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FIVE CENTS.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted to American Interests, Literature, Science, and General Intelligence.

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STEUBENVILLE, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, December 29, 1858.

VOL. 4—NO. 52.

CITY ORDINANCES.

[PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.]

AN ORDINANCE to secure the City of Steubenville against fire.

Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Steubenville, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to boil oil or varnish in this city, within twenty feet of any building, and in all cases the boiler must be placed in a furnace, and previous to its being used, the owner or occupant must receive from the firewardens of the ward in which the furnace is placed, a certificate of safety from danger of communicating fire; and any person offending against the provisions of this section shall be liable for all damages and be fined in any sum not exceeding fifty dollars, with costs, on conviction thereof before the mayor.

Sec. 2. That no person or persons, being the occupant or having the care or control of any store, dwelling house, warehouse, cellar, or other building, or any part thereof, or any other person shall keep, place, or permit to be kept or placed in any such store, dwelling house, warehouse, cellar, or other building, any article or article from which fire may originate, unless the same be placed in iron, earthen, stone, or other incombustible vessel, nor shall any person suffer any shavings or other combustible materials to be placed or to accumulate in or about his shop, store, or on his premises, but he or she shall cause the same to be removed to some place of safety as soon as they are thrown out of the same, whenever directed by the city marshal, and any person offending against the provisions of this section, shall be fined, on conviction before the mayor, in any sum not exceeding twenty dollars, with costs of prosecution.

Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to place or keep any hay, straw or fodder, in a stack, stack, or pile, within one hundred feet of any building within said city, except it be in a stable, barn or warehouse—nor in any dwelling house whatsoever, where fire is used for any purpose; and any person offending against any of the provisions of this section, shall, on conviction thereof, be fined, on conviction before the mayor, in any sum not exceeding fifty dollars, with costs of suit.

Sec. 4. If any person after sunset, shall set fire to or burn any chips, shavings, or other combustible materials, on any street or alley, or on any lot near to a building, or shall permit any such fire to continue to burn after sunset, he or she shall be liable to a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, and not less than one dollar, on conviction thereof before the mayor.

Sec. 5. If any person shall take, or cause to be taken, into any barn, stable or hay loft, any torch, lighted candle or lamp, not enclosed in a good and sufficient lantern, he or she, on conviction thereof, shall be liable to a fine, for every such offence, of not less than five and not exceeding fifty dollars.

Sec. 6. That it shall be the duty of the fire wardens and the marshal, when proper information is given to any one or more of them, of any offence against any preceding part of this ordinance, to lodge complaint before the mayor for prosecution.

Sec. 7. The City Council shall annually, on the second Monday in March, or as soon thereafter as may be convenient, appoint one fire warden within each of the wards of the city; and the fire wardens appointed for the first and second wards acting together, and those of the third and fourth wards acting in like manner, shall semi-annually, in the months of June and November, and at such other times as they may think necessary, visit every dwelling house, store-house, shop and factory in the city, and ascertain from actual inspection and examination, whether they are provided with the requisite number of fire buckets, of the proper quality and dimensions. And said fire wardens shall also examine and inquire into the condition of the chimneys, ovens, fire places, furnaces, stoves and stove pipes. And if in their opinion, new buckets are needed, or if old ones require repairing, or if security from fire requires any alteration or repairs in any chimney, oven, fire place, furnace, stove, or stove pipe, the fire-warden of the ward within which the same is required, shall immediately leave a written notice, at the dwelling house of the owner of the building or tenement, or his agent, if either reside in the city, setting forth, the number of new buckets required, and the time within which they are to be furnished, and the repairs necessary to old ones, and also the nature and description of the repairs and alterations in the chimney, oven, fire place, furnace, stove, or stove pipe and the time within which such repairs and alterations are to be completed. And if the owner or agent does not reside in the city, such notice shall be served on the tenant or occupant of the premises who shall immediately transmit the same by mail or otherwise to the owner or agent.

