THE TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

HOSTILE ALIKE TO THE DESPOT AND DEMAGOGUE. FEARLESS FOR TRUTH, FOR GOD, AND HUMANITY.

VOL. IX, TIFFIN, OHIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2 1857. NO. 13.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

H. C. RUSSELL.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
WILL continue the practice of medicine. Office in Gross Block, second story.
Tiffin, June, 7th 1854. ly

GEORGE E
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Tiffin, Ohio.
WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care, in Seneca and adjoining Counties.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 3d, 1854.—tf.

J. C. LEE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery.
Rooms, over George Taylor's Store.
Tiffin, Nov. 15th 1855. ly

T. C. TUNISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE Shaw San's Block, Up Stairs.
Tiffin, May, 5th, 1853. ly

J. M. PATTERSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE, opposite Commercial Row.
Tiffin, Nov. 9th 1855.

W. P. & H. NOBLE,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
OFFICE, one door south of Gallup's Jewelry Store, Up Stairs
WILLIAM M. JOHNSON. SANDER STEN.

STEN & JOHNSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, over Gallup's Jewelry Store, nearly opposite the Court House.
Professional business and the collection of all claims promptly attended to.
Tiffin, Sept. 17th 1851. ly

LEWIS H. FIKE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, will give prompt attention to all matters entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, Shawhans Block Market Street.
☞ Germans and French, will be consulted in their own respective languages.
Tiffin, October, 27th 1854. ly.

W. H. PARK, M. D.
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, has located himself permanently in the city of Tiffin, and will attend with diligence and care to the duties of his profession. Office for the present with J. M. Patterson, Esq.
Tiffin, Sept. 29th 1855.—tf.

WILLIAM GALLUP
CLOCK AND WATCHMAKER.
All kinds of watches kept constantly on hands. Store in Commercial Row.
Tiffin, Sept. 17th, 1851. tf

JOHN MYERS,
CABINET & CHAIRMANUFACTORY, next door to the M. E. Church, Main Market street.
Tiffin, Sept. 29th, 1851.

PETER VANNEST.
BUGGY AND CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER, east of the Court House, on Market Street.
Tiffin, Sept. 29th, 1854.

D. D. DILDINE. H. M. MARTIN.
—DILDINE & MARTIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AND
GENERAL LAND AGENTS,
MARENGO, Iowa County, Iowa.
Will attend to all Business entrusted to their care, in Iowa and adjoining Counties.
June 20, 1856.

G. W. & E. F. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETORS OF
ROCKLAND MILLS,
And dealers in Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Clover, Timothy and Flax seeds, Flour, Corn Meal and Mill Feed of all kinds.
OFFICE on Maine, opposite the Post Office, Tiffin, Ohio. (may 2, 56-1y.)

L. W. SAPP, M. D.
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
OFFICE IN COMMERCIAL ROW.
☞ Will attend promptly to the duties of his profession in Tiffin and vicinity. Especial attention given to all diseases of the EYE and EAR. (may26,'55)

CHAIRS—CHAIRS!
A large assortment of new and wood seat chairs, that are warranted to sell cheap, and will be sold for cash or exchange for lumber. Call at the Chair Manufactory of
W. C. MYERS

W. BUNTING.
DENTAL SURGEON,
OPERATIVE and MECHANICAL DENTIST, corner of Washington and Market Streets, Tiffin, Ohio; will attend to all business in his line with promptness and dispatch. Persons who favor him with a call, may rely on having work done in a superior manner, having been engaged in the business for the last seven years, and during that time have had much experience in difficult cases. He is confident of success and flatters himself capable of giving perfect satisfaction to all who may seek his professional services. Charges will be at all times moderate.
☞ OFFICE, corner of Washington and Market Streets.
Tiffin, Nov. 1st, 52.

