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The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, PRIDAY, PRB. 24, 1800.

Thos. Tyler's Tombstone

HY WALLS & WALKER

MM! But no, you never were that. It's only that this smooth faced coxcomb has hewitched you. Oh. Susie! can't you sell him there's an honest hearf that's lovof fou thin these three years, and so with a frank word send him packing.

"If it's Mr. Tyler you are talking about," said Susie Barelay, "you may set your mind at rest, for there's nothing but friendship between us. He's never so much as asked me to marry him; but he's & pleasant, civil spoken gentleman, that doesn't call people names behind their backs; and I'll not stay here to be scolded. Samuel Dale: and I'll die an old maid before Ill marry the cross husband you will maken

. "Is that your last word to me?" he said, sorrowfully. Then I have my answer, and Barclay Farm is no place for me, though I thought to spend my days here. It's manners for the old love togo when the new love comes. Well good night, Susie. I wish you well, though you've given men sore heart to curry; but curses on the man that's come between me and my girl!"

She stole a sidelong glance, and wher she saw how his ruddy check had turned pale, and his mouth was set in a gloomy resolute expression, her heart softened toward him. But she did not put her pity into words. She listened to his slow heavy steps as he mounted the stairs to his chamber, till the gate opened with & sharp click, and she heard Thomas Tyler's brisk tread as he came up the walk Then she ran to the kitchen glass to ar range the knot of pink ribbons under her chin, and thought no more of Samuel Dale that night.

The poor fellow could not sleep for hi whing heart; and when, an hour later. his room mate came in, whistling softly, to himself, with his black eyes shining, Samuel Dale lay and watched him from between his half closed lids.

The man took writing materials from his trunk, and was soon busily at work. bending closely to his task. He appeared to be making a copy of a letter spread out before him; and when it was completed. and be held up the two documents side by side at seemed to Samuel Dale at the distance where he lay that the work was well done, for the copy might have been mistaken for the original. Mr. Tyler scarned the result of his labor eritically. nodded his head once or twice in approbation, then, locking the papers in his trunk. betweek himself to bed

The farmer was twice surprised the next day. Samuel Dale announced his intention of leaving the farm when his your was out, and his daughter with mailes and blushes, informed him that she had passed her word, provided he was willing, to take Thomas Tyler for a

humband. " Why Susie," said the old man, "fou strike me all of a heap! Sammy Dale has been waitin' for you these three years, and you are as good as promised to him, you know, I've reckoned all along on him an' you hitchin' horses, an' carrein' on the farm after I was under Wound."

" father, I never promised to marry Summed Dale. Living together in the some house, I couldn't well help his keeping company with me; and perhaps I might have thought sometimes I should like him well enough to take him for a husband; but that was before I know Mr. Tyler. I'll marry the man of my choice, father, or fil live and die an old

Then came consing and fears, and the may old man, who had never crossed his daughter's wishes since her mother died.

"Well, well, Susie, you must have your own way, I suppose," he said; "and "oun Tyler's a smart follow, and right

handy about the farm, He administered comfort to Mamue Inle in his own peculiar fashions "What's the use of taking it so hard, Hammy' There's likely girls besides the

liurnay, who will have you for the ankin'. I wish you'd make up your mind to settle down some and comfortable, and let things go along in the old track."

Mamuel finle shorts his head, "I had heat he gone," he said-"heat for her and don't know me, Father Barclay. At thought of the trick that man implayed, my blood runs fire and my hands itch to get hold of him. I might be left to do him a mischief some day."

'Sho! sho! Sammy! you don't mean it."

