## THE HEARTHSTONE.

of the invalid species—so even Kensingtongardens in August are agreeable by way of a change.—Always sincerely yours,

"AUGUSTA HARCROSS VALLORY."

Mr. Walgrave twisted the letter round in his fingers thoughtfully, with rather a grim smile

"Cool," he said to himself. "A gentlemanlike epistle. None of the Eloisa or Sappho to Phaon business, at any rate. I wonder what kind of a letter Grace Redmayne would write me if we were plighted lovers, and had not seen each other for seven or eight weeks. What a gushing stream of tenderness would well from that fond young heart! "Augusta Harcross Vallory," looking at the dashing semi-masculine autograph with a half-scornful admiration, "What a fine straight up-and-down hand she writes—with a broad-nibbed pen, and a liberal supply of ink! One could fancy her signing death-warrants just as firmly. I wonder she doesn't sign herself" Harcross and Vallory." It would seem more natural. Not a bad name for a barony, by the way-like Stamford and Warrington. Her husband may be raised to the peerage some day by such a title." And at the suggestion made in bitter jest a dim faint vision of an ermine cap with six pearls arose before Hubert Walgrave's mental gaze.

"Men have sat in the Upper House who be-

gan with smaller advantages than mine," he thought. "A fortune like Augusta Vallory's will buy, anything in commercial England. One by one the old names are dropping out of the list; and of ten new ones, eight are chosen for the extent of a landed estate, or the balance at a bank. And when money is conjoined with professional renown, the thing is so easy. But it would be rather singular if I were to sit in the Upper House and Sir Francis Clevedon in

He looked at his watch. Three o'clock, The day was so old already, and he had done no-thing—not even answered the three or four letters that required to be answered. He took a quire of paper, dashed off a few rapid replies, left Miss Vallory's note unanswered, and lighted a meditative eigar. Cuppage came in while he vas smoking it to inquire if his master would dine at home.

You can put my things ready for me in an hour. I shall dine out this evening, and I

may want to dress early."

The cigar suited him. That little commonplace note of Augusta Vallory's had diverted his mind in some measure—had sent his thoughts in a new direction. He was no longer depressed. On the contrary, he was pleased with himself and the world—rather proud of his own conduct during the late crisis in his life—inclined to applaud and approve himself as a generous, honourable-minded man of the world. He did not consider that honour and generosity and worldliness were in any way in-

compatible.

"Nothing could have been more straightforward than my conduct to that dear girl," he said to himself. "From first to last I was thoroughly candid. Come what may, I can have nothing to reproach myself with on that score."

(To be continued.)

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

How it did rain that November night! None of your underded showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild delage, a rush of arrowy drops, and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle against the casements, and drew his sang easy-chair a little closer to the free-magnetic properties of little closer to the free-magnetic properties of

little closer to the fire-a great open mass of glimmering anthracite—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreon curtains, and the gray cat asleep on the hearth, and the canary-bird rolled into a

drowsy ball of yellow down on its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire, "I'm glad I had that leaky spot in the barn roof fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while, when a fellow's under cover, and there's nothing particular to be done, Mary " " Yes." Mrs. Partlet answered. She was flit-

ting about, between kitchen and sitting-room, with a great blue checked apron tied round her walst. 'o I'm nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now I wonder," sotto roce, "if that really was a knock at the door, or just a little extra rush of wind and rain."

She went to the door nevertheless; and a minute or two afterward she went to her hus-"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddilove," she said,

half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his paper. "Tell him he's made a mistake. The tavern

is on the second corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will lend him

a dollar !" said Mrs. Partlet. "And couldn't you have told him 'No,' without the preliminary eventually of coming in here to ask me? Is it likely that I shall lend a

dollar, or even a cent, to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I had a great deal better throw it in among yonder red coals! No—of course, No I' Mrs. Partlet besitated.

"He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, sinh. He says there's nobody in the world to let him have a cent.'