W. HOBBS,
DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION of Goods for MENS wear. Wholesale or Retail, by the piece, only at Ready Made, and wholesale Manufacturer of clothing. India Rubber and oil coats, and trowsers, traveling bags, gums and shoes of all kinds.
Tiffin, May 1, 1856. 1 102

H. S. Wenner and Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES
SULKIES., ETC.,
Jefferson St., near the German Catholic Church,
TIFFIN OHIO.
☞ A fine stock of the latest styles of Buggies, on hand, to the best manner and at the most durable materials and workmanship, constantly on hand, and promptly made to order.
H. S. WENNER & Co.
July 27, 1855.—1y

J. M. HOBB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office—In Probate Judge's Office, Tiffin, O.
may19'56-tf.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
THE undersigned have associated themselves together under the firm of Scott, Brother & Co. Hereafter the different departments will be conducted under the firm concern. All persons having unsettled accounts with W. D. Scott, Scott & Brother, or Emerson A Co., will please come forward and settle with cash.
T. D. M COTT.

LUMBER FOR SALE.
A Gang of Canadian pine timber, now lying at the Bay City Mill Dock, will be sold cheap for cash or short approved credits, the same, or from time to time as it will pass down. Apply at the Dock, to
W. TREWARTH, Agent.
Sole F. B. SLOANE.
Dunkirk.

STEAM ENGINES.
STEAM Engines for Saw Mills, and other purposes, manufactured at this Establishment together with a variety of Castings. We also manufacture Brick Machines, that save much labor.—All Job Work done in a Workmanlike manner, and upon short notice.
Marion 1, 1851. J. D. LOOMIS & CO

HURRAH! HURRAH!!
H. A. BUSKIRK & Co., are receiving the largest and best assortment of Family Groceries ever came to this market with the many exceptions.

THE EXCELSIOR!

CORN AND COB MILL
Invented by Charles Leavitt, and Patented on the 27th of Feb. 1855.
For Sale by J. M. NAYLOR,
TIFFIN, OHIO.
The above Mill has the most valuable improvements in portable Corn Cob Mills, and is adapted to the various Grinding and Crushing purposes for feeding all kinds of Stock. Which system of feeding is now required and found profitable by experience.
THE ADVANTAGES THIS MILL HAS OVER OTHERS.
1st That the grinders are inserted on movable rings, which are cast of hard metal, and when worn out can be replaced by new rings, in five minutes, for the small sum of three dollars.—Also, this mill can grind faster than any other Corn and Cob Mill offered for sale. This Mill was awarded
THE FIRST PREMIUM AT THE OHIO STATE FAIR, of the present year (1855) in a fair trial with the Little Giant, Star, and all other Mills brought in competition. The Excelsior Mill will grind from ten to fifteen bushels hourly, according to the degree of fineness, and can be worked by one or two horses.
Nov. 30th '55. J. M. NAYLOR

LUXURIES
Once more we take pleasure in announcing to our friends and patrons that we are in receipt of a larger stock of Groceries than we ever brought to this market, consisting in part of a very large assortment of sugars, syrups, Molasses, tea, coffee, tobacco, spices, &c., &c., every thing in the groceryline. Give us a call, we are bound to sell in large or small quantities to suit all.
H. A. BUSKIRK & Co.
October 26, '55. North Shawhan's Block.

1856. 1856
THE TRIBUNE
JOB PRINTING
Establishment!
TIFFIN, OHIO.
FINE PRINTING OF EVERY VARIETY EXECUTED WITH DISPATCH AND AT THE MOST REASONABLE RATES, SUCH AS
GOLD, SILVER, & COLORED
WORK BEAUTIFULLY EXECUTED,
ALSO
BANKERS CHECKS, BANKERS DRAFTS, BANKERS CORDOTTS, LETTER-HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, BALL TICKETS, INVITATION CARDS, FUNERAL NOTICES, BILL HEADS, BLANKS, RULED WORK, and
BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS
EXECUTED. BLANK LEGERS, PROGRAMMES, BLANK DEEDS, and every variety of official blanks.
In the execution of fine work the Tribune office has EVER HAD THE PRIDE TO BE THE EQUAL OF ALL COMPETITORS,
☞ Premiums received from the Seneca County Art and Agricultural Fair.
IN 1854 PREMIUM FOR BEST JOB WORK
IN 1855 A PREMIUM FOR
☞ All work to be correct, or NO CHARGE. Terms as LOW AS AT ANY CITY IN OHIO.
W. C. GRAY, Proprietor.

