

## TILE WEALTHY BUTTON MAKER

**ASHLEY BUTTON MAKER.**

**A True Sketch.**

ton Maker (or Button Coverer) trade, when she was a mere child, was a father, a very poor man, who consisted of a wife and five children. The wife was a plain; devoted, loving and dutiful woman, who made up all the day long sewing for her husband. The girls would help their parents as soon as they were old enough, and the boys when in the line of this sketch, was shown how to make a button or metal mould with cloth soon became very expert at it. The Alberts always lived in the city of Baltimore, the father was a tailor, the father made but like continued poor. One day a fleshly man presented himself in the street. "Carpenter in?" asked the stranger. "my name," said the tailor, "Mr. Carpenter, my employer, the Broker, desired me to call the numbers of the tickets you the Maryland Monumental Lottery by a lottery ticket holder's name. In a tone of voice that I have you bought a lottery ticket."

He pulled out a greasy wallet, from which he took a little piece of thin red paper. "The numbers are 3, 9, 27," he said, addressing the clerk. "This ticket is worth, the discount off, five hundred and fifty thousand, four hundred and fifteen hundred and ninety-two cents, and Mr Jones is most happy to cash it for you," the clerk bowed politely, and quitting the

firmly that day. Carpenter went and obtained the money for the ticket, and when he returned, the wife and daughter surrounded him, and looked with amazement at the thick pile of one hundred dollar bank notes.

"For a first impulse, why to celebrate my fortune by getting gloriously drunk," she quietly interposed an objection.

"Id," she remarked, "that money is seldom used so long there."

"And there, shall be five times  
ant, wife," exclaimed the tailor.  
passion was suddenly born within  
A tenth of the sum he had  
round the day, before have made  
mely happy; now, the whole only  
is appetite for more. The tailor  
little stock in trade, quitted the  
d for ever, and moved with his  
er to Long-Island, near Jamaica,

tion which was a plain comfortable  
le was a shrewd, though ignorant  
with the remaining five thousand  
to speculate.  
ears later began that reckless sys-  
er-trading and speculation which  
d in almost general bankruptcy in  
ur tailor suddenly found himself a  
. The half of a township in Maine,  
he paid four thousand dollars, he

the twelve acres near Jhama, were the centre of a space, which "naturally intended as the site of a great bldg, sold out for \$50,000." An Indian company which he established, failed in a year, an utter loss to the stockholder. It was ascertained that our tailor had a share for more than a year, but in time with a clear profit of a big \$90,000. Every scheme which he conceived, prospered in full.

When the bubble burst, in 1837, and the business community were while the industry of the whole was struck with paralysis—our millionaire. When English sovereigns 11 per cent. premium, and bills on London, as much more, the announced the departure for Europe, ticket ship St. James, of Samuel Carsons, lady, four Miss Carpenters, and

ing our tailor, millionaire and his remained abroad we cannot say. 1914; they were the occupants of a rent house in University Place, and the highest circles of the town. The first Miss carpenter had married a student with an ugly name and an English name. The second daughter was the young lawyer, of distinguished family in the South. The third married a

selected for the fourth, our heroine, young lady, unlike her sisters, had to make her own selection. Not was attached to any particular hero, she did not wish to be passed over goods and chattels" of a man whose commendation was an aristocratic filler. Father was enraged at the refusal of his youngest daughter to wait the man's election. But he gave her six months to think over the matter, and in

remained unchanged. The tax-toller, with a terrible passion, he told the daughter of the gentleman who was anxious to marry his wife, would wait no longer—  
—that if he was wise, she would not be waiting by. The daughter's wrath increased with the father's wrath, and the interview terminated in the most unmannerly manner. Our aristocratic knight of olden days told his daughter to quit the

was no alternative, and our young  
lark as rapidly as her father had risen,  
brushed up her knowledge of  
which she acquired in her childhood,  
of little difficulty in getting work.  
Others declared that she had disgraced  
herself, and refused to acknowledge her  
as Carpenter would like to put her  
behind the youngest child and embrace  
Mr. Carpenter has expressly forbid-

the banished one. He sits in a pail-  
in a garret. He is uneasy with his  
fitness; she is quite content that she  
to bear. We think, however, that  
major will relent and call her home;  
he is disposed to forgive her, but  
recently got to writing verses for  
the *Willis Journal*, and Willis de-  
clared that she was the world's  
worst of the sweet verses is. Now  
you will be able to see that the

He colon of Hon. Daniel Lewis, York papers state that an uncommonly fine specimen of the body and

neral bonds. Of a plain silver  
 is the following inscription:  
 Dixon H. Lewis  
 United States Senator  
 from Alabama  
 New York, October 10, 1878  
 40 years 2 months and 10 days  
 1838