ELLICOTT CITY. OFFICE-At the office of "The Ellicot City Times," in the Town Hall.

CHARLES W. REUISLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.

March 9, '78-tf. J. D. McGUIRE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELLICOTT CITY, MD. OFFICE-Two Doors West of Leishear's Store Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, e., and practice generally before the Depart-

ments in Washington. JOHN WARFIELD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, FLORENCE P. O., HOWARD COUNTY, MD. March '30, '78-tf.

I. THOMAS JONES,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE. Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties. Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every

HENRY E. WOOTTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office-Nearly opposite the Court House, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Nov. 27, '69-1y. EDWIN LINTHIEUM,

July 27-72-tf.

Dec. 12, '74-tf.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE.-Nearly opposite the Court House, ELLICOTT CITY, Md. Nov. 27'69-1y.

WM. A. HAMMOND, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each OFFICE-29 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore.

JOHN G. ROGERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICI-

TOR IN CHANCERY. Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel the adjoining counties.

Special attention given to Collections, an OFFICE-In the Court House, Ellicott City. Jan 6, '72-1y.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS.

COUNSELLOR AT LAW. NO. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and FIRST and THIRD TUESDAY of every month-(Orphans' Court days). Mar. 6-75-1y.

C. IRVING DITTY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, NO. 31 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE Practices in all the Courts of the State; in

the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bank-Particular attention given to collection of

Jan. 29, '70-1y.

T. R. CLENDINEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. S? W. FAYETTE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

March 2, '78-1y. DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,

ELLICOTT CITY, MD. Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City is prepared to practice his profession in this City and County.

He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to. Oct. 3, '69-tf.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,

(LATE OF BALTIMORE). Having located at Clarksville for the practice of medicine, respectfully offers his professional services to the community.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND Offers his professional services to the public OFFICE-At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn

March 16, '78-tf. DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,

DENTIST, (Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental

Surgery). Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. Crabbe, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him,

MAIN STREET, THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE. April 21, '77-1v.

JAMES L. MATHEWS, AGENT FOR THE

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD

COUNTIES. OFFICE-One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Ellicott City. Feb. 16, '78-tf.

WILLIAM B. PETER, NOTARY PUBLIC. Estate and Collection

Agency, and GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,

ELLICOTT CITY, MD. Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected Money procured on Securities. Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &c., &c., i Charge

kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates. MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on first las Eccurities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000 771-1f.

CITY IN THE

VOL. IX. ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878.

BARBARA'S FOLLY.

I. We never could have dreamed such thing of Barbara; she was only twentytwo, and so clever! We thought her, indeed, almost a genius, though it must be admitted that we we were rather late making the discovery. As a child, she was exceedingly homely, and so shy and awkward that we thought her dull. Her mother, a Threevit of Quemper Hill, who had been a belle, and was still a beauty, confessed, with a sigh, that she was ashamed of her offspring, she was so far inferior to her cousins, the Threevits and the Barters, "seven in number, and every one of them beauties, my dear." Still, we Threevits had no idea of repu-

diating Barbara; our family pride was too strong for that; but we really did not know what to do with her. Her father, John Featheredge, Esq., of Chippenshaw, was dead, and she had neither brothers nor sisters, so we rather looked upon Barbars as belonging to the family in general, and we treated her accordingly-her mother being, like some other Threevits, more beautiful than wise. We did our best by Amelia's unpromising daughter, more through a fear that she might bring discredit upon the Threevit family, than through any great affection for the child; but then she was unquestionably very unprepossing, and very discouraging. The more we strove to improve her, the more shy and awkward she grew; and we were forced to console ourselves with the reflection that we could not expect the perfection of a Threevit from so complete a Featheredge.

At last, when Barbara was thirteen. Miss Margaret Featheredge, her father's aunt, sent for her. We were almost afraid to let her go. She had expectations from this relative, and we dreaded that she might make an unfavorable impression. However, we, the mother, aunts, uncles, and cousins, after an anxious debate, decided to hand our black sheep over to her aunt Featheredge without reserve. It was the wisest thing we could have done. Miss Featheredge immediately adopted Barbara, and we saw the child no more until she was nineteen, when, her great-aunt being dead, she returned to us.