GALLUP'S

PIANO
WARE ROOMS,
Are supplied with a variety of the best instruments, from the most popular Eastern manufactories, among which are the Æolian Attachment, together with a number of
MELODEONS,
of the unsurpassed quality and finish. These instruments are all recommended by their sweetness of tone, delicacy of touch, and durability. They will be sold at the lowest rates. The musical public are respectfully requested to call and examine these instruments for themselves.
Boomer's Big Commercial Block.
apr 25 WM. GALLUP.

New Establishment.
SPLENDID STOCK OF HATS.—The finest stock of goods ever brought to this part of the country may be found at
Bowne & Co.'s Hat and Cap Store,
in Madden's old stand, Iron mis Block, next door to Naylor's Iron Store, consisting of Hats and Caps of every variety, such as Beaks, Gentlemen's Silk Hats, Spring Styles, Fashions, Leghorn, Canton Straw, Silver Straw, Campeachy Congress,
YOUNG AMERICA,
Mariscilla, and all other kinds too tedious to mention. Also some new styles Caps, Drab, Otter and beaver.
W. Bowne being a practical hatter, he will dress and iron and make old hats look as good as new.
These goods will be sold 25 per cent cheaper than those that have been brought in this Western country for ready pay.
They also have a large stock of Umbrellas.
The highest price paid in cash for all kinds of SHIPPING FURS, such as Mink, Coon, Musk Rat, etc.
WILLET BOWNE & CO.
April 11, 1856.

SUGAR! SUGAR!!
20 HHDS. different grades coffee. Refined and crushed sugar for sale by
H. A. BUSKIRK & Co.

HOLT HOUSE,
E. N. HILT PROPRIETOR.
Situated on the corner of Adams and Sandusky Streets, west side of the Sandusky River in the City of Tiffin, has been lately repaired and furnished for the especial accommodation of the travelling public, this House is in the pleasantest part of the City, and is a large commodious and splendid building, well adapted to the purpose of a public house, it is but a few rods from, and in sight of the Railroad Depot, it is the nearest and most commodious tavern to that point. Mr. Holt takes pleasure in announcing to the public that his House contains plenty of large airy and
WELL FURNISHED
bed Rooms. He would also invite all of his old customers to give him a call, as he thinks they will be satisfied.
Tiffin, Oct. 17, 1856.

THE STOLEN NOTE,

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest high-minded and exemplary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober, he did well.

He was a baker by trade, and by industry and thrift, had acquired money sufficient to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years, before, for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down, and securing the balance by a mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage-note was almost due at the time that the circumstance made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed no possibility of an accident.

I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting, and drawn up some legal documents for him.

One day, his daughter Anne came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

'Perhaps not, Miss Wallace,' I said, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a brighter aspect. 'What has happened?'

'My father,' she replied, 'had the money to pay the mortgage on the house, in which we live—but it is all gone now.'

'Has he lost it?'

'Don't know; I suppose so. Last week he drew out the two thousand dollars from the Bank, and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days.'

'Who is Mr. Bryce?'

'He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boarded with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk.'

'Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?'

'He says he has paid it.'

'Well, what is the trouble then?'

'Father says he has not paid it.'

'Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course you have that note?'

'No; Mr. Bryce has it.'

'Then of course he has paid it.'

'I suppose he has, or he could not have had the note.'

'What does your father say?'

'He is positive that he never received the money. The mortgage must be paid to-morrow.'

'Very singular. Was your father,—' I hesitated to use the unpleasant words, which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl,

'Mr. Bryce says my father was not just right when he paid him, though not very bad.'

'I will see your father.'

'He is coming here in a few moments; I thought I would see you and tell you the facts before he came.'

'I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?'

'He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary in the front room.'

'Who were in the room when you put it in the secretary?'

'Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father, and myself.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as of the debauch from which he was just recovering.

'She has told you about it, I suppose,' said he in a very low tone.

'She has.'

'I pitied him, poor fellow, for the thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo in order to appreciate it.

'What do you think about it?' asked he very gloomily. 'I know he never paid me. I was not much in liquor that time. I remember very well of going home as regularly as ever I did in my life. I could tell how I passed the time.'

'What passed between you on that day.'

'Well' I merely stepped into his office—it was only day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have my money ready for me by to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there, he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then.'

