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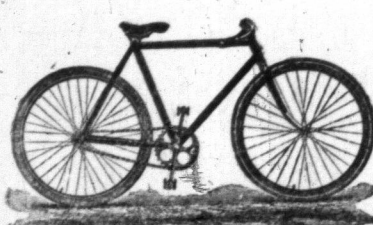
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JONCE SMILEY A Spring Tonic

THE BOY WHO HAD NO FRIENDS.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE.
By the Author of "Sundries."

In a moment an hand was out on the green sward. The sturdy boatman could not get a bug, and at arm's length Henry danced at his tosses like a bird, but all efforts to destroy his equilibrium were fruitless. Cautiously our hero played on the defensive till the boatman put the life line in his grasp. Underwood spread him out on the grass, and bounding off, stood with his arms folded while his discomfited antagonist picked himself up.

"Stranger! you've licked me fair on that—there's but one try more. Here's run for the drinks—the Colonel gives the word—out to the big sycamore yonder, and in."

One, two, three! The iron nerve of the boatman would have endured the long run—his bounding activity of Harry brought him in three full lengths ahead.

"Hurra! for the lawyer!" And three hearty cheers spoke Harry Underwood's first Berryville triumph.

"Stranger—you are a screamer and no mistake. I could beat you on a fight—but I sentimentally allow I don't want to spoil your face for a jury; for you've got to do some law for me right off. You're a perfect steamboat, and I can shine in any crowd you like. In town, with a pocket full of rocks, and here," (handing half a dozen dollars) "is a handful of pebbles to begin with. Just fiddle on 't'other fellow witnesses, throw his lawyer, and out-run, and outjump him, as you have me, and I shall be as good as new, and you will be the tallest lawyer on the Big Muddy."

Here followed Harry's first consultation, with a real western client, giving him a genuine retainer. Working for his bread, with no father's chest to fall back upon, he soon realized the benefit of depending upon himself, and was not ashamed to admit that Jonce Smiley could give good counsel even to him. His violin, which had once been his hobby, was now his best friend and advertisement. No party was complete unless Harry Underwood was along, and from no excursion in which he could participate was he left out.

CHAPTER X.

Pettibah Perkins's son John had survived his dismissal by Margaret—and indeed men usually do who pay court rather to support wealth than to mind or person. And as Deacon Abijah Underwood, thanks to an active life, a clear conscience, and a benevolent heart, bade fair to live another lifetime yet, John had even found reason to congratulate himself that he did not marry the deceitful little hussy. Nor did he scruple to express that thankfulness, as though the sundering of the match, if match it could be called, had been his work and not hers. As to Margaret, she never troubled herself to think of him, except when she saw him, and then, kindhearted as she was, she could not avoid an internal laugh at the grotesque figure the discarded suitor presented, when in his impotent rage, he trampled down her rose-bushes by moonlight.

The Deacon, since his wife died, and since Henry had left him, to do as he trusted, wonders in the West, had actually subscribed for a newspaper—for himself, notwithstanding that, as postmaster, he had the reading of all the news which came to town. The absence of his boy had seemed to give him a stake in the whole country; for his interest was no longer entirely limited to Hardscrabble, and parts adjacent. Of course, as Henry was now a Western man, the father had become interested in Western matters, and his eyes once opened to the West, the charmed circle which once shut out all beyond his valley from his vision was broken, and he looked, once in a while toward the South also. Political theorists may say what they please about bonds of union holding the confederacy together; there exist no stronger than the ties of friendship and consanguinity, which unite the distant points from which the thoughts of friend and friend, parent and child, and brother and sister stray to meet each other.

And, beside the paper from Boston, the Deacon was also in the regular receipt from Henry, of the Berryville Republican Banner, and Democratic Meteor of the Western Hemisphere. If this hebdomadal did not contain more news than the city papers, it could beat any six of them in name, and give them odds. The most interesting items to the father were the son's six advertisements, more or less, and from these the dear good old gentleman concluded that Henry must be doing an immense business in Berryville. He read with infinite interest the flaming paragraphs about the new court-house and new jail, and other public buildings until he caught himself looking at the pillar of Solomon's Temple, which hung upon his wall, and wondering whether the great work of the wise king exceeded in extent the buildings of the new and flourishing town of Berryville. He read the arrival of steamboats at Berryville, and sighed that none could ever come to Hardscrabble, for the very sufficient reason that the only stream in town was out of business all the year except three weeks in the Spring, when by infinite labor it managed to drive a small—very small—grist mill.

