

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

Our Current Constitution.

TERMS, \$2 if paid in advance, 25 at end of the year.

VOL. XI.

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

NO. 50.

Business Cards.

M. C. BURGESS,
DENTIST,
Office at Blanchard House,
Woodstock, June 18, 1859. 42-4f

J. E. CUTLER,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
FLOUR AND PROVISION DEALER,
9, North Market Wharf,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
46-4f

THOMAS E. WHARF,
CALAIS, MAINE.
Hardware in all varieties:
Carriage Irons and Trimmings;
Sawmills, Laths, Poles and Findings;
Paints, Oils, Window Glass and Putty;
Agricultural Tools;
Wooden Ware and Grindstones.
Those visiting the City are respectfully invited to call.
May 21

C. R. PIKE,
DEALER IN
FLOUR AND CORN,
West India Goods and Groceries,
Corner of Maine and Milltown Streets,
CALAIS, MAINE. may 7.

D. K. CHASE,
CALAIS, MAINE.
Dealer in Hardware, Iron and Steel, Paints &
Oils, Blacksmith Tools, Spouting and
Hanging Power, Guns and Pistols,
Wells, Grindstones, and all other
road and household goods.
D. K. C. is agent for W. Adams and Co's celebrated
Fire-Proof Safe, Fairbanks' Scales, and Huber, Marle &
Co's Flour Milling Machinery. U. Jan 8.

FRONTIER IRON COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Steam Engines, Railroad Work, Machinery
for Lumber Mills, Compositions and Iron
Castings, Ship and Cook Stoves,
Windlass Pumps, &c.
CALAIS, MAINE.

G. D. KING & SONS,
CALAIS, ME.

WOULD inform the traders of Woodstock and the
upper country generally, that they have and keep
constantly on hand, at Calais, Me., a large
stock of PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c., in part as
follows:
Flour, Corn Meal, Rice, Tobacco,
Pork, Sugar, Saleratus, Soap,
Tea, Coffee, Candles, &c. &c.
All of which they offer at the lowest
MARKET RATES.
Exchange made for Oats, Butter, and other Country
Produce.
* Intending purchasers will please call before pur-
chasing elsewhere. dec 25.

DEMING & SONS,
MERCHANTS,
CALAIS, ME.

WILLIAM DEMING, JR. C. L. DEMING.
Agents for Steamers *Adelphi*, *Admiral* and *Queen*,
Boston & Worcester, Grand Trunk & Great Western Rail-
roads. dec 11.

ALLEN & SONS,
Wholesale and Retail
BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS,
Corner of Main and Union Streets,
CALAIS, ME.

Where will be found, at all times, all kinds of choice Con-
fectionery, Hams, Breads and Cakes of all kinds,
Wedding Cake, &c. &c. Likewise, a large and well-
selected stock of COFFEES, FANCY GOODS, TOYS, &c. &c. All
of which can be had at the lowest prices.
Also, OYSTERS by the quart or gallon.
All Orders addressed as above will receive prompt
attention.

Woodstock and St. Andrews.
THE undersigned, having made an extension of the
N. B. & CANADA RAILROAD to the Wharf, is pre-
pared to STORE GOODS arriving from the United States
and elsewhere, destined for the Upper St. John. He will
also act as agent to reship them to their destination.
LUMBER by the down trains piled, and if de-
sired, shipped to any part.
St. Andrews, Nov. 30, [14-3m] H. H. HATCH.

BARKER & HANVEY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
SOAP AND CANDLES,
Rear of 121 Union Street,
ST. JOHN.

REMOVAL.
The Subscribers have moved from No. 2 to the more
convenient Store
NOS. 4 & 5 SOUTH WHARF,
where will be found a large stock of
Flour, Provisions and Groceries.
HAMILTON & UNDERHILL.
St. John, Aug. 2, 1858.

