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March 3, '88.—tf TOHN J. PILERT,

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#2-A call is mest respectfully solicited, as prices will be a great inducement to merit your favor.

Feb. 26.—tf

Original Moeiry.

[Written for the MARYLAND JOURNAL.] THE LITTLE MOURNER. I met a little child one day, Wandering in a crowded way; A child whose face should have been glad, Alas, it lonely looked and sad. I took her hand with cheering smile, Talking pleasantly the while, To drive the shadows from her face, Charming with its sweet, childish grace. What is the matter little girl, What gives your lip its grievous curl, What brings in that blue eye the tear? Tell me my child and do not fear. Down on her bosom dropped her head, Oh! lady, my mama is dead, And she who has my mother's place, Has not to me a mother's face. Why do you think so precious one, What could your new mama have done, To make you doubt her tenderness, And bring you in such deep distress? I try to please her, but in valu, And that, oh lady, is my pain; She does not like, "dear papa's Dove," But gives to papa all her love. Yet lady, he would pet me now, But dreads the frown upon her brow, At night alone, I creep up stairs, With no mother's knee to say my prayers. Dear little one, dry up your tears, Let cheerful smiles dispel your fears, Above you'll find mamma again, And live with her freed from all pain.

Miscellaneous.

THE WOLVES.

Where the fir trees began to grow less closely; where, between their tall trunks deep and unspotted, save by the multitudinous prints of their own restless feetwere, and eager for work to begin.ing over one another's backs, or wrestling or growling pretenses at fighting. They were on business—the first business of happen to be a wolf. means hard work and plenty of it, with but little time to

spare on the amenities of existence. And now their old gray leaders -warriors who have survived many a scene of death and disaster to man and wolfleap out together from the woods upon the darkening plain. They raised their noses, sniff the wind, and shake themselves. One yawns and stretches his paws, while a puff of hot breath rises from his red tongue, and as he shut his rack of broken clouds drifting across the horror that rose into it, pulled at the reins. narrow jaws with a snap, sharp canine teeth, white as the snow itself, glitter in

the dusk. combined speed and endurance. The same black line upon the horizon. pack covers nearly five-and-twenty square

their forest fastness. injured animal. Nature asserts herself pull him down. in the great gray wolf, his eyes glow like red-hot embers, his sinewy leg gives and teeth closes in upon him, and be is gone, leaving no monument more enduring than drops of his own hot blood, which | bells. have fallen and melted for themselves deep

holes in the trampled snow.

snow at the base of this tree, and running foot a chariot sent straight from God.

than one. Have you ever heard the howling of

able note of despair and eternal torture. | heavily upon him therefore as his friends |

the heavy whip of their master. So much ere in northern lands, all things being well. So yard by yard they get upon to be seventh in my class, and now I protty bad, but goats is high the for tame wolves who do clumsy tricks and equal, are not so fruitful of violence and better terms with the vehicle. True the stand sixteenth. Oh, I'm pushing on." Mrs. Grogan, very high!"

his horses crushing through the thin fro- shepherd; Syantsen the keeper of a small - supper! zen surface at every stride. The dark- inn. ness suits the hunters well, but somebody

over the snow. pack and draw level with the sledge.

two parallel lines as it goes. The stout behind are silent; over all the moon prey. The big sledge rug manufactured not drive a wagon, through clumps of brown horses are galloping steadily and shines bright and cold, bringing out every from skins of their defunct kindred is bushes, over logs a foot thick, every the solitary man sitting behind them does | detail of the scene as clearly as daylight | thrown to them; but what are dead wolves' | horse on the gallop, every rider lashing not use whip or word at present. He | could. must be some miles nearer home ere the last struggle begins, and he not only knows the road well, but can also guess go at greater pace than thy present jog if with tolerable accuracy at the distance Jokadal is to see thee again. Graabeen* which lends enchantment to the wolf travels a world faster, and is now nearer music in the darkness behind him. Phys- to thee than thou art to home. Wilt ically Rollo Syantsen is a typical Norwe- deign to accept a seat? If so, it is at thy and in their black foliage, gleamed a few gian-strong and in the prime of life. He service." crimson splashes of fire as the sun sank has been in passing peril from the wolves

below the horizon; where the snow lay before to-day: the rug now wrapped about other. him, the corner of which haps and rustles ing themselves together. Hungry they his judgment, when the journey is ended, do it for thee." last rises free of the far-stretching cloud | thine." that till the present has hidden it. A casts one searching glance ahead, looks to | cry of the fastening of a big leathern bag which is tied to the floor of the sledge, and then gazes long and carefully, behind bim.

