All of the above Books I will deliver in Harrisburg free of charge. BEN F. FRENCH,
278 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.
feb6-dtf

NEW BOOKS!
JUST RECEIVED
"REAL AND SAY," by the author of "Wide, Wide World." "Dollars and Cents," &c.
"HISTORY OF METHODISM," by A. Stevens, LL.D.
For sale at SCHEFFERS' BOOKSTORE,
ap9 No. 18 Marke st.

JUST RECEIVED,
A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
RICHLY GILT AND ORNAMENTAL
WINDOW CURTAINS,
PAPER BLINDS,
Of various Designs and Colors, for 8 cents,
TISSUE PAPER AND CUT FLY PAPER,
At [my24] SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!!
Just received, our Spring Stock of WALL PAPER, BORDERS, FIRE SCREENS, &c., &c. It is the largest and best selected assortment in the city, ranging in price from six (6) cents up to one dollar and a quarter ($1.25.)
As we purchase very low for cash, we are prepared to sell at as low rates, if not lower, than can be had elsewhere. If purchasers will call and examine, we feel confident that we can please them in respect to price and quality. E. M POLLOCK & SON,
ap3 Below Jones' House, Market Square.

LETTER, CAP, NOTE PAPERS, Pens, Holders, Pencils, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, of the best quality, at low prices, direct from the manufactories, at
mar30 SCHEFFER'S CHEAP BOOKSTORE

LAW BOOKS! LAW BOOKS!!—A general assortment of LAW BOOKS, all the State Reports and Standard Elementary Works, with many of the old English Reports, *scarce and rare*, together with a large assortment of second-hand Law Books, at very low prices, *at the one price Bookstore of*
E. M. POLLOCK & SON,
my8 Market Square, Harrisburg.

Miscellaneous.

AN ARRIVAL OF
NEW GOODS
APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON!
SILK FANS! LINEN FANS!! PAPER FANS!!!
ANOTHER AND SPLENDID LOT OF
SPLICED FISHING RODS!
Trout Flies, Gut and Hair Snoods, Grass Lines, Silk and Hair Plaited Lines, and a general assortment of
FISHING TACKLE!
A GREAT VARIETY OF
WALKING CANES!
Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest!
Silver Head Canes! Loaded Canes! Sword Canes! Hickory Canes! Fancy Canes!
KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,
NO. 91 MARKET STREET,
South side, one door east of Fourth street je9.

B. J. HARRIS,
WORKER IN TIN,
SHEET IRON, AND
METALLIC ROOFING,
Second Street, below Chestnut,
HARRISBURG, PA.
Is prepared to fill orders for any article in his branch of business; and if not on hand, he will make to order on short notice.
METALLIC ROOFING, of Tin or Galvanized Iron, constantly on hand.
Also, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Spouting, &c.
He hopes, by strict attention to the wants of his customers, to merit and receive a generous share of public patronage.
☞ Every premise strictly fulfilled.
B. J. HARRIS,
[ap7-d1y] Second Street, below Chestnut.

FISH!! FISH!!!
MACKEREL, (Nos. 1, 2 and 3.)
SALMON, (very superior.)
SHAD, (Mess and very fine.)
HERRING, (extra large.)
COD FISH.
SMOKED HERRING, (extra Digby.)
SCOTCH HERRING.
SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES.
Of the above we have Mackerel in whole, half, quarter and eighth bbls. Herring in whole and half bbls.
The entire lot new—DIRECT FROM THE FISHERIES, and will sell them at the lowest market rates.
sep14 WM. DOCK, Jr., & CO.

FAMILY BIBLES, from 1$ to $10, strong and handsomely bound, printed on good paper, with elegant clear new type, sold at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Cheap Book store.

CRANBERRIES!!!—A SPLENDID LOT just received by
oct10 WM. DOCK, Jr., & CO.

FOR a superior and cheap TABLE or SALAD OIL go to
KELLER'S DRUG STORE.

