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had forgotten that to-morrow would heart. He was fain to notice the snow "Ah! John," he replied, in sorrow- him. Time wore on and great chang- "Nothing between him and wealth and before which knelt some fair bebe Christmas, and that the hands moss that furred the trees as with ful accents, "it was but a kind word es had come upon the town. The and fame now. Ah! there was the ing, whose face was shaded from his closed their work that afternoon at robes of royal ermine, of the fretted I wanted before leaving for the front. wealthy iron factor was ruined, and name of a dishonored younger broth- view by an aureols of soft, gold hair. frost work upon the slender white My leave of absence expires to-mor- his stately house and great factory er; had not his orime been forgery. As the form raised the sufferer a little four o'clock.

O wouldn't I like to have A johnny-cake in my fist. A sweet pertater in 'tother hand About as big as my wrist, Some salt and butter on a plate And a turkey-gobbler stew, But wouldn't I be happy then ! O say, boys, wouldn't you?

And then I would like to have A dozen of blacks and bays, And about a dozen of girls to ride In about a dozen of sleighs, I'd chop myself up in a dozen of bits To match the lovely crew, But wouldn't I be happy then ! Well I guess I would-wouldn't you ?

THINGS PD LIKE TO HAVE.

BY N. J. OF THE WILDEBNESS.

And then I would like to have Some dry goods on a bust, To help to keep the house to rights And share with me "my erust, Then wouldn't I out a h- heap of a sw

With somebody's "sister flue," But wouldn't I be happy then ! Well I reckon I would-wouldn't you And then a pair of dem tings What the doctor brings along, What makes the mid-night air resound With their Paregorical song,

Then wouldn't I be a lovely dad ? And proud of that little shoe ! But wouldd't I be happy then ! Well now you bet-wouldn't you?

And then I would like to have A home in some shady dell, Away in some dreamy, far off land, But where-I never can tell. Where the crystal gems of connutial low Drop like the morning dew,

But wouldn't I be happy then ? Well I 'spose I would-wouldn't you And then I would like to have

A nice little farm to till, A farm like the farms of old, With its orchard and cider mill, And then I'd have Christmas come twice

a year With its apples and candy too, aldn't I be happy the

Mr. Winthrop now came in for the birches, whose ebon boughs made row, and it may be-but no matter had been taken possession of by the and would the world ever forget to change the bolstering, the faces of first time during the day, but there spanning arches with glittering net now," and the sad, wistful, brown government. Carl had gone, no one that?" was no Christmas cheer in his strong work of chased silver above his way, eyes turned away, and he was gone, knew where, and Rose True had passface. John Arch looked at him with of the somber pines whose dark heads gone through the frosty air, over the ed completely out of the lives of all through the snow, whither, he knew True. He spratig forward with one a great heart throb, for he read at a were bowed 'neath crowns of crystal cold crisp snow. Gone where the her former acquaintances. Had John and cared not. And yet, with and long, thrilling cry. The vision faded glance some fixed and grave purpose snow, with sparkling iridescent lights flerce cry of onset rang over sanguin- likewise forgotten that fair face, fram- beside him, there went some strange, quick as an enchanter's dream. It on his brow. Mr. Winthrop had a set like costly jewels in filigree work ed fields of slaughter.

kind heart, and always a word of of alabaster, of stately trunks of beach A pang of sorrow, of loving recheer and encouragement for his and plue encased in icy armor and membrance for the loved playmate of workmien, but of a far different char shining pure white against a steel his youth, may have held place in his ing mortal her name. Of his uncle making rainbows amid decanters of had almost ceased to throb, and cold, acter was the slim, fair haired, deli- blue sky. Flocks of bright-eyed, heart, yet it was but for a moment ; cate-handed youth who stood by his rapid winged suow birds whirred past was there any presence to whisper but he would listen to no word from depths lay colled up golden and firy on his pallid brow. One moment of side. Carl Winthrop was an only him and sent sparkling snow rays that justice should be tempered with them. He never looked at the news- essence-from whence came sounds unspeakable agony, and then a quick son, a life of idleness and ease had down on his head, or swung gaily mercy? If so the troublesome voice papers, and knew nothing of the of laughter, rude and obscere jests, resolve, for which that gone presence fostered whatever there was of pride from branch and stalk, picking up was silenced, and a cold, inflexible, and selfishness in his cold nature, and little seeds with their ivory bills, and and stern resolve settled upon his ed to learn from the conversation of For one moment he paused, but the n a habit of being obeyed had made casting quink, undismayed glances at brow as he took his way home.

