"Well, well, Mr. Henderson, I presume you the sill; the trees blew about; the road was wet, have seen in the course of your observations, that this is one of the houses where women rule. A and Eva will have to settle it with her mother.

"Then I am to understand," exclaimed I, "that, as far as you are concerned-"I submit," said Mr. Van Arsdel.

"The ayes have it then," said Eva. I am not so sure of that, young lady," said Mr. Van Arsdel, "if I may judge by the way your

mother lamented to me last night. "Oh, that's all Aunt Maria! You see, papa, this is an age of revolution, and there's going to be a revolution in the Aunt Maria dynasty in our house. She has governed mamma and all the rest of us long enough, and now she must go down and I must rule. Harry and I are going to start a new era and have things all our own way. I'm going to crown him King, and he then will crown me Queen, and then we shall proceed to rule in our own dominions, and Aunt Maria, and Mrs. Grundy, and all the rest of them, may help themselves; they can't hinder us. We shall be happy in our

own way, without consulting them."
"Well, well," said Mr. Van Arsdel, following with an amused eye a pirouette Eva executed at the conclusion of her speech, "you young folks are venturesome.

'Yes, papa, I am 'The woman who dared.'

"'Nothing venture, nothing have,'" quoted I. "Eva knows no more about managing money than a this year's robin," said her father.

"Yet this year's robins know how to build respectable nests when their time comes," said she. They don't bother about investments and stocks and all those things, but sing and have a good time. It all comes right for them, and I don't doubt it will for us."

"You have a decided talent for spending money most agreeably, I confess," said Mr. Van Arsdel. "Now, papa, it is too bad for you to be running down your own daughter! I'm not appreciated. I have a world of undeveloped genius for management. Harry has agreed to teach me accounts, and as I belong to the class who always grow wiser

than their teachers, I'm sure betore six months are over I shall be able to suggest improved methods to him. When I get a house you'll all be glad to come and see me, I shall make it so bright and sunny and funny, and give you lovely things to eat; and in my house everybody shall do just as they please, and have ther own way if they can find out what it is. I know people will like it.

"I believe you, Pussy," said Mr. Van Arsdel;
"but houses don't grow on bushes, you know."
"Well, haven't I six thousand dollars, all my
own, that grandma left me."

"And how much of a house do you think that would buy?" Perhaps as big a one as you and mother be-

" You never would be satisfied with such a house

as we began in." "Why not? Are we better than you were?"

"No. But now a days no young folks are con-tented to do as we did."

"Then, papa, you are going to see a new thing upon the earth, for Harry and I are going to be pattern folks for being rational and contented. We are going to start out on a new tack and bring in the golden age. But, bless me ! there's Aunt Maria coming down the street! Now, Harry, comes the tug of war. I am going now to emancipate mamand proclaim the new order of things," and out she flitted.

"Mr. Henderson," said Mr. Van Arsdel, when she had gone, "I think it about certain that I am to look on you as a future member of our family I'll be fair with you, that you may take steps with My daughters are supposed to your eyes open. be heiresses, but, as things are tending, in a very short time I may be put back to where I started in life and have all to begin over. My girls will have nothing. I see such a crisis impending, and

I have no power to help it.
"My dear sir," said I, "while I shall be sorry for your trouble, and hope it may not come, I shall be only too glad to prove my devotion to Eva."

"It is evident," said Mr. Van Arsdel, "that her heart is set on you, and, after all, the only true comfort is in having the one you want. I myself never cared for fashion, Mr. Henderson, nor parties, nor any of this kind of fuss and show the women think so much of; and I believe that Eva is a little like me. I like to go back to the old place in summer and eat huckleberries and milk, and see the cows come home from pasture, and sit 't take so much running and scheming and hard thinking and care to live, if folks were all of my mind. Why, up in Newhampshire where I came from, there's scarcely an estate administered upon that figures upon more than five thousand dollars, and yet they all live well-have nice houses, nice tables, give money in chargey, and make a good thing of

There was something really quite pathetic in this burst of confidence from the worthy man. Perhaps
I was the first one to whom he had confessed the secret apprehensions with which he was struggl-

You see, Mr. Henderson, you never can tell about investments. Stocks that seem to stand as firm as the foundations of the earth, that the very oldest and shrewdest and long-headed put into, run down and depreciate-and when they get running you can't draw out, you see. Now I advanced capital for the new Lightning Line Railroad to the amount of two hundred thousand, and pledged my Guatemalia stock for the money, and then arose this combination against the Guatemalia stock, and it has fallen to a fourth of its value in six months, and it takes heavy rowing—heavy. I'd a great deal rather be in father's old place, with an estate of five thousand dollars, and read my newspaper in peace, than to have all I have with the misery of managing it. I may work out, and I may not.