All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the Squire. "If he had come to just that pitch half a dozen years ago. perhaps he wouldn't have been the miscrable vagubond he is now."

We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Partlet gently. "He was the smartest boy in

"That's probable enough," said the Squire.
"Rut it don't alter the fact that he's a poor drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Polly; and if his time is of any con-sequence, just let him know that he hadn't better waste it coming here after dollars."

And the Squire leaned back in his chair after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was irtlet went back to the kitchen, where

Luke Ruddilovo was spreading his poor thin fingers over the blaze of the fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of

"Ho won't let you have it, Luke," said she.
"I thought he wouldn't."
"Then I've got to starve, like any other dog!"

said Luke Ruddilove, turning moodily away.

"And, after all, I don't suppose it makes
much difference whether I shuffle out of the
world to-day or to-morrow!"

" Oh, Luke !-not to your wife ?" "She'd be better off without me," said Luke

down-heartedly.
" But she ought not to be."

"Ought and Is are two different things, Mrs. Partlet. Good night. I an't going to the tavern,

"And isn't it natural enough he should think so Luke?"

"Yes-yes, Mary, I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke Ruddilove, in the same de-jected tone he had used throughout the inter-

"Stop!" Mrs Partlet called to him, as his hand lay on the door-latch, in a low voice.

"Here's a dollar, Luke. Mr. Partlet gave it to
me for a new piece of oll-cloth in front of the dining-room stove, but I'll try and make the old one do a little while longer. And, Luke, for the sake of old times—for the sake of your poor wife and the little ones at home-do, do try

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly first at the tresh, new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it

the warm, bright kitchen into the storm and

darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the klichen fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could not help it. Of course he'll spend it all at the public-house, and I shall do without my new oil-cloth; that will be the end of it all."

And there was a conscious firsh on her

And there was a conscious flush on her cheek, as if she had done something wrong, when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting-

" Well," said Squire Partlet, "Las that ne'erdo-weel gone at last?"

"Yes."

"To Stokes's tavern, I suppose?"

"I hope not, Josiah,"

"Pm afraid it's past hoping for," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders, "And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain, to be

And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the dollar bill within her own heart. It was six months afterward that the Squire

same into the room where his wife was preserving great red apples into felly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders never will cease. The Ruddiloyes have gone away."

"Gone where?"
"I don't know—out West somewhere, with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't fouched a drop in six months."

a drop in six months,"

" I am glad of that," sald Mrs. Partlet.

" It won't last long," sald the Squire dispar-

"Why not?"

"Oh—I don't know. I haven't any faith in these sudden reforms." Mrs. Partlet was silent; she thought thank-

fully that after all Luke had not spent the dollar bill in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along indays and weeks, almost before busy little Mrs. Partlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddioves came back to Sequesset. Luke had made his

came back to Sequesset. Lake had made his fortune, as the story went, in that far away El Dorado vaguely phrased "out West" by the simple Sequesseters, "They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham, "that he's bought that are lot down opposite the Court-house, and is goin' to build such a house as never was,"

"He must have prospored grantly "said courter."

" He must have prospered greatly," said gentle

Mrs. Partiet.

"And his wife, she wears a slik gownd that'll stand alone with its own richness," said Mrs. Buckingham. "I can remember when Luke Ruddilovo was nothin' but a peor, drinkin' creeiur."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs.

All the more credit to him now," said Mrs

Partlet emphatically.

"It's to be all o'stun," said Mrs. Buckingham, "with marbial mantels and inlaid floors. ham, " with marbial mantels and inlaid floors And he's put a lot o' papers and things under the corner one."

"The corner what?" said Mrs. Partlet laugh-ng. "Floor or mental?"

ing. "Floor or mental?"
"Stun, to be sure," said Mrs. Buckingham.
"Like they do in public buildings, you know."
"That is natural enough."
"Well, it's kind o' queer, but Luke Ruddilove never wa'n't like nobody else. Folks thinks it's dretful strange he should a put a one dollar

bill in with the other things."

