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LL KINDS OF WORK, SEWIN A Washing and Ironing, &c., done by M urnett on short notice and on reasers GDallas de will be immediately attend body hear, pointing to the frame. All orders left at the house, south we

YOUNG MARTINAND OLD MARTIN. "How New London has missed it. Du Janen, lesing, "when you must need young Martin's expense. The house

Young Martin was the son of old Martin. Both were Blacksmiths, and plied their trade in Tacktown, when there was any demand; when there was Notary Public none, they sat among the iron bars in the shop, or on the timber threshold "enjoyin' themselves"-as they informed the passers-by-"most to death doin' nothin'."

Old Martin lived in his flannel shirtsleeves, and wore rusty spectacles; young Martin and a big Jack knife were inseparables. He picked his and whittled with it when lively. Old Mar tin was an everlasting talker, and drew the long bow with extreme good nature. With him, a lie was a benefit -to please, amaze, or instruct. At middle age he was seized with a mission, though he did not call it so -packed his goods, and with his family moved to New London, distant fifty miles. In five years he returned as best bargan they can, without any interference unexpectedly as he went, unlocked his front door, made a fire of chips on our commission, when a sale or trade is hang over the tea-kettle, and sat down before it a happy man; and his soul All letters of inquiry promptly and fully an. Anny, his wife, sat dumb in a corner, taking a vigorous pinch of snuff.

"Anny," and old Marin, "declare and give first class personal or real estate securi- for't; if you can tell me whatever we went away for, I, for one, shall be obleeged to you."

> "Needn't be under any obligation to me. I ain't the one to calkilate the

Those five years of abscence, so to speak, were the battle-ground of old Martin's tremenderous hair beadth stories-concerning the Injuns, the English man-of-war, the troubles in the Revolution, and the rise and progress sir, of the first families in New London. Young Martin at this time was twenty two-dight, pale, with young Martin "bossed" old Martin tin was not particularly respectful to vocabulary of wonderful tales - ' What feeling and manner. his son could do" - "What they had "There old man," he often said LADIES FANCY GOODS AND thought on him when they were "dry up your sass; you make me sick" obleeged to leave New Lon on at dead -accompaning these words with o' night. Martinawas in such demand pleasent smile, and a tap on old Marmarrer on him was good. When he joke, as they were not invited.

> though he was a runt of a poy. People were attracted by old Martin's manner. He was strangely silent, yet he appeared on the point of bursting; to store moving his head from side have an edge to his appetite." to side, and making mysterious grimaces, as if some moment was at hand when everybody would be astonished. His secret was revealed the day the frame of a new shop was raised below the ship-yard on the shore. How he trotted up and down the one main street of Tacktown, where all the stores were, and all the horses tied, and the oxen swinging through with their various loads!

"My son did that," he made every-

Tacktown is going to be a big place." like it." Oll Martin's spectacles were dim with "No, indeed; he is going to blow pride and joy.

"Pooh, sir," he cried into anybody's said." face that was nearest, "I ain't going to give it up yet. Martin, says he to me, says he, 'Father, 'taint necessary for you to give another blow to the anvil. Cut up your leather apron to mend the jints in the hen-house door, or the pig-

won't eat my son's earnings vet" teeth with it in his reflective moments, the new shop would be impossible- comes from Boston !" believed she had the "chaps" No eye, old woman-clack is clack-"

forrad child; but I ain't supprised that and delight. and shining light anywhere, as I had catched something." knows on ; but ha' massy, do you think "Do let it out, Martin." to his parents?"

tire mended, or a horse shad.

the fance, began to near, and believe, But he was compelled, in spite of that he was something more than a himself, to compare young Martin's lazy mechanic. Tacktown had ad- filial obedience with that of his own son vanced; there was more work to do, the gay Edgar Willis, the beau par and it was soon comprehended that excellence of Tacktown. Young Mar-