With the very natural feeling of a father, Deacon Underwood considered his son Henry as part and parcel of the town in which he lived, and doubted not that to him was to be attributed the rise of Berryville. Nor was his interest scarcely less in our old acquaintance Jonce; but as Jonce's name did not usually appear in the newspapers he could not consider the "boy who had no friends" as so prominent or important an individual as his own son, who published every week six advertisements, more or less—the printer kindly putting them in to "fill up," after their time had run out. But of these

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newspaper secret the Deacon could of course know nothing. The letters of Henry, at first few, far-between and despondent, had, of late, particularly since the dance, wrestle, and run, assumed a more cheerful character, and since that time too, Mr. Smiley was frequently mentioned in terms of friendship. "Mister Smiley," thought Margaret, when first she heard the name as the Deacon read aloud. But her eye happening to catch her reflection in a mirror, she distinctly remembered that Jonce had now grown big enough to be a man and be called Mister, if he ever meant to attain that age. And as she looked herself—her reflection—in the face, she blushed—wonder why!

And after that, too, she began to look rather inquiringly at the hymeneal and obituary records in the Meteor, as if she expected to find some mention there of him of whom she had now begun definitely to think. She was ordered if he meant to get married, and then married herself to guess if, by any chance, he had, and then she thought that if he had, Henry might have mentioned it. At last Henry in his letters began to speak obliquely about coming changes as pending in his own case, and then he spoke directly of being affianced, and at last to wed Miss Rebecca Berry—and then—flash! came the Meteor, announcing that Henry Underwood, Esq., and Rebecca Berry, of Berryville, were no more twain, but one flesh.

"De-votion!" exclaimed the Deacon, "who would have thought it? Why, I was in hopes, after all, Margaret, that he would come home and marry you, and see 'e down in the old place here!" And his he said in perfect sincerity—for like most old people, the Deacon had a habit of thinking all that younger people say of getting married mere nonsense, as easily set aside, as a man can give up one house for another, when assured it is a better one. "But," continued he, "I can only hope to goodness that he has made a good match of it!"

"I hope so, I am sure," said Margaret. The manner in which she said this might have shown a curious observer that she was heart-whole in that particular direction; but the Deacon was not curious in any thing but horse-flesh. If any body could have read the girl's thoughts, he would have seen that, though perhaps Margaret herself did not exactly know it, and certainly would not acknowledge it, she was half trembling to think how nearly the bolt had fallen to Jonce without striking him! We have said in a preceding chapter, that she but remembered Jonce as a boy, but we have also said in this that her own maturity had reminded her that he was a boy no longer. Mercantile phrase is awkward in love relations, but we can, perhaps, word the precise state of things no better than to say that she held herself "subject to his refusal"—or that he "had the refusal of her."

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Wonderful was the gossip in Hardscrabble, when the news got abroad that Henry Underwood had "got married off there." Not a few of the citizens of that ancient town were like the old lady, who when she heard of a distant place, wondered "how people could live so far off!" and there,ore was the marriage of the Deacon's son considered so miraculous an event that many people were actually astonished on the next Sabbath, to find the Deacon and his ward walking to meeting, as if nothing had happened, and nothing remarkable had been heard of during the week John Perkins "humped." And beside this gifted ejaculation, which might mean something or nothing, he indulged farther in the remark "that he guessed some folks, who expected something, would find now that everything did not always come out in all things. Just exactly where they 'lotted upon it." This oracular giving out was supposed to have some reference to Margaret, Henry, and the Deacon's estate. Upon another branch of his guesses Pettibah's son John was more explicit. "It will be as much as week," said he, "before anybody hears anything good of that Jonce Smiley, who had to run away from Hardscrabble."

John was a prophet. In just a week from the utterance of that orphic saying touching the hearing of anything good from that Jonce, the maltreated and despised of Hardscrabble, the Berryville Republican Banner and Democratic Meteor of the Western Hemisphere came to Hardscrabble with an item of announcement indeed. It startled the dwellers in that ancient township more from their propriety than had any previous event since Pettibah Perkins's ex-hum was struck by lightning, and (vide newspapers passion) not burned like an ordinary piece of fuel, but "totally consumed."

