

Monsieur Zacharias Seiler, an old Judge of the Tribunal of Stantz and member of the Grand Council of Lucerne, after having slept for twenty-five or thirty years through the clamors of the advocates on his circuit, had obtained the favor of withdrawing to his snug villa, situated on the Kusnacht street, near the German gate. There he was enjoying himself under the supervision of his old housekeeper, Therese, a devoted person with a crooked nose and a chin garnished with a thin, grey beard.

These two, full of indulgence for one another, respected their reciprocal manias. Therese looked after the household admirably, ironed the linen, and took care to renew Monsieur's stock of tobacco, shut up in a large stone jar, after which she was at liberty to attend to her birds, read her prayer book and go to mass.

Monsieur Zacharias was approaching his 60th year, wore a wig, and had no other distraction than to cultivate a few flowers and read the morning paper. He was well enough for a time, but there came a morning when the world seemed a blank. He said to himself that he needed something more exciting than to watch flower pots in a window and beg himself in the mazes of stupid flattery. He was very thoughtful for some days, but one evening, after supper, a bright idea came into his head. "I have it, I will go fishing," he cried, clapping his hands so loud that Therese called out from the next room. "What is the matter, monsieur? One might think you had a fit."

The idea thus suddenly born proved to be a stubborn one, and the morning on which Monsieur Seiler first set out, provided with pole, big straw hat, fishing bag, and other accessories, was a veritable affair of state. There was great display of this new turn in affairs. She never had heard of fishing, and she was impatient, and was obliged to go to confession twice often during a month that had been her custom. But, for all that she was forced to conform to the new order of things.

For example, whenever monsieur was seized with a desire to go fishing, the excellent man, who deigned to himself his feebleness, would look up at the sky, and say with a melancholy shake of the head: "It is very fine this morning, Therese. What weather! Not a drop of rain for three weeks."

Therese would allow him to languish for a few moments, then, laying aside her knitting and her prayer-book, she would go to find the fishing bag, the wicker stool, the big hat of her master. Then the old Judge would become animated; he would rise up briskly and say: "This is an excellent idea of yours, Therese. Yes, I will go fishing."

Very well, monsieur, but be sure to return at 7 o'clock. The evenings are cool now."

One day in the month of July 1845, to 7 o'clock in the afternoon, Zacharias found his fishing bag so full of salmon trout that he did not wish to take any more, because, as he said to himself, it was necessary to leave some for the next day. After having washed his fish in a neighboring spring, and wrapped them carefully in straw to keep them fresh, he felt that he thought he would take a nap in the heather, and wait until the shadows were lower to mount the side of Biselberg.

Then, having broken his crust of bread and moistened his lips with his little bottle, he clambered fifteen or twenty steps below the footpath, and lay down in the shade of the fir trees upon the moss, his eyelids growing heavy.

Never had the old Judge been so sleepy. The oppressive heat of the sun, darting his long arrows of gold into the shadow of the wood, the murmur of insects upon the side of the hill, in the meadows on the water, the distant cooing of ring doves squatted under the somber branches of the alder, formed such a grand harmony that the soul of Zacharias melted away in the universal concert. "He yawned, opened his eyes, and saw a troop of jays to be traveling the foliage; then turning he thought he saw the cork on his line whirl and descend, a salmon was caught; he was pulling it out; the pole bent in a semi-circle. The good man was sleeping profoundly. He dreamed that he was a fisherman, and that he was fishing for the future. He had a pretty fortune, well managed, and he wanted to buy 200 acres of woodland on the banks of the Rhine, to build a forester's house on the hillside.

"We shall always be together," said he to Therese, "I will go with me as much as I wish you."

Mother Christina came in in her turn and devised this thing and that. Charlotte agreed content, and Zacharias imagined himself understood by these worthy people. And he went to his chamber that night, heaving a sigh of relief, and putting off till the next day his great endeavor, doubting nothing as to the result. He held Charlotte's bouquet in his hand, and when he awoke he felt to be kissing it with effusion, weeping like a child and murmuring: "Zacharias, you are going to be the happiest of men, and my wife is going to renew your youth in a little while. Dance upon your knees and adore your wife with her rosy little hands." At this the good man seated himself, drank with him, and heaved a sigh, his eyes were closed, and he was as dead as anything he had ever been.

