

BRADFORD OPINION.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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Softly, Brother, Softly.

Softly, brother, in the words
Which thy angry tongue would say,
Keep the softer words to-morrow,
Speak the softer words to-day.
Let the nightly shadows come
Twixt the angry thought and ward,
And before the curse is spoken
Let the evening prayer be said.

Softly, brother: of the blows
Ready in thy upraised arm,
Strike to-day the very gentlest;
Let to-morrow do the harm.
In the fire of thine eye
Let a gleam of pity shine,
That the pity which thou seekest
In thy closet may be thine.

Softly, brother: in thy steps
On the broad and flowery way,
Take the long and swift to-morrow,
Take the short and slow to-day.
Let no future gain entice thee,
Let no past success enthrall,
But let steady effort lead thee
To the Lord, thine all in all.

Softly, brother: ere the glass
Kills the power of saying nay;
Drink the liquid fire to-morrow,
Quench thy thirst with dew to-day.
Not the future effort lead thee,
And one day is not so long,
Thou mayst hate the bowl to-morrow
For the evening prayer is strong.

Softly, then, my brother, softly,
Seek the evil to delay,
By deferring till to-morrow
What thy hot heart craves to-day.
And thou shalt find the prayer of evening,
And the solemn hour of night,
Will have power of God to vanquish,
And put evil thoughts to flight.

William Cheney's Warning.
AT THE BREAKING OF THE DAM.
Ride! Cheney, ride! For close beside,
On a grizzly galloping steed,
Is a grizzly shade, in a shroud arrayed;—
Death rides behind thee! Speed!

Ride well, ride fast, for the die is cast,
And his fatal aim is bent on thy head;
And he cometh now with exulting brow,
And a laugh in his icy breath.

And after him two spectres grim:
My friends! the Pale One saith—
They are come with me; good friends are we,
Destruction! Harve! Death!

Ride fast and well, the news to tell!
Fly! neighbors, for your lives!
Ye would save from a watery grave
Your little ones and their wives!

Fly! Neighbors, fly! for the flood is nigh,
It has shattered its dike beyond;
It is coming fast as the whirlwind's blast—
Hark! hark! to its dreadful sound!

No Cheney rode, but the torrent roared
With giant steps behind;
And his fatal aim was bent on before
On the wings of the morning wind.

He rode full well, but the echoes tell
Of a wail of deep despair;
For the spectral Three, with murderous gleam
Were holding carnival there.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Walking along Broad street the
other day I unexpectedly met Ab-
bott Drake, a friend from whom I
had been separated for many years.
I need not say the meeting gave me
great pleasure, for we had been
mostly educated together, having
passed our boyhood at the same
school, our youth at the same col-
lege; but our fortunes were differ-
ent. He, born to large wealth, left
college to mingle with the world at
home and abroad, while I turned to
the profession I had long since made
choice of, and began to work my
weary way towards independence.

We found each other a great deal
changed. Drake lost much of his
buoyancy of manner, much of the
merry, happy, careless flow of spirits
for which he once had been so cele-
brated among his companions. I
was less grave than I had been reck-
oned during our former acquaint-
ance, yet I am a man of business,
and married. We had a great deal
to say of the different changes that
had occurred to us, and I found that,
although altered in manner,
habits, and character, we met the
same to each other as we had part-
ed.

It was verging towards evening,
(I dine late,) and I asked Drake if
he would go home and dine quietly
with my wife and self. I told him
I occupied a small house, and lived
in an unpretending way, for I had
not yet grown rich. He shook me
by the hand, and instantly accept-
ed my invitation, and we forthwith
set out for my residence. During
our walk I endeavored to describe
my wife to my friend, and detailed
to a great degree on her amiable
qualities and excellent knowledge
of housekeeping, when all at once
it occurred to me that we were with-
out a servant. We kept but one.
I think if we had been unfortunate
enough to have had two we should
have gone mad. Our maid of all
work left as the previous day be-
cause we could only grant her four
afternoons out of the week for re-
creation. When the reflection that
my wife was without aid crossed
my mind I regretted that I had not
set a later day for my friend to dine
with me. But I knew that my wife
had intended going out that morn-
ing to seek a servant, and a faint
hope that she might have been suc-
cessful in her mission cheered my
heart. My wife had indeed been
fortunate enough to secure the ser-
vices of Mary Maloney, a raw-boned

type of the Milesian race, who had
been landed just thirty days from
the Green Isle. Mary had plenty
of good qualities, but amiability of
temper did not seem to be one of the
number. She arrived at my house
about ten o'clock that morning, and
had been kept busy answering the
door bell, as it happened to be a
field-day among the book canvass-
ers.

