

The Port Tobacco Times



AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1872.

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THE BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.

Report of President and Directors.

At a meeting of the Stockholders of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company, held at the office of the company, Calvert Station, Baltimore, on the 4th inst.

deprived of rail facilities, and of the cities of Baltimore and Washington, have been gratified at the prospect of other roads being built from that part of the State to these cities, and being willing cordially to co-operate with any where the interests might be made identical, or were not conflicting with ours.

Accordingly we have entered into articles of agreement with the Southern Maryland Road, chartered some years past by the Maryland Legislature, and running from Point Lookout through the counties of St. Mary's, Charles and Prince George's, in the lower part of which last county it intersects our road, which it is believed will aid materially the building of this road, and on its completion be advantageous to both.

The tunnel, a work of greater magnitude and expense than any other of the kind in this country, the Hoosier, is satisfactorily approaching completion, and we have the assurance of the contractor, Mr. Rutter, a gentleman of high character and great experience, that it will be completed by April next.

Thirty-seven hundred feet have been walled up, covered in and entirely finished. Rapid progress is made with other excavations, which are enclosed as fast as each section is excavated.

The completion of the tunnel will complete our work. Our facilities for local and through travel will then be unequalled. With the Union Tunnel connection passengers from all sections of the country passing through Baltimore can do so without any change of cars or delay. And for Baltimore travel the most enlarged facilities will be provided. Arrangements having been made with the Northern Central Railway for the use of its depot, as a starting-point in the heart of the city, excellent additional local stations, such as that at Lafayette, which will be continued, and to the neighborhood of all of which the city horse cars will run, will be provided at Pennsylvania avenue, and at the State Cattle Scales on Baltimore street extended.

The convenience of all sections of this city, being thus consulted, and provided for, our depot in Washington, the plans of which have been perfected on the most extensive scale and with a full regard in architectural design to meet the requirements of its location, in the very center of the city, and the neighborhood of the hotel, apartment and public buildings require, its construction will be commenced forthwith; and with the character of the road we have built, the superior outfit we have provided, the obliging and accommodating officials whom alone will be retained in connection with the road, and the liberal policy which we are satisfied will prevail for our depot in Washington, the patronage and of every reasonable success.

The approaching completion of the road, which will dispense with their services, renders this a fitting opportunity for a just and merited testimonial upon our part to the efficient laborers rendered the company by our engineers, and for the faithful and unexceptional work done by our contractor, Mr. Thomas Seabrook.

ODEN BOWIE, President.

Selected Miscellany.

HOW ALVIN CAME HOME.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

It was dreary work cutting carpenters' nags at night, with her boy away in the army, and long lists of killed and wounded filling the newspapers. She had cut up Alvin's little coat. It was the first coat he ever had, and she remembered how proud he had been of the buttons and pockets, and it went to her heart to shred it into shreds.

The room where Patience Fanning sat was very small and humble. It was the first room she had furnished with things eked out and scamped together by the hardest toil. For more than twenty years she had lived in the old, dilapidated gray farmhouse, in a narrow round of duties, centering at the cradle of her child, and later about the bed of her sick husband; and yet she had tasted keenly most of the joys and sorrows that belong to woman's lot. Her sphere had never seemed mean or inadequate to herself, for holding her child in her arms she felt that she possessed all the honor and dignity earth has to bestow.

But the tears would drop sometimes now, as Patience sat alone at her work in the slender ray of the candle. There were vine shadows where the row of potted plants had been, for it was spring, and the geraniums and heliotropes were out in the little door-yard beds, and she rested in the longer twilight, and lived over the life she had led first as wife, then as mother, afterward as a lonely widow with her boy away at the war. Patience had always lived in others. It seemed as though her heart had no separate action of its own, and received its pulsations from the beating hearts of those she loved.

When Washington was threatened, and danger menaced the Pennsylvania frontier, Alvin had grown moody at home because she opposed his wish to join the volunteers. It was the dark hour of her country's peril, and Patience had wrestled and struggled and prayed until she gained strength to let her boy go out of her arms. She had given her ewe lamb; she sat alone.

