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The Old Couple.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees, a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures,
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them,
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well known tone

That won her heart in girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover,
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold;
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back;
And the flowers of a vanished spring-time,
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there.

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west;
Where the sunbeams can not find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's House in the skies.

TOO GOOD CREDIT.

"Let me show you one of the finest pieces of cloth I have seen in six months," said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income from clerkship was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards," replied the customer. "The silk and buttons are all I want."

"Oh, no trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to show my goods," said the store keeper, drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the counter. "There," he added, as he unfolded the glossy broadcloth and clapped his hands upon it self-complacently, "there is something worth looking at, and it's cheap as dirt. Only four dollars a yard, and worth six, every cent of it. I bought it at auction, yesterday, at a good bargain."

"It's cheap enough, certainly," remarked Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent down to inspect the cloth; but I've no money to spare just now."

"Don't want any money," replied Edwards, "at least none from such a man as you."

Jacobs looked up into the man's face in some doubt as to its meaning.

"Your credit is exceedingly good," said Edwards, smiling.

"Credit! Indeed, I've no credit. I never asked a man to trust me in my life," returned the customer.

"I'll trust you to half that is in my store," was answered.

"Thank you," said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this, "but I've no want of dry goods to that extent. A skein of silk and a dozen buttons for my wife, are all that I require at present."

"You want a new coat," replied the persevering store keeper, and he laid his hand upon the sleeve of Jacob's coat and examined it very closely.

"This one is getting rusty and threadbare. A man like you should have some respect as to his appearance. Let me see. Two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost but eight dollars, and I won't send in your bill in six months. Eight dollars for a fine broadcloth coat. Think of that! Bargains of this kind don't grow on every tree."

While Edwards talked thus he was displaying the goods he wished to sell in a good way to let the rich, glossy surface catch the best point of light, and his quick eye told him that the customer was beginning to be tempted.

"I'll cut you off a coat pattern," said he, taking up his yard-stick. "I know you want it. Don't hesitate about the matter."

Jacobs did not say "No," although the word was on his tongue. While he yet hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off and severed from the piece.

"There it is, and the greatest bargain you ever had. You will want trimmings, of course," came in a satisfied, half-triumphant tone from the lips of the store keeper. "And the greatest bargain you ever had. You will want trimmings, of course."

As he spoke he turned to the shelf for padding, silk, etc., and while Jacobs, half bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one piece to another, until the coat trimmings were all nicely laid out. This done, Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing his hands from an internal feeling of delight and said,

"You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course."

"My vest is a little shabby," replied Jacobs, as he glanced downward at a garment which had seen pretty fair service.

"If that's the best one you have, it will never do to go with a new coat," said Edwards in a decided tone. "Let me show you a beautiful piece of black satin."

And so the store keeper went on tempting his customer, until he sold him a vest and pantaloons in addition to his coat. After that he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife. Having indulged himself with an entire new suit, he could not, upon reflection, think of passing by his wife, who had been wishing for a new silk dress for more than six months.

"Can't you think of anything else?" inquired Edwards. "I shall be happy to supply whatever you may want in my line."

"Nothing more, I believe," answered Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty-five dollars; and he had yet to pay for making his coat, pantaloons, and vest.

"But you want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send down for whatever she may need. Never mind about the money. Your credit with me is good for any amount."

When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his wife what he had done, the unreflecting woman was delighted.

"I wish you had taken a piece of muslin," she said. "We want sheets and pillow-cases very badly."

"You can get a piece," replied Jacobs. We won't have to pay for it now. Edwards will send in the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay for it then."

"Oh, yes, easy enough," responded his wife, confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But things did not stop here. A credit account is so often like a breach in a canal; the stream is small at first, but soon increases to a ruinous current. Now that want had found a supply source, want became more clamorous than before. Scarcely a day passed that Mr. or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from the store, not dreaming, simple souls, that an alarming, heavy debt was accumulating against them.

As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not large. He was, as has been intimated, a clerk in a wholesale store, and received a salary of seven hundred dollars a year. His family consisted of a wife and three children, and he found it necessary to be prudent in all his expenditures, in order "to make both ends meet." Somewhat independent in his feelings he had never asked for credit of any one with whom he dealt, and no one offering it, previous to the temptation or inducement held out by Edwards, he had regulated his out-goes by his income. By this means he had managed to keep even with the world; though not to gain any advantage on the side of fortune. Let us see if his good credit has been of any real service to him.

