

# Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1865.

NUMBER 13

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The undersigned have agreed on the following rates for advertising, which will be strictly adhered to:

One square one insertion	\$1.00
One square two insertions	1.50
One square three insertions	2.00
One square one month	2.25
One square two months	4.00
One square three months	5.00
One square six months	8.00
One square twelve months	12.00
Two squares one month	4.50
Two squares two months	8.25
Two squares three months	10.00
Two squares six months	15.00
Two squares twelve months	22.00

Ten lines or less to constitute a square.

All legal advertisements will be charged according to the above rates, and the party sending the same will be held responsible for the payment thereof.

One fourth of a column, three months \$10.00  
One fourth of a column, six months 15.00  
One fourth of a column, twelve months 20.00  
Half of a column, three months 15.00  
Half of a column, six months 20.00  
Half of a column, twelve months 25.00  
One column, three months 20.00  
One column, six months 25.00  
One column, twelve months 30.00  
Two columns, three months 35.00  
Two columns, six months 40.00  
Two columns, twelve months 45.00

One half of a column, per year \$35.00  
One column, per year 50.00  
Two columns, per year 70.00

They will have the privilege of changing their advertisements for two dollars additional to the above rates. The advertisements must be strictly limited to their immediate business.

Present contracts will be faithfully complied with. Business cards, including paper, 3 months, \$4.00; 6 months, \$6.00; 12 months, \$10.00.

**HANDBILLS.**  
One eighth of a sheet, 25 copies, \$1.50; 50 copies, \$2.00; 100 copies, \$3.00; every additional 100, 75 cents.  
One quarter of a sheet, 25 copies, \$1.00; 50 copies, \$1.50; 100 copies, \$2.00; every additional 100, 50 cents.  
Half sheet, 25 copies, \$1.00; 50 copies, \$1.50; 100 copies, \$2.00; every additional 100, 50 cents.

GEORGE T. KNORR, Union, Civilian and Telegraph, THE ALLEGHANIAN, Cumberland, June 29, 1864.

## Civilian & Telegraph,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription: \$2.50 Per Annum, in advance.

All subscription must invariably be paid in advance, otherwise THREE DOLLARS WILL BE CHARGED IN ALL CASES.

## COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDAR FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
FEB	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
MAR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
APR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
MAY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JUN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JUL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
AUG	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
SEP	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
NOV	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
DEC	1	2	3	4	5	6	7

## BOOK STORE.

AT THE OLD STAND  
BALTIMORE STREET, 3 DOORS EAST OF THE POST OFFICE.

The Subscriber is constantly receiving  
**"NEW BOOKS,"**  
AND ALL THE LATEST  
**POPULAR WORK AND SCHOOL BOOKS.**

ALSO, EVERY KIND OF  
**TATIONERY, FANCY GOODS**  
AND  
**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**

Call and see for yourself.

HAVING A COMPLETE  
**BOOK BINDERY**  
Establishment connected with my Store, I am prepared to make up BLANK WORK of every description, and will bind MAGAZINES, OLD BOOKS and PERIODICALS, to order.

WM. ANDREWS,  
64-2015-14-ly

## GENERAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.**

**BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.**

FOR THE EAST.  
Express Train arrives.....11.10 P. M.  
Leaves.....11.20 P. M.  
Mail Train arrives.....9.30 A. M.  
Leaves.....9.45 A. M.

FOR THE WEST.  
Mail Train arrives.....7.15 P. M.  
Leaves.....7.30 P. M.  
Express Train arrives.....7.10 A. M.  
Leaves.....7.25 A. M.

**CLOSING OF MAILS.**  
Mail East, closes daily, (except Sunday), 8.30 A. M.  
Mail West, Through mail closes 6 P. M.; through and way mail, closes 7 P. M.  
Stage for Bedford, leaves daily, (except Sunday,) at 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.  
Stage for Frostburg, arrives 6.30 P. M.; leaves, 7 P. M.; Mail closes, 5.30 P. M.  
Stage for Somerset, arrives, 2 P. M.; leaves, 2 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.  
Frostburg, send west, leaves Tuesday and Friday, at 1 P. M.; Mail closes, 12.30 P. M.