"Shure, and does this happen every
day?" inquired Mary of my wife,
as she answered the summons of
one of these persistent bookmen for
the twentieth time.

"I should be so sorry if it did,"
answered my wife. "I never knew
the circumstance to occur before."

"An' I should be sorry, too," re-
joined Miss Maloney, her face flush-
ing to a red glow, "for I couldn't
agree to stand this kind o' work;
the devil must be in those chaps,
I'm thinking. It's no decent way
to be treating the dure stips. Look
at the mud, mam. I've wiped them
stips seven times already, an' that's
the blessed truth."

"I really wish those pests would
keep away," replied my wife, as she
bit her lip.

After a half hour's walk I came
in sight of my home, where I knew
my wife was waiting me with a hap-
py greeting. My heart beat high
as I ran up the steps to open the
door. Putting my hand in my pocket,
I discovered that I had forgot-
ten to take my night-key out with
me. I tried the door and found it
was furnished with blinds) was
locked. I was, therefore, compelled
to go back and ring the bell. I
should have remarked before that
I had stopped at the bookseller's
and got three or four magazines
that I regularly subscribed for.

"We'll soon get in," I said to
Drake, with a laugh.

I waited for a reasonable time,
and, as the bell was not answered,
I gave it another pull more vigor-
ously than the first.

"I'm afraid," I said, "that my
wife is without a servant. You
must therefore excuse the style of
dinner you will get."

"Don't mention it," returned my
friend; "but if that is the case, had
I not better come and dine with
you another time. I may put you
to trouble."

"By no means—by no means," I
replied; "if you are satisfied, I am
sure I shall be."

"All right," he replied, with a
laugh.

My second ring at the bell being
unheeded, I rang it again; this
time I made the house echo with its
notes.

Pretty soon I heard a heavy step
hurrying along the entry, and as my
wife's feet were exceedingly small,
and her step light, I wondered who
the comer could be.

The next moment the blinds were
turned, and a vicious pair of gray
eyes peered out, and the voice of
Mary Maloney broke forth as she
called up stairs to my wife,

"May the devil devour me, but
here's a couple more of them pests
as ye call them. Get out of this,"
she yelled, "away wid ye; it's not
the likes o' you the missus wants,
wid yure dirty trotters all over the
stips that I've cleaned seven times
this blessed day."

Abbott Drake laughed until the
tears ran from his eyes and although
I did not partake of the full force
of his merriment, I could not re-
frain from a smile.

"What in the devil are you grin-
in' at?" shouted Miss Maloney, the
ominous purple rising to her cheeks.
"Will ye begone?"

Drake was leaning against the
wall screaming with laughter. "Oh,
this is too good," he exclaimed. "I
was compelled to join in his mirth."

"Divil a bit will they stir," shout-
ed Mary Maloney, looking up stairs.
My wife was dressing and she could
not come down immediately. "Ye
won't go, ye won't, hey?" cried Miss
Maloney, gazing fiercely through
the blinds.

I thought the amusement had pro-
ceeded far enough. So I put on a
serious face and began:

"My good woman, I am the—"

Miss Maloney did not wait to
hear the conclusion of my remark,
but the door flew open with a bang,
and she planted herself before me,

her face livid with anger, and her
red hard fists placed in an attitude
that betokened coming hostilities.

"Say that again, ye blackguard,
if ye dare. I'm yure woman, am
I? Sorry the day that should come
to pass. Yure woman?"

She stood in the vestibule door,
her person taking up so much room
that it would have been a danger-
ous feat to have attempted to dodge
past her. She was exceedingly an-
gry, and the "fight" was strongly
manifested in her words and atti-
tude.

My wife, hearing the noise, hur-
ried on her dress, and now came
down the stairs to learn the cause
of the unusual sensation. She first
caught sight of Mary Maloney, who
seeing that reinforcement had ar-
rived, was now "spoiling for a fight."

"Come on, mam," she cried; "we'll
clear these pests of blackguards out
in a jiffy, or the name is not Mary
Maloney."

My wife did not at first observe
Abbott Drake, who had stepped be-
hind me, therefore she burst into a
fit of boisterous laughter at the
sight of my discomfiture; but the
instant she saw Drake she control-
led her merriment, and laid her hand
on Miss Maloney's shoulder.

"That is my husband," she said
impressively.

