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THE

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FOUND WANTING.

"And you really fancy yourself in love with this fair-haired little shop-girl?"

Mr. Meredith, a tall, noble-featured, man of fifty, looked rather sadly at his enthusiastic young nephew.

"Fancy, uncle? That is hardly an appropriate word to use. I am quite certain of the fact."

"I suppose you will consider me a very bad judge of the matter, but, if I tell you that like her little cousin demure face [illegible] there is more [illegible] in her [illegible] than in her pretty cousin Rachel."

"There, sir, [illegible]" Harry resolutely, "is where I must beg leave to differ with you.

"Well, my boy, you must choose for yourself. Remember, it is no question of a partner for a waltz, or a pair of bright eyes whose glitter may amuse you for one or two evenings. The woman whom you now select for your wife must necessarily exert a more or less potent influence over your whole life."

"I know it, sir," and Harry's mirthful face became for the moment almost grave.

That she earns her own living behind the counter of a fancy store—that they both do, in fact, is no drawback in my eyes. Independence and self-reliance are to me cardinal virtues, and even though your wife will be raised into an atmosphere of comparative wealth, a few lessons taken beforehand in the impartial school of worldly experience will be of incalculable use to her."

Harry Meredith sat long, that night, before the bright coal fire in his snug little bachelor apartment musing over his uncle's words.

He had met the two cousins, Rachel and Ruth Duer at a quiet little birthday gathering in the house of a friend, and had instantaneously felt drawn toward the elder one, elder by eighteen months. She was a beautiful blonde, while the other was rather of the brunette type.

During the three months which had followed upon his first introduction, Harry Meredith had contrived too see the cousins several times a week, and, consequently fell deeper and deeper in love with the golden-haired lassie even while he was quite concious of Ruth's deeper character and stronger intellect.

Sometimes he was almost tempted to waver in his allegiance toward the elder, and then he took himself with very unnecessary sternness to task.

To-night, however, he past the whole of the last few weeks in review before his memory, and decided that inaction was the very worst policy in the world.

"This suspense must be put an end to," ejaculated our hero half aloud, and then he smiled mischieveously to himself, as an idea came into his head.

"I'll do it," he thought biting his lip. "Of course it's mearly for the fun of the thing. I have not the shadow of a doubt that she is all she seems, but still—"

He was silent for a few minutes, and then rose to prepare for slumber.

"They are polite enough to me as the favored child of luxury. Now I will take measures to learn whether this courtesy is genuinely from the heart or merely born of empty form and [illegible] tion to wealth."

So our hero, laying his head on his pillow, dreamed of private masquerade parties all night long.

Rachel Duer and her cousin Ruth were shop-girls in Savery & [illegible] great fancy store.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Rachel one morning as she took off her bonnet in the little dressing-room at the back of the store and shook down her golden shower of curls, "how tired I am of this horrid drudgery. How I wish Harry Meredith would propose if he's going to."

Ruth laughed as she smoothed down her satin-brown hair, and tied the bow of crimson ribbon at her throat.

"And what do you think of me, Rachel? I, who have no such brilliant hopes of matrimony to light up the monotony of my daily toil!"

Rachel shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't see how you bear it so patiently. I should die with vexation and *ennui* if I did not hope for something better."

"Hush!" said Ruth, "there is Mrs. Wickes, the forewoman, calling us."

"How I hate the old vixen!" Rachel jaculated, slowly following Ruth into the store.

"Really, Miss Rachel Duer, you must be a little more punctual," said Mrs. Wickes, pursing up her mouth primly. "You are full five minutes behind time, and it was just so yesterday."

Rachel pouted, and went to work labeling a box of newly-arrived ribbons. She and Mrs. Wickes had never agreed very harmoniously, nor did she affiliate with the shop-girls. "A stuck-up, impertinent thing," they called her, while she, from the serene heights of the possibility of her one day becoming Mrs. Harry Meredith, treated them with a disdain which was anything in the world but agreeable.

In vain were Ruth's remonstrances. Rachel had always been willful and inclined to superciliousness, nor would she listen to her cousin's mildly-proffered advice now.

"It's all very well for you, Ruth; you've got to spend all your days here," she said, curling her pretty lip: "but I shall soon be lifted out of this groveling atmosphere."

"It is by no means a certainty."