THE Fruit Growers' Handbook—by WARING—wholesale and retail at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Bookstore.

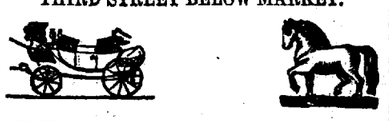
SPERM CANDLES.—A large supply just received by
sep18 WM. DOCK, Jr., & CO.

IF you are in want of a Dentifrice go to KELLER'S, 91, Market st.

Livery Stables.

CITY LIVERY STABLES,
BLACKBERRY ALLEY,
IN THE REAR OF HERR'S HOTEL.
The undersigned has re-commenced the *LIVERY BUSINESS* in his NEW AND SPACIOUS STABLES, located as above, with a large and varied stock of
HORSES, CARRIAGES AND OMNIBUSES,
Which he will hire at moderate rates.
oct13-d1y F. K. SWARTZ.

FRANK A. MURRAY
Successor to Wm. Parkhill,
LIVERY & EXCHANGE STABLE
THIRD STREET BELOW MARKET.



HAVING purchased the interest of J. Q. Adams in the establishment, and made large additions to the stock, the undersigned is prepared to accommodate the public with SUPERIOR HORSES for Saddle or Carriage purposes, and with every variety of VEHICLES of the latest and most approved styles, on reasonable terms.
PLEASURE PARTIES will be accommodated with Omnibusses at short notice.
Carriages and Omnibusses, for funeral occasions, will be furnished, accompanied by careful and obliging drivers.
He invites an inspection of his stock, satisfied that it is fully equal to that of any other establishment of the kind in town. FRANK A. MURRAY

BRANCH STABLE
The undersigned has opened a branch of his "Livery and Exchange Stable" in the buildings lately occupied by A. W. Barr, in Fourth street, opposite the Bethel, where he is prepared to accommodate the public with Horses and Vehicles, at all times, on reasonable terms. His stock is large and varied, and will recommend itself.
au16-dtf FRANK A. MURRAY.

Miscellaneous.

TAKE NOTICE!
That we have recently added to our already full stock
OF SEGARS
LA NORMATIS,
HARI KARI,
EL MONO,
LA BANANA.
OF PERFUMERY
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF:
TURKISH ESSENCE,
ODOR OF MUSK,
LUBIN'S ESSENCE BOUQUET.
FOR THE HAIR:
EAU LUSTRALE,
CRYSTALIZED POMATUM,
MYRTLE AND VIOLET POMATUM.
FOR THE COMPLEXION:
TALC OF VENICE,
ROSE LEAF POWDER,
NEW MOWN HAY POWDER,
BLANC DE PERLES.
OF SOAPS
BAZIN'S FINEST
MOSS ROSE,
BENZOIN,
UPPER TEN,
VIOLET,
NEW MOWN HAY,
JOCKEY CLUB.
Having the largest stock and best assortment of Toilet Articles we fancy that we are better able than our competitors to get up a complete Toilet Set at any price desired. Call and see.
Always on hand, a FRESH Stock of *DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS*, &c, consequent of our receiving almost daily additions thereto.
KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,
91 Market Street, two doors East of Fourth Street,
sep6 South side.

PHOENIX FOUNDRY.
J. J. OSLER. W. F. OSLER.
JOHN J. OSLER & BROTHER,
(SUCCESSORS TO JAMES M. BAY.)
FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS,
Corner Pennsylvania Railroad and State Street,
HARRISBURG, PA.
MILL GEARING, IRON FENCES, RAILROAD AND CANAL WORK,
AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
IRON CASTINGS
ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER.
MACHINE WORK AND REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
PATTERNS MADE TO ORDER.
We have a large and complete assortment of Patterns to select from. au22

JUST RECEIVED!
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
TO WHICH WE INVITE THE
ATTENTION OF THE AFFLICTED!
For sale at
SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
ap9 No. 18 Market st.

