...Record.

TERMS:—$1.50 a Year, in Adv...

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

...er, went far to convince the latter that ... had found the sort of a man he wanted.

"I shall ... so request," said Mr. Thompson, with something of his former tartness, after he had seated himself in the easy arm chair, removed his hat, and wiped his forehead with a great bandanna. "I shall have to request that what I am about to say to you, Mr. Jessup, shall be for your ears only—strictly confidential."

"My name is John Thompson," continued the visitor, "and my home is New Orleans. Years ago, I was for a time a resident of this village, and I have now come back to it in old age to see what changes time has wrought.

The Squire was about to ask some question, but was interrupted by—"Pray don't ask any questions now, sir. What I have to say shall be said in a business-like, straightforward way. I have called to see if your services—Can I trust you?" This sudden and direct interrogatory, the writer turned and looked his visitor full in the face. "With anything that is honorable and right, Mr. Thompson, I can be trusted. I ask no higher compliment than the respect which my fellow-townsmen bear me, and the love and affection, especially, of the poorer classes among them. I ask no better encomium than the tears which the needy and destitute whom Providence has enabled me to befriend, may shed over my grave." His countenance warmed as he spoke, and the pride of an honest, generous heart shone in his mild blue eyes as he met the searching glance of the stranger. The latter felt reassured.

"Well, be brief then," said he. "I want to buy me a piece of property—a part of the Matthews farm."

"A good piece of land, that," said the Squire; "and worth a good figure."

"I know it, sir. I want about ten acres of it," he continued, "bounded by the side of the old stage road."

"And how much do you want to pay for it?"

"A fair price which you shall name, neither more nor less than I can well afford to give the owner of the Matthews farm. Name your price."

"Better send for him first," said Mr. Thompson.

"Before time than the old man had expected, there came a rap on the door, and the brown, and stunted face of a man of thirty, tall, and uncouth in figure, peeped in. "Want to see me, Squire?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "come in, Mr. Matthews. This is Mr. Thompson, a gentleman from the far south, who has taken a notion to settle down in W——, and is looking for a small eligible property."

With this introduction, the three sat down, and in half an hour the bargain was struck. Mr. John Thompson had purchased of Mr. Caleb Matthews all his right, title, and interest in the ten acres, for the consideration of the sum of ... ten one thousand dollar notes, all crisp and new counted out on the table before him, the said Caleb Matthews, (slightly bewildered) by him, the said John Thompson (as we had all begun to suspect) as a recompense. Then Mr. Thompson, reiterating his request that the purchase might for the present be kept a perfect secret, bade the others good day, promising to call tomorrow for the papers.

But, spite of his injunction of secrecy laid upon him, Caleb Matthews, with his ten new bank notes rustling in his pocket, found the news too good, and too surprising not to keep it long to himself. Between him and a garrulous wife and half a dozen brothers and sisters, the information soon spread itself through the village, and of course it suffered strength and dimension at every fireside. Stories of the fabulous wealth of the mysterious stranger were circulated, and it was with a deference and regard that the glances of those he met on his daily rambles were directed toward him. Day by day the public curiosity about him became greater, but he seemed to care not a straw—in fact, appeared unconscious of being the best noticed man in the village. He had no intercourse with any casual acquaintance. As the days went on he even grew moodier and more reserved than ever, passing an hour or two every morning surveying his newly bought ten acres, measuring them over and over again, and musing them in all sorts of quiet speculations. One day, just a week after the purchase, he called on Squire Jessup. The kind-hearted lawyer received him cordially, as before, and wondered that he had not called sooner for his papers.

"I've been very busy, all by myself," was Mr. Thompson's answer. "And now I've called to engage your services again. Let me see. The deed is all right, is it?"

"Perfectly. There it is, sir, signed, sealed and delivered."

Mr. Thompson took the document, read it carefully through, asked one or two questions, and then, folding it up again, laid it away in his capacious wallet, and proceeded:

"I wish to begin building at once. The plans and specifications for the proposed edifice I have here with me, and ready for the builder. Now what I want you to do is to obtain for me a fair estimate of the total cost of materials and labor required for its completion before the 15th of next December."

Mr. Jessup stretched out his hand to take the drawings which his visitor had produced, and glanced over them hastily.

"Why," said he, "this calls for a larger and finer building than any we have in town."

Mr. Thompson's eyes sparkled for a moment. "Indeed!" was all he said.

"Of brick, with one hundred and fifty feet front and one hundred feet depth," the lawyer read. "Why, you don't mean to occupy such a house as this all alone, I hope?" he said, laughingly.

