was present, insisted on it. After the concert there was an address for the poor, to be followed by a collection. The speaker was one of the most eloquent men in the city, and on this occasion he surpassed himself. The enthusiasm he awoke was perceptible when the plates were passed through the assembly. Many who had left their purses at home, took off their rings and threw them down for alms. Among these persons was Lucy, who drew a valuable diamond from her finger, and thus gave it away. Layton saw the action and mentally resolved to wait on the committee in the morning and redeem the ring, and with this determination, glanced at Ellen to see what would be her offering. Ignorant of her pecuniary situation, he saw with disgust that she merely bowed and suffered the plate to pass on, though a deep blush mantled her cheek.

"How mean!" was the inward ejaculation of Layton. "Well, I have chosen between the two; but, selfish as she is, she has yet the feelings of shame."

Ellen caught his look, and understood it; and when she returned home, she spent the night in tears.

The next morning Ellen entered the parlor with a note in her hand.

"It is from nurse," she said; "she has got the poor woman who waits on her to write it. She is failing fast, and wishes, dear Lucy, to see you, for she has not forgotten the time when we both were in her arms together."

"I cannot go," said Lucy peevishly; "the carriage is in use this morning, and the snow is a foot deep on the ground. I would'nt walk out in the suburbs, to the dirty den where she lives, for anything. Besides, how unreasonable she is! Did I not send her five dollars when she was first taken sick?"

"But that was a month ago."

"And what if it was?" said Lucy sharply; "one is'nt made of money."

"But for our old nurse."

"*For our old nurse*," said she, mimicking Ellen; "why, I can't see what peculiar claim she has on one. I shan't go to see her, that's certain, and as for giving her any more money, I can't afford it. I gave away a ring last night worth a hundred dollars, and shan't give a cent again for years. The county takes care of the poor, and we pay all taxes for them. Let Aunt Betty go to the poor house."

Ellen sighed, but said nothing. She took up from the table the embroidered slippers, and wrapping them in paper, was about to leave the room; but with her hand on the door, she turned and said hesitatingly:

"Aunt Betty does'nt ask you, dear Lucy, for money—she only asks to see you; it would be such a comfort to her, she says, before she dies."

Lucy turned around, for she was looking at the fire, and with an angry tone answered:

"Do shut the door—the chill air of the entry makes me shiver. If you are fool enough to go out on such a bitter day as this, go; but assuredly I shan't go with you."

With a sad heart Ellen departed, and arraying herself warmly and in a partial disguise, left the house. She first went to the rooms of the society which purchased fancy articles from indigent females, and resold them to those wealthy persons who preferred patronizing a benevolent institution to buying elsewhere. This society was the one whose concert she and Lucy had attended the night before, and when she entered the sale-room, Layton was, by chance, in an inner apartment, where he had been shown while the ring which he came to buy was sent out to be valued by a jeweler. He was listlessly reading a newspaper, when his attention was arrested by a voice in the outer shop.

"Can you buy those slippers?" said the voice to the shop-woman. A pause ensued, as if the woman was examining them, and then came the reply:

"Why, Miss, they are not finished."

"I know that, I know that, quickly said the other, in emotion; "but I am in want of money for purposes of charity. The comfort, perhaps the life of an aged person is at stake. If you will advance me the money now, I will finish the slippers."

"This is a strange request," said the matron, "but as you seem honest, and wish the money for charity, I will accede to your terms if you give me your name and residence."

There was a pause, as if a struggle was going on in the other's breast: then she asked for a piece of paper to write her address.

"Ellen Clifford!" said the matron in some surprise; "I have often heard of her, though I do not know her personally. Surely, Miss, there is some mistake here. That Lady is, if I mistake not, the niece of Mr. Fletcher."

But Layton had risen from his seat, for now recognizing the voice of Ellen, he was about to enter the shop. He checked himself; however, but the matron, hearing him rise, fortunately left the shop to see if he wished her. In a few hurried words he told her to buy the slippers, placing his purse in her hand. He then waited until Ellen had left the shop, when he followed her at a safe distance, until, she entered a narrow lane, and passed into a dirty, rickety house.—He could not resist going in after her, and cautiously opening the door, saw her approach the bedside of an old invalid woman.