What Syantsen had seen in front of drove. him was a black line on the horizon and less trot, that infernal gallop which beats | two roads met. What he had not seen or we shall both be lost."

each beast moving and turning in unison him. The snow retards every step and slay thee, but that I had rather leave it ing, bleeding, and gnashing his teeth in through the forest, followed by billows of with the rest, as a flight of birds myste- | clogs in lumps upon the heels of his boots. | to those behind." riously wheels in air. They are Norway | There is no track to go by, but he keeps | since taught them what work will be ne- | post. To reach the black line before those | answer : cessary before supper and a return to flying feet in the rear have closed with

under him, he howls his farewell to dear melody he knows that, in his present sore behind. Declare, when questioned, that again, shrieks, tries in vain to rise, and rank as it crashes through. Grape and life, and his place in his ranks knows him strait, can mean succer and salvation. no more. But the maimed creature's He heeds it not at first. The Norwegians not stay the horses to save me." sufferings are over almost instantly, for the are a superstitious folk, and our poor fittest alone survive in a pack of wolves. wretch thinks that the night demons are A ravenous fighting mass of fur and legs abroad, dancing in the drifting snow wreaths, laughing at his agony and tuning red, never before had the possibility of the distant howlings into the sound of

Sledge bells do not always make music. There is nothing to suggest pleasure and plumes and nodding of proud equine heads | dash through the village street, saw the after an anchovy or an olive or some such | long since caught the distant chorus and | cry of thankfulness to God. That was preliminary to more important gastronom- their ears are beginning to lie back and all; no vision of his own figure in the their necks to stretch out. Jangle, jangle story obtruded itself. A flash of light-But now, ahead, there stands a solitary | jangle, thud, thud, go hoofs and | ning could not be quicker than the thought | dening snow. tree, naked save where, on its topmost bells. A hot steam streams away from the as it filled his brain, and transformed branches, the dark pine needles mingle in animals and the bright red ray of a little every ambition, passion, desire. one shapeless clump, or where, lower lamp in front ot the sledge casts a glow 'True," he said, "I have no quarrel down, dead cones still cling to the parent | upon their sweating flanks. The driver | with those in thine home. Thou art bough. In the rough bark at its foot are is standing up now and unwinds the lash husband and a father-I had forgotten. flecks of wool; but the sheep which rub of his long whip. His hat is off and he Get you gone. Syantsen; my eyes are themselves there in the Summer are far looks with a frown behind him. To us opened now and I see far ahead. Fly, away just now. Something of greater in- horse and man and vehicle seem but the man, while there is yet time; take these

terest meets the wolves here. Along the incarnation of flying terror; to him on pistols with thee, too, and remember in at right angles to the course they have, And thus they meet, these men, than tween us at the end. Go, I say, the till now, been taking, extend two parallel whom all Norway could not show two ene- horses are killing themselves." lines, out by the irons of a sledge. One | mies more bitter. They are dwellers in vehicle alone has passed since the snow the little village of Joksdal, in Finmak, that the driver was too occupied to take last fell, but it appears to have gone by the most northern division of Tromso, or them from him placed both pistols at his quite recently, for the scent is strong and Northern Norway. There had their feet in the sledge, as Syantsen answered : the pack take it up without a moment's fathers lived before them, and there had halt. Now supper becomes a probability, Syantsen, rich, proud, and the autocrat Heaven, Skien, such an enemy as thou for where there is a sledge, there is a of his birthplace, cruelly wronged Eric makest is worth a thousand friends. horse, perhaps two; where there is a Skien, a young herdsman and a poor one. Leve thee, man? Never! Mount, I comsledge, there is also a man, possibly more | An old, stale story it was, of two men | mand it; else I will shoot these frantic loving the same woman. Young Eric had beasts myself. God willing, we shall yet

