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L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Select Poetry.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

She blossomed in the country,
Where sunny summer brings
Her ruddy arms about the earth,
And brightest blessings bring,
Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower;
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Far distant from the city,
And inland from the sea,
My lassie bloomed in goodness,
As pure as pure can be,
She caught her dewy freshness,
From the soft morning breeze.

The rain-bow must have left her
Some of its airy grace;
The wild rose darted with a blush
That nestled on her face;
The sunbeam got entangled in
The long waves of her hair,
Or she had merry gossamer
So modest and so fair.

The early birds have taught her
Their joyous matin song,
And some of their soft innocence—
She's been with them so long,
And for her sake, if need be,
I'd part with wealth and power;
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Select Miscellany.

THE CARD TABLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Ellen Dearborn sat alone in her little sitting room, and her countenance was sad and desponding. She was not over 26, and though her face was pale wan, yet she was beautiful. A warm fire burned in the grate, for it was winter, and the lamp upon the center table was lighted, for it was evening. She sat thus, trying to read, when the door was opened and a stranger entered. She started up with fear at this seeing a stranger man enter her apartment unbidden.

"Ellen, don't you know me?"

The woman started at the sound of the voice, and the blood rushed to her brow and the temples. She took a step forward and gazed more sharply into the intruder's face.

"James?" she murmured interrogatively.

"Yes, my sister. Didn't you know me?"

But instead of answering in words, Ellen rushed forward and sank upon the man's bosom, and there she wept for joy. It was her own brother.

"And you didn't know me?" he said with a smile, after he had taken a seat.

"Why, no, James. Five years altered you wonderfully. But then that beard all over your face makes a good deal of difference."

"All the difference in the world. Two years ago, while my ship lay at Canton, I had my beard all shaved off, and when I came aboard some of my own men did not know me at first."

"Then I wish you'd shave it off now for you look more like a bear than you do like James Barrows."

The brother laughed, and the conversation ran for a while upon the various topics suggested by the return of the loved one. James Barrows was not thirty-two years of age, and had been absent from his native city for five years, during which time he had commanded a fine ship.

"What is it, my sister?" he asked anxiously. "Alas, James, I will tell you. But first let me assure you, that I did not mean exactly what I said to you, when you used to tell me such stories about gambling on the Mississippi. Ambrose asked you to teach him to play poker, as you called it. You taught him the game, and on one or two evenings, you went with him to some card parties."

"Yes, yes—I remember all that."

"Well the spirit of gaming is now fastening itself upon him. I can see it plainly, though he tries to laugh away my fears. I know it is so, for I have been told by one who is my friend, and who told me out of pure friendship for Ambrose. But I have not yet dared to let him know how sure my information is, for he would be angry, did he know that any one had told this to me. O, I know his impetuous nature, and I fear he will be lost ere he is aware of it. Evil companions are leading him astray. He thinks them friends."

"And do you think he has gone to the card table to-night?"

"I am afraid so. And if he does—oh, I dare not think of it. He has much money with him. Before you came, I was weeping over my fears. I have never let him know how much I knew concerning his course, for I feared it would only make him more excited. Alas! I know not what to do. I do not think he has yet lost much, but I know that he will never leave the fascinating habit until he is ruined unless something can be done to move him."

"By my soul, Ellen," returned the

captain warmly. "I did teach Ambrose to play—though God knows I never meant to teach him to gamble, and I will cure him now if I can. Do you think he is at it now?"

"I think he would have been at home before this time if he had not fallen in with some of his evil associates."

"Then you rest here while I go and find him. By my soul, I will save him if I can."

"But you will come back soon?"

James stopped and thought a moment. "I don't know," he said. "But don't you be worried. No harm shall befall Ambrose to-night."

Dearborn entered one of the gaming saloons of the city. His business had kept him latter than usual, and having made some fifteen dollars in trade since dark, he had determined to stake that amount upon the altar of fashion. His wife was right in her fears. The card table had gained a fascinating power over him, and he had lost some heavy sums. But on the previous evening he had been cursed with a turn of winning luck, and he was on his way to continue his luck! He meant only to play an hour or so, and then go home.

He went up to the sideboard and took a glass of wine, as he turned he met a stranger, who had seemingly come for the same purpose.

"Good evening," said the stranger, in a pleasant tone, as he poured out a tumbler full of water from a pitcher and drank it.