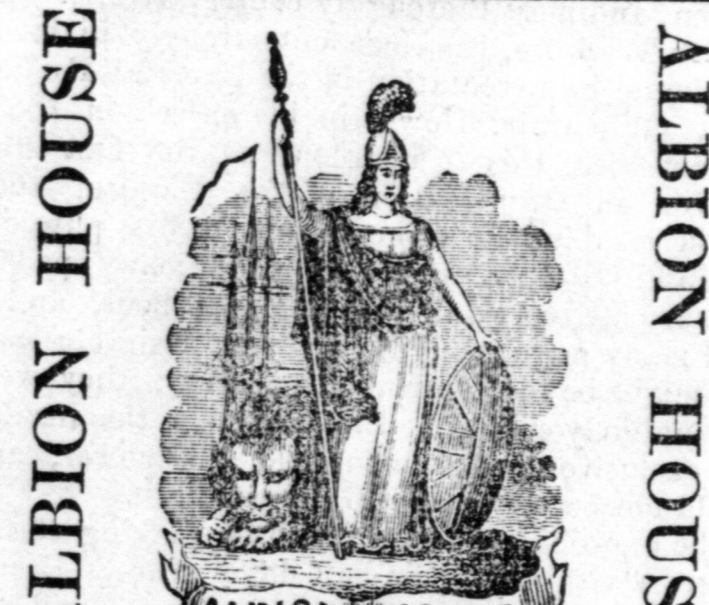
RAYKINE'S
STEAM DISCUT MANUFACTORY,
MILL STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
THOMAS RAYKINE, Baker, manufacturer and keeps
constantly on hand—
FISH, BUTTER,
WINE, BISCUIT, CRACKERS,
GRAHAM, BISCUIT, WATER,
GROCERIES, GRAHAM.
* Packages delivered at Indian Town free of charge.
Orders from the country punctually attended to.
Aug 7.

F. A. COSGROVE,
EXPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Clocks, Watches & Jewellery,
English, American, French & German
FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.
—ALSO—
Daguerreotype, Ambrotype & Photographic Goods.
No. 75 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
P.S. Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

HALL'S
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,
41 King-street, Saint John, N. B.

THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK
OF
HATS AND CAPS
In the Province, embracing everything New &
Desirable in Style or Material.
For sale at a Small Advance on Cost, Wholesale or
Retail, by
D. H. HALL,
MANUFACTURER & IMPORTER,
41 King-street, Saint John, N. B.
May 15, 1858.

GRANITE HALL,
No. 5 Dock-street,
THOMAS R. JONES,
Wholesale & Retail Importer & Manufacturer of Every
Description of
Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishings Goods;
—ALSO—
Cloths, Tweeds, Doekings, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings,
and Small Wares; Oil and Rubber Clothing.
Milliners, Shipbuilders, Lumbermen, and Railroad Con-
tractors, supplied on Liberal Terms.
* GARMENTS made to measure in a superior man-
ner, and at the lowest prices.
St. John, Oct. 10.



ALBION HOUSE
MANTLES! SHAWLS!
DRESS GOODS!
JOHN THOMAS & CO. respectfully intimate to the
Public their stock of
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
is now complete in every department with all the leading
novelties of the season. Purchasers will find on inspec-
tion one of the largest and best selected stocks in the
city, and at such prices as cannot fail to convince that
we are doing our utmost to give the Public good value
for their money.
JOHN THOMAS & CO.
Fredericton, June 11, 1859.

NEW SPRING GOODS!
THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of purchasers
in this County and Houlton, to his
SPRING SUPPLY
—OF—
STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS!

being unusually large, and having been selected with
great care, it will be found well worth the
trouble of an inspection.
It consists in part of a SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of
Silk, Mohair, and Cloth
Mantles and Shawls,
English and American BONNETS and FLATS;
Boys' Girls', and Infant's Muslin, Cashmere and Straw
HATS.
A beautiful assortment of
Ribbons, Flowers and Feathers,
Maiden Collars, Sleeves, Cuffs and Short Blinds;
Nets and Tulle for CLOTHES and FRINGES;
Parasols, Gloves and Hosiery;
An elegant lot of Muslin and Muslin Dresses;
Colored Barages, Dehains, Norwich Stripes, Challies,
Eugenie Plaids, Kabor Laster, &c. all other DRESS
GOODS;
Grey, White, Striped and Printed COTTONS;
Gambages, Duck, Drilling and Tickings;
Black, Green and Mixed Russel Cord, &c.;
Great variety of Men's and Boys' HATS and CAPS;
Any quantity of SMALL WARES, such as Tassels,
Braids, Belts, Buttons, &c. &c.

MOURNING GOODS.
Those persons requiring MOURNING will find
a good stock to select from.

Cotton Wares.
Two Bales Blue and White WARPS, imported direct
from Manchester, and warranted the best in the Market.
Coffin Furniture.
Daily expected, a large stock of COFFIN FURNITURE
of all sizes, so that persons requiring anything in that
line will be enabled to supply their wants without any
trouble, being well stocked with Hat Cases, Ribbons,
Black Parasols, Black and Mixed DONNETS and
RIBBONS;
3-4, 4-4, 6-4 Capes and Cape Folds.
Woodstock, June 4, 1859.