Sec. 8. If any person notified as required by the foregoing section shall fail to provide or repair fire buckets, or fail to make the necessary repairs or alterations according to such notice, and within the time therein prescribed, it shall be the duty of the proper fire warden, immediately after the expiration of the time stated, to cause the necessary buckets to be provided or repaired, and also to cause such repairs and alterations in the premises to be made, as may be set forth in the notice, at the expense of the city; and he shall forthwith thereafter file with the mayor a statement of the expenses incurred as aforesaid; and the mayor shall thereupon institute suit by summons, in the name of the city, against such delinquent, which summons, if such delinquent be a resident of the city, shall

be served at least three days before the return day thereof, by a copy left at his usual place of abode; but if such delinquent is not a resident of the city, a copy of the summons left with the tenant or occupant of the premises ten days before the return day thereof, shall be held to be a good service; and in either case, on the return day of the writ, unless good cause be shown to the contrary, the mayor shall render judgement against such delinquent for the amount of the expense incurred, with a penalty of twenty-five per cent, and also the costs of suit, and issue execution therefor.

Sec. 9. Any tenant or occupant, not being the owner of the premises, may provide or repair buckets, or make the repairs or alterations in the premises required by the notice of the fire-warden, at the expense of the landlord, and shall be entitled to a credit therefor as so much rent paid.

Sec. 10. If in any case, from any cause, the expense incurred by the city according to the third section of this ordinance, shall not be re-imbursed, the items and amount thereof, shall be returned by the proper fire-warden to the city council, and the same shall constitute a lien or charge upon any taxable property of the delinquent within the city, and the council shall direct the city clerk to enter the same on the tax duplicate of the current year, and the marshal shall collect the same as other taxes or collected.

Sec. 11. If, in the opinion of the proper fire-warden, there is such immediate danger from the further use of any chimney, oven, fire place, furnace, stove pipe, or other fixture, or other fixture as to render it necessary, he shall notify the owner or occupant of the premises forthwith to discontinue the further use of such chimney, oven, fire place, furnace, stove, stove pipe, or other fixture, until the required alterations and repairs shall be completed. And if the owner or occupant, or other person, shall afterwards, and before such alterations and repairs are completed, knowingly suffer or permit the fixture required to be altered or repaired, to be used in any manner calculated to endanger property, he shall be subject to a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, and not less than five dollars, together with the costs of prosecution; and it shall be the duty of the proper fire-warden, if in his opinion it shall be necessary, to take the proper measures to enforce the immediate disuse of such fixture, and for this purpose he shall have power to call upon any residents of the city for assistance.

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.]

Miscellaneous Reading.

Shadows, then Sunshines.

"Work, work, work!" I repeated the word to myself with bitterness, as I leaned out from the window to catch the sweet breezes of the morning as they swept up from the green meadow-lands cool and delicious. Lines of misty, golden light were slanting down from the hill-tops, making amber paths across the green, dewy fields, and amber ladders from one tree-top to another, through all the wide expanse of woods that my eye could reach. Under the window, roses and lilacs blossomed—the roses tossing their red and white, and the lilacs their cloudy purple clusters, backwards and forwards, meeting as if to exchange kisses, and mingle in one sweet breath their united fragrance.

But what were the sunlight, the trees the dewy fields and flowers to me? I might not go out so freely among them; my feet could not freely press the green grass of the fields; I might not wander where the breezes made anthems through the trees; my hands might not touch the simplest flower which bent forward to meet their weary outstretching. I must work, for labor was the only gift for me whether I made it a pleasure or a curse, it was the only alternative. And so with tears in my eyes, which the sunlight mockingly bridged across with golden beams, I seated myself in my daily task. There was a great well of bitterness within my heart, which with the most rigorous will I could hardly keep from overflowing—a passionate upheaving of my deep womanly nature, which in vain I tried to press backward into the quiet channel it had always known. In vain for it surged up to catch the light and the shadows, the light, though I said the while, there was no light, and the shadows, which, even in my bitterest moments, I shut my heart against. It was a strange time to me; can you comprehend it reader? A time when I desired everything for a fear that was the sweet foundation of a hope.

"Work, work, work!" I said again, pressing my fingers close upon my eyes, and letting fall the garment upon which I had been sewing. "I wish I might die!" My tears fell thick and fast. I wished I might weep my life away. "Nelly, Nelly dear, you will weep so long that there will be no rainbow after the shower; there will be a dull, heavy grayness upon everything. Look up, I have something to say to you. Before the words fell upon my ear I recognized a presence near me, a soul that mine leaped up in great waves of joy to meet. Words were not wanted to assure me of the presence of Charles Howard. In a moment the smiles gathered upon my

face, and involuntarily I clasped my hands from my eyes to meet the penetrating gaze of the man I loved.