Ambrose returned the salutation.

"I came to take a few moments recreation at cards," said the stranger, "but I find no friends here."

"So did I," answered Ambrose, "and my friends are missing."

"Then suppose we take a hand or two, just to pass away the time until some others come."

"With pleasure," said Dearborn.

And accordingly the two sat down and were soon on the most friendly terms. The cards were dealt, and for a while the playing was on a small scale, and the luck was about even. By and by Ambrose began to win, and he went on until he had won a hundred dollars. He would have felt ashamed somewhat had not his antagonist maintained such good humor, he smiled so kindly when he lost.

But the luck changed. Ambrose lost all he had won, and soon lost over a hundred dollars besides. He had just a hundred dollars more in his port monie and he took it out.

A new hand was dealt; he cut the cards carefully, and helped up for Jacks. 'Twas the best hand by far that had been out during the game, it being the first "four of the kind" he had seen during the evening. He bet ten dollars. Antagonist covered it, and went ten dollars higher.

"I have an excellent hand," the stranger said with a light laugh. "I have held better ones, but this is good; I'll bet high on it."

Ambrose did not speak. He was excited.

He was afraid that his antagonist would mistrust how good his hand was and stop betting, but the betting went on until Ambrose had his last fraction of the hundred dollars on the table.

"Shall I go higher?" inquired the stranger.

"As you please."

"Then I must say a hundred better."

By the trump of trumps you shall have a chance to make a pile this time."

Ambrose hesitated a moment, and then he placed his hand in his bosom and drew out a package of bank notes. There were four thousand dollars in the whole. It was a sum he had drawn from the bank that very day. It was the accumulation of over four years labor and economy, for the purpose of paying for his house and store. He drew out a hundred dollar bill and covered his antagonist last stake. He hesitated a moment and then drew another hundred, and "went that over." The stranger covered the hundred and "went five hundred better." Ambrose covered the five hundred, but he dared bet no more, and he called for his companion's hand. The stranger smiled as he showed it—four queens!

Ambrose uttered a deep groan as he folded his cards and placed them on the back.

"By my soul, that's hard, my friend."

"But better luck next time. Come, I'll deal for you this time."

A new hand was dealt, and this time Ambrose won a hundred dollars. He began to revive. Next he won two hundred more. He went and got another glass of wine and then returned in between a hundred and the next hand he lost five hundred dollars. His spirits were sad again. But he resolved to play carefully and win back what he had lost and stop.

But there is no end of following the game step my step. The man who held those cards was not a professed gambler, nor did he now gamble at all for his own amusement. But he had been among gamblers much, and he could handle cards as he pleased. And more still, he could handle a nervous, excitable man as he pleased. He kept Ambrose in good humor, let him have the occasional flashes of luck and finally, just as the clock struck eleven Ambrose Dearborn staggered up from the table penniless! All, all, was gone! His four thousand dollars—The sum that was to have cleared him of debt the sum

which he had seen steadily growing beneath his efforts for the last four years—was now swept away.

The young merchant staggered from the hall, he tried to borrow first—to commence again to win back something—but no one would lend. He made his way to the street, and without noticing his way, he staggered on. By and by he came to a narrow alley which led down to the water, and he turned to the wharf, and sat down upon an old spar. He had been there but a few moments, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up and by the moonlight he could see the dark face of the man who had ruined him.

"Why do you sit here in the show?" asked the stranger.

"Leave me," cried Ambrose, bitterly. "O, I never wish to see you more from this time."

"But perhaps I may help you, replied the other. "You are young enough to learn."

"Learn! O, great heavens! and have I not learned this night what never—never—"

The young man burst into tears, and his sobs were deep and painful.

"Come, come," spoke the stranger, "stand up and trust me, and I may help you."

There was something so kind in the voice that Ambrose could not resist, and he arose to his feet.

"Ambrose Dearborn!" spoke the stranger man. "I have this evening taken from you over forty-two hundred dollars, and I do not think you can afford to lose it. Here we are before God. Now promise upon your honor as a man, that you never will stake any amount at hazard again—that never again will you play at any game of chance for value of anything, and I will restore you every penny I have won from you to-night."

The young man stood for a moment like a man in a dream. Then he caught his companion by the arm.

"You do not trifle!" he said in a hoarse whisper.

"Give me the promise, and see."

