

CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE.

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week without finding a single exception.

The habitual good temper and light-hearted gayety of the stranger was ruffled; and there was a compression on his brow, and an angry glow on his cheek as he entered that notorious gossip-shop, the post-office. The mail had just arrived, and the letters, having been assorted, were given to their respective claimants. But there was one letter which had not been claimed, which excited curiosity.

According to the invariable custom, all the people who had nothing to do were assembled in or near the post-office—those who expected letters to receive them, and those who did not, to take note of the epistles directed to their neighbors.

The unclaimed letter was of tempting appearance, surmounted with a coronet, addressed to the Right Honorable Admiral Lord A—B—, and franked by the Duke A. Many surmises were offered on the subject. Could it be possible a man of his rank meant to honor them with his presence for the season? But he had not engaged lodgings. No matter; there were plenty disengaged. He would doubtless arrive that day with his suite. It would be the salvation of the town for the season, to be able to announce such an arrival in the papers. The presence of my Lord was perhaps a prognostic of a visit from the Duke and Duchess.

During the discussion, in which by this time the whole town engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle was so great as to betray them into the endeavor of forestalling Lord A—B—in reading all that was commensurable in the letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the worthy art of round-reading. The stranger, who had remained unnoticed in the crowd, and had quietly seen the letter passing from hand to hand, now stepped into their midst, and, making a bow, said,

Gentlemen, when you have amused yourselves sufficiently with that letter, I will thank you to hand it over to me, the owner.

To you! exclaimed the whole town and corporation in a breath, this letter which is franked by the Duke of A—, and addressed to Admiral A—B—?

I am he, gentlemen, said the stranger, making a sarcastic obeisance all around. I see you don't think that the son of Duke can wear such a coat, and carry his own bundle on occasion. However I see one within hail who can witness to my identity. Here you Jack Braceyard, have you forgotten your old commander?

Forgotten your Honor! No, no, my Lord, exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle. I knew your noble Lordship the moment I seen you; but I remembered your Honor's humor too well to spoil your sport by saluting, when you thought fit to hoist foreign colors.

Jack, you are an honest fellow, and here's a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathered many a hard gale together, and here's another for keeping my secret, old heart of oak. And now, gentlemen, continued Lord A—B—, if you are not satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proofs. As he spoke he produced from his pocket book a bundle of letters, bearing the same superscription.

The postmaster immediately handed him the letter and began a string of elaborate apologies, which his Lordship did not stay to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled population of T. mute with consternation.

That afternoon, the whole corporation, sensible too late of their error, waited in a body on Lord A—B—to

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And WORSTEDS are worthy of Inspection.

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We are offering at less than regular prices.

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At the very closest prices. HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES a large and varied Stock to choose from.

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OYSTERS

concluded having tightened the last kno, he replied as follows:

Gentlemen, I entered your town with every intention of thinking wofl of its inhabitants. But I came in a shabby coat, carrying my own bundle, and took up my quarters at a paltry alehouse, the only place where you would give me admittance. Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage. But, gentlemen I am an old fellow, as you see, and sometimes try whether I can obtain it without these adventitious distinctions; and the manner in which you treated me, while I appeared among you in the light of a poor and inoffensive stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality here. And I must inform you that I estimate your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and that I would not spend another night in your town if you would give it to me; and so good-morning.

As his Lordship concluded, he attached his red-bundle to the end of his bludgeon, and shouldering it, with a droll look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of the town with the same air of sturdy independence that he had trudged in.—Belgravia.

THE FIRST WATCH

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1550, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise, of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead." The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvements—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day they could not be expected to keep time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass, cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than \$1,500, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

COMMANDER JAMIE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

There lived in a Scotch village a very little boy, Jamie, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him dearly, and the thought of giving him up troubled her exceedingly; but she showed such an anxiety to go and see the distant countries he had read about, that she finally consented. As the boy left home the good woman