Mrs. Partlet felt her cheek finsh scarlet; in-Mrs. Partiet feit her check flush scarlet; involuntarily she glaneed up to where the Squire was screnely checking off a list of legal items in the bill he was making out against some client. But the Squire never looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham went on with her never-ceasing flow of chit-chat, and so the hot color died away in her check. After all, the money had been her own to give, and the old oil-cloth to the color of the col in front of the dining-room stove had answered

She met Luke Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return to Sequesset— Lake himself, yet not himself—the demon of intemperance crushed out of his nature, and its nobler elements triumphing at looked her brightly in the face, as he held out

" Mary." " I am glad to see you back here again, Luke,"

she said tremulously.

"And well you may be," he rejoined. "De you remember that stormy night, Mary, when you gave me the dollar bill, and begged me no to go the tavern?"

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when every one spoke coldly; you trusted in me when all other faces were averted. - I vowed a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence, and I kept it. I did not spend the money—I treasured it up—and Heaven has added mightly to my little store. I put the dollar bill under the corner-stone of my new house, for the house has risen from it, and it alone. I won't clier to my you have, for I am alone. I won't effer to pay you back, for I am afcald," he added, smiling, "the luck would all go from me with it; but I'll tell you what I will do, Mary: I will give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor

wretch, sayou gave to me."

And Squire Purtlet never knew what his wifedld with the dollar bill hogave her to buy a new lece of oll-cloth.

ALARMING GROWTH OF CITIES.—Political economists appear to be alarmed at the tendency of population to concentrate in large cities. They are afraid that this tendency, which seems to be constantly growing, will eventually depopulate the rural districts to such an extent as to deprive us of the needed supply of grain, grass, sheep and cattle. It seems that, by actual count, one-third of the entirespondation of England and Wales is now concentrated in eighteen cities, and that one-seventh of the population of the United States is already concentrated in one hundred and fifty-seven cities. It is also a matter of fact and figures that the increase in city population for the last twenty years in this country has been out of all proportion to the increase of the rural population. Whatever may be the result of this disproportionate growth of cities, it certainly cannot be denied that it is one of the tendencies of the age. ALARMING GROWTH OF CITIES.—Political economists

sone of the tendencies of the ago.

Speaking of the cosmopolitan character of the population of New York, the Post of that city says:—

"There is a Norwegian community, and a Swedish community, and a Polish community in this city, to say nothing of a Russian church and a Swiss military and churitable organization. And besides all this, we have a Welsh place of worship, where a clorgyman from Orytholwryld can preach in his native consonant to the exiles from the banks of the flowing Ap Llogilwayswith or from the breezy heights of Wrythwgglundodd."

though I'll wager something the Squire thought | DINING WITH A JAPANESE STATESMAN.

