

Page,	
.....	68
.....	68
.....	72
.....	76
.....	87
.....	89
.....	95
.....	99
.....	100
.....	102
.....	103
.....	106
.....	107
.....	109
.....	111
.....	112
.....	115
.....	118
.....	122
.....	122
.....	127
.....	131
.....	131
.....	133
.....	135
.....	136
.....	138

## NED FENTON'S PORTFOLIO.

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"IRON SHARPENETH IRON; SO A MAN SHARPENETH THE COUN-  
TENANCE OF HIS FRIEND."

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### TOM TURNER'S FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the snow had been drifting so that the roads were almost impassible, one evening in the beginning of February, 186-, as Tom Turner, after taking his smoke, sat in his dining room, reading the History of the French Revolution. Mrs. Turner had just lighted the gas and commenced her sewing, when a knock was heard at the door: "Who in the name of wonder can this be such a stormy evening?" said Mrs. Turner. "I guess it's Ned Fenton," replied Tom, "coming with his portfolio, and my dulcimer; he promised to be here this evening, and he is a man of his word and no mistake." "If it's Ned," said Mrs. Turner, "I rather guess our Sally is the burden of his message; he is over head and ears in love with her, and I have good reason to believe there is no love lost between them."

As soon as the door was opened, in walked Ned sure enough, and after the usual salutations, remarks on the storm, shaking off the snow, and hanging up his cap and overcoat, Ned drew a chair near the bright coal fire and sat down. Tom and Ned were tee-totalers, near neighbors, and had been on the most intimate terms of friendship for many years. Ned was a tall, handsome young man, about twenty-seven years of age, with pleasing accent, manly features, dark complexion and large bushy whiskers, and so warm hearted and lively in all his actions, that he was welcomed everywhere; as he was fond of music and a good singer, he took a lead-