## Portry.

THE MANLIEST MAN.

BY GEORGE W. DUNGAY.

The manliest man of all the race, Whose heart is open as his fact, Puts forth his hand to help at sub- ... "Tis not the blood of kith or kits. "Dis the true heart that beats with Whith makes a man a real, and bristle re

His words are warm upon his lips, His heart beats to bis fluger tips, He is a frient and loyal not his s. Sweet children kiss bing on the way, And women trust bits, for they may. He over no debt he extinot pay : He carns his bread with its rist takes

He lifts the fellen from the ground, And put dis feet meen the reach Of dreaming Jacob's starry laider. Which lifts him higher, day by day, Toward the bright and Heavenly way, And further from the tempter's aven. Which sthugeth like the angry of te

He strikes oppression to the dust, He share, the blow cale at the jos-He shrinks not from the post of die gov. And in the thickest of the fight He battles bravely for the right. For that his mightier them might. Though cradled in an hamilia in a re-

Hall to the mendy us to be come at Not with the sound of horns and drungs, Though grand as any different plants may Hie downs upon the world, and high Dispets the dreary gloom of nicht, And ills, like buts one ovels, to'ce digita H. Spreader than grant Almataba.

Tales and Shetches.

## ESQUIRE GREY'S DOG;

HOW GOSSIP IS MADE.

----DE BULLE REFLERS S

"Defield how great a matter a little fire kiroligin."

Kaze Pardy and Netty Armstrong came upone of the streets of Oldtown, from the postoffice, one pleasant October evening. They were firm friends, as the test of two full years' intimate acquaintance had proved.

The evening was a fine one; and the girls walked on slowly, chatting busily as they went, about such matters as interest young girls in their teens-lectures, musical solvers. the new minister, the latest fashions, their to-morrow's lessons, and the like.

The new moon had come up for a space and then dropped silently away again into the west, and a few stars alone studded the vanit or littleven; but the streets of Oldtown were radiant with the gas-lamps set at intervals throughout its procinets, to light its denizons on their nightly walks, either for business or pleasure.

As the two young ladies came in full view of one of these lamps, placed at a corner where two structs mut, they paused a moment before bidling each other "good-night," for here their paths diverged. As they paused, a man came up the opposite sidewalk and passed into the yard of a house just below where they stood-a pretty costage, with running vines, which, in summer, were fragrant with honeysuckle and rose blossoms, but now was stripped of Laves, yet still clinging to the latticed framework of their support which was set against the house.

The gas-light emanating from the lamp of posite shone full upon the man's figure as he sed up the walk, and, stepping upon the piazza, rang the bell. X young lady quickly answered the summons, and the gentleman entered, the door closing behind them; but a large spaniel, which had followed his master, was left outside upon the plante.

"In the words of Mrs. Talkwell, 'I wonder what Esquire Grey calls upon Ashes Cutter for?' for that was him, was it not. Notive asked Kate Purdy of her friend.

"Yes, but probably it is upon some law business with Agnes' father. I heard my father say, to-night, that Mr. Ontter had an important case, concerning some property, coming on at the next court session." replied Netty Armstrong.

"Oh, yes! that explains it; but if our very interested, loquacious neighbor, Mrs. Talk well, had seen him enter. I think she would have put a different construction upon it," said Kate; "for I am certain that nearly all the ill-luck lighting upon Oldtown proceeds from her, and a few other kindred spirits, prying natures, and voluble tongues. We met her to night, coming from her house, you remember, as we came down street, and I shouldn't wonder if your mother, or mine, had

been favored with a call ere this. "Oh, I hope not; for deliver me, say f, from her soft, silky manner and oily tongue!" exclaimed Netty Armstrong, "for, as you say, she is one of the scandal-loving portion of our goodly town, and no doubt this would be her version of Esquire Grey's call at Mr. Cutter's,

were she aware of it :---" Isn't it strange, Mrs. Smith. or Mrs. Brown?-as the lady addressed might be-\* Esquire Grey was seen going into Again Cat ter's house a night or two sixee! What business could be possibly have with ber? Don't you think it very singular; and that Annie Warwick had better look a little closer after him?' '

"You forgot to quote, that 'Agnes met him

laughingly.