him haughty and overbearing to those him as he passed. he considered his inferiors. Groups John Arch saw it all, but passionate bustle, and the hum of many voices. of grim and swarthy workmen soon regrets, doubts and baffied hopes Hundreds of lights shown through gathered around the master. Work- clutched fiercely at his heart. How the frosty air, from broad bay winmen upon whose faces toil had writ- long before Rose could be his Rose dows of stately mansions, from stores, ten deeper lines than time: old men, now? Though the earth was arrayed shops and humble dwellings, wide bowed down and weary with care and in robes fit for the bridal of a great ribbons of gas light streamed out uplabor; young men, eager-eyed, impa- king, it did but bring dreams of other on the snow, and turned its sparkling armies marshaled in opposing array. tient, yet hopeful, stood by furnace bridals, bridals full of serenest joy, crystals to rosy sapphires, with red Dark clouds lowered over the nation- an obscure corner, there floated up and lathe, waiting, in sullen silence, and in which Rose was there adorned and yellow borders as of oriental al borozin, and it seemed as if the to hear their doom. Fear knelled it in floating lace clouds, and a wreath pearl. His own home, as he neared hoarded revenges of a thousand years to many a heart before it was uttered of orange blossoms bloomed in added it, looked mean and sordid, beside the to the ear. The dark war cloud had beauty amidst the waves of her dark stately dwellings that stretched far flict, in which the blood should flow overshadowed the land, for days and golden hair. Once he had hoped to away upon either hand. A lamp was as in the Apocalyptic vision, to the

months they had heard the angry say words of earnest love to Rose; set in the low window so as to cast its bridles of the horses, and in which a rumblings of the storm, and now they never, never would he say them now. light upon the worn pathway he knew whole generation of men should pass

What was it? Some strange pres- so well, and well he knew that a away in the fierce and fiery battles of waited for the bolt to fail. "It is hard, very hard, my men," ence seemed to gather thickly around mother's face watched from behind internicine war. Again the snow lay the master began, "I would fain stave him. It assumed no shape, and yet the faded curtain for his return. The thick on field and grange, again cold it off if I could; but to now go on it was everywhere as an impalpable, cottage, though but poorly furnished, chilling blasts swept down through would be utter ruin to me. I must floating mist, real, yet undefined, felt, was neat and comfortable, and wore a busy streets, again forest and wood stop the works. So come to me for but unseen. He had felt the same in- home look of comfort and quiet. The was cased in icy armor, and the glit-

ed, like some beauteous Peri's. in a undefinable presence. From the open was broad, garish day, and John wealth of golden hair? It must have vestibule of a palatial saloon-whose Arch stood pale and trembling in the been, for he never mentioned to liv- windows were a blaze of jetting lights, middle of his own room? His heart and George his mother heard often, costly glass, and within whose rosy beaded drops of sweat stood thick upgreat strife except what he was oblig- and the clinking of many glasses .- would have grown radiant with joy. his fellow workmen. The man ap- revelry within jarred upon him like he was already dressed for traveling, The town was alive with stir and peared lost to all aid, and he viewed the mocking triumph of some incar- and a well filled satchel in hand. His with savage hatred his whole race. nate fiend, and with an icy chill gath-

Another winter had descended upon ering around his heart, he hurried and uneasy look. His answer came the earth, and another Christmas eve, swiftly away, hallowed forever in christian hearts, was drawing rapidly near. A second

year of the war still beheld mighty

had unsheathed the sword for a con-

as only angels wear. A deep trance kiss him with a mother's kiss. seemed settling down upon the strong John Arch was soon upon his way, man : the outward world and its sur- for where the heart is ready the feet roundings faded and swept away, and are swift. Small trouble had he in grew by degrees as impalpable and finding out where his uncle and brounreal to his mind as the forgotten ther were, for the greatest Secretary memories of the long ago. Gradual- who had ever organized and vitalized

both became revealed to his vision .---

Angered again, he strode blindly It was his forgotten brother and Rose mother greeted him with a surprised quick, but trembling, as if full of

Tu In

He was at the church door, now .- | keenest pain: "Mother, George is How familiar it looked. And yet, he wounded, it may be, dying, and I am had not passed its threshhold for more going to care for him, and, I trust in than a year. As he sought a seat in God, bring him home."