-plague on them New Londeners." tin's back, which, if the old man had Anny also doled her praise day and been a Frenchman, would have made night. She flitted from neighbor him bestow a kiss on young Martin's owl, or stood at her porch door of the old man tired, he said, "Go home irrevesent young persons, who gave he mornings clacking like a motherly dad, and tell mother I want a short hen. "As good a cretur as ever trod cake for supper; yu've been in the

had the scarlet fever, she thought the Old Martin's "Ho, ho," and "Ha,ha," bright, dark eyes, a clear voice, and for a few minutes. I think your son Lord had called for him; but she be- would last him the way home. Phil- a gay laugh; a violent contrast to him must be used up, trying to put me lieved the warm baths had saved him osophers might take a lesson from the every way. She was the daughter of over the fence. You done it conduct of this foolish old pair, so a rich farmer, who lived on Tacktown I ke lightning," turning her face todevoutly believing in young Martin's Neck, three miles from the village, so hope of the short cake supper

he winked and nodded, went from store ham. It is sharp to day; he may was called, she felt a metropolitan ex-

"Well Anny, it you'll brile it; otherwise 'tain't worth while to cut into a whole ham."

the taste of that. Besides, they tell night at the singing-schoo, but he throat. Singing school to night, you She knew him quite as well, and had

"Talking about a Tacktown band, they be. Where's my old fiddle?"

"Sho, old man." "I was going on to say," added old and he was making himself witty at

Lord, they couldin't keep him! And put your oar in-that Martin might

away at one time, man and boy, likelike anything."

sty.' But I'm as capable as ever; I hear of their being so plenty; for says by old Martin's house, passed through he to me, ' mother, I don't know what the main street fronting the harbor, To describe Anny's satisfaction over folks , will say when my instrument and so out of the virlage. There had

that new shop, with stone walls and "You don't say," answered old and much savage swearing over the belfry on top! She prespired with Martin, delighted. " Of course it heavy loading of the wagons, till the acute joy, and wiped her face till she won't do to say a word; and mind wour proprieter, who happened to be partial-

matter who went by, she was ready; But the next day old Martin was struck with his whip at one of the with an air of an orater who fixes his offlicted with another mystery, which drivers, who instantly jumped into his eves on a distant audience, she began broke like a bon when the stage-driver his seat, and, swearing he wou'd take and continued, the motto in her mind, handed from his box a hugh bundle in no more on, lashed his horses into a or rather its spirit, being that Martin green fannel to young Martin, who gallop along the road. The proprimust be a living remembrance to was in waiting. It contained an obnice eter sprang into his buggy, and dashed eide-a dreadful instrument-but after him, with the intention of stop-"Never did I consider Martin a it filled old Martin's soul with awe ping his wagen. Martin heard the

he should come out at the big end of . " What ails you, father?" asked down stairs As short as the dis the horn at last. He ain't a bright young Martin. " You look as if you tance was between the door and the

that there Edger Willis can hold a And Martin did, as full of secret de- street lay white in moonlight' its silver candle to him, for vartu and goodness light as his father was of noisy sheet unruffled by a single breeze. A remeing.

remembering his old whittling tricks, considering old Martin a deosed fool could not tell one tune from another, about attending to the you woulden,t."

It seemed to her then as if the bedclothes shook -or was it the vibration of the walls? for that night it was dreadful " storm and stress " period with young Martin. He was overcoming " Hull's Victory!" From the window to neighbor after dark, like a fat, gray face. Sometimes, when he thought outside he was watched by a part of up for lost, delarcing him to be floored. after involuntary escape of sound. in shoe feather" was Martin! She shop long enough. Wash up, you are Little did he know who was outside told the man that came along with as black as the ace of spades; and if The girl he adored, but of whom he quinces and fall turnips that she knew you ain't white we can't go to Mrs. Wil- had no hope,-Matilda Northwood, beside her in silence, and as Edger he wasn't as pretty as a picter, but the lis's party to night." Which was a great the tallest girl in Tacktown, with a Willis walked slowly away down the seeluded a place that when Mati'do "Father, i've'a mind to cut into a came up to the Shore, as the village citement; there was a zest in churchgoing and singing-school; and a stray lecture or a dance, was just absolute satisfaction. Young Martin had always "See here, now. My quince jelly known her, or thought so, till she burst -I do believe you have most forgot in upon all his awakened senses one me it is soverign good to clear the had never addressed a word to her. never bestowed a thought upon him -but many a laugh, and alas! did he but know, she was now laughing