"Yure husband?" echoed Mary,
her eyes opening with astonishment.
"Thin why in the devil didn't he
say so," replied the maid.

"Mary," continued my wife, "I
cannot permit such language to be
used in my house by my servants.
You must learn to be more respect-
ful and less profane."

Miss Maloney stared at my wife
in a sort of dumb amazement.

"Oh, let her swear to her heart's
content," I said, "if she only an-
swers in other respects; and, now
that the siege is raised, let me
present you to my wife, Abbott.
This, my dear, is Abbott Drake,
you have often heard me speak
of him often enough to know who
he is."

"I am very happy to meet you,
Mr. Drake," said my wife, "and re-
gret the stupidity of my servant in
causing you so much delay in get-
ting into the house," and my wife
began laughing.

"Indeed, my dear madam," said
Abbott, "I assure you, if you only
knew the real pleasure this circum-
stance has afforded me, you would
not make any apology. I have a
keen sense of the ludicrous, and this
scene has aroused in me the love
of fun that sometimes I fear has
departed from me forever. Oh!
I would love to witness such an act
as this every few days. I think it
might bring back the heyday of my
boyhood again."

My wife ascended the stairs to
conclude her toilet, and I took Drake
into my office. The lower part of
my house was occupied by my
office, a small library where we
dined, and parlor. Of course my
wife had to superintend the dinner.
But women are very adroit at these
matters when they are to be per-
formed under adverse circumstances.
My wife is not one of those who,
to make a parade upon occasion, lessen
the comforts of every day life. She
has never, since we have been mar-
ried, set before me a dinner I might
not have brought a friend to partake
of; nor has she ever appeared be-
fore me in a dress she could not
have worn on occasions of ceremony.
Yet our expenses do not, by any
means, come up to our limited in-
come. It is true, our wants are few,
but we do not live in the world,
but we live in society—society that
we like, and that likes us, and as-
similates with us. All this, and
more in the warmth of my heart, I
told Abbott Drake, over a bottle of
my best wine.

After awhile Drake began to rally
us upon our way of life, and tried to
persuade my wife that in former
days I had played the inconstant
among our circle of beauties, being
fond to admire and fickle to change.
I saw that in his then mood it were
vain for me to dispute his asser-
tions; so, to divert the time, I
pleaded guilty to one serious attach-
ment, and offered to tell my story.

"Some years ago," I said, "when
I was a briefless barrister, I went to
attend court at the county town of
N.—. I had a fatiguing day's jour-

ney, and was dusty and way-worn
when I arrived at the only public
house in the place that was digni-
fied with the name of hotel. It was
market day, and the streets were
filled with people and wagons."

At this part of my story my wife
looked aside her glass of jelly and
poked up anxiously in my face. I
smiled and proceeded.

"Having ordered refreshments,
I sat down to look over a newspaper
which lay upon the table in the
room into which I had been usher-
ed, when chancing to raise my head
my eyes fell upon a mirror which
hung on the opposite wall between
two pictures, one representing a
bold dragoon leaping his horse over
a river, and the other the "Sailor's
Adieu," where a mariner, clad in a
paraulin hat, blue trowsers, and
leather belt, was kissing a woman
upon the cheek, while each of his
legs was in the possession of two
small specimens of humanity, who
seemed determined that he should
not go away. There was a boat in
waiting, and the crew (who all had
red cheeks) seemed complacent
enough to have waited until the
young ones thought proper to re-
lease pappy before they pulled him
off to the vessel, whose sails ap-
peared in the horizon. As I looked
into the mirror I was struck with
horror at my appearance. I sprang
towards the bell rope and gave it a
pull. When the waiter appeared I
inquired if there were a first-class
hair-dresser in the town on whose
skill I might rely. He replied that
one of the finest artists in that line
in all Ameriky had his saloon with-
in a few doors of where I was then
standing. I always had an aver-
sion of putting my head in the
hands of a bungler. With hasty
steps, then I sought the shop of
Mr. Strop, and was surprised to
find the waiter had spoken the exact
truth. Mr. Strop was an honor to
his calling. He went at my head
as only an artist could. When he
concluded he smilingly handed me
a small glass to survey myself. My
satisfaction seemed to please him.
He was a worthy man, and I shall
always hold him in grateful recollec-
tion. I returned to the hotel parlor,
and began to look at myself in the
mirror that hung between the out-
ward-bound sailor and the fiery
dragoon. I was perfectly enchanted
with my mien. I was cut and curled
in the most *distingue* style."