(To be Continued.) ----

TROTTY:

OR,

The Story of a Little Mischief.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVEREND DR. TROTTY. ONE Sunday it rained. Not that it never rained on any other of Trotty's Sundays, but that it did rain that especial Sunday.

Trotty sat on the window-sill,-it was a narrow window-sill, and he kept slipping off with a little jerk, and climbing up and slipping off,—feeling of the sash with his eye-lashes, and flattening his nose on the glass. Great drops splashed and spattered down the panes; little puddles stood on and the mud was deep.

" Come Trotty," said Lill.

Yes," said Trotty. "Come, Trotty," said his mother, five minutes

Yes 'um," said Trotty; but he hid not move. "He's a watching for Mr. Hymnal," exclaimed Lill; "it is late for him; I wonder where he is." Mr. Hymnal was going to preach that day; he drove over from East Bampton on an exchange; he was to dine with Trotty's mother, and Trotty

felt burdened withthe entire responsibility of him. "I declare!" exclaimed his mother, at the end of another five minutes. "There's the bell this moment, and Trotty must have his jacket changed, and his boots blackened, and his hair brushed, and his coat sponged. I sent him to wash his hands just three quarters of an hour ago. Has n't touched them? I presume not. Nor found the blue ribbon yet, either, have you, Trotty? The little blue bow grandmamma, that he wears at his throat. He sewed it all into a knot with black linen thread yesterday, and harnessed the cat into it the day before; the last I saw of it, he had hung Jerusalem by it on the banisters, and-Trotty frotty! Leave the window now, and come right here to me!"

"I s'ppose if he shouldn't come, I'd have to preach myself," observed Trotty, with a thoughtful igh, and Lill pulled him up stairs by the curls,that little arrangement, by the way, was Lill's for-lorn hope in her management of Trotty. To com-mand, persuasion, and entreaty he had a dignified habit of just paying no attention at all. Should she lead him by one hand, he was skilled in pin-ching her with the other. Did she imprison both his little round wrists, you may believe that he knew how to kick! She might carry him in her arms, but he understood perfectly how to lift up his voice and weep in such an effective manner that the united family flocked to the spot to see rolled down the glass and melted away into the large front curl, and Lill walked off with it for some time before she found out that he wasn't beBible, and Mother Goose, to preach.

Trotty was brushed and washed and dusted and tied and buttoned and pinned at last; mamma was ready, and Lill, and Max; the bell rang and the bell tolled, but Mr. Hymal did not come.

"It must be the mud and hard driving that have delayed him," said mamma. "Very likely he will stop at the church before coming to the house; we won't wait any longer I think."

Trotty began to look sober. When they came in sight of the church, he bobbed out from under Lill's umbrella and ran through the rain to his

"Mamma, if the minister does'nt come, may preach ?"

"O yes," said Mrs. Tyrol, laughing at what she thought was some of "Trotty's fun." "Yon may preach,"-and thought no more of what she Mr. Hymnal's horse was not in the sheds : Mr.

Hymnal was not in the pulpit. Trotty sat down in the small box-pew and thought about it. I want a corner," said he to Max mysteriously,

and Max, to please him, lifted him into the corner. The church was nearly full; the yeople began to graw still; the pulpit was yet empty. A door opened somewhere; Trotty kneeled on top of some hymn-books, and turning round, looked atsome hymn-books, and turning round, looked attentively over the house. The blind organist had just come into the gallery and was groping his way along with his cane, which made little taps on the floor. Trotty sat down again. In a minute another door opened, and a pew door flapped. Up went Trotty's curls and eyes again, where all the audience could see. It was old Mrs. Holt that time,—Mrs. Holt who was always late, and who were the three-cornered greeen glasses, and walked wore the three-cornered greeen glasses, and walked like a horse going up hill. She tripped over a cricket as she went into ber pew, and Trotty's curls and eyes laughed out; he never could help to the country of the c laughing at Mrs. Holt,—the people saw him turn as pink as a rosebud, and disappear under Max's arm. He felt so ashamed? Presently a door opened again, and some very new boots creaked very loudly up the whole length of the broad aisle. Up jumped Trotty in a hurry new. Everyload of the process of nou-Up jumped Trotty in a hurry now. did he. But it was only an old deacon in a satin one, by one, those corns mysteriously disappeared. poreal vitality are diminished there is less to restock; he sat down slowly, slowly buttoned his pew door, slowly sunk his chin into his stock, and slowly and severely coughed; a sort of slow Mr. Trotty's sermon was over, the poor head hung astonishment that everybody should be looking at him crept into his wrinkles and his eyebrows. He sideboard that was empty too. concluded that he must have put his wig on crookedly, and in feeling around to find out he church, they found the Reverend Mr. Trotty draw-

But nobody else came in after that ; the empty cart. pulpit stared down at the people; the people stared up at the empty pulpit. Silence fell, deepened, grew painful, grew awful, grew funny. Two small boys in the gallery smiled audibly. The old ladies put their handkerchiefs to their mouths. The process in the reig locked at courses Descens and the people stared "Well," said Trotty, after some thought; "you see I'm a little boy, and don't know any better!" Deacon in the wig looked at onother Deacon; another Deacon looked at them both; a fourth Deathought mamma. con beckoned to the third Deacon; then all the Deacons, whispered solemnly.