"Yes, it is," laughingly answered Rachel, blushing like a damask rose.

And Ruth would sigh softly, and think how brightly the future was unroling its vast map before her pretty little cousin.

Rachel Duer waited rather languidly upon one or two customers that morning. Evidently her heart was not in her work, and Mrs. Wickes, from her kind-of-place behind the cash-box, cast several envenomed glances toward her, presaging of a coming storm.

Presently a new customer hobbled in, looked crooked, and made his way slowly to the counter where Rachel and Ruth were standing. A huge cotton umbrella protruded in a warlike manner from beneath his arm, and [illegible] cotton-gloves covered his hands, while a rusty red wig was half-concealed by his bent and battered hat.

"My goodness! Ruth, what a figure!" [illegible] Rachel, in a very audible *aside* voice. "What can that old bundle of second-hand clothes want here?"

"Hush!" said Ruth, almost sternly; "he will hear you."

"And what if he does! What do I care?"

"He is old and infirm, Rachel, and his age should render him sacred in your eyes."

Rachel tossed her head sneeringly.

"Ruth, you are too absurd for anything. I won't wait on him."

But the old man steered resolutely for Rachel herself.

"I want to buy some gloves, miss," he said, in a feeble, croaking voice.

"You'd better go somewhere else," said the young lady, superciliously;—"*our* store doesn't keep cheap goods."

"Please to let me see the articles."

Rachel tossed a box down on the counter; the old man bent his spectacled eyes down to survey the goods.

"How much are these?"

"A dollar a pair."

"But I am a poor man, miss; have you nothing cheaper?"

"No!" snapped Rachel: "I told you to go elsewhere. I've no patience with paupers."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the old man; "I am not a pauper."

"Well," observed the girl, scornfully, "you look like one!"

"Appearances are often deceitful.—Did you tell me you had cheaper gloves?"

"I didn't tell you any such thing!"

"Rachel! Rachel!" remonstrated her cousin. "Let me show you what you want, sir," she said, softly, turning to the old customer. "We have some very nice gloves at seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents is a great deal of money to pay for a pair of gloves," said the old man looking sorrowfully down on the mended fingers of those he wore; "but the weather is getting frosty, and I'm not so young as I was."

"I should think that was quite evident," said Rachel, with a heartless titter.

Ruth bent toward the old man, saying, in a low, sweet voice:

"Take the warm worsted gloves, sir. The price is seventy-five cents, but you shall have them for fifty. I myself will make up the difference to the store.—You are an old gentleman, and I am young and able to work."

"But I am nothing to you, miss."

Ruth folded the gloves neatly in a piece of paper, and handed them to him.

"For the sake of the dear father who died a year ago, old age can never be 'nothing' to me, sir. Please [illegible] thank me: indeed I deserve no gratitude."

And Ruth drew blushingly back, while Rachel burst into a laugh.

"Upon my word, Ruth, you are the greatest fool I ever saw!" she cried while the old gentleman hobbled out of the store. "I would have seen the old beggar in Jericho before I would have given him anything? Why doesn't he go to the poor-house?"

The days crept on, and one day Mr. Harry Meredith astonished little Ruth Duer very much by asking her to be his wife.

It was as if the gates of Paradise had been suddenly opened to her—the modest little girl, secretly worshiping Harry Meredith in her heart of hearts, had never dreamed of the possibility of such good luck being in store for her.

That evening she told her cousin.—Rachel listened in silence. The prize had been very near her grasp once, but somehow it had slipped away.

"I think you must be mistaken, Ruth," she said, artlessly. "I think Mr. Meredith never would."

She checked herself, for at that instant the door opened, and Harry Meredith was announced.

"Well, Rachel," he said, playfully, "are you ready to congratulate me upon the sweet little wife I have won?"

Rachel muttered one or two formal sentences, but she was very pale.—Meredith observed her with a smile.

"Ruth," he said, turning to her with a smile, "I have something to show you."

He put a tiny paper parcel in her hand. She opened it, and out fell a pair of worsted gloves.

She looked up wistfully into his face, then the whole tide of memory came back upon her heart.

"Harry! were you that old man?"

"*I* was that old man, my dearest."

And then Rachel Duer knew why it was that the ship freighted with all her hopes had drifted away, when it was so near the haven.