"What is that?" demanded he in a low tone, raising the window a little. "Charlotte, Charlotte, it is I," replied a tender voice. Zacharias trembled, and as he listened with staring eyes, the foliage stirred, and a young man stepped into the moonlight. The old man raised himself indignantly, and threw the window wide open. "How do you do, monsieur?" said the young man, who he recognized as his son, who he had never seen. "I come to tell you good news. My father will be here to-morrow to arrange with you about your wedding."

"Where are you, Charlotte?" "I am here," said the old man, turning very pale and standing over his wife. "I am not a thief, I am Charlotte's betrothed."

"Yer! Forster never told me anything of this, the wretch and the scoundrel!" "No, he does not know yet that we are betrothed. He said when I asked his consent that he would give me his daughter, but I must wait. But we have engaged ourselves, anyhow. I would tell my father, and as I knew it would please Charlotte to hear this, I thought I would stop under her window and tell her the news."

The poor old man fell upon a chair as into an abyss of grief, and covered his face with his hands. How he did suffer! What agonies traversed his soul! What an awakening from such sweet hopes!

"At the end of a few moments Zacharias raised his head and said to himself: 'What a fool I am! How do you call yourself?' "Karl Imant, monsieur."

"What are your circumstances?" "I have a father, who has obtained for me his place as forest guard at Grindewald."

"Charlotte loves you very much, does she not?" "Oh, yes, monsieur, we love each other very much."

"You mean," said the Judge in a broken voice, "that you do not know the evil you have done. But go now. You shall have news from me."

The young mountaineer did not wait a second inquiring; with one bound he disappeared behind the great trees. "Poor Forster!" murmured the old Judge. "Behold thy illusions flown! And he went to bed sobbing, and covered his head with the bed covers so as not to be awakened from such sweet hopes!"

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"You possess a treasure, Mlle. Charlotte merits all I have to say." Then Yeri, raising his glass, cried: "To the health of our good and venerable Judge Zacharias," and drank to the toast. "I thought I should like to see what happiness it would be to live here with Charlotte for a companion, and four steps from the river, and in a line with the forest, from time to time and follow the chase with father-in-law Yeri Forster, raising the echoes round about. Ah! what an existence!"

When the clock struck 11 he rose. How young and fresh he felt! With what ardor he would have placed a kiss on Charlotte's little hand, only he must not yet. He must wait.

"It is time for sleep, Master Yeri," said he. "Good night and many thanks for your hospitality."

And to see him mount the high steps of the stairs he would have said he was but twenty years old. But those twenty years lasted only a quarter of an hour, and, once in bed, he was as dead as anything he had been, and a handkerchief knotted around his head, he said to himself:

"Sleep, Zacharias, sleep, you are very tired. You have great need of sleep."

At 9 o'clock the next morning he awoke, considerably chagrined at having slept so late after having been up so early in the morning, and coming down the steep stair he found only Dame Christina awaiting him. She had been talking about his business in the wood, and Charlotte to hawking. So, after a hasty breakfast, and thanking Christina again, he set out on his way back to the city, a good deal disturbed as to how Therese would receive him, but still cherishing the hope that he would be warmly hatched in his soul like a lute chord of linnets.

"I will not try to paint the reception which the worthy housekeeper gave him; he reproaches her rage even. She had not shut her eyes the whole night, and she had imagined the river; she had sent ten people to look for him, etc."

Monsieur Seiler heard these complaints with a heavy heart, and had moments of fervently listened to the metaphors of an advocate pleading a lost cause—he heard, but said nothing.

By the evening of autumn he had fallen into such a habit of being at the forester's house that one would have found him there as often as at his own. He himself much embarrassed to refuse the presents which the worthy magistrate begged him to accept in return for his hospitality. He would shake his head sometimes and say to his wife:

"I never knew a better judge, a more learned and respectable man than Monsieur Seiler, but I believe he is out of his mind. Only the other day he wanted to help me build a house, and he wanted to help me, while all the peasants laughed at him. This is not proper, but I do not dare to speak to him, he is so much above me."

"Let him alone," answered Christina. "Will I let him concern this good Zacharias is content. He likes to be with us, it is so simple here, and then he likes to talk to our little daughter. Who knows but what he will marry her, and when she dies will be remembered in his will."