Ah! it was worth a thousand life through nave and gallery, and high, times of sordid gain and passionate grioned arches, the glorious anthem : pleasures, to have seen the ineffable, " Peace on earth, good will to man." undying love and sympathy that The face of the presence was bright spake as man never spake, in that now, indeed, and around its phantom mother's full, brown eyes. She could form was a shining halo of glory, such but sob upon his strong breast, and

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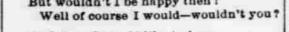
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street. At Rock Port, Mo., from 1st to 7th of each

strange, weird pictures of moss ting- shaft, or cylinder? But as his eye scarce need to turn, for well he knew tion of worshipers, that sweetest, its long, sttenuated and shadowy fin- sy-lipped, bright-eyed and fair, of ed and trailing ferns, of tropic lilly- wandered up the belt of yellow sun- who it was. His face was cold. hard cups deep as Geni's gobblets, and light falling from the high window, and white as he turned round wait-L. A. Bergmann & Co., Manufacturers of Cigars, ing, wavey sparkles of white light, stockings by the chimney hearth on and Secretary-but now the immorbriming with aurient wines, of foli- it became entranced by another pic- ing for the man to come. A young waves of song, that fell upon his head and seemed to Christmas Eve. Did he pity his al- tal and laurelled dead-began fully to "Peace on earth, good will to men, Christ is born in Bethlehem." age, nowers, and cool depens of sum-mer woods, of rose and amber tinted summer gay, lying in dewy splendor, ringlets of clustering light hair, full was the voice of Rose. "Glad tidings wrap him with a halo of electric scin-mer woods, of rose and amber tinted summer gay, lying in dewy splendor, ringlets of clustering light hair, full and Wholesate Dealers in Chewing and Smoking Tobaco. jewels, costly fabrics from Eastern with many a shadowy walk and mos- brown eyes that had a pleading, yet of great joy," could some into his life looms, rich in warm and golden col- sy seat, where a face shone out rosy besitating look, as if expecting a re- no more. What cared the petted wreaths fell, shower-like, to finest light on the face of the presence was No.41 Main St., BROWNVILLE, NEB. ors, and shaded into beauty by the white, framed in soft waves of golden pulse. Something haggard in the neice of the wealthy iron monger, silver and pearl grays of neutral brown hair, amidst the shadows of face told of dissipation, and a some- for the poor, despised and abandoned descent with a thousand points. The church was dark and silent, He awoke as from a dream ; a flerce and its aisles were chill as the vaults now, sat together in that old church. "Ah !" thought he, "could I but he glowing sunlight as she moved. mouth of a weak will and a desire to time wed her cousin Carl, she would in due smile, as of anger or triumph, passed of a tomb. A faint, magnetic light where they had loved and worshiped honey suckles and vine bowers, or ir thing in the yielding lines of the working man. Rose would in due weave such fancies into the dull warp Was it Rose, or but a tempting vision do and act as others might dictate. wear costly jewels, and live in a mansteel. CRANCE One of nature's dainty sybarites, like sion rich in paintings and marble. A cle Arthur be dead, and he left as the stood with its imploring, outstretched sat Uncle Arthur. She was his loved Persian rose leaves, whose sea of life great darkness fell upon his soul, sole possessor of his wealth? The hands. He was conscious of it all, and loving daughter. And was not of actual life, what perpetual sumface from impossible land? SALOON. should always wear a tranced sum- black clouds of anger gathered dull shadowy presence had slowly with- and yet the vision still swept on and that stately mansion of granite and mer-land it would make of home. He crushed the paper in his strong mer calm. A woman might have and sullen over his mind, his hour of drawn to the far corner of the room; away; where, he knew not, but he marble which he had built and adorn-**CARROL BROTHERS, Proprietors,** when fierce wintry winds wailed hand with a fierce regret. It was onyielded to any plea offered by the ap- revenge would come some day, and its form grew indistinct, and an unde- was conscious of icy field, and moan- ed, her and her husband's home .--47 Main Street. ly yesterday how complete and perround my door." pealing glances from those wistful those who now stood between him fined agony, as if striving for mortal ing, leafless woods. There were dark And in the pew before them sat As these pleasant fancies filled for a Best of Liquors provided at Grange Prices. DOWN WITH M NOPOLY. Liquor by the quart or gallon at reduced rates. 