NO. 20.

## CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

BE CONTENT.

It may not be our lot to wield The sickle in the ripened field; Nor ours to hear, on summer eyes, The respects song among the sheaves. Yet where our fluty's task is wrought In unison with God's great thought,

The near and future blend in one. And whatsoe er is willed is done. And ours the grateful service whence Comes, day by day, the recompense :

The hope, the trust, the purpose s'ayed, The fountain, and the noonday shade, And were this life the utmost span, The only end and aim of man, Better the toil of fields like these

Than waking dreams and slothful ease. But life, though falling like our grain, Like that, revives and springs again ; And, early called, how blest are they Who wait in heaven their harvest day!

### Kathie's Wedding Dowry.

Only one silk, and that not new! Dear me, dear me, it is dreadful!" and Mrs. Grayson caught up the pretty bodice of the garment in question, and gave it a shake. Kathie, hemming ruffles by the window,

laughed. "What can't be cured must be endured; there's no help for it, auntie," she

"Yes, there was help for it," cried the lady, tossing the garment from her, you had taken my advice; but you must go and act like a simpleton! The idea of a: girl of your age giving away her hard earnings, and then getting married without even a decent change of clothing! I declare it is too absurd! And you are making a good match, too. Charley Montague comes of one of the best families in the country, and he'll be rich one of these days.

"At which time, let us hope, my scanty wardrobe will be replenished," said Kathie,

Her aunt frowned contemptuously.

"But what are you to do now?" she went on. "What do you think Mrs. Montague, of Oaklands, will think of you when she sees your marriage outfit? Wait until she sees you in your shabby garments."

"Shabby garments!" said Kathie, opening her bright brown eyes. "My gar-ments are not shabby, auntie. I am quite sure I never looked shabby in my whole life."

Mrs. Grayson glanced at the trim, graceful figure. The close-fitting blue merino was taultless; the linen cuffs and collars were as spotless as snow. Kathie was

right; she never did look shabby. Mrs. Grayson, Kathie's well-to-do aunt, with daughter of her own, who trailed their silks in the dust, and tumbled their plumes and laces, and looked dowdy all the while, regarded the trim little figure at the window with a half-admiring, half-sneering

smile. "Such a simpleton as you have been, said her aunt, 'after toiling and teaching for your money, to turn round and give it away! I declare it puts me out of temper to think of it."

"What eise could I do?" the girl burst out, passionately. "Could I see poor George's cottage sold over his head and he and his wife and children turned into the street."

"Assuredly," answered the lady, coolly, "he could have rented a house easily enough. In your place, I should have kept my money in my pocket; but you wouldn't listen to my advice. You are sorrow for it now, no doubt."

"I am not sorry. I would do the same thing again to-morrow. I am glad I had the money to pay poor George's debt, and I don't care if I do look shabby."

"Very well, I shall not try to care either, I shan't help you; I told you in the beginning. I can't afford it; and even if I could, I should not feel it my duty. You would be headstrong and senseless; you some lace for your neck and sleeves, and ling. you may wear that garnet set of Jose-

phine's. "I don't want any lace-I've some that belonged to my mamma; and I wouldn't

wear Josephine's garnets for anything." "Oh, very well! don't snap my head off; I beg; you needn't wear them. Much nanks one gets for trying to assist you! You won't wear my hat either, I suppose? How about that?"

"I have plenty of trimmings; I shall trum that light felt I wore last winter."

"And your j c:et? where's that to come from, pray?" Kathie's tears were gone; her brown

eyes flashed like stars. 'I inter d to make myself a jacket of grandfather's old overcoat," she replied. Kathie then threw aside her ruffles, and going to the cloth-press, brought out the

old coat. "The material is very fine," she said, "and this rich, old-fashioned fur will cut into nice strips for trimming; I can make a handsome jacket out of it, and I think," she added, softly, "grandpapa would like

me to have it if he knew." "Grandpapa, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Grayson. "I should think you'd have but little respect for his memory after the manher he treated you; never leaving you a him as you did."