been everything to her until the other sleep in our homes to-night; if not, then came creeping into her heart, ousting the togother here." I have, seated in a comfortable place of old love and replacing it with one ten entertainment, with my mind at ease and times as powerful. She dared not to tell The thought of a great sacrifice was certain knowledge that many iron bars her betrothed, and upon the very eve of strong within him, but his old enemy separated me from the invisible howlers. | their marriage Syantsen had stolen the would not be denied. His will was as Even under those circumstances, the girl away with her own consent, married powerful as the other's and most assuredsound was one that made me turn cold her in a distant hamlet, and then, retur- ly both men must ever perished had not and wonder how nature had produced any- ning, braved the black storm of rage that Skich relented. At last, therefore, yieldthing so hideous. It is like nothing but swept over him. All believed this step ing to Syantsen's entreaty, he crawled itself; you cannot compare or contrast it to be one of most lawless abduction upon exhausted upon the hinder seat of the with any other cry of living things; a the man's part, and he, only thinking for sledge and, not a moment too soon, the gale of wind in the rigging of a big ship his wife and her reputation, was content men were whirled away together. at sea is the nearest approach to it I know. that in such a belief Joksdal should re-Thin, hollow wails of sound grow and main. Eric Skien, however, was wiser. swell and burst into one demoniac howl | He had long noted the change in his | and a half minutes. In fact, however, it that embodies in its volume every conceiv- sweetheart, and the blow did not fall so barety occupied two.)

though suddenly strangled; more often in going, loutish fellow, not overquick of trampled and Skien's footmarks cease. long-drawn shricks that fade upon the ear. | comprehension, but a popular man among | Now they are racing, for the quarry shows There is music in their cadence at times; his comrades and one with a kind soul in up black and clear against the snow, little those that I heard were fairly in tune him. That he would nurse his revenge more than a mile ahead. but such a tune, such a droning, fiendish, until it grew into something strong and Let us once more hunt with the hunters whirling blast of melody it was. If the terrible and could walk alone was the and watch with them as-their feet fallnether world has its own music, that music general opinion in Joksdal. But Skien ing like the pattering rustle of rain—they should be the howl of hungry wolves—the breathed no word of his future intentions came on, one hurtling against another. "Mamma." said Willie. "do I look as frantic chorus whose culmination is death to anybody, and went on living and work- Their mouths are open, the hair upon to flying singers or fleeing audiences or ing tamely enough, though with most of their backs is beginning to stiffen and the laughter and rough frolic blotted out stand on end, their phosphorescent eyes

have learned the beauty of obedience for- the knife as hot-blooded men of the south. black horizon gradually changes into irgetting, at the same time, the watchword | Nor have they quite such keenness and | regular outlines of a pine forest; true of all wolves—that union is strength. capability for either suffering or joy. also, beneath the trees, gleam sparks of Return we to my pack, watch its moving, Their sensibilities are someweat more red yellow fire that suggest human habi- tion? like one big machine, and the component blunt and there is more prose and less tations; but Joksdal is distant a mile yet, parts of which are together giving tongue. poetry in their lives, less sunshine and whereas three hundred yards alone sepa- nor the grimness of a line of bayonets The snow, for them, is in perfect order; more hard work. I speak, of course, of rate wolves and men. Now a long pull, moving slowly and determinedly on, but but somebody shead may perchance find the lowest social classes: Skien was a a strong pull, a pull altogether, and then there is a peculiar excitement about it

And now—a year after the catastrophe ahead may be praying for that moonlight | —they meet, the one flushed and hot and | though that now and again hisses in the | the woods. Every cartridge box has been which, at present, only shows silver fringes | nearly spent with his hard running, the | air over their heads. Great jets of steam | emptied once or more, and one-fourth of on a black cloud. To them their wolf other cold and white, and with all his wits | burst from their gaping nostrils, and they | the brigade has melted away in dead and music is the dinner gong; but somebody about him. Skien, thinking to see a show the bloodshot whites of their eyes. wounded and missing. Not a cheer is ahead may hear nothing more beautiful friend looks up at the man in the sledge. Since Skien got upon the sledge not heard in the whole brigade. We know than his own passing bell in the distant | As he does so anxiety changes to incred- another word has been spoken. Syant- | that we are being driven foot by foot, and undulations, rising and falling and coming | ulous and savage joy; the howl of wolves | sen drives with magnificent nerve and that when we break once more the line falls unheeded upon his ear; he clutches judgment, keeping the horses steady, but | will go to pieces and the enemy will pour Fortunately thought and a pen travel hard at something hidden in his belt and getting every inch out of them he can .- through the gap. quicker even than gray wolves; therefore | shows his teeth. The other, with an iron | If either comes down it must mean cer- | Here comes help though not knowing with certainty hand upon the reins, checks for an instant tain death for all. Skien sits crouched Down the crowded highway gallops a whether it can catch us again before the his flying sledge and keeps pace with his up at the back of the sledge with his face battery withdrawn from some other posiend of the story—we will leave the racing old enemy. One of the struggling horses to the oncoming multitude and a pistol in tion to save ours. The field fence is arrested in his fight for life, neighs and cach hand. Nearer get the wolves and scattered while you could count thirty, Here it is, sure enough, plowing plunges to be free. The bells clash and nearer. They are now going about twen- and the guns rush for the hills behind us. through the snow and spinning out those | jangle; for a moment the hungry throats | ty yards in a hundred quicker than their | Over dry ditches where a farmer would