17-51y fect, but how useless now. John Arch brown eyes; but John Arch owned and the cherished hopes of life should speech, dwelt upon its cold linements. crimison stains from clotted blood up- George and his mother. What a moment his mind, his hand mechanwent slowly out into the cold, stirless to no such womanish softness. As be made to drink deep of its cup of It wrung its pale phantom hands, and on the snow, and the wreck and ruin world of pure, deep, holy love shone ically opened a memorandum book and frosty air. It had snowed the the air seemed to vibrate as with of battle strewn around. There were from the liquid depths of those great and came in contact with a rustling night before, and the world looked If a blank now comes in our story, moans of anguish. A wave, as of heavy columns of armed and moving brown eyes, as she looked at her darhis brother drew near he met him bitter waters. bit of paper, upon which were a num-"JIM BUSS'S" dead and wrapped in its coffin shroud. "George," he forgot himself in us- it but resembles the lives of poor mor- clashing Christmas chimes from high men, and the tramp of swiftly march- ling. It was her youth of life and with a word as sharp as a blow. ber of carefully drawn and original Above, through rifts of pearl, the blue EXCHANGE. ing the pet name, "you have told me tal men. There are pauses in the church belfry, swept down the frosty ing squadrons. There were streets of love that she saw reflected back from designs. They were his own, and sky shown, and beyond the western wall tents, and a long stone building, his pate, fair features, and wistful, many a year of weary, patient labor hills, ridged in swathing ice, lay viogreat drama, of days, of years, when air. Some forgotten memories of the from whose roof floated a yellow flag. longing eyes. Next to her hung an had they cost him. Already they false again," let drifts of amber thied clouds. long ago may have been born to the He knew it was an hospital. He had empty sleeve. It was always in her J. G. RUSSELL, Was it the pallid light of a dying life wears the semblance of death, had been submitted to the inspection of Mr. Winthrop, the owner of the John Arch wandered idly down by spirit of John Arch on their ringing no power to turn away, and already hands when she was by his side. Did winter day, or the flush of wounded when no outward impress is marked the slopeing factory sheds, where the Dealer in peals. For again the stern face sof he was within its walls. Stretched on she 'feel the thrilling touch of a lost pride or sorrow that spread over the upon the tablets of the soul, and when factory, and pronounced of the highearth wore dark stains from coroding WINES, L'QUORS & CIGARS "John, you are hard on me; you and the strained instruments respond tened, and the eyes closed as of sleep. either side were long rows of cots, hand in those loose folds? Ah ! the young man's face. est practical value by a number of iron, and yellow blotches of stunted always were," he began, pitcously. no more to the vital forces of acting Again the ghostly presence drew and upon them were stretched stai- presence was bright and glorified now. skilled and experienced workmen. These cunningly devised drawings grass grew about huge stacks of rusty Had John Arch any weakness? Was life than does the coffined forms that nigh ; its form dilated and brightened, warth men, suffering, mounting and It filled the church, the earth ; it were to be his passport to future pro- ore and slag. The pure snow was WHOLESALE AND BETAIL. not strength, manly and upright, his sleep in the silent city of the dead. and from its pallid fingers soft spar- dying from stark and fearful wounds. mingled with the star dust that shown stained with their contact and thick-55 Main Street, ideal? It may have been his deca- Christmas had passed and gone, with kies of huminous light poured down There were shattered limbs, maimed around, away and beyond, and is motion. True, he already held an ly covered with flakes of sont from BROWNVILLE, NEB. logue to conquer, and, if needs be, all its joys and sorrows, its gay and upon the slumberer's head, as if its and tractured jaws, and gaping, fes- swept in widening folds broad af important position in the factory, but no need for him to nurry now, a great die in the struggle, rather than do sordid life, its petty cares and passion- subtle, phosphorescent particles were tering wounds, frightful to behold .- space and eternities of time. the smoking chimneys. There was when his latent talent should be fully no further work to do. No need to wrong, but was not that a faith grand- ate loves, its grandeur of great things seeking to penetrate and diffuse its Upon the cot nearest to him, was a recognized what might he not expect FRANZ HELMER, hurry home and tell to his kind old er than all the weak creeds of men? done and suffered for the right, and bright wavelets through his brain .- middle aged, strong faced man. As and obtain in the way of advance-AGON & RLACKSMITH SHOP ment and success, and then Rose its death on field and flood, amidst But with it, and in a moment, there his eyes became used to the light, he saloon the other day. "Vat ses dot?" loving friends, and by the quiet hearth crashed down through lobe and began to wonder where he had seen it gsked the waiter. "I want a goblet And was not he, the elder, the judge loving mother the sad, sad news, so lence? The great engine had sud- he turned from his trodden pathway of a frail and erring younger broth-ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE. of many a home. John Arch had sphere of brain, the sharp cry of the before. Indistinct memories of the drain of the extract of the somolfer-"And do you, George," he said, sgain found employment, yet in a news-boy: "Latest news from the face, and the faded picture above his ons hop." "We ton't got heem,"