"I think he intended to leave me something," said Kathic. "i know he did; but he died so suddenly, and there was some bustake."

good intentions! He had lots of moneyshilling for your wedding dowry."

seams, her pretty, fresh face looking sad the population as high as 200,000,000.

and downcast. Aunt Grayson's wordly

wise talk had put her out of heart. All her life she had been such a brave, sweet little soul. Left an orphan early, she had lived with grandfather; and made his last days bright.

"You're a dear little child, Kathie; byand-by, when you think of being a bride, I will give you a wedding dowry.'

He had said so a dozen times, yet, after his sudden death, one midwinter night, there was no mention of Kathie in his will, and everything went to Dugald, the son of a second marriage.

Kathie did not complain; but it cut her to the heart to think grandpaps had forgotten her. She tried not to believe it; there was some mistake.

And when Dugald sold out the old homestead and went off, she gathered up all the old souvenirs and took care of them. The old fur-trimmed overcoat was one.

Then lodging at her aunt's, she taught the village children, and saved up her earnings for her wedding-day; for Charles Montague loved ner and bad asked her to be his wife.

The wedding-day was appointed, and she was beginning, with fluttering heart to think about making her purchasers, when her brother George fell ill; and worse, fell into trouble. He was rather a thriftless man and had been unfortunate; his little home was mortgaged, and unless the debt could be repaid, the house would be sold over his head. Kathie heard, and did not hesitate an instant. Her hoarded earnings went

It was so hard to be so cramped for a ittle money, and one's wedding day so near. Her wardrobe was limited. She needed a nice seal-brown cashmere dreadfully, and a light silk or two for evening wear. Aunt Gravson told the truth-she would look shabby in the grand rooms at Oaklands, in

the very midst of Charley's stately sisters. The tears came faster, and presently the ittle pearl-handled knife, with which she was ripping the seams, fell suddenly, and cut a great gash across the breast of the

Kathie gave a little shriek of dismay. "There, now! i've spoiled the best of the cloth; I can't get my jacket out. What

snall I do?" Down went the bright young head, and with her face buried in grandpapa's old coat. Kathie cried as if her heart would

Something rustled under her hands. "Why, what's this? Some of poor grandpapa's papers!"

She tore the imng loose, and there beneath the wadding, was a package done up in parchment, and tied with red tape. Kathie drew it forth. On one side was written: "This package belongs to my

grand-daughter Kathie. "Why, what can it be?" cried the young girl, her fingers fluttering, as she tugged at

At last the knot yielded, and she unfolded the package. Folded coupon bonds-a good dozen at least-and a thick layer of crisp bank notes. On the top, a little note,

"My dear little grand-daughter, here is your marriage dowry—\$10,000. One day some fine fellow will claim you for his wife. You are a trea ure in yourself, but take this from old grandpapa.'

"Oh, grandpapa; you did not forget me!" sobbed Kathie.

A ring at the door startled her. She immediately looked out and saw her lover, and gathering her treasure into the lap of her apron, she rushed out to meet him. "Oh, Charlie, come quick! I've such

wonderful news to tell you." The young man followed her to the drawing-room, wondering what had hap-

She told him all. "My darling," said, his voice thrilling with tenderness, "I am so glad of all this, because you are glad. For my own part, would rather have taken these darling little hands without a shilling in them. You need no dowry, Kathie; you are crowned with beauty, and purity, and goodness.

In my eyes you are always fresh and fair, and lovely, no matter what you wear. must bear the consequence. I'll give you love you for your own sweet self, my darl-Kathie let the folded coupons and bank-

notes slip from her apron and fall to the floor in a rustling shower. "Oh, Charlie!" she whispered, leaning her head against his shoulder, "I am so

"Glad of what, Kathie? Grandpapa's dowry ?"

"No; glad you love me for myself." He clasped her closely, and at their feet grandpapa s marriage dowry lay unheeded.