"Yes; and that 'the two were so much engrossed with each other, that they quite whine and paw against the door. Then she ! cold, who, I see, is upon the piazza, mourn- window; and, in a moment, the hall door was there eyes, and with an awakened interest in fully pacing to and fro," added Netty.

four persons by the ears, and the whole town. That was sufficient. in a ferment; so here's may I'll said Kat a

"A dim. suspicious light was seen bureing until a late hour that night in Agnes Catter's | pen along just this minute, and see the dog. parlor; and some late traveller, choneing to and hear her call it in ! I do believe I was pass as the town clock struck a down pents, born under a lucky star, for I always do hapwitnessed a tender parting at the door?" Has Ished Rate, in a merry tone. "Why, Netty, what a deal of mischief might be called our of our foolish nonsecut in personating poor Mrs. Telliwell! But as recole, now! My French lesson will scaler, if I stay longer, Come round early in the morning and call mefor relook and we'll look out that last exercise together.

"Ves. you may expert me. Now, he with, anthrough?" suswered Netty, as she turned the street leading to her own home.

Arriving there, Netty Armstrong found a visitor sitting with her mother--no less a personage than their neighbor. Mrs. Talkwell, who had come in with her work, as was her eastom of an evening, thereby accomplishing a dauble share with angers and tongue.

"You have bod a coller, my dear," said Me-Artistrong, as Nothly entered the room. "Agnes Cutter convolutions with you and Rate went out.

"Oh, yes; she come for the chess-board. I suppose. I lorget to fall you that Agnes was to send her brother Johnny up for it. She spoke about it to my 1 is afternoon. I suppose she came herself, perhaps thinking little dolarny might be carebox, and lose some of the men," explained Netty.

"Well, I gave them to her." replied Mrs Armstrong. "She was in great haste, and couldn't wait till your return, as she said she was expecting company this evening."

"Expecting compact! I wonder who it you have heard since I was in!" can be?" said Mrs. Taliswell, looking up very town, and they say it's a separation; and that interestedly from the garment upon which she vassing the streets in quest of the companion- unfortunate!" answered Mrs. Fellows. ship which he never found beneath the parental roof of an evening.

It was invariably Mrs. Talkwell's practice of an evening, after hastily washing and regossip by gathering up the news of the day : widle her husband—a quiet, subdued mon-brain, remained at home in charge of the household. Mrs. Talkwell was, emphatically, the head of her domesti, as may a and, as she often told her infinate friends, thehe niways had her own way in all matters !"

will caused Netty Armstrong to pause a moment below removing her but and cassarate, as a good many do," roulied Mrs. Fellows: and bolt at her mother's visitor. Then she places the really sorry for her. I told Mrs. answered quickly, without powing to taink of Drown so this morning, when she was in. I ile sensoquances:

esma ap <mark>street just</mark> now.

""Sanley Gory thrust Verlad Mas. Talitwell, oxcitedly. "I have hear i that he plays chess a great deal. But I should think held better stay of home, or go and play was a with Annie dishift know it was all a story with which they Warwick!

Notty Armstrong smiled to herself as she cradit it! took her books, and, seating herself at a distant i table, prepared to study. She know why Agnes | she'll be able to heep up, for of enurse it's a Cutter had borrowed the chess-mon, as her great shock to her. But is there any heave friend had, that day, fold her she expected a news stirring, that you have heard of?" asked consin over from Bytield, who was an excellent | Mrs. Talkwell. player, and had offered to teach her the game. [ \*\* Camby ha field. I suppose you knew ; But Netty determined that Mrs. Talkwell and his family will be poor, they say? That's should not be the gainer for this knowledge ; | all ; but of course you have heard of this beso she wisely for unwisely, as it afterward proved--held berown counsel, and said nothing, only sadding to herself as she remembered Kate Purdy's and her own remarks a little while be- going on, and not sit down and read the mo-

A half hour later, as Notty still sat over her books, their guest rose to go; then, after her tell me all about it!" mother came back from the door, whither she had accompanied her, and sat down again, cents on a dollar, but that leaves his family Netty told her why her friend Agnes had poor as church mice. But I was going to say wished the chess-men.

We will now follow Mrs. Talkwell on her nomeward walls. Her house was but a little distance below Mrs. Armstrong's, but she did not turn into her own gateway. The light in Agnes Cutter's parlor windows, a little farther down street, attracted her eye; so she thought she would just go past and take a recornobsance

of the premises. The gas burned brilliantly, and sent a broad sheet of fight up and down the street, revealing all around within its circle. It shone on Agnes Cutters's home, lighting the house, with its skeleton sines and leafless trocs; the garden, sere and frost-bitten; the parlor windows, wherein burned a light. Mrs. Talkwell's heart beat quickly. She saw the shadow of two heads reflected upon the plain white window shades; then her eyes rested upon the piazza, and upon a dark object lying upon a mat at the door. As she came nearer this object moved; and to Mrs. Talkwell was revealed the fact that it was not a kitten, or a rabbit. but no more or less than a dog. The gas-light rovealed this, and, also, that it was neither

slower, as the dog got up and commenced to sinking her voice as she spoke.

thrown open upon the piazza, and Agnes Cut-"Well, go on! That isn't sufficient to set | ter appeared, calling to the dog to come in.