My wife here laughed outright,
and Abbott Drake smiled.

"The hotel stood back from the
street in a large courtyard, the pro-
jecting wall of which, on each side,
preventing any view beyond.
Across this court people were con-
stantly passing. I sat down at the
open window to watch them. One
group in particular engaged my at-
tention; it consisted of an elderly
lady and a young one. The latter
dressed in white, with a chip bonnet
trimmed with blue. They were in
conversation with a gentleman who
was dressed in a velvet coat and a
white vest. He had a Scotch cap
on his head and light buff pantaloons
on his well-shaped limbs. He
was laughing and talking with the
young lady, and she seemed to be
exceedingly amused at something
he was saying. She happened to
look my way, and I saw she had a
pair of the most heavenly blue eyes
I ever beheld. I fancy she must
have guessed my thoughts, for she
looked away quickly. But that head
of mine was a thing not easy to
disregard. After a little while she
cast another timid glance at the
window. Again our eyes met; she
blushed. Oh! good Mr. Strop!
Presently they walked away with
the man in the velvet coat. I poked
my well-curled head out of the
window to get a last look at her
beautiful form. She never looked
back. Then I fell back in my chair,
and wished in my despair that I was
the man in the velvet coat. My
dinner came in. I could have mur-
dered that waiter for bringing it. I
had no appetite. I ate little, swal-
lowed a tumbler of wine, and lit a
cigar. I thought it might console
me."

"About three o'clock I walked
out, my head being full of the chip
bonnet and blue eyes. Should I
ever see them again? There is no
escaping destiny. There, in front
of the saloon of the worthy Mr.
Strop, stood the velvet coated gen-

tleman talking to the old lady and
her beautiful companion. I took a
dislike to that man on the instant.
The young lady had a scarlet rose
in her hand, which she was mecha-
nically pulling to pieces. She shoo-
ed the leaves upon the pavement,
and I cautiously went behind her
and commenced to pick up the pet-
als. Turning about suddenly she
detected me in the act. Our eyes
met again, and she blushed as redly
as the flower she was destroying.
I quickly got out of the way and
went and stood by the curbstone.
Velvet coat didn't see me. Spon
velvet coat lifted his Scotch cap,
and, making a profound bow, de-
parted. I was glad when he went
away. Blue eyes again sought mine
—more blushes. Just then a cari-
age drove up; the driver got down
and opened the door, and both la-
dies entered it. Oh! I felt very
lonely and miserable. At first I
thought of getting in also. The old
lady said something to the driver,
he jumped on his box, and as the
carriage started the blue-eyed beau-
ty extended her small hand out of
the carriage window, holding the
damaged rose towards me, dropped
it at my feet. It was the work of
an instant. I caught her hand,
pressed it to my lips, gave it a
fervent kiss, and then picked up the
flower and gazed wildly after the
retreating vehicle."

"Don't—don't believe him," cried
my wife, interrupting me, and speak-
ing to Abbott Drake, "There is not a
word of truth; I assure you, it is
pure romance. I never looked—I
never meant to drop—"

I interrupted her in my turn, and
seizing her hand she had extended
in the energy of the moment, I
kissed it, saying, "That is the way
it was done, Abbott."

A BRAVE YANKEE SCHOOL MARM.
On Monday of last week there was
an occurrence on the Harlem Ex-
tension Railroad that is worth re-
counting. About nine in the morn-
ing of that day a serious collision
—a collision between a girl and
train of cars—was avoided in a very
singular way. The girl is a school
teacher and she was on her way to
school. The train was from Chat-
ham, on its way to Rutland. Both
met on the trestle-work near Brain-
ard's station. The girl stood still,
while the alarmed engineer whistled
down brakes and managed to stop
the train only when his engine was
within ten feet of the obstruction.
The trestle-work is thirty-six feet
high, and bears only one track.
"What do you mean—do you want
to be killed?" inquired the engineer.
"No," said the girl; "I'm going to
school." "Well, go back until the
train crosses the trestle," said the
engineer. "I can't," she replied; "I'm
late now." "Step aside, then." And
she stepped aside, outside the
track and on the edge of the ties.
But the space was too narrow; the
engine's wheels could not clear her
skirts. Her next plan was to sit
down, with her legs dangling be-
tween the ties; but thus the hoops
spread all the wider. Provoking
failure and posture for the school-
marm. "Hold on," said she, "I'll
fix it!" and then gathering up her
limbs and skirts, she stretched her-
self at full length upon the outer
edge of the ties, seized underneath
with one hand the string piece to
which the rail is spiked and coolly
bade the train pass on! In a minute
the train moved over the pros-
trate form without jar or jolt; and
the next instant the girl was on her
feet, hastening towards her expect-
ant pupils, before whom she was
determined to be "on time," though
she disarranged a dozen railroad
time-tables.—Troy Times.