Not replying, Mr. Thompson continued: "If the estimates, which, by the way, I should like you to submit within a week, are satisfactory, I would ask the privilege of coming to you, sir, as my representative in carrying out the details of the work, in drawing up the contracts, and in making the payments when they fall due, for which you have only to receive compensation. I have my papers ready drawn for the purpose. Shall I leave them with you?"

"Certainly, if you desire it," said the lawyer, "and I hope to receive the trust you desire to repose in me," said the Squire, "and accept it."

"Send in your bill whenever you desire," said Mr. Thompson, "and let there be no unnecessary delay in the estimates. Do as you would do for yourself, and my word for it you will not regret it."

And so he left the puzzled lawyer to his reflection. Straightway there went forth mysterious summonses from the dingy little office to carpenters and joiners, and bricklayers, and plasterers, and painters, and for several days thereafter there was quiet little conclaves where figures and plans and roughly-scrawled calculations held high revel, and finally, within the time appointed, Squire Jessup sent his client word that he was ready to see him again. The terms were concluded satisfactorily, the papers were signed. Mr. Thompson deposited a check for one half the amount of the estimate, took a receipt for it, and directed that the work should be begun at once. "I am going away for a while," said he, "and will keep you advised of my whereabouts, so that you may write me from time to time what progress is being made."

"You have placed in my hand," said the good old lawyer, "a trust which I hope you will find has not been misplaced." And they shook hands and parted, and the next day's stage coach took away Mr. John Thompson, in the direction from which he had come.

A month passed away, and then another and another, and the calm, genial days of the Indian summer came around once more to throw their garments of scarlet and gold and russet over the fields and orchards and woods about the little village upon which we have looked down in the great hollow. On the little knoll ... the village, and with it rose ... speculations and curiosity of neighbors. A glorious mansion it was, with great, wide, airy chambers, ... and costly furniture, and ... rooms, large, generous ... leading in the sunlight, ... rooms, and ... sinds. And ... with such a spirit of bright ... mass and comfort ... throughout, from top to bottom, the very one who stood up there to look down upon Thompson's Place, as they had come to call it, involuntarily turned the current of the future inmate.

And then there came at intervals, consigned to Squire Jessup (the done knew from whom), vans, and hauls, and hurls, loads, and so on of old rush chairs; and the workmen laid out paths and graveled walks and set out shrubbery, hedges of box, and put a high board fence about the whole ten acres with a big gateway in front, so that now people could no longer enter at pleasure, but had to peep in through the trellis work; and then the workmen all left, a master and mistress appeared at the gate, and Mr. Thompson's place was finished and ready for an occupant.

By this time winter had set in, and people were already talking of the holidays. Just before the happy season arrived came back, a sort of a harbinger of Santa Claus, Mr. John Thompson—not in a dusty stage coach in the twilight, but wrapped up in buffalo robes behind a lot of jingling sleigh bells, and well into the hours of night.

The next day his arrival was the town topic; everybody had expected him, of course; he looked older many thought, but he was as active as ever, for all that—made an early call at the Squire's, passed most of the day in going over the building and grounds, and, returning in the evening, slipped away to his bed before any one had even half a chance to see him. Then, as if surprises would never end, or, rather, as if Mr. John Thompson's fund of eccentricities were inexhaustible, there appeared a day or two after, posted up all over the village, an invitation to high and low, rich and poor, young and old, to attend a house-warming to be given on Christmas eve, by "John Thompson, Esq., of New Orleans, at his recently-completed residence in this village." And the village newspaper in its next issue contained the same invitation, strengthened by sundry hints, and pretty broad ones, too, that no one could well afford to miss such an occasion as this promised to be. And so days chased each other by, and people wondered as they saw the preparations for the festivities; tables, and chairs, and crockery, and whole wagon-loads of good things, all drawn up and quickly disappearing within the mysterious gateway.

At last the eventful evening came, and a hundred lights glancing out from the windows of the new building cast their broad glare down the snowy road and lit up the garden and grounds with a blaze of light. The host had no reason to regret the liberal hospitality, as standing at the wide doorway, he welcomed the throng of rich and poor, young and old, who, attracted by various motives, had come in response to his invitation. Squire Jessup, arrayed in his best suit, with high collar and brass buttons, was everywhere among the guests, looking happy and proud as one who has discharged an important trust. And still the throngs flowed in at the doorway, and Mr. Thompson had a kind word for each; and then, finally, the great house was full of people.