WE OFFER TO
CUSTOMERS
A New Lot of
LADIES' PURSES,
Of Beautiful Styles, substantially made
A Splendid Assortment of
GENTLEMEN'S WALLETS.
A New and Elegant Perfume,
KNIGHTS TEMPLARS' BOQUET,
Put up in Cut Glass Engraved Bottles.
A Complete Assortment of
HANDKERCHIEF PERFUMES,
Of the best Manufacture.
A very Handsome Variety of
POWDER PUFF BOXES.
KELLER'S DRUG STORE,
jy31 91 Market street.

ESTABLISHED IN 1810.
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.
J. & W. JONES, No. 432 N. Front Street, above Callowhill, Philadelphia, dye *SILKS, WOOLEN AND FANCY GOODS* of every description. Their superior style of Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments is widely known. Crape and Merino Shawls dyed the most brilliant or plain colors. Crape and Merino Shawls cleaned to look like new—also, Gentlemen's apparel. Curtains, &c., cleaned or re-dyed.
☞ Call and look at our work before going elsewhere. sep11-d3m

CHOICE SAUCES!
WORCESTERSHIRE,
LUCKNOW CHUTNY,
CONTINENTAL,
SOYER'S SULTANA,
ATHENÆUM,
LONDON CLUB,
SIR ROBERT PEEL,
INDIA SOY,
READING SAUCE,
ENGLISH PEPPER SAUCE.
For sale by WM. DOCK, Jr., & CO.
my10

DYOTTVILLE GLASS WORKS,
PHILADELPHIA,
MANUFACTURE
CARBOYS, DEMIJOHNS,
WINE, PORTER, MINERAL WATER, PICKLE AND
PRESERVE BOTTLES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
H. B. & G. W. BENNERS,
oct9-d1y 27 South Front steret, Philadelphia.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.
F. W. WEBER, nephew and taught by the well remembered late F. W. Weber, of Harrisburg, is prepared to give lessons in music upon the PIANO, VIOLINCELLO, VIOLIN and FLUTE. He will give lessons at his residence, corner of Locust street and River alley or at the homes of pupils. au25-d6m

SCHEFFER'S Bookstore is the place to buy Gold Pens—warranted

Coal.

TO THE PUBLIC!
JOHN TILL'S
COAL YARD,
SOUTH SECOND STREET,
BELOW PRATT'S ROLLING MILL,
HARRISBURG, PA.,
Where he has constantly on hand
LYKENS VALLEY BROKEN, EGG, STOVE AND NUT COAL.
ALSO,
WILKESBARRE STEAMBOAT, BROKEN, STOVE AND NUT COAL,
ALL OF THE BEST QUALITY.
It will be delivered to consumers clean, and full weight warranted.
☞ CONSUMERS GIVE ME A CALL FOR YOUR WINTER SUPPLY.
☞ Orders left at my house, in Walnut street, near Fifth; or at Brubaker's, North street; J. L. Speel's, Market Square; Wm. Bostick's, corner of Second and South streets, and John Lingle's, Second and Mulberry streets, will receive prompt attention.
jy13-d6m JOHN TILL.

COAL! COAL!!
ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS]
COAL BY THE
PATENT WEIGH CARTS!
NOW IS THE TIME
For every family to get in their supply of Coal for the winter—weighed at their door by the *Patent Weigh Carts. The accuracy of these Carts no one disputes*, and they never get out of order, as is frequently the case of the Platform Scales; besides, the consumer has the satisfaction of proving the weight of his Coal at his own house.
I have a large supply of Coal on hand, consisting of
S. M. CO.'S LYKENS VALLEY COAL all sizes,
LYKENS VALLEY do " "
WILKESBARRE do. " "
BITUMINOUS BROAD TOP do.
All Coal of the best quality mined, and delivered free from all impurities, at the lowest rates, by the boat or car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, September 24, 1860.—sep25