The forester shrugged his shoulders. His natural sense was not to be deceived, but he did not go to the length of suspecting the folly of the old Judge. One day, finding himself alone in the garden, he saw a warden with three barrels of like wine. This was all of the presents he had received the most acceptable to Yeri Forster, for of all things he liked a glass of good wine. And when he had tasted the wine he could not help crying out:

"The good Zacharias, the best man in the world. Go, Charlotte, and make for him a bouquet of the finest roses and jasmines, and give it to him yourself. God, what wine! What fire!"

Zacharias followed close upon the heels of the old Judge, and felt himself more than repaid by the flowers which Charlotte had sent to give him, while the forester said cordially:

"You must take supper with us and taste your wine, Monsieur Seiler. My wife is right. It is a good thing to have a man like you, his fishing pole against the wall, Charlotte opposite him, and the forester on the right, he will talk to you of the future. He had a pretty fortune, well managed, and he wanted to buy 200 acres of woodland on the banks of the Rhine, to build a forester's house on the hillside."

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"What is this, Charlotte? Do you refer to me?" "Oh, no, no, father!" "So much the better! I have nothing to refuse to Monsieur Zacharias. Come here and thank your benefactor. Charlotte ran to the old man, who kissed her with his eyes full of tears. Then, all at once, he ran in a line with the forest, he was in a hurry to make, he set out for the city, taking only a crust of bread in his hand, and in a few moments he was at his door. Five days afterward Karl Imant received the brevet of forester at Grindewald, and eight days later married Charlotte. Monsieur Seiler could not be at the wedding; he was indisposed that day, greatly to the regret of the worthy forester and his family. Since then the Judge has been living, and when he does it is at Brunnen, on the other side of the mountain—Mrs. L. A. McVingey, in Chicago Herald, from Eckmann-Christiana.

POPULAR SCIENCE. Railroad sleepers of cast glass by the Siemens method are a possibility of the near future.

Perfected camphor added to oil or turpentine varnish will allow it to spread more easily.

By the aid of electricity atmosphere heavily charged with dust and smoke can be cleared of them in a few minutes.

Shells and horns boiled in water supplyed with yellowish brown and brownish red well adapted to the painting of iron.

The Japanese have 300 miles of railroad in operation, some of which were built by native engineers. They also make their own cars.

Glass flooring continues to grow in favor for public buildings. Its first cost is greater than wood flooring, but its greater durability renders it far cheaper in the end.

Professor Massena recommends the watermelon as a cheap but effective substitute for grapes in the treatment of chronic coughs and other chronic intestinal catarrhs and similar affections.

Glaciers, the ice-lovers of lofty mountains, have been found to move downward from ten to twenty inches a day in summer being most common. The rate in winter is often only one inch.

A genius with a taste for statistics has figured out that the average newspaper writer makes 4,000,000 strokes with his pen each year, or a line 200 times in every minute. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society, London, Professor Bell, at the request of the President, gave an account of what he regarded as the most extraordinary biological fact he had met during the last twenty-five years—the existence of a third eye at the top of the head of certain insects.

The 600 tons recorded show that their weight is almost invariably in the same way, it is so simple here, and then he likes to talk to our little daughter. Who knows but what he will marry her, and when she dies will be remembered in his will."

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MARIE'S BAKING. "O! I've learned to bake!" "I've learned to bake!"

"Oh, won't you please come with me to the dance?" "I'll go with you, but I must be ready by 10 o'clock."

"Who is it?" she asked; "and why does she come?" "It is the girl who is to be married."

"And can you sing?" "I can sing a few songs."

"And can you dance?" "I can dance a few dances."

"And can you play?" "I can play a few pieces."

"And can you cook?" "I can cook a few dishes."

"And can you sew?" "I can sew a few pieces."

"And can you knit?" "I can knit a few pairs."

"And can you read?" "I can read a few books."

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THE MODERN YOUNG WOMAN.

The newspaper will find her with a slip of humor at no object with such keen pleasure and delight as when she directs them at the modern young woman, her caprices and tendencies. And she must be acknowledged that he does so not without cause in many instances. While there are thousands of young women who represent what is best and highest in young womanhood, whose purposes in life extend beyond the frivolities of dress and outward adornments, there is, on the other hand, a large percentage that look upon life as a "joke that's just begun," to borrow an expression from a popular song.

