"Dance with me, Letty Green," said George Poynter, to a pretty girl with blue eyes and "hair that shamed the

Her ample ball dress was of the purest white muslin, fastened at the sleeves and round the waist with blue ribbon-bluer than her eyes. "Yes," answered Letty, "I want to dance with you."

The dance at an end, Letty tried to smooth her golden curls into order with her little hands, and then, opening her pretty blue eves to their full, said: "George Poynter, I should like some

orange."
"Yes, Letty," said the young gentle man addressed; "and there's lemonade and negus and such a sponge cake." "I like dancing with you better than any one, Letty," said George, to his pretty "Do you? Why?" replied Letty, her voice rather obstructed by the sponge

"I think it is because I like you-you are so pretty," replied the young gallant. "You musn't say that, or mamma will scold you, Georgy. She scolds every one who tells me I am pretty," said the young lady. But the words had been spoken, and

from that night until the end of the Christmas holidays, George and Letty said they were sweethearts.

Some four or five years had passed and Letty Green and her mamma were sitting together under the veranda of their pretty cottage, working, and talking of a pleasant day they had spent at Mr. Poynter's, when Master George came, he said, to bid them good-by, as he was returning to school on the following "And I want to ask you a favor, Mrs.

Green, and Letty a favor," said George, coloring slightly. Mrs. Green would grant it, of course

and so would Letty, if she could. "I want Letty to ride Rufus, my pony, whilst I am at school. Papa has no use for it, and it carries a lady beautifully." "But to accept this proposal would give so much trouble

"Not in the least, Tom-that's our groom-says it won't, and papa says it won't, and I say the same; so please say you'll use the pony. Straps, the harness maker, will lend a side saddle." Mrs. Green accepted George's offer, as Letty was rather fragile, and pony riding had been declared to be good for her: but Mrs. Green's income would not allow of the expense, she said. There were people who called Mrs. Green a

mean woman, and hinted that she loved money better than her child. George Poynter went to school very line, of Rufus, and wondered if Letty a tempered indignation, as though gotten, perhaps, that years—years ago he and Letty had called themselves

More years had passed, and brought their changes. George and Letty were alone together in a small book room in Mrs. Green's house, the windows opening to the garden. George was attired in deep mourning, and there were strips of black ribbon here and there on Letty's white dress. They had been talking of death and sorrow until both had become silent. After a time Letty took George's "Dear George, you must strive to

meet your great affliction with a brave spirit—indeed you must." "I have—I do strive," replied George, looking away from Letty; "but remember what has come to me. Two years ago my father died. A year before that villain, Jackson, ruined my fatherbroke his heart-killed him. O Letty! what have I done to deserve this? What

"Trust still to the father of the fatherless," replied Letty. "We do not know why great afflictions are permitted to overtake us any more than we can tell why great good comes to us when we least expect or deserve it, dear George. You are young, clever, good and have many friends, and one-who is more than a friend."

She raised George's hand to her lips when she had said this (they were true sweethearts now), and he-what could he do but press her to his bosom, and kiss her cheek burning with blushes? Mrs. Green had been walking in the

garden, evidently busy with her thoughts. She had stopped near the book room window, near enough to hear what the sweethearts were saying to each other, and she appeared to be made more thoughtful by what she heard. When Mr. Poynter was a thriving merchant Mrs. Green had been more than a

consenting party to her daughter's acceptance of George Poynter's attentions
—indeed, she had by several indirect means encouraged the young people to think lovingly of each other. But now matters were changed. Master George, as he was generally called, had neither houses nor lands, nor had he "ships gone to a far countrie," and Mrs. Green was perplexed how to act. She knew that Letty loved her first sweetheart, and would perhaps love him more now that he was poor. Mrs. Green was relieved from her per-

plexity more agreeably than she deserved to have been, as George Poynter called the next day, bringing with him a letter from his uncle, rich old Silas Cheeseman, promising to provide for his only sister's only son, and hinting that George might by good conduct look to be heir to all his thrifty savings.
Silas was a bachelor, having been blighted in his youth. He then took to

loving money, and had been a most successful wooer, as those clever people who know everybody's business but their own declared old Silas Cheeseman to be worth his hundred thousand pounds--"more or less."
Uncle Silas had also procured a situa-

tion for Ceorge in the neighboring town of St. Gnats-merely a probationary situstion, as clerk to a timber merchant, who was under pecuniary obligations to Silas. All this was very cheering, and very kind of Uncle Silas, although Mr. Bawk, the timber merchant, was indelicate enough to surmise that George was placed in his establishment as a spy, and watch the interests of his uncle. George would have scorned such a position for all Uncle Silas had to give.