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!
NOW IS YOUR TIME
TO GET CLEAN COAL!
FULL WEIGHT AND NOTHING SHORT OF IT!
Thankful to my friends and customers for their liberal patronage, I would inform them and the public generally, that I am fully prepared, on short notice, to supply them with all kinds of
SUPERIOR COAL OF ALL SIZES.
FREE FROM SLATE, AND CAREFULLY SCREENED,
AT AS LOW A
FIGURE AS FAIR DEALING WILL AFFORD!
Although my Coal is not weighed in SELF-WEIGHING CARTS, BUT IS WEIGHED ON SCALES ACCURATELY TESTED BY THE SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, and consumers may rest assured that they will be fairly and honestly dealt with. I sell nothing but the very best article, and no mixing.
Also, HICKORY, OAK and PINE WOOD always on hand. sep4-d3m GEO. P. WIESTLING.

UP TOWN!
PATENT WEIGH CARTS.
For the convenience of my numerous up town customers, I have established, in connection with my old yard, a Branch Coal Yard opposite North street, in a line with the Pennsylvania canal, having the office formerly occupied by Mr. R. Harris, where consumers of Coal in that vicinity and Verbeketown can receive their Coal by the
PATENT WEIGH CARTS,
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE FOR HAULING,
And in any quantity they may desire, as low as can be purchased *anywhere.*
FIVE THOUSAND TONS COAL ON HAND,
Of LYKENS VALLEY and WILKESBARRE, all sizes.
☞ *Willing to maintain fair prices, but unwilling to be undersold by any parties.*
☞ All Coal forked up and delivered clean and free from all impurities, and the *best* article mined.
Orders received at either Yard will be promptly filled, and all Coal delivered by the *Patent Weigh Carts.*
Coal sold by Boat, Car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, October 13, 1860.—oct15

Medical.

HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
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FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.
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A Positive and Specific Remedy.
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A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
FOR DISEASES OF THE
BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
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BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
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And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
ARISING FROM
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life,
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life,
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life,
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life,
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life,
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life,
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life,
From whatever cause originating, and whether existing in MALE OR FEMALE.
Females, take no more Pills! They are of no avail for Complaints incident to the sex. Use
EXTRACT BUCHU.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu is a Medicine which is perfectly pleasant in its
TASTE AND ODOR,
But immediate in its action, giving Health and Vigor to the Frame, Bloom to the Pallid Cheek, and restoring the patient to a perfect state of
HEALTH AND PURITY.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu is prepared according to Pharmacy and Chemistry, and is prescribed and used by
THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS.
Delay no longer. Procure the remedy at once.
Price $1 per bottle, or six for $5.
Depot 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.
BEWARE OF UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS
Trying to palm off their own or other articles of BUCHU on the reputation attained by
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,
The Original and only Genuine.
We desire to run on the
MERIT OF OUR ARTICLE!
Their's is worthless—is sold at much less rates and commissions, consequently paying a much better profit.
WE DEFY COMPETITION!
Ask for
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.
Take no other.
Sold by JOHN WYETH, Druggist, corner of Market and Second streets, Harrisburg,
AND ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
no14 d&w3m.

The Patriot & Union.

THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 6, 1860.

JOHN SMITH.

An arrant coquette was Caroline Faulkner, with the bluest, merriest eyes, the reddest, poutingest lips; the prettiest, bewitching ways that ever made sad havoc with unguarded hearts; and those proved to have been many, in the town of Readingville—all the way from the squire's son and the young student minister, down to the young man who helped her father on his farm. All the way down—that is, if hearts are measured by the social standing of their possessors.

It was a convincing proof of the wisdom of the victims, at least, the care they took, when their hearts were irrevocably in the little coquette's power, to fence round the place where there had been a high, impenetrable wall of resolves and avoidances and coldness. It is doubtful if they answered any good purpose, however, except to keep out the truant things, in case they had the power to get back.