'What does the clerk say about it?'

'He says Mr. Bryce remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money.'

'Just so.'

'And when George came in, he went to the front office again, and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay me.'

'Had you the note with you?'

'No; now I remember he said he supposed I had not the note with me, or he would pay it. He told me to come in next day and he would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note, it could not be found. Annie and I have hunted the house all over.'

'You told Bryce so?'

'I did, he laughed and showed me the note with his signature crossed over with ink, and a hole punched through it.'

'It is plain Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money as he alleges, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount.'

'He never paid me,' replied he, firmly.

'Then he has fraudulently obtained the note. What sort of a person is the Chandler who boards with you?'

'A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do any thing of the kind.'

'I am sure he wouldn't,' repeated Annie, earnestly.

'How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him? what time does he come in at night?'

'Always at tea-time. He never goes out in the evening,' answered Wallace.

'But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post the books or something of that kind.'

'How did he get in?'

'He has a night key.'

'I must see Chandler,' I said.

'No harm in seeing him,' added Mr. Wallace, 'I will go for him.'

In a few moments he returned with the young man. Chandler, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and proffered him all ready to do anything to forward my views.

'When did you return to the house on Tuesday night?' I asked him, with the intention of sounding him a little.

'About twelve.'

'Twelve! said Annie, 'it was not more than ten, I heard you.'

'The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street,' replied Chandler, positively.

'I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten,' added Annie, looking with astonishment at the group around her.

'We are getting at something,' I remarked. 'How did you get in Mr Chandler?'

'On arriving at the door,' he replied, 'I found that I had lost my night key. At that moment a watchman happening along I told him my circumstances. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way.'

'Good! now who was it that was heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices. He must have taken the key from your pocket, Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate I will charge him with the crime—let what may happen.' Perhaps he will confess, when hard pushed.'

Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—"demand against you," &c.—which was immediately sent to Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Bryce came.

'Well sir what have you against me?' he asked rather stiffly.

'A claim on the part of John Wallace for two thousand dollars,' I replied, poking over my papers, and appearing supremely indifferent.

'Paid it, said he, short as pie crust.'

'Have you?' and I looked him in the eye sharply.

The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

'Nevertheless, if within an hour, you do not pay me the two thousand dollars and one hundred dollars for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you shall be lodged in jail to answer to a criminal charge.'

'What do you mean sir?'

'I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences.'

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not have dared to make it.

'I have paid the note I tell you,' said he; 'I have the note in my possession.'

'Where did you get it?'

'I got it of course when I paid the——'

'When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on the night of Tuesday, February 20th, at ten of the clock, and took the said note from the secretary.'

'You have no proof,' stammered he grasping a chair for support.

'That is my look out. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?'

He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he immediately drew his check on the spot for twenty one hundred dollars; and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.

I cashed the check and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, how rejoiced was Anna and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to only take twenty. Wallace kept his promise and ever after was a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Annie having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstance occurred.

A party hunting in Angelina county, Texas, found two human bodies in a cave entirely petrified, and dressed in a style neither European nor Indian. On the waist of one was found a buckle of gold almost three inches in diameter, imbedded in the body. The features were not much sunken, the eyes partly closed, and even traces of the eyebrows could be seen plainly.

'Charley,' said a father to his son, while working at a saw mill, 'what possesses you to associate with such girls as do? When I was of your age I could go with the first cut.' 'The first cut,'—said the son, as he assisted the old man in rolling over a log, 'is always a slab.'

Report of the Secretary of the Interior.

The Secretary of the Interior's Report states that the quantity of land surveyed since the last report, and up to the 18th of September last, was 16,873,690 acres, exclusive of sections.

The execution of the graduation act has raised many grave questions which call for the interposition of Congress. The Secretary says it is an important matter, and should be promptly disposed of either, by sanctioning and affirming the action of the Land Office, or directing the patents to be issued without further requirement.

The quantity of lands sold for cash during the fiscal year, was over nine and a quarter millions of acres, and the receipts therefor, $8,821,414.

The total amount of land disposed of, was over 39,000,500 acres.