ANECDOTE OF POPE.—Most of our readers have doubtless heard of the sharp rejoinder once made to Alexander Pope, whereby a pointed hit was made at his diminutive and ill-shapen figure, but many never have had the particulars of the occasion. They are as follows:

Pope was one evening at Burton's Coffee-house, where himself and Swift, and Arbuthnot, with several other scholars, were poring over a manuscript copy of the Greek Aristophanes. At length they came across a sentence which they could not comprehend, and as, in their perplexity, they talked rather loudly, they attracted the attention of a young officer who chanced to be in another part of the room, and who approached, and begged leave to look at the passage.

"O, by all means," said Pope, sarcastically, "Let the young gentleman look at it. We shall have light directly."

The young officer took up the manuscript volume, and after a little study and consideration his countenance brightened.

"It is but a slight omission on the part of the scribe," he said. "It only wants a note of interrogation at this point to make the whole intelligible."

Pope saw in an instant that the officer was right; but the thought of being outdone in Greek translation by a mere youth, and a redcoat at that, piqued him and with a sharp, bitter twang he cried out,—

"And pray, young sir, what is a note of interrogation?"

"A note of interrogation," answered the officer, surveying the wizened, hunched-backed poet, from head to foot with a contemptous look, "*is a little crooked thing that asks questions.*"

On the 26th of the November, ult., at St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, by Rev. Father Sourin, GEO. E. MATTINGLY to Miss MARY O. DILLAHAY, both of this county.—*St. Mary's Beacon.*

George spent three years here, his last being in 1869-70, in the class of Second Humanities, when, as his contemporaries may well remember, his tall form was conspicious at the head of the ranks. George is a jolly good soul, and we wish him well, notwithstanding that he has never ordered the JOURNAL.

It seems to be so much the custom for the St. Mary's County people to go up to St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, to get married, that we are obliged to account for it by supposing that St. Ignatius being the ancient patron of the Maryland Missions, members of the old Catholic families naturally gravitate on all important occasions to the head-quarters of the Maryland Jesuits, as they used to do when their head-quarters were in their own county, at St. Inigoes: and seek the fine church of their Patron in Baltimore, as they sought in former times the venerable edifice erected by the Maryland Pilgrims or their immediate descendants, by the shores of St. Mary's River.—*Georgetown College Journal.*

SENATOR NYE AND HORACE GREELEY.—Here is an incident illustrative of one of Nye's well-known defects.—Just before Secretary Chase resigned the Treasury in the summer of 1864, Horace Greeley, being in Washington, was asked who he thought would be a good successor to the important office.

"The best man I can think of," replied Greeley, "is Jim Nye."

"Jim Nye? You cannot mean it.—What in the world is there to recommend him?"

"Just this," answered the journalist, "I've known Nye for a good many years. He's always borrowing money, and I've never known him to pay a dollar back. Now, if he could be in the Treasury, he'd keep borrowing in his old way, while nobody could ever get anything out of him, and the result would be that the Treasury would be full all the time—and the Treasurer would be 'full' too—and things would go on swimmingly."

☞ Little Funnyman—"Going to the Bloker's fancy ball, Fred?" Fred—"Yes; but I don't know what character to—" Little Funnyman—"Chalk your head and go as a cue.—*Punch.*

When I was about thirteen years of age my parents consented to humor my ambition to become a sailor, and they placed me in charge of Captain John Stockton, (owner and master of the bark Miranda,) who was a distant relation of my mother. He was a young man, barely thirty years of age, and he treated me with kindness and consideration.—Though on my first voyage with him I must confess I thought differently, as the reality of a cabin-boy's life differs very materially from the romance that surrounds it in the generality of sea-stories.

The Miranda was engaged in the trade between New York and South America, and on the second voyage I made in her we carried several passengers to Rio de Janerio. Among the number was a young lady who was going down to Rio to join her maternal uncle, a wealthy Baltimorean, who had resided in Brazil for many years, for she was an orphan, and had only just completed her education.

