'Essie? my Essie?' he said.

crisis was past.

from Essie's heart.

Yours forever, she answered soft-

Spare him to me, oh, Father in

leaven, was the cry of Essie's heart.

'Never,' she replied, smiling; 'my

world will be my husband's love,

and of course her husband kissed her

Work for It.

A splendid carriage rolls along

the street. Boys look at it and say

to themselves. He's a fortunate

and not be obliged to work for a

man; what an easy time he has!

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Essie Danion's Choice BY LIZZIE M. MULHERN. 'Marty! Marty! Marty!' on the summer hit, and

the farm-house. Essie was standing at the door, pretty, blue-cyed Essie, whom the stalwart young farmer loved better than his own life.

'Marty,' she said, running, dewn the path to meet him, 'my mother s here, my own mother, Marty, and am going to the city with her. Oh, Marty, wait till you see her; she is so beautiful, that you will wonder she could be my mother or anybody's mother. Come into the sitting room; she is there."

Before he had time to speak, ing: 'Mother, this is Marty-Marty, I was sure.' this is my mother,' and then he became conscious of a tray white hand being laid in his, and of a cold yet sweet voice, saying:

'You are another triend of my little girl's; let me thank you for new life, were not only wealthy, shown her.'

As her low, cultivated tones fell mother was a lady—a lady by birth know she was. und education. Essie was like her and yet unlike her-like her in face and form, in

her deep blue eyes and wavy nutbrown hair, but their expressions were very different, for Essie's face was sweetly, softly, innocent, while her mother was simply a cold, taskionable woman, with a proud, determined air, and a slight hauteur in her manner, though then she tried to be gracious.

Twelve years before a stranger

Lie said that he was her father and that her mother was dead, that he was going abroad, and he asked them to take care of his little one till his return; and the farmer. being very fond of children, and having none but Martin, then a boy This old established lakery is of ten, gladly took the little girl to his heart and home.

So the years went on, and Essie lived in her country home till she grew to be a slender maiden of seventeen, and then they received a letter telling them that her mother was not dead, but that she and her husband had been estranged, and that he had left her, and in his an-

The letter was not from him, for whom he had told the story; he also throat. said that he had written to Essie's mother, and that he had no doubt

she would claim her. There was a deep pain at Martins heart as he stood in the little sitting-room, and saw with what evident delight Essie spoke of going had won his love. with her mether.

'She lengs to be away from us, now that a brighter life opensibefore her, she will soon forget us, and all the love we have given her,' he thought bitterly, and then looking at her sweet, girlish face again,

he felt he had wronged her. 'No, she would never forget the friends of her child-hood; it was simply gladness at the thought of change.

Essie, raising her eyes, caught his glance, and read it aright. 'You think I should not show so much jey at going, Marty?' she said, 'but think, it is only for awhile. I will surely come back, Marty, you know I will ; do you think I love you all the less, because I wish to go with my mother, wish to see the world she lives in. Do you blame me for this, Marty?' 'Pardon, me, Essie, I ought to have known our little girl better

than to think that new friends would make thee forget old ones.' That evening Essie and Marty stood beneath the silvery moonlight, the last time, perhaps for many vears.

Pretty Essie looked sad enough now, and Marty; wel., Marty's boyish heart seemed breaking. You will not forget us entirely? he said; 'you will forget me?' What a question, Marty; I will finger seemed to blind her with its never forget any of you, and will sparkling beauty.

always remember you in particular. Marty, do you think I could ever forget you?" MRS. V. E. L'IPSCOMB respectfully an Words of love were trembling on hounces that she has opened a Private Boarding House in Tarboro, on the corner of Bank and Pitt Streets.