As for the young lady herself, it is uncertain whether she possessed any such troublesome appendage of her own. Perhaps that was the reason she wanted so many of other people's. Most certainly, if she had a heart, it had never yet caused her any trouble, or would she not have been more considerate of others?

Therefore, Caroline Faulkner, in the quiet town of Readingville, managed to enjoy herself tolerably well, sporting with men's hearts as a child with its toys, thinking these dangerous playthings made for her special breaking and tormenting, and rejoicing in every new victim to her fascinations.

And when the Squire's proud son, resentful at her teasing and caprices, incautiously declared that he would rather marry any girl within twenty miles, were she ever so poor and ignorant, than Carry Faulkner, and it was repeated to her, (for who ever knew words of that kind to remain idle?) how the elf's eyes sparkled with glee, and what silvery laughter issued from her sweet mouth as she arched her white neck and threw back her auburn curls.

That evening, at singing school, she smiled so sweetly on the young squire, and looked so approachable, that he was almost beside himself with hope and joy; and when he walked home with her, which she graciously permitted him to do, he was foolish enough to ask her to marry him. And then how innocently surprised naughty Carry looked as she said:

"I am very sorry, Mr. Hubert, I thought you understood me when I told you I could be no more than a friend to you."

Mr. Hubert Clayton—that was his name—turned rather quickly on his heel and went away.

Carry went tripping along the pink bordered path to the house, stopped on the wood-vine covered piazza, and looked at the sky.

The door opened behind her, and a young man appeared. He said, very coolly,

"Hurry in, Miss Faulkner, I am going to lock the door."

"I don't care about hurrying, thank you. It is a splendid evening. I am looking at the stars. See how bright they are."

Perhaps Miss Caroline was not unwilling to say "no" again that evening; for she looked up very smilingly in the young man's face, though he was only her father's "man," and one could see, even by the moonlight, that he was dressed very plainly; and rejoiced, besides, in the romantic name of John Smith.

He must have been very cold or stupid or something, for he answered dryly:

"I cannot wait for you to look at the moon; I am too sleepy. You can lock the door when you get ready to come in," and walked up stairs.

Too sleepy to gaze at the moon with a beautiful girl for company! No wonder Carry was indignant. She did not stay out much longer, star-gazing, but came in directly, and turned the key rather energetically; and two or three times the word "bear" escaped her lips. To whom, or what did she refer? Perhaps her mind wandered to menageries in general, and something or somebody had suggested bears in particular. Be that as it may, it was the burden of her song until she fell asleep.

Mr. John Smith had been Mr. Faulkner's "help" but a short time. His coming there was accidental.

Some weeks since a very plainly dressed young man had called at the door to request a glass of water. While little Charley Faulkner was gone to the well to get some fresh and cool water, and the man was waiting in the hall, Mr. Faulkner came in quite troubled, and told his wife and daughter that the hired man he had engaged had disappointed him, and he did not know what in the world he could do just now. Having time, too, he did not know of any other person he could employ.

The stranger's eye twinkled as he heard; and, turning to the farmer, modestly offered his services, adding that he was not very strong yet, having only lately recovered from a fever; but should be very glad to do what he was able for his board. His eyes wandered admiringly to the farmer's daughter while he spoke.

His offer was eagerly accepted by the farmer; though, but for his need, he would have looked a little doubtfully at his slender figure and delicate hands.

"Why, father," whispered the more careful wife, "he may be a thief, or a State prison convict."

"Nonsense, wife! Just trust me for the reading of countenance. He is as honest a fellow as ever breathed," said the farmer, decidedly.

And so the stranger stayed. It was somewhat remarkable that an exception to all preceding rules was made in his favor; and that he sat daily at the same table with Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner, Carry, and her little brother.

It must be confessed, however, that Mrs. Faulkner had some scruples, at first, about breaking old customs, and establishing a precedent which might be productive of trouble with other help, hereafter; but she was overruled by Carry and her father. It is uncertain if Mr. Smith duly appreciated the honor of this exception in his favor, possibly not expecting any other course of proceeding. Most certainly, he seemed perfectly at home where he was placed.