"I can't work days, nor sleep nights, for the trouble that's on my mind. It sin't altogether for my own loss. If 'twan a good man she'd jilted me for, I'd muster pluck to bear it. Father Barciay, I must speak out, though you'll say it's bad blood makes me talk ill of the man that's gained where I've lost. I have mistrusted him from the first. He's as bold as brass, and his tongue runs like a mill wheel, but it's little he finds to say of his own affairs. And when you come down to it, who is he' and where did he come from? and what has he been about

"Susie knows," said the old man, ragerly. "He told her all about it-how he was born and brought up in Connecticut, and his father died when he was a little shaver, and he'd ksp' his mother an' all the children by his earnin's, till the old lady died and the children got homes with their relations; and then he came west to seek his fortune; and Suele says such a good son will be sure to make a good husband."

"Humph!" said Samuel Dale.

"Susie," called the farmer the next Sunday afternoon, "have you been med-

dlin' with this book?" He stood turning the leaves of the family Bible, that always stood on a round stand in the corner of the kitchen. "No. father."

Well, somebody has, Here's a milk bill in the wrong place; and there's a letter I wrote last Sunday to Souire Cooper, and hadn't decided to send, and so slipped it in here somewhere, and it's

Susin assisted her father to search for the missing letter, but it could not be found. Thomas Tyler was busy again that night with his writing after every one else in the house was in bed, and the next day he took the farmer's old white horse and drove over to Lester's Corners. Susic followed him to the porch, and as he drew her under the shadow of the grapevine to snatch a parting kies she saw the corner of a letter peeping from his pocket and took it sigly out. Before she read the address he discovered his lose and caught her hand so roughly that she cried out with pain.

"(live me that letter," he said, sternly: and there was a look in his black eves she had never seen there before; but a



"OIVE ME THAT LETTER." moment later he apologized for his rude ness, kissed the little hurt hand and

made his peace as well as he could. Before harvesting was over the wed-

ding day was fixed. A hired girl took Susie's place in the kitchen, and she sat all day at her chamber window overlooking the beautiful golden fields where her lover was at work, making her wedding dress. And when the corn crib was full, and the wheat was in the barn, and the potatoes in the cellar, she came to Samuel Dale and asked him, in her pretty, coaxing way, not to leave Barclay Farm till after the wedding.

The poor fellow, whose heart grew sorer and sorer at the thought of his loss, looked in her bright face with passionate. regrefful tenderness. "I'll stay if you bid me. Susie," he said.

And now commenced grand preparations, and the beating of eggs, the pounding of spices, and stirring and shaking and sifting, were sounds all day heard in the great kitchen of the farm house, for the bride-elect and Betay, the hired girl, made the wedding cake, Only the bride's loaf was ordered from Cleveland, for Susic Barclay declared she could not be married without a cerfain wonderful structure, to be made with frosting an inch thick, and surmounted with two sugar doves, their bills meefing in a conjugal kies. Great was her distress, therefore, when, the evening before the wedding, the stage failed to meet the expected bos.

" Don't fret, Susie," said Samuel Dale, who could not bear to see a shadow on the dear face, "I'll ride over to Lenter's early in the morning, and if it's there you shall have it by 10 o'clock." Accordingly, he was up betimes, and

as the wagen rattled out of the yard the beide put her head from the window. "Ride fast, Samuel," she said, "and

he sure and he back by 10 o'clock or gon'll miss the ceremony."

"Confound the ceremony!" said Samnel Dale, for there was a limit to the long suffering patience of even this exemplary young man; and then aloud; "All right, Music: I'll be back in good

time," and so departed. At lenter's Corners he found what he sought, and, pleased to think that now Music would have her wedding loaf, was leaving the depot when the station master called after him.

"There's a woman here waiting to take the stage to flarelay's," he said, " will you

Samuel Dale turned back with reluc-"I don't know how to stops minute," he said; "I agreed to be back by 10

o'clock. heat for me. I'd he right glad to go to-morrow, but you have always done the fair thing by me, and I can't leave you right in the interpretation. I'll stey till shaby black, and her clothing was The man called to some one within

journey.
"Here's a gentleman will take you to
Barolay's marm," said the man. "Hurry
up—he can't wait." She looked timidly in Samuel Dale's face, but still stood in the doorway.