erore we pass on to the events of the next few years, we will introduce Chauncey Gibbs, a friend of George Poynter. Chauncey-his patronym of Gibbs was rarely mentioned—Chauncey was a good natured, good for nothing, unsettled, amusing fellow, who contrived to live a gypsy kind of life on £200. a year, stead-fastly refusing to encumber himself with any employment or to incur responsibilities more (to quote Chauncey) than his hat would cover. He was a native of St. Gnats and known to everybody in the town, but he had no regular abiding place, as he chose to wander at will, and George Poynter would not have been surprised to have received one of Chauncey's brief letters dated from London, Paris, Vienna or Pekin. He mostly affected England, however, and London espe-cially in the winter. When money was scarce Chauncey walked; when he was in funds he availed himself of any cheap conveyance which offered, sometimes never inquiring its destination, but making himself equally at home wher-ever he was stranded. At Christmas time he always returned to St. Gnats, and was a welcome guest at many hospitable tables in that thriving town, making his headquarters, however, with his old friend and school chum, George Poyn-ter. He had written to announce his return to St. Gnats for the Christmas sibility. approaching the end of the two years which had intervened since George Poynter had assumed the stool of office at Mr. Bawk's, and supplies of tobacco and bitter beer were already secured for the stool of office and bitter beer were already secured for the stool of office and bitter beer were already secured for the stool of office and bitter beer were already secured for the stool of office and bitter beer were already secured for the stool of office and bitter beer were already secured for the stool of office and bitter beer were already secured for the two years "Then he's an old scamp, if he don't deserve a harder name," said Chauncey, thumping the table. "Two days ago he did his best to disinherit you. You may start, but I saw with my own eyes, heard

the welcome pected guest. Channey had a favorite lou of the "Marry! Uncle Silas marry!" London, a tobacconist's in an out of the was street in the neighborhood of St.

Mary Axe.
The proprietor was a beadle, or some official of that character, to one of the companies, and the tobacco business was conducted during the early part of the day by the beadle's wife and daughter. It was Chauncey's pleasure to sit on a snuff tub in front of the counter and smoke, in turn, all the varieties of tobacco sold at the beadle's, beguiling the time, also, with animated conversations with the daughter, whose powers of repartee were more ready than refined. It is not our intention to chronicle more than Chauncey's parting interview and what came of it, as slang from a woman's lips is our abhorrence.

Chauncey was about to leave the shop after one of his long sittings, when the younger lady said: "You won't see me again, I expect, Mr. Chauncey; I'm going to be married." "You married!" "Yes, me; why not, I should like to know?" asked the lady, a little piqued.

"I'm sure I envy the happy man," re-plied Chauncey. "It's not the Scotch-man at the shop door, is it?" "Well. I'm sure!" said the young lady, and without another word she bounced into the little parlor at the back of the

shop.
"Now you've regularly offended
Becky," said Mrs. Beadle, "and such
old friends as you was—and she to be married to-morrow, and so respectable."
"Well, I'm glad to hear that," said
Chauncey. "Where's the wedding to be?
I'll bay a bundle of water cresses and strew her way into church as an apology for my rudeness.

"Oh! she won't want no apology from you—she knows what you are Mr. Chauncey; but she's to be married at 10 to-morrow, at St. Mary Axe's, but we don't want it spoke of, as the bridegroom's nervous," said Mrs. Beadle, in a whisper. "I'll be there in time," replied Chaun "I suppose her father will give her away-in full costume, cocked hat, staff, and all that."

"He will do all things that is proper, Mr. Chauncey," said Mrs. Beadle, with much dignity, and Becky at that moment calling "Mother!" in rather an hysterical tone, Chauncey was allowed to find his

way out of the shop as he pleased.
On the following morning Chauncey
was at the church of St. Mary Axe a quarter of an hour before the time appointed for the ceremony which was to unite Miss Beadle and somebody to their A hale old gentleman between 60 and

70, perhaps, was the next arrival. Having made some very confidential communication to the old pew opener, he was conducted, evidently in great trepidation, to the vestry, and there immured until the arrival of the tobacconist and familybut without the emblematical Scotchman. Chauncey concluded, therefore, that Miss Beadle had captivated the old gentleman now awaiting his doom in the condemned cell called the vestry. The Beadle was in mufti, but his costume still partook of the splendor of his office, and a canary colored waistcoat with glittering buttons of ruby glass ren-

cheery, because he had made such a cap- dered him somewhat conspicuous even ital arrangement about his pony, and he in the gloom of St. Mary Axe. His genoften thought, when the weather was | eral expression and bearing was that of were riding him. George had not for- were about to consent to the infliction of some injury which he could avoid if he pleased. A word, a look, might have provoked him to have torn the license from the parson's hands and to have dragged his daughter from the altar. He was therefore allowed to walk up the

Mrs. Beadle was very lively on her entrance to the church-more lively, perhaps, than black tea and the occasion warranted; but, whatever had been the stimulating cause of her cheerfulness, it ran in plenteous drops from her eyes as she approached the altar, and must have een exhausted entirely by the end of the ceremony. Niobe weeping for her children would have been a dry nurse compared with Mrs. Beadle. Miss Beadle was resigned, as became

her to be at 31. With closed eyes and drooping head she leaned upon her mother's arm until, with pardonable confusion, she released her hand to put up her parasol as she drew near the altar. Chauncey rushed to her relief, and with ome difficulty possessed himself of the incumbrance, and as there were no attendant bridesmaids the impudent fellow attached himself to the wedding party, to be, as he said, "generally useful and to pick up the pieces."

