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ter already; but I must be going. I don't feel very well. I wish you a good evening." And, in an astonishingly short space of time—short as his last exclamations had been—the confounded gentleman found himself on Dr. Campbell's front door steps.

As the street door closed on him, Kate gave loud vent to her laughter; and, as once before, the bell rang again, and Mr. Leland was ushered into her presence. Kate rose to meet him with fluttering heart and downcast eyes, for she trembled for the effects of the same knowledge of the loss of her property" on him; and she felt that it would be a hard struggle to give up his acquaintance as easily as she had Fitz Simmons. And so, when Ned Leland avowed feelings similar to those she heard from Fitz Simmons, her voice trembled as she told him the same tale of the loss of her property.

"It is not your wealth, I care for, Kate; it is not that I would wed, but your own self, *minus* the *paint* and red wig!" he answered, smilingly.

Kate started up in astonishment, and unconsciously grasped at the offending wig; but it was there, too securely fastened to be easily removed.

"O, Kate, I have known it all along—from the very first—that you wore a wig and used the paint, you wretched girl!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh; and though others were deceived, I saw through the disguise at once. Love has sharp eyes you see, Kate," he added, drawing her to him.

"Kate, tell me if you love *me*, or that odious Fitz Simmons, who is always in your presence, I must know which this night!"

There was no need for other answer than the uplifting of the blue eyes, and the shy, but happy laugh that followed.

And when, a few minutes later, Kate descended to the parlor from her own room, whither she had retired, what a complete change had taken place in her. Hair of the richest brown had usurped the place of the red wig, and from her delicate complexion all traces of paint had vanished; while, tastefully clad in a becoming dress, she stood before her astonished lover.

"I had thought you *passable*, Kate," he murmured, as he met her, "but now you are more beautiful than a dream. Can it be that you are the country girl who but just now left the room?" he asked, fondly.

"Yes, the same, dear Edward; the same, but *minus* the 'fifty thousand,' as before, for *that* belongs to my cousin, Jenny Campbell, who is the heiress, while I am only the adopted child of my Uncle Campbell. Can you take me as I am?" she added, roguishly.

"Al! I ask is *you*, Kate," he murmured, fondly drawing her to him.

After a time Kate related the interview with, and abrupt exit of, Mr. Fitz Simmons, earlier that evening; and a merry laugh followed at the fortune-hunter's expense.

The next day Ned Leland had a consultation with Dr. Campbell, to whom he told his love for his niece, and its return, asking his consent to a certain event in the immediate future; and the old doctor only said "Yes," very pleasantly, asking with a smile, "if he knew that Kate had lost her 'fifty thousand.'" And it furthermore happened that, on that same forenoon, Philip Otis also sought the doctor on a similar errand; and he, too, went away happy in its results.

"There, girls!" exclaimed the doctor at dinner. "here I've had *two* consultations without a single fee, this morning—both on your accounts, you naughty girls! But then I administered the right potions, and the patients are doing finely, and I think will be out soon, and able to come here and speak for themselves."

Soon after two weddings took place; and the astonished world at B— learned that Jenny Campbell was the real heiress, while Kate proved the handsomest lady in the town, and niece to the old doctor,

Mr. Fitz Simmons was not seen in B. after that night. He probably "stepped out incontinently," for the landlord of the A— House was heard making inquiries for him, together with the tailor and washerwoman, and various other creditors, who, I much fear, cherish his memory to this day as the gentleman who promised to settle certain bills "when his remittances arrived from England." Possibly, in the mother country he has replenished his purse by "marrying a fortune."

BE PATIENT WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY GRACE VERNEY.

LITTLE CHARLEY came in the other day in the greatest joy at the possession of a handful of sweet May blossoms, the first of the season. My heart bounded at the very sight of them, for did not I once gather just such ones, away back in the morning of my life?—and how quickly did thought traverse the space between *now* and *then*, to the sunny slope where they grew. CHARLEY held up the flowers exultingly, generously giving two of the prettiest to little two-year old JOHNNY, who never knew anything about flowers before. Then exclaiming, "Mamma, where's the dish to put them in?" he began eagerly to fly about. But "mama" was busy, and how effectually was his, I might say *our* joy dampened at the answer, "If you don't keep out of my way with your *tormented* old flowers I'll throw every one away."

POOR CHARLEY began to cry, and then threw himself upon the floor in childish grief, which soon merged into passion as he thought of his beautiful flowers and the harsh treatment they would get from his mother; and he lay sobbing, muttering over and over, "I'll never bring my mamma any pretty things when I get big," till little JOHNNY, seeming to understand the case, held out his little tin dipper, which put CHARLEY in mind of his own dipper which was soon filled with water and the precious flowers in it. Then I showed him their tiny cups and the small stamens, till the good-natured look came back, and we had a good time over them after all. LITTLE JOHNNY brought his two flowers to me with their poor heads in the water and stems sticking straight up, and what matter if he did spill a little water on the floor and on my dress, it didn't do one half the injury that one cross word would have done the little innocent.