Words of love were trembling on Martin Holmesby's lips, but he firmly repressed them. Words of love were trembling on firmly repressed them.

to Rssie; nothing she had ever dreamed of equaled this. woose her, men so different from hose she had known in her country | ise.' home, but the handsomest and most Tartin Holmesby faid down his eligible among them was Victor

one of Boston's fairest belles.

rake and turned in the direction of Dans. handsome man, and it was scarely me of your love before; now is not to be wondered at that Essie's the time.' head was turned by his attentions; Dana's ring encirated her finger.

a musicale, with a diamend solicare old. glittering on her finger, but somebow she turned her head away,

She went silently up to her own

room, her thoughts lingering awhile with Victor Dane, then strayin away to Martin Holmesby. The friends and the lever, of her

the kindness I know you have but aristocratic, and the pleasures of the life she then led, were very dear to her, and she felt she ought | buow you loved me.' on his ears, he knew that Essie's to be happy—happier far than she / May God help us to do right

As she thought of her old frie the kind old farmer and his wife, and Marty, the words of an old song ran in her ears. They had not the wealth her later

friends, but she knew 'Truer, ner envy me that.' purer hearts, ne er could be found." pale and thoughtful, a shadow on ner usually sunny face. "

her tasther asked; 'it not yen ought | made you happy,' and then he was leas. When farmers can sow and to be, she continued, for Victor had brought little Essie to the farm | Dana is one of the richest, as well as handsomest men in the cirv.' Essie made no answer for her

elds and sunny meadows.

not understand, but she knew what her handsome lover. it meant before the day was over, Her cheeks are flushed, her blue living.' to her home.

ing in silken folds behind her; all excitement. her waivy nut-brown hair, fastened

He noticed it all as she came for- her sweet red lips. ward, and his heart sank within Yes, she was suffering, though holding out against great discour-

This was not the Essie of old; careless eyes. this stately self-possessed girl, was not the winsome little maiden who doors, her rose-crowned head bent great speech. Boys heard him, He was the Marty of old, in Essie's eyes; a little graver, a little the words, 'a telegram,' fell on her ents!' The thought hardly entered more sunburned, perhaps, but still ears.

heart cried, as she swept forward, and followed her. thrill passed through his heart, for mother slipped the telegram into equally diligent practice, he became he saw the old love gleaming in her her pocket.

eyes, the old longing smile on her 'Marty! Marty!' she cried, 'why | Please, mother, let me see?' did you not come before!' and she raised her sweet red lips to his, and dear. kissed him as she had done at pari-

He had not intended to tell his love even then, but the touch of her tremulous' lips made it impossible for him to repress the passion burnor within him.

'My darling! my darling!' he said. 'I would have come before had I known you longed for my press ence. Essie! Essie! my darling, my love, tell me no one has taken my place in your heart.' . In that instant, Essie Danton

knew the truth, knew that she loved Mertin Holmesby as she could never love another: she knew he was the only man on carth to whom her | heart went out with perfect love go to him, and at once.' and faith. x

She was bound in honor to one side. man, while her whole soul turned to another.

She felt she dare not break her engagement. 'It is too late, too late,' her

So Essie went away, and entered beauty, and before she had been one

'Essie! Essie, how can I live eyes. darling, did you-'

'Net the time! . Essie, I have mistonk fascination for love, and I thought you knew it; all my life

never awoke to the truth 'till Victor | you have been my idol, but I would not send you forth to your new life, back from the brink of the grave. She came home one evening from trammeled with promises from the 'If you loved the man you are going to marry. I would try to bear when her mother congratulated her my pain in silence, knowing you

were happy; but you do not love 'I do not know that I really love this man, and you do love me. Oh, Marty found himself in the sitting him, mother,, she said, and I my darling do not sell yourself for had attended together in their child- it is too late, I will shew you the room, and heard Essie's voice say- should not have taken his ring 'till wealth or position; it is not too late, hood. even now, to'-

have pity on me, Marty, and do not make my burden heavier.' He saw how white her face was,

drew her close to his heart.

Essie, he said, even he could not dint of perseverance most of these joke, but still at times so real did He beat his head, and their I'p. Next day she came down stairs mes in one long, last, farewell kiss. world. God does not reward lazi- with a cauckle and a grib, of the 'May God bless you, my darling,

> gone, daving her white and still, reap on the same day, and trees but tearless. Lights flashed from the windows of one of the stateliest houses on

She was not hapry and she knew | It was Essie Danton's birthday t, but she would not schnowledge and her mother was giving a party in honor of it. There was a strange longing . Essie looks brilliantly beautiful pain at her heart, that she could this evening, leaning on the arm of Some day we may have a windfall

for when the evening shadows be- eyes shining, her red lips smiling gan'to fall, Martin Holmesby came | sweetly, but any one looking close into her face, would have seen that

siiken meshes, while the same sweet Her face had grown pale and have been a millionaire. Many he was dead, but from a friend to flower clustered at her rounded thin; there was a weary look in her years of earnest toil, struggling to eyes, and a sorrowful droop with