The ceremony proceeded with all proper solemnity, but there was some association with the name of one of the con-tracting parties which made Chauncey fairly start, and then determine to witness the signing of the certificate, to ing at this time from a severe blow in satisfy a doubt which had suddenly entered his mind.

The wedding party retired to the vestry when "Amazement" had ended the ceremony, and proceeded to sign the registers attesting the union which had into the would have done on the subject—('That's true again, I fancy')—I hope you will take the will for the doubt. isters attesting the union which had just been solemnized. Mr. Chauncey Gibbs being, as he said, a friend of the family, signed also, and there read—what had better be revealed in the next chapter.

Any one had only to have walked lown the High street of St. Gnats to have known that Christmas was at hand. The grocers' windows were overrunning with lusciousness; the butchers' shops were so choke full of beef and mutton that the butchers themselves would have to cut their way out into the street; the poulterers had laid in such stocks of turkeys, geese and chickens, that Mr. Bab-

buge's calculating machine could aloen have computed them-mere human intellect would have failed. The window frames of the houses seemed sprouting with holly and "the ivy green," and no doubt but mistletoe hung, kiss provok-Mrs. Green had made every room in

her cottage an anagram of her name, as it was holly decked everywhere. Nor was the sacred bough forgotten-"on the young people's account," she said, "though Letty and George had long ceased to want an excuse for a kiss." George Poynter was waiting the arrival of his friend, Chauncey Gibbs. A glorious fire blazed within the grate; the table was spread to welcome the coming guest, for whose delectation a faultless rumpsteak pie was browning in the oven. The train, punctual to its time, was heard screaming into the station close by, and in a few minutes after the two friends were together.

If you are hungry it is tantalizing to listen to the particulars of a dinner you are not to share; if you are sated, you are bored by the recapitulation of dainties you care not to touch, and therefore we will allow the friends to take their meal in peace. Neither will we join their after revel when two or three old cronies came in and made a night of it, beds fairly tired out with jollity.

When breakfast was over the next morning, and Chauncey found that George had excused himself from attendance at the timber yard, he said: "I am glad you can give the morning to me, as I have some news for you that may, perhaps, surprise and annoy you."
"Indeed!" replied George. "What

"I would not touch upon it last night, although I think some immediate action should be taken by you or your friends," continued Chauncey, looking very ser-

"Pray speak out," said George.
"Oh yes. I must do that, for I have no tact, never had, to make an unpleas-ant matter agreeable. Have you heard from your uncle lately?"

"Yes, two days ago-principally on Mr. Bawk's business," replied George. "My old boy, your uncle never in-tended you any good when he shut you up in that log house of Bawk's. He put you there for his own selfish purpose and nothing else."

'Why do you say that?" asked George. "He has led you to suppose that you were to be his heir some day, has he "He has never said that in direct terms but he certainly has hinted at such a pos-

stare, but I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, that old ragam

hauncey, to the astonishment of his friend, narrated what we already know of the wedding at which Mr. Chauncey had so officiously assisted.
"This is indeed a terrible blow," said

George, "an unexpected blow."
"Yes; I am afraid, knowing the hands e has fallen into, that he won't have a will of his own when a few months have passed," said Chauncey. "I found out how the matter came about. Old Silas was very ill, and wouldn't have a doctor; but—a Beadle, I call him—got at him, and then introduced his daughter as nurse. They first physicked him nearly to death, and then brought him round with bottled porter. They told the old fool they saved his life, and he believed it; and out of gratitude, and the want of a nurse, he proposed to Miss High-dried, and married her."

"This hits me harder than you know, Chauncey-much harder. Poor Letty and I can never hope now"——
"Oh, nonsense!" replied Chauncey.
"Keep your uncle's secret, as he will if e can, marry Letty, and let Mother Green storm afterwards George shood his head, and then

said: "Chauncey, you advise that which is ishonorable "All fair in love, old boy," replied Chauncey, with a laugh; "and if I were you, to gain the woman who loves me, whom I love, I'd kill my uncle." "Great heaven! what do you sav? But I see—you were joking. No; my course is perfectly clear so far as Mrs. Green and Letty are concerned. I go to them at once, and tell what has taken place.

can claim her with honor." "Devilish pretty speech," said Chauncey," and all right, I have no doubt. I still say, kill old Silas Cheeseman, and get married; or, stay-perhaps-yes-you shall write to him, now that he's honeymoon struck-tell him you want to follow his example, and require ten

by Mrs. Green she shall be obeyed.

and when I can make a home for her, I

thousand pounds to do it." "I understand this nonsense, Chauncey," replied George, with a sad smile. 'Your friendly chaff is well meant; but my case is very serious. And so good-by for an hour or two. You will find me here after that time."

