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John W. Guernsey,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Office 2d door south of Hazlett's Hotel, Tioga, Tioga County, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1870.

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Respectfully announces to the citizens of East Charleston and vicinity, that he would be grateful for their patronage. Jan. 1, 1870.

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WHERE delicious Ice Cream, French Confectionary, all kinds of fruits in their season, a nice dish of Tea, Coffee, or Chocolate, and Oysters in their season—can be had at all hours, served in the best style. Next door below Roberts & Bailey's, Hardware Store, Main Street.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870.

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BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,

Over Wilson & Van Valkenburg's Store, in the room lately occupied by Benj. Seeley.

BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner.

REPAIRING of all kinds done promptly and good. Give us a call.

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GROCERY AND RESTAURANT,

One door above the Meat Market,

WELLSBORO, PENN'A,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the trading public that he has a desirable stock of Groceries, comprising, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, and all that constitutes a first-class stock. Oysters in every style at all seasonable hours.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870-tf.

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Points of Excellence.

Beauty and Elasticity of Stitch.
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Using both threads directly from the spools.
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Jan. 1, 1870-tf.

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AND

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Of any quality or size, on hand and cut up ready for printing. Also, BILL PAPER, and CARD BOARD of all colors and quality, in boards or cut to any size.

STATIONERY,

Cap, Letter, Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, &c.

I am sole agent for

Prof. SHEPARD'S NON-CORROSIVE STEEL PENS, OF VARIOUS SIZES, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Which I will warrant equal to Gold Pens. The best in use and no mistake.

The above stock I will sell at the Lowest Rates at all times, at a small advance on New York prices, and in quantities to suit purchasers. All work and stock warranted as represented.

I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. Orders by mail promptly attended to.—

Address, LOUIS KIES,
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WALKER & LATHROP.

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS,

STOVES, TIN-WARE,

BELTING, SAWS, CUTLERY,

WATER LIME,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Carriage and Harness Trimmings,

HARNESSES, SADDLES, &c.

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New Tobacco Store!

THE subscriber has fitted up the Store first door east Thomas Harden's dry goods store, for the manufacture and sale of

CIGARS, (all grades), Fancy and Common SMOKING TOBACCO, Michigan Fine Cut CHEWING, and all kinds of PLUG TOBACCO, PIPES, and the choicest Brand of CIGARS.

☞ Call and see for yourselves.

JOHN W. PURSEL.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870—tf.

New Tannery.

THE undersigned has fitted up the old Foundry building, near the Brewery, Wellsboro, and is now prepared to turn out fine calf, kip, cowhide, and harness leather in the best manner. Hides tanned on shares. Cash paid for hides. M. A. DURIF.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870.

Great Improvement in Densistry.

HAVING purchased the exclusive right of Dr. Folsom's Improved patent Atmospheric Dental Plates for Tioga County. I now take pleasure in offering it to the public as the greatest discovery yet made in

Mechanical Dentistry.

By the use of which, we can overcome any any and *all difficulties* which have heretofore baffled the skill of the most practical Dentist in the world. Plates constructed upon this plan remain perfectly firm under all circumstances or condition of the mouth, as no air, or particles of food can possibly get under them. Those having old styles, Gold or Rubber Plates, can, at half the cost, have the Improvement applied to them answering in every respect the same purpose as a new set. *Perfect satisfaction guaranteed* in every case. C. N. DARTT, Dentist.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1869.

This is to certify that we are now using the Improved Dental Plates with perfect satisfaction. Having used the old style of plates for years with all the troubles and inconveniences known in the use of such plates, we cheerfully recommend the improved Plates as far superior to anything yet known. E. R. KIMBALL. CHAS. WILLIAMS.

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A New Store & New Goods.

(One door below Webb & Hasting's Drug Store.)

I WOULD STATE to those whom it may concern, that I have just returned from the City—bought carefully and close, a full assortment of

GROCEIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR AND FEED, &C., &C.

Come and price my

TEAS, SUGARS AND SYRUPS,

Before you Purchase. W. P. BIGONY.

Wellsboro, Jan. 4, 1870-tf.

WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN.

Armstrong & Linn,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

WILLIAMSPORT, PENN'A.

Aug. 4, 1869-1y.