This startler was no less than the position of the name of JONATHAN SMILEY, Esq., of Berryville.

At the head of the true blue ticket for Congress! Then followed a leader, which led with the question "Who is Jonathan Smiley?" "Sure enough," muttered Pettibah, and the Meteor, far from indulging in any such sneering echo to its question, proceeded to answer it, as if it had put its own query for no other purpose, (as was probably the case) than to have an opportunity to make its own reply. The paper said, and the Deacon read aloud, that Jonathan Smiley was a man who had entered the primeval shades of the American age, and eternal forests, with his own axe and his own right hand, and heaved out his own fortune among the sycamores, buttonwoods, and paw-paws. Now though the reader may suspect that the axe which Jonathan first wielded at the West was Berry's, and not his own, still as Berry's, the little inaccuracy may be winked at—as may other somewhat questionable epithets. This, the strongest point in Mr. Smiley's claim on the suffrage of his fellow beings, established, namely, that when he chopped wood, he used his own right arm and dexter hand, other items, of similar character though minor importance, were set up in a whole column. His moral virtues and political qualifications were disposed of in a single parenthetical sentence, sufficiently eloquent, it is true, and the sum of the whole was that Jonathan Smiley, Esq., was "The Man of the People." Other candidates received their proper share of laudation, but inasmuch as Jonce (we can't forget his familiar name) was the Elite, whose flight was to take along the whole ticket, it followed that all that was said in the praise of the rest, was only as tending to show that they had not sufficient merit to be named in the same day with Jonathan Smiley, Esq., of Berryville, "born," (as the French express it) that Jonce Smiley, of Hardscrabble, who had no friends!

And how fell the announcement on Hardscrabble? The Deacon honestly rejoiced, almost as much as he would have done had the man so praised been his own son, and the other citizens, almost without exception, followed the Deacon's lead. While there was more than a probability that the settlement of Jonce's birthplace, might one day oblige the town to which that honor belonged, to support him as a pauper, the fact that he was an undoubted Hardscrabbler by birth, was not so much insisted on—now all Hardscrabble was particularly careful to remember that Jonathan Smiley, Esq., honored the air of that ilk by inhaling its first into his infant lungs. It was in those unimpeachable, honest, enormous staterooms, that the Deacon, enormously with which all children, to all ages, have first saluted this fair world; a world, which, however it may improve upon acquaintance, doth never so far as all interpretation of their first cries hath signified, strike children very favorable at first sight.

To be Continued.

Made to Feel at Home. One of the old-time Southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless, and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house: "Ef you please, sah," he began, with his "ring" at the front door was answered, "Can't you give a po' old man work ter do, or somepin' ter eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No, Mister—very sorry, but have nothing for you."

Every one who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him.

Finally, he rang the bell at a brown-stone front. A gentleman appeared and the old man began:

"Boss, I is starvin'. Can't you gimme some vittles?"

"You darned, black, kinky-headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman: "How dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go round the back-yard way to the kitchen, and the cook'll give you something—you black—"

But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming:

"Thank de Lawd, I foun' my own white folks at last! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em! done 'foun' 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Harriet says please don't give the boys frozen swill.

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Use Kent Mills Flour. The best is the cheapest.

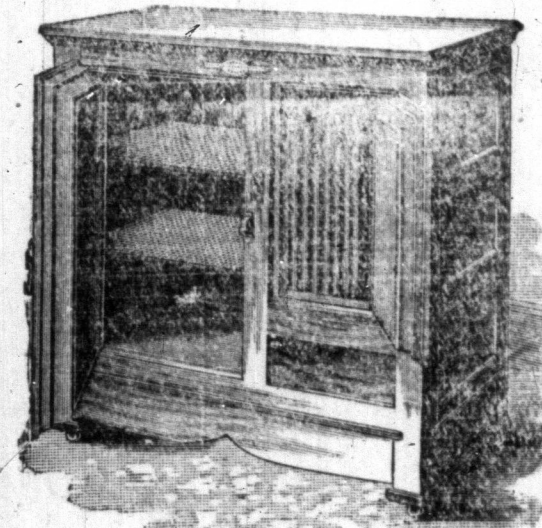
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