Now, now, Nelly we have the rain-bows!" he said drawing a chair and seating himself by my side, and at the same time tossing carelessly the light, airy robe which I was making, upon the table. "Tell me what troubles you."

For some reason the bitterness within me flowed up to my lips when I opened them to speak.

"I am weeping for joy," I said, turning my head away from him. "Is it to be wondered at?"

"Not if your heart in its outreaching can divine the future," was the answer.

"Are you a prophet, said I 'that you speak with such authority?"

"I judge your future by my own heart," Nelly, said he. "I will not believe that it tells me wrongly."

I reached out my hand for my work, without replying as he said this. A determination arose within me not to listen idly, like a pleased child, to his words, even though they sent the warm blood dashing over my face, and quickened to wildness the pulsations of my heart. I was a poor dependent sewing girl, and Charles Howard was rich, proud, and of high family. What I knew of the world, all the education I could lay claim to, had been gathered piece meal; and yet I was not ignorant or unlearned. He was an elegant, polished man, at ease in any station, a man who had seen the world without entering into its busy, bustling rank, and from seeing, had turned away weary and disinterested.

From the moment I saw him, when he first came to spend the summer with the proud Langdons, with whom I was living I knew him wholly and well, as if for years I had been permitted to read his heart as freely as a written scroll. People said he was the betrothed husband of his haughty cousin, Letitia Langdon, and judging by what I saw daily, I had no right to dispute it. Indeed, I thought it very probable; yet with me there was ever this sweet assurance, I could understand him, appreciate him as she could not; could bring by my words a smile to his lips that she might try in vain to summon them. He might give her the husks of his soul, the outward make-believe devotion, but I could see into his inner life, and knew that not for a moment was he proud, arrogant false degenerate type. He was by her side in all the glitter and show of fashionable society, but he came to me for sympathy when he was weary and disheartened, when the eyes of the world were turned for a moment from the worship of his idol.

But the day before that, upon which he found me weeping, Letitia spoke harsh and insultingly to me. Taunted me with my low name and calling, and with an angry light in her dark eyes, told me if I dared raise my plian voice to speak to those so far above me, she would have me turned into the street like the beggar I was. I have often wondered since, how I bore so meekly, and without retorting, her insolent words; I cannot say unless it was for the sweet love that had placed me, for the time, far beyond the reach of her taunts.

"Judge your future by my own heart," repeated Charles, attempting as he spoke to draw my work from me again. "Oh Nelly bid me hope that I have not judged wrongly."

What right had I to tremble with delight at his welcome words? what right had the warm felt tale blushes to write out for his perusal my secret upon brow, lip and cheek? I was poor, and what right had I to a woman's life of love and joy? Charles Howard was a proud man, what could he want of my love? The thought was torturing to me, and with a quick spasmodic effort I said to him, "Do not, do not taunt me, Mr. Howard. I do not deserve this from you."

"Taunt you, dearest," he said, drawing me passionately towards him. "Taunt you, who have grown to be nearer and dearer to me than any one else? When I came to you this morning to ask you to be my wife—my wife, Nelly!" he repeated.

"You cannot mean what you are saying," I sobbed. "You are rich, learned and proud; I am poor unknown and unloved." I was a sewing girl.

"Well, what of that?" he asked, holding me at arm's length from him, as though I had been the merest child, and looking half sternly, half reproachfully in my face. "I am weary of pride, pomp, and show. I ask for the love of your true, womanly heart—a heart that has been kept pure and free from the corroding dusts of the world. Give, O give me a home there, Nelly! If there is a condescension on either side, it is on yours. You are truer and purer than I am. Do not interrupt me. If you were not, your life could not flow on so calmly, so gently. I am a better man when near you, darling."

Oh, how like a bewildering, beautiful dream his words made everything to me. How rapidly and intoxicatingly the assu-

rance of his love went through the waiting chambers of my soul. I forgot everything, hardships, privations, insults, sorrow, and despair, as for one little moment he drew my weary head to his breast, telling me that henceforth and forever it should be my shelter, resting place, and shield.