TIOGA DRUG STORE!

BORDEN keeps constantly on hand: Pure Drugs and Medicines, Chemicals, Paints and Oils, Lamps, Stationery, Yankee Notions &c.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

H. H. BORDEN.

Tioga, Jan. 1, 1870.—1y.

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T. B. STONE,

(formerly B. C. Wickham's Nursery)

AT HIS NURSERY OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, IN TIOGA:—

60,000 Apple Trees,

10,000 Pear Trees.

A good supply of PLUM, PEACH, CHERRY and ORNAMENTAL TREES & SHRUBBERY

The Fruit trees are composed of the choicest varieties, good, healthy, some of them large and in bearing. Any one wishing to get a supply will do well to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. ☞ Delivered at the depot, Wellsboro, Mansfield, Lawrenceville and Blossburg, free of charge. All orders promptly filled.

Address, T. B. STONE,

Tioga, Dec. 8, 1869-1y* Tioga, Pa.

PREPARE FOR WINTER!

AND don't neglect to secure a first class

CUTTER OR SLEIGH.

H. W. DARTT, has on hand the latest styles and will make to order and warrant to suit. All kinds of REPAIRING done at the shortest notice. Also,

Job Wok and Horse-Shoeing.

Please call and examine and be convinced that better workmanship or material is not furnished elsewhere at more reasonable prices. Main Street, Wellsboro, Pa.

Nov. 24, 1869.-tf. H. W. DARTT.

Get the Best!

Mrs. A. J. SOFIELD, is agent for that superior SEWING MACHINE, the

WILLCOX & GIBBS,

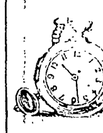
which everybody likes who trios it. It is a beautiful Machine, never gets out of order with fair usage, sews rapidly and strong stitch, and is perfectly noiseless.

☞ Machines rented by the week.

Nov. 17, 1869-tf. Mrs. A. J. SOFIELD.

JEWELRY STORE!

WELLSBORO, PA.



ANDREW FOLEY,

who has long been established in the Jewelry business in Wellsboro, has always on sale, various kinds and prices of

AMERICAN WATCHES,

GOLD OR SILVER CLOCKS, JEWELRY, GOLD CHAINS, KEYS, RINGS, PINS, PENCILS, CASES, GOLD & STEEL PENS, THIMBLES, SPOONS, RAZORS, PLATED WARE,

SEWING MACHINES,

&c., &c., &c,

With most other articles usually kept in such establishment, which is sold low for

C A S H.

Repairing done neatly, and promptly, and on short NOTICE. A. FOLEY.

January 5, 1870-1y.

GREAT REDUCION

IN PRICES,

AT

WICKHAM & FARR'S,

Tioga, Pa.

All those wishing

WINETR DRESS,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

can save a good percentage, as we must make room for other

G O O D S.

Jan. 5, 1869-tf.

Poets' Corner.

WE PASS ALONG.

Still, day by day, we pass along
The busy path of life,
And listen to the mingled sounds
Of joy, and grief, and strife.
The sunbeams give their radiant light,
The shadows near us stray,
And many hopes and many cares
Go with us all the way.

The clouds which float along our sky
Are sometimes tipped with gold,
And sometimes heavily they fall—
Tempestuous, dark and cold.
With selfish aims and willful hearts,
We treaded the great highway,
Grasping with careless hands the flowers
Which bloom for us each day.

Absorbed in all our shallow plans—
Alas! how blind we are
To faith "which speaks of better things"—
To the bright morning-star.
To God, our Father—Gracious King,
Make all our visions cease,
And guide our footsteps in the way
Which leads to endless peace!

Miscellaneous Reading.

YOUNG JESSICA.

THE COFEEE-STALL AND ITS KEEPER.