**City Government.**  
Mayor—DR. CHAS. H. OUR.  
Councilmen—J. B. H. CAMPBELL,  
HENRY BRUCE,  
JOHN KOLB,  
GEORGE M. RIZER,  
WILLIAM A. ANNESTON,  
JOSIAH ENGLER.  
Clerk—JOHN SCHILLING.  
Collector—FRANK M. MOORE.  
Sole & Attorney—J. B. H. CAMPBELL.  
Sergeant—LEVI W. BEANT.  
Board meets on the first Monday in each month.

**County Directory.**  
Judge of the Circuit Court—JONAS SMITH.  
Clerk of the Circuit Court—ROBERT RESLEY.  
Register of Wills—GEO. W. HOOVER.  
Sole & Attorney—J. B. H. CAMPBELL.  
Sergeant—JAMES CHISHOLM, Jr.  
Judges of the Orphans' Court—J. B. H. CAMPBELL,  
DOUGLAS PERCY,  
A. M. L. BUSH.  
County Commissioners—CHARLES RIDGELY,  
ELIJAH FRIND,  
JOHN BELL,  
J. B. STALLING,  
L. TOWNSEND.  
Tax Collector—S. L. TOWNSEND.  
Clerk to Commissioners—JACOB BROWN.

**CALVERT IRON AND NAIL WORKS.**  
J. HOPKINSON SMITH,  
25 South Charles Street, Baltimore.

Railroad Spikes, Hook-head and Counter-sunk. Wrought Iron Chairs, all patterns. Rises—Boiler and Tank—a full assortment. Horse and Saddle Shoes. Boat and Ship Spikes. Bridge and Car and Truss Bolts.  
Jan. 1, 1864.

**WILLIAM R. BEALL & CO.,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.**  
Baltimore street, near the Depot.

**DR. G. J. BEACHY,**  
DENTIST.  
Office on South Centre street, (formerly occupied by Dr. B. A. Dougherty,) a few doors below Baltimore street.  
Jan. 1, 1864.

**A. J. BOOSE,**  
Dealer in  
**Salt Fish, Groceries, Provisions,**  
WHEAT, RICE AND GRAIN, &c.  
Canal Basin.

**DENTISTRY.**  
DR. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST,  
Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Bond's ocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store.

**HUMBIRD & LONG,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**Foreign and Domestic Hardware.**  
Corner Baltimore and Mechanic streets.

**CHAS. F. SOMERKAMP,**  
UPHOLSTERER AND PAPER HANGER  
and Dealer in  
**PAPER HANGINGS BORDERS, &c.,**  
Baltimore Street, opposite McKim's 3 Story Block, Cumberland, Md.  
He has just returned from the eastern cities, with a large and handsome stock of Blinds, Wall Paper, Mattresses, Pictures, &c., in various varieties.  
March 7, 1865-ly.

## CHEAP PASSAGE

FROM OR TO  
**IRELAND OR ENGLAND.**

CUNARD LINE OF STEAMSHIPS,  
FROM OR TO  
**QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.**

WILLIAMS & GILSON'S  
**OLD "BLACK STAR LINE" OF**  
LIVERPOOL PACKETS,  
SAILING EVERY WEEK.

SWALLOW-TAIL LINE OF PACKETS  
FROM OR TO LONDON,  
SAILING TWICE A MONTH.

**REMITTANCES**  
To England, Ireland and Scotland, payable on demand.

For further particulars apply to  
**A. J. CLARK,**  
At Tarnsey's Grocery, next door to the Civilian and Telegraph office, Cumberland, Md.  
Feb. 25 '64-7.

**GOLD AT PAR.**

**PRICES AT THE OLD CHEAP RATES.**  
The subscriber has just received from the best Establishments Manufacturers and Importers, A VERY EXTENSIVE STOCK OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.

**WATCHES.**  
And one of the FINEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCKS OF THE LATEST STYLES OF JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS, EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.  
Citizens and strangers are invited to examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing. We defy competition. Our prices only  
**TERMS CASH.**

All goods sold by us we guarantee  
**SAUEL T. LITTLE,**  
Baltimore Street Cumberland, Md.  
November 12, 18'3.

**CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.**

THE subscriber is again in the 'COAL FIELD,' ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.

**OPEN COAL MINES,**  
and put the same in thorough working order or FURNISH PLANS, AND MAKE ESTIMATES AND PLATS OR MAPS, as the parties may require.

WM. BRACE,  
Address, Post Office, Cumberland Md.  
Residence on Columbia street, a few doors above Jan. 18-ly

**CALL AND PURCHASE**  
**PUTNAM'S EXTRA CLOTHES WRINGER.**

**BIRD CAGES, HOOPS and CAGES, SKATES.**

Also, PATENT "HAIR GRIMPER," for waving or curling ladies' hair, for sale.  
THOMAS JOHNS,  
corner Centre & Balto. sts.  
Jy. 19.

**JOSEPH SPRIGG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
CUMBERLAND, MD.  
Jy. '64.

## Poetry.

### WISHING.

Of all amusements for the mind,  
There is not one that you can find  
So very cheap as "wishing,"  
A very choice diversion too,  
If you but give it thought,  
And not, as we are apt to do,  
Pervert it into a curse.

I wish—a common wish indeed—  
My purse was something better;  
And might cheer the child of need,  
And not my pride to flatter;  
That I might make oppression reel  
As only gold can make it,  
And break the tyrant's rod of steel  
As only gold can break it.

I wish—that sympathy and love,  
And every human passion  
That has its origin in heaven,  
Would come and keep in fashion;  
That scorn, and jealousy, and hate,  
And every base emotion,  
Were banished by fathoms deep,  
And broke the tyrant's rod of steel  
As only gold can break it.

I wish—that friends were always true,  
And motives always pure;  
I wish the good were not so few,  
I wish the bad were fewer;  
I wish that parents were not forgetful  
To best their puns too soon;  
I wish that parsons were not so  
So different from preaching.

I wish—that modest worth might be  
Appreciated with truth and candor;  
I wish that innocence were free  
From treachery and slander;  
I wish that men were wiser and kinder,  
That women were ever lovers;  
I wish that wives were always kind,  
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,  
And every good indeed,  
Were common, credible, throughout the earth,  
To be the glorious result  
Of God's all-wise and true ideas  
With His sunniest blessing,  
And hope be lost in happiness,  
And wishing in possessing.

## Miscellaneous.

### Cousin Jack Lacy; or, The Lost Wager.

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet bags were piled up in the corner of the spacious old-fashioned hall.

How melancholy they looked, those emblems of parting smiles. Not even the merry laugh of two or three young girls who were gathered around a stalwart, handsome fellow of about thirty could entirely banish an implacable something of sadness from the scene. Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief-maker, to-morrow, and to the whole family, and old Mr. Chester, sitting by a distant window wiped his spectacles every five minutes, and declared pettishly, that the type of the evening paper was a terrible trial to his eyes.

"But you'll come back soon, coaxed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish of all his cousins, and the one who kept up a perfect fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks at his expense.

There she sat on the biggest trunk of the collection, her brown curls hanging about her round face, and her eyes sparkling with a curious mixture of fun and tears.

"I'm not at all certain of that, Miss Minnie," said Jack decisively. "If I succeed in finding a situation to suit me, I shall probably decide to settle permanently at Thornville and turn land proprietor on my own account."

"Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property!" laughed Minnie, appealing to her sisters.

"I don't see anything so very ridiculous in that," remarked the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his relatives. "At all events, there's one incalculable advantage that will result from my departure."

"And what is that, Mr. Oracle?"

"The fact that you've repaid your last freak on me, you tormenting little mix."

"Don't be so certain of that, Cousin Jack said Minnie, shaking her long curls. "What will you venture I don't bestow a parting trick on you yet? Ah! I have not settled with you for several pieces of impertinence; but pray do not imagine they are forgotten, sir!"

"My diamond sleeve buttons to your coral necklace that you don't impose on me within the next three months, Minnie," said Jack, gaily.

"Done!" said Minnie. "Girls, you all hear the wager, don't you? I always coveted Jack's diamonds."