The young women live under the delusion that social distinction, wealth of person and "high" society are the only things that will give them a position in the world. They are slaves to custom and fashion and revel in external attractions. They accept the glitter for the gold, heraldry and trapping of the world for the price, the less essence of woman's worth, which exists within the mind. Their highest attainment is not the possession of a true womanhood, but that their position in society may be a conspicuous one, and thereby they bend all their energies. Hours are spent over the latest fashion-plates, while days are gone over to the making and perfecting of new apparel. They forget that the world is not a show, but a reality, and that the things that are seen are not the things that are.

It is not the gown of fashion that sways the scepter of influence or authority over the world, but the intellect, the cultivated mind, the sensible and virtuous woman that authority is placed, and where she dwells there is refinement, culture and intelligence, and moral power be found. The influence of such a young woman upon society is truly incalculable, and not to be estimated. But what is that of the reigning social belle? Men may admire her for the moment, when, in brilliantly lighted parlors, her beauty and her wit, her grace and her wit, what are the after conclusions? "Silly creature, wrapped up in herself and the world," was the character of an apparent admirer upon a young belle after an eventful social occasion in New York, only a few weeks since. Fashion and folly never gained an ounce of respect, worth, the possession, and never will. Young women, alas! too often mistake adulation for respect, and too often mistake the admiration of the ball-room and the milliner's establishment, she strives to make her life grand in womanly virtue, and by her example she leads the way to the priceless crown of womanhood. This is the woman that commands life respect and admiration, and that is not content with but permanently. In her friends recognize the rich store of practical good sense and a certain harmony about her character, that to an inspired singer, which soon warms into a "Tale of Blue."

College Life for Girls. When a girl enters a college she finds herself in a small world, full of people with all shades of character and disposition. No ties of blood bind her to them; she knows nothing of their various tastes, nor their likes. Living closely together for several weeks, she has daily opportunities of seeing this question rise before her fellows and before herself, and she sees how it is, and how it ever must be, answered. The world is to be met at all peaceably. She sees how perfectly dependent human creatures are on each other, and how each one must bear her neighbor's burden, if there is to be comfort; and, lastly, how the world is really kept together by the greatest of all virtues—charity. Thus she learns self-sacrifice.

There is little to be said, no one can deny it, if they know anything at all about it, that the social training of college life is very good and useful. Some are of the opinion that students of different ages have a wonderfully good effect; the younger gaining by the experience of the older, and the latter by the energy and vigor of the former. The joining in the social amusements of a college takes a girl out of herself, and gives her a contented and cheerful character, when she leaves college to enter into society.

In conclusion, let me say that in this trying a university education for girls in suitable cases, I would, except for those who have any pressing home claims. For them college life is out of the question, and should be resolutely rejected. The "stern daughter of the voice of God"—forbids them to take it up.—Cassell's Magazine.

FOR SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, and DYSPEPSIA, USE DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Prepared by Fleming Bros, Pittsburg, Pa.

Listen to the Kettle's Song.

Oh, the broad my mother's! From that spot, the "PIONEER." 'Twas his light and the sweet, white old heart-beating glow. For once he loved my heart, in his array; 'Twas here my father dozed, not in his sleep; And on the crone the kettle lit world's song, his bright and cheerful song, till the embers died and higher.

Revered are the thoughts that sweet memories I send to the kettle's song, singing on the fire. While the kettle's sweet, white old grows higher and higher.

Listen to the kettle's song, singing in your ear, the "PIONEER" for breakfast, and for those who are "PIONEERS."

Oh, 'twas when a child at home, Mother fed me with soup, When I was a boy, and she would sing, While her arms about me, as I sat upon her knee, While her dear voice would soothe my slumbers.

Oh, happy were those days to me, so full of love, And every spoonful was a lasting joy. No matter how the kettle sang, it works the plant food.

While the kettle sings its song to please our boy, Listen to the kettle's song, singing in your ear, the "PIONEER" for breakfast, and for those who are "PIONEERS."

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THE WEEKLY UNION.