

# Noble County Register.

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THE  
Noble County Register

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also Dealer in all kinds of Produce.

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COLLECTIONS in Noble and adjoining  
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Will attend promptly to all Legal Busi-  
ness entrusted to their care in the  
courts of Noble and adjoining counties.

J. E. BRADEN,  
DEALER in the different varieties of  
FAMILY GROCERIES, also a full as-  
sortment of Wines, Liquors, Domestic and  
Imported. Refreshments of all kinds always  
on hand.

J. RIPPERTON,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Ligonier, Indiana.

ESPECIALLY offers his professional  
services to the citizens of Ligonier and  
vicinity.

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THIS House is the general Stage office  
Passengers conveyed to and from the  
cars free.

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Will attend PROMPTLY TO  
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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.  
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LAND AGENCY.

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for the purchase and sale of Real es-  
tate in Noble and adjoining counties, and has  
effected arrangements which offer superior  
inducements for those wishing to buy or sell  
the same, in this section of the State.

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Houses, Leasing farms, and other business  
which it may be necessary for non-residents  
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to the same under the late act of Congress.  
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L. H. STOCKER, W. C. MCGONIGAL  
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ling Real Estate, Examining Titles,  
Taking Collections and Paying Taxes.

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J. BARRON,  
DEALER IN  
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry & Patent Medicines.

Kendallville, Indiana.

Any person wishing to purchase any of the  
above variety of goods, are invited to call  
and look at this stock.

Kendallville, March, 1858.

## INTELLECT IN RAGS.

It was a black wintry day. Heavy  
snow-drifts lay piled up in the streets  
of New York, and the whole appear-  
ance of the city was cold and dismal.

Seated upon the steps of one of the  
large dwellings on Fifth Avenue, was a  
boy apparently thirteen years of age.  
He was literally clothed in rags, and  
his hands were blue and his teeth chattered  
with cold.

Lying upon his knee was a newspaper  
he had picked up in the streets, and was  
trying to read the words upon it. He had been occupied  
for some time, when two little  
girls, clad in silks and furs came towards  
him. The eldest one was about twelve  
years old, and so beautiful that the  
poor boy raised his eyes and fixed  
them upon her in undisguised admiration.

The child of wealth stopped before  
him and turning to her companion ex-  
claimed,

"Marian, just see this fellow on my  
steps! Boy what are you doing here?"

"I am trying to learn to read upon  
this little bit of paper," answered the  
boy.

The girl laughed derisively and said:

"Well truly! I have heard of intel-  
lect in rags, Marian, and here it is en-  
sioned."

Marian's soft hazel eyes filled with  
tears as she replied:

"Oh, Louise, do not talk so, you  
will not say Miss Fannie teaches in  
school, 'The rich and poor meet to-  
gether, and the Lord is the Maker of  
them all.'

Louise laughed again, and said to  
the boy:

"Get up from here, you shall not sit  
on my steps, you are too ragged and  
dirty."

The boy arose and a blush crimsoned  
his face. "He was walking away when  
Marian said:

"Don't go little boy, you are so cold,  
come to my house and get warm. Oh,  
do come," she continued, as he hesitated;  
and he followed her into a large  
kitchen, where a bright warm fire was  
shedding its genial warmth around.

"Well, Miss Marian, who are you  
bringing here now?" asked the servant  
woman.

"A poor boy, who is almost perished;  
you will let him warm, will you not,  
Rachel?"

"Oh, he shall warm; sit here little  
boy," and Rachel pushed a chair in  
front of the stove; she then gave him  
a piece of bread and meat.

Marian watched these arrangements  
and then glided from the room; when  
she returned, she had a primer with the  
first rudiments of spelling and reading.  
Going to the boy, she said:

"Little boy, here is a book, that you  
can learn to read from better than a  
piece of paper. Do you know your  
letters?"

"Some of them, but not all. I never  
had any body to teach me. I just  
learned myself; but oh I want to read  
so bad."

Marian sat down beside him, and began  
to teach him his letters. She was  
so busily occupied in this work that  
she did not see her mother enter the  
room, nor hear Rachel explain about  
the boy; and she knew not that her  
mother stood some time behind them,  
listening to her noble child teaching  
the beggar boy his letters.

There were but few that he had not  
already learned himself, and it was not  
long before Marian had the satisfaction  
of hearing him repeat the alphabet.

When he arose to go, he thanked  
Rachel for her kindness, and offered  
Marian her book.

"No, I don't want it," she said, "I  
have given it to you to learn to read  
from. Won't you tell me your name?"

"Jimmie, he replied.

"I will not forget you Jimmie, you  
must always remember Marian Hayes,"  
was the little girl's farewell.

Louise would not stay in the city,  
where she daily met with Mr. Hamilton,  
and in a few days returned to New  
York, leaving Marian with the con-  
sciousness of having done nothing to be  
ashamed of, and enjoying the society  
of distinguished Congressmen.