Rosalind de Vitre was one of the sweetest blossoms from the garden of girlhood I ever met. Of medium statue, her figure was graceful as Hebe's, and her features clear-cut and regular as those we sometimes see on antique cameos. She was about seventeen years of age, being nearly four my senior, and she petted me until I fairly worshipped her, for, as a usual thing on board ship, lads in my position get more kicks than caresses. But there was another person, I soon found out, in whose bosom the fair Rosalind had kindled a fiercer flame than in my own. Mine was boyish gratitude for kindness rendered; his manly love inspired by her surpassing charms. Young as I was I could not fail to see that Captain Stockton was passionately in love with Miss De Vitre, and long ere we reached our destination, I felt assured that his attachment was reciprocated.

The other passengers were not slow to notice that the skipper was decidedly in love with his pretty charge; and though the majority of them, especially the ladies, sympathized with the young couple, and remembered the ungrammatical axiom, "Two is company, and three is none," there were two persons of the other sex who were invariably lurking about whenever the Captain and Rosalind happened to select a suitable place for a *tete-a-tete*. They were natives of Brazil, and from what I overheard one day, having picked up a smattering of the Portuguese language on my previous voyage, I was able to gather the gist of their remarks, which were to the effect that one Don Francisco Martin would have to be informed of the love-making of Captain Stockton and Miss De Vitre, and that there would be some trouble when he came to hear about it.

About ten days after our arrival in Rio, the skipper came aboard one day in a very perturbed state of mind. I knew it the instant he entered the cabin.

"Give me some brandy, Bob," he said.

I gave him some, and he tossed down a glassful undiluted, which was not his custom, and then began overhauling his stock of revolvers.

"What's the matter, sir?" I ventured to ask, for I guessed something had gone wrong with his love affairs, and I had heard of even strong, brave men blowing out their brains in consequence of true love not running quite as smoothly as they wished.

"Mind your own business, boy. Send Mr. Archer to me, and stay forward yourself," he snappishly responded.

I told the chief mate the skipper wished to see him, and the two remained in the cabin about an hour before the pantry bell summoned me to their presence.

"Sit down, Bob," said the skipper, whose face had resumed its customary brightness; "we've got a little matter in hand wherein you can make yourself useful, if you wish to be a good boy and obey orders."

I signified my willingness to do my best to merit their approbation, and the pair of conspirators took me into their confidence.

The captain told me that Rosalind De Vitre was his affianced bride, and that through the connivance of a European lady friend of his visiting in Rio, he had been able to meet her every evening in the lovely Botanical Gardens of that city. They had been watched, however, and their meetings reported to Mr. Frank Martin, Rosalind's uncle. This gentleman was very wealthy, and had already pledged his word that his niece should marry an intimate friend of his, to whom he was under many obligations. He immediately sent for his niece, and upon taxing her with what he had been told, she confessed that she was engaged to Captain Stockton. Finding that she could not be persuaded to break this engagement, and that some stringent measures must be taken to put and to her love in Rio until the next vessel sailed for New York, on board of which he easily succeeded in smuggling her aboard. She happened to be a better sailor than the Miranda, and we arrived in New York five days before my old ship.

The greeting I received from my old comrades as I stepped on board the Miranda was a warm one, I can assure you: but it was eclipsed by the ovation I received when I entered her cabin.

Rosalind had had much of her happiness marred by anxiety for my safety, and when she saw that I had escaped scot free, she—well, the skipper, her fiance, who thought that he understood cabin-boys, at last mildly hinted that buttered crackers *ad libitum* were generally more acceptable to them than tears and caresses.

I did *not* pierce him with a marlin-spike, but I attended his wedding, and Aunt Rosalind, as my youngsters now call her in these later years, only yesterday gave my boy Jack a villainous, unmusical tin trumpet. Such is gratitude!

BY JOSH BILLINGS.—I have examined these rich men, and I find that the happiest time of their life is when they are making their money. After they get rich and sit down to enjoy it, trouble begins.

Most people are anxious to get the first news; I want my news about four days old, then I think I stand some chance to hear the truth.

Men who originate ideas are seldom the ones who excute them.

Without trials and temptations man would be nothing more than a fungus.

The best way to manage children is to spank them privately and praise them publicly.

Misers are strange creatures—they seem to enjoy only those things they have not.

There is no better evidence of general depravity than to see those who flatter the most succeed the best.

There is no greater tyranny than fear.

The most pleasant prospect from the top of a high mountain is to look back and see the rugged way we have come.

I have tried all the most approved plans, and I find the best way to manage a woman is to let her have her own way.