We found her a new creature in every respect; not handsome, indeed, according to the Threevit estimate, but quite pre sentable. She was no longer shy and awkward, and she proved a perfect treasure to us, whom the cares of fashionable life did not permit to be thorough in litewill be at the Court House in Ellicott City the rary attainments. In matters of dress. etc., we were sufficient to ourselves, but on all other topics Barbara became our authority, and great was the comfort we took in her extensive and varied informa-

> Gradually it dawned upon us that our Barbara was an accomplished and brilliant woman. We began to ignore the fact that she was a Featheredge. We called her a Threevit; but she was the only Threevit that had ever spoken four languages (candor compels the confession that some of us could not speak one, perfectly); she was the only Threevit that had ever been able to perform Beethoven's compositions; and, though we were all great talkers, old Judge Gregory had been heard to declare that she was the

only Threevit worth listening to. We became very proud of our Barbara and we made no secret of it. Our seven beauties, aware that the dear girl had prominent eyes, a large nose, a sallow complexion, and a figure irremediably thin, forgave these acquired advantages which, after all, rendered her rather formidable than attractive to the young beaux. But Barbara was not dependent upon the young beaux for attention. People of distinction sought her acquaintance and, as men of acknowledged ability gravated by Barbara's absurdity in desometimes quoted her opinions, we began to suspect that she must be a genius. We had never had a genius in the family before, and we were, therefore, a little timid at first about declaring our belief that Barbara was one; but we asserted the fact boldly as soon as we found others ready to

agree with us. Having established her reputation by our tact, we had a right to expect that our young relative would distinguish us before the world by the exercise of her talents. But month after month elapsed, and Barbara discovered no intention of shining on "Fame's eternal bead-roll." Beyond exerting her remarkable conversational powers, she accomplished nothing but a little sketching, a little practising on the piano, and a vast amount of reading. We grew impatient, and tried to spur her ambition; but alas! we were forced to the reluctant admission that this brilliant girl of ours had no ambition. Nevertheless, we had her interests too sincerely at heart to allow her to sink into obscurity for want of proper self-appreciation. We were ever on the alert long abstained from all allusions to her for a career in which she could display her gifts to advantage, and, when the sitiveness of genius; but, when we found rheumatism compelled Job Horrowell to that she was actually corresponding with resign the post of organist at St. Stc- | publishers, we decided that it was time

The choir was in a very demoralized literature without our sympathy and sup condition, to say to say the least; but port. Barbara wrought a wonderful improvement in less than a month. It was entirely her own work too, for the Elmer receive our congratulations, and our val- can write poetry. There are your Lines ready to ruin yourself in order to do them out such a scheme for the exercise of your girls withdrew in undignified haste when uable advice about a business in regard to a Wounded Wasp;' and if such a sub- a good turn!" they learned the new appointment. Bar- to which we had, indeed, no experience, ject as that could inspire you..."

Threevits entirely approved the course of bara came, when we invited her, the dig- Barbara, quickly. "I wonder who had "It is time, I think, that that old enmity lotte did well to leave the choir. It took the seat we offered.

importance when strangers turned de- taking." liberately to stare at our St. Cecilia, alshowed very bad taste, and we never did and laughed rather nervously. such a thing ourselves.

it was contemplated. So we raised the to have you participate in the -the-" old wail about her want of ambitiou. We Barbara's memmah took her handkermade our Babara's life a burden to her chief from her eyes, and kissed her for many days; but at last Uncle Joseph. daughter, murmuring, at the same time, the old bachelor, came to the rescue.

"Do you not understand," said he, which made Barbara blush. 'that no genius ever had common-sense?" might be the best judge of her true vo- the exordium: cation, and that it would be the part of wisdom to leave her to the intuitions of

Soon we found that there were other "Private subscription" -she began, but ways in which she could win distinction. Uncle Joseph interrupted: The Industrial Association of our town offered a gold medal for the best original command; I'll see you through." oil painting to be executed by a resident of the county. No persuasion was needed Riding Hood, resting by a spring, and called by your name." went to work with such eagerness that last found the path to renown.