Marian and Mr. Hamilton were walk-  
ing together one evening, when the  
latter drew from his bosom an old and  
well worn primer, and handed it to  
Marian.

"From this," he said, "the man who  
is so distinguished here first learned  
to read. Do you recognize the book?"

Marian trembled and did not raise  
her eyes when she saw that well remem-  
bered book. Mr. Hamilton took her  
hand and said:

"Marian, Jimmie has never forgotten  
you. Since the day you were so kind  
to him and gave him this book, his life  
has been one great aim, and that was to  
attain to greatness, and after years to  
meet that ministering angel who was  
the sweetener of his days of poverty."

When I left your house with this book  
I returned to my humble home ten  
times happier, and went assiduously to  
work to learn to read. My mother was  
an invalid, and ere long I learned well  
enough to read to her.

When my mother died, I found good  
friends and was adopted by a gentleman  
in W——. As his son I have been  
educated. A year ago he died and left  
his property to me. Of all the pleasure-

her to reverence age, and to pity the  
poor and destitute; and that 'pleasant  
words were as sweet as honey comb,  
sweet to the soul.' A little kindness was  
better than money. Marian learned the  
lesson well, and was ever ready to dis-  
pense her gentle words to all, whether  
wealthy and influential or ragged and  
indigent, as the boy she had that cold  
morning befriended.

A gay and brilliant throng were as-  
sembled in the city of Washington—  
Congress was in session, and the hotels  
were crowded with strangers. It was an  
evening party. The brilliantly lighted  
rooms were filled with youth and  
beauty.

Standing near one of the doors were  
two young ladies busily engaged con-  
versing together. The elder of the  
two suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, Marian, have you seen Mr.  
Hamilton the new member from W.?"

"No, but I have heard a great deal  
about him."

"Oh, I want to see him so badly.—  
Mrs. N. is going to introduce him to us.  
I wish she would make haste, I have  
no patience."

Dont speak so, Louise, I wish you  
would not be trifling," said Marian.

A singular smile played around the  
mouth of a tall, handsome gentleman  
who was standing near the girls; and as  
he passed them he scrutinized them  
both very closely.

In a short time Mrs. N—— came  
up with Mr. Hamilton, the new mem-  
ber and presented him to Miss Gardner  
and Miss Hayes. As they were con-  
versing together, Mr. Hamilton said:

"Ladies, we have met before."

But Louise and Marian declared  
their ignorance of the fact.

"It has been long years ago, yet I  
have not forgotten it, nor a single sentence  
uttered during that meeting. I  
will quote one that may call it to your  
memory—'The rich and the poor meet  
together, and the Lord is the Maker of  
them all.'

The rich blood tinged the cheeks of  
Marian, but Louise still declared her  
self ignorant as before. Mr. Hamilton  
glanced for a moment at Marian, then  
turned to Louise he said:

"Long years ago a little boy, ragged  
and dirty, seated himself upon the  
steps of a stately dwelling on Fifth  
Avenue, New York, and was there busily  
engaged trying to read from a bit  
of paper, when his attention was at-  
tracted by two little girls, richly dressed.

The eldest of the two particularly  
attracted her, she was as beautiful as  
an angel; but as they came near, him,  
she raised up her hand and exclaimed:

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

The boy answered that he was trying  
to read. The child of affluence derided  
him, and said she'd heard of intellect  
in rags, and he was the very personification  
of it. Her companion's answer was,

that 'the rich and the poor meet  
together, and the Lord is the Maker of  
them all.'

The elder girl drove the boy away from  
the steps, but the younger took him into her  
dwelling and warmed and fed him there.

When they parted, the little girl said, "You  
must not forget Marian Hayes." And  
Marian, never has forgotten her. That  
ragged, dirty boy is now before you, ladies,  
as Mr. Hamilton, the member of Congress;

and allow me, Miss Gardner, to tender my  
thanks to you for your kind treatment of  
the boy.

Overwhelmed with confusion, Louise  
knew not what to say or do.

In pity for her, Mr. Hamilton rose  
and turning to Marian, said:

"I will see you again Miss Hayes, and  
left him.

Louise would not stay in the city,  
where she daily met with Mr. Hamilton,  
and in a few days returned to New  
York, leaving Marian with the con-  
sciousness of having done nothing to be  
ashamed of, and enjoying the society  
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has been one great aim, and that was to  
attain to greatness, and after years to  
meet that ministering angel who was  
the sweetener of his days of poverty."

When I left your house with this book  
I returned to my humble home ten  
times happier, and went assiduously to  
work to learn to read. My mother was  
an invalid, and ere long I learned well  
enough to read to her.

When my mother died, I found good  
friends and was adopted by a gentleman  
in W——. As his son I have been  
educated. A year ago he died and left  
his property to me. Of all the pleasure-

her to reverence age, and to pity the  
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