"Ha, ha, ha," broke through my golden joy the quick, musical laugh of Letitia Langdon. "Really this is interesting. How lucky for me that I took a freak to rise early this morning. This beautiful, pathetic tableau, free of expense. Ha, ha, ha. Shall I summon spectators, Mr. Howard?"

"Just as you please, Miss Langdon," was the cool, careless reply, as he drew me back to my seat. "Perhaps your enjoyment will be increased, however, if you have the selfish pleasure of knowing that it is unshared by any one else."

"Really, Charles, this is a little beneath you," she replied, in a conciliating tone. "Don't, I beg of you, trifle with this poor, unsophisticated creature any longer. Of course it is perfectly excusable, for gentlemen have a right to seek amusement as they choose; but this girl, this servant of mine, really she makes me blush that I am a woman."

"Come here, Letitia, and let me look at you while you are blushing," was the reply given with a light laugh.

"Well, yes, anything," said she. "Only let this girl be sent to her room. This is no place for her."

A quick, fiery anger shone in Charles Howard's eyes at these words, such as I had never seen there before; yet his voice was calm as he said aloud to her, "Very well," and then whispered to me, "I'll take care of you, darling. Do not fear."

Half an hour later, as I was pacing to and fro across my chamber, Letitia Langdon came to me, her beautiful features darkened by frowns. I did not tremble at her anger, but stood up silently and proudly before her, waiting for her to commence the merciless tirade which she had in readiness for me.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" she began, her voice quivering with rage. "Answer me!"

But I did not care to speak, and so remained silent.

"Why don't you answer me!" she asked, with a stamp of her foot.

"First, I must know by what authority you question me," I replied.

"Girl, are you not my servant, working for the home I give you? Are you not accountable to me for your deportment?"

"If I do not please you I can easily leave," I said turning away from her.

"Yes, and leave me you should, but for Mr. Howard's kindness and pity—Foolishly enough, I have promised not to turn you out of doors. However, be careful how you conduct yourself, or you will go now," she said, sweeping proudly towards the door. She stopped suddenly, and added, "I have a few dresses which you may as well make for me. Mr. Howard thinks you will please us better than any one else."

I could but smile at her presumption as she closed the door after her. "Mr. Howard thinks you will please us," I repeated to myself, thankful that her insinuations had no longer power to ruffle the calm joy of my heart.

Two or three days passed away, and I did not meet or speak with Mr. Howard again. But for my trust in his love, my perfect faith in his every plan, I should have left the house of the Langdons, even though I was forced to sleep in the streets. But he wished me to stay for some good reason, and so I bore up bravely under insults that nearly bordered on curses. Letitia told me that she looked upon me with scorn and contempt, while he pitied me because I was poor and friendless; and so she must, out of courtesy to him, insist upon my sewing in my chamber instead of the sitting-room.

But one evening, when I supposed every member of the family was making merry in the parlor, I stole down in the sitting-room for a book which I had left there several days before. As I turned from the room to cross the brilliantly-lighted hall, I met Mr. Howard. A sudden light broke over his face as he saw me, and with hands extended he came towards me, taking both my own in his.

"I must not stay," I said, attempting to draw away from him.

"But a moment, dear," said he. "I am preparing a home for you. It will be ready soon. I am going away to-morrow. When I return I will take you from this place. Keep up a brave heart until then. I will be back again in three days."

As he bent his lips down to mine, I saw at the opposite side of the hall, peering from a door, the handsome, haughty face of Letitia Langdon. I had not time to signify by word or look to Mr. Howard that there was any one watching us before he said, pressing my hand as he turned away, "Three days Nelly!"

But his assurance did not make me happy. I could have borne everything, knowing the same roof sheltered us both;

but now for three long days I was to be left to the mercy of the cruel, revengeful Letitia. What might not happen in that time? I wept myself to sleep thinking of it, and all night my dreams were shadowed by the face of Letitia Langdon, wearing the same expression it had worn the evening before, when it lowered upon my happiness. The following day there was this same strange presentment of the evil with me, which I could not put away lightly. Letitia's face was an unreadable one, yet when she spoke to me there was an air of triumph about her—a vein of satisfied revenge running through the very tones of her voice.

On the morning of the second day of Mr. Howard's absence, while I was sitting in my chamber finishing a light morning wrapper for Letitia I was summoned to the parlor. I knew not why, but a sudden fear took possession of me; I felt that a great grief was bearing down close upon me, and I could hardly totter down stairs, so real had grown the idea of the sorrow that was coming.