The road to Mrs. Green's cottage never eemed so long before to George Poynter as it did now that he felt his fate. The happiness, for a time at least, of his darling Letty depended upon the interview he was seeking with her mother. He was not without some justification for the misgivings which beset him, as Mrs. Green had more than twice or thrice casually hinted at what a mother's course should be to prevent a child "marrying into poverty." Indeed, she had once told him, when Letty was not present, how glad she was when his uncle's recognition of him produced such a favorable turn in George's fortunes, as it had spared them all the pain which she should have felt it her duty to have inflicted. The crisis had only been deferred. There were tears from Mrs. Green-regrets and pity; but there were were also cold, crucl words, Letty could disobey the mother who had loved her all her life, and lived only to

see her happy. George spared his Letty and her mother any contest as to the decision to be made. He promised to obey Mrs. Green in all she required of him; but he promised Letty also, when they were left alone, that his love never should change, nor should a doubt ever have place in his thoughts that she could change one tittle in her love for him. And as he held her to his beating heart-not for the last time, no! no!-he told her how he would strive to make a home for both-that their probation would be short if a brave resolution could only find the means to work with. And they would come-they always did; for had not they been promised by the one which could not lie? Poor hearts! they parted very sadly: but a good angel was already busying himself for their reunion. And such an

angel!-Chauncev Gibbs! "He won't write to old Silas?" Then I will," said Chauncey, half aloud, when George had left him. "He won't kill his uncle—an old fool? Then I will." He opened the long blade of his penknife and-trimmed a quill which he found on George's desk. There were paper and ink, as may be supposed, and there was also the ready

writer, Chauncey, who began:

"St. GNATS, Dec. 20, 18-"DEAR SIR-As my friend, Mr. George Poynter, is unfortunately sufferhis chest-('That's perfectly true')-1 have placed myself at his service; and although I shall not express myself as he true again, I fancy')—I hope you will take the will for the deed. News has reached us here, dear sir—('He'll like that dear sir')—that after many years of deliberate calculation-('No. calculation')-consideration, you have discovered that man was not made to live alone, and therefore, with a wise regard for your own happiness, you have sought connubial felicity at the altar of St. Mary Axe. ('Very good!' muttered Chauncey; 'the name of the church will show that his secret is known to us.') I know not whether it is your wish that your blissful union should be made generally known; but I cannot hesitate (on the part of my friend, I mean) to offer you my sincerest congratulations, and to wish you all the happiness you deserve. ('That's true; and I should like to add, all you are likely to find.') I am aware that what you have done must neces-sarily interfere largely, if not entirely, with those expectations which you once or twice-('Shall I say promised? No')encouraged me to entertain-('What would old George say to that?)-and though I descend from the clouds-('Good figure that')—to the substratum of daily toil and permanent anxiety, I shall know that you are sitting happy at your domestic hearth, smoking the pipe of peace—('It wants something else to round off the sentence')—and—and— ('Oh, blow it!')-rocking the cradle.

"May I request—if not asking too much at this blissful period of your life—a line, to tell me that I may add to my affectionate remembrances an Aunt Cheeseman? "I remain, dear sir, "Your affectionate nephew.

"For GEORGE POYNTER"-

Chauncey paused. "It won't do to sign my name, or Mrs. C. will remember Yes-I have it-they never heard the name of Having sealed and directed his letter, hauncey proceeded to post it. In traveling down from London Chauncey had learned that a projected branch railway from St. Gnats was in £1,000 for his friend George by killing until George and Chauncey sought their high favor with all the moneyed interest his uncle. of the place; and when he suggested the propriety of killing old Silas he had this railway in his mind, as on the following day the allotment of shares was to take place. Chauncey knew—as he knew everybody—Mr. Golding, the banker and chairman pro tem. of the projected company. Without the least misgiving or esitation he called upon that highly re-

> tion an extraordinary twist, or jerk, as "You've heard of the great windfall to our townsman, George Poynter, I sup-pose," said Chauncey. "No? Well, per-haps it was hardly to be expected, seeing what a retiring fellow he is."
> "What is it?" asked Mr. Golding. "He is a young man for whom I have the greatest respect. I shall be glad to hear of any good fortune to him."

spectable gentleman, and, after a few

nutes' interview, gave the conversa

"And it is a good fortune! His uncle you know, was immensely rich," said Chauncey. "The old bachelor is no more went off three days ago—and my friend
George was long ago his appointed heir."
"Silas Cheeseman gone!" remarked
Mr. Golding, with a shrug; "a very
money getting man; and must have died
very rich—very rich."