"But you won't have them, madamocelle! How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I ring for a light, Uncle Chester? and, by the way, have you written that letter of introduction to Mr. Thorne?"

"All in good time, my boy—all in good time," said the old gentleman, depositing his huge silver bound spectacles in their case. "You young people are in such a desperate hurry. Tell Betsy to carry a lamp into the library, girls. And Minnie, where is my gold pen? I won't be very long about it, and then we'll have a nice long evening to gossip about Jack's prospects."

While Mr. Chester sat in his cozy red parlor, where young Lacy was quietly awaiting his appearance. The old gentleman's face was scarlet with embarrassment; he was half disposed to be angry at his guest's cool self-possession.

"I had thought of settling in this vicinity," Mr. Thorne, said Jack, after the ceremonies of greeting had been exchanged, "and understood from my uncle that you had a desirable piece of property that you might be disposed to part with."

"Piece of property?" thought the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again, but he controlled his emotion and only answered: "Really, sir, this is a very strange request."

## Suppose you glance over it, and dot the i's and cross the t's. I'm not so much of a penman as I used to be."

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and arose from the antique oak table to attend to the claims of his urgent guest.

Olive Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant hair before the dressing mirror of her own apartment, two hours later, when Minnie ran in, with countenance comically divided between dismay and delight.

"My dear Minnie, what has happened?" exclaimed the elder sister, dropping her hair brush and letting all the raven tresses ripple down over her shoulders.

"I've won the diamond sleeve-buttons, Olive! But, oh! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he only knew—and cousin Jack, too?"

"Sit down, you wild little elf," said Olive gently forcing her sister into a chair, "and explain this curious riddle."

"Well, you know papa left me to look over his letter to Mr. Thorne—he was detained longer than he expected—almost an hour in fact, and I couldn't help amusing myself by writing a parody on the letter."

"A parody?"

"Yes—you remember somebody was telling us what a beautiful daughter Mr. Thorne had—so I wrote that Jack was in search of a wife, and heard of Miss Thorne, and wanted to settle in life, and all that sort of thing. In short, wherever papa had written land or estate, I wrote wife. Wasn't it fun?" ejaculated the little maiden, her eyes dancing with diabolical. "But you know I never once thought of sending the letter; I only wanted to read it to Jack when I went down stairs. Well! I signed it, with a great flourish of trumpets, and then who should come in but papa and the stranger. Of course I fled—and when I came back the letter was sealed, and safe in Jack's pocket-book, and Olive, it was the wrong letter!"

"The wrong letter?"

"It was rather a dim light—and papa's eyes were not so keen as they are wont to be—and my impertinent missive was gone, while the real bona fide letter lay there around a heap of discarded papers, and I hadn't courage to confess my misdeed."

And Minnie looked so bewitchingly lovely in her alternate paroxysms of terror and laughter that Olive, grave elder sister though she was, had not the heart to lecture her as soundly as she deserved.

The crimson sunset of the next evening shone radiantly into the sanctum of the worthy old Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, Justice of the Peace, and chairman of all the agricultural meetings for ten miles around. It was no scholarly library like that of his ancient comrade, Chester, but a square, light room, with four uncurtained windows, ornamented with gaudy black-framed engravings of prize cattle and gun turkeys. He was seated in a leather-cushioned arm chair looking over the files of an agricultural journal, to find some coveted information on the subject of "phosphates" and "super phosphates," when a servant brought him a card and a letter.

"The gentleman is in the parlor, sir."

Jabez Thorne laid aside his newspaper, and glanced at the card which bore the simple inscription "John Lacy"—and then at the letter, which purported to have been an introduction to that individual.

"Hum—ha—from an old college chum, Chester, as I live. Remarkable change in his hand-writing, but time alters us all. Haven't heard from him in twenty years, and—hallo! what is this? A pretty cool question, upon my word; nephew wants a wife and has heard that I have a daughter—has plenty of money—wants me to aid him with my well-known experience in such matters. What does the old rascal mean?" ejaculated Jabez, the fringe of grey hair that surrounded his bald head standing absolutely erect with indignation.

"I will send dears to kick the impudent young scamp out of the house."