> Rollo Syantsen speaks first. "Ah, friend Skien, thou wilt have to

"At last we meet, then," gasped the

"I had rather see thee than the truest | sledge, for it has told those at home every- | guns are in position, the detached horse in the snow, is made of wolf-skins. To- friend and strongest horse in Norway. thing. Syantsen sees lights flashing in hurrying away, the ammunition chester there, on the outskirts of the forest, at night he appears anxious, however; his At last thou art in my hand, Rollo Syan- the distance and knows that doors are be- open, and along our line runs the comthe wake of day, the wolves were gather. horses are powerful but not fleet, and in tsen. Nay, stay thine horses, or I will ing opened, dogs let loose, and guns hast- mand:

there will be a very short quarter of a 'Fool! Thou do it? Could thou stop There was no play among them, no leap. 'mile between his sledge and its pursuers. | me a year ago? Then think not to hold

For answer Skien leveled a pistol at the believe me. They look at one another. which we fought and despaired. life, to keep life, and to keep life, if you clear, white light floods the darkness and head of the horse nearest him. The bar- the man and brute, and there is more exthe snowy plain begins to widen out upon | rel flashed in the moonlight like a knife. every side as the driver, rising in his sent, and Syantsen, choking in his throat the

*"Graabeen:" The peasant Norwegians have a superstition objection to calling many familiar animals by the name proper to them. Yes, there they are, just a little dark sha'Grasbeen' signifies "grey legs," and thus do
dow on the waste, a shadow which one they always refer to the wolf. At this present less experienced might have overlooked time the heart of Norway can show more primitive people, dialects, and beliefs in superaltogether, but a shadow that is moving human agencies than any other European hardly less quickly than those cast by the country.

and nearly overturned the vehicle he

shouts to his comrade:

"The dogs are coming?"

that the excellent beast should live the

remainder of his days in honored idle-

And the wolves, though decisively

Upon the field they left four and twenty

slain and some eight or nine wounded to

and exhausted, the survivors got them

back to their desolate forest homes; and,

friends have life. EDEN PHILLPOTS.

The little boy had come in with

his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and

his face bearing unmistakable marks of

exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked

and grieved, "you have disobeyed me

again. How often I have told you not to

play with that wicked Stapleford bov.

if I had been plaping with anybody?"

a severe conflict. "Oh. Willie. Willie."

-Longman's Magazine.

moon had set.

beaten, cannot be deemed disgraced.-

"This is no time for jesting, man!" he Then begins that long, slouching, tire- a tall finger post, still far ahead, where cried. "Leap by me, and do it quickly, horse and man and all things living for | was a figure on foot, traveling toward the | "And why not? Thou hast not left me nothing to live for. Everything that was The pedestrian is moving but slowly, good to me in the world has been taken yards of snow, and settles into its stride, and has very little more running left in by thee; now it is my turn, and I could

While the horses were nearly disloca-

wolves these, and experience has long as straight as he can for the tall finger- | ting his shoulder-joint, Syantsen made "Think not I fear any more than thee, him is, he knows, impossible; and yet If thou willest that but one of us shall Note what happens almost at the start. he staggers forward. He cannot help reach his home I care not. I plead not One little brute suddenly slips and strains | himself. The instinct of self-preservation | for my safety, least of all at thy hands, his leg. Fearfully he glances at his com- would make him struggle on even though but others plead for it. The past is past, panions on the right and left, but as yet sefety were a hundred miles distant instead | the wrongs I have done to thee are past, they know not of the accident. -All too of scarce five. And on he will drag his and past atoning. Slay me if thou wilt, soon, however, the pace tells upon the | tired body till he drops or till the wolves | it is but justice, but be generous in thine hour of triumph. Save thyself, Skien, Then comes—think of it—the sound of | implore it, and see that what is now in sledge bells in his ears, the only earthly the sledge be given to those I leave