It was very pleasant to have things comfortable and for a little display, without feeling that the indulgences drained the purse too heavily. And weak vanity on the part of Jacobs was gratified by the flattering opinion of his honesty entertained by Edwards, the storekeeper. His credit was good, and he was proud of the fact. But the day of reckoning drew near, and at last it came.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry goods store, there was no more money in the young man's purse at the end of the six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing when necessity called for additions to the family wardrobe, had been spent for things the purchase of which would have been omitted but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of in the store keeper's hands and tempted needless expenditures.

The end of the six month's credit approached, and the mind of Jacobs began to rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and to be disturbed by a feeling of anxiety. As to the amount of this bill he was in some uncertainty, but he thought it could not be less than forty dollars. That was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the night-mare pressure of debt, and it seemed as though it would crush him.

One evening he came home feeling more sober than usual. He had thought of little else all day except his store bill. On meeting his wife, he saw that something was wrong.

"What ails you Jane? Are you sick?" said he kindly.

"No," was the simple reply. But her eyes dropped as she said it, and her husband saw that her lips slightly quivered.

"I know something is wrong, Jane," said her husband.

Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from beneath the half closed lids—her bosom labored with the weight of some pressure.

"Tell me Jane," urged Jacobs, "if any thing is wrong. Your manner alarms me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was the quick reply, "but—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected, of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness. The credit was for only six months. But how much is the bill?"

His voice was unsteady as he asked the question.

"A hundred and twenty dollars!" and poor Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the startled husband. "Impossible! there is some mistake. A hundred and twenty dollars! Never!"

"There is the bill," and Mrs. Jacobs drew it from her bosom.

Jacobs glanced eagerly at the footing up of the column of figures. There were numerals to the value of one hundred and twenty.

"It can't be, Edwards must have made a mistake," he said in a troubled voice.

"So I thought when I first looked at the bill," replied Mrs. Jacobs, recovering herself, yet speaking in a sad voice. "But I am sorry to say that it's all right. I have been over it and over it again, and cannot find an error. Oh dear, how foolish I have been. It was so easy to get goods when no money was to be paid down. But I never thought of a bill like this. Never!"

Jacobs sat for some minutes with his eyes upon the floor. He was thinking rapidly.

"So much for a good credit," he said at length, taking a long breath. "That fellow, Edwards, has gone to the windward of me completely. He knew that if he got me on his book, he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get by the cash down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months. Ah, are we happier now for the extra dry goods we have procured? Not a whit. Our bodies have been a little better clothed, and our love of display gratified to some extent. But has all that wrought a compensation for this day of reckoning?"

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was she repenting of her part in the folly they had committed.

Tea time came but neither husband nor wife could do much more than taste food. That bill for a hundred and twenty dollars had taken away their appetites. The night that followed brought to neither of them a very refreshing slumber; and in the morning they awoke sober minded, and little inclined for conversation. But the thought in the mind of Mr. Jacobs, was the bill of Mr. Edwards; and the one feeling in the mind of his wife—self-reproach for her part in the work of embarrassment.

"What will you do?" said Mrs. Jacobs, in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with glistening eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm, causing him to pause as he was about leaving the house.

"I am sure I don't know," replied the young man gloomily, "I shall have to see Edwards, I suppose, and ask him to wait. But I am sure I'd rather take a horse whipping. Good credit! He'll sing a different song now."

For a moment or two longer the husband and wife stood looking at each other. Then as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business was past the store of Mr. Edwards, but now he avoided the street in which he lived, and went a whole block out of his way to do so.

"How am I to pay this bill?" murmured the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his work for the twentieth time, as he sat at his desk, giving his mind up to troubled thoughts.

Just at this moment the senior partner in the establishment to which he belonged came up and stood beside him.

"Well, my young friend," said he kindly, "how are you getting along?"

Jacobs tried to smile and look cheerful, as he replied—

"Pretty well, sir." But his voice had in it a touch of despondency.

"Let me see," remarked the employer after a short pause, "your regular year is up to-day, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jacobs, his heart sinking more heavily in his bosom, for the question suggested a discharge from his place, business having been dull for some time.

"I was looking at your account yesterday," resumed the employer, "and find that it is drawn up close. Have you nothing ahead?"

"Not a dollar, I am sorry to say," returned Jacobs. "Living is very expensive and I have six mouths to feed."

"That being the case," said the employer, "as you have been faithful to us, and your services are valuable, we must add something to your salary. Now you receive seven hundred dollars?"