"Well, after all, I don't see what there is in the matter to make me so foolishly angry. Guess I'll see what Mary says. An excellent family those Chesters; and this letter is just like Zebedee Chester: he always was singular in his notions. Rather unlike the ordinary method of coming to an understanding on such matters, but there's nothing like a dash of originality in this world, and if the boy is rich, and Mary don't object—at all events I'll see him on the subject."

And Jabez Thorne thrust the letter into his pocket and strode determinedly into the parlor, where young Lacy was quietly awaiting his appearance. The old gentleman's face was scarlet with embarrassment; he was half disposed to be angry at his guest's cool self-possession.

"I had thought of settling in this vicinity," Mr. Thorne, said Jack, after the ceremonies of greeting had been exchanged, "and understood from my uncle that you had a desirable piece of property that you might be disposed to part with."

"Piece of property?" thought the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again, but he controlled his emotion and only answered: "Really, sir, this is a very strange request."

## One can hardly be expected to answer definitely upon so very short notices."

"Certainly not, Mr. Thorne. I have no wish to hurry you," said Jack, politely. "But I am rather anxious to see for myself, and if you would favor me with a brief description of the prominent features of—"

But Mr. Thorne was fidgetting uneasily in his chair.

"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed wrathfully.

Jack was rather perplexed at this cavalier reception, but answered as courteously as possible.

"Why, sir, of course it is not best to be precipitate on a matter of such importance."

"If this is a fair specimen of the rising generation," thought the indignant Jabez, "they are about as impudent set of Jackanapes as I want to see. But I owe something to my long friendship with old Zebedee Chester—I won't turn the puppy out of doors quite yet."

"I suppose it is healthy?" said Lacy blandly.

"What is healthy?"

"Your property. Sometimes in these low grounds diseases are apt to prevail and—"

"Does he expect my Mary has the fever and ague?" thought old Thorne, leaping briskly out of the chair as if an insect had stung him.

"I'll send my daughter to you, young man—that will settle the business at once."

And before Lacy could express his surprise his doberish host had banged the door behind him and disappeared.

Mary Thorne's astonishment was even greater than her father's had been. She was attired in white muslin, with a bouquet of crimson moss rose buds in her bosom, and a spray of the same exquisite flowers in her hair for some rural party or picnic, and at first absolutely refused to enter the parlor.

"What an idea!" she exclaimed, blushing to the very tips of those tiny shell like ears.

"To be put on exhibition like one of your prize cattle? No indeed, let the young man go back where he came from. A pretty impression he must have of the ladies in this quarter of the globe."

"But my love, Zebedee Chester is one of my oldest friends, and the young man is really a fine looking fellow, and rich in the bargain. Go in and talk to him a little while, that's a good girl. I can't stand it a minute longer."

And old Jabez wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration was standing in big drops. Mary burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"The whole affair is so ridiculous!" she exclaimed.

But she adjusted the moss roses, nevertheless, and dripped demurely into the parlor.

Now if there was a determined point in Jack Lacy's character it was his aversion to woman in general, and if there was any one thing on which he prided himself it was his decided old bachelorism. Imagine his vexation and dismay, therefore, when after a formal introduction, old Mr. Thorne withdrew, leaving him tete-a-tete with the pretty creature in white muslin dress and roses. It was embarrassing enough, particularly as Mary blushed every time he looked at her, and evinced an exceeding great disposition to laugh.

And Mary, glancing slyly in the direction of her companion, came to the conclusion that he had beautiful Spanish eyes, and mustache decidedly superior in style to the linear adornments of the young gentlemen of Thornville.

Mr. Lacy looked up at the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequences would be were he to escape inconspicuously through the open French window. That would not be a very dignified proceeding however, so he resigned himself to destiny, making some original remark on the weather. It had the much desired effect of breaking the ice however, and he was agreeably surprised with the arch vivacity of Miss Thorne. Only once did she seem confused; it was when she had been describing a fine grove of cedars that belonged to her father's land, regretting at the same time he contemplated the sale of it.

"I believe I should like to become the purchaser," said Jack. "Your father has told you that I had some idea of settling here."