> So he spoke, and a great wave of feeling passed through the other's mind. Never had his heavy brains been so stirnoble and heroic actions entered them. Like a dream picture, as his enemy's at home nursing her baby, saw the sledge

the days to come there was no evil be-

He held up the weapons, and finding "Sayest thou this?" he cried. "By

Eric hesitated for a brief moment

(Read without haste, the above dio logue, if timed, would be found to take two

Five short minutes later the wolves Then the crescendo dies, sometimes as supposed. He was a good-hearted, easy- arrive upon the spot where the snow is

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Did you over see a battery take posi-

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge that makes old veterans rise in their sad-

Like the bellows of a forge sob the dles and cheer. horses and need not the heavy whip. We have been fighting at the edge of

coats as an article of food compared with his team and yelling, the sight behind us the shining sides of those galloping ani- making us forget the foe in front. The mals, now only fifty yards in front? It guns jump two feet high as the heavy hardly stays them for a moment. wheels strike a rock or log, but not a Joksdal is still nearly a quarter of a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoncer mile off. Syantsen jodels, and the clear loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, notes go echoing forward to the village sixty horses, eighty men, race for the and back to the wolves. They give brow of the hill as if he who would reach

tongue again in answer and strive each it first would be knighted. to be alongside the horses before the other. A moment ago the battery was a con-That last long-drawn howl may save the fused mob. We look again and the six

ily snached from their places. Twenty- "Give them one more volley and fall five yards only now between the sledge back to support the guus." We have and the foremost wolf. Skien cocks his scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! As though to encourage him, the moon at | back those mad brutes here by any act of | pistols and keeps cool as a statue. Graa- opens the battery, and jets of fire jump been No. 1 is a grand, determined fellow, down and scorch the green trees under

The shattered old brigade has a chance pression now in the wolf's face than in the to breathe for the first time in three hours. man's. One, reckoning without his bost. as we form a line and lie down. What his shark's eyes glittering like stars, is grim, cool fellows those cannoncers are. divided between an attack upon Eric or Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets the horses. The human being feels a splash dust in their faces, but they do not pistol trigger under each forefiner and wince. Bullets sing over and around waits, for it will not do to miss. Twen- they do not dodge. There goes one to ty yards, eighteen, fifteen then Syantsen | the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the Skien does not answer and keeps his wheels and then works away again as

eyes upon the foremost wolf. Ten vards | before. off he is now. The deep baying of big Every gun is using short-fuse shell. dogs and the shouts of men mingle with | The ground shakes and trembles, the roar the cry of the wolves, the snort of the shuts out all sounds from a line three horses, and the tells ringing on over miles long, and the shells go shricking everything. Then Skien feels the sledge into the swamp to cut trees short off, to slacken speed and raises his arm not a mow great gaps in the bushes, hunt out moment too soon. Granbeen No. 1 sees | and shatter and mangle men until their a stream of fire dart toward him, feels a corpses cannot be recognized as human. terrible blow in the chest and falls, writh- You would think a tornado was howling the cold snow. Some among his compan- fire, and yet men live through it—ave. ions stop to do the last honors to their press forward to capture the battery. We old leader, but more than half keep on, can hear their shouts as they form the

Skien shoots another, and hurling his rush. pistols with tremendous force among them. Now the shell are changed for grape breaks the leg of a third. Syantsen gives | and cannister, and guns are fired so fast the horses their heads and strikes at the all reports blend into one mighty roar. long gray brutes now streaming upon The shriek of a shell is the wickedest either side. Here come the dogs at last sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh fresh and full of fighting. Twenty-three | crawl like the demoniacal singing, purare, if not more, all eager for a tussle | ring, whistling grape shot and the ser-

with the universal enemy. They rush | pent-like hiss of cannister. into the wolves, and at the same moment | Men's legs and heads are torn from one of the horses comes down with a bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round crash, struggles upon his knees, falls shot or shell takes two men out of the I fell from my place and thou couldst rolls over beaten upon his side. The cannister mow a swath, and pile the dead

