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A GOOD INVESTMENT. A STORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER IV. Robert Hagan was going forth to get himself civilized, but he did not know it.

While expending his admiration on these, Bob's attention was attracted toward the incline plane, and, looking up, he beheld two rail-cars passing each other midway up, the ascending car empty, and the descending one laden with a block of stone like those in the piles below.

Again, while he yet wondered, there came from up the river the hoarse, deep bellowing of a large steamboat, giving warning that she would land; and following that unearthly sound came the gentle clangor of iron upon brass as she struck her bell.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the boat and its conductor arrived at a farm-house, in a field beside which a man and two boys were engaged in husking corn and loading it on a wagon.

Bob walked directly in through the let down rails, and began to assist in the work without saying a word, while the boy followed him in and fell to eating. The volunteer helped so faithfully that by the time the sun went down, and a woman appeared at the door of the house to call the hands to supper, the last load had been husked and the last load had been driven to the crib.

But this one did not remain to be laughed at long; and disdaining to ask questions of his enemies, he found the way as soon as he could back to the railroad, knowing that by following its course he must finally arrive at the quarries. It led him first to the summit of the inclined plane, and from thence into a basin among the hills, whose bordering slopes were adorned with many a vineyard and orchard, and dotted with houses of the quarry workmen.

"I'm going down to the river bottom to hunt for a job. Do you think there's any chance?" "I reckon not this time of the year. The bottom farmers get a'most all their land into hay since the war begun, and don't hire much help any more. You can easy get a chance on a flat-boat, though, and them pays well."

"Well, I'll tell you what. If you're willing to work among a parcel of Dutch and Irish, I reckon you can get a chance in the quarries around Buena Vista. I've heard they were right scarce of men since them last drafts. It's just down at the mouth of Lower Twin."

"Only about three mile. The road goes all the way." And Bob went on his way, ascending the valley until the hills that bounded it came close together, and their tops lowered till they were less than fifty feet high.

through the whole thickness of the ledge. At the further end of the quarry a gang of about fifty laborers were engaged in excavating still farther the superincumbent earth, some of them with picks underlining the steep bank of bright blue marl, as high in some places as thirty feet, and causing it to fall in crumbling masses upon the floor of stone, from whose even surface others were shoveling it into barrows, and wheeling it off to dump into the ravine below.

The mummy, ragged, distracted-looking boy, as he stood holding by the halter his equally bedaubed infant Rosinante, so attracted the attention of the men from their work that the foreman had to reprove them; but he himself, on turning toward the object which had disturbed them, burst into a laugh, which was joined in by the whole band most uproariously.

"What wages do you want?" asked the foreman. "What do you think I can earn," answered the other, too much humbled to chaffer about pay.

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bearing first on the heel of the blade and afterward on your left hand, which you don't raise till you've got all clear and the shovel is brought to a level; and then lift both hands just high enough to clear the rim of the barrow—so; now don't pitch it in, but hold steady your left and twist your right, and the dirt will tumble in of itself—don't you see?"

If poor Hugh Miller, when he did his first day's work in a quarry, had been thus considerably instructed in manual of his implement, he would have suffered less than he tells us he did from tired muscles and blistered hands.

As one day came and went, so came and went another, and the weeks, and the months. Bob pleased his employer, became a pet of the men, liked the work, and was happy, except for occasional dreams and passing clouds.

His wages were fixed at one dollar and a quarter a day, being only a quarter of a dollar a day less than was paid to 'fall hands,' as empty-handed poor fellows are sometimes called.

"That's funny," the other exclaimed, favorably impressed by his promptness. "I never before saw a creeker who was willing to come on a job before the next day. But where do you expect to board?"

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which he had just begun, to keep his shoes clean, and wear shirts of blue check, which he must change twice a week. Then she required he should perform various ceremonies relating to greetings and leave-takings, deference to elders, attention to guests of the house, behaviour at table, and so forth, all of which he found hard to do and thought useless.

CHAPTER V. "O eyes, strange eyes, ye are a world Where unseen spirits tread, Upon whose banners, half unfurled, The future may be read."

The spring of the year 1855, that saw the close of the war, saw also the departure of Bob Hagan from the quarries, a much improved youth. In the school of labor and of civilization where he had passed the winter he had made commendable progress, evincing a capacity for improvement that proved his fitness to rise in the world, should circumstances be favorable.

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child, which, far from taking any vengeful expression, seemed to soften and brighten as they met his own, and smile upon him with a living intelligence and kindness, and, even as living orbs might do, to vary each moment they looked, till they became radiant with a meaning of love, or loving friendship, or gratitude, or all. Startled, amazed, fascinated, he strained his vision to receive every ray that was beaming from the magical picture, though a convulsive agitation almost shook it from his grasp, until bursting tears dissolved the enchantment, and nothing remained but a simple portrait, upon whose glass encasement the great hot drops were falling and splashing.

All which had prevented his being aware that a horse had stopped to drink at the brook, whose rider, a girl of sixteen, attracted by his singular agitation, was curiously observing him. She was plainly attired, but very beautiful, with heavy black tress, and dark, deep eyes, no whit less potent than those which were so moving to his very soul.

And who was she, in the name of wonder? The girl of the portrait! with the same manifold eyes, only whiter and sweeter for three years of ripening, regarding him with blended sympathy, curiosity and amusement.

How to Choose a Wife. That young lady will make you a good wife who does not apologize when you find her at work in the kitchen, but continues at her task until it is finished.

When you here a lady say, "I shall attend Church and wear my old bonnet and water-proof cloak, for I fear we shall have a rain storm," depend upon it she will make a good wife.

When you hear a young lady saying to her father, "Don't purchase a very expensive or showy dress for me, but what will wear best," you may be certain she will make a good wife.

John Barney Wright, of Williams-town, who has been quite out of health during the past summer, was relieved of the cause of his illness by a powerful emetic administered by Dr. W. P. Niles, of Pownal, which brought forth a lively snake eleven inches in length.

Anna Connott, a pretty girl over in New Jersey, was acquitted of the charge of burglary, whereupon she threw her arms around the judge's neck and kissed him. And now all the married lawyers around Plainfield are candidates for judge.

A man may occasionally kiss the wrong woman by mistake. But when he makes a practice of it, the right woman finds it out, and that's what bothers him.