# Interior of Africa.

Although we have not, nor are we likely to have for years, any accurate statistics of the population of the interior of Africa there is very little doubt that we have greatly underrated it. Much important information has lately been gathered on the subject, especially concerning the distribution and density of that far off land. In the great lake district for instance, there are territories as thickly settled as many European States, relatively small areas possessing millions of people. The negro regions are by far the most populous, while the desert regions are the reverse. A French geographical society gives the estimated figures of various subdivisions of that continent as follows: In penny, after you nursed him and slaved for the Soudan the population is 80,000,000. or about fifty-three persons per square mile. The town of Bida, on the Niger, for example contains fully 90,000 inhabitants. East Africa is rated at 30,000,000 and equatorial Africa at some 40,000,000 souls. "Oh, nonsense, I wouldn't give a fig for A late authority on ethnology sets down the negroes as numerically 130,000,000; everybody knows that. It has all gone to the Hamites, 30,000,000; the Bantas 13,that scapegrace Dugald, and you haven't a 000,000; the Foolahs, 8,000,000; the Nubians, 1,500,000; the Hottentots, 50,window, began to rip the closely stitched window, began to rip the close

#### The Wild Swan.

About the first of September, the Swans when they collect in flocks of twenty or their flight, they mount high in the air, form a prolonged wedge and with loud screams depart for more genial climes. When making either their semi-annual transmigration, or on shorter expeditions, an occasional scream equal to "how do you which is almost immediately replied to by some posterior Swan with an "all's well" vociferation. When the leader of the party becomes fatigued with his extra duty of cutting the air, he falls in the rear and his neighbor takes his place. When mounted, as sometimes they are, and several thousand feet above the earth, with their diminished and delicate outline hardly perceptible against the clear blue of heaven, this harsh sound softened and modulated by distance, and issuing from the immence void above, assumes a supernatural character of tone and impression, that excites, the first time heard, strangely peculiar feeling. In flying, these birds make a strange appearance their long necks protrude and at present, at a distance, mere lines with black points, and occupy more than one-half their whole length, their heavy bodies and triangular wings seeming but mere appendages

to their immense projections in front. When thus in motion, their wings pass through so few degrees of the circle, that, unless seen horizontally, they appear al-The Swan when migrating, with a moderate wind in his favor, and mounted high in the air, certaintly travels at the rate of one often timed the flight of the Goose, and other, which I have often seen, the Swan invariable passed with nearly double the velocity. The Swan in traveling from the residence, generally keep far inland, mounted above the highest peaks of the Alleghany, and rarely follow the water courses like the Geese, which usually stop the sea board. The Swan rarely pause on their migrating flight, unless overtaken by a storm, above the reach of which occurrence, they generally soar.

They have been seen following the coast in but very few instances. They arrive at their winter home, which is a belt crossing the whole continent, extending from the latitude of 40 deg., to Florida, and even to the West India Islands and Mexico, in October and November, and immediately take possesion of their regular feeding grounds. They generally reach these high places in the night, and the first signal of their arrival at their winter abode, is a general burst of melody, making the shores ring for several hours with their vociferarting congratulations, whilst making amends for a life long fast, and plumming their deranged feathers. From these localities they rarely depart, unless driven farther south by intensely cold weather, until the vernal excursion. When the spring arrives, a simi iar collect on of forces as at the north, takes place in March, after disturbing the tranquit b som of the water for a night, by incessant washing and dressing, and alarming the quiet neighborhood by a constant clatter of consulting tongues, they depart for the north about daylight with a general feu de joie of unmusical screams. The Chesapeake Bay is a great resort for swans during thewinter, and whilst there they form collections of from one to five hundred on the flats, near the western shores, and extend from the outlet of the Susquehannah almost to the Rip Raps, The connecting streams also present fine feeding grounds. They always select places where they can reach their food by the length of their necks, as they have never been seen in this part of the world, to dive under the water, either for food or safety. I have often seated myself for hours within a short distance of several hundred swans, to watch their habits and manners, and never saw one pass entirely under water, though they will keep the head beneath for five minutes at a time. Buonaparte, Synop, Birds, U.S., in describing the genus Cygnus says, "from their conformation and lightness of the plumage, they are unable to sink the

# The Dark S.de of Things.

Some people persist in taking a gloomy view of everything. There is a man of that kind living in ward No 13. A neighbor happened to grop in to see him the other day and found everybody lively except the head of the family.