What was going to happen next?
Trotty had been sitting very still.
His mother, as it chanced, had her hand over

her eyes just then. Max was—well, to tell the truth, Max was too busy in wishing that the veil on Nat's pretty sister's pretty hat did not fall so "What did w far over her face to notice much of anything

Suddenly they heard a stir. A choked laugh ran from slip to slip. Everybody was looking into the broad aisle, and— Dear me! where was

Out in the middle of the great empty aisle, with one hand stuck in the pocket of his little Zouave trousers, and a huge hymn-book in the other, with his cap on back side in front, ribbons and curls tossed into his eyes, dimple smoothed severely away, and a ministerial gravity on his pink chin, stood Trotty.

Before they knew what he was about, he was on the platform. Before they could reach him, he had begun to climb the pulpit stairs. Just at that point he felt Max's hand upon his collar, and the next he knew he was securely but-

toned into the pew again, at a safe distance from heaven?" the door.

Could a young minister on the occasion of prea

of affairs with calmness? Was it not enough to quench the ambition of a lifetime, and ruffle the patience of the saints? Any clerical opinion on this point, if forwarded to the address of the Reverend Mr. Trotty, in my care,—or to me, in his care,—will be thankfully received and duly appreci-

ated. "I was a goin' to preach," said Trotty, quite aloud, "I was a goin' to preach," said Trotty, quite aloud, standing up in the pew, and squaring at Max with both fists. "You never pulled Mr. Hymnal round that way, you know you didn't! Now, I should like to know why you."

"O hush, Trotty! hush!" His mother drew him down out of people's sight, but he turned on her with the quiet assurance of victory:—

"You said I might preach! You said I might, on ye way over! Now we haven't got any minister, and it's just your fault!"

ter, and it's just your fault !"

Just then there was a noise at the green, muffled doors, and Mr. Hymnal came walking very fast up the aisle. He could not imagine what they were all laugh-

He wondered so much, that he read the mir sionary Hymn in this way,-

> "From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's soda fountains Roll down their golden sand."

But somebody says I should not tell you how he read it, for fear that you may laugh the next time you hear it in church.
Under the circumstances, Mrs. Tyrol the

that Trotty had better stay at home that after-

Feeling quite insulted, but a little too proud to say so, Trotty watched the rest walking off to the music of the ringing bells, and then sat down with I erusalem to watch the rain. He amused h for awhile by counting the little dreary drops that that the united family flocked to the spot to see
"What Lill was teasing Trotty about now." But
when she once had a firm hold of those curls,—it
was like taking a handful of sunbeams,—Trotty
was outgeneralled. Whenever Lill went, there he
should have preached this morning if it hadn't
should have preached this morning if it hadn't
should have preached this morning if it hadn't times, indeed, he preferred having his hair nearly pulled out by the roots, to yielding the field, and then, Lill being too gentle really to hurt him, the lowed his empty head,—nothing came more nathen, Lill being too gentle really to hurt him, the case was hopeless. On one occasion he contrived turally to Jerusalem than making bows,—so Trot- stand by me, and say 'Dear Jesus,' and let Lill to make a timely use of the rejector and elic. "I was not his mother, trying to be sober. "You come and turally to Jerusalem than making bows,—so Trot- stand by me, and say 'Dear Jesus,' and let Lill to make a timely use of the scissors, and clip off a ty tied him into his high-chair, and himself moun- see how well you know it." ted the dining-room table, with a sofa-cushion, a

That table made an excellent pulpit,-when mamma wasn't there to take you down !-- and Jerusalem was as quiet and attentive an audience as a clergyman could ask for. Biddy was in the kitchen, and would have been glad of an invitation, but Biddy had a way of laughing in church which was very disagreeable. Trotty thought that she could not have been taught, when she was a

little girl, to pay good attention to the sermon. So Trotty preached to Jerusalem, and Jerusalem listened to Trotty, half through the dark, wet, windy afternoon. I am sorry not to have a pho-nographic report of that sermon, but Jerusalem, who gave me the account of it, gave it from me-

mory only, so that I fear a large part of the minister's valuable thoughts are lost. A few have been preserved in fragments as follows:—