Dusky forms are seen kneeling upon the mats of all the surrounding apartments, but they do not gaze upon us curlously, nor do they, indeed, appear vividly conscious of our presence. They are, we discover, simply men in waiting. Five of them rise, thread their way noiselessly among their fellows, and speedily return, bearing each a small tray, containing our first course. The little dishes are all precisely alike, and are arranged identically. We mutually how and simper, split our chopsticks apart, and set to work—our Japanese friends with ease and vigor, we somewhat he starting, and not without missighted as to our ability to turn the uncoenstant. givings as to our ability to turn the unaccustomof utensils to proper account. In fact, it rapidly becomes apparent that the sense of our hands
of little employment is 20 excessively dainty
that unless we hivoke instruction we shall be
able to make no way at all. Frankness being
absolutely necessary, we make a great virtue
of it, and declare, with perhaps needless vehemence, that it really is useless, and that, after givings as to our ability to turn the unaccustomof it, and declare, with perhaps needess venes inchee, that it really is useless, and that, after all, we cannot do it, and that we must throw ourselves upon the consideration of our lost, because we shall certainly starve unless we are tookly, the blackess that in the office, and when the next day's paper appeared, John Smith stool out bodily, the blackess afthoute illustration of total considerations. our beaming entertainer, just as if he were announcing a hitherto unsuspected fact, and as if we had not marked and enjoyed it all at the time, observes that he found himself in the same awkward position when he dired with us. An here Master Yegawa, the interpreter, develops himself in the quality of humorist. As one of us is really struggling quite hopelessly | Smith, and he felt or seemed to feel a little more with his stender sticks, which seem to have an know me think it was me." "Well." I mused independent activity of their own, darting thems | along, "you should not lead a life to subject you by their holder, and frustrating almost overy effort to project them monthward, Yegawa profilers counsel, a Unitate me," he says, and begins picking and pocking bits of food of all sizes, with an accuracy of movement almost mechanical. As if any body could imitate him, mechanical. As if any body conditinitate mm, oil-hand! The result of the first endeavour to do so Is a consul strewn with Japanese edibles, 6 No, no," says Yegawa, with steel-trap smartness, "I said, thinate me," but you never saw me do that; you are wrong. Excuse me, but you are wholly wrong, and always will be wrong unless you do as I do." Which, of course, exunless you do as I do." Which, of course, excites a proper amount of innocent mirth, for we are in the mood to be merry, and easily excited are in the mood to be inerry, and easily excited to buighter. But presently, although we cannot twirl our sticks with any thing like the amazing rapidity of our inters, we contrive to serve ourselves after a certain complex method. of our own, and are embled to ascertain the quality of what is set before us. First, we ex-plore the contents of a hequired bowl, which contains a delicate soup, spheed with sen-weed and aromatic herbs. It is weak, but otherwise commendable. Other dishes are constructed, with curious fancy and singular ingenuity, to represent miniature gardens, with mounds and ponds, or forfresses with turrets and moats— the effects of hindscape and architecture being produced by skillful arrangement of thin slices of fish or vegetables, and variously colored rice. Each plate is a little picture. I observed that

These all were memorable sensations: but now, confronting and confronted by raw fish, as an article of dlet. Hearn the full depth, breadth and vastness of the meaning of the word courage, and gain a new interpretation of a phrase which I have often lightly used, but never until now completely grasped and understood--frue physical and moral heroism. Shall it be done! Can it be done? It must be done! "Tis done! Can it be doine? It must be doine? This doine? And it is utterly revolting and untenable? Hardly so. Do I like it, then? Truly, not too well. But I willingly admit it might be worse, especially as it is defily miligated by pungent soy. I do not know its mane, but it is like salmon in aspect, and in taste like nothing in my portionly wellow reconstruction. particular prior experience. It is soft and gela-tinous, and, after all, the flavor of the thick sauce with which it is enriched is perhaps pre-valent above every thing else. The struggle once well over, we feel that we have encountered boldly and conquered bravely. No future possibilities have any terror for us. Nor is there any further occasion for such uncomforts able emotion. This preliminary course having been parily, and only parily, disposed of—Japanese hospitality supplying at least three times as much of every article as is intended to be eaten iters shoot from their spheres, y clearing the table, produce anoth a: ment of finely wrought lacouer anoth is a ment of theely wrought lacquer-ware and potcelain dishes, containing this time a thick broth, not unlike a Massachusetts chowder, compounded of fish, prawns, small slices of chickens, and sundry vegetables, with subordinate plates of spices, confectionery, and innumerable piquant stimulants to appetite which I could hardly distinguish at the time, and which I certainly cannot now remember in detail. Successive courses, each introduced apparently by five fresh attendants-the extra ordinary number of which led us almost to think that Hirosawa must have borrowed his Lord of Chosiu's retinue for the occasion—made us acquainted with still other varieties of some and with endless changes of composite pot-pour ris which it is very fortunately unnecessary to

the substance of this course was ice and raw fish Raw fish! I distinctly recall a series of thrilling emotions during the first battle scene at which