In a screened and secluded corner of one of the many railway bridges which span the streets of London, there could be seen, a few years ago, from five o'clock every morning until half-past eight, a tidily set out coffee-stall, consisting of a trestle and board, upon which stood two large tin cans, with a small fire of charcoal burning under each, so as to keep the coffee boiling during the early hours of the morning when the work-people were thronging into the city, on their way to their daily toil. The coffee-stall was a favorite one, for besides being under shelter, which was of great consequence upon rainy mornings, it was also in so private a niche that the customers taking their out-of-door breakfast were not too much exposed to notice; and moreover, the coffee-stall keeper was a quiet man, who cared only to serve the busy workmen, without hindering them by any gossip. He was a tall, spare, elderly man, with a singularly solemn face, and a manner which was grave and secret. Nobody knew either his name or dwelling-place; unless it might be the policeman who strode past the coffee-stall every half-hour, and nodded familiarly to the solemn man behind it. There were very few who cared to make any enquiries about him; but those who did could only discover that he kept the furniture of his stall at a neighboring coffee-house whither he wheeled his trestle and board and crockery every day, not later than half-past eight in the morning; after which he was wont to glide away with a soft footstep, and a mysterious and fugitive air, with many backward and sidelong glances, as if he dreaded observation, until he thronged the streets. No one had ever had the persevering curiosity to track him all the way to his house, or to find out his other means of gaining a livelihood; but in general his stall was surrounded by customers, whom he served with silent seriousness, and who did not grudge to pay him his charge for the refreshing coffee he supplied to them.

For several years the crowd of work-people had paused by the coffee-stall under the railway arch, when one morning, in a partial lull of his business, the owner became suddenly aware of a pair of very dark bright eyes being fastened upon him and the slices of bread and butter on his board, with a gaze as hungry as that of a mouse which has been driven by famine into a trap. A thin and meager face belonged to the eyes, which was half hidden by a mass of matted hair hanging over the forehead and down the neck; the only covering which the neck or head had—for a tattered frock, scarcely fastened together with broken strings, was slipping down over the shivering shoulders of the little girl. Stooping down to a basket behind his stall, he caught sight of two bare little feet curling up from the damp pavement, as the child lifted up first one and then the other, and laid them one over another to gain a momentary feeling of warmth. Whoever the child was, she did not speak; only at every steaming cupful which he poured out of his can, her dark eyes gleamed hungrily, and he could hear her smack her thin lips, as if in fancy she was tasting the warm and fragrant coffee.

"Oh, come now!" he said at last, when only one boy was left taking his breakfast leisurely, and he leaned over his stall to speak in a low and quiet tone, "why don't you go away, little girl? Come, come; you're staying too long, you know."

"I'm just going, sir," she answered, shrugging her small shoulders to draw her frock up higher about her neck;—"only it's raining cats and dogs outside, and mother's been away all night, and she took the key with her; and it's so nice to smell the coffee; and the police have left off worrying me while I've been here. He thinks I'm a customer taking my breakfast." And the child laughed a shrill little laugh of mockery at herself and the policeman.

"You've had no breakfast, I suppose," said the coffee-stall keeper, in the same low and confidential voice, and leaning over his stall till his face nearly touched the thin sharp features of the child.

"No," she replied, coolly, "and I shall want my dinner dreadful bad before I get it, I know. You don't often feel dreadful hungry, do you, sir? I'm not griped yet, you know; but before I taste my dinner, it'll be pretty bad, I tell you. Ah! very bad, indeed!"

She turned away with a knowing nod, as much as to say she had one experience in life to which he was quite a stranger; but before she had gone half a dozen steps, she heard the quiet voice calling to her in rather louder tones, and in an instant she was back at the stall.

"Slip in here," said the owner, in a cautious whisper; "here's a little coffee left and a few crusts. There, you must never come again, you know. I never give to beggars; and if you had begged, I would have called the police. There, put your poor feet towards the fire. Now, aren't you comfortable?"

The child looked up with a face of intense satisfaction. She was seated upon an empty basket, with her feet near the pan of charcoal, and a cup of steaming coffee on her lap; but her mouth was too full for her to reply, except by a very deep nod, which expressed unbounded delight. The man was busy for awhile packing up his crockery; but every now and then he stooped to look down upon her, and to shake his head gravely.

"What's your name?" he asked, at length; "but there, never mind! I don't care what it is. What's your name to do with me, I wonder?"

"It's Jessica," said the girl; "but mother and everybody calls me Jess.—You'd be tired of being called Jess, if you was me. It's Jess here, and Jess there, and everybody wanting me to go errands. And they think nothing of giving me smacks, and kicks, and pinches. Look here!"