Her farm consisted of a few acres of rather stony land that lay close to the house where she lived. Her husband

had been a cooper, working at tubs and barrels off and on the busy time of the year; and Alvin had learned the trade too; but the little shop was closed now, and the fields were let out on shares, and ever since he marched away in the coat of army blue, her boy had sent back his pay to the widow, and her arse and basket were never empty.—Abiah Williams, who lived in the next place, had banked up her house in the fall, and dug and stored her winter vegetables, and in the spring, as soon as the ground grew mellow, he came with his ox team to plow her garden. By carpet-making and odd bits of sewing, Patience was able to supply all her slender wants. Not a penny of her boy's earnings had ever been touched. That money was sacred. Patience had already spoken to Enoch Holbrook about putting it out at interest. In the long winter evenings, when she only heard the slow tick of the clock in the corner, or the sigh of the wind in the pine trees, her brain was busy with plans for her boy's future.

Deacon Spicer brought the paper in every third day, after he had slowly spelled it over for an hour or two at home. The news had traveled two or three hundred miles by rail and stage before it came to her hand; but Patience watched for it with a beating heart. The account of a bloody battle generally drove her to bed with a bad headache, caused by the harder aching of her mother heart. Rachel's sympathies were mainly on the mother's side; she did not think so much of the stricken wives or desolate young maidens mourning over their dead. She had one of those intense but narrow natures which Puritanism develops, with little imagination, but strong and fervent feelings. Her mind was so deeply religious that the whole of life was invested with a sort of sacred ardor; even her joy found expression in some grand old covenanter's hymn, that seemed to fill the pauses of the wind in the forest grove near at hand.

Patience had looked forward many times to the possible harm that might come to Alvin. She had thought of her loneliness that perhaps might end only with the grave; and how, in some distant autumn day, when the crickets were chirping in the stubble, she might feel glad that she had plucked out her heart and given it to God, her life being that he who would save his life must lose it.

But there were other days when a sober gladness colored her mood, and the sublime old hymns that told of persecution and victory over death came rolling out on her rich voice. Then it was easy for her to believe that Alvin would be spared, and she thought of his home-coming as of a second birth, when the Lord would again put him into her arms as a free gift. With her deep heart, that took such eager hold of what it loved, kindling and warming as it held, she pictured the life that they would lead together, and slowly pieced out a story of exquisite kind in that little white-washed room, where all his history had written itself. A certain narrowness of vision, as well as the absorption of her love, made Patience almost blind to what nature might bring to pass in Alvin's heart. The child and the man were enviously blended in her thought. He might want a wife sometime, but he was hardly grown up yet. There would be time enough to think of that years hence.

Beyond the pine grove stood the Ray farmhouse, and there lived Dier Ray's daughter Huldah, who had been a plain child, but had grown into a lovely young woman, with a soft voice, and brown eyes, and long lashes, which when downcast rested upon a pearly cheek. Some rumor about Alvin and Huldah had come to the ears of Patience, but she blew it away like a feather floating in the air. Dier Ray's wife, she thought, was a talking woman, not malicious or bad-hearted, but foolish about her girl; so she avoided going to the farmhouse beyond the hill. When Mrs. Ray reached over in meeting to shake hands, with Huldah looking down from the singer's seat, in her pretty straw bonnet trimmed with pink ribbons, Patience met the overture rather coldly; still she was obliged to confess that the sweetest voice which rose above Deacon Spicer's wheezy bass viol, was Huldah Ray's.

Once when Patience was sick with rheumatism and Huldah came to offer her services, bringing a loaf of her mother's snow white bread done up in the cleanest of towels, she had turned her face to the wall, and spoken but a few words in a rather repellent tone. Then if any one had peeped under the brim of the little brown hat as she went off the stoop, they would have seen a dimness about Huldah's lashes. They were things which the neighbors suspected, if they did not know for certain, and there were things which Deacon Spicer, being postmaster, thought he knew, for he peered at every letter that came in the lean mailbag from Highlands.

Patience was blind, but her blind-

ness had both pathos and dignity.—Such a tall, straight, large-eyed woman could not be easily approached by the gossips, so they left her alone with the music of the pine trees sighing around her lonely house, thinking of her boy, getting him closer to her intense, strong heart, and skipping all the intervals, and living in the time of his return when they should grow each to the other as the acorn grows to its cup.