> she made every effort to hide it from agements in the secret of his suc-She was sweeping past one of the low, listening to something Victor and said, 'What a gift! How for-Dana was saying, when suddenly tunate he is to pessess such tal-

the room, and quick as thought, she dertook to declaim in a school room 'She is not the Essie of old,' his drew her hand from Victor's arm, he broke down. But persevering but as she came closer, a glad As Essie came forward, her By bard study year after year, and

> what is it? Where is it from? in which he carefully quallified him-'You will see it in the morning,

'Marty? is it Marty? mother? does anything all him? Mother, forget this. He could make a great mother give it to me. I must know the truth. Victor Dana had followed Essie.

Mother, will you give it to me. I

know it is about him. Her face was white as death, sho clung to her mother's arm. 'You had better let her know the worst,' Victor said: 'this excitement is worse than any news could be.' Without a word Mrs. Danton hanled her the paper, and pale and tear-

and he came forward now.

ess, Essie read:

s calling piteously for Essio. There Mother, I will go to him; I must The gliftering solitaire on her said, glancing at Victor Danna.

'Marty is dying. Brain fever. He

'Victor,' she said, 'I wronged you when I promised to be your wife, for I did not love you. See! the only man I love is dying.'
She slipped the diamond ring off her finger and laid it in his hand.

'It is true, too true, God help me,' | than death. 'Marty, I am here,' she said, pres-

'God help you. You mean by ng her lips to his fevered brow. 'Essie,' he cried again, 'no one will season in society, she was known as | that that you do not love him. Es-Oh, what a beautiful life it was no one will come between us." ever love you as I have loved you! Will you not come to me, my own, my love.

Essie regretted her words the mohaad. she said, and I will keep my promyou not know me?

without you? Oh! my darling, my 'Hush,' she said, 'you never told

ly, and then he fell asleep, holding her hand in his. as she knelt beside him while he scarcely to be wendered at that she loved you from your childhood, and slept.

'It is too late,' the girl cried; said, as he pressed a kiss on her dainty lips, 'are you sure you will never regret all you have given up ?' *

nd his heart ached with a bitter 'I cannot break my engagement, she said, piteously, 'and I did not

he said, 'but Essie you are doing He put his arm around her and they have easily slipped into their turn.

er usually sunny face. he said, 'and always remember I did not make man to be useless and never pay the protoco. would have given life itself to have hive at ease and policy without sow. The Grandpa.

houghts had strayed away to green one of Beston's most fashionable

They scarcely dream that the occupant of that costly vehicle was probably once a poor boy, who She came into the partor where her smiles were forced—that the worked hard many years, winning he waited, her pale blue robe sweep- flush on her cheeks was cau-ed by the confidence of all around him by his industry, integrity and noble Yes, there was a great change in bearing. Had he been as idle and ger took her baby girl with him, back from her low, white brow, with Essie Danton from the day she had loose as many boys are, he would a sweet red rose nestling among its given her promise to Victor Dana. not have ewied the carriage por

overcome obstacles, practising the most rigid economy, and bravely

vorking for it.

Daniel Webster could make a their heads that hard work enabled the Marty who had loved her all his | She saw her mother pass out of him to do it. The first time he unindustry overcame all obstacles. the distinguished orator. Take away 'Mother! mother!' she cried, a quarter of a century from his life, self for his profession, having no idle hours, and no 'bed of down, and the world would not have known Daniel Webster. Beys should not speech because he worked for it. deceitful; they promise more than world that nothing valuable can be ing them, they do not satisfy us had without working for it. And when possessing them, and they the time to begin work is now.'

Wanted a Job.

for a horse collar than a head gear. er an ideal touches it or a claw sei-'I wants a job where I kin git a zes it. square feed, a good place to toast | Of all the love on earth the one my shins and where I kin git some | most like the divine love is that of thing more than the blue vaulted the good mother-so unselfish, unheavings to cover me when I slums forgetting, watchful, considerate, bers at night. I also want to know free from jealousy, and desiring the 'Are you mad Essie?' her mother who's elected and what Congress is good of her children far more than a goin to do about them Alabama her own happiness. 'I understand you,' Essie said, and claims, and what hez become of The human heart is like a millthen she passed over to Victor's the two Charlies?'

he noted down the man's wants. Them's um.

her hand, 'congratulate me, for I am going to make the wealthiest morning than years after this. I have loved the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the scholar that, his formation to give. Of the two going to make the wealthiest morning of the season.'