sions found myself accidentally face to face, in

theatres and in thoroughfares, with the Prince

enumerate, because it is impossible. It may be recorded, however, that no less than thirteen times the spaces before us were cleared away and refilled, each change being distinguished by some new form of sparkling fluid-beer, Champagne, soda-water, I can't say what not. The partiality of the Japanese for all liquors of bub-bling and efferyescent character is remarkable. The foam of ale to them is eestasy, and the froth of Champagne is rapture. It is not the quality of the draught, but the fizz, that the their fancy. I have actually and positively known a party of Japanese yaconins to take with them upon a long country exearsion a quantity of Sealliz, which they mixed with sugar and water, and drank as a luxurious be-verage. Thirteen times, as I have observed, we were called upon to practically honor our

entertainer's bounty; and then, just when a dark despair and dread began to hover over us, we were relieved by a courtly apology for the meagreness of the repast, accompanied by a regretful apprehension that we had not enjoyed sufficient cheer. And here began another act of that the imprompts comedy, examples of which I have given above, the theme this time being the respective merits of American and Japanese dinners, which was only interrupted by the entrance of five new tray-bearers—Pil swear they were entirely new, and had not dent. before appeared—with pots of charmingly fresh and fragrant tea, and little cases containing mative tobacco and the tiny pipes of the country. It was all over, and, metaphorically, we breathed more freely, although, in simple fact, it was difficult for us to treathe at all.

EXPERIENCE OF A LOCAL REPORTER.

One of the reporters of the Utlea Herald has written an interesting sketch of his newspaper

In turning over the pages of memory, he says I find those relating to my early experience s reporter marked by numerous exclamation points, printed in colours and in lob type. When I amounced my determination to live by my wits, my father, with delicate appreciation, pro-phesical that I would starve in two weeks. owing to the strength of my constitution, I did not; but I wish I had—and my friends wish so too. When I secured a place as reporter for the Doily Bugle Blust of Bentlyville, the paternal

deprayity that could be painted with a pen During the day a stranger called to ask why I had put his name in the paper, and observed that he had a good mind to punch my head as he had to cat his dinner. Said he: "I'm John Smith." "Oh, no, you ain't, "I replied, "Yes, I aun." said he. I told him about another John Smith, and he felt or seemed to feel a little more along, "you should not lead a life to subject you to suspicion." He turned to make some other temarks, but he missed me and only broke two or three pieces out of the back of my chair. I

went away then, I related this incident to the manager. He told me not to take any half-way ground. If hours of boyhood:
you hit a man in print, hit him so hard that he When Fisk was about ten years of age, he
won't want any more. That sounded well-and kept a small market stall at Rennington, Vi.
so, when the Bentlyville singers gave a concert, One day the emment steamboat man, Daniel
which was in every respect a miscrable failure. Drew, came to the market with his basket on

writing for a newspaper,
I attempted to pacify these musicians by telling them that I had dealt with them exactly as

they wanted me to read with the other singer; hut my efforts proved ineffectual.

Then the chief of police sent for me. A dastardly assault had been committed in the street in open daylight. The man was dead to all feelings of shame, and had, so far, escaped punishment for similar offences; but the chief thought that by ridiculing the offender I should make although preserved fruits, boiled chesnuts, bam-boo shoots, and other partly ornamental and partly appetizing condiments are scattered about the most scalding of sureasm and the most mirth provoking ridicule on him, and the effect was highly satisfactory—until the article apit was ever my fortune to assist, and I know it is on record in the annuls of Franconia that I, personnally, once crossed the tree that spans the Flune. I once went up in a balloon, though not very far, and I have on two or three occapeared in print.