Whether her arms were black and blue from the cold, or from ill usage, he could not tell: but he shook his head again seriously, and the child felt encouraged to go on.

"I wish I could stay here forever and a Wednesday, and there'll always be a cup of coffee for you."

She thought he meant that he could not have hidden the penny under his foot, and she went away a little saddened and subdued, notwithstanding her great delight in the expectation of such a treat every week; while Daniel, pondering over the struggle that must have passed through her childish mind, went on his way, from time to time shaking his head, and muttering to himself, "I couldn't have done it myself; I never could have done it myself."

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

Week after week, all through the three last months of the year, Jessica appeared every Wednesday at the coffee-stall, and, after waiting patiently till the close of the breakfasting business, received her pittance from the charity of her new friend. After a while Daniel allowed her to carry some of his load to the coffee house, but he never suffered her to follow him farther; and he was always particular to watch her out of sight, before he turned off through the intricate mazes of streets in the direction of his own home. Neither did he encourage her to ask him any more questions; and often but very few words passed between them during Jessica's breakfast time.

As to Jessica's home, she made no secret of it, and Daniel might have followed her any time he pleased. It was a single room, which had once been a hay-loft over the stable of an old inn, now in use for two or three donkeys, the property of costermongers dwelling in the court about it. The mode of entrance was by a wooden ladder, whose rounds were crazy and broken, and which led up through a trap door in the floor of the loft. The interior of the home was as desolate and comfortless as that of the stable below, with only a litter of straw for the bedding, and a few bricks and boards for the furniture.—Everything that could be pawned had disappeared long ago, and Jessica's mother often lamented that she could not thus dispose of her child. Yet Jessica was hardly a burden to her. It was a long time since she had taken any care to provide her with food or clothing, and the girl had to earn or beg for herself the meat which kept a scanty life within her. Jess was the drudge and errand girl of the court; and what with being cuffed and beaten by her mother, and over-worked and ill-used by her numerous employers, her life was a hard one. But now there was always the Wednesday morning to count upon and look forward to; and by and by, a second scene of amazed delight opened upon her.

Jessica had wandered far away from home in the early darkness of a winter's evening, after a violent outbreak of her drunken mother, and she was still sobbing now and then, with long drawn sobs of pain and weariness, when she saw, a little way before her, the tall, well known figure of her friend, Mr. Daniel. He was dressed in a suit of black, with a white neck cloth, and he was pacing with brisk, yet measured steps, along the lighted streets. Jessica felt afraid of speaking to him, but she followed at a little distance, until presently he stopped before the iron gates of a large building, and unlocking them, passed on to the arched doorway, and with a heavy key opened the folding doors and entered in. The child stole after him, but paused for a few minutes, trembling, upon the threshold, until the gleam of light lit up within tempted her to venture a few steps forward, and to push a little way open an inner door, covered with crimson baize, only so far as to enable her to peep through at the inside. Then, growing bolder by degrees, she crept through herself, drawing the door to noiselessly behind her. The place was in partial gloom, but Daniel was kindling every gaslight, and each minute lit it up in more striking grandeur. She stood in a carpeted aisle, with high open pews on each side, almost as black as ebony. A gallery of the same dark old oak ran round the walls, resting upon massive pillars, behind one of which she was partly concealed, gazing with eager eyes at Daniel, as he mounted the pulpit steps and kindled the lights there, disclosing, to her curious delight, the glittering pipes of an organ behind it. Before long, the slow and soft-footed chapel keeper disappeared for a minute or two into a vestry; and Jessica, availing herself of his short absence, stole silently up under the shelter of the dark pews, until she reached the steps of the organ loft, with its golden show. But at this moment Mr. Daniel appeared again, arrayed in a long gown of black serge; and as she stood spell-bound, gazing at the strange appearance of her patron, his eye fell upon her, and he also was struck speechless for a minute, with an air of amazement and dismay upon his grave face.

"Come, now," he exclaimed, harshly, as soon as he could recover his presence of mind, "you must take yourself out of this. This isn't any place for such as you. It's for ladies and gentlemen; so you must run away sharp before anybody comes. How did you find your way here?"

He had come very close to her, and bent down to whisper in her ear, looking nervously round to the entrance all the time. Jessica's eager tongue was loosened.