Mary grew scarlet and murmured some incoherent sentence or other, the conversation was effectually checked, and Jack, perplexed at the effect; for which he could see no visible cause, rose to take leave.

"Will you mention to your father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him about this matter to-morrow morning?" he asked.

All the moss-roses in Mr. Thorne's rose-garden could never have revealed the hot glow on Mary's cheeks as she fled out without a word of reply.

"Well," thought Jack, "the manners and customs of this locality are rather odd to say the least of it. I came to consult an old gentleman about purchasing land of him, and he bores me out of the room and sends in his daughter. What on earth am I to say to her, I'd like to know?"

"Very singular family, this," muttered Jack, slowly drawing on his gloves and walking down the garden path. "But she is an uncommonly pretty girl—and I shall certainly take an early walk through that grove of cedars to-morrow morning before breakfast. He dreamed of the blue-eyed Mary Thorne that night, and rose decidedly pleased that he

## should have a reasonable excuse for calling at her father's house so soon.

"I certainly can't be in love!" quoth he mentally. "But now Minnie would tease me if she thought I was in danger of seeing for not only a farm but a wife."

Old Jabez Thorne was busily engaged nipping the dead leaves of his pot laurustinus with a gigantic pair of garden scissors that morning when Lacy sprang over the hedge and saluted him with a bouyant—

"Good morning!" "Well sir," he went on gaily. "I have seen the property, and am perfectly delighted. A fine healthy investment—no disease about it, I'm convinced."

"He!" said Mr. Thorne dubiously.

"And I would like to take a second and more thorough inspection in your society, sir, if you please."

"Really, Mr. Lacy," said the old man sharply, my daughter has not yet come down stairs—"

"What the mischief has his daughter to do with the matter?" thought Lacy, but he said politely.

"Of course, I will wait until it may be convenient to you, sir. I observed a good deal of native roughness, but I cannot doubt that there is a very great susceptibility to improvement. A little judicious cultivation will accomplish wonders."

"Let me tell you young man," began Mr. Thorne in a towering rage. But Lacy saw that he had unconsciously committed some arch blunder, and hastened to say:

"In short, sir, I am determined to secure this rural gem at any price. What is the sum demanded?"

Mr. Thorne fairly sat down on the gravel walk, overpowered with the avalanche of his wrath which he found impossible to shape into words.

"Upon—say—word—sir," he began. "You talk as though this was a mere matter of business."

Jack was puzzled enough. "It is the way which I have always hitherto been accustomed to treat such affairs, sir."

"Heretofore—you have been accustomed. And pray, sir, how many such little affairs have you had on your hands?" shrieked old Thorne, growing purple in the face.

"O several, sir; I am not to inexperienced as you suppose," replied Jack, smiling.

"And you are not ashamed to confess it?"

"No; why should I be?"

"Get out of my garden, you young reprobate," screamed Jabez, leaping up with lightning rapidity. "To come here to offer to buy my daughter, as if she were a patch of potatoes? Go, I say."

"Your daughter, Mr. Thorne?"

"Yes my daughter, you Jack-a-dandy."

"But I am not bargaining for your daughter; I am bargaining for that land across the river."

"Don't tell me," ejaculated Mr. Thorne, tugging away at the fastenings of his pocket book; "your uncle's letter has informed me of your atrocious intention."

"Will you allow me to see the letter, sir?"

Thorne jerked it out of the compartment where it lay, and tossed it angrily towards Lacy. He opened it, and in spite of his annoyance and mortification, bursting in laughter at the sight of Minnie's dainty hand writing.

"It is nothing to laugh at," exclaimed Thorne.

"My dear Mr. Thorne, we are victims of a very ridiculous mistake," said Lacy. "My uncle never wrote this letter; it is the work of my mischievous cousin Minnie. The genuine document must have been left behind."

"And you did not come to look for a wife?"

"I came to purchase real estate."

"Whew-w-w!" old Jabez Thorne whistled loud and long, then offered his hand to his guest with a hearty laugh.

"Well, my boy, I'm heartily sorry I called you so many opprobrious names, but Mary and I supposed you were after her. I must go and tell the little mix what a blunder we've made."