The Secretary suggests the necessity of further power being granted to the Commissioners of Pensions to suspend, diminish, and discontinue pensions, when the reason for granting them has wholly or partially ceased.

The number of patents issued within the year will probably reach 2,500.

The report says that during the present administration fifty-two Indian treaties have been negotiated, twenty of which remain to be voted upon by the Senate.

By these treaties the Indian title has been extinguished to nearly 175,000,000 acres. The aggregate money consideration, therefor, is $11,184,202,80.

The Indians within our borders are supposed to be 300,000. The colonization of the Indians has already been attended with the happiest results, and gives promise of steady progress in the amelioration of their physical and moral condition.

FASHIONABLE RIDDLE.—A lady arrayed in the height of existing fashion presents an interesting spectacle. Her dress piled tier above tier, renders her an example of Beauty in tiers of muslin. This peculiar arrangement of female costume affords facilities for the introduction of a new pattern, which would probably become popular. Each tier might be figured with representations of the port holes of a man-of-war, carrying guns. Thus decorated with the semblance of decks, the little 'craft' might sail down upon the spectator with striking effect. In this nautical trim a young lady might exhibit herself at a fancy dress ball in the character of the *Saucy Arethusa*—unless it may be objected that to come it, in Cockney phraseology, so strong as this would be unsuitable to the character of the weaker vessel.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Some time ago a fellow was charged in the Glasgow police court with stealing a herring-barrel from a person in Stockwell street. After the charge had been proved, the principal accuser addressed the magistrate:

'Deed, sir, Baillie, the man at the bar is a great rogue; the stealing of the barrel is nothing to some of his tricks. He stole my sign board last week, and what does your honor think he did wi't?'

'That would be hard for me to say.'

'Weel, sir, I'll tell ye. He brought it into my own shop, wi' my own name on't and offered to sell me't, and said he tho't it would be mair use to me than any body else.'

The Louisville Journal remarks that the effect of the election, thus far, is:

The Freesoil party is decidedly stronger at this moment than it was on the 4th of November. If Mr. Buchanan, as President, shall meet in any degree the wishes and expectations of his Southern friends and supporters that party will in less than one year be powerful enough to sweep the Democracy from the face of the land in every non-slaveholding State in the Union.

Howell Cobb has just issued a book from the Georgia press, for private circulation, entitled 'Scriptural Examination of the Institution of Slavery,' intended to prove that the development of Slavery in the United States is calculated to secure 'civil and religious liberty' to the race in Africa. It is freely distributed among public men with the author's compliments.

TRUE AS PREACHING.—Aunt Mary saw over a tailor's door a sign bearing the inscription: 'Fountain of Fashion.' 'Ah!' exclaimed she, 'that must be the place where the squirts come from.'

An old lady in Springfield is so afraid of water, that she won't allow her geese to take a swim till she has placed life preservers on them.

We heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror; he does this to double the dishes. If that isn't philosophy, we wonder what is.

A Suspension Bridge is in contemplation, to be built across the Mississippi at St. Louis, to be eighty-four feet above high water mark, and more than a mile in length.

'Reading makes a full man,' says Bacon; and Fashion makes a full woman—according to Punch, who say 'certainly a woman, as she is dressed in the present fashion could not well be made much fuller.'

THE STOLEN BIRD'S NEST.

BY HORACE GREENWOOD.

In one of the sunniest and sweetest countries in the world, the South of France, lived my heroes, two little peasant boys, named Auguste and Leon Duval. Their fathers were brothers, and wine growers on the estate of the Count de Vallence. The little cousins were excellent friends, and almost always seen together, following their fathers through the beautiful vineyards, gathering up the branches which they had pruned away, or helping to pick grapes at vintage-time, or straying through the grand old woods of the chateau, searching after nuts and wild berries. They usually agreed very well, both in work and in play, but they sometimes had their little quarrels like too many other children.—Auguste was full two months the elder, and he was apt to presume upon that, and be proud and overbearing towards Leon. He was shrewd and somewhat selfish and frequently took advantage of his cousin, who was almost too confiding and generous. They were beautiful boys; perhaps Auguste was the most admired of the two, for he had a rich brown complexion, with glowing cheeks and lips, glossy raven curls, and bold, black, handsome eyes. Leon was the fairer; he had brown hair, and deep, soft, brown eyes, which, however, could flash in anger; lips like wild rose-leaves, fresh and sweet, but which could curl in scorn at cruelty and meanness. Usually his face wore a very mild and amiable expression, and if Auguste was the most admired, Leon was the most loved.

