

Love, God-speed, 'tis the time for saying, Farewell words, be they cold or tender...

"Uncle Sam."

National nicknames have a curious origin; and some one who claims to know, gives an account of the origin of "Uncle Sam."

Very Absent Minded.

The most absent-minded man we ever knew was our friend General Munn. He lost one of his legs in the late war, and he always wore a patent artificial leg, full of springs and joints.

A Modern Wm. Tell.

At the City Gardens yesterday, in addition to the regular entertainment, rather an innovation was introduced in the form of some very fine marksmanship.

VOLUME I.

SELECT STORY.

A WHITE LIE, And What Came of It.

There are different colors and degrees of falsehood, just as there are different colors and degrees of other sins.

There is blackest of all, the malevolent hypocrite and slanderer, who can twist truth into falsehood, and falsehood into truth.

Then, with a forced smile—"Perhaps Sarah may have seen it."

"I have asked her, and she knows nothing about it. She saw nothing of the kind."

"I—I certainly saw nothing, sir."

"Mr. Powers was not at all satisfied with this answer; but he would not press them. He dismissed the clerk, and sat down and reflected. And his reflections were not pleasant."

That very evening Mr. Powers called on Mr. Selvidge, the tailor, to collect a bill for cloth.

By and by both Robert and Sarah came into the drawing-room. They had been weeping freely but they seemed very happy nevertheless.

"Father—mother—I will pardon and forgive, as Robert has done?"

"Yes, yes, my child."

"Then I will try to deserve your confidence henceforth. O, I do want to be happy once more, and never, never—"

Robert caught her by the hand, and held her there, and his father came and rested his hand upon her head.

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Mr. Powers went home, and showed the bill to his wife. She declared in a moment, that it was the bill she had lost.

The merchant asked her could she be silent and discreet for a time. And when she had assured him that she could he told her how the bill had come into his possession.

They were both greatly shocked. They had not believed such a thing possible. If Robert's "zeal" could be a thief, whom could they trust?

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There was that in his employer's look and tone that made the youth tremble.

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"Is that the bill I gave to Mr. Selvidge?"

Robert did not answer readily. He stopped to think. And when he did answer his employer's searching, suspicious gaze embarrassed him.

"Mr. Powers, I saw that bank-note in the drawer with another just like it. I happened to have twenty dollars in my pocket, and I made the exchange, taking the crisp new bill, and putting in its place my worn ones. Before the money was deposited I thought you took the other one."

"Robert," said the merchant sternly, "I did take a bank-note exactly like this—the only one I saw with my money that day—and I gave it to my wife. She placed it beneath the large glass lamp upon the mantel-shelf in our sitting-room. She did this just before sitting down to tea, and forgot all about it until the following morning, and then it was gone. On that evening only you and Sarah were in the sitting-room. Sarah saw nothing of it. Now what am I to think?"

"What am I to think, Mr. Powers?" asked Robert, eagerly and excitedly.

"She declares positively that she knows nothing at all about it! I trust you may not have me believe that my daughter could—"

"No! No! No!" broke in Robert, quickly. "Then he gasped and trembled."

"What have you to say, Robert?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing!"

"You can leave me."

And the young man went out pale, bowed and stricken. The merchant saw, and was sorry. It was a grief to him deep and heartfelt. Later in the day he went out and told Robert he might go home.

"I will send for you when I want to see you."

"Mr. Powers—"

"Nothing!"

"Then you may go. I will send for you when I want to see you again."

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That evening Mr. Powers and his wife talked the matter over, and after long and careful deliberation it was decided that Robert Vesie should be denied the house, and of course, that he should be discharged from the store.

If the bank-note had been destroyed, as she saw it must have been, it had been through no fault of hers, and moreover, the loss could not possibly be helped.

Upon reflection, when Sarah saw how much trouble was upon her mother, she was sorry she had not confessed the whole truth at once. But it was too late now. She had taken the first false step, and she could not retract without a disagreeable exposure.

"Who could have knocked it off?" she said, in answer to her mother's last question; "and where, could it have got blown to?"

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She lacked the courage; and she lacked the courage because she was yet to realize how very small evils can grow to enormous consequences.

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"Robert, did you see anything of a

\$20 bill on the mantel in my sitting-room last evening?"

"No, sir."

"You saw nothing that looked anything like one?"

The young man hesitated and colored. Then, with a forced smile—"Perhaps Sarah may have seen it."

"I have asked her, and she knows nothing about it. She saw nothing of the kind."

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Upon reflection, when Sarah saw how much trouble was upon her mother, she was sorry she had not confessed the whole truth at once. But it was too late now. She had taken the first false step, and she could not retract without a disagreeable exposure.