"There's the box, sir," she mid; "would the gentleman kindly take the box?"
"Oh, that's all right," said the official "Pil send it up by the stage. Come, jump "If you please, sir, I couldn't leave it

way : I-I'll wait for the stage." Wait, then!" he said, gruffly; Samuel Dale marked the woman's weary. disappointed face,
"Fetch along her trape," said he, "and

behind. I have brought that box a long

don't be all day about it, either;" but half repented his kindness, for the box, unwieldy in its proportions and of no light weight, occupied a goodly space in the wagon, and the woman betrayed so much surious solicitude about its disposal as to somewhat impede their journey.
"Is it quite safe, sir, do you think?"
she inquired timidly as the wagon jolted

down the hill? "I should say it was, marm, unless

there's chiney, or glass or some such brittle thing inside of it." "Oh, sir, it's a deal more precious than that. It's a stone, sir-a tombetone, I have brought it all the way from Nimsbury to put over my husband's grave."

"Do tell!" said Samuel Dale. His sympathizing tone rendered her

"Yes, sir; he died out here in a strange country, away from all his folks, and when I got word of it, it went nigh to break my heart to think there wasn't so much as a board to mark the spot where he was lying." She stopped to wipe away a few tears.

"Oh come, now," said the young man "Don't you feel had about it. There's mighty kind-hearted folks in these parts, 'specially 'mong the women kind. I'll warrant your man had good care and

didn't want for nothing.' "But you see, sir, he died of a lingering disease, the letter said, and the nursing and the medicine and the doctors' hills took all his earnings, and the town had to bury him. And I sold 'most everything I had, and Simsbury folks they helped me, and at last I got money enough together to buy him a tombstone, and I have fetched it myself. There was nothing to hinder, for I put my last little boy in the ground-there's three of 'em, sir, lying side by side in Simsbury graveyard two weeks before I got the letter. It's been a dreadful hard journey, sir, and I never was six miles from home in my life before; but if I can hear about my poor man's last sickness, and the message he left for me, and see that stone put up over his grave decent like, I'll go home

Well, so you shall," said kind-hearted Samuel Dale

"If you belong in these parts, sir, perhaps you know Mr. Barclay-Mr. Peter

"Why, yes, sir; 'twas he wrote me the letter. My poor man died at his house, You didn't happen to hear about it, sir?" "I reckon von ve made a mistake i the name," said Samuel Dale.

With trembling, eager haste she drew a letter from her pocket. It was soiled and worn at the edges by many readings. Samuel Dale stopped his horse in the micale of the road, and his eves dilated with astonishment as he opened the letter and recognized Farmer Barclay's handwriting. It read as follows:

"BARCLAY FARM, August 12. TO MRE VINCY TYLER!

"RESPECTED MADAM. This is to inform you that your late husband, Mr. Thomas Tyler, departed this life at my house the ninth day of the present month, of a lingering disease. He bore his sufferings with Christian meckness, and died at peace with all mankind. When near his last hour he desired me to write you this

"Your obedient servant. " PRTER BARCLAY.

"N. B. The expenses of his sickness having used all his earnings, he was buried from my house at the expense of

The young man read this document with a puzzled face. He examined the postmark and the signature. Then, as he perused it a second time, the paper shook in his hand.

The woman's anxious eyes never left "I hope it's all right, sir. I haven't made any mietake, have I?"

He turned to her in a strange, excited "You are Mrs. Thomas Tyler?" h said.