Dr. P. R. McMONAGLE
RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Brighton
and neighboring Parishes that he has located in
Upper Brighton, where he expects to practice the duties
of his profession.
Office at Rev. C. E. Bell's. 44-3m

Now is the Time
To get your Picture taken in the highest style of the
Daguerreotype Art, at
Estabrook's Sky-Light Saloon,
Opposite the Post-Office, Water-street.
Having a thorough knowledge of his business, and having
good assortment of plain and fancy cases, and other
material, the subscriber is confident that he can suit the
most fastidious taste.
Good Pictures will be given, or no charge made.
Terms moderate.
T. S. ESTABROOK, Artist.
Woodstock, July 16, 1859.

NOTICE.
THE subscribers announce to the merchants of Wood-
stock and its vicinity, that having commenced business
in St. Andrews, as
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
AND GENERAL PROVISION DEALERS,
they hope by attention to all orders entrusted to their
care, and by the lowness of their prices, to get a share of
patronage.
SLASON & RAINSFORD.
St. Andrews, June 18, 1859. 42-3m

The Liverpool and London
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Incorporated in 1836.
Thomas Brodiebank, Esquire, Chairman;
Joseph Christopher Ewart, Esq., M. P., and Francis Hay
Wood, Esq., Deputy Chairmen.
Swinton House, Esq., Secretary.

Home Offices:
37, Castle Street, Liverpool;
20 & 21, Poultry, London.
Capital—Two Millions Sterling.
Paid up—£820,374 2s. 3d. Sterling.
—ALSO—
Unlimited Liability of Stockholders.

Fire Department
The Company continue to insure at this Agency, upon a
very description of property at reasonable terms. Their
Policy includes the risk from lightning.
Claims payable in cash without deduction, on proof of
loss.
Fire premiums for 1856 amounted to £222,279 10s. 6d.
Losses paid in 1856, £108,306 10s. 6d. sg.
Life Department:
The conditions upon which the Company conduct this
branch of their business will be found very favorable to
the insured. Their rates are as low as those of any other
responsible Company, with unlimited security.
No charge for Stamps or Policies in either Department.
Please apply to
EDWARD ALLISON,
Agent for New Brunswick,
98 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, or to
George Kerr, Esq., M. P., P. Chatham;
D. G. Macdonald, Esq., Esq., Esq.;
M. S. Levy, Esq., Esq., Esq.;
James Robertson, Esq., Esq., Esq.;
William T. Rose, Esq., Esq., Esq.;
James Macdonald, Esq., Esq., Esq.;
Thomas H. Barker, Esq., Esq., Esq.
May 30th.

PHENIX
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
For General Life Assurance, Annuities,
and Loss of Life at Sea.
Chief Office—1, LEADENHALL-STREET, LONDON.
Branches—16, Dale Street, Liverpool.
St. James' Chambers, Manchester.
THOMAS L. EVANS,
Agent for New Brunswick.

JAMES P. MACGREGOR, Esq., Esq., Esq.
M. S. Levy, Esq., Esq., Esq.;
James Robertson, Esq., Esq., Esq.;
William T. Rose, Esq., Esq., Esq.;
James Macdonald, Esq., Esq., Esq.;
Thomas H. Barker, Esq., Esq., Esq.
Woodstock, Jan. 1st, 1858.

Poetry.

(Published by Request.)
THERE WILL BE NO MORE SORROW
THERE.

Come, sing to me of Heaven,
When I'm about to die—
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To wait my soul on high.

There will be no more sorrow there,
There will be no more sorrow there,
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There will be no more sorrow there.

When cold and sluggish drops
Start on my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness—
Let Heaven begin below.

When the last moments come,
Oh! watch my dying face—
To catch the bright, seraphic glow
Which on each feature plays.

Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given—
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

When round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of Heaven, delightful Heaven,
My glorious home above.

There will be no more sorrow there,
There will be no more sorrow there,
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There will be no more sorrow there.

Miscellaneous.
TWO KINDS OF PLEASURE.
AN INTERESTING TALE FOR YOUNG BLOODS, WITH AN
EXCELLENT MORAL.

"He's a mean, niggardly fellow, and you can't
make anything else of it," said James Pease, ad-
dressing half a dozen companions, and speaking
very emphatically.