"E-nor-mously rich! Single man many years; no expenses, you know," said Chauncey. "I witnessed the last moments of the old bachelor at St. Mary Axe. Went off quite composedly after his will was accomplished. By the bye, it strikes me you might secure the interest of young "How, my dear sir?" asked Mr. Gold-ing; "we are always glad to secure a good

"And with such wealth!" said Chaus

cey. "You allot snares in the St. Gnats Junction to-morrow, do you not?"
"Yes," replied the banker; "and the applications exceed anything I ever knew; shares will be five or six premium before to-morrow is over." "That's your plan, then! Secure him :

thousand. "A thousand!" exclaimed Mr. Golding "Well, half a thousand—say five hun-dred—for George Poynter; I'll let him know whose influence he has to thank for them. You'll be the banker of his Immense wealth—his friend—adviser." "But he has not applied," said Mr.

"But you have. What's a paltry five hundred to you in comparison to after gain-or to him? He won't care for the money, but the friendliness of the thing," said Chauncey, with a flourish of the hand, as though he were proposing the merest trifle of a sacrifice. "And you, my dear sir?" asked Mr

"Oh, nothing: I want nothing; and you may rely upon my secrecy."

Mr. Golding pressed Chauncey's hand,
and thanked him for the friendly sug-Mr. Golding had but one confident Mr. Baxter, who at that moment entered

he bank, and was announced as being "Do you object to my naming the mat ter to my friend Baxter?—great influence at the board," said Golding. "Not in the least; perhaps he may help you to make the allotment a thousand." replied Chauncey.

"Oh, impossible, my good friend," said the banker. "Show in Mr. Baxter." Chauncey's communication having If I am forbidden to continue my visits been repeated to Mr. Baxter, the diplo-matist thought he had better retire; but Letty, I know, will be always true to me; he had not gone many yards from the bank when Mr. Baxter overtook him. "Delighted to hear what you have told us concerning your friend Poynter-an excellent young man, and deserves all he

"I am sure of that," said Chauncey whatever good it may be." "He'll reside at St. Gnats, I suppose?" "Yes," answered Chauncey.
"And will want a house suitable to his new position?

"Now I am wanting to sell Prospect House yonder—fine garden, abundance of water and all that—would it suit him, do you think?" Chauncey was rather posed by this in quiry, and said therefore, "Perhaps."
think it would; £3,500 is what I ask

and could get it, but I dislike the man You know Capt. Ranger?—of course you must," said Baxter, with emphasis.

Chauncey did not and would not know Capt. Ranger. "He is a troublesome fellow, and

should be glad if he would leave the place," said Mr. Baxter. "If Mr. Poynter will buy he shall have the prefer-Chauncey saw no objection to that and promised to speak to his friend if Mr. Baxter would make the offer in writing; but £3,000, he thought, would be the utmost that Mr. Poynter would give for

Mr. Baxter paused for a moment, and he invited Chauncey in, and subsequently gave him a letter to Mr. George Poynter, containing an unconditional offer of Prospect House for £3,000. Chauncey carefully put away the letter and bade Mr. Baxter good day.

Poor George had returned to his lodging when Chauncey had transacted all the important business we have recorded. and not all his friend's good spirits could rouse him from almost despondency. "My old boy," said Chauncey, "you'll sink down, down, if you show the white feather in this way. You're young enough to work, and like it—I never did." "It is not hard work-hard fighting with the world, that I am fearing; it is the effect of this day's cruel trial upon poor Letty." And then George told Chauncey all that

had passed. "Well, you would be so hastily honorable," replied Chauncey; "you had better been advised by me—waited a day or two until you had killed your uncle." George looked at his friend and saw a cunning twinkle in his eye; but Chaun-cey had his own reasons for saying no more on the subject. George was very ill the next morning

-too ill to go to the timber yard; so Chauncey offered to see Mr. Bawk, and, if business pressed, to supply George's place for a day or two. Mr. Bawk declined Mr. Chauncey's services, and was so excessively polite and anxious in his inquiries about Mr. George that Chauncey thought the story of yesterday had reached Mr. Bawk. It was not so; but Capt. Ranger had

been to the timber yard to see Mr. Poynter, and had surprised Mr. Bawk by assuring him that his clerk must have cominto money, as he had bought Prospect house at a sum which he (Capt. Ranger) had refused to give. He had, however, left a commission with Mr. Bawk; and Chauncey wormed out of the timber merchant the following particu-

Captain Ranger, it appeared, had mar-ried a lady with money—not always a desirable exchange for a man's life—and the lady never allowed him to forget the the lady never allowed him to forget the pecuniary part of their engagement. She had taken a fancy—the word is not strong enough—a longing for Prospect House, and the captain had undertaken to obtain it; but, being fond of a bargain, he had disgusted Mr. Baxter with a tiresome negotiation, and the house had slipped from him. To confess this to Mrs. Captain Ranger would be to into Mrs. Captain Ranger would be to invoke a conjugal tempest; and in his ex-tremity he had come to Mr. Bawk to intercede with his clerk to transfer his purchase. "Well," said Chauncey, "George is a

good natured fellow-too good naturedand I will undertake to say that the cap-tain shall have Prospect House for £4,-"Four thousand pounds!" exclaimed