"Yes, sir, I was a Billings when I was girl-Nancy Billings. My mother

"Can you prove it?" he interrupted Woman, were you certainly married to that man?" "Oh, my good gracious!" she said,

what does he mean? I am a poor lone woman, sir. If my husband was alive. you wouldn't dare to insult me so. Married, indeed! You ask Simsbury folks. where I've lived all my life, and where

(Continued next meek) CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice lag had placed in his hands by an East India m seionary the formula of a simple vegetable semedy for the cure of Consumption. Bronchicis, Catarra, Asthers and all threat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical care for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complatets, after having tented its wonderful cura-tive powers in thousands of same. has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows.
Antitated by this motive and a desire to relieve human nuffering, I will send free of change, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for pre aring and tusies. Sens by mail by addressi g with riemp, numing this paper, w. A. Novan, 116 fower flight, Roch even.

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A flooral tribu's-The mop,

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"PENTORIA" lorsume the phints "PROPOSIA" put up in Sic, buttles,
"PROPOSIA" the people's roundly.-17-42. are enderfre-The ash pun.

ABRUM'S MATCH-MAKING.

men somethin' ter drink," called out the rotund black suntie of a dilapidated Southern plantation mansion as two young sur-

Jeff Bavis Dalgreen, started to obey his mother while the visitors inspected the emises which they had often seen from a distance. It had once been a hands property, but was sadly gone to the bad. The mistrees, a broken-down woman almost insane, having lost her all in the war, had sunk to the level of those who had served her, and lived with her two daughters in painful poverty upon the ruin of her old splendor. Auntie and the young ladies picked berries, worked in the fields-did everything possible to feed her and them

The girls did not appear at this time to be present, though the horsemen strained their eyes looking for them.

It was with Abrum that the surveyors became first sequainted. Like the imp of darkness that he was, he smoked, chewed, sang, danced, swore and was happy. He followed the Northerners about like a pet dog, and was always willing to do them a

As he handed them a gourd of spring water this morning he leered at them and wickedly suggested:
"Dey ain't nowhers around."

"Who sin't?" asked Frank Drayton. "De gals, ob course, dat's who you wants

Frank threw the water at him and he and Homer rode sway. The next morning when Frank entered the carpenter shop where the surveyors

kent their instruments he was startled to see Abrum's eyes glaring out from a pile of shavings. "(let up, you little scamp !" "Kase what fer, Mas'r Yank?" replied

the youth. "You're too dirty to be here." "Yeh ain't goin' ter est dese shavin's, be ye?" and Abrum opened wide his eyes in

assumed surprise. "No, but I don't like such a dirty boy "Huh!" exclaimed Abrum; "ef you

knowed what I knows you'd let me stay here an' gin me a chaw besides." "No, I wouldn't. But what's the se-

"Our young ladies is powerful han'some, an' dey's sweet, too, an' you fellers is sweet on 'em. Dat's it." "But they always run when we are

around?" "Dat's 'cause oh old missus. She's proud and cross as de evil one: but de gals don't care-dev'd jest as soon have Yanks as enybody. Missus hates Yanks."

"Is that all the secret for a quarter?" "Is you 'ligious ?" "I hope so."

"No's dey. When dey can sneak off, dey es up to de Bend, sn' teaches in de Sunday-school. If you goes up nex' Sunday you'll see 'nd hear 'em sing. Dey's powerful sweet singers." "But what's the secret?"

"Dat's part of it, de res' is dat dev done tired out wid bein' friz an' starved an' not lowed to teach 'er sew ner nothin' dat's nice an' dey'll marry your fellers if you sek 'em."

"Oh, you're lying." "I doesn't have ter lie." said Abrum. drawing himself up proudly, "I kin get my livin' widout. But don't you tell on me 'er missus 'If skin me alive. I was skinned alive twice last week." Frank did not tell on him, but the next

Sunday and for many Sundays thereafter two buggies instead of one were standing near the "nig school-house" at the Bend during the session of Sunday-school and one of them belonged to Frank and his associate, Homer Wilson. Of course they were not long in becoming

sequainted with the pretty, modest, but poorly-elad Dalgreen girls, Kate and Fannie; and before many weeks the return drive was made between the school-house and the old mansion with Kete and Frank in one buggy and Fanny and Homer in the

One hot July afternoon the quartette took their usual drive througe the woods and, tying the horses, entered the school-house to spend an hour with the colored truthseekers.