Some daughters to catch the beaux, I'd have the boys come courting my girls And the girls turn up their nose, Just like the girls do treat me now-Just when I don't want 'em to, But wouldn't I be happy then ! O whoop de doodle doo.

For the Advertiser.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. JEN ENETT HARDING.

Out-side the high, long building with its smoking chimneys, and dark stained celing and walls, was the

steady tramp of marching batallions, and a great stir and tumultous voices

ary and bloody fields had been fought and won, and yet the fierce strife swept on, and rolled its crimsoning

waves in long and angry swells, farth-MERICAN HOUSE, L. D. Robison, Proprietor er and farther toward the South.

> Within there was a sudden and great hush, in those long, dark stained

BLACKSMITHS.

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

long belts through the high factory



And then I would like to have ence."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

noise of moving multitudes, the

of war in the land. Many sanguinaventions go to now, my friend?

rooms, where but a moment before hundreds of busy lathes were swiftly turning, from rough bars of metal. gaily tinted threads of steel and iron.

that spun rapidly down before the finely tempered chisels, in long glitand gone to the front."

tering ribbons, sparkling with a "Well ?" said John coldly. thousand metalic hues, whose keen edges showed bright specks of elecbitter sneer, "he will come up misstric light, and crinkled in wierd forms

as they caught and mingled with the slant December sunbeams, pouring in old file's money."

turned away with a bitter pang in his John Arch, factory hand and working man as he was, had a quick eye breast. He took the paper from his for and a ready appreciation of the book, turned it over in his hands, and shifting kaleidoscope of light falling gazed in a listless way at the carefully through the high, time-stained win- drawn lines and angles. Was he dows, and touching for him, as with dreaming now, or was it last night epchanter's wand, the rapid hum- that he dreamed, when he had put ming lathes from which poured spark- the last finishing stroke to his inven-

All Operations Per- ling cascades of steel and iron, and tion? A pallid golden ray from one that changed to a thousand fantastic of the dark high windows fell across

your wages. I hope by spring to fluence last night, just before slumber light within revealed the sad, pale tering stars looked down through ly there grew upon him other visions, war, since the days of Carnot, beld

again resume, but of that I can scarce- came to his pillow, and to him in- face of his mother, despite the tired depths of steel gray sky. 'Twas a vision of malachite lamps, whose sway at Washington. In a few short ly tell; the great bulk of my trade stinctly came the thought of that gen- look, grey hair and wrinkled brow Christmas eve and sounding bells rang glow was like the sheen of sunshine days he was again entering that long was with the South, that is entirely erous friend of his youth and riper there was the memory of past beauty far across a world of snow and ice, whose light fell from high candelabas stone hospital he knew; so well. At ruined. Of dourse when I resume manhood, that had been his work that lingered like softened light from glad faces looked from many a home, on amber and sattin, and made a the door he met Rose, dressed in plain my old hands shall have the prefer- mate through many years of toil; but rose tinted sunsets on some time and anguish wept by many a board golden glory in the room. It was a yet neat attire, with a softened face,