There is one trait of human character that the devil himself must be proud of, and that is, the more we have injured a man the more we hate him.

Most of the miserable would be comparatively happy if they would only compare their condition with those beneath instead of those above them.

Truth never is in a hurry, but a lie is always on the jump.

There is great art in carrying your points without seeming at all anxious to do it.

Peace ought to be as cheap as daylight, but it is one of the luxuries, and costs us more than anything we have to buy.

Love, which is simply the result of fear, will turn to hate the first good chance it gets.

It costs less to agree with a fool than to differ with him.

Advice is generally like the bread and cheese that beggars receive—thrown over into the first vacant lot they come to.

Obstinacy might be excusable in a wise man, but wise men are never obstinate.

Old age is a perch where all the aches, sorrows and ills of life come to roost.

REMEDY FOR TROUBLE.—Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard: pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want to sleep—calm, sound sleep—and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, you go loafing all day to tell Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast the next morning and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted.—It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well as leaving no disagreeable sequelæ, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ "The sentence of the Court is," said Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, to a notorious drunkard, "that you be confined in jail for the longest period the law will allow; and I hope you will spend the time in curing whisky." "Be jabers I will, and Porter, too," was the answer.

BEHAVIOUR OF EARS.—Large ears, hear things in general, and decide broad, comprehensive views and modes of thought; while small ears hear things in particular, showing a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by the love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with learning the leading facts of a case, with the general principle involved—too strict an attention to the enumeration of details, especially all repetition of the more important, is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generally, and are usually fitted to conduct large enterprises, to receive and pay out money in large sums; they prefer to give with a free hand, without reference to the amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story as well as the main facts, take delight often in examing, handling or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship; are disposed to be exact with respect to inches and ounces, in buying or selling, to the extent at least of knowing the exact number over or under the stated measure given or received. People with such ears would, in most cases, prefer a retail to a wholesale business.

THE FEAR AND JOY OF DEATH.—Men fear death, he said, as it unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys are in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason regret the event; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune—though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigor—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock—was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.—*Wm. Mitford on the Condemnation and Death of Socrates.*

A GOOD BAROMETER.—Take a common glass pickle bottle, wide mouthed; fill it within three inches of the top with water, then take a common Florence oil flask, removing the straw covering and cleaning the flask thoroughly, plunge the neck of the flask as far as it will go into the bottle, and the barometer is complete. In fine weather the water will rise in the neck of the flask even higher than the mouth of the pickle bottle, and in wet, windy weather, it will fall to within an inch of the flask. Before a heavy gale of wind, the water has been seen to leave the flask altogether at least eight hours before the gale came to its height.

☞ A French soldier was sitting, a short time back, on the summit of a hill overlooking a garrison town; his horse was picketed near by; the man was smoking leisurely, and from time to time glancing from the esplanade to a big official envelope he had in his hand. A comrade passed and said: "What are you doing there?" "I am bearing the President MacMahon's pardon for our friend Flichmann, who is to be shot this morning," replied the smoker. "Well, then, hurry along with it," said his comrade. "O no! See, there is hardly a soul on the esplanade, and the firing platoon has not yet been formed. You surely would not have me rob my appearance of all dramatic effect."

☞ A gentleman, says Thackeray, is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which of us can point out in his circle—men whose aims are generous; whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small?—We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a scrap of paper and each make his list.

☞ "Jake," said the blushing damsel to a lover that her father had forbidden the house, "I don't care if your feet are big; I love you just as much." "Well, Sally, I don't mind so much about the size of my own feet, but I wish your dad's were a little smaller: I should feel more confident, you know, about staying."

☞ A young lady of Norfolk was so agitated while dancing with the Grand Duke that she fainted in his arms. The scion of nobility mesely passed her over to one of the old ladies with the remark: "Toodamthinovitch," and secured another partner.

☞ It was a New Jersey boy who, having done some wicked thing and being asked whether he did not want to go to heaven, replied: "No; I don't want to get my fingers sore playing on an old harp."

☞ A negro in South Carolina, complaining of the hard times, declared they were the hardest ever known. "Why," said he, "I works all day and steals all night an' yet I'm blest if I can make an 'onest livin'."

☞ A poor soldier with his face half shot away, was asked by a comrade if he wanted anything. "I should like a drink of water if I had the face to ask for it," he replied.