other, breaking his trace and lashing out, on top of each other. comes near braining his driver, but in- Through the smoke we see a swarm of stead catches a wolf which has just men. It is not a battle line, but a mob jumped at Syantsen fair in the chest, and of men desperate enough to bathe their hurls him back five yards. Skien has bayonets in the flame of the guns. The wound his coat round his left arm and guns leap from the ground, almost as they uses a knife with his right. The freed are depressed on the foe, and shricks and words fell upon his ear, he saw the girl horse, with a dozen wolves leaping at its screams and shouts blend into one awful head, runs straight into the rescuing par- and steady cry. Twenty men out of the ty. Then torches gleam and men yell battery are down, and the firing is interbals, on the best possible terms with one in the harsh jangle that now rushes down husband reel into the strong outstretched and fight hand-to-hand battles with gaunt, rupted. The foe accept it as a sign of another, and feeling as you would feel upon the traveler. Syantsen's horses have arms of his friend, and heard the wife's draggled brutes that snap at their throats, wavering, and come rushing on. They fill the air with the strong vulpine smell are not ten feet away when the guns give of their kind, and when a blow gets home | them the last shot. That discharge picks howl and kick out their lives in the red- living men off their feet, and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

It was a notable and terrific battle while Up, now, at the enemy among the guns. it lasted, and forms topic for conversa- There is a silence of ten seconds, and then tion to this day in Jokedal. Half the the flash and the roar of more than 3,000 dogs were killed, and more than one brave | muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. man who rushed to the resoue will carry For what? Neither on the right nor in deep tokens of the fight to his grave. - | front of us a living foe! There are Syantsen came worst off. His left arm corpses around us which have been struck was badly torn, and one bite in his throat by three, four, and even six bullets, and must have been fatal had the brute who nowhere on this acre of ground is a woundmade it jumped a little stronger. Skien ed man. The wheels of the guns cannot fought like a demon, and escaped marvel- move until the blockade of dead is reously, with scarce more than an ugly moved. Men cannot pass from caisson to scratch or two. One horse died where gun without climbing over windrows of it fell, the other escaped with its life, but dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared was ruined for all practical purposes. - | with blood; every foot of grass has its Syantsen's wife, however, looked to it horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.—Chicago Tribune.

It is related of old John Jacob Astor of New York, that he enjoyed keenly the consciousness of being rich. the death. Deeply dejected, torn, maimed, The love of his accumulation grew with his years until it ruled him like a tyrant. At fifty he possessed his millions, at sixtymaybe, the God that sees fit to let them five his millions possessed him. It was live provided an adequate meal before the not until the year 1800 when he was worth a quarter of a million of dollars and For, mark you, those wolves, without had been in business fifteen years that he exactly appreciating the fact, had achieved | indulged himself in the comfort of living a great and splendid work. They had in a house apart from his business. In brought to the surface much that is noble | 1794 he appears in the directory as 'Furin human hearts; they had in two short | rier, 149 Broadway.' From 1796 to 1799 minutes done that which years of time as 'Fur Merchant, 149 Broadway.' In might not have done; they had destroyed | 1800 he had a storehouse at 141 Greena bitter feud and built upon its ruins a wich street and lived at 228 Broadway. friendship which will stand while the the present site of the Astor House. He lived in this house twenty-five years. 'His house,' save Parton, 'was such as a fifth-rate merchant would now consider beneath his dignity.' He had neither expensive tastes nor wasteful vices. His luxuries were a pipe, a glass of beer, a game of draughts, a ride on horseback and the theatre. Of the theatre be was particularly fond. He seldom missed a reed performance in the palmy days of the 'Old

Too Muon,-"An' yes looks out o' Fond Mother-"Well, Harold, how sorts this mornin, Mrs. Dacey." "An" So much for the wolves I know; so of his life. It is improbable that he would are fixed upon the flying sledge. A long are you succeeding at college?" Harold- enough to make me, Mrs. Gregan. Last much for wolves whose hearts are broken ever have seriously set about retaliation or stern chase it has been, and seems like to "The professor says I am getting well up week I lost me husban' and this week two and whose sides have ached often under gone far out of his way to get it. Dwell- meet with a grand reward, if all goes in figures." "Indeed?" "Yes; I used goets. The loss of the ould meet with a grand reward, if all goes in figures."

Park."