"Yes sir."

"We will call it eight hundred and fifty."

A sudden light flashed into the face of the unhappy clerk; seeing which the employer, already blessed in blessing another added—

"And it shall be for the last as well as for the coming year. I will fill you out a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, as balance due you up to this day."

The feelings of Jacobs were too much agitated to trust himself to oral thanks, as he received the check, which the employer immediately filled up; but his countenance fully expressed his grateful emotion.

A little while afterwards the young man entered the store of Edwards, who met him with a smiling face.

"I have come in to settle your bill," said Mr. Jacobs.

"You need'nt have troubled yourself about that," replied the store keeper, "though money is always acceptable."

The money was paid and the bill receipted, when Edwards rubbing his hands, an action peculiar to him when in a happy frame of mind, said,—

"And now, what shall I show you?"

"Nothing now," was the young man's grave reply.

"Nothing? Pray don't say that," replied Edwards.

"I have no money to spare," quickly answered Jacobs.

"That's of no consequence. Your credit is good for any amount."

"A world too good, I find," said Jacobs, beginning to button up his coat with the air of a man who had lost his pocket book, and feels disposed to look well that his purse doesn't follow in the same unprofitable direction.

"How so? What do you mean?" asked the store keeper.

"My good credit has taken a hundred and twenty dollars out of my pocket," replied Jacobs.

"I don't understand you," said Edwards, looking serious.

"It's very plain, answered Jacobs."

"This credit account at your store has induced myself and wife to purchase twice as many goods as we would otherwise have bought. That has taken twenty dollars out of my pocket; and sixty dollars more have been spent, under temptations, because it was in the purse instead of being paid out for goods credited to us on your books. Now do you understand me?"

The store keeper was silent.

"Good morning Mr. Edwards," said Jacobs. "When I have cash to spare, I shall be happy to spend it with you; but no more book accounts for me."

Wiser will they be who profit by the experience of Mr. Jacobs. These credit accounts are a curse to people with moderate income, and should never under any pretence whatever be opened.

SMALL CHANCE OF BEING SHOT.—According to statistics it takes a power of lead to kill a man. The rebels at Great Bethel had a fine chance with their masked battery and the bravery of our men, to have made a terrible slaughter. Out of three or four thousand, however, engaged on both sides, not more than ten or fifteen were killed outright. According to all accounts the chances of being shot in an engagement are not very great. In the Italian war each man killed cost four thousand two hundred rounds of ball cartridge. At the battle of Victoria, in the Pennsylvania war, eight hundred balls were fired for each man killed. At the battle of Cherubusco the Mexicans killed one of our men for every eight hundred rounds they fired, while the Americans killed one for every one hundred and twenty-five rounds.

Garibaldi has a strong affection for the United States. "That is the spot," said he, "in which a man forgets his own native land."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S VISIT TO THE TENTED FIELD.—We take the following from the Boston *Post:*

"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked the commissary, as he met her at the entrance of the marquee.

"You mean the century," she said, smiling. "I have heard so much about the tainted field that I believe I could deplore an attachment into a line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't, but a sweet little man with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile outside, when he politely touched his chateau and left me." The commissary presented a hard wooden stool upon which she reposed herself.

"This is one of the seats of war, I suppose?" said she. "O what a hard lot a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier's life. What is that for?" said she, as the noise of the cannon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account." There was a solicitude in her tones as she spoke, and she was informed it was only the Governor, who had just arrived upon the field. "Dear me," said she, "how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come way down here, when he is so feeble he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes." She was so affected with the idea that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dust from the "tainted field."

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Small is the sum required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how unpretending the gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting in something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not access to the newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence.—*Daniel Webster.*

THE Gulf States inaugurated the war, but they do not want the battle to be fought upon their soil. They have had an army before Fort Pickens for months—but they won't make the attack because they say some of their men will be hurt. They want to get rid of the fight and push it upon Virginia. Virginia in turn has begun to be a little squeamish about it, and she is trying to push it upon Maryland. We don't want this nuisance among us, and what is more, we won't have it. If Virginia don't want it she can push it back again upon the Gulf States, which have cowardly sought to make the Border States a shield between them and danger.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

THE FRUIT CROPS.—From what we can learn, states the Rochester Express, we infer that there is not a very fair prospect for fruit this season. The apple trees are in full bloom, and are unusually promising, but the earlier varieties of cherries are mostly killed. There will, however, be plenty of the later kinds, and strawberries and cream will make a good substitute. Peaches, as we have heretofore mentioned are not entirely destroyed; but we regret to say, that it is only the later, and generally inferior kinds that have escaped. Grape vines have been considerably injured by the cold weather, but there will probably be plenty of this fruit.