"How are you all coming on?" "We are all tolerable except Bob. He is laughing and joking because he is going fishing. I just know he is going to come home drowned, and howling with a fish-

hook sticking in him somewhere." "Well, the rest seem to be cheerful." "Yes, sorter. Jemimy is jumping and skipping about because she is going to a candy-pulling, but I know something will happen to her. I read of a girl in Philadelphia only last year who was coming home from a candy-pulling, when a drunken man threw his wife out of a three-story window and killed her."

"Killed who?" "Jemimy."

body...

"Why, no; there she is." "Well, it might have seen her if she had been on the pavement below where the

woman fell, "Well, you are looking healthy." "Yes; I feel just like the man did who Sound of Bells.

In a hilly locality a bell will not be heard leave the shores of the Polar sea, according half so far as if the land were level, or to Franklin, and resort to the lake and nearly so. A bell will be heard a great rivers in about the latitude; of Hudson deal further lengthways of a valley than Bay, (60) where they remain preparing for over the hills at the sides. It is frequently a departure for the winter, until October, the case that bell-rooms are lower than the surrounding buildings and trees, and these thirty, and seizing favorable weather, with obstructions break the sound and prevent the wind not opposed to the direction of its free passage to a distance. It is frequently the case, too, that towers have small windows or openings, with the lower boards so close together as to almost box up the sound. In cities the noise of steam and herse-cars, manufacturing establishments, carriages and carts rattling over the all come on behind" issues from the leader. | pavemusts, etc., is so great that bells are not expected to be heard at any considerable distance, and this is the reason why, in all cities, several bells are used for firealarm purposes, it being impossible for one bell, no matter how large it may be, to be heard above the thousand and one noises incident to every large place. The largest bell ever made in this country weighed twenty-two thousand pounds, and, before it was fractured, hung on City Hall, in New York. On one or two occasions this bell was heard up the Hudson River thirteen miles in the night, when the city was comparatively quiet. Water is a good conductor of sound, and aided materially in making the bell heard as above mentioned. It is a great mistake to suppose that bells can be heard in proportion to their weight; that is, that a bell of two thousand pounds will be heard twice as far as one of one thousand pounds. This is not so, for the reason that the larger bell does not surface of the smaller one. What is gained and admired in the larger bell is its deep, weight of a bell invariably governing its tone. A bell of 100 or 200 pounds, in an

most quiescent, being widely different from | majestic, dignified tone, which it is imposthe heavy semi-circular sweep of the Goose. | sible to sec ire in the smaler one, the open belfry, on a schoolhouse or factory in hundred miles or more an hour, I have the country, is frequently heard at a long distance, out of proportion, apparently, to found one mile a minute a common rapid- one of 1,000 pounds in a church tower near ity, and when the two birds, in a change of by; and instances of this kind frequently feeding ground, have been flying near each | cause no litte comment in the way of comparison. The reason for this is that the small bell has a sharp, shrill, penetrating sound, that must, of necessity, be heard northeru parts of America to their winter great deal further in proportion to it weight than the low, meliow "church going" sound of the church bell. The same principle applies to the whistle of a locomotive, and it is heard a long distance on the route, particularly, if they have taken | simply because its tone is shrill and penetrating. When hung stationary and struck, or tolled, bells will not be heard, as a rule, half as far as when swung. The swinging motion throws the mouth of the bell up, and not only carries the sound off, but impar s to it a richness that is always absent