There was a dead, solemn and the Union hosts, and his life tide had brown eyes (for they were like last the spring flowers blossomed delight, luxury and beauty, and float- fine violet eyes. He had told her all. gloomy silence. One could simost crimsoned the sward at Carnfax Fer- George's) there went out a wealth of 'round their doors.

have heard the agony heart throbs, ry. But with a great heart cry of love and confidence that implored a under that great tidal wave of emo- agony he thought of the litter disap- heart's full return. You could imag- chamber, sullen, angered, and with ed pearls, yet he knew that he was Rose, solemnly, and then she held tion. "In the spring"-"in eternity" pointment which had fallen upon his ine in that face a picture of such love- many a revengeful thought stirring an unbidden guest, and that no such him back from his settled purpose no would have done as well. How were life, and he grew stern and harsh, and liness as dies in one's first youth. At in the turbulent depths of his spirit. sweet blossom could ever gladen a more. The air was hot and stiffing. they and loved ones to live during the a desire of self swept over his mind any rate, in spite of paternal authori- Almost without thought to himself, poor man's cottage. Again he beheld and John opened a small window fierce winter that was already upon cold and chilling as the iced earth and ty it had won William Arch, and heopened a book and read : "There dancers in floating robes, go down that the air might fan the fevered them. But the flat had gote forth, frosty air around him. With his al- while losing his heart he had also are strange, secret, and potential long vistas of light, like bright plum- cheek of his brother, who was tossing and the swarthy sons of labor turned tered mood the presence seemed to lost his patrimony, and while win- agencies, ever working and striving aged birds, moving in and out be- about in the wild unrest of delerium. fade and float away dim and indis- ning the illiterate daughter of a poor between spiritual flowers and corpor- tween columns of purest marble, heart-sick and weary away.

features. "What tune does your fine banging clouds.

agony, and yet how like the poor, faded and lifeless shadow he in and his mind seemed wrapt in some tletoe, with its dim, opal berries, and living accents of his dead friend did vain tried to discover the hard grasp- fearful trance. He felt conscious of dark, green leaves.

it sound. Yet there was naught ing lines and features of miserly some presence besides that of his own John had forgotten that it was lets and jeweled frost work, more thur Arch. After a frugal supper he form, a pale and ethereal semblance Then a glass door opened, through brother " beautiful than ever crusading con- sought his own room. queror wore.

But John Arch became conscious of

in the early spring he had gone with stained ruin; while from the wistful where sorrow was unknown when rose garden of young life, of ineffable and a beaming look of mercy in her ing in the midst was Rose True, " It is God's hand that opens the John Arch sat in the gloom of his allorned in gauzy lade and blush tint- door, and then we see the sin," said