"Miss Russell," began Mr. Langdon as I entered the room, in which the whole household was assembled, "I have sad reports of you from my daughter Letitia. Some one has taken a large sum of money from her purse; can you tell who it was?"

"Sir," I began in a choked voice, "I do not understand you."

"Probably not, miss," said he. "But to make everything plain, I will repeat it.—My daughter Letitia misses a large sum of money from her purse, and she thinks you may be able to give her some clue to it—a quiet way, you know?"

"How should I know anything of her money?" I demanded, in a quick, emphatic tone, fixing my eyes steadily, upon the thin, sharp face of the old man.

"Oh, that would not be a very difficult matter, as you often go in and out of my room!" said Letitia, seeing that her father quailed beneath my glance.

"And what right have you to insinuate such a thing of me? The right that the rich assume over the poor?" I asked.

"No such right, miss," retorted Letitia. "But when a woman shows herself to be wanting in one essential virtue, people are more ready to suspect her of lacking others. So I must believe that you are able to tell me something of my money, rather than other servants who have always shown themselves strictly honorable in everything."

"And is this all you have to say to me?" I asked, glancing round the little assembly.

"All! It is enough, young woman!" exclaimed Mr. Langdon.

"Enough! Certainly, sir," I answered, turning to leave the room; but, at the door I was met by an officer who thrust a search warrant in my face.

"According to law, ma'am," he said, preceding me up stairs, "such things must be looked into."

I glanced round the little group that was following me, to see if there was one pitying, humane face in it; but I looked in vain. Every countenance was hard and cold as granite. Why, oh, why did not some kind angel send Mr. Howard to me at that moment of peril?

"What makes you so pale, Nelly?" sneered Letitia, as I leaned tremblingly against the window for support.

I did not answer her, but watched the pompous official as he carefully searched every article of clothing in my trunk with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

"Nothing here, sir," he said, at last, rising to his feet, and facing Mr. Langdon. "Here is another box," broke in Letitia pointing to a writing desk that stood upon a table.

Again the man of law commenced his duty, with a smile of hope lighting up his features. He held up to the wondering company a short gold chain which had been the gift of my mother before she died; and then a plain gold ring, which bore the initials, C. H. A murmur of displeasure went round the circle at the discovery of the ring, and before it died away the officer had turned out of a small box, three sovereigns.

"My money, my money!" screamed Letitia. "It is exactly the number abstracted from my purse."

"What have you to say now, Miss?" asked Mr. Langdon, coming up to me and laying his thin hand upon my arm.

"That Miss Letitia Langdon placed the money there herself, sir," I answered, slowly and distinctly.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Officer?" called the excited old man. "Take her away into the street, to jail, anywhere. I won't have her in my house another moment, not another moment, sir. The jail is the place for the thiefing creature."

"No, no, father, don't say that, don't be too harsh," cried Letitia. "It is my affair; allow me to settle it with her. I know you will, father."

without friends. The sin is against me. Go away all of you, and leave us together."

Slowly Mr. Langdon yielded to his daughter's wishes, and preceded the household to the door.

"You can choose, Nelly," began Letitia, when we were left alone, "between two alternatives: you can go to jail or leave the place at once. Choose between the two you must, quickly. If you wish to stand a trial and make your sin a public one, very well. If you wish to avoid it, I will assist you to leave town immediately. Which will you do?"

I dropped my head upon my trembling hands to cover my face from her malignant, exultant gaze. Should I stay to bring shame upon the noble head of Charles Howard—a disgrace that would never leave him? Should I drag him down into my misery? Never.

"I will go at once," I answered, rising. "Very well," said Letitia. "I will order a conveyance myself in time for the train, and send some one to assist you in packing your trunk."

In less than half an hour I was at the station, waiting, half impatiently for the train in which I was to go. It came at last, and with a feeling of mingled relief and despair, I made my way through the crowd towards the carriage pointed out to me. As I stepped one foot upon the platform, some one grasped me firmly by the arm. I looked around and met the puzzled, wondering glance of Charles Howard.

"Where in the world are you going, Nelly?" he asked, drawing me back through the crowd.

"Home!" I said, faintly, as I leaned weakly upon his arm.