when the bell is at rest and struck. A great deal is to be gained by ringing a bell properly, throwing the mouth well up, and not lazly jingling it. It is not physicial strength that is required in ringing a bell so much as "getting the knick" of catching the rope just right, particularly on the second "down pull." The window in the tower should be as open as possible, and the tower should be ceiled just above the At the last meeting of the Physical Society of Paris some new and curious experi-Japan were shown by M. Duboscq. Mir-

give a fairly good virtual image of an ob- to a point seventeen miles from its month. ject held near to them may yet be very irregular in the actual curvature of the surface and produce a very irregular real image of a luminous point reflected by the mirror upon a screen. It such a mirror be warmed, the thinner portions changes their curvature, becoming flatter, and yield dark corresponding patches in the disk of re- fringed by bushes of alder, hazel and flected light. A mirror which gives very imperfect effects when cold will give very good ones when heated. If, by means of a condensing pump, a uniform pressure is exerted against the back of the mirror, the thinner portions are more affected than the thick portions, and therefore, as viewed from the front, becomes less concave than the rest of the surface, the result upon the reflected beam being that the pattern of ding up the brook for some distance, we the thicker parts come out bright on the succeeded in securing about a dozen trout, darker ground of the image. Lastly, if a each about as long as one's finger. Dismirror be cas, upon the face of the original gusted at our luck, we had arrived nearly mirror, and then polished, it will when at the foot of the falls formed by the wawarmed become a "magic" mirror, though their breaking through their rocky barrier. when cold it yields only a uniformly illum- The gorge was narrow, and, the granite inated disk upon the screen. This last ex- hills rose up on either side to the height of periment alone suffices to show that the

Magic Mirrors.

# A Bad Parrot.

vature of the surface.

with pressing business was walking along ly half of the pool lay partly concealed be-State street, Rochester, he espied a sedate neath the project rg slef One of my men saloon and meditating, for aught anyone clambered down the steep hillside until he young man agreed to see that the missives knew to the contrary, upon the limited was able to peer into the blackness of one sphere of his usefulness. Ever since he of these silent pools. After looking steadily loon. Having only enjoyed that social come on, by his motions cautioning us to ready to start, when a hack drove up furisingular that his knowledge and stock of quest we were soon beside him and looking gave her hand to her gallant admirer. At words did not partake of drawing room under the rock saw what we supposed to refinement. This the boy did not know, but he thought he would have just a little fun. So he stuck his finger between the wires of the cage, hoping thereby to frighten the bird. But the parrot didn't frighten worth a cent. He merely got off his perch, took the finger in his mouth and gave it a good tweak.

"Oh you, son of a gun," cried the boy, pulling away his bleeding finger and thrusting it into his mouth.

"There take, a joke," said the parrot, getting back on his perch and resuming the thread of his thought.

"Good enough for you, you little rascal," said a sympathetic passea-by who Marie Chestra gito pursue his researches . Chang Hill Salpreley, 'ep-