A Nevada man, who was walking
with his brother to attend his wed-
ding, was astonished by a proposi-
tion to take the bride elect off his
hands and marry her in his stead.
He was equal to the emergency and
did so, to the satisfaction of all con-
cerned.

—A prisoner, brought up before a
police magistrate one morning re-
cently, pathetically said: "The city
is a bad place; the whiskey is
stronger than that in the country.
I wish I hadn't left the country to
come here. The country is the best
place for a man."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Mother's Honest Little Boy.

BY JULIA A. MATTHEWS.
"Oh, see what I have done!" ex-
claimed Mrs. Chalmers, as with a
sudden movement of her hand she
knocked down from the toilet table
before which she stood, a box of
sugar-plums, which, dressing in
haste, she had not noticed. "Here,
Neddie, come help mother, I am in
a great hurry, for Aunt Helen is
waiting for me. If you will pick up
all these candies and put them safe-
ly away in the box you will be a
great help to me."

Little Ned was sitting on the
floor playing with his blocks, but
he jumped up at once at his moth-
er's call and his busy fingers began
to pick up the scattered sugar-plums
very nimbly.

"Put it on the table when it is
ready," said Mrs. Chalmers, "and
then you and Lilly can go out with
Milly. When we all come home we
will have a nice treat out of that
box."

"Aren't you afraid to leave Ned
alone with all that candy?" asked
Aunt Helen, as the two ladies left
the room. "He will surely make
himself sick with it."

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Chalmers.
"Neddie won't eat it unless I give it
to him. He is a very honest little
boy."

How good those candies did look
as the rosy fingers lifted them one
by one and laid them in the pretty
box. A sunbeam peeping in at the
window struck across them as they
lay on the floor, and the crystalized
sugar sparkled like diamonds in
the light.

"Wouldn't dey taste good," whis-
pered Ned. "But I musn't bite
one; oh, no! mudder said I was a
welly honest little boy."

But he turned them over and over
most longingly, and the more he
looked at them the harder did it be-
come to resist the temptation to
taste one.

"One little one, dess one little
one," murmured Ned, taking one of
the prettiest into his chubby hand
and looking at it on every side. "No,
dess two. One for Lillie, and one
for me," and another sparkling can-
dy lay beside that already in his
hand.

"Dess two, and dere's such a big
lot here," he whispered.

But then something else seemed
to whisper.

"He is a very honest little boy,"
and with a great sigh Neddie drop-
ped the two candies into the box,
and shut the cover tightly down up-
on them. As he sprang up to lay
the box upon the table something
lying beneath a chair close by
caught his eye. Two more of those
beautiful crystal drops! As he bent
over them and saw the delicious
creamy substance which filled the
centre peeping out from a tiny break
in the top of one of them the tempta-
tion was too great for his resist-
ance.

"Dey dess leff deirselves out for
me and Lillie," he said, grasping
them and thrusting them as deep
into his small pocket as they could
possibly be pushed down. "I must
go find Lillie, and give her one. I'll
tell her—"

His hand was on the door, but the
guilty little heart stood still. What
should he tell Lillie? The naughty
fingers might steal the pretty can-
dies, but the little tongue had never
yet been stained by a falsehood,
and it shrank back from the cherry
lips in dismay at the bare thought
of such a thing. As the boy stood
there all trembling and bewildered,
the door opened from without, and
Milly, his nurse, an old colored wo-
man, who loved him almost as dear-
ly as if he had been her own child,
entered the room.

"Neddie! Why, bress ye, honey,
what ails ye?" she exclaimed, as she
caught sight of his pale face and
statted, troubled eyes.

"O Milly! I'm 'most a tief; a
wicked, prison tief; and mudder
said I was her honest little boy,"
sobbed Ned throwing himself into
her arms.

"Who said you was a thief, honey?
What ails ye?" she exclaimed, as she
caught sight of his pale face and
statted, troubled eyes.

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"Who said you was a thief, honey?
What ails ye?" she exclaimed, as she
caught sight of his pale face and
statted, troubled eyes.

"'Twas me said so," faltered Ned,