Genial, witty, good natured, he was soon a great favorite with the family. He and Carry became good friends, but, in spite of the fascinations of the latter, he had not, thus far, exhibited, in the least, serious symptoms of any affection of the heart. Miss Carry began to feel injured at his apparent insensibility.

At the little merry meetings in the neighborhood, it seemed a matter of no interest to him whom she coquetted with, so long as there were other pretty girls present. And in spite of his menial situation, the prettiest and the best looked very kindly upon him, for he was gay and handsome, and soon a party was not thought complete unless he was present.

The squire's son turned a very cold shoulder to him, however; and when he met him he would look as if he did not see anybody, though he had been introduced any number of times.

But it was all the same to Mr. Smith, and he made himself vastly agreeable; told stories and proposed all sorts of new games they had never so much as heard of; and the young ladies laughed and thought them charming, while the young squire frowned, and muttered "impudent!"

As for Carry, sometimes she laughed the merriest of all, and sometimes she did'nt.—She was governed by all sorts of caprices in this respect. It was the opinion of the young people generally, including, of late, Mr. Smith also, that Caroline Faulkner, in her heart, if she had any, liked the young squire as well, if not better, than any other gentleman, and would eventually listen favorably to his suit; for he was rich and good looking, and many of the richest girls in the country would have jumped at the chance of marrying him—and Carry would have only a moderate portion.—He seemed in better favor than ever previously.

Of late a coldness had existed between Carry and Mr. Smith, perhaps arising from the fact that he had one day invited her to accompany him to a pic-nic. Her heart was in a flutter of pleasure as she assented; for it was the first time he had ever given her an invitation to accompany him. Just before the time for starting, the squire drove around in a new buggy for her. An unfortunate caprice seized her to go with him, "just to see," she said, "if Mr. John Smith would mind."

Mr. Smith didn't mind, or didn't seem to, and said it was quite as well. He was glad she pleased herself, and appeared quite as usual at the pic-nic; at which the inconstant girl was sadly disappointed—for she had hoped he would mind a good deal. But, somehow, after this she felt a change; and he had never invited her to go anywhere since—though once, when she was half dying to go, and the squire, offended at something, kept provokingly aloof; Mr. Smith had the coolness and impudence to go off alone, and leave her moping at home.—Could she ever forgive him—the strange, incomprehensible man?

One morning, quite early, the young squire went, as if accidentally, to the place where the worthy old farmer was at work; he praised his farm and crops, and then carelessly said:

"Mr. Smith is quite valuable help; is he not? By the way, where did you pick him up?"

The good farmer, in the honesty of his heart, related the whole circumstance, not omitting his wife's fears and hesitation, and exulted in the proof of his own sharp-sightedness, adding:

"I can tell a rogue as far as I can see him. Smith has been with me now over two months, and he seems as dear to me as my own son. I have to be somewhat careful of him, for you see he is rather delicate, and I shouldn't think had been used to much hard work."

"You say he came from up above? The State Prison is in that direction, is it not?" asked the squire in a peculiar tone.

But it was all to no purpose. The farmer was too honest himself to understand more than people actually said, so he answered cheerily:

"Certainly; it is only about twenty miles from here. You ought to know that, yourself, squire."

"O ho! I have you now, my fine, bold fellow!" he said to himself.

At a social party, two evenings after, to which Caroline and Mr. Smith had been invited some days previously, the latter did not go till quite late. It appeared to him on his entrance, that his greetings were received coldly and constrainedly, but he concluded it was all imagination. When he sought a partner for the set they were forming, singularly enough, the young ladies were all engaged. This had not happened to his experience before, and he was naturally somewhat perplexed.

"The next?" he asked of a pretty, blooming girl, who had always been forward in claiming his attention.

"Engaged, also."

"The next, then?" he asked laughingly, but looking keenly at her, perceiving something was wrong.