And yet the unaccountable girl aban- her right to future renown. dened her work before it was half finished! In vain we remonstrated; Barba- decided upon the title?" ra was inexorable. She turned her canvas

her ability to achieve greatness---we had decide for me." every day such proof of the prodigality of her talents; but we began to realize the truth of Uncle Joseph's insinuation that edge family, and, though we claimed Bar- | chin. bara for a Threevit, there was no denying that she was a remarkable likeness of John Featheredge, of Chippenshaw.

When the people of Quemper Hill and Lowther Avenue proposed a Dramatic tiful brows in direful effort for the last Club for charitable purposes, we scarcely three minutes. dared to hope that Barbara would join the enterprise; but she did. The zest with which she antered into the performances almost made amends to us for the disappointment about the picture. Her dramatic talent elicited encomiums from competent judges. The intensity of feeling she could throw into a character was perfectly thrilling. At that time we might even have consented for Barbara to go on the stage, so assured did we feel that she would prove a second Siddons. But what is the use of dwelling upon our short-lived rapture? Barbara quitted the club at the height of her triumph, in a fit of disgust. Those Elmer girls girls were the cause, and our mortification was agfending them. A coolness sprang up between our incomparable niece and ourselves, and for a long time we left Barbara to her own devices.

Our old aspirations, however, suddenly revived upon the accidental discovery that our Barbara wrote poetry! Nothing she had ever done gave us such estatic pleasure as those stray "Lines to a Wounded Wasp" which Clementina rescued from the waste-basket. We could have wished the subject less commonplace, but we gladly accepted the waif as an augury of future fame. We grew poetic oursel-Aes, and could not refer to Barbara without introducing "haloss," "dim vistas of the future," etc., etc. We expected that she would write poems at least equal to Mrs. Browning, of whom one hears so much; and we even dared to hope that she might surpass Mrs. Norton, or our favorite L. E. L. We forgave her every thing when we saw her pursuing her solitary way toward Owlet's Hollow with a black portfolio in her hands. We were careful never to intrude upon her, and we new pursuit, for fear of startling the senphen's, we persuaded Barbara to take his to speak. The dear girl, we said, must not be allowed to venture upon the sea of ter, poet, and a Threevit besides-should

> By dint of much managuvring, Barbara vas drawn into the family assemblage to

the Misses Elmer. They were the daugh- mified, unconscious simplicity of genius the absurdity to rescue it from the waste- died out; but I don't suppose that the sir," said Barbara. ters of Rufus Elmer, the owner of the in her mien. We felt its spell, and our iron-mill, between whom and the Three- hearts beat high with hope and pride. vits a bitter fend had long existed, con One after another, we rose and kissed her. cerning the title to a piece of ground She looked a little surprised, but, as we called the Grange corner-lot. The El- were an affectionate and demonstrative mers and Threevits did not speak, and family, her surprise was of short duration.

would have been gross presumption in "My dear niece," then said one whom them to attempt to vie with our Barbara. we had appointed spokeswoman, "we St. Stephen's soon became widely noted have respected your secret; but we can no for its music. The church was crowded longer refrain from offering our sympathy every Sunday, and we Threevits felt our and assistance in your present under

Barbara started from her seat, coloring though we knew that such conduct highly, but immediately sat down again

"My dear aunts, my dear uncles, and And yet - after a most triumphant ca- cousins," she stammered, "how very kind! reer of six months' duration-incredible Forgive me. I did not mean-but you stand meant total defiance, as it may seem, Barbara suddenly retired see, really, I was afraid that you might the deed was done before we knew that must succeed, and it will be so delightful

something about"true nobility of genius,"

Uncle Joseph, being a man, scorned to This reminder consoled us. We re- approach the subject by delicate degrees. flected that possibly our gifted Barbara He came immediately to the point with