#### Franklin's Old Age.

As Benjamin Franklin grew old, he did not grow less willing to continue that exthe dangerous and delicate mission to France. "I am," he told the Congress, "but the fag-end; you may have me for what you please." At the age of 79 he still found enjoyment in the management of affair. Two years later at the age of 81, in the convention which met in 1787 to frame the definite constitution, he, though opposed personally to the system of two egislative houses, made the project practically possible by his device that all the states should be represented equally in the upper house and according to population in the lower house. If he sighed over his toils at 79, it was a sigh of satisfaction at the prospect of being harnessed in the country's service for another year" as president of Penn ylvania. My countrymen, he wrote with manifest pleasure to a friend, engrossed the prime of my life. They have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones." At the age of 83 he still composed poetry, not very good, but n t worse perlaps than that which he was in the habit of writing 56 years before. Attacked simultaneausly by gout, the stone, and old age, he comforted himself that 'only three incurable diseases had fallen to his share, and that these had not deprived him at the age of 81 of his natural cheerfulness, his delight in books. and enjoyment of social conversation," If obliged by his three enemies to anticipate death, he solaced himself by the thoughts of a erm of higher activity, and therefore enone." He avowed a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other world," and longed, "free from bodily embarrass | a bright eye, peculiar smirk-spotted necktems Herschel has explored, conducted by with them." His only hesitation at the you'll lose 'em. Now then, ma'am." age of 82 is whether it were not a pity to quit this particular universe at a time of extraordinary "improvements in philosophy, morals, politics, and even the conveniences of common living, and the invention and a quisition of new and useful itensils and instruments." He whispers a wish that the final advance has been made in the particular art of physic, that "we might be able to avoid diseases and live as ong as the petriarchs in Genesis; to which I suppose we should have little objection." It was almost as well that, though in 1788 he heard rumors of John Fitch's "boat moved by a steam-engine rowing itself against tide in our river," and though he appeared to think "the construction might be simplified and improved so as to become generally useful," he could not foresee the full application of the principle. It would have been to grievous to leave life on the eve of such a revolution.

# Salmon Fishing Without Fly or Spear.

It is well known to many sportsmen in

Massachusetts that the southwest Mirami-

chi, one of the rivers of New Brunswick, is famous for its salmon and trout, though neither are so abundant there now as they once were. Several years ago a party of ments upon the so-called magic mirrors of timber explorers, under the guidance of the writer, ascended Rocky Brook, one of rors having a sufficiently true surface to the branches of the soutewest Miramichi, A short walk brought us to Rocky Brook, which is a rapid stream of clear sparkling water about forty feet wide and from six inches to eight inches in depth, with here and there a deeper hole; the bottom was covered by a gravel composed of red granite pebbles; the banks near the shores were dwarf maple, varied occasionally by the high bush cranberry, whose bright red berries formed an agreeable contrast to the green of the surrounding foliage. We viewed this tempting fruit with longing eyes, but our sugar bag was to low to allow of our indulging in the luxury of preserves; we therefore contented surselves with a few mouthfuls of the acid fruit. By wamany hundred feet, being in the immedicause of the reputed magical property is to ate vicinity of the brook in many places be sought, not in any difference of reflec- very precipitous. Through this gorge the tive power but in slight differences of cur- water dashed down a succession of narrow falls; at the foot of these was a tranquil pool over which jutted out huge masses of granite hollowed underneath by the joint Recently as a boy, not over-burdened action of time and and water, so that nearbe about twenty grilse moving slowly around; the water, due to the color of the tottom, was darkly transparent, and the fish appeared as if balanced in the air, camly in different to surrounding objects. Now and then a fin or tail would move, and occasionally one would very slowly and deliberately come to the top of the water, shove his nose or tail above the surface for a moment, and then drop tranquilly down to his former position among his fellows. Sitting down behind a clump of bushes, we held a consultation as to how we could capture the fish. One of the party fly, we concluded that he should lure one blessing! Let 'em go! Best of wishes.

thing that was done, clambered to the top of an overhanging rock, where concealed from view by stunted spruces, he dropped ertion of the energies which to him meant happiness. At the age of 70 he accepted the dangerous and delicate mission to the tempting fly on the surface of the pool beneath. The salmon—for such they proved to be—however, paid little attention to it, one or two of them just moving their bodies as if to let us know that they understood our game and inform us that they could not be taken in that way. Two of us then arming ourselves with poles about ten foot long took our stand in the very shallowest part of the brook, where it rolled in a thin sheet over the red granite pebbles. The rest of the party who had remained at the pool commenced throwing large stones into it in order to drive the fish out. This however, had no effect, the salmon only darting from one part of the pool to another. So in response to my order three young fellows waded into the pool, and out rushed the salmon from their cool retreat. Some fled up-stream, the greater part however, down. The surveyor who accompanied our party, and who was perched on a rock overlooking the stream, called out at the top of his voice, "There they are, Graham! there they are Jack!" The reader may have seen two men threshing grain, each trying to out-do the other. Let him imagine these two dressed as lumbermen usually are in summer, beating the water with all their might, and he would have a true picture of us.