"Mother beat me," she said, "and turned me into the streets, and I see you there, so I followed you up. I'll run away this minute, Mr. Daniel; but it's a nice place. What do the ladies and gentlemen do when they come here? Tell me, and I'll be off sharp."

"They come here to pray," whispered Daniel.

"What is pray?" asked Jessica.

"Bless the child!" cried Daniel, in perplexity. "Why, they kneel down in those pews; most of them sit, tho'; and the minister up in the pulpit tells God what they want."

Jessica gazed into his face with such an air of bewilderment, that a faint smile crept over the sedate features of the pew-opener.

"What is minister and God?" she said; "and do ladies and gentlemen want anything? I thought they'd every thing they wanted, Mr. Daniel."

"O," cried Daniel, "you must be off, you know. They'll be coming in a minute, and they'd be shocked to see a ragged little heathen like you. This is the pulpit, where the minister stands and preaches to 'em; and there are the pews, where they sit to listen to him, or to go over, just as I am!" she cried. "But you're going away, I know, and I'm never to come again, or you'll set the police on me!"

"Yes," said the coffee-stall keeper, very softly, and looking round to see if there were any other ragged children within sight; "if you'll promise not to come again for a whole week, and not to tell anybody else, you may come once more. I'll give you one other treat; but you must be off now."

"I'm off, sir," she said sharply; "if you've an errand I could go on, I'd do it all right, I would. Let me carry some of your things."

"No, no," cried the man; "you run away, like a good girl; and mind! I'm not to see you again for a whole week."

"All right!" answered Jess, setting off down the rainy street at a quick run, as if to show her willing agreement to the bargain; while the coffee-stall keeper, with many a cautious glance around him, removed his stock-in-trade to the coffee house near at hand, and was seen no more for the rest of the day in the neighborhood of the railway bridge.

JESSICA'S TEMPTATION.

The bargain, on Jessica's part, was faithfully kept; and though the solemn and silent man under the dark shadow of the bridge looked out for her every morning, as he served his customers, he caught no glimpse of her wan face and thin frame. But when the appointed time was finished, she presented herself at the stall, with her hungry eyes fastened again upon the piles of buns and bread and butter, which were fast disappearing before the demands of the buyers. The business was at its height, and the famished child stood quietly on one side watching for the throng to melt away. But as soon as the nearest church clock had chimed eight, she drew a little nearer to the stall, and at a signal from its owner she slipped between the trestles of his stand, and took up her former position on the empty basket. To his eyes she seemed even a little thinner, and certainly more ragged, than before; and he laid a whole bun, a stale one which was left from yesterday's stock, upon her lap, as she lifted the cup of coffee to her lips with both her benumbed hands.

"What's your name?" she asked, looking up to him with her keen eyes.

"My name is Daniel," he hesitatingly, as if he was reluctant to tell so much of himself; "my christened name is Daniel."

"And where do you live, Mr. Daniel?" she enquired.

"Oh! come now!" he exclaimed, "if you're going to be impudent, you'd better march off. What business is it of yours where I live? I don't want to know where you live, I can tell you."

"I didn't mean no offence," said Jess, humbly; "only I thought I'd like to know where a good man like you lived. You're a very good man, aren't you, Mr. Daniel?"

"I don't know," he answered, uneasily; "I'm afraid I'm not."

"Oh, but you are, you know," continued Jess. "You make good coffee; prime! and buns, too! And I've been watching you hundreds of times before you saw me, and the police leaves you alone, and never tells you to move on. Oh, yes, you must be a very good man."