"So he is," echoed another.
"Ay, a regular scoundrel," added a third.
"I wouldn't talk such a fellow to anywhere,"
chimed in a fourth. "I wouldn't have him at any
rate."

"It's a pity that such a good hearted fellow
should be so mean," resumed Pease. "I supposed
he would be on hand for any kind of fun."

"They were young men, ranging from twenty to
thirty years of age, all of whom they denomi-
nated 'Life.' They lived in a large suburban
village, where sport was plenty and the means of
carrying it on abundant. They were none of them
really bad youths, but they lived fast.

"What's all this?" asked a young man, who
came up just as the last remark was made, and
whose name was Landon Merritt.
"We were talking about Tom Thornley," replied
James Pease.

"And what about him?"
"We were talking about his meanness."
"What do you mean by that, Tom Thornley?"
"Why, everything. Here he is, right among
us, just in the prime of youth, money enough, and
yet he won't pay a cent towards any of our fun.
Only this morning I went to him and asked him to
subscribe towards our club, and what do you sup-
pose he said? He just very coolly told me he
couldn't afford it. Now what do you think of that?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Merritt; "I
think he could afford it, if he wished."
"Of course he could. Afford it? Why, he
not only has a salary of a clear thousand a year,
but he has ten thousand at interest, beside the
splendid house his father left him. He's a
mean chap, anyway."

"How much did you ask him to put down?"
"I didn't name any sum, but I told him that I
had put down fifty dollars for the year, and most
of the others had done the same; but he couldn't
skiff. Well, I supposed, just as soon as he
got back from the cottage he would make a glorious
companion for us. I meant he should go to our
races, join our boat, put up a shilling at poker once
in a while, and make himself jolly generally.
But now look at him. There he is at home every
evening, and afraid to come out, lest he should lose
a cent."

"What's that, James?" asked a voice close at
hand.
The party turned, and saw Thomas Thornley
himself, who had just come round the corner of
the building where they stood. He was a young man,
not over five and twenty, and wearing the appear-
ance of a true and intelligent man.

"What is it? Who is it that has thus merited
your disapproval?"
All hands were silent for a few moments, but
Pease said that his companions expected him to
speak, and he did so.

"I'll tell you, Tom," he said; "we were talk-
ing about you. I won't say a thing behind a man's
back that I wouldn't say up to his face. I was
saying that I was disappointed in you."

"And how so?" asked Thornley with a smile.
"Why, in your not joining with us in our sports,
and bearing your share of the cost. But mind, we
are not anxious for you to do so if you don't wish
it."

"And I suppose that it is my wish not to do
so that you condemn?"
"Yes, I thought, for a chap who had as much
money as you have, it looked rather small to be
hoarding it away like an old miser."

"But, my dear friend, you forget that every man
naturally follows that which he thinks yields him
the most pleasure. If you find the most pleasure
in spending your time and money in boating, horse-
racing, card-playing, and in wine suppers, I shall
not find fault with you, though I sincerely believe
you could spend time and money to better advan-
tage."

"That's your opinion."
"It is."
"Well, 'tisn't mine. After sticking to business
all day, I think we have some right to a bit of re-
creation for the evening. And once in a while,
when we have a pleasant day, we'll trot a horse,
or sail a boat, and hurt nobody."

"And so you do, do you not?"
"Of course we do."
"Then why find fault with me?"
"Because you keep from me that companionship
we have a right to expect. If you were a regular
Jack, we should not care; but you're too good a
fellow to sneak away from us in this fashion. You
love fun as well as any of us, only—I speak plain-
ly—"

"Certainly, go on."
"You are too miserly to pay for it; and that
isn't look well for one who has so much money as
you have."

For some moments Thornley was silent. A single
instant there appeared a flush upon his cheek, but
a meaning smile soon took its place.
"Boys," he said at length, "you do not fully
understand me. But come with me to my home,
and I will explain. True, I cannot offer you wine
and order and goodness in the material world, with the
conception of a stupendous machine which the
Almighty wisdom has designed, and which Almighty
power keeps continually in operation—as this
wondrous, beneficent, magnificent system of ex-
istence, between the land and the sea, carried on
through the pipe of the atmosphere, and roving
about the globe of heaven, this mighty
wheel that turns this way and that, and keeps the
pulse of every living thing in motion. "A great
waste," is the exclamation of water that chafes "the
wheels of Bernhardt," or lies swimming under a
tropic sky."