stood in the angle of two streets; there was a yard in front, with a picket, fence round it. The side street was a on something-an offglide, I think he dark, crooked road, with houses scattered along it, and ending in a broad field "Why, they had 'em in New Lon- which had that very afternoon been don as thick as blackberries, a blowing the scene of the performence of a tray. eling circus, attended by Matilda. The wagons were now loading, and " Now, father," said the cunning from time to time one of them thander-Anny, " Martin might not like to ed by, and turning the sharp corner been some fighting among the men. ly intoxicated, lost patience. He noise, speeced his window. and ran gate of the little yard, he never for on the scene. The harbor below the wagon lurched round the corner, and The shop was finished, Old Mar- The band was formed, and after a rolled by, he heard a scream, and tin tied on his apron daily, and hectored summer's practice it played one quiek, saw a figure flying over the fence the two apprentices with great comfort step, a march and a Fishers hornpipe; it safe inside, - Edgar Willis, - then he to himself. He knew in his heart of then went into severe winter quarters, saw a buggy swaying toward him, and hearts that young Martin was the king to learn cotillion music. It was a sight towards Marilda; he cried out in pin ; but it solaced him to play at au- to behold young Martin with his ophic- terror, seizing her in his arms and al. thority with the boys, and the country leide, as he was a slight, pale creature | most threw her over the fence towards folks who came to the shop to have a the effect reminded one of a little girl Edgar. Then he picked up the prototing a big doll. He was very in prieter, who was thrown out, but not What discources on New London dustrious with his practice; playing off nearly so much injured as his horse-shoen he gave, hammer in hand, nights at home, in his little room up carriage and horse were. Anny came and the hind leg of a horse! Young stairs. The groups of the instrument to the door in perturbation, and beg-Martin basied himself with greater were fearful. Its boom was so dread- ged every body to come right in, while thin fair hair and a beardless chin; thurs. He was fortunate to please ful to Anny that she field a thick old Martin, hardly awake to the state but he had kind, honest eyes, and a the first merchant in Tacktown, who handkercheif over her cars, pretending of things, murmured that he guessed strong monly voice. Somehow, no one had his ship work done elsewhere till she had the earache; but old Martin was New London would have something to doubted his good sense and good now. Chains, bolts, and all a ship's game to the backbone; he kept time answer for arter this. Edgar Willia feeling. Those who laughed at him' iron gear, he engaged of young Martin, with a triumphant mien, although he declined, muttering something and his lolling against door-posts, or and quite in the young man's way Anny noticed that he was apt to go to eter, and glad to be intimate with a bed in a hurried on the night young celebrated man, offered him his ser-Martin played at home and contrary vices. Matilda wondering whether to his wont buried his head beneath young Martin had observed his cowthe bedelothes which proceeded made ardice, could not help altering a prohim snore so that one night Anny verb for his benefit. " I "have driven wild, exclaimed, " Why, father heard," she said, " about people you beller like the off-pig, and I wish laughing on the wrong side of their mouth but now I am going to laugh on the right side of the I thought the wagon fellow did not see

us, and I sprang over without knowing it hardly, Matilda. I could have helped you; but good gracious you never could have expected me to lift your weight over the fence. I am not a blacksmith."

That speech killed all the riches and family position of the Willis family forever with Matilda . She turned to Anny, young Martin still standing brilliant complexion, an aquiline nose atreet, said, "I will go in, Mrs. Pell,

"You see, my son strikes when the iron is hot," s: id old Martin. "He did when he was in New London" Young Martin put his hand on his father's shoulder; the gesture was enough,-old Martin was mum from that moment.

"Mother," asked young Martin. "can't you give Miss Northwood some refreshment ?"

"Oh I am so put by! What will, you have—a cup of tea?"

', Nothing in the world, thank you. Do you suppose that my brother Willam will hear anything from Mr. Willat him. Edgar Willis was with her, is, and bring the wagon for me? I ex-Continued on fourth page