"These publishers are so expensive!" Barbara looked puzzled, the dear inno-

"Tut! tut! child, my purse is at your At this Barbara brightened visibly,

"Dear Uncle Joseph!" she cried, "it to induce Barbara to contend for this will be your work, after all. Perhaps-it prize. She chose for her subject Red may grow into an institution, and be This speech was rather enigmatica! to

we were sure the restless genius had at us, but we supposed that it referred to a dedication, and Uncle Joseph, on account Her success was certain. Drusilla and of his wealth, did seem the most appro-Judith agreed that they had never seen priate person; but why could not Barthe true Red Riding Hood searlet so per- bara express herself more coherently? fectly reproduced as in Barbara's picture. We panted for some tangible evidence of a snap. "It would require at least one

"Dear Barbara," we cried, "have you

to the wall, and the prize was awarded to look that would have been exasperating Lawrence Hackett, a self-taught youth, if we had not known that it was natural who sent a thing he called "The Miller of to poetic temperaments. "Ah, yes! I We now became disheartened about me. I really cannot decide. I have not | Your income barely suffices to dress you Barbara. It was not possible to doubt thought much about it. But you shall

We all disclaimed, yet we set ourselves to the task forthwith. "There is so much in a name," ob-

there was a screw loose in the Feather- served Wilhelmina, with her finger on her "I know it," said Barbara, thoughtful-

> ly; "but I am utterly at a loss." "'Hope's Treasury,' " suggested Clementina, who had been puckering her beau-

> "Is not that rather sentimental?" objected Barbara, timidly. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed Georgiana. "Call

it 'Waifs of Idleness.' " Barbara looked extremely disconcerted, but, before she could say anything, Drusilla cried:

Gem.'"

"Oh, that will never do!" we cried, in breath: "It is too like an annual." "Or a bar-room," said Barbara, "and I am sure that is the last thing it to re-

"We will call i "Barbara's Folly,"

said Uncle Joseph, facetiously.

spoke out immediately: "Oh, spare me that, or I shall think you

nean to make a jest of me!" "Why not call it plainly 'Poems by Barbara Featheredge?" said Judith,

who represented the common-sense of the Threevits. "What do you mean?" cried Barbara. "Why, Barbara!" we chorused, "your

book of poems that you are going to publish of course." Barbara put her hands to her head.

"Good Heavens!" she cried; "how ab-"You've been corresponding with pub-

lishers; you know you have. Come! don't be silly, Barbara," we cried, rallying from the unexpected shock her exclamation had given us. "You can't deny that

"I don't wish to deny it," said Barbara, I have been corresponding with various publishing-houses in order to learn the casiest terms upon which I could purchase books for a reading room that I am trying to establish for the benefit of the iron-mill boys."

It is fitting that this overwhelming announcement should be italicized. It came upon us like the shock of an earthquake. Oh! oh! oh! that our Barbara, so richly endowed-musician, linguist, painstoop to civilizo those iron-mill boys! Why, it was said that they had actually

waylaid and robbed people at night!

bara deplored their loss, but for once we but a great many many opinions. Bar- "A mere school exercise," interrupted ill turn," replied Barbara, with a sigh. Featheredge, ruefully.

basket?"

portfolio you have been carrying for the last six weeks?"

under the circumstances Sophia and Char- She returned our caresses cordially, and flashing eyes, "that I was wasting my the very fact that those boys are the emtime writing mediocre verses? I was ployes of the family enemy would deter teaching poor Martha Payne to draw. you. You can't be in earnest." She has extraordinary talent, and needed | "But I am in earnest," said Barbara. only a little instruction. I never did any 'I will carry it out though every one of thing in my life so satisfactory to myself." | you oppose me."

"Then you mean what you say about those iron-mill boys ?"