In the woods of the chateau the cousins sometimes met the Countess Marie, the pretty young wife of the Count de Vallence, who loved to walk in the cool, green forest paths. She was attracted by the beauty, simplicity, and arch playful ways of the merry boys, and often whiled away an hour in talking with them and watching them in their plays. Once she took them with her to the chateau, and showed them the lofty rooms, the pictures, statues, fountains and conservatories, enjoying much their wonder and pleasure. That which gave them the most delight was the aviary, where there was a fine collection of talking and singing birds—mag-pies, parrots, macaws, goldfinches, English blackbirds, and many other kinds. As they were looking at these, the Countess said to the old servant who had charge of them:

'Pierre, why have we no robins?'

'I did not know that my lady would care for such common birds,' answered the old man.

'Care for them! I think they are the sweetest songsters in the world. I once saw one in Paris that could sing several opera airs. Could you teach them to sing so, Pierre?'

'Yes, my lady, if I had them young,' he replied.

'Well then, we must have some,' said the lady, decisively; 'my bird-choir is not complete without them; to remember, Pierre!'

Just as the Countess was dismissing her little friends at the hall door, the Count de Vallence entered. He was a stern, haughty man, and now seemed astonished and shocked at seeing his Countess making so much of a couple of peasant boys. He drew down his dark eyebrows, and looked so grim, that they were glad to escape, and the good Countess never took them there again.

Shortly after this visit, it happened that one day while little Leon was alone in the woods, searching for berries, he discovered a nest of young robins, built in a snug, shady place, against a large branch of an old oak tree. Leon stood for a long time silently watching the little downy, chirping things, and the happy parent-birds, who were bringing them food, and dropping it into their wide, gaping bills. They patiently flew back and forth, and brought worms, flies, and berries, till the greedy little bills gaped and chirped no more—then the good father-bird perched on a limb above the nest, began singing a sweet, tender song, while the kind mother-bird brooded over her darlings, as the dewy twilight was coming on.

Leon was so delighted with his new found treasure, that the next morning he brought his cousin to the spot. When Auguste saw the nest, his eyes flashed with eager joy.

'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'how lucky we are to find a nest of young robins for the dear Countess! Let us take them to her, and she will give us more money than we have ever seen in the world,' and Auguste began immediately to climb the old oak tree.

'Oh dear, don't, cousin Auguste!' cried Leon, clinging about him. 'It would be a cruel, wicked thing to steal away those poor little birds—don't you see how dearly the old birds love them?'

Auguste thrust him back, exclaiming angrily:

'Didn't the Countess say she wanted some young robins for her aviary?—then how dare you say it would be wicked to get them for her?'

But Leon answered sturdily:

'The good *cure* says, God takes care of the birds—He gave the little robins to the old ones, just as He gave us to our fathers and mothers; so it must be wicked to steal them away. And now, cousin dear, do come down and let them be.'

But Auguste had already grasped the nest. He tore it away from its place, and slid with it down the tree. The old birds flew about him in the utmost distress, uttering wild, piercing cries of fear and sorrow. Leon's tender heart was touched by their grief—he expostulated and pleaded with his cousin, and then, seeing that entreaties were in vain, grew very angry—he even doubled up his little fists, and was about to fight for the liberation of the tiny captives. But he remembered in time the pious teachings of his mother and the good *cure*, and returned home, with a swelling heart and tearful eyes, while his cousin hurried off to the chateau with the robins.

When Leon told his mother the story of the birds, she was very indignant, and started to seek Auguste's father, and ask him to send after the cruel boy, and compel him to restore the young robins to the old ones, for her kind mother's heart felt for them very much. But when Leon told her they were taken for the Countess, she sat down to her work again, and said it was all well, for she had a great awe of the great lady.

Leon hoped in his heart that the good Countess would refuse the birds, and send Auguste back with the nest, so he waited as patiently as he could for his cousin's return. He came back, however, without the nest, triumphantly jingling a handful of silver coin.