"Chany!" ejaculated Mrs. Talkwell under her breath. " How Incky that I should happen to see just what I want to! I think, now Um down street so far, I'll just step into Mrs. Fellows'. It's two days since I was in there!" and the lady went onward, and rapped at the door of a house several rods below.

Mrs. Fellows opened it, and her friend followed her in. A few minutes later, seated comfortably in the rocking-thair which Mrs. Fellows had set for her near the air-tight stove, Mrs. Talkweil answered her friendly cemarks.

"What a stranger you are, files. Talkwell! I hav'nt seen you for two or three days: not since you were in, and we were talking of Mrs. Grant's trouble.

"Yes, that was dry before yesterday," replied the visitor. "Yesterday I was very busy with company all day. Some friends came up from Newton unexpectedly; and i was obliged to devote myself entirely to them, and so could not get a change to ran out, as the, did not leave till quite late in the evening. Eve just come from Mrs. Armstrong's, for I took my sewing in there for a few moments after tea; and, as i was out on the street, I thought I'd just step in and see if you'd heard anything new about poor Mrs. Grant since I was here. Thay'n't heard a word; for you know Mr. Talkwell's such a quiet homelody. that he never brings in anything of interest. Why, in half an hour, I could learn more than he would in a recht! so I just leave him to take care of the house of an evening, and run out socially to see my friends. Do tell me what

was sewing--a jacket for the young heneful she--poor woman-has taken to her bed, and Talkwell, left at home, but probably now can; refuses to leave it. I pity her. It must be so

"Yes-poor thing-I feel for her from my heart, for I never want anybody to be in trouble!" said Mrs. Talkwell. "To be sure. she had tried to set berself up above some of moving the tea things, to take her work and her neighbors, and hasn't appeared to wish to run into some neighbor's house (or a social mix much in Obltown society; but then we chat, thereby satisfying her propensity for can afford to overlook that seek for as I toli Mr. Talkwell to-night, before Learne away, / wouldn't be one to throw it out to her new, in so long used to the rule of his spouse that the lifer trouble. Though semetimes, it does prothought of remonstrance never crossed his the good to see those that have hold themselves up so high come down to where others are. But, Lamsorry now; for 17's a dreadful thing that he should clear out and leave her, and with the hoy, too!

"Well, I don't know as I oversawanything The ejaculation and surprise of Mrs. Tails- wrong about Mrs. Grant, though the wasn't very neighborly, running in and out socially told her what I had heard; but she said I "I saw Esquire Grey going in there or T must be mistaken, and that Mrs. Grant's illness was not brought about by his treatment -that it was only some sudden news about the death of a friend in the army, and that he had cone on to attend to the body. As if we try to glass ever the trath, hoping we may

<sup>4</sup> This a deposition thing, now way + and 7 La

forer" said Mrs. Pellows.

"No, not a word! I do declare, I wish my husband would ever stir about and learn what's ment he's in the house!" evelaimed Mrs. Talkwell in a vexed tone. "But go en, and

"Oh, that's all ! He only mays twenty-live of the Grants that I shouldn't have heard any thing more about them, as I have had a wretched cold which has kept me in for two days, if I badn't sent Melissa over to Annie Worwick's this afternoon, telling her she'd better run over and learn what she could, for I thought she'd be likely to hear all about it there, as you know the Warricks and Grants are very intimate. Well, Melissa heard Mr. Warwick tell his wife that Mr. Grant went away carly in the morning train, and then he asked her 'how birs. Grant hore it?" Mrs. Warwick replied, that 'she had just come from there, and that Mrs. Grant was so overcame she had taken her bod, and she feared would not be able to leave it very soon. Melissa came right straight home to tell me; and I have been looking for you ever since, for I thought you hadn't any way . finding it out so direct as this," said Mrs. Fellows, as she Fellows, grasping her friends arm nervously. concluded her items of news.

" I'm real glad you told me, for I did want to know how it would come out! I suppose Mrs. Warwick went over to try and cheer up poor Mrs. Grant. It was very kind in her:

her tone. "Mr. Warwick always appears to think so much of his wife, and Annie, too. Why there never was a more indulgent husband or father in the world, to appearances, Mr. Grant, I declare we can't tell what the world's coming to ! " she exclaimed.