#### The Obliging Young Man.

"Cars ready for Boston and the way staons," shouted the conductor of a railway joyment, in another stage of existence. . He | train, as the steam-horse, harnessed for his began to doubt whether the building, his | twenty-mile trip, stood chafing, panting, body, did not need so many repairs that in | snorting and coughing, throwing angry puffs a little time the owner would "find it of mingled gray and murky vapor from his cheaper to pull it down and build a new sturdy lungs. "Cars ready for Boston and way stations.'

ments, to roam through some of the sys- cloth and gray gaiters with pearl buttons. "Cars ready for Boston and way stations. some old companions already acquainted All aboard. Now's your time. Quick, or

"Oh, yes!" said a brisk young man, with

"But, sir," remonstrated the old lady whom he addressed, and whom he was urging on the steps of a first-class car.

"Oh, never mind!" said the brisk young man. "Know what you're going to saytoo much trouble, and all that. None what ever. Perfect stranger; true, but scriptural injunction-'Do as you'd be done by.' I'm with you. Ding! ding! There's the bell, on we go." And so indeed, they did go off, at forty

miles an hour. "But, sir," said the old lady, trembling

violently; "I—I wasn't going to Boston!" "The deuce you wasn't. Well-well, why couldn't you say so? Hello, conductor! stop the cars !"

"Can't do it," said the conductor. "This train don't stop short of Waburn watering "Waburn watering station! Oh, what-

ever shall I do?" whimpered the old wo-

man, wringing her hands. "Sit still; take it easy. No use crying for spilled milk. What can't be cured must be endured. I'll look for you sharp. Might have saved yourself all this trouble. Ha! there's a poor young fellow all alone. Love-sick, probably. Pale cheek! Never told his love, but let concealment. Shakspeare! I'm his man. Must look out for the old woman, though. Here we are, ma'am. Fifteen miles to Lowell! Out with you! Look out for cars on the back track! Good bye! Pleasant trip! Here's

her bundle! Catch, there! Heads Pleasant trip!" "Confound it," roared a fat man, in a blue spencer; "you're treading on my corns! Where's my bundle-brown paper and red string? It was here a moment since !"

The conductor knew nothing about it. The obliging young man did. It was the same he had thrown out after the old wo-

"You'll find it somewhere," he said with a consoling smile. "You can't lose a brown paper parcel. I've tried-oceans of times. Little boy sure to bring it. Here's your bundle, sir; nine-pence, please. All right! Go ahead!"

Here the obliging youth took a seat beside the pale-faced youth. "Ill-health, sir ?"

"Mental malady ?- I see !-heart from heart forced to part; flinty-hearted father!" "No, sir."

"Flinty-hearted aunt? Tell me all. I'm a stranger—I live to do good to others." The youth informed the obliging young man that he was attached to a young lady of Boston, whose aunt, acting as her guar-

dian, opposed the suit. He was going to Boston to put a plan of elopement into operation. He had prepared two letters-one to the aunt, renouncing his hopes, to throw her off her guard; the other to the young lady, appointing a meeting at the Providence cars. The obliging

parted in Boston. The Providence cars were just getting

veil. Oh, horror! It was the aunt. "Yes, sir," said the sunt; I am the person qualified in the letter, intended, doubtless, for my neice, as a 'hateful hag.' What

do you say to that ?" "Say? That I shall leap over the parapet of the next railroad bridge and end my troubles in a watery grave. But first I should like to find that obliging young

man." "Here you are!" said a familiar voice. "After I'd given the notes, mind misgave me; back to the house; aunt gone; niece in tears, followed her; same train, last car; here she is! Come, aunty, give your