"God bless you, Miss Ellen," she fondly said; "your visits are the only comfort I now have.—But where is Miss Lucy? Won't she come once to see her old nurse? I thought I heard a second step on the stairs."

"No, it was only the echo of mine. Lucy can't come to-day, but I have brought you my little purse to buy a few comforts for you. You know it is a scanty one, but all I have you are welcome to."

"I know it, I know it. God bless you, for an angel as you are. And so Lucy is not well, else surely she would have come to see me, after my dying request."

Ellen avoided an answer, which Layton noticed, although the invalid did not. He had seen enough, and gently withdrawing from the door, was soon in the street.

"How have I misjudged this angel! and Lucy,—oh! how I loathe her hypocrisy! I cannot believe she is sick, but will go at once and see."

Layton found Lucy at home, and to an inquiry about her health, she replied she had not been better in her life. Convinced of her duplicity he departed, grateful for his escape, resolving to give his hand and fortune to Ellen, if she would accept them. What her answer was, our readers who know her feelings, can imagine.

"How I wronged you, dearest," said Layton to his young bride, a day or two after their marriage, "at that concert, when you gave nothing while Lucy threw in her ring. I little thought what sacrifices you were making at that very moment."—*Odd Fellows' Literary Casket.*

THE Newbern *Times* of the 19th says the gas works have been seized as abandoned rebel property, and propositions will be received from responsible parties to put them in operation.

Soldiers' Correspondence.

Things Pay, which Seemingly Do Not.

How many men, seekers of the "almighty dollar," are daily asking whether such things pay, meaning of course: will the operation put cash into the pocket. Now to me it seems that very many transactions actually "pay" when they do not at once bring in the dollars and cents.—Many hours of labor, study and toil, which are attended by no visible pecuniary benefit whatever, often afford useful knowledge and information, and even real pleasure and satisfaction to him who bestows it, which *has* no money value.

But those discoveries made, and information gained, by the toil of the student are often times the means of making and saving much money. The entomologist who spent years of labor and study, which finally lead to the discovery and general adoption of efficient means for checking the ravages of the wheat-fly, the army worm and other insects which infest the land and crops, rendered an inestimable service to agriculturalists, which not only enhanced the good fortune of the individual farmer, but bestowed a blessing upon the whole country, and a tribute to science, contributing greatly to improve the condition of any people engaged in agriculture and horticulture, those pursuits which form a basis to our prosperity, and are the safeguards of our liberty and independence. While at the same time the important truth caused him, its discoverer, very great satisfaction and a feeling of being very well paid, in making the discovery useful and acceptable to those whose honorable employment it is to till the soil. To him the object of life is not entirely to see how much silver and gold can be realized and wealth accumulated at the expense of others, regardless of all things, save those which tend to his own personal advancement and fortune, brighter prospects are in the future: the promotion of science, the diffusion of knowledge are riches better than "fine gold" to him and its appreciation by the world, his good fortune.

Yet his good fortune is seldom very much extended, as the great truths promulgated and discoveries made by the entomologist, are rarely duly appreciated, and strange to say that this class of men, the benefactors of mankind, are, by the worshippers of the golden eagle, designated as those who go about treading down crops and digging up the soil, hunting for grubs and worms, engaged in a business that does not pay?

But the happy naturalist thinks not so. To him it "pays," and pays much. No tedious vacant hour, makes him wish for—he knows not what;—never does a restless impatience at having nothing to do, compel him to seek a momentary stimulus to his dormant powers in the tumultuous pleasures of the intoxicating cup—or the agitating suspense of the game of chance.—Whether he be at home or abroad, in every different clime and in every season of the year, universal nature is before him and invites him to a banquet, richly replenished with whatever can invigorate his understanding, or gratify his mental taste.

The earth on which he treads, the air in which he moves, the sea, along the margin of which he walks, all teem with objects that keep his attention perpetually awake, and excite him to healthful activity, and charm him with an ever-varying succession of the beautiful, the wonderful, the useful, and the new. And if, in conformity with the direct tendency of such occupations, he rises from the creature to the creator, and considers