

## THE ADVOCATE &amp; TIMES.

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BY UZAL M. OSBORN.

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This Hotel is conveniently located for the

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Added to this Hotel for the accommodation

of the public is a

LUNCH COUNTER,

where will be found a variety of

meats, or warm dishes cooked to order,

and served at all hours.

## MISCELLANY.

The Tambourine Girl.

Karl and Bettine were playing before

one of the houses in Elm Square. Karl's

band organ was a very old-fashioned one,

which his father had brought from Ger-

many, and in the front of it there were

grotesque little figures that moved on

wheels. A poor little lady, in a red skirt

and blue bodice, danced a horrid little

dance, and Bettine, who was sitting with

a dolling young soldier in a scarlet uni-

form, with a white cockade in his hat, and

a girl-looking old lady sat in an arm

chair constantly taking pieces of snuff

from a painted box in her hand. Then

there was a sprightly little dandy, who

tripped up and down with a pair of milk

pockets on his legs and a basket of eggs

on his arm, and an old grandfather, who

came limping up and held out his hooked hat

to passers by for pennies.

It was a very pretty sight to see them

moving altogether, and whenever Karl

and Bettine stopped to play, a crowd of

children were sure to collect around them.

But they put few pennies into the

Grandfather's hat, and when Karl and Bet-

tine counted their money at night, they

very rarely found enough to get their sup-

per, without thinking of having any break-

fast or dinner next day, except what some

person, whose house they played, might

give them. They were sure to collect around

them, and Bettine was sure to get a basket

of little round, clear, like a lot of a room

they had, in the very driest part of the

city, and they were so afraid of being

turned out that they very often went

without their supper, when they had

gained very little money in the day, to

save that little for their breakfast.

Now, for more than a week Karl had

been ill; this was the first day he had been

out, and they had been obliged to spend

all their money they had for food, and the

rest was due that day, and not a penny

to pay it with. Poor little Bettine's heart

was almost bursting with grief as she

looked at Karl, so pale, thin and feeble,

and thought what would become of him

when they were turned out of their mis-

erable little room, with no shelter, and

with no one to care for them in all the

great city.

They had always been poor, but before

their father and mother died, the poverty

had not been so hard to bear, for they did

not feel so lonely and desolate then, and

their father had been so hopeful and

encouraging, clearing them always with

predictions of happier times.

All at once Karl began to play "Home,

Sweet Home." The organ was very old

and out of tune, but for all that the air

of a very sweet and touching, and though

Bettine had heard it so often, the great

tears began to roll down her cheeks and

blinded her eyes so that she could not see

her tambourine, nor the group of children

faces that surrounded her. She had no

recollection of any home, save the dreary

little attic where they stayed at night; for

she could not remember the "Vaterland,"

for which her father had fought and died,

but she knew that time always made

her sad—made her think how terrible it

was to have not even the memory of a

home.

Suddenly the door of the great house

opened and a richly dressed young lady

came out. She was evidently in haste,

for she did not even glance at the little

group of children, but she saw that Bettine

was crying, and she stopped for a moment

and said to her, "What is the matter?"

Karl's wonderful organ, but she hurriedly

rushed down the steps to the elegant cor-

ridor, with glittering trappings and sleek

bay horses that awaited her.

But as she passed something fell from

her arm at Bettine's feet, dropping with a

metallic ring on the pavement. Bettine

stopped and picked it up—a gold bracelet

set with diamonds, and she looked at it

and gazed at it in amazement so that

she almost blinded her eyes. She turned

quickly to look for the lady, but already

the liveried coachman had sprung to his

seats, and the carriage was whirling down

the street far out of the reach of her voice.

Then she glanced at the group gathered

around the organ. All the eyes were di-

rected to the young lady, and Bettine

thought that she had seen a great

many times, but she was sure that she

had never seen her before. She was

a beautiful girl, and she was

very young, and she was

very rich, and she was

very kind, and she was

very beautiful.

Bettine, these are diamonds," said he.

They are worth a lot of money. We

can pay the rent and have enough for

food and clothing. You need never be

hungry again, my little Bettine.

But it isn't ours, Karl, said Bettine.

Yes, it is ours, he answered, stoutly.

Nobody saw you pick it up, and what is

it to those rich people? Only an orna-

ment whose loss they will forget in an

hour, while to us it is life itself.

What would you do with it, said Karl?

I asked Bettine, who was sitting with

a dolling young soldier in a scarlet uni-

form, with a white cockade in his hat, and

a girl-looking old lady sat in an arm

chair constantly taking pieces of snuff

from a painted box in her hand. Then

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and thought what would become of him

when they were turned out of their mis-

erable little room, with no shelter, and

with no one to care for them in all the

they had either of them eaten in their

lives. Afterward General Faulkner sent

them home in a carriage, telling them that

he would come and see them the next day.

Bettine had to rub her eyes every two

or three minutes after she got home to be

sure that it could have been nothing but

a dream, in which she saw that elegant

carriage rolling into the little, dirty, nar-

row street where they lived; and then

such a store of good fortune began to look

in upon them that Bettine began to fancy

rather, that the old dreary days had been

a dream, and her present happiness the

only reality.

General Faulkner got Karl a situation

in a warehouse, where he earned what

seemed to Bettine an unheard-of sum of

money and lived for three months of the

coolest roomy house ever seen, in a cot-

tage little way out of town, where a good

German woman lived, who seemed ever so

much like Bettine's mother, and Bettine

had nothing to do but to keep house for

herself and Karl; and she was so sure

that this was the nicest, tidiest little place

she had ever seen.

The little organ was put up in a corner

of the little kitchen, with Bettine's lam-

bourine hung over it; and sometimes,

when Karl came home at night he took

the organ out of the corner and played

a little while by age and inaction, he loo-

ped up and down the street, and he

carried away with him the eggs and

milk and butter, and the small things

which he had picked up in the street, and

he carried them all to his mother, and

he carried them all to his mother, and

he carried them all to his mother, and

he carried them all to his mother, and

he carried them all to his mother, and

he carried them all to his mother, and

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