Ambrose clasped his hands and turning his eyes towards heaven he made an oath embracing just the proposition which had been made to him, and when he had done his eyes sank to the snow covered earth, and he burst into tears.

The stranger took a roll from his pocket and handed it over.

"Here said he is the full sum—every penny just as I took it from you. And now let us walk up into the city again—my way is toward Adam street."

"So is mine," whispered Ambrose as he clutched the money.

"Ah—then we'll walk together."

"But tell me what this means?" the young man uttered energetically. "Who are you?"

Your mind now, I shall see you again and then I will explain. But let us be on our way, for it is cold here."

On the way the stranger kept up such a rattle of conversation, that Ambrose not only had no chance to mention the subject of the evening's transaction, but by the time he had reached his own door his feelings had got back into their wonted channel.

"I would invite you in, he said, "but—"

"Never mind. Just let me step into the entry, for I want a light a moment. Of course, Ambrose could not object to this, and as he opened the door, the stranger followed him in. He walked through the hall, and he opened the door of the sitting-room, his companion was at his back.

Ellen sat at her table, and her face was pale, but she had not been crying, for the words her brother had spoken to her before he went out had spoken to her with a strange hope. She arose to her feet, and while her husband was wishing that his companion had remained in the hall, he was not a little startled to hear the said individual speak somewhat jocularly as follows:

"Well, sissy you see I have brought him. And we are both of us all right I can assure you."

For a moment the young man was wonder-struck but the truth quickly flashed upon his mind. "Jim Barrows?" he gasped.

"Captain Barrows, at your service, sir; he is, you didn't know me. He's just found out Ellen."

Ambrose tried to laugh, but he could not. He struggled for a moment with the feelings that swelled up his bosom, and then, sinking down into a chair, he burst into tears. His wife uttered a quick cry, and started forward.

"Don't be afraid," gasped Ambrose, "I'm safe—safe. But I can't help this. Tell her Jim; tell her all now, for she's a right to know."

The stout Captain drew his sister up on his knee, and then related to her all that had happened since he had left her.

"Ah, ah," he concluded, the moment I saw you take the second hundred dollars from your port monie, I new gambling would soon ruin you, and when I saw you draw the package, I only knew that I should take them, every one from you, and that any experienced card player could have done the same. Now I taught you your first lesson in poker, this is lesson number two. I hope it may work well."

And it did work well. Capt. Barrows remained with his sister a month, and then he went away. At the end of a year he came again and this time found Ellen as happy as a princess.

Few men, at this age of the world, have better thoughts, or express them better, than Rev. B. F. Taylor. Listen:

Time is the meekest and mildest, and yet the most sadly slandered and abused of all created things.

They charge him with forgetfulness, while he is always reminding them of the past in his twilights, and the sweet Springs in his Autumns. They make him out a Vandal, though he wakens the young tree that lay asleep at the roots of the old, and gives the world a young moon in the old moon's arms. They say he is a foe to the pencil and the graver, though with artful hand he assures the hills we have come over, and glids the yesterdays we have expended, until those look like curtains let down from Heaven in a roll, and these like the days we dream of in paradise.

They declare him "grim," though he opened a blue eye in a Violet, "that went into society" only a morning ago and smiles in a pair of them, in a willow cradle over the way. He ripens the clusters of the old vintage; he endears us to old books; he blesses us with old friends.

They are not content with the libels, and so they paint him as a bald and scythe-bearing old Harvester.

That inlaying the cheeks of youth with the leaves of red roses as time does—that building a temple with a handful of acorns, if you will only have patience to wait for him—that softening of the pulse of age down to the dying point, as he can—that ripening into diamonds to-day the rude and uncutty coal of yesterday—these are no work for a poor, palsied old husbandman.

Who has not heard in his time, a pair of lips, "that cherry ripe themselves did cry," talk in the coolest manner imaginable, of *Killing Time*? Just as if he had not been their owner's "next best friend" ever since she was born—clothing her with beauty as with a garment, and streiving her path with blessings. Just as if the hour had not come with thousands as fair as she, when they would have surrendered the roses of York and Lancaster, only for a little while with Time—when they would have pleaded in earnest tones for the *toppen* of his moods, if only he would have been their owner's "next best friend" ever since she was born—clothing her with beauty as with a garment, and streiving her path with blessings. 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