"My text will be found in the fire chapter of Methuselah: 'I love vem vat love me, and vose vat seek me early shan't find me,'—sit still, Jerusalem!—Moses was a very good ma,' lije pendigen. salem!—Moses was a very good man. 'Lijah went up in a shariot of fire. I b'lieve I saw him one time last summer when there was a thunder-storm. -Jerusalem! don't drum on 'e hymn-books in meeting time. Once when I had a white kitty she died and went to heaven. I know 'most she went to heaven, 'cause she was so white, and she never

jumped Trotty in a hurry now. Everybody and so it had not been for the little circumstance, that, Where they went to Jerusalem has never revealed; cruit. As a general rule applicable to persons in

ing his audience noisily over the house in a tip-

"I think we'll have a little catechism after that,"

So when she had put away her things she took him up in her lap, and began the only catechism that Trotty knew,—it was one of his own mak-

ing.
"Trotty, what did the wicked men do to Presi-"Shooted him."

"What did we do when we heard about it?" "Cried."

"Where did President Lincoln go?" "Up to heaven."

"Will Trotty go, if he is a good boy?"

"O yes." " What did the wicked men do to the poor black

people?" Shut 'em up." "What did President Lincoln do?" "Let 'em out."

"Trotty," rather softly, " who else has gone to " Papa." "What will he do when he sees this little boy?"

"Come runnin' right out to me." 'What else?" "Kiss me."

"Who is building a little home for Trotty in "The Lord Jesus Christ, mamma."

"What would my little boy say to the Lord ching his first sermon, bear such a surprising turn Jesus Christ?"

"O, I'd let Him kiss me."

" What else? "I'd shake hands to Him." "Anything more?"
"I'd send my love to Him!"

That night they let Trotty sit up half an hour later than he ever had done before. Grandmother said that she thought he was old enough to stay to prayers on Sabbath nights and hear the sing-

So Trotty stayed, and when they were singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," he joined in a shrill tenor, with "Hang Jeff Davis"; when they attempted "Maifland," he struck up each line just as the rest had finished it; when nobody was looking, he gave himself the pleasure of a little practice with both fists on on the bass keys, and when they scolded him for it, he crept under the piano and sat down on the pedals. Although he njoyed the evening very much.

"Why don't you sing that one bout going to eaven in a steamboat?" he asked several times. "Going to heaven in a steamboat?" Nobody

could guess what he meant.
"O, I know," said Lill at last. "He means Homeward Bound." They played "Homeward Bound" to please him

and he sang, "Stiddy! O Pilot! Stand firm at the wheel!"

with his mouth very wide open, and dancing up and down hard all the time on Max's corns. After the singing everybody repeated a hymn or a Bible verse. Trotty listened with bright eyes. His turn came last. They all wondered what he would say.

"Come Trotty," said mamma. Trotty stood up with his hands in his pockets, and slowly and solemnly said :-

> "I had a little hobby-horse, His name was Dapple Gray, His head was made of peel-straw, His tail was made of hav."

O, how they all laughed! could not conveniently refuse to follow. Some-been for that old Max; if Jerusalem would be a Trotty, almost ready to cry. "Besides, if Lill times, indeed, he preferred having his hair nearly good boy and not knock the hymn-books down, nor knew how ugly she looks a laughin' she'd stop." "I don't see what's the matter with me," "That wasn't exactly a hymn, you know," said

> And it was so pretty to hear him that I think I mnst copy the words just at he pronounced

> > "Dear Zhesus ever at my side, How loving you must be, To leave vy home in heaven to guide A little shild like me.

"I cannot feel ve touch my hand Wiv pwessure light and mild, To sheck me as my mover does Her little wayward shild "But I have felt ve in my foughts

Bebukin' sin for me,
And when my heart loves God I know Ve sweetness is from ve.

"And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down Mornin' and night to prayer, Sumfin vere is wivin my heart, Vat tells me Vou art vere.

To be continued.

THE BEST PROMISES.—The best promiers are those that are sincerely made and faithfully kept. There are some people of whom the young and inexperienced need to be warned. There are the sanguine promisers, who, from the foolish custom of fawning upon those they meet, have acquired a habit of promising to do great kindness which they have no thought of performing. There are others who, while they lavish their promises, have 14 some thought of performing what they engage to do, but when the time of performing comes, the sanguine and benevolent fit being gone off, the trouble or expense appears in another light; the promiser cools and the expectant is painfully disointed. Never promise without consideration, and always perform what you promise.

veloping the frame-work and faculty of the future maturity, the number of hours necessary for sleep varies from six to eight hours. Many people in vigorous health find six hours sufficient, while those who are weak or invalids generally require eight

KEEP GOOD COMPANY. - Intercourse with perons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. the force of character is powerful. We are creatures of imitation, and, by a necessary inference, our habits and tempers are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate.

TRUE friendship increases as life's end approaches, just as the shadow lengthens with every degree the sun declines towards its sitting.

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