It was a leafy, blossomy day in May when the lilacs were out, and the snow balls were beginning to bleach, and birds trilled in the boughs, and the sky softened over the young woods.—The great particolored balls of carpet-work lay at Patience's feet, and the Bible, with its worn, leather covers open at the family record, and date of her boy's birth, was placed on the stand by her side. With his dry, peculiar ahem! and the shuffle and stumble by which he was wont to mount the steps, Deacon Spicer got upon the stoop, and pushed at the half open door. He was a shambling old man, dressed in a baggy suit of butternut brown, that seemed to have been cut quite by accident.

"Good day, widder, good day." There was a half-tremble in the old man's voice, that made Patience involuntarily ask, "What is it?" as the work dropped from her hands.

"Now don't," said the old man, in a coaxing tone, as he reached out and almost touched her gray hair. "Good news never killed anybody as I've heard tell of, and I guess you can stand this." He fumbled in his capacious pockets, in an aimless sort of way; but every heart-beat seemed a century to Patience.

"You see there was a scrimmage 'tother day, and Alvin run right into the mess, just like such a hair-brained young fellow; he must have fit with all his might and main. You see the Cap'n he has went home, and Alvin has got promoted for gallantry. And the boy, you see—bless my soul, it beats all what I have done with that letter—the boy got a scratch on his arm, and they've give him a discharge, and I shouldn't a mite wonder if he was home here by to-morrow."

Patience turned upon him, trembling and pale to the lips.

"You are not deceiving me," she gasped; "my boy has not been—"

"Deceiving of you, widder? Why, no," responded the old man, in extreme astonishment. "Do you suppose I'd have the face to show myself here? Anything unfortunate that way would stick in my throat, and choke me to death. I tell you he's on his way home, and in a fortnight will be as hearty as ever he was in his life."

It was indeed true; and Patience put her hands before her face as if the bliss coming so suddenly was almost too much to bear. The old man wandered on: "I mistrust there's somebody else, over the hill, yonder, will be glad to get the news." But Patience scarcely heard him when he took his leave. She sat there in the red light of sunset, with tremulous shadows spotting the coarse plaster wall, her bosom heaving, her eyes dilating, a glad young look growing in her face. She was dreaming of the time when Alvin was a baby; how he played around her ankles, and plucked at her gown, breaking out into bursts of infantile glee. And now he was coming home, a tall young soldier, and would kneel down at her feet, and put his head in her lap as he had done a hundred times. She could almost feel her fingers in his crisp, curly locks, touching his forehead, and caressing his cheek. And she sat there in a blissful dream until it grew dark, quite forgetting she had gone without her supper.

That night Patience scarcely slept at all for joy. She was up betimes in the pale dawn to busy herself getting ready for the home-coming of Alvin. She swept and dusted the old house. She could almost see the grass grow where the motherly bunches of purple lilacs pushed into Alvin's little room window. Everything had been kept sacredly, just as he left it, the fishing tackle on the wall, the few books on their swing-shelf, the empty squirrel-cage on its nail, and even an old, tattered straw hat hanging beside it.—There was cookery to busy Patience's hands; she remembered all her boy's likings, the seed cookies and favorite pies. But when these were dispatched a great margin of time remained, and Patience was too unquiet with happiness to sit down to any work in the house. She went out into the pine-grove, where the tassels on the old treed all wore a fresh, new green; the hostonia and wild columbine were blowing at her feet; and she could not help lifting up her voice in a deep, glad chant, "The Lord has been my dwelling-place in all generations."

The path led a quarter of a mile beyond the grove, through leafy copse, where the dogwood here and there had pitched its snowy tent, on a hanging bank above the highway. Patience wandered on until she gained a look-out through the boughs, down the road

that wound under elms and maples. It was a pretty spot, full of tremulous green light from the young leaves, and musical with the song of birds. There Patience sat on the moss, waiting she could not tell how long, such sweet fantasies filled her brain and spun themselves before her eyes. At length there came a faint murmur of voices, and with her heart fluttering, she parted the branches, and peered out. Two persons were coming slowly along the path, through spotted shadows and sun gleams, wholly absorbed in each other. The young man was tall, with a tanned, gaunt face, beaming now with a look that made it handsome.—He was dressed in the faded blue of the army, and carried one arm in a sling. His companion, a young girl as sweet and pure as a rose-bud, walked by his side. She had taken off her little brown hat and was letting it swing by the ribbon string. Her great, wondering innocent eyes were raised to his; a faint pink had fluttered into her cheeks, naturally pale; the breeze was untangling the braids of her silky hair in tiny rings and curls. The young man had hold of one of her hands and was pressing the shy finger tips to his lips. They paused a little near where Patience sat, and where the dogwoods seemed to make a white drift against the bank.