"Of course I do." Joseph cleared his throat ominously; we of the room. all remonstrated loudly; but Barbara sat! We felt that Barbara had committed a

"The scheme is utterly impracticable, "If this turns out ill, as it is sure to do," from the choir! Great was our conster- disapprove, and I wished to make sure of Barbara," said Clementina. "It would be said Judith, "Barbara can never say that nation, and great our distress; but there success before confiding in you. But if enormously expensive to do the thing in she was not warned sufficiently." was no opportunity to remonstrate, for you all smile so kindly upon my efforts, I style." (We Threevits believed in style.) "Such lawless, dirty creatures!" said

> Judith, grimly. "Yes, I have," said Barbara. "I have said Wilhelemina, scornfully. lain awake many a night counting the

"There'll be the rent," plaintively objected Mrs. Featheredge, to whom this

had always been a vital question. "Tony Roberts will let me have a room at six dollars a month," said Barbara,

with a business-like air. "That's sixty-three dollars a year,"said Clementina, recklessly.

"I beg your pardon," returned Barbara; "it is seventy-two dollars."

"Nearly a hundred dollars! O Barbara," groaned Mrs. Featheredge; "and

your income is so small." "Then there are lights!" said one.

"And fires!" exclaimed another. "To say nothing of repairing and furnishing," sighed Mrs. Featheredge. "And the hire of a person to take charge

of the room," said Judith. "Martha Payne has agreed to attend for a trifling compensation," said Bar-

"It can't be done, Barbara," said Uncle Joseph, shutting his gold pencil-case with hundred and fifty dollars per annum."

tion, child," said Mrs. Featheredge, dry-"The title?" she repeated, with a dreamy ling her eyes, and casting a grateful look good traits to our side of the house. "The at the gold pencil case in Uncle Joseph's hand. "You cannot expect your cousins you make her. Take no notice of her pro- in the beginning?" to join you in this mad scheme, and you understand. Thank you for reminding cannot afford to undertake it alone. now, and such an outlay would oblige you to circumscribe your wardrobe to an

unladylike extent." "Then I can circumscribe my wardrobe,"

said Barbara. "And give up society, of course," said Wilhelmina.

"Very well," said Barbara, composedly. "O Barbara! O Barbara! and O Bar-

para! What folly!" "The books will be lost; the room abused, and you will have every thing to pay for, and no thanks!" cried Judith, triumphantly. "You may as well give up first as last."

"I can't give it up," said Barbara, posi

tively. "If it were only some great institution," sobbed Mrs. Featheredge. "But to think of my Barbara, with such gifts as hers, "I have it! It must be called 'The devoting herself and her little means to such a paltry object."

"It is not a paltry object," said the in-

fatuated Barbara; "and 'small beginnings make great end ings.' Oh, if you would but see as I do the urgent necessity for this work, and enter into it with heart and hand !" "To think," continued Mrs. Feather-None of us dared oppose any suggestion | edge, with that persistency which was her

of Uncle Joseph's, except Barbara. She chief characteristic, "that my gifted child should descend to cultivate those shockingly illiterate creatures, when I had but built such hopes on her genius!" "Mother!" cried Barbara, impatiently,

"why will you persist in making me ridiculous by that word? I am no genius. I have some tolerable talents that my good aunt Margaret taught me, or tried to teach me, to put to a good and earnest

"But you have never been in earnest yet about any thing, and you'll not be in earnest now. You know instability is your failing, Barbara," said Mrs. Featheredge, hopefully.

Barbara's face clouded. "You know you deserted the choir,"

oursued Mrs. Featheredge. "It wore my spirits out trying to har monize elements so discordant," said Barbara, the tears in her eyes.

"Then you abandoned your picture, when every one said you were sure of the gold medal."

"I know it," said Barbara, triumphantly. That is the very reason why I abandoned | dictum must induce her to relinquish a t. Lawrence Hackett's picture was a work so distasteful to her family. great deal better than mine; better than any thing I could ever hope to do; but the Threevit influence would have carried every thing against him."

"Then there was the Dramatic Club-"

"It wasted a great deal of time, and caused a great deal of bitterness," said Barbara. "All because of those Elmers!" cried

"I certainly have no wish to do them an

"Not they! I declare, Barbara, you are a proceeding." "Do you think," said Barbara, with wanting in proper pride. I should think

"Hum!" said Uncle Joseph.