Mr. Bawk. Captain Ranger, and it is cheap at any money. Mr. Bawk pleaded to a stone agent

when he tried to soften Mr. Chauncey; and Captain Ranger coming into the counting house at the moment, heard the terms proposed, raved like a maniac for ten minutes, and then consented to be swindled-robbed, for the sake of peace and quietness.

Chauncey could be a man of business when he pleased, and he was now in a business mood. He therefore trotted off the angry captain to an attorney's, made the transfer, and secured a prospective

As the day wore on, Chauncey waited upon Mr. Golding, and found that gen-tleman writing to Mr. Poynter, and expressing the great pleasure it gave him to hand him a letter of allotment for 500 shares in the St. Gnats Junction, etc. etc. etc. Railway; adding a hope that the firm of Golding, Silverton & Co. might have Mr. Poynter's name on their books as an honored client.

Chauncey undertook to deliver the letter, and to use his influence with his friend to make the only acknowledgment he could for such disinterested gener-Poor George was very ill at case when his friend Chauncey returned, and at

first was disposed to be angry at what he felt to be his inconsiderate raillery. "I am serious, old boy, quite serious," said Chauncey, throwing Golding's letter and the transfer on the table. "I have killed old Silas Cheeseman, and there are some of the proceeds of the transaction. Open-read and satisfy yourself." George opened the envelope containing the transfer, and then Mr. Golding's letter. He was in a mist. He thought he

Chauncey was a long time making him comprehend how he had come to be pos-Profit on trai

was delirious and had lost his reason; and

and all by killing old Silas Cheeseman!

Poor George was hard to satisfy that these large gains were honorably come coolie who cleans out the cell is not satisfy. and all by killing old Silas Cheeseman! these large gains were honorably come by, and when he went to sleep he dreamt that he had robbed the bank and had set and introduces several hundreds into the Prospect House on fire. The following apartment of his victim, who is then only morning brought a letter from Uncle too glad to call his services into requisi-

The poor old dotard expressed himself so pleased at his nephew's forgiveness of an act which he had thought would have provoked only revilings and wicked wishes, that he enclosed a check for £1,-000 and his avunclar blessing

Was ever another fortune made George had all the money: Mr. Golding begging his retention of the shares, as his commercial acuteness might be damaged by a disclosure of the trick which had been practised upon his cupidity, and Capt. Ranger was submissively satisfied, having told his cara sposa that he had bought Prospect House a decided

Mrs. Green would have had to endure many mortifying reflections had it not been Christmas time when Letty and George, and all other estranged friends, are willing to forget their old grievances, and, in thankfulness that such a season was vouchsafed to erring man, humbly imitate the Great Forgiver.

## JACK TAR'S CHRISTMAS.

The remarks of the Chinese sailor enlisted aboard a United States man-ofwar, "Mellee Clistmas, me no sabey he!" ss he came down from the foretopail yard, where he had been lending a hand to furl the remnant of a topail, blown almost to ribbons by the fierce winter's gale, that was here! gale that was howling one Christmas morning, and began blowing on his frost bitten fingers and rubbing them in the snow which covered the vessel's deck, is a very good exposition of the practical side of our universal Christian holiday, as frequently seen by the hardy toilers of the sea. Stern necessity son demands that the work must done and the ship made safe and snug before Jack Tar can think of bean soap or Christmas pudding and other fixings, and not quently, as the sea remembers nothin and pays no homage to customs, no mat-ter how ancient, imagination of a grand banquet can alone be relied upon to appease the appetite; as "hot water and spoons" are very apt to be about all that can be obtained in the way of a square meal, and even the luxury of the hot water is often omitted, as the tossing, restless ship, lurching about from side to side, makes it impossible to keep anything on top of the galley stove, if, indeed, it be a practicable thing to keep up the fires at all. In such a case the cud of discontent, so to speak, must be represented, as the song gives it, by starboard side of an old sou'wester.