"O, Huldah," Patience seemed to hear her boy say, "if you could know how I used to think of you first and last on the long marches! The remembrance of what you had promised kept me up in the wet and cold! Most of the boys in camp had sisters and lots of relations; you and mother were all I had in the world."

It was her boy's voice. Patience knew the eager, frank tones. She had carried him in her bosom as a baby; she had worked and saved for him; she had lain awake nights to pray for him; through lonely months she had lived on the thought of his coming back; and now, in the first hour of his return, he thought only of this girl, who never bore a pang for his sake. He had gone first to her, and put his mother into the second place.

Patience would have moaned, but she restrained herself; she took hold of a sappling that grew near, and unconsciously crushed a clump of ferns under her hand. Huldah was speaking now: "I must turn back, Alvin," said she, timidly, "for I am half-frightened at the thought of meeting your mother. I have tried to make her love me since you went away; but she is always cold. If I go to see her she never asks me to come again. I have a presentiment she will never consent to give me a daughter's place."

"You are trembling like a little scared bird," said Alvin, with a light laugh. "Do you suppose my mother is such a bugbear? Why, she is just the dearest woman in the world; and she is so fond of me that she will have to love you, Huldah, for my sake. I shall tell her all about it to-night. I meant to have told her before I went away; but you, timid little goose, wouldn't let me. Come on up to the old hickory tree there by the orchard, and I will let you go back."

They moved past, and Patience could mean now. She sat there among the brakes on the hillside, with her face bent down to her knees. In the long, lonely days she had thought of only one kind of loss that could come to her through her boy; for a moment she felt that it would have been easier to bear if he had been brought home feet foremost into the old red farmhouse. He would have been a blessed memory then, and all her own; there are moments when it seems less heart-rending to give our beloved up in death than in life. Patience rose to her feet instantly, as she did so the baser part of her self-hood dropped off. She felt her way down the bank by the tree trunks and bushes, and a new world of reflection was opened to her mind. For the first time it struck her as right and natural that Alvin should have this beautiful experience. There had been no great blossoming time in her life; she had married late, with respect and liking, but all the passion and romance of her being had come through motherhood. She was old; she had not thought of the intoxicating draughts given young souls to drink, nor the bliss which narrows the world over again to a single pair, and makes a new Eden of clasped hands and meeting eyes.

Patience felt humble, almost remorseful, as she walked under the blossoming trees, wavering and tottering a little. She had grown old in a moment; her senses, always remarkably acute, seemed dull. The thought that she would not last a great while longer came to her with a sense of relief. Why should she live now that her boy had no more need of her? Is it not written a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?

An hour may have passed, for Patience sat down to rest once or twice; as she slowly approached the house

the lovers still lingered in the shade of the old hickory. Alvin heard a step behind him, and, turning round, saw his mother standing there. Something like a blush of shame reddened his cheek for the selfish indulgence in happiness, which had caused him to loiter so long on the road to a sacred duty. But Patience only clasped him about the neck, and sobs would not let her speak. Huldah turned in confusion, and went walking away; but in a moment Patience called her.

"Come here, my child; I know that you and Alvin love each other, and I want to give you a mother's blessing. You shall have as warm a place in my heart as my boy has. I thank God for two good children instead of one."

Huldah hid her bashful face, but Alvin was beaming with delight.

"There," cried he, "what did I tell you? Why, mother, she was actually afraid that you would never give your consent. But I told her you would love anybody I loved; and you could not help loving her," he added, in a half-whisper.

Patience smiled faintly, but a sort of giddiness seized her limbs. He never would know what that sweet consent had cost; there lies the pathos of many a sacrifice.

"Why, mother, what ails you?" Alvin asked in alarm.