But far inland the great heart of continents pants
for its blessing, and stately forests sigh for the dip
of their leaves; and to-morrow this outlying el-
ement that quivered like molten lead or dashed in
fervid foam, has descended upon the laws of
England, the dogmas of the Libine, and the
fields of the West. It has touched with tender
clasp the wide prairie, and it opens its tender
arms, more innumerable than the eyes of Hesperus,
the humble plant lifts up its grateful head, as
though it felt the breath of heaven, and the
scent of the garden breathes rich in the air, and
where it has passed, it leaves a trail of life. The
little brook bubbles with joy, its new life, and
the Mississippi and Gironce, back among their
springs, send up their great voices in exultation.
But the vast wheel keeps turning, and, as it were,
it turns, again, the moisture that trickled from
the ground, or dripped like a thread of diamonds
in the grass, is sucked in that mighty pulse of
the great stream, is cooling at Orkney's, or smacking
in a wake of glorious light under the Southern
cross.

A MAN'S CHANCES NOT TOGETHER HIT IN BATTLE.—
James White of Rochester, sends to the Democrat
of that city the following curious calculation.
In the late battle of Salamis, between the Allies
and the Austrians, it is computed that three hun-
dred and fifty thousand soldiers were engaged for
at least twelve hours. Of these three hundred
and fifty thousand soldiers, suppose each
one fired once in ten minutes, or six times in an
hour, then the number of shots fired was twenty
million, six hundred thousand; or, if once in
five minutes, there were forty-three million, two
hundred thousand—once in ten minutes, then
twenty; if once in five minutes, then only one in
fourteen hundred and forty; because the number
killed from the beginning to the termination of the
battle was less than twenty-five thousand—thus,
ten thousand Austrians and fifteen thousand Ital-
ians and French. Add to the twenty million
of balls discharged respectively by the Austrian
and French fields of ordnance, then how comfort-
ing the truth that not much more than one ball in
a thousand fell fatally in the battle field—a thou-
sand ball harmless at the soldier's feet. Amid all
the improvements in this our age, the improve-
ments in the art of war, like the feeling of Gold-
smith's pious Virg, lead all to virtuous and good
implements of death wielded at Wagram, Lodi,
Austerlitz and Waterloo were eminently more suc-
cessful.

GOOD SOCIETY.—It should be the aim of every
young man to be a good society. We do not
mean the rich, the proud, and the fashionable, but
the society of the wise, the intelligent, and good.
Where you find men that know more than you do,
and from whose conversation you can gain infor-
mation, it is always safe to be found. It has broken
down a man by associating with the low and
vulgar—where the rich and the noble, and the
indolent sort, to excite laughter and induce
the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed
success and happiness in life to associating with
persons more virtuous than himself. If you wish
to be wise and respected, if you desire happiness
and contentment, you will associate with
the intelligent and the good. Strive for mental
excellence and strict integrity, and you will never
be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the
benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate
yourself to a virtuous course—once secure a love
for good society, and no punishment would be
more severe than to be forced to half a day associ-
ated with the low and vulgar.

LENDING TO THE LORD.—A poor old man, some
of whose family were rich, lived near Deacon Mur-
ray, referred to in the tract "Worth a Dollar."
He was a miser, and he lived in a house for a supply
of milk. One morning he came while the family
were at breakfast. Mrs. Murray rose to wait upon
him, but the deacon said to her, "Wait till after
breakfast." She did so, and meanwhile the deacon
made some inquiries of the man about his family
and circumstances. After family worship the
deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him.
When they got into the yard, the deacon, pointing
to one of the cows, exclaimed, "There, take the
cow and drive her home." The man thanked him
heartily for the cow, and started for home; but
the deacon was observed to stand in the attitude of
thought until the man had gone some rods.
He then looked up, and called out, "Hey, bring
that cow back!" The man looked around, and
came back, too." He did so; and when he
came back into the yard again, the deacon said,
"There, now, take your pick out of the cows; I
ain't a-going to lend to the Lord the poorest cow
I've got."

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT AN OLD DEBT.—We
have already mentioned the two characteristic
agencies for the collection of debt in New York,
viz.: Dealing, who shakes his palsied hand at his
unfortunate victim till sheer weakness and terror
compel payment, and that dashing one-horse turn
out, which makes such inconveniently long calls
before the recalcitrant debtor's door. In Buffalo
it appears they have, just at this time, a similar in-
stitution in the shape of a woman, known as the
"knitting lady," who every day, from the front
of the residence of her debtor on Second street,
She has regular and large audiences, and her tale
is received with the warmest sympathy. The feel-
ing only reaches toward the delinquent debtor,
and seeks nothing beyond simple justice to an in-
dignant widow, who has been rendered penniless thro'
the neglect of this individual to pay. And so she
sits and will sit forever, until she sees the color of
his money.