'I don't know anything to the contrary but town. Mrs. Talkwell said : what they get along as well as families in gennever like to get mixed up in anything of the fast asleep now !" kind -but I should not wonder if Annie Warmick saw trouble yet!"

"Why, what is it? Do tell me what you mean!" asked Mrs. Fellows, in astonished. interested tones, drawing her chair nearer her

"Well, I'll tell you; though you mustn't ay anything as coming from me. But, as I said, I happened to call into Mrs. Armstrong's this evening a little while before coming down here; and I hadn't been there more than five minutes before the bell rang, and Agnes Cutter called to borrow Netty Armstrong's chessboard for this evening. In about a quarter of an hour Netty came in from the post-oilice. and her mother mentioned to her about Agnes call. I just happened to say then that i wondered who was going to play with her - for you know it isn't every one who understands that game-so, when Netty mentioned that she saw young Squire Grey go in as she came up street, and as I know he is a tine player, of course it was all clear as day. But, to make it more sure, as I passed the house coming down here, I saw the shadous of two heads upon the window curtains and then saw his dog--you know that pretty spaniel, that always follows Squire Grey about? well, I saw him upon the piazza, scratching away at the door and whining for his master to come out. The poor dumb beast knew that he ought not to be there! And, just then, Agnes came to the door and called the dog in, and then, of course, went back to her game of chess with his master again! , Now, what do you think of that, Mrs. Fellows?" asked Mrs. Talkwell triumphantly. "Don't von think Annie Warwick had best look out, or she'll lose her lover?"

"Why, I'm perfectly astonished at your news!" ejaculated Mrs. Fellows, "for I always thought Grey was a most devoted suitor to Annie; and he's such a splendid lawyer, and every one calls him a time young man, too! It seems hard to believe. But it must be tree, if you saw it. You're sure it was his degree for you know it might be another, and so prove a mistake after all I' said Mrs. Fel-

"Oh, I am as sure as that I am talking to on this moment!" replied Mrs. Talliwell. "I couldn't be mistaken in the spaniel, for con know there isn't another like him in town; and I looked sharp, because Netty Armstrong had mentioned she saw lawyer Grey go in there as she came by; and then, Agnes' coming to borrow the chess-men, and he being a player! You see, I just put this and that and the other together, and had the whole affair as plain as day. Poor Anale ! it's a shame that he should neglect her, after Laving been so attentive this year or more; for Annie's a nice girl," she added, commiseratingly.

"It certainly does seem strange," replied Mrs. Fellows. "I hope it's nothing serious. Perhaps he only went in for the evening, and Annie may be with him!"

"I don't think so," persisted her visitor. "for f only saw two shadows upon the curtain. But I must be going. Suppose we just stop into Mrs. Warwick's as I go along. Maybe we shall learn more concerning the Grant trouble; and we can easily ascertain if Annie is at home. To be sure, it's rather late-nearly nine o'clock-but then it's a beautiful evening, and we must improve the pleasant weather before winter sets in."

Mrs. Fellows rose, and, putting on her bon net and shawl, went out with her guest. Five minutes later they were seated in the pleasant sitting-room of Mrs. Warwick's house. That lady and her daughter Annie were at home, and received them cordially, though they both well knew the proclivity of their visitors to indulge in gossip. Their stay was brief, however; as the knowledge for which they came was revealed when they saw Annie sitting composedly at home, with her crochet work in her hands. They knew she had not been out that evening; and Mrs. Warwick was not disposed to talk freely of the Grants.

As the two left, Mrs. Talkwell said to the other, "Now, just walk up a few steps with me, Mrs. Fellows. We may learn more yet. Hist!" she said. "Go slower," as they neared the house, where their unsuspecting victims were supposed to be busy at a game of chess.

"What's that on the piazza?" said Mrs.

"The dog again, as sure as I'm alive Probably he grew restless, and they put him out. Now you can see who he belongs to, for the piazza is light enough for us to learn.'

"Yes, thanks to the gas over opposite!" black nor white, but a slender gray spaniel; and I only hope she won't want a comforter replied Mrs. Fellows. "It is Esquire Grey's

pery cordially at the door." put in Eats, and she knew there was but one such in town. in her own family very soon!" said Mrs. Talk-! spanie!, as true as I'm alive! I don't know Mrs. Talkwell held her breath and walked well, with a wise look, shaking her head and what to make of it. He and Annie must have had a falling-out lately, for it isn't like hinf "Why! Do you mean that there's any 'to flirt with any other lady. But somebody's forgot the poor pet spaniel, left out in the saw one of the shadows move away from the trouble there?" asked Mrs. Fellows, raising coming up street, and I must hasten home?" and she turned to go.