Christmas away from home is, however, always kept in some way or another, even under such adverse circumstances as those mentioned; as a little something to warm him up is quietly given to the half frozen man by some kindhearted officer as he comes down from aloft, and before drinking he manages, as a rule, to pull off his cap and to say "Merry Christmas," which is and to say "Merry Christians, about all the circumstances of the case will admit of. Wind and weather pernecessary things are done, and the as the paymaster's stores will permit, or the foresight of the mess caterer in lay-ing in something extra before the ship left port has provided. The ration gives more or less variety of things that put up to keep during the cruise, but Jack prefers the things that are not made to keep, and, being proverbially improvident, the day generally finds him depending on plum duff as the grand piece de resistance, and no matter how much of the resistance there may be about the compound the relish with which it disappears is proof sufficient of its ability to take the place of other possibly more digestible articles. The bags containing the sailors' personal effects are piped up and the men given an opportunity to overhaul their clothing. write letters or do whatever the limit of the ship will admit. Smoking is permitted outside the daily regulation hours, and everything is done to make the men as comfortable and the day as much of a holiday as possible, having, of course, due regard for the handling of the vessel. When, however, the ships are in port, and it happens to be one where there is a

are used to complete the ornamentation. each mess vying with the others to see which can make the prettiest show. An extra dollar or two apiece is usually served out, "to put in the mess," the in the way of procuring the good things which are not found in the daily ration. The tin pot, pan and spoon which form Jack's cover are made to shine like polished silver, the mess cooks taking a pride in getting the brightest of polishes ren against the evils of the new movefor the occasion. Some more stylish, though perhaps less thrifty, messes, get crockery from shore, which sets off the table very prettily, and possibly to some of them seems more homelike and gives an air of paying a little more attention to the observances of the day; one might say, I suppose, a little better relish, per-haps, to the feast. But whoever knew of a sailor's not being ready for a good square meal at any hour of the day?
One who has watched the rush for the

hatchway when the order "pipe to din-ner" is given, is quite apt to be convinced that Jack's "stomach is as sharp as a shark's," and that he "never was in finer condition for feeding" at any one time of which come from Redditch, England. more than at any other. When every preparation has been made for dinner and the viands set forth, the officers are, as a general rule, invited to inspect, and very often to sample, the good things; the captain of the vessel generally grants the request for a bottle of beer or light wine spiece, and in fact most any reasonable departure from the ordinary daily cus-toms is allowed. In the afternoon, if Mr. Bawk.

"And not one shilling less," said the request is made, a large more party goes ashore, and is permitted to remain away from the vessel until the following morning. Boat racing is frequently the amusement, especially if there are foreign vessels in the same port, and great is the excitement in the inter national contests. Prizes are offered, and as many boats are entered as can be spared from the different ships. Water tournaments, catamaran races and various other aquatic sports are indulged in, as Christmas is not always in the winter season, much of a vessel's cruising being done in the southern hemisphere, and the 25th of December often finds the

thermometer so high that a plunge in the briny is an immense relief. The great evening amusement is a minstrel or variety show, which brings out nousehold. By its prompt use for breakan amusing display of talent that one would hardly believe possible until he had witnessed some of the character pieces or listen to the fine singing often heard in a ship's company. The original jokes, which very often spare nobody, from the cabin windows to the hawse poles, are always amusing, and serve for many a day after to hurl at the head of the poor unfortunate whose peculiarities have been sufficiently pronounced to catch the ever ready eye or ear of the humorist, who has them carefully stowed away until some such occasion as this gives him a chance to unmercifully bring them forth. When "pipe down" comes, the verdict is that, although away from

home, relatives and the conventionalities

of the holiday season that one's earlier years have been accustomed to, the day has been what the morning greeting in-tends it should be—a merry Christmas. A writer in The Chinese Times says of Chinese prisons that the amount of ex-tortion that goes on in them is amazing, and the warders and others display surand the warders and others display sur-prising ingenuity in extracting money from the unhappy prisoners. The new-comer almost invariably forgets to fee the night watchman. The consequence is that sleep is rendered almost impos-sible by the terrible noise which is kept up outside his window all night, and he speedily applorizes for his forgetfulness tion to get rid of them again, even at an exorbitant price. Many of the warders and servants are criminals who have escaped capital punishment by the omision of the emperor to mark their names for death when the list for the autumn exe-

tions is submitted to him. This list, which sets forth the name and condition of the criminal and the circumstances of his crime, is divided into three parts. The first contains the new cases, the second those which were not marked the previous year, the third those which have escaped marking for two years It is said that the emperor marks about eight names in ten, and that a man who escapes once is safe from subsequent marking, although he has to go down to the execution ground the two following years. The list is brought from the paace direct to the place of execution, and until its arrival neither criminals nor officials know who are to die, the unhappy victims only being sure of their fate upon hearing themselves called out to pay the last penalty. The prisoners who have escaped are imprisoned for life, but they have a very easy existence, and as they are employed in the prison and share in the extortions practiced on other prisoners, they often amass considerable wealth.—London

The cart horses of Japan are very curious. There comes one along the nar-row business street of Tokio now. He is led by a rope halter in the hands of a brown skinned old man, who has a flat round piece of closely braided straw as big around as a good sized parasol on his head. His feet and those of his horse are shod with straw, and the straw shoes are in both cases tied around the ankles with straw rope and are made of ordi-nary rice straw braided, so that they form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These shoes cost about a cent a pair, and when they are worn off they are thrown away.