It is better to know the truth now, than years after this. I have loved you very dearly, Essie, but I would rather give you up than wed you, and Charlie Ross.'

If the old love were the strongest, she would return to them; if a near-year and return to the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the scholar that, his for riches, the formation to give. Of the two inhere the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the scholar that, his for riches, the formation to give. Of the two inhere for fame, the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the political matters I have no inhere for fame, the political matters I have no inhere

NO. 3.

The Printer's Dream. printer sat in his office chair his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, and his face looked weary and worn with care. While edly thinking of business debt, old She laid her cold hand on his fore- Morpheus round him slowly crept and before he knew it he sound I am here, Marty, healde you. Do slept; and sleeping he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and A gleam of reason shone in his toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow bell tolled, for the peaceful rest of his cow-hide sole. As he wandered among the shades. that smoke and scorh in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iren door that creaking swung on hin-

ges ajar, but the entrance was clos-

ed with a red hot bar, and Satan

In his mercy God heard her pray-er, and Martin Holmesby was given watching for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer When he awoke from his deep spoke: sleep roason shone in his eyes. The 'Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear, this is 'He will live,' said the doctor, and the place I cook the ones who never a prayer of thankfulness went up pay their subscription sums, for Six months later Esaie and Martin though in life they may escape, place where I melt them thin with 'My darling,' the young husband red hot chain and scraps of tin, and also where I combe their heads with broken glass and melted lead : and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water, for them to drink; there is the red hot grind stone to grind down his nose, and red hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like Boys want to be rich, great, or fire, I'll sew up their mouth with good, without working. They think red hot wire; and then, dear sir, that learned, wealthy, and influen- you should see them squirm while

hal men are very fortunate, that I roll them over and cook to a respective spheres. They scarcely With those last words the printer It is no harm to kiss me once, ever think that by hard work and awoke and thought it all a practical men have risen to their present po- it seem, that he cannot believe it sitions. Idlers never rise in the was all dream; and often he thinks ness by 'riches and honor.' God fate of those who have their tin and

The Grandpa The grandpa iz an individual, aged somewhere between fifty and blossom and vield fruit on the same one hundred years, and iz a comday, and not until then, can boys mon occurance in most well-reguladope to become men of marked inluence and acquisition without

Next to a helthy mother-in-law. they have more bizziness on hand than any other party in the house-They are the standard authoity on all leading topicks, and what they don't know about things that appened sixty-five years ago, or

what will happen for the next three years to gum, iz a damage forennyody to kno. Grandpas are not entirely useess; they are handy to hald babys. and feed pigs, and iz very smart at mending a broken broom handle. or in putting up the clothes lines on washing days.

I hav seen grandpas that churn good, but I konsider it a mighty mean trik to set an old fellow ov eighty years to churning butter. I am a grandpa miself, but I

won't churn for no concern, not if i understand miself. I am willing to rock baby while the wimmin folks are biling soap; i am reddy to kut rags to work up into rag carpets; they kan keep me hunting hens eggs, or picking green kurrants; or I will even dip kanlles, or kore apples for sass; but i wou't churn.

I hav examined miself on the subjekt, and will be a jakknife that Josh Billings won't churn. Grandpas are poor help at bringng up children; they are full enuff ov precept and katekism, but the the young ones all seem to understand that grandpa minds them a a heap more than they mind grand-

pa. Josh Billings. Thoughtful Thoughts. The pleasures of this world are Boys, it is a good rule in this they give. They trouble us in seekmake us despair in loosing them.

He who says education, says government; to teach is to reign ; 'What do you want?' said the the human brain is a sort of terribeak, glowering at a blue-nosed man, ble wax that takes the stamp of whose hat brim was more adopted good or of evil, according to wheth-

stone in a mill; when you put 'Is that all?' asked the Judge as wheat under it, it turns and grinds, and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat into it, it still She slipped the diamond ring off warmth I will give you for thirty days down by the Branch, but of the miser toils for riches, the You forgive me the wrong I would the political matters I have no in-