"I am very sorry; but I am engaged all the evening, when I am not too tired to dance!" she replied blushing.

"You are fortunate, madame;" and, bowing coldly, he left her.

The next lady it was the same, and the next one, also. He began to be greatly amused.

"Which of my evil deeds has now come to light?"

Just then Caroline whispered, as she passed him:

"Better ask Lu. Emmons, Mr. Smith, for this dance. Consider me your partner for the next, if you please."

She spoke rapidly, and somewhat excitedly. He looked at her in surprise. This proud, ex. acting girl, who expected her acceptance of an invitation to be regarded as an honor, actually inviting herself to dance with him! She looked pale, with a bright, red spot on either cheek, while her eyes flashed like diamonds. He thanked her, and proceeded in search of Miss Emmons—a modest, gentle girl, who was disengaged, as her friend had stated.

In his delay in finding a partner, they were among the last to take their places. There was only one couple needed (opposite the squire and his partner) to make the sets complete.

No sooner did the squire observe them, than he whispered to his partner, and they moved away to a seat. The couples at the side followed them, and Mr. Smith and his partner were left alone. The sweet girl beside him looked ready to faint.

"What does this mean?" said Mr. Smith, his eyes flashing lightning, and his tones full of ire.

Excusing himself to Miss Emmons, he strode with hasty step towards the place where Mr. Clayton was toying with his partner's fan.—Before he could reach him, a small hand was laid gently on his arm. He paused. It was Caroline. She looked up beseechingly into his face, her lips quivering:

"Oh, Mr. Smith! don't have any scenes here, pray don't. Let it pass for to-night, please. It's only a mistake, which I will explain when I get home. The set is filled now, and waiting for you. Come!"

Again Mr. Smith looked at her with surprise. What mystery was here? Whatever it was, he thanked fortune for it, since by it he learned that this young girl's nature, frivolous and careless as it seemed, had depth of thought and earnestness.

Mr. Smith danced nearly all the evening, with nearly every maiden present. He was thoroughly roused, and took a perverse pleasure in compelling the fair ones to dance with him. His irony was so keen, and yet so delicate, the simple country maidens could not parry it. Besides, their consciences troubled them; knowing how eager they had always heretofore been to receive his attentions.

When the company were preparing to depart, Mr. Clayton sought Miss Faulkner, in order to escort her home. She declined haughtily, assigning no reason.

"This conduct is strange, unaccountable, Miss Faulkner. Some malicious persons might charge it to an interest, to say the least, which you would not be very proud or willing to own."

She gazed at him steadily a moment, never faltering. He quailed beneath that calm glance. She moved away, joining her friend, Miss Emmons, and her brother.

* * * * *

"We suppose you know, through your daughter, that John Smith is a suspected man, suspected of being an escaped convict from the State prison; and also, of setting fire to the house that was burned down a week ago."

"Caroline is too sensible to tell me any such nonsense," said the farmer bluntly.

"Very singular; for my son informed her of the reports the first thing," returned Squire Clayton.

"And pray, where did your son pick up such lies?"

"Never mind. It is a long story, and true, without doubt. We will take your deposition without any more delay."

"Take the devil, rather!" thundered the farmer, his pent up wrath exploding.

He was an obstinate and irascible man when excited, which fact was not suspected from his usual good nature. In vain they talked, one after the other, and then altogether, to make him listen to reason; for Mr. Faulkner was a popular and somewhat prominent man in the town, and his opinion had weight.

It was of no use. They were all a pack of fools he said, "to to listen to such stuff—good fellow as ever breathed."

Mr. Faulkner conferred with his wife and daughter after they had gone. He was firm in his belief of the young man's innocence. So was his wife. So was Caroline. The little bible on his table presented to John, by his affectionate mother, and the delicate book-mark whose daily progress over the holy leaves the young girl noted, would alone have been sufficient to prove his innocence to her, had she been disposed to doubt it. Credulous Carry!

All three agreed it was unnecessary at present to inform him of the rumors rife.