The next morning the man sat in my chair; he had been balled. In his hand he bore a per-suasive bludgeon. He wanted to know why I out a display head on him, and acted as though put a display head on him, and acted as though
he intended to put a display head on me. His
intentions were carried out soon after—and so
was I. He made several objections to my
method of getting out police court reports. The
most striking of these objections was the bludgeon. I calmly replied to his arguments with a
paste-pot and a pair of shears, following my my temporary advantage with a paper-weight and materidged dictionary. Before he recovered the thread of bis discourse, an elderly man stepped into the office, and asked who was conducting the local department. I told him that was a question in my own mind just then, but I had no time to pursue the conversation. attempt to report what followed in full—indeed, I believe I took no notes. After the doctor had set my arm, and his friends had taken my opponent away, I returned to the office. The old man said that if I was at therty he would like a reply to his question. He desired to know who managed the local. As he and I were alone in the office, and he looked feeble, I told him I did. "Well," said he, pointing to the hem I had been discussing with him of the club, "don't you think that way of making crime a thing to be laughed at has a bad influence on the young?"

told him that idea had not been among the things that struck me.

He added: "It seems so to me. Make crime i matter of sport, and we first endure, then pity, then embrace I replied, humbly : "You will never have a

better chance to embrace than you had just be fore he struck me the last time."

He suggested that I was unfitted for the duties of my position, and went away. Then came a business man, who abused me because I had not mentioned that the incident narrated in the same unfortunate item had occurred within would naturally be the nearest one. He had a eventy-five cent advertisement in the namer. which he at once ordered discontinued, because he would not patronise a paper whose reporters knew so little about their business. The boro of the Item was tried and convicted; but the Judge on the bench rebuked reporters who so far forgot their duty as to attempt to create mblie sentiment neginst a prisoner.

did not know more than I did about running the ocal of a newspaper.

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

An economic English minister, on the look out for abuses, arrived on his mission at a pub-blic department a few seconds after the nominal hour for the commencement of business, entered the first room in a long passage, and there well-dressed youth, who, with his back to the fire, was calmly perusing a morning paper.

"Alone ?" inquired the minister.

"Ya-as," replied the sole tenant of the office.
"Not much to do, I suppose? Plenty of time

to read the papers, I see."

"Ya-as, plenty. I can always do my work here in twenty minutes."

"Oh, you can, can you? Has Mr. ......come?" naming the head of the department.

after the first greetings, informed that it was after the first greetings, informed that it was clear there was ample room for a reduction of the elected staff. The departmental head protested that he really had not men enough toget through the work.

Oh," quoth the economist, «I know better than that. Why, not ten unimates ago one of them told me he had plenty of time to read the papers, and could get through his work here in twenty minutes."

wonly minutes."

The under-secretary protested that no clerk in

the unior-secretary professed that no clerk in the place could say so truly.

"Then come and see him," said the minis-

As they went along the passage they met the

As they went along the passage they met the youth in question,

o Did you not tell me, Sir," demanded the right honourable gentleman, e that you had plenty of time to read the papers?"

o I did was the reply,

and that you could do all your work in twenty minutes?"

o Yes."

"There," said the minister, triumphantly, the is clear your staff must be reduced,

"Clerk here!" replied the youth, firmi higher tone; "I should not, indeed, I come once a week in the mornings to wind and regulate the clocks. I'm not clerk." And he stalked off in dudgeon, leaving the economical cabinet manis-ter to enjoy the joke as he might.

A LITTLE STORY.

It is now in order to recount anecdotes of the early life of the late James Fisk, dr.; and the Table-Talker, ever ready to contribute to the | Holes Turker, ever reary to common the transfer of the country, preceeds to relate the He following reminiscince of the Prince's summy of hours of hoybood:
| When Fisk was about ten years of age, he

some days. The tenor called at my house regularly every day for a week. I was always out, the basso promenoded Main Street with a big stick. The soprame's brother made anxions inquiries after me. All the singers quit singing in public, and church people left without choirs, pointed no out to their children as an infidel and a heretic who had interfered with public worshly, and who did not know anything about writing for a newspaper.