"O, nothing," she answered, "only I am getting old."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Alvin, "you are worth more than half the young women in the country; you have been overdoing, and now you must rest and be taken care of." He put his arm around her, and she drew Huldah's hand through her own, on the other side; thus they walked over the grass, sprinkled with white clover. Alvin was in high spirits, so glad to be back, with much to tell of himself; Huldah was so quietly, supremely happy she could not speak a word; but Patience felt if she could have faded out from between them they would scarcely have missed her.

The house was just as she left it; but as she opened the door and heard the slow ticking of the clock, it seemed as though years, not hours, had passed since she went out so elate and so glad. She sat down in her chair not the woman she had been. Her heart beat slower; her hair appeared to have turned from gray to white in a single experience. She had passed the dividing ridge of life, and was going down on the shady side. She stayed her head with her hand, and whispered to herself, "not my will but thine."

Even with Each Other.

A certain squire had a friend to visit him on business, and was very much annoyed by his wife, who came to ask him what he wanted for dinner.

"Go away! let us alone!" impatiently said the squire.

Business detained the friend until long after dinner time, and the squire urged him to remain. The squire was a generous provider, proud of his table, and he complacently escorted his friend to a seat. A little to the surprise of both, they saw nothing on the board but a huge dish of salad, which the good wife began quietly to dish up.

"My dear," said the squire, "where are the meats?"

"There are none to day," said his lady.

"No meats? What in the name of poverty! The vegetables, then. Why don't you have them brought in?"

"You didn't order any."

"Order! I didn't order anything," said the amazed squire.

"You forget," coolly answered the housewife. "I asked you what you would have, and you said, 'let us alone.'"

"Here it is."

The friend burst into a laugh, and the squire, after looking lugubrious a moment, joined in.

"Wife, I give it up. I owe you one. Here is that fifty dollars you wanted for that carpet, which I denied you."

The squire forked over. "Now let us have peace and some dinner."

The good woman pocketed the paper, rang the bell, and a sumptuous repast of fish, poultry and vegetables was brought in.

A few days afterward, the squire remained working in the garden later than the usual tea hour. His wife grew impatient of the delay, and went to find him. His excuse, when asked what he was waiting for, threw her into a flutter of excitement. "Summons to come to supper."

"Some one's to come to supper," she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me? I declare, if you ain't the most provoking of men."

And without asking which of his friends was expected, she hastened to change her dress and sleek up her hair for the occasion. This done, she came out and found the squire seated at the table reading the newspaper.

"Where's your company?"

"My company? I haven't any company."

"But you said you expected somebody to supper," exclaimed the now indignant wife.

"My dear, I said no such thing.—You asked me what I was waiting for, and I said 'summons to come to supper'—that's what I was waiting for, my dear, and I came at once."

"And you have made me go and change my dress. Oh, I'll pay you for this."

"No matter about it, my dear; I owed you for that lettuce."

What a Boy Knows About Girls.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world—except women. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only-rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of old Nick as their skin can hold, and they would die if they couldn't torment somebody. When they try to mean they are as mean as pusley, though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes and then they are a good deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes at you with her nonsense, is to give it to her tit for tat, and that will flummox her, and when you get a girl flummoxed she is as nice as a new pin. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can sow in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud puddle.

But I like girls first-rate, and I guess the boys all do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me—and they don't care either. The hoity-toity girls in the world can't always boil over like a glass of soda. By-and-by they will get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as any old stage-horse. That is the beauty of them. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man of the fellow they have spiced on to, and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

Counting the Widow.

In the town of Hopkinton, in the State of Vermont, lived a certain Deacon Small. In his advanced age he had the misfortune to lose the rim of his hat a full year; he was recommended to a certain widow Hooper, living in an adjoining town. The deacon was soon astride of his old brown mare with sorrel mane, and on arriving at the widow's door he discovered her in the act of turning the ends from her wash-tub. Said the Deacon:

"Is this the widow Hooper?"

"Yes sir," was the reply.

"Well," continued the deacon, "I am that little bit of a dried up Deacon Small, and have only one question to propose to you."

"Please propose, sir."

"Well, madame," said the Deacon, "have you any objection to going to Heaven by way of Hopkinton?"

