

Mrs. A gently packed away in the valise a new gilt testament with silver clasps. The following in one of the fly-leaves was neatly worked in silk by the little fingers of loving Bell:

Though others may inconstant be,
Thy loved ones e'er will care for thee.

Albert, by long saving of his loose change, presented his father with a neat gold Locke for his watch chain.

The reader may think from all this ado that Mr. Abbott never left home longer than from morning to noon, or noon to evening. Indeed, he traveled but little, and then, except when he made hasty trips to New York, he was always accompanied by his family. His home and its surroundings presented attractions enough without going abroad. All this tender care was only a reflection of the love that existed between him and his family.

After completing the necessary preparations the family retired to rise at an early hour, as Mr. Abbott had to meet the morning train at eight o' clock, in the neighboring town.

The family, rising before dawn, went round with palpitated feelings through the anticipated departure. Mrs. A. and the children often stepped outside to ascertain whether they could hear the rumble of the approaching stage. And when at last the stage drove up, what a hurry and bustle there was. While Mr. Abbott was busily engaged, Albert tugged his father's valise to the stage. Little Bell gathered from the houseplants a fine large bouquet for her father. Mr. and Mrs. Sparks came down in the stage from the south end of the village to bid Mr. Abbott good-by. As Mr. Abbott and Mr. Sparks, followed by the children and Mrs. A. and Mrs. T., came down the walk from the house to the stage with their glimmering lanterns, nothing broke the stillness of the morning save their own voices, the barking of the neighboring dog, and the "cock's shrill clarion" that echoed through the quiet morning air.

The two families were exchanging a

few parting words at the stage when they were suddenly interrupted by the voice of a female from the dwelling across the way, and whom they had awoke by the noise and stir, in coming to the upper window in her nightcap and exclaiming:

"Hay! that's the way you skulk off to the North in the dead of the night, is it? After damaging our country and draining it of its spiritous liquors, and not content with your fiendish work at home, you are now going in league with those villainous Northerners. I hope you will never be sober enough to recognize your grandmother. I'll send—"

At this point she was suddenly and uncerimoniously pulled in by Mr. T., her husband, whom she had aroused from his morning slumber.

The reader may think this woman was far from being genteel. But such was not the case. She was a lady of fine culture, as she was from one of the most respectable families of Virginia. Such was the political rage at this time that the females often seemed more exasperated than the opposite sex.

But the reader will notice that the worst of this strange action was her wounding the feelings of Mr. Abbott's family by alluding to his recent intemperance. But these painful allusions are insignificant as compared with the miseries of rum that await Mr. Abbott's family, and with which, the scoffs and sneers they will receive from the cruel world.

(to be continued.)

CHIPS.

Nothing pleases a conscientious bachelor so much as to dine with a married friend and see the baby put his foot into the gravy.

"How came you to fail in your examination?" asked a tutor of one of his pupils. "I thought I crammed you thoroughly." "Well, you see," replied the student, "you crammed me so tight that I couldn't get it out."