It was one of Abrum's mischievous days, Without much difficulty he induced a chum of his to drive one ris while he took the other, and in a short time they were out of sight down the road. They went further than they intended, and soon it was too late to return to the Bend. Besides, a storm was coming up and Abrum argued that the young folks must be home by that time any way, so he drove there and hitched the horses in the stable.

When the Sunday school was over the young people coming from the school house found their conveyances gone and a storm rising from the south.

With rapid pace they set out through the forest-lined path homeward. The wind bent the tall magnolias until they seemed like stalks of corn, so easily did they sway. Da k clouds drifted across the sky and the lightning's flash sent terror to the hearts of the young ladies.

Overtaken by the fury of the storm when shout half the journey was completed the party found refure in a dilapidated hut, where for two hours they stayed, until the rain ceasing they were able to resume their

Just why the common danger brought them closer together is hard to explain; but it is certain that as Kate and Fannie clung to their cavaliers the latter were cudowed with a tender boldness that enabled them to whisper words very sweet to the Southern ears. And when they came once Cappington. April 24, 1800 - 46.

faces of the quartette shome with such a lustre that it seemed as though the lightning had left some of its splendor in their

But the hardest part was yet to come When the surveyors arrived at the home of their charges and had had a settlement with Abrum and his dusky confederate, they sought "missus," whom they had only seen

" My children have the blood of the Dalreeus in their veins and shall not associate with low-bred Northern workmen who make railroads and such dirty things," was her answer to their stammered explanation of their acquaintance with her daughters.
"De bloed ob de fiddlesticks," put in

auntie, indignantiy. "You mought be glad dat dese 'spectable Christian gen'lemn would look at us, poor and ragged as we is." "You hain't any more spirit than a poor white, auntie," sobbed the mistress of the house, hysterically.

Upon being acquainted with the real sub ject of the young Northerners' visit she grew more violently angry, and, declaring that she would have the officials of the county to arrest them, took indignantly to her room and ordered her food sent up to her. But auntie put her on short allowance and she was soon brought to terms and condescended to come to the table again.

After a few days, seeing that she might as well give in first se last, she consented to her daughters' choice on the condition that their lovers should quit work and turn gen tlemen. "And," she added, "I will go North and live with you."

Frank and Homer did not accept the whole of the proposition, but began immediste arrangements for the double wed.

When Abrum heard the plans he laughed, cackled, crowed, cracked his heels together, danced and cried out: "I'se goin' Norf, too, kase I made yere matches.'

"You? What have you to do with it?" asked Homer. "Ebery ting. Didn't I tell yer whar deg went Sundays, an' didn't I run off wid de

rigs so's yeh could walk wid de young "Yes, and wouldn't we have found out

where they went ourselves, and didn't you get a licking for leaving us to come home through the rain ?" "But it was me put it in yer heads to try

for 'em, an' tole ye dey'd marry yeh, mas'r, an' you ought ter take me Norf ter lug yer machines around fer yer." "Well, you stay in the South until you learn to be sensible and we'll see what can

be done." which she so much hated. A few weeks thereafter and just before the wedding she grew tired of breathing and gave up the

The young surveyors immediately married the orphan sisters and took them North, as well as auntie to serve them. Abrum was so wretched at the thought of being left behind that it was finally de-

cided to take him, though he was threatened that if he did not behave himself he "would be sentenced to the penitentiary for

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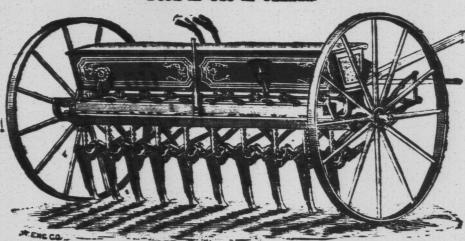
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