Daniel sighed, and fidgeted about his crockery with a grave and occupied air, as if he were pondering over the child's notion of goodness. He made good coffee, and the police left him alone! It was quite true; yet still, as he counted up the store of pence which had accumulated in his strong canvas bag, he sighed again still more heavily. He purposely let one of his pennies fall upon the muddy pavement, and went on counting the rest busily, while he furtively watched the little girl sitting at his feet. Without a shade of change upon her small face, she covered the penny with her foot, and drew it in carefully towards her, while she continued to chatter finently to him. For a moment a feeling of pain shot a pang through Daniel's heart; and then he congratulated himself on having entrapped the young thief. It was time to be leaving now; but before he went, he would make her move her bare foot, and disclose the penny concealed beneath it, and then he would warn her never to venture near his stall again.—This was her gratitude, he thought; he had given her two breakfasts, and more kindness than he had shown to any fellow creature for many a long year; and, at the first chance, the young jade turned upon him and robbed him! He was brooding it over painfully in his mind, when Jessica's uplifted face changed suddenly, and a dark flush crept over her pale cheeks, and the tears started to her eyes. She stooped down, and picking up the coin from amongst the mud, she rubbed it bright and clean upon her rags, and laid it upon the stall close to his hand, but without speaking a word. Daniel looked down upon her solemnly and searchingly.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Please, Mr. Daniel," she answered, it dropped, and you didn't hear it."

"Jess," he said, sternly, "tell me all about it."

"Oh, please," she sobbed, "I never had a penny of my very own but once; and it rolled close to my foot, and you didn't see it, and I hid it up sharp;—and then I thought how kind you'd been, and how good the coffee and buns are, and how you let me warm myself at your fire;—and please, I couldn't keep the penny any longer. You'll never let me come again, I guess."

Daniel turned away for a minute, busying himself with putting his cups and saucers into the basket, while Jessica stood by, trembling, with the large tears rolling slowly down her cheeks. The snug, dark corner, with its warm fire of charcoal, and its fragrant smell of coffee, had been a paradise to her for these two brief spans of time; but she had been guilty of the sin which would drive her from it. All beyond the railway arch the streets stretched away, cold and dreary, with no friendly faces to meet hers, and no warm cups of coffee to refresh her; yet she was only lingering sorrowfully to hear the words spoken which should forbid her to return to this pleasant spot. Mr. Daniel turned round at last, and met her tearful gaze with a look of strange emotion upon his own solemn face.

"Jess," he said, "I could never have done it myself. But you may come here every Wednesday morning, as this is sleep, may be; and that's the organ to play music to their singing. There, I've told you everything, and you must never come again, never."

"Mr. Daniel," said Jessica, "I don't know nothing about it. Isn't there a dark little corner somewhere that I could hide in?"

"No, no," interrupted Daniel, impatiently, "we couldn't do with such a little heathen, with no shoes or bonnet on. Come, now, it's only a quarter to the time, and somebody will be here in a minute. Run away, do!"

Jessica retraced her steps slowly to the crimson door, casting many a look backwards; but Mr. Daniel stood at the end of the aisle, frowning upon her whenever she glanced behind. She gained the lobby at last; but already some one was approaching the chapel door, and beneath the lamp at the gate stood one of her natural enemies, a policeman. Her heart beat fast, but she was quick witted, and in another instant she spied a place of concealment behind one of the doors, into which she crept for safety until the path should be clear, and the policeman passed on upon his beat.

The congregation began to arrive. She heard the rustling of silk dresses, and she could see the gentlemen and ladies pass by the niche between the door and the post. Once she ventured to stretch out a thin little finger and touch a velvet mantle as the wearer of it swept by, but no one caught her in the act, or suspected her presence behind the door. Mr. Daniel, she could see, was very busy ushering people to their seats; but there was a startled look lingering upon his face, and every now and then he peered anxiously into the outer gloom and darkness, and even once called to the policeman to ask if he had seen a ragged child hanging about. After a while the organ began to sound, and Jessica, crouching down in her hiding place, listened, entranced, to the sweet music. She could not tell what made her cry, but the tears came so rapidly that it was of no use to rub the corners of her eyes with her hard knuckles; so she lay down upon the ground, and buried her face in her hands, and wept without restraint. When the singing was over, she could only catch a confused sound of a voice speaking. The lobby was empty now, and the crimson doors were closed. The policeman also had walked on. This was the moment to escape.—She raised herself from the ground, with a feeling of weariness and sorrow; and, thinking sadly of the light and warmth and music that were within the closed doors, she stepped out into the cold and darkness of the streets, and loitered homewards with a heavy heart.

PEEPS INTO FAIRY LAND.