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paper, and she tried to tell how she had been led to falsify and perjure.

That was not a time for chiding. Poor Sarah was like one whose heart was breaking. She had come to think now of Robert. He would despise her after this."

Mr. Powers looked at his watch. Presently he whispered to his wife, and then arose and left the room; and shortly afterward led the house.

In half an hour he returned.

"Sarah," he said to his daughter, who sat with her head upon her mother's shoulder, "Robert is in the parlor. Go in and see him."

There was a fearful struggle, but the better genius conquered, and Sarah came into the drawing-room. They had been weeping freely but they seemed very happy nevertheless.

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How Soldiers Fared in '76.

Some curious old papers, some of them on State affairs, have lately come into the possession of the Secretary of War at Washington.

The following is a sad and interesting for the disclosure it makes of terrible privations in the patriot cause in the Revolutionary days, such as finally tempted too successfully one brilliant officer to become a traitor.

Arnold's sufferings do not excuse him, for the rest suffered as much as he and remained true.

Among the papers is a letter of Benedict Arnold, written just thirty-four days before he consigned his name to infamy. It is dated at West Point, and addressed to Col. Pickering, Quartermaster at Philadelphia. It tells a sad story of privations of the Revolutionary heroes. He states "that there is not a tent or any kind of camp equipment at this poverty-stricken place," that "the quartermaster's department is entirely empty," and that "there is only one camp-kettle to eighty or one hundred men."

He complains very bitterly of this state of affairs, and begs Col. Pickering to find a remedy, and adds a postscript to his letter in which he says: "There is not a quire of paper or article of stationery at this post or in the department."

To this grievous complaint Col. Pickering replied: "An unhappy accident it is that I have not yet received one farthing of money for any purpose whatever, nor can get any, there being none in the treasury, and the articles can not be supplied. You shall hear from me again when I get to camp."

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place, and it will soon corrode with rust, and will remain bright and the rust will disappear. Sow small grain where a bush pile or log heap has been burned, or where a liberal dressing of ashes has been applied, and there will be a rank growth that will probably fill and never mature. Sow grain where lime has been applied, and there will be a rank growth that will probably fill and never mature. Sow grain where lime has been applied, and there will be a rank growth that will probably fill and never mature.

Ashes cause a rank growth of herbaceous parts of plants, such as leaves, straw, and grass; lime induces a growth of the woody part of plants, and the grain or fruit. Ashes stimulate heavy straggling, and this is every one knows is not the meat that Cæsar's society thrive on. Poverty is subject to subdivision of a system whereby the sons of a man worth \$3,000 a year are each forced to set up for gentlemen on \$500 apiece per annum. Along with this necessity of keeping up social equality, all capital comes a compulsory process of living more or less like a pig while attending to the externals of gentility. In the streets are plentiful fountains of good water and also men carrying casks of the same upon their backs, singing "Aqua," butts of wine are transported in frames rigged up, between four quills, and knife-grinders attract customers by smothering their faces with the "Paris pipe." You can buy a turkey for 54 cents, a duck or pullet for 20 cents, mutton for 8 cents a pound, potatoes at less than one cent a pound. But bread is relatively high priced, and sugar, burdened with governmental exactions, costs 22 cents a pound. A bushel of wheat is now here, at a discount, and stethics generally get no devotion from these take-it-easy people. Their buildings are drool-looking affairs, and the common houses are made solid in black lava, looking like the ruins of the city of Boshan. There is no bank, those who have money hold it in their ill-kept coans it at thirty per cent interest. Clean rymen are scarce, too, but here we will let the London Times, correspondent have his own say:

"They want a clergyman, for they wait years for a British man-of-war, that the chaplain may baptize their children and marry their young wives. Architects build at two or three times their previous price; and so it was that when Her Majesty's ship Challenge called here lately the babies could walk to the front, and brides in pinafores were at the altar. Governments have a harvest on their own terms, as yet unrepaid. An illustration of the effects of the late war, and while the palate revels in luxury, and the flocks of blackbirds and canaries chatter in the fields, the food for brains is at famine prices, and no one seems to undertake the noble duty of carrying hither light, commerce and religion."

On the other hand, the increase of national bank notes, in any normal and appropriate conditions for their increase, paid for by national stocks, and an adequate legal tender average reserve, and without any increase of legal tender issues, may tend to promote instead of hindering specie payments. For as national banking increases its volume of notes and deposits, the amount of legal tender secured by national stocks, who are not so dear, and so dear, and so dear, may tend to promote instead of hindering specie payments. For as national banking increases its volume of notes and deposits, the amount of legal tender secured by national stocks, who are not so dear, and so dear, and so dear, may tend to promote instead of hindering specie payments.

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