"Wait a bit and let them pass, and we can see who it is." said Mrs. Talkwell, detaining her friend by the arm. But the person proved to be young Master Talkwell, who, following I'm sure; and if he turns out anything like his mother's example, had left the house after her departure the first of the evening, and, since, had been paying visits to sundry con-"Oh, I didn't mean that," said her visitor. | fectionery shops and refreshment salous down

"Why, Robbie, darling! Why are you eral. But what I mean is this and I would'nt | out at this late home? I left you at home have you lisp a word of it for the world, for I with your papa. You ought to be in bed and

"Oh, I just thought I'd take a walk, like lyon, mother!" answered young hopeful. " Father was stupid, and I got fired of plaguing i the eat, and concluded I'd go down to Ward's and get some confectionery. Here's a little left in this paper, mother. Will you have

" Where did you get money to buy candy with, by son?" asked Mrs. Talkwell, as the boy held out a paper of maple sugar for her to partake.

"Oh, father got askep, and so I just pulled his pocket-book out and took a dollar. It wasn't much, for I wanted to get some grapes, too; but the old book looked rather slim, so I thought I'd leave the rest for him." said Master Robert, generously.

"Why, Bobbie, you had boy! what shall I do with you?" said his mother. "Havn't I told you before to let your father's money alone? I shall punish you severely if you do so again. Come home, now," she added, twitching him along with her. " Good night. Mrs. PAlovs. I will run down some time in the course of the day, to-morrow, and we will talk over the events of this evening!" and, pulling her young hopeful along, Mrs. Talkwell would her way homeward, while Mrs. Fellows turned in the opposite direction to seek her own house.

A little over a week later, as Agnes Uniter came out from church one Sabbath, she overtook Annie Warwick.

"Good morning, Annie!" she said. "What a beautiful day, and what a fine sermon we had from our new minister!

"Good morning, Miss Cutter," replied the young lady addressed, in a cool, reserved toneand, not replying to the last remark, she slackened her pace, walking very slowly.

Agnes started and dushed, for Annie Warwick's cool tones and manner hart her, they were so unlike her friend's usual picasant words, and she knew not what to think. But she felt touched, and so passed on, wondering what odd fancy had gotten possession of amiable Anule Warwich's brain. A little farther up street she met Fred Armstrong. He passed her with a very cool bend of the head, and no smile on his lips.

For a moment after by had gone by, her steps slackened, and she half waited for him to turn and join her, as usual: but he went stalling onward in a remarkably dignitied manner ; and so she set oil again in a quick walls till she reached her home, and with flushed charles, ran up to her own chamber.

That night Fred Armstrong did not call on her to attend the evening lecture as usual: and Agnes waited awaile, then went in late. with her cousin, Net Southworth, who had come over from Byfield the day before, and remained over Sunday. The next day Agnereceived a note through the post-office to this

"Mes Correct: Our acquaintance is at an end. a cannot consent to be tampered with longer, and made the medium for the success of your plans upon another.

"Yours, with good wishes,
"Frederick Armstrong."

Agraes received this note from the hands of the village postmaster, and at once recognized the superscription and paused to open it. She paled as she read it, and her heart beat with a sudden flutter, then seemed for a moment to stand still. But she recovered herself and went home -not to faint and sob, weakly, for Agnes possessed a brave heart, and she felt innocent of anything wrong on her part to call forth this treatment at the hands of one who had professed to place her first in his esteem. So she only placed the letter in the pretty resewood box with others she had received from him, and locked it out of her sight.

"I will not seek an explanation!" she said to herself proudly. "If he sees his error, and acknowledges it, and asks forgiveness, perhaps I may geant it; but, till then, we will be strangers as he has desired."

There were many painful wrestlings with her heart in the week that followed; and es, pecially when the two met on the eleventh evening afterwards at a social party given by Kate Purdy: but no one knew how she felt, so she got on bravely, excusing hersolf when the evening was half through by urging an engagement at home.

"I wonder who Agnes expects to night?" said Melissa Fellows to her next neighbor, Netty Armstrong. "I saw Lawyer Grey coming up atreet as I just came in. I was very late, on account of mother's going out, for I had to stay with little Lizzie till her return. But, while she was away, Mrs. Talkwell came in with Robbie, and so I got hold of lots of news from her. 'Ma never lets me hear all that's said when she comes in, but usually