It was not the last time that Jessica concealed herself behind the baize covered door. She could not overcome the urgent desire to enjoy again and again the secret and perilous pleasure; and Sunday after Sunday she watched in the dark streets for the moment when she could slip in unseen. She soon learned the exact time when Daniel would be occupied in lighting up, before the policeman would take up his station at the entrance; and again, the very minute at which it would be wise and safe to take her departure. Sometimes the child laughed noiselessly to herself, until she shook with suppressed merriment, as she saw Daniel standing unconsciously in the lobby, with his solemn face and grave air, to receive the congregation, much as he faced his customers at the coffee-stall. She learned to know the minister by sight—the tall, thin, pale gentleman, who passed thro' a side door, with his head bent as if in deep thought; while the two little girls about her own age, followed him with sedate but pleasant faces. Jessica took a great interest in the minister's children. The younger one was fair, and the elder one was about as tall as herself, and had eyes and hair as dark;—but, O, how cared for, how plainly waited on by tender hands! Sometimes, when they were gone by, she would close her eyes, and wonder what they would do in one of the high black pews inside, where there was no place for a ragged, barefooted girl like her; and now and then her wondering almost ended in a sob, which she was compelled to stifle.

It was an untold relief to Daniel, that Jessica did not ply him with questions, as he feared, as she came for breakfast every Wednesday morning; but she was too shrewd and cunning for that. She wished him to forget that she had ever been there; and by and by her wish was accomplished, and Daniel was no longer uneasy, while he was lighting the lamps, with the dread of seeing the child's wild face starting up before him.

But the light evenings of summer time were drawing near apace, and Jessica foresaw with dismay that her Sunday treats would soon be over. The risk of discovery increased every week, for the sun was later and later in setting, and there would be no chance of creeping in and out unseen in the broad daylight. Already it needed both watchfulness and alertness to dart in at the right moment in the gray twilight; but still she could not give it up; and if it had not been for the fear of offending Mr. Daniel, she would have resolved on going until she was found out. They could not punish her very much for standing in the lobby of a chapel.

But Jessica was found out before the dusky evenings were quite gone. It happened one night that the minister's children, coming early to the chapel, saw a small tattered figure, bareheaded and barefooted, dart swiftly up the steps before them and disappear within the lobby. They psused and looked at one another, and then, hand in hand, their hearts beating quickly, and the color coming and going on their faces, they followed this strange new member of their father's congregation. The pew-opener was nowhere to be seen, but their quick eyes detected the prints of the wet little feet which had trodden the clean pavement before them, and in an instant they discovered Jessica crouching behind the door.

"Let us call Daniel Standring," said Winny, the younger child, clinging to her sister; but she had spoken aloud, and Jessica overheard her; and before they could stir a step, she stood before them with an earnest and imploring face.

"O, don't have me drove away," she cried; "I'm a very poer little girl, and it's all the pleasure I've got. I've seen you lots of times, with that tall gentleman as stoops, and I didn't think you'd have me drove away. I don't do any harm behind the door, and if Mr. Daniel finds me out, he won't give me any more coffee."

"Dear little girl," said the elder child, in a composed and demure voice, "but what do you come here for, and why do you hide yourself behind the door?"

"I like to hear the music," answered Jessica, "and I wanted to find out what pray is, and the minister, and God. I know it's only for ladies and gentlemen, and fine children like you; but I'd like to go inside just for once, and see what you do."

"You shall come with us into our pew," cried Winny, in an eager and impulsive tone; but Jane laid her hand upon her outstretched arm, with a glance at Jessica's ragged clothes and matted hair. It was a question difficult to perplex them. The little outcast was plainly too dirty and neglected for them to invite her to sit side by side with them in their crimson-lined pew, and no poor people attended the chapel with whom she could have a seat. But Winny, with flushed cheeks and indignant eyes, looked reproachfully at her elder sister.

"Jane," she said, opening her Testament, and turning over the leaves hurriedly, "this was papa's text a little while ago. "For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou here, or sit here under my footstool; are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?' If we don't take the little girl into our pew, we 'have the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons.'"

"I don't know what to do," answered Jane, sighing; "the Bible seems plain; but I'm sure papa would not like it. Let us ask the chapel-keeper."

"O, no, no," cried Jessica, "don't let Mr. Daniel catch me here. I won't come again, indeed; and I'll promise not to try to find out about God and the minister, if you'll only let me go."

"But, little