"You are mistaken in the direction," said he, "Home is this way, dear, very near you," he added, motioning a coachman to him. "Drive us to Chestnut Hill," said he to the driver, as he lifted me into the coach.

I looked at him with wonder and surprise. It seemed like a dream to me. "I'll tell you Nelly, we are going home," said he. "That's our destination. I have procured a marriage license, and I am come back earlier than I intended, because I felt sure you were in trouble.—What have they been doing to you?"

In broken sentences I told him the story of my persecution.

"Never mind, never mind," he said.—"I will take care of you in future. But first I wish to have a better right to protect you. Everything is prepared for your reception in your new home, and we will be married at once, Nelly; so there will be no room for scandal. Heaven forbid that I should add to your suffering by my thoughtlessness."

I must have been a sorry faced bride to look upon, but my heart was true and glad as could be. The following morning Mr. Howard sent a note to Miss Langdon, which ran as follows:

"Mr. Charles Howard presents his compliments to Miss Letitia Langdon, and begs she will not forbear prosecuting her suit against his wife since she did not leave town yesterday as agreed upon.—He hopes also, that Miss Langdon will not allow any modest or conscientious scruples to deter her from her duty, even though in doing it she is forced to the painful necessity of taking Mrs. Howard from her pleasant home to the jail."

"This all happened years ago, in a time of shadows; I have now sunshine.

The Two Homes.

Two men on their way home, met at a street crossing, and walked on together. They were neighbors and friends.

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice. And as they walked homeward they discouraged each other and made darker the clouds that obscured their whole horizon.

"Good evening," was at last said hurriedly, and the two men passed into their homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one seated himself in a chair and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a weary, sad, exhausted look. He had been seated thus only a few moments, when his wife said in a fretful voice:

"More trouble again."

"What's the matter now," said Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school."

"What?" Mr. Walcott partly rose from his chair.

"He has been suspended for bad conduct."

"Oh dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott; "where is he?"

"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart with him."

Mr. Walcott excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed the unpleasant information itself, started up, under the blind impulse of the moment, and, going to the room where John had

been sent on coming home, punished the boy severely, and this without listening to the explanation which the poor child tried to make him hear.

"Father," said the boy with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased. "I was not to blame; if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."

"Very well—we'll see about that," he answered with forced sternness; and leaving the room, he went down stairs, feeling much more uncomfortable than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and leaned back his weary head, and closed his heavy eyelids. Sadder was his face than before.

As he sat thus, his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came in and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand—

"Father!"—he opened his eyes.

"Here's my quarter's bill; can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Mr. Walcott, half in despair.

"Nearly all the girls will bring their money to-morrow, and it mortifies me to be behind the others." The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waved her hand aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.

"It is mortifying," said Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply; "I don't wonder that Helen feels annoyed about it. The bill has to be paid, and I don't see why it may not as well be done first as last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the heavy burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said:

"The coals are all gone."

"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head and looked incredulous. "I laid in sixteen tons."

"I can't help it, if there were sixty tons instead of sixteen, they are all gone. The girls had hard work to-day to scrimp enough to keep the fire in."

"There has been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up and moving about the room in a very disturbed manner.

"So you always say when anything runs out," answered Mrs. Walcott rather tartly. "The barrel of flour is gone, but I suppose you have done your part, with the rest in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair and again seating himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes as at first. How sad, and weary and hopeless he felt!—The burthens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on—that where only strength could be looked for on earth, no strength was given.

When the tea bell rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons.

"Come to supper," said his wife coldly.

But he did not stir.

"Are you coming to supper?" she called to him as she was leaving the room.

"I don't wish for anything this evening. My head aches very badly," the answer.

"In the dumps again!" muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It is as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or say anything is wanted." And she kept on her way to the dining room. When she returned, her husband was still sitting where she had left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked.

"No; I don't wish for anything."

"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott?—What do you look so troubled about, as if you hadn't a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"

There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the queries, but rather of querulous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood behind her husband, but as he did not seem to be inclined to answer her question, she turned away from him, and resumed the employment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea-bell.

The whole evening passed off without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughtful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but on the contrary, a narrow regard for self, and looking to him only that he might supply the means of self-gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discouraged. He retired early, and sought to find relief from mental disquietude in sleep which he had vainly hoped for in