And now I would ask how much longer would it have taken "mama" to notice the flowers and speak a few words in their praise, and to get a vase and place them where we could all see them, instead of their being hidden out of sight on the top of the bureau behind a pile of books?

Mothers, do you think your children never need any of your sympathy in their pleasures small to you, no doubt, but great to them? How much better to have spent a few moments with CHARLEY, pointing out the beauties in the tiny leaves, impressing upon his mind a lesson of the goodness of the Creator in giving us these beautiful objects, and deepening his love for beautiful things. Instead he learned to think evil and wicked things, to cherish resentment against his mother, and all because of one impatient outburst of thoughtless words. If mothers would but interest themselves more in their children's amusements, they might insure themselves, and the children also, against many a trial of temper. I know it requires a constant care and watchfulness to guide them always aright, but does fretting, scolding and storming about lessen it any? Then it is *so much* better and pleasanter to have them good-natured than to be always in a broil. It is but a few years that this care must be exercised for they will become so habituated to being pleasant tempered, and their youthful years will be controlled by the habits taught them in infancy. Mothers can hardly begin too early to train their children to obedience. It is so much easier than to wait till they are older. Every mother possessed of even a small degree of intelligence can mould the disposition of her children, if she will only have the courage and patience, and not give way to weak and foolish indulgence, which will cause her cares and troubles for her child to extend through the years of its youth, if not *maturer years*.

Marrying for Show.

To the questions often asked of young men as to why they do not marry, we sometimes hear the reply, "I am not able to support a wife." In one case in three, perhaps this is true, but as a general thing the true reply would be, "I am not able to support the style in which I think my wife ought to live." In this again we see a false view of marriage—a looking up to an appearance in the world, instead of a union with the loving woman for her own sake. There are very few men of industrious habits who cannot maintain a wife, if they were willing to live economically, and without reference to the opinion of the world. The great evil is, they are not willing to begin life humble, to retire together in an obscure position, and together work their way in the world, he by industry in his calling, and she dispensing with prudence the money that he earns. But they must stand out and attract the attention of others by their fine houses and fine clothes.

I NEVER knew how it was, but I always seemed to have the most come in when I gave the most away.—*Baxter*.

No man can ever become eminent in anything, unless he worked at it with an earnestness bordering on *enthusiasm*.—*Robert Hall*.

HE who has not forgiven an enemy, has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.—*Lavater*.

A YOUNG lady, whose father is improving the family mansion, insists upon having a beau window put in for her benefit.

If it were possible to separate the globe at its center, in the same way as an orange or a cheese is frequently divided, and to stand at the base of the division, the chasm would represent a height 1,456 times higher than the Himalayas, or if Great Britain were reared on end from the Solent to Cape Wroth, it would reach but about one-twelfth of the distance.

ECONOMY is a great virtue in Japan, to encourage which a strip of fish skin is sent with every letter from an official, whatsoever the subject, to remind the receiver that their ancestors were once poor fishermen, and that therefore none of their descendants should be ashamed of industry and economy.

A THING WORTH KNOWING—CROSBY manufactures his boots and shoes of the best materials, and by the best workmen in the country. Try them.

Whittier's Theological Opinions.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, finding himself quoted as authority for certain theological opinions, writes to the *Friend*, the organ of his denomination, as follows:

"Painfully sensible of my own moral infirmities and liabilities to error, I instinctively shrink from assuming the office of teacher and guide to others. I simply wish to say that my ground of hope for myself and humanity is that Divine fulness of love which was manifested in the life, teachings, and self-sacrifice of Christ—the way, the truth, and the life. In the infinite mercy of God so revealed, and not in any work or merit of our nature, I reverently, humbly, yet very hopefully trust. I regard Christianity as a life rather than a creed, and in judging of my fellow men, I can use no other standard than that which our Lord and Master has given us: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The only orthodoxy that I am specially interested in is that of life and practice. On the awful and solemn theme of human destiny I dare not dogmatize; but wait the unfolding of the great mystery in the firm faith that, whatever may be our particular allotment, God will do the best that is possible for all."

We advise the readers of the FREE PRESS to purchase their stock of boots and shoes early this fall. Although the present prices are high, the prospect now is that they will be still higher. Raw hides are still on the rise, with no prospect of a decline, because of the scarcity of cattle in the country; consequently, leather cannot be expected to fall very soon.