Day after day passed, and days Carl looked at John and a cold, ma- tinct, till there was naught above him working man, he had won with it eal man. A strong wish has at times around tables of alabaster, freighted lengthened into weeks, and still the licious smile crept over his effeminate but the dull, gray sky, and its leaden, poverty and a life of toil. The moth- effected, through their agency, results with orimson coral and rosy-lipped unconscious sufferer turped wearing sanging clouds. er looked with pride at her strong, most startling and unlooked for.- shells, beneath paintings priceless on his bed of pain. Then there came Should life be to him a failure? salf-splant son set with her pride sometimes a fervent and continued beyond gold, and crowned with the a night of storm and tempest, sig-mag Is it to Lifeoin's hirelings and a ready was mingled that fear which weak desire for the sudden death of a per- creative life of the master's touch, streaks of lightning rent the bosom of tion murderers? You certainly should brain, and did not fortune favor the natures ever feel in the presence of son with whom the mind is in conflict of broad, sweeping savannahs, hoary dark violet clouds, and the air began give thanks to the party in power." brave and self-reliant? Were others the strong. Yet there was another has been fulfilled at the time, altho' mountains, silver lakelets, and ocean to heave and toss as with the beat-"Poor fellows; oh their poor famil- to dash forever from his hand the look in those eyes, one of dewy soft- the persons have been separated by sketches, where the stars seemed to ings of the flerce heart of the storm; ies," said John, thinking of the men golden wine in the chaliced cup of ness and heart-felt longing. It was great distance of space." Was the quiver and gleam in the dim azure of dun, blue clouds whirled up, and held first, ere he sought to pitty himself. love? Was he never to taste the her younger boy, her darling that she dark and fatal glamour of the mystic the crinkling waves. Anon he pa-sed the fitful lightnings in their breast. "Oh, they can go as soldiers," said longed for nectar? Why should not thought of now. A deep sigh as she German correct? And could the an- through chrystal doors into a garden while crashing thunder bolts ever and Carlin a sneering voice. "Govern- he wring fortune from the world with turned to her labors. Would she ev- gered desire of the mind, thro' these of serenest summer, roofed with glos- anon shook the frail beds where the ment should surely support the pau- his own strong hand? If factories er see him again? Her mother's agencies, plunge, in an instant, an sy leaves, and whose walls were fres- sick and dying lay. Flerce, rushing pers it makes. As for you, John, that stopped, if the land was deluged in heart shrank in fear from the answer. enemy, down into the darkness of goed with golden, snow-white, and sheets of water poured from leaden precious old uncle of yours, old Arth- blood, and brave men die in the shock As John Arch stood before the the abyss of death? He closed the flame-tipped blossoms, kept ever clouds, naught was to be seen but a ur, you know, has faised a regiment of poised battle, what was that to glowing grate his gaze become fixed book with a shudder; the air of his green and fresh by chrystal spray dull, black expanse, save when the him. He would win in the race, with upon a faded portrait of his uncle Ar- chamber became icy ; the fire smoul- falling from jasper-bossed fountains. lightning gushed out of the molten Rose or without: if the heart must thur, that uncle who had heired his dered low and fitful in the grate, and The walks were flushed with red ca- lead of the clouds, and ran shudder-"Why then," replied Carl, with a corrode let it be for self, and self only. father's patrimony, and as the bitter the lamp flame flickered as if in the malelias, while yellow jasmines, and ing across the sky. With morning As his heart, not without a pang, ut- trials of the day passed in review be- breath of a charnel house. Had he cream-white magnolias, made the air the storm had passed, and as the light

ing or dead some of these days, and tered these thoughts, he instinctive- fore him, something like a' strong wished his uncle; the playmate of his faint and heavy with perfume. Or he of dawn stole in through the window his promising nephew will heir the ly looked up; was it the moaning of aversion began to spring up in his youth, then his loved brother; Carl, stood beside a column of pale, white where John tended with lightest the wind in the ice clad forest, or the breast against one whom he deemed his rival; and darling Rose, dead Parian marble, about which dark, touch and motherly care, George He had no heart to answer, but ery of some disembodied presence had unjustly defrauded him of inher- and laid to eternal rest in the garden green ivy had been trained to climb. opened wide eyes of consciousness, freighted with more than mortal rent and lawful rights. Out of the of the slumberers. His eyes closed, On the one side grew an English mis- and said, in familiar home voice: "Jobn, is that you ?"