Just when the hum of conversation and the noise of many feet seemed at their height, there came a sound of some one rapping to secure silence, and, looking around to discover the cause, the guests saw Mr. John Thompson standing on a chair in the center of the hall, evidently desirous of saying something. "Sh—, sh—," when round the assembly, "Quiet, there," another voice said, and in silence hardly [illegible] began to speak, [illegible] but included and [illegible] one and all, [illegible] evening.

I relate a little story. On this same ... a good many years ago, so many ... scarcely care to count them, there ... along yonder highway, through a ... storm and bitter cold, a poor young man, leading by the hand a little boy six years—her son. Whence she came ... how, matters not, in my story. She ... destitute, hungry and broken-hearted, ... she saw the lights in yon village ... and was pressing on with a fierce ... toward hope and help in the ... Alas! wearied nature could bear no ... more, and she sank down under the ... shadow of a tree by the roadside ... then not forgetting to shield her ... child under her thread bare scanty ... ments from the cutting blasts. They ... asleep. She is sleeping still in the ... old church-yard yonder. The little boy ... whom she warmed in her last embrace ... was spared by Providence to grow up to ... be the old man who now stands before you. God sent the kind and benevolent friends ... from among you, in those terrible years of ... adversity, for my sake, my education, my ... whole character I have to thank those of ... you (and there may be some here who remember the incident) who took ... their keeping, and provided for me ... in an ungrateful day, I took away to ... my way alone in the wide, wide world. ... My friends, it has been a hard ... journey for these forty years. I have ... disease carry me to the verge of a ... which I had previously consigned ... whom I loved. Storms and war and ... misfortunes have, time and again, left ... all but impoverished. Yet, I have, ... out unscathed, carrying with me ... it all the recombrance of the ... ing tombstone in yonder ... the consecrated ... Lidle? That ... evermore, if I can help it, shall ... poor struggling mother perish in cold ... and want by your roadside. Never shall ... comfort, food and shelter. See this ... building which I have come to be erected ... do you know what it is for? ... distillery. I have built it—" and here the ... gentleman personally pulled a docu... ... God ... Amen, in conclusion, ... Will my that you will ... ... ready in the stack room for a ... ... and a good supper ... ... Make ... ... the bright of your eye, there will be one ... among you who is as happy as ... John Thompson."

And tears and cheers, and smiling ... wringings of hands followed his ... gentleman departed from his half and ... was lost in the crowd. He came to the ... village once more in the first gig, dancing ... at a furious rate with the ... ... and whose the daylight ... ... Thompson ... had ... ... never ... ... Has never ... been back to W——.

An Indian Juggler.

When the tom-tom was beat ... the pipe playing, the juggler stood ... the time in low accents, ... in the gravel three or four ... Having thus prepared a ... to grow in, he took a basket ... over the prepared place, covering ... a thin basket. The man himself ... wear a thread of clothing, except ... around his loins. The time seemed ... to have come for the detective's ... just as he was becoming more earnest ... his song, and while the tom tom beat ... the pipes shrilled more loudly, I stepped ... forward with becoming dignity, and begged ... him to bring the basket and ... over to me. He cheerfully complied, ... I carefully examined the ... was made of open work ... examined the cloth ... thin, almost transparent ... had nothing concealed ... my eyes upon his strip ... such intensity that it ... could have been touched ... ery, said he to him to go on, ... the trick could not succeed ... he stretched his naked arms ... basket, singing and smiling as he ... then lifted the basket off the ground, ... Behold, a green plant about a foot high! ... Satisfied with our applause he went ... with his incantations. After having ... little to give his plant time to grow ... again I lifted the basket and the plant ... now two feet high. He asked us to ... a little longer that we might ... trick. But on being assured, by ... who had seen the trick, ... that we need to wait ... that we need to wait ... myself "done" without the ... est notion of the how. I examined ... ground and found it was smooth ... turned. Apparently delighted and ... surprise the juggler stood up ... when one of his companions ... pebble to him, which he put ... mouth. Immediately the ... tion, walking backwards, threw forth a ... of silk, twenty yards or so in length ... or which the juggler, with his hands ... kind his back, threw forth from his ... two decanter stoppers, two balls, a ... ring top, a stone and several other ... followed by a [illegible] of [illegible] ... wise reader regrets as much space be ... taken up by such a story, let him ... [illegible] foolish as myself, ... [illegible] it.—*Peep at the ... by Norman Medcol, D. D.*

NEARLY 3,000 persons—a population greater than that of the average American villages—make day miserable and ... hideous in the single block of ... houses bounded by Bleecker, Fulton, Berry and Bayard streets. Fire ... can tempt them from the ... scene of concentrated poverty ... misery to boast pleasant ... in the West.—*New York ...*