"Even Uncle Joseph," added Barbara, boldly; but she glanced at him timidly Mrs. Featheredge wept outright; Uncle as he turned on his heel and walked out

silent in a way we had come to under-dreadful offence. Mrs. Featheredge sobbed piteously.

"You haven't counted the cost," said Clementina, with a shudder. "Always in some disreputable scrape,"

"La! yes!" said Georgina; "utterly abandoned, you know." We might as well have talked to the

"Poor things!" said Barbara. "If all you say is true, and I don't deny a word of it, how sorely they need a helping hand!"

"Don't suppose, for one moment, that they will get help from us," cried the family chorus. "We do not intend to be inveigled into committing or countenanc-

ing any such nonsense." "Then I'll try it alone," said the mis-

guided girl, as she left the room. sive attitude under the great horse-chestonly be content to write a poem about the iron-mill boys! But we knew that she was only making calculations, for she looked the very picture of misdirected

"Barbara's course does not surprise me. Obstinacy is a Featheredge failing, as I "Then, of course, it is out of the ques. | well know, said Uncle Joseph, who, being a Threevit, naturally referred Barbara's more you oppose her, the more determined ceedings, and 'Barbara's folly' must die a natural death."

> Uncle Joseph was the family oracle. We invariably followed his advice, for he had made so much money that it would have been madness to doubt his wisdom. We were careful to designate Barbara's insane undertaking by the name he had so appropriately bestowed; and, in acfriends and acquaintance to witness that we discountenanced a course calculated to bring an unpleasant notoriety upon the town to keep us well informed; and we

chestnut. We thought that there was no other room in the town available for Barbara's purpose; but the widow Barjee, unfortunately, had a dilapidated wing to tary contributions; I asked nothing." her house, which our misguided young relative rented at five dollars a month. It did you raise the money to start with?" required a week, and nobody knows how much money, to put this place in repair; | shameful extent!" cried Mrs. Featheredge, and much longer than a week to persuade | cagerly. "Barbara has not had a new the young savages that an hour and a thing this winter. See how shabby she half could be more agreeably spent in is!" that sorry retreat than in a tavern.

Barbara, at first, was evidently much discouraged, though she said not a word about the trials that must have beset her at that time. The room was open three evenings in every week, and on Thursdays our young lady invariably attended in person. She lost all sense of what was due to her position in society, and mortified us continually by the callous indifference with which she heard the comments of our fashionable friends.

One evening, about a week before Christmas, Judge Gregory called. He had been away for several months, and, as Barbara | not applauded our resolve to make Barwas a special favorite of his, he came, he bara no presents while her infatuation said, on purpose to hear from her own lips some account of all the nonsense she had been guilty of during his absence. We were glad to bear him say this. He was a shrewd, practical man of the world. for whose opinion Barbara had great respect; and we assured ourselves that his

"Come, Barbara," said the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his unfathomable eyes, "tell me about this crusade you are waging against the baits of Satan?"

"The most Quixotic thing you ever heard of, sir," said Wilhelmina, carefully pinning her sofa-cushion with the white lilies in a dimity cover.

"Let us hear it, Barbara," said the "Barbara," we gasped, "you know you we, indignantly. "And now you are judge. "How did you happen to strike ly five cents." admirable powers?"

"You may well ask that," said Mrs.

JOB PRINTING, Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal Forms, Cards, Tickets,

AND ALL KINDS OF Allain & Fancy Job Work Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and NO. 25. at the Lowest Rates.

"By thinking, and then by working,

Elmers themselves would accuse me of "Oh, ay, no doubt; but how did you "Then, in the name of pity," we en- intending them a good turn when I open happen to think of it? Begin at the betreated, "what was the meaning of that a reading-room for the irom-mill boys." | ginning, please. As a friend of the family, "Of course not!" cried Wilhelmina. I feel obliged to take notice of so erratic

"Thanks, judge," said we Threevits. Barbara seemed disposed to hesitate but Judge Gregory fixed those determined eyes of his upon her, and she was forced to a full confession.

