

his eye carelessly over it, fell upon an advertisement offering large bounties for volunteers.

"Six hundred dollars' bounty for a volunteer!" he called out aloud. "Think of that, Uncle Benny!" he cried. "Won't that be a help to me? I'll go to Trenton and enlist!"

The family were struck with amazement at this unexpected announcement. But none except the youngest children could say a word in discouragement of his intention. These knew too little of the rebellion, its wicked object, and still more wicked cause, to estimate the mighty results to religion and humanity all the world over which hung suspended in the balance of its success or failure. They knew only that they loved Tony, and could not think of parting with him,—they said he should not volunteer.

What could Uncle Benny say to this determination of Tony? The old man was running over with patriotic horror at the bloody efforts of the slaveholder's rebellion to destroy the national life, and could utter no word that might discourage even one brave heart from entering the glorious army which was then battling for the national integrity. He realized the loss which Tony's absence would be to him, and the dangers which the brave fellow would encounter in the smoke and carnage of the battle-field. Never, until that moment, had he known the extent of his affection for Tony, or the terrible domestic desolation which that unrighteous rebellion was everywhere producing. But while praising his determination, he bade him think well before he acted, and if bent on entering the ranks, to let love for his country form some portion of his motive, and not allow the offer of a large bounty to be the only inducement.

"But I shall go," rejoined Tony. "Six hundred dollars will make me up; and who knows but I may come back an officer?"

"Yes," added Mrs. Spangler, "but suppose you never come back. Of what use will be your bounty then?"

But if the thought of enlisting were a sudden one, so was the determination inflexible. No persuasion could alter it; for Tony, without being either obstinate or stubborn, had always had a mind of his own, and he was now master of his time, either to enter the army or to remain upon the farm.

Next morning, sure enough, he started for the recruiting office at Trenton, where he learned that the demand for men was urgent, and that six hundred dollars' bounty was given to each. A great crowd was in and around the office, and he saw the money counted out to each volunteer as he was mustered in. He looked at it, and thought a like sum would go a great way toward procuring such a farm as he would have to be contented with.

In the evening he returned home to make preparation for his departure. But that was quickly done, for his wardrobe was scanty, and he had no accounts to settle. His last evening with the family was sad enough,—sad for himself, and sad for all others. There was a profusion of hopes and regrets, and a burden of kind injunctions. Mrs. Spangler and the girls cried at the prospect of letting him go. Uncle Benny exhorted him, however, and wherever he might be situated, to do his whole duty, and keeping a clear conscience, and never forgetting his Creator.

After breakfast the next morning, Tony was ready to set off on his perilous enterprise. Uncle Benny was to drive him to Trenton, where he would see that he received his full bounty money, and deposit it for him in the saving-bank. Tony and his venerable protector had seated themselves in the carriage, and the family had shaken hands with him for the last time, when a man of very genteel appearance, and past middle age, presented himself among them. He had entered the gate and walked up to the carriage without being noticed, so entirely was every one's attention occupied by poor Tony's departure.

The stranger saw at a glance that something unusual was going on. There were Mrs. Spangler and the girls wiping their eyes, while the countenance of even Farmer Spangler had lost its usual hard expression, and now gave token of a profound regret. Breaking silence, however, he inquired,—

"What does all this mean, my friends? Has any misfortune overtaken this family?"

"Going into the army, sir," replied Tony, in a firm voice; "and I'm just bidding them good by."

The strange gentleman looked at him attentively, then cast his eyes around the party, and then again turning to Tony, inquired,—

"But what may be your name, young man?"

"Tony King, sir," was the reply.

"Anthony King!" he exclaimed. "The Lord be praised for bringing me here!" And instantly he mounted into the carriage, seized Tony's hand, and embraced him with the warmest affection.

"You do not know me," he resumed. "You were only a child when you last saw your Uncle Alfred, but I am he, and after a long search I have at last discovered you. No going into the army to-day! I have a great deal to say to you. Come out, Tony, and let us become better acquainted with each other."

Here was the greatest surprise that could have happened to every one who witnessed it. True enough, Tony, when a mere child, remembered having seen his Uncle Alfred. He knew also that he had disappeared from among his relatives, and gone no one knew whither. No tidings of him