'See,' he cried, 'what the Countess gave me for the robins! Here, Leon, is your share.'

Leon took the money, but only to fling it all indignantly at his cousin's feet, bursting into tears as he did so. 'Some may think I ought to be sorry to spill of this bit of passion in my noble little hero, but I am not. While the angry tears were yet flowing, he rushed out of his father's cottage, and ran towards the chateau. He did not stop to rest, or slacken his pace till he reached the great hall door. Then he paused, and the lofty arches of the dusky hall, hung with faded banners, and the grim statues in the armor standing along its walls, and that stern, black bearded Count, whom he might meet, almost took away his courage. He stood poised on the tips of his toes, with his hands on the great knocker, hesitating and fearing, when, all at once, he seemed to hear again the wild, mournful cry of the mother-robin!—then his heart grew brave, and he boldly sounded the knocker.

When a servant went to the Countess and told her another little peasant boy wanted to see her, she happened to be in the nursery, paying a visit to her baby-son, the heir to the title and estates of Count de Vallence. She was sitting by his side, fondly watching him, as he lay asleep in a beautiful cradle, all satin and down, and fine linen and rich lace. The lady looked surprised when she saw Leon's flushed and tearful face.

'Why, my child,' she said kindly, 'what do you want of me?'

'I want those little birds,' he replied rather bluntly.

'Those birds!' she answered, 'why did not Auguste give you part of the money? I told him to.'

'I don't want my money,' said Leon, 'I want the birds back again. It wasn't good of you to buy them—their father and mother are grieving for them! It was a wicked thing to steal away their little ones, and the nice nest they had worked so hard to make. Ain't you afraid that they will fly up to God and tell him all about it? And how would you feel to have some great giant's boy come and steal your little one and carry it away in that pretty nest, there?'

At first the Countess smiled at the earnest little speech—then the tears rushed to her eyes; she bent down and kissed her sleeping baby, then turning to Leon, she laid her hand caressingly on his head, saying:

'I thank you, my dear child, for the lesson you have taught me. Surely you shall have the little robins back again. I ask pardon of you, and of God.'

'And of the birds,' added Leon.

'And of the birds,' repeated the Countess, smiling a little at the child's simplicity.

So Leon received the nest of little young robins, and took it safely back to the old oak tree in the forest. He stopped on the way to dig some worms with which he fed his little feathered friends, who were getting quite clamorous with hunger. When he had fixed the nest securely in its old place, he hid himself in a clump of bushes near by, to watch for the coming of the old birds. All the afternoon he watched and waited, and still they did not come.

At last, when it was almost twilight—the time for flowers and little birds to go to sleep, he saw the two robins—he was sure they were the same birds—come slowly winging their way towards the oak. It seemed they could not sleep away from their home, although it had been made so desolate. The male bird flew in among the upper branches, and perched on one of them; but the female bird stopped in a tree near by. It appeared that she was hardly equal to the sight of the dear old place.

Soon Leon saw the male bird flutter on his perch, and turn his head quickly this way and that. He had heard those little complaining voices chirping below him! then he darted downward, and hovered over the nest a moment, to be sure they were all there, then flew to his mate, to tell her the glad news. In another moment, they were both back by the nest, hopping and hovering about it—chirping joyfully and lovingly in answer to the softer little chirps of their young ones.—Late as it was, they flew about, and got up a nice little supper of worms for their young ones.

After that, while the mother bird spread over them her soft warm wings, and hushed them to sleep with the happy beating of her heart, the father bird flew up to a branch above them, and burst into a glad, delicious song.

'He is thanking God,' said Leon softly to himself, reverently taking off his little cap, and making the signs of the cross—'he is thanking God.'—[Little Pilgrim.

IMPRUDENT QUESTIONS.—To ask an unmarried lady how old she is.

To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie.

To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed.

To ask a minister if he ever did anything wrong.

To ask an editor the names of any of his correspondents.

To ask a merchant whether he ever cheated a customer.

To ask a young lady whether she would like a beau.

To ask a subscriber if he has paid the printer.

☞ Damaged Meat.—A beef steak that four apprentice boys have been at.