Mr. Smith might have noticed the red eyes of Caroline and her mother, the nervous and abrupt manner of Mr. Faulkner at tea-time; but if he did, he made no remark.

It was a rainy, pitch-dark night. He retired to rest early.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock, when he was awakened by a light tap it his door. He did not answer. Another tap.

"Who is it?"

"I, Caroline," answered an agitated voice. "Rise and dress quickly. Don't light the lamp! don't—pray, don't make the least noise, and come out here to me. I have something to tell you."

Wondering, he did as required; and on opening the door, found Caroline, who motioned him to the little *sitting room* opposite his room. She shut the door softly and put down the shaded lamp from her trembling hand. As she turned toward him, he saw that the bewildering eyes, usually so full of light and mischief, were heavy and red with weeping, her face fearfully pale, while she trembled violently.

"O, Mr. Smith!" she whispered, in a voice choked with sobs. "There are men all around the house to prevent your escape, and to-morrow morning some officers from the prison are coming to take you. I heard it all from my window. O, Mr. Smith! do you know what dreadful things they suspect you of? They say that you are an escaped convict from the State prison, and an incendiary besides!" and she cried bitterly.

He did not look like a very hardened criminal, as he stood before her with moved face.

"Does Caroline believe these dreadful things?" he asked in a low voice.

"Oh no, no! I *know* it cannot be so," she answered, fervently and quickly. "I have awoke you so that you can escape to-night.—See! here is a suit of father's—it will serve for a disguise. O, Mr. Smith! hurry quick—do, it may be too late. While you are gone I will keep watch. The north side of the house is the least guarded. Here is a pistol—you may need it to defend yourself, and—and—" she hesitated, and paused a moment. "Forgive me, but one does not always chance to be provided for a long journey, and I thought perhaps it might be useful." And she timidly placed a well filled purse in his hand.

She had spoken rapidly and impetuously.

"You are a brave, thoughtful girl! And you feel all this anxiety for unworthy me, Caroline?" And he took the two little trembling hands within his own, and drew her to the sofa. You are pale, you tremble, and on my account. Did I understand you aright—that you did not believe the charges against me?"

"Oh, no! nor father nor mother. But oh! hurry, Mr. Smith! If it should be too late! Oh, it would kill me!"

There was a tender tremulous motion round the young man's lips.

"Why should you care, Caroline? Hubert Clayton instigated it; he is a dear friend of yours."

"Oh, I hate him!" she cried passionately.

"I thought you liked him, Caroline. Is there any one dearer to you?"

She hid her face in her hand, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard under the window, and she started up in the wildest alarm.

"Oh, go! *go!* if you can! But it is too late! Oh, what, *what* shall I do!"

"One moment, Caroline. If I go away now, when my innocence is proved, as it soon will be, may I come again and claim this dear hand as mine? Will Caroline, whom I have long loved, give herself to me? For, that she would make a true, courageous, loving little wife, the events of this night have proved. Consider well, my darling. Hubert Clayton is rich.—You must have already suspected my poverty."

"I love only you. I will be your's when you come. Only go."

"Not till I have first soothed my frightened dove. Be calm, darling; I shall not leave you. Do you not see it would be impossible to escape now, unseen; while the very fact of attempting it would imply guilt. Besides I have documents with me which will easily prove my innocence. What—trembling yet? Why, you forgot the pistol, love. What a brave little heroine this is. Little temptress, too, to place such a wicked little article as this in my hand, which if its contents had happened to lodge in some poor unfortunate's brains, would have brought me up on a rather more serious charge than this. Caroline, dearest, sweetest, wisest, best, that pale face and those heavy eyes go to my heart. Will you not trust me, love, when I say that I am not in the least danger—a short detention at the utmost—and go to your room and try to sleep? I will keep watch outside your door, and if there is the least alarm, I promise to speak to you. Will you not trust me? You know some day—perhaps nearer than you now imagine—I