"Stop a moment, sir," said Jack, laying a detaining hand on the old gentleman's arm as his quick eye detected the distant flutter of Miss Thorne's light dress among the trees; "will you allow me to make the necessary explanations myself? I am not at all certain that after I have selected a home I shall not enter into less business like negotiations for a charming young wife to preside over it."

"As you please, my lad," said the old gentleman chucklingly. "I give you my consent if only to stone for my villainous treatment of you a little while ago."

He resumed his gardening operations, occasionally pausing to laugh, all to himself, while cousin Jack sprang up the path to meet Mary.

They were absent a long time—in fact, as old Jabez thought, an unreasonably long time—before he discerned through the dense foliage of the acacia hedges their advancing form. Mr. Lacy looking exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, and Mary leaning on his arm, with her pretty cheeks flushed, and her lips wreathed in timid smiles.

"What does she say?" roared the water-familias.

"She says she will consider of it," answered Jack, demurely.

A week or two afterwards Minnie Chester received a neat little package containing the diamonds sleeve-buttons and the following bill:

"DEAR MINNIE.—I've lost my wager, but cheerfully deliver over the forfeited stakes, for I have won something of infinite more value—a wife.

Cousin Jack."

From this we may conclude that the result of Miss Mary's considerations were favorable.

"Give us this Day our Daily Bread."

In a miserable hovel at the bottom of a hill, two children hovered over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without—a fearful tempest against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old Miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money home, drew his ragged cloak about him as he crouched down at the threshold of the miserable door. He dare not enter for fear they would ask pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."

"So am I; I've been hunting for a potato paring, but can't find any."

"What an awful storm!"

"Yes, the old tree has blown down. I guess God took care that it didn't fall on the house. See, it would certainly have killed us."

"If he could do that, couldn't he send us bread?"

"I guess so; let us pray 'Our Father' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some miraculous manifestation, a humane feeling stole over his heart; God sent some angel to soften it. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him a great many days, but the silence spoke louder to him than the voices of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and then listened to the wild and eager cry of delight that came from the half-finished little ones.

"It dropped right down from Heaven, didn't it?" questioned the younger.

"Yes, I mean to love God always for giving us bread because we asked him."

"We'll ask him every day, won't we? Why I never thought God was so good, did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so, but I never knew it before."

"Let us ask him to give father work to do all the time, so we need never be hungry again. He'll do it—I'm sure."

The storm passed, the miser went home.

A little fellow had sprung up in his heart, it was no longer barren.

In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given the cottage which was his, to the poor laboring man.

And the little children ever felt a sweet and solemn emotion, when in their maternal they came to those trustful words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

EFFECTS OF LAZINESS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sawing makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a lazy, shiftless vagabond, when he was old enough to be a man, though he was not a man in character, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances. The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up to do nothing useful. All those who are good men now, and useful to the community, were industrious when they were boys. If you do not like to work now, a love for industry can soon be acquired by habit. So my little reader, I want you to look around at once for something to do, in doing which you can benefit somebody. Sluggish idleness was the evil one.

If you call a man ungrateful, you cannot impute to him anything more detestable. One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid. The animal with long ears seldom leaves his trough without kicking it.

SPRUCE UP.—If you get a moment to spare, spruce up—put the gait on his hinges, put a little paint on the picket fence you built last year, make it easy and inviting; don't say you can't find time for these things. The fact is you have no time to grow slovenly. Your wife and children will be happier, your property will sell for more money in the market, and be worth more to you at home, if you devote an odd hour now and then in sprucing up.

THREE ENDS TO A ROPE.—A lad applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope, and said, "If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends to the rope." "I can do it," he readily replied; "here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third," and he threw it overboard.

RIMMEL, a prominent London perfumer, has published a treatise on odors and perfumes, and one original feature of the book is, that a delightful fragrance is perceptible in the binding.

What is the difference between twelve dozen and a tea dealer? One is a grove but he other is a grocer.

WURCH is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the rest are weak days.

More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind.

## cheerfully deliver over the forfeited stakes,

for I have won something of infinite more value—a wife.

Cousin Jack."

From this we may conclude that the result of Miss Mary's considerations were favorable.

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