And that woman, always knitting, still is sitting
on the chair she every morning places before her debtor's door
and her eyes have all the staring of a female who is deeming
she will give the man a stunning
blow if he does not pay his debt.
And she thinks this knitting stockings
is the best kind of force.
—New York Evening Post, June 30.

TYRANNY OF FASHION.—Madame de Genlis, in
her Memoirs, describes the training she underwent
at her father's Parisian society during the last cen-
tury:—"I had two teeth pulled out; I had whole
bone stays that pinched me terribly; I was im-
prisoned in tight shoes, with which it was im-
possible for me to walk; I had three or four thou-
sand cut-papers put on my head, and I wore, for
the first time in my life, a hoop. In order to get
rid of my country attitudes, I had an iron collar
put on my neck; and as I quivered a little at times
I was obliged to put on my goggles as soon as I
awoke in the morning, and these I wore four hours.
I was, moreover, not a little surprised when they
talked of giving me a master to teach me what I
thought I knew already—to walk. Besides all this
I was forbidden to run, to leap, or to ask ques-
tions."

Jars concealed are half reconciled; which, if
generally known, is a double task to stop the
breath at home, and men's mouths abroad. To
this end, a good husband never publicly reproves
his wife. An open reproof puts her to do penance
before all that are present; after which many study
revenge rather than reformation.—Fuller.

THE HOUSE

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When I'm about to die—
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To wait my soul on high.

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Oh! watch my dying face—
To catch the bright, seraphic glow
Which on each feature plays.

Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given—
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

When round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of Heaven, delightful Heaven,
My glorious home above.

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us, just in the prime of youth, money enough, and
yet he won't pay a cent towards any of our fun.
Only this morning I went to him and asked him to
subscribe towards our club, and what do you sup-
pose he said? He just very coolly told me he
couldn't afford it. Now what do you think of that?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Merritt; "I
think he could afford it, if he wished."
"Of course he could. Afford it? Why, he
not only has a salary of a clear thousand a year,
but he has ten thousand at interest, beside the
splendid house his father left him. He's a
mean chap, anyway."

"How much did you ask him to put down?"
"I didn't name any sum, but I told him that I
had put down fifty dollars for the year, and most
of the others had done the same; but he couldn't
skiff. Well, I supposed, just as soon as he
got back from the cottage he would make a glorious
companion for us. I meant he should go to our
races, join our boat, put up a shilling at poker once
in a while, and make himself jolly generally.
But now look at him. There he is at home every
evening, and afraid to come out, lest he should lose
a cent."

"What's that, James?" asked a voice close at
hand.
The party turned, and saw Thomas Thornley
himself, who had just come round the corner of
the building where they stood. He was a young man,
not over five and twenty, and wearing the appear-
ance of a true and intelligent man.

"What is it? Who is it that has thus merited
your disapproval?"
All hands were silent for a few moments, but
Pease said that his companions expected him to
speak, and he did so.

"I'll tell you, Tom," he said; "we were talk-
ing about you. I won't say a thing behind a man's
back that I wouldn't say up to his face. I was
saying that I was disappointed in you."

"And how so?" asked Thornley with a smile.
"Why, in your not joining with us in our sports,
and bearing your share of the cost. But mind, we
are not anxious for you to do so if you don't wish
it."

"And I suppose that it is my wish not to do
so that you condemn?"
"Yes, I thought, for a chap who had as much
money as you have, it looked rather small to be
hoarding it away like an old miser."

"But, my dear friend, you forget that every man
naturally follows that which he thinks yields him
the most pleasure. If you find the most pleasure
in spending your time and money in boating, horse-
racing, card-playing, and in wine suppers, I shall
not find fault with you, though I sincerely believe
you could spend time and money to better advan-
tage."

"That's your opinion."
"It is."
"Well, 'tisn't mine. After sticking to business
all day, I think we have some right to a bit of re-
creation for the evening. And once in a while,
when we have a pleasant day, we'll trot a horse,
or sail a boat, and hurt nobody."

"And so you do, do you not?"
"Of course we do."
"Then why find fault with me?"
"Because you keep from me that companionship
we have a right to expect. If you were a regular
Jack, we should not care; but you're too good a
fellow to sneak away