Every cart has a stock of fresh new shoes tied to the horse or to the front part of the cart, and in the country here t was formerly the custom to measure distance largely by the number of horseshoes it took to make the distance. So many horseshoes made a day's journey. and the average shoe lasted, if my memory serves me, for about eight miles of travel. It is the same with the coolies They throw away their shoes when they are worn out, and last night when I was riding in one of these man power baby carriages my ostrich like steed stopped threw away his straw shoes, and went barefooted. As he did so I watched the roadway and counted eight pairs of worn out straw shoes in a single block.— Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

Paget Sound Salmon Fishing. This important industry is annually uning in volume. The catch this year, although not as large as expected on account of the delayed fall rains, will be about 15,000 cases, four dozen cans per

There are five factories engaged in the business. The largest has a capacity for canning 20,000 pounds of fish per day, and employs six seines, costing, each, manned by Indian crews. The packing is done by Chinese, of whom 150 are employed at \$1 per day per head, boarding themselves.

The cost of the fish is \$10 per one hun-

dred-10 cents each. The average weight is six pounds. Single specimens are frequently caught exceeding twenty pounds but the smaller sizes are more palatable and more in demand for home consump They are caught in the bays and harbors of the sound. After running up into the fresh water streams to spawn

the fish soon lose their flavor. Trolling for the fish is exciting sport, and much indulged in. They are gamey and fight to the end, but are not as te-nacious of life as the bluefish of the Atlantic coast, and are more easily exhausted.—Scientific American.

Drugs at Long Range. Considerable space is taken up in a French periodical with the discussion of phenomena whose genuineness is not recognized, particularly with Dr. Luy's good market, all that it affords is brought | experiments upon the action of drugs at off to grace the board, and the scene pre- a distance. A committee of the Academy sented on the berth deck of one of our of Medicine was appointed to examine men-of-war on such occasions is lively the correctness of Dr. Luy's conclusions, and picturesque in the extreme. The mess tables are screened off with canvas be at the basis of it all. When the conand bunting, and very often evergreens tents of the vials containing the drugs were unknown to those present, the subject also failed to be appropriately af-fected by them. So, again, these pre-tended mysteries fall to the ground, and exemplify the pitfalls of the subject aggregate sum making great possibilities | well as the uncritical nature of methods often adopted by eminent scientists. Mention should also be made of the fact that the church has recently entered into

> Music by Telephone While the reception was being held at Mrs. Dickson's, a gentleman went to the voter. It plainly sets forth what each telephone to speak to a friend in another part of the city, when he was attracted by the sweetest music imaginable that came over the wires. He listened for a address on application. Address, J. S. while, and said the distance and hour to-gether made the sounds as sweet as Pacific Ry, Omaha, Neb. seraphs' harps.—Atlanta Journal.

The daily emisumption of needles in this country is said to be 4,200,000, most The Love that Lives.

"Youth fades, love droops, the leave; of friendship fall— A mother's secret hope outlives them

She will not believe her dimpled darling must die. The baby eyes look to her for help—and there is help. Hasten to the nearest druggist and procure Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and fully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl your child may be restored, for it cures consumption, which is only scrofula of the lungs, if taken in time, as readily as it cures scrofula affecting other parts and organs. A perfect specific, Dr. Sage's Catarrh | That the Union Pacific, the Overland Remedy.

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By dispelling the symptoms so often ABIE has brought gladness to many a ing up the cold that too often develops rato that fatal disease, thousands can be saved from an untimely grave. You make no mistake by keeping a bottle of this MENT is only put up in large two-ounce pleasant remedy in your house. CALIfective in eradicating all traces of Nasal Catarrh. Both of these wonderful Cali-FORNIA CAT-R-CURE is equally effornia remedies are sold and warranted the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT by Dowty & Becher. \$1.00 a package, 3 Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per for \$2.50.

Wine that costs nothing is digested before it be drunk.

At this season of the year people can not be too careful about keeping their bowels regular. Bilious and malarial diseases are often brought on by allowall that would be required, and might prevent serious sickness. For sale by Dowty & Becher.

Wine makes all sorts of creatures at

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stiffes, sprains, all swolen throats, coughs, etc. Don't Wait

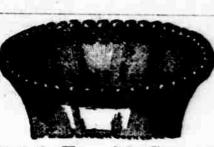
Until your hair becomes dry, thin, and gray before giving the attention needed to preserve its beauty and vitality. Keep on your toilet-table a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor-the only dressing you require for the hair—and use a little daily, to preserve the natural color and prevent baldness.

Thomas Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky., writes: "Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best hairrestorer in the world."

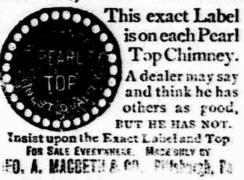
"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delavan, Ill.; "but after using a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy." Ayer's Hair Vigor, Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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