FALLING IN LOVE.—As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her. "Why," said she, "do you follow me?" "Because I have fallen in love with you." "Why so? My sister who is much handsomer than I, is coming; go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, returned and said, "Why do you tell me a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you tell me the truth. If you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman.

SYDNEY SMITH once said, at an aristocratic party, that "a man to know how bad he is, he must become poor; to know how bad other people are, he must become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles."

IT should make no difference with anybody what a man wears so long as he behaves himself. A well-behaved man in tatters is far more to be respected than a misbehaved man in broadcloth. The one is a *gentleman*, the other could *not* be if he tried. Therefore, it is manners make the man, not wealth.

Who Saw the Steer?

The richest thing of the season, says the Newberryport *Herald*, came off the other day in the neighborhood of the market. The greatest Jonathan imaginable, decked out in a slouched hat, a long blue frock, and a pair of cowhide shoes, big as gondolas, with a huge whip under his arm, stalked into a billiard saloon, where half a dozen persons were improving their time in trundeling round the ivories, and after recovering from his first surprise, he inquired if "any of 'em had seen a stray steer," affirming that "the blasted critter got away as he came thro' town with his drove the other day, and he hadn't seen nothin' of him since."

The bloods denied all knowledge of the animal in question, with much sly winking at each other, and proceeded to condole with him in his loss, in the most heart-felt manner. He watched the game with much interest, as he had evidently never seen or heard of anything of the kind before, and created much amusement by his demonstrations of applause when a good shot was made—"Jerusalem!" being a favorite interjection.

At last he made bold to request the privilege of trying his skill, when he set the crowd in a roar by his awkward movements. However, he gradually got his hand in, and played as well as could be expected for a green horn. All hands now began to praise him, which so elated him that he actually thought himself a second Phelan, and he offered to bet a dollar with his opponent, which, of course, he lost. The loss and the laugh so irritated him that he offered to play another game, and bet two dollars, which he pulled out of a large roll—for it seems his cattle had sold well and he was flush.

This bet he also lost, as the fool might have known he would; when, mad as a March hare, he pulled out a fifty spot, the largest bill he had, and offered to bet that on another game.

The crowd mustered round and raised money enough to cover it, and at it they went again, when by some strange turn of luck the greeny won. He now offered to put up the hundred against another hundred. Of course he could not blunder into another game, so they could now win back what they had lost, and fleece the fellow out of his own rolls besides. They sent for a famous player, who happened to have money enough to bet with, and another game was played, which Jonathan won. Another hundred was also raised and bet and won. It was not until he had blundered through half a dozen games and by some unaccountable run of luck, won them all, draining their pockets of about four hundred dollars, that they began to smell a very large mice.

When everybody got tired of playing, gawky pulled his frock over his head, took his whip under his arm, and walked quietly out, turning round at the door and remarking:

"Gentlemen, if you should happen to see anything of that steer, I wish you'd let me know."

At the last account they had not seen the steer, but they came to the conclusion that they saw the elephant.

English Children.

The English bring up their children very different from the manner in which we bring up ours. They have an abundance of out-door air every day, whenever it is possible. The nursery maids are expected to take all the children out airing every day, even to infants. This custom is becoming more prevalent in this country and should be pursued wherever it is practicable. Infants should be early accustomed to the open air. We confine them too much, and heat them too much for vigorous growth. One of the finest features of the London parks is said to be the crowds of nursery maids with groups of healthy children. It is so with the promenades of our great cities to a great extent, but it is less common in our country town than it should be. In consequence of their training, English girls acquire a habit of walking that accompanies them through life and gives them a much healthier middle life than our women enjoy. They are not fatigued with a walk of five miles and are not ashamed to wear, when walking, thick-soled shoes, fitted for the dampness they must encounter. Half of the consumptive feebleness of our girls results from the thin shoes they wear, and the cold feet them must necessarily have. English children, especially girls, are kept in the nursery, and excluded from fashionable society and all the frivolities of dress, at the age when our girls are in the heat of flirtation, and are thinking of nothing but fashionable life.

IT is a most fearful fact to think of that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful and yet salutary to think of; for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life without sentinels of watchfulness, and camp fires of prayer.