\*\*Pop pulled them of the vines tims morning, "cilve me a dozen, somny," replied Mr. Drew, of live me a dozen, somny, replied Mr. Drew, of live me a dozen, somny, replied Mr. Drew, of live me a dozen, somny, replied Mr. Drew, of live me a dozen, somny, replied Mr. Drew, live me a dozen, somny, writing for a newspaper,
Intempted to pacify these mustelans by telling them that I had dealt with them exactly as
they wanted me to deal with the other singer;
but my efforts proved ineffectual.
Then the chief of police sent for me. A dastardly assault had been committed in the street
in open daylight. The man was dead to all feet,
ings of shame, and had, so far, escaped punishthat by ridiculing the offender I should make him feel his shame, and that by punishment I could secure his punishment from the proper authorlies. I thought so, too, I gave the flere a display head, and I lavished the most scalding of sarcasm and the most smith-provoking ridiculoses. gained a customer and you have lost one." Well, when Eliphalet went home, his stepanother came to the door and said:....effere you are, you little sneak, and you have't sold that punkin yet!" And she took him in her step-motherly arms and famed him with an ox-goad until he said that he would prefer taking his meals off the mantelplace for the next few concentrations of the mantelplace for the next few concentrations of the said that he would be said the said that he would be said that he said that he would be said that he secutive days to sitting down with the rest of the family. And next day baniet brew came into the market (ca reamé and a tearin)," as old inhabitants say,) and said ; ... Where is the boy that sold those eggs, ch?" and Jim Fisk pointed to Eliphalet and soid; "There he is sir," and Daulel Drew reinforced that boy's stepmother's ox-gond with his cane so effectually that --but never mind. So bandel bought all his garden-sass of Jim Fisk. In after life Eliphalet Buckram set up a grocery store, and gave trust to all the poor people, and never sanded his suto all the poor people, and never sanded his sugar, and wouldn't qualify his rum with water; so he burst up and the sheriff sold him out, and he went to the poor-house. But Daniel Orew kept his eye on Jim Fisk, and by-and-bye he gave him a partnership in the Erlo firm, and Jim beat him out of \$4,000,000. This is not a story for good little boys. We fear it is too near the tenth

## BOUND TO HAVE HIS FARE.

Rev. Mr. F-, of Boston, who had accepted an invitation to preach out of town on a certain Sunday last winter, was delayed until the last moment, and did not arrive in the town late in the morning of the day he was going to preach. He hastened to the clerk of the hotel and requestioned him to procure a carriage for him which was compiled with, and he was soon dri-ven to the church, and got Lacre with scarcely a moment to spare. He slepped from the con-veyance and hurried up the aisle, when to his great surprise, he heard a suppressed differing and a bazz of astonishment for which he could not account, until chancing to hear a footstep behind him, he turned and beheld the cause. The coachman, muffled to the chin, with a fur cap on his head, a whip under his arm, and a pair of cavalry boots on his feet, had followed him into the church. The Rev. Mr. F .-- was about to address him, when John exclutined:
"Ye ain't paid me. I want my fare." The
worthy minister, greatly mortified, tried to explain to him that he had requested the hotel clerk to settle with him. "Oh, yes," returned the hackman, "I dessay. That won't wash— It's too thin. Cashon delivery is my terms. I don't know you. I druy a fellow with a white necktle down to the cars last week, and he gave me the slip, and I ain't seen him since, and that time I made up my mind there wasn't no vir-tue in white neckites; so cash up." It was gray-ing very embarrassing, when the Hon. Richard Warren, a prominent member of the congregation, who was well acquainted with Mr. F.—, hastened forward and settled the bill, where-upon John retreated, chuckling, and muttering o himself, "Too much for white necktle that

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I am, Sir, yours truly,

Z. S. EARLE, Jr., M.D. St. John, N.B., January, 1868.

dent.

"The Which is his room, may I ask?" pursued the minister.

"Last on the right along the passage," answered the youth.

Thither the minister repaired, and when the head of the department arrived, the latter was,