around him but sparkling ice, stain- greed, which his mind that afternoon in the room. Slowly as out of spiral Christmas until he saw this. He in his face, that George could but anless enow, stately trees to silver cors- endowed upon the lineaments of Ar- grave, mist was evolved, a shadowy placked a bit of it, mechanically .- swer, " God bless you for a darling

of that much loved friend whose cold which he caught the glitter of mar-Gally rang the Christmas chimes. form slept by the waves of a far off ble. The next moment a soft, pink by the couch, for John had gone t blithely down the streets trooped old river. And how that likeness grew flush, like a cloud that vales the rosy use his Uncle Arthur, feeble yet, but and young. Well he knew that the and strengthened as it approached dawn, floated near him. And Rose able to houve are and arnitches.-OFFICE: forms, the multitude of whiring the paper as it lay spread out upon his another step beside his own upon the was at his side. He held the mistle- Little need had Arthur Arch to tell was at his side. He held the mistle- Little need had Arthur Arch to tell was at his side. He held the mistle- Little need had Arthur Arch to tell wheels, revolving shalls, and moving bench. Was there any picture of one pain it came ing green, that the great organ rolled and mortal form. It was close beside to over her and smiled. Then a vi- John what an angel of purity and heitating, then again it came belts, and kindling to his vision, in hope in the time to come to be evolv-the glowing heart of the furnace fires, ed by cunning fancy out of crank, or toward him with rapid strides. He

bastening to him with so much love It was Rose that took her place now

"Yes, it is me, George," said John

The great struggle for national life still went on. The then President

"And upward far to meet the starlight, Swept their sounding chimes,"

Again John and Rose, his Rose

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denly ceased to pulsate; its hot pant- home, into a by lane that skirted the er? ing breath grew hushed in the still- foot of the hills, and led away from ness; the great cylinders revolved for the town into the deep woods beyond.

"count it no hardship that I should much smaller way and at greatly re- seat of war!" It was but the work mother's mantel, slowly formed in ness; the great cylinders revolved for the town into the over woods depond. a moment in a tired way and then Weary of life as he was, he could not you from the just applicant for the applicant of a moment of a sufficient for the applicant of a moment of a sufficient for the applicant of a sufficient for the support of a sufficient for the sufficient for the sufficient for the support of a sufficient for the sufficient f a moment in a tired way and then Weary of file as ne was, as don't into you from the just punishment of a ed was sufficient for the support of copy. It was brief news; only "a and in another moment he knew it formed him that a crazy man wanted stopped, and the noise of shafts, and help remarking that the winter, cold crime? In vain will you ask me for

stopped, and the noise of sharts, and neip remarking that the white, but was brief news; only "a and in another mo was Arthur Arch. wheels, and belting, and lathes stop- and dead as it looked, had a regal crime? In vain will you ask me for himself and mother; he pursued in a skirmish at an insignificant gap in was Arthur Arch. wheels, and beiting, and lathes stop-ped with a drowsy lull, and the great beauty of its own, even amid the sad money. My purse is already empty, dull, mechanical way his round of the Blue Ridge. Four privates and a dead as it looked, use a logal money. My purse is already empty, dull, mechanical way his round of the Blue Ridge. Four privates and a dead as it looked, use a logal money. My purse is already empty, dull, mechanical way his round of the Blue Ridge. Four privates and a dead as it looked, use a logal money. My purse is already empty, dull, mechanical way his round of the Blue Ridge. Four privates and a dead as it looked, use a logal money. My purse is already empty, dull, mechanical way his round of the Blue Ridge. Four privates and a dead as it looked, use a logal money. My purse is already empty, dull, mechanical way his round of the Blue Ridge. Four privates and a dead as it looked, use a logal money. My purse is already empty, dull, mechanical way his round of the Blue Ridge. Four privates and a dead as it looked, use a logal the barkeeper. ped with a drowsy luil, and the great beauty of its own, even and the barkeeper. heart of the factory had ceased to thoughts of home, of his future pros-heart of the factory had ceased to thoughts of home, of his future pros-heart of the factory had ceased to thoughts of home, of his future pros-heart of the factory had ceased to thoughts of home, of his future pros-heart of the factory had ceased to thoughts of home, of his future pros-heart of the factory had ceased to thoughts of home, of his future pros-heart of the factory had ceased to thoughts of home, of his future prosheart of the factory had ceased to inoughts of nome, of his intuit prom. Most everybe the factory had ceased to inoughts of nome, of his may stalk in at our mother's door." the affairs of men and things around bore the name of Arthur Arch. one in the farther corner of the room, er was right.

"T'll take a glass of your divine nectar." said a young man in a lager beer