"I happened," she said, "to overhear a conversation between two of the iron-mill boys. I was returning from a walk, and I passed them, sitting on Lowther's stile. They had a book apparently full of pictures; I think it was a dime novel. They were criticizing the work; but it is not necessary to repeat any of their remarks, except the one that made such an impression upon me. The larger boy, whom I recognized as one of the most lawless of all, said, with an oath, that the finest thing he had ever read was 'The Blustering Barber of Battle Alley.' I thought about it all the way home, and I had the curiosity to get the book, but it was so full of ghastly horrors I could not read

The judge laughed. "So," said he, this reading-room is, in reality, the work of the 'Blustering Barber, ch?"

We applauded, for we thought this sally a perticularly good hit at Barbara; but she did not seem in the least discon-

"You see, sir," she continued, "it seemed a dreadful thing that the poor boys should have nothing better to read than horrors so demoralizing as that book contained; and I felt that something ought to be done. The more I thought We saw her afterward sitting in a pen- of it, the more imperative seemed the necessity of supplying the lads with a purer nut. She had a pencil and a piece of and healthier literature; and I could not paper in her hand. Oh, if she would dispossess myself of the conviction that this was the work designed for me." "Well?" said the judge, as Barbara

> "Circumstances," continued she, somewhat reluctantly, "finally impelled me to venture alone upon the undertaking; but

I knew that 'great oaks from little acorns

hesitated and colored.

The good judge smiled incredulously, we thought, as he asked: "And how was this poor little acorn

planted and sprouted? How did it fare "I rented a room of the Widow Barjee," said Barbara, cunningly abstaining from any allusion to our opposition. "It was not exactly such a room as I desired, but it was the best I could get, and it has the advantage of a small yard in front,

which I mean to beautify in the spring." The dear old judge turned and nodded at us, which encouraged Mrs. Feathercordance with his counsel, we called our edge to remark that Barbara was certainly demented.

"Though the rent is low," continued Barbara, with more animation, "the Threevit family. We rigidly abstained building was very much out of repair. from all questions in regard to the affair, and I should have been much straitbut there were enough idle tongues in our | ened for means had I not met with help most unexpectedly. Mrs. Barjee would soon learned, to our intense chagrin, that not charge me anything for cleaning the "Barbara's folly" promised to be a suc- room, and the carpenter I employed would not receive payment for his work. It Dear Uncle Joseph, with his accustomed | was a good cause, he said, and he was shrewdness, had endeavored to check the glad to help it on. And he did help it, (to us) obnoxious enterprise by hiring as I was careful to tell him, for he left me Tony Robert's room while Barbara was just that much more to spend for books. making calculations under the horse- Then Hardin, the cabinet-maker, gave me two benches; one gentleman gave some maps, and the photographer sent three or four pictures. All these were volun-

"By pinching and stinting herself to a

"But, pardon me," said the judge: "how

The old judge looked through his spectacles at the plain alpaca Barbara wore, and said, with a profound bow: "Barbara, I never saw you look so pret-

ty. The dress is wonderfully becoming."

But Judge Gregory was so polite that he would have said the same if her dress had been even shabbier than it was. "I don't find it becoming," said Mrs. Featheredge, in an injured tone. "I long

to see her in a polonaise like Drusilla's,

and a hat like Wilhelmina's." We thought this speech very ill-advised; for, though Mrs. Featheredge had lasted, she had acknowledged the witdom of it. But that woman, notwithstanding she was a Threevit, had very little discretion.

"But you do not possess the purse of Fortunatus, my young friend," said the judge, properly ignoring Mrs. Featheredge's remark; "how is the thing to be

kept up?" "Heaven only knowe!" sighed Mrs. Featheredge.

"I am trying to make it partly self-sustaining," said Barbara, "by exacting a small fee weekly, which I collect myself every Thursday evening." "And they pay up promptly, eh?" said

"Ob, yes," Barbara auswered; "it is on-

the judge.

"Poor child!" laughed the judge. "Barbara!" cried Clementina, angrily,

(Continued on fourth page.)