"None at all, deacon," was the reply. "Come in, deacon."

Suffice it to say they were married next week.

How DID SHE DO IT?—A Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven bedrooms:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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"Now," said she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom, and wait there a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms."

Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, and the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where, you will remember, she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said: "I've now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare; so, if one of you will please step into No. 11, you will find it empty. Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course there is a hole in the sauce-pan somewhere; but I leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before deciding as to which, if any of the travelers was the 'odd man out.'—Every Saturday.

A noted wag in a western college one morning read a theme of unusual merit. The President being suspicious, asked pointedly if it was original. "Why, yes, sir," was the reply, "it had original over it in the paper I took it from."

that would under elms and maples. It was a pretty spot, full of tremulous green light from the young leaves, and musical with the song of birds. There Patience sat on the moss, waiting she could not tell how long, such sweet fantasies filled her brain and spun themselves before her eyes. At length there came a faint murmur of voices, and with her heart fluttering, she parted the branches, and peered out. Two persons were coming slowly along the path, through spotted shadows and sun gleams, wholly absorbed in each other. The young man was tall, with a tanned, gaunt face, beaming now with a look that made it handsome.—He was dressed in the faded blue of the army, and carried one arm in a sling. His companion, a young girl as sweet and pure as a rose-bud, walked by his side. She had taken off her little brown hat and was letting it swing by the ribbon string. Her great, wondering innocent eyes were raised to his; a faint pink had fluttered into her cheeks, naturally pale; the breeze was untangling the braids of her silky hair in tiny rings and curls. The young man had hold of one of her hands and was pressing the shy finger tips to his lips. They paused a little near where Patience sat, and where the dogwoods seemed to make a white drift against the bank.

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Patience felt humble, almost remorseful, as she walked under the blossoming trees, wavering and tottering a little. She had grown old in a moment; her senses, always remarkably acute, seemed dull. The thought that she would not last a great while longer came to her with a sense of relief. Why should she live now that her boy had no more need of her? Is it not written a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?

An hour may have passed, for Patience sat down to rest once or twice; as she slowly approached the house

the lovers still lingered in the shade of the old hickory. Alvin heard a step behind him, and, turning round, saw his mother standing there. Something like a blush of shame reddened his cheek for the selfish indulgence in happiness, which had caused him to loiter so long on the road to a sacred duty. But Patience only clasped him about the neck, and sobs would not let her speak. Huldah turned in confusion, and went walking away; but in a moment Patience called her.

"Come here, my child; I know that you and Alvin love each other, and I want to give you a mother's blessing. You shall have as warm a place in my heart as my boy has. I thank God for two good children instead of one."

Huldah hid her bashful face, but Alvin was beaming with delight.

"There," cried he, "what did I tell you? Why, mother, she was actually afraid that you would never give your consent. But I told her you would love anybody I loved; and you could not help loving her," he added, in a half-whisper.

Patience smiled faintly, but a sort of giddiness seized her limbs. He never would know what that sweet consent had cost; there lies the pathos of many a sacrifice.

"Why, mother, what ails you?" Alvin asked in alarm.

"O, nothing," she answered, "only I am getting old."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Alvin, "you are worth more than half the young women in the country; you have been overdoing, and now you must rest and be taken care of." He put his arm around her, and she drew Huldah's hand through her own, on the other side; thus they walked over the grass, sprinkled with white clover. Alvin was in high spirits, so glad to be back, with much to tell of himself; Huldah was so quietly, supremely happy she could not speak a word; but Patience felt if she could have faded out from between them they would scarcely have missed her.

The house was just as she left it; but as she opened the door and heard the slow ticking of the clock, it seemed as though years, not hours, had passed since she went out so elate and so glad. She sat down in her chair not the woman she had been. Her heart beat slower; her hair appeared to have turned from gray to white in a single experience. She had passed the dividing ridge of life, and was going down on the shady side. She stayed her head with her hand, and whispered to herself, "not my will but thine."

Even with Each Other.

A certain squire had a friend to visit him on business, and was very much annoyed by his wife, who came to ask him what he wanted for dinner.

"Go away! let us alone!" impatiently said the squire.

Business detained the friend until long after dinner time, and the squire urged him to remain. The squire was a generous provider, proud of his table, and he compl