Congressional Library

DAVID C. SHELTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.,
Will practice in the Courts of Maury and the adjoining Counties. Office, second door from cor. corner, Whitthorne Block. [jan r.25.

CHARLES CLEAR
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Columbia, Tenn.
Special attention given to the collection of claims. April 23,1y.

J. T. L. COCHRAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT
COLUMBIA, TENN.
March 17.

JOHN R. BOND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Prompt attention given to Collections. de

A. M. HUGHES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will attend all the Courts to be holden in Maury and adjoining counties.
Office.—Whitthorne Block. [Feb24 '71

PILLOW & ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining Counties. dec16-tf

GORDON & NICHOLSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN
Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
Prompt attention given to collection of Claims.
Nov 20,1871.

W. VANCE THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office on Garden Street, nearly west and opposite Masonic Hall,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in Supreme and Federal Courts Nashville, and in the Chancery and Circuit Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
Jan 5, 1869-tf

G. P. FRIERSON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining Counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Prompt attention to collections. Office in Lawyer's Row, West Market Street, same formerly occupied by Frierson & Fleming. marl5y
R. C. CYPERT. Z. BLACK CYPERT.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Will attend the Courts in Maury and adjoining counties, the Chancery and Circuit Courts at Columbia, and Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville, promptly attended to.

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Justice of the Peace,
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Columbia, Tenn.
Office Masonic Hall.

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Physician and Surgeon,
Office—Whitthorne Block
COLUMBIA, TENN.
may 29

DR. J. F. HIERNDON,
SURGEON DENTIST,
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DR. SAMUEL BICKNELL,
DENTIST.
Having permanently located in Columbia continues to the public that he is prepared to render them the various branches of Dentistry, in a skillful and scientific manner. His terms will be as moderate as competent workmen can afford.
Office in Whitthorne Block.
Jan. 16, 1868.

J. W. FUSSELL. R. W. STEELE
FUSSELL & STEELE,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
For the
SALE, PURCHASE AND RENTING
Of All Descriptions of Property,
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Office—Washington Street. ap7tf

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
PERIODICALS,
STATIONERY, WALL PAPER,
Window Shades, Notes, Notions, &c., at
W. H. ENGLE'S,
West Side Public Square,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.

JACOB HARRIS,
TAILOR,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Cutting done in the most fashionable manner, and warranted to fit.
Cleaning and Repairing done in an acceptable manner, on short notice.
☞ Pants made to order, handsomely made to order, being cut the cloth.
☞ Two doors above the Nelson House
May 24, 1871. 1y.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
Columbia, Tennessee,
Having purchased and taken charge of this House, I solicit a share of public patronage. My tables shall be supplied with the best the market affords, lodgings clean and comfortable. Terms to suit the time.
Feb'y—tf JAMES L. GUEST.

MARBLE WORKS
WILLIAM SHIRLEY,
On Bland's Old Shop, on the Mt. Pleasant road near the Institute, where I shall keep on hand
MONUMENTS
AND TOMBSTONES,
Work made to order, Ornamental or Plain. Work Warranted to give satisfaction. Catalogue made to order. June 20-1y

J. LANCASTER. J. MOTT CARTER,
Lancaster & Carter,
Milbrook.

LANCASTER & CARTER,
CARPENTERS & MILLWRIGHTS.
Columbia, Tennessee.
Agents for the American Turbine Water Wheel, the best horizontal Reaction Wheel, all kinds of Mill Furnishing machinery, Belting, &c. Saw Mills and Steam Engines.
Jan 20-71.

TO TRAVELLERS.
THE NELSON HOUSE,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
H. BISALL, - - - Proprietor.
Large and ladies, clean and comfortable beds and rooms, and the best of servants, all at moderate prices. (nov. 18, '70.

THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS.
No. 31 Nashville, Tenn., is the place for bargains in
FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES, CHAINS, SILVER WARE AND WATCH MATERIAL.
Watches and Jewelry repaired by practical hands, all work warranted and satisfaction guaranteed. It is the cheapest place to buy your watch, and save it worked up in the latest style. Large stock of Perfumery, Powder, Combs, Brush Pocket Cutlery, Traveling Cases, &c.
Nov. 18. E. BADAUX.

COLUMBIA HERALD.

Alfred S. Horsley. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, NOVEMBER 24, 1871. VOL. XVII.---NO. 15.

R. ROSENTHAL & BRO.
Are now receiving their Fall Stock of
Staple and Fancy Goods,
Consisting of
Gent's Ladies' and Misses' SHOES, BLANKETS, SHAWLS, HATS, CAPS AND FURS.
Our Stock of
MEN'S AND BOY'S WEAR
Is the largest and most attractive ever brought to Columbia. We are daily receiving all the Goods in our line of trade, and offering them at prices to please.
EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH.
We have secured the services of Mr. HENRY CHOATE as Salesman, and he will be happy to wait on all who may give him a call.
Sept. 22. 3m

GREAT INDUCEMENTS
OFFERED TO THE LADIES
OF COLUMBIA AND MAURY
COUNTY, AND THEIR
SURROUNDINGS.
Thankful for the very liberal patronage of the past, and being desirous to retain the same,
MRS. M. RUTTLE
has just returned from the Eastern Markets, from which was selected a very choice and attractive stock of goods, consisting of
Ladies' Hats and Bonnets, of all the new makes, both French and American, suitable for the Fall & Winter Trade.
New Dress Goods, a great variety, such as SILKS,
JAPANESE SILKS,
IRISH POPLINS,
PLAIDS, striped nd plain,
RESS POPLINS, all cheap.
FURS FOR LADIES' & MISSES
at such prices that all can buy.
LADIES' AND MISSES BOOTS & SHOES
Direct from the factories, new styles, and cheap
ALSO A LARGE LOT OF TOYS & PRESENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
All of the above Goods were purchased for CASH AT REDUCED PRICES, and will be sold at the SMALLEST PROFITS FOR CASH. Be sure to call and see us, as we will try and please you. It is no trouble to show our goods. Recollect the place. M. RUTTLE,
South side West Market St.,
Sept. 15.—3m. Columbia, Tenn.
P. S.—011 Bonnets and Hats shaped and trimmed to look like new.

WAG ON!
WAGONS! WAGONS!
The attention of those desiring to purchase are invited to the fact that I am agent for the
OHIO FALL CO. WAGONS
The best and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them.
I have also a large stock of
HARDWARE,
such as
HOES, SHOVELS, SPADES, AXES, &c.
Plow-Gear, Leather, Saddles, Bridles, Harness,
Saddler's and Shoe-Makers' Findings which I am selling
Very Cheap!
T. J. HELM.
Feb. 24, 1871.

FLOURING MILLS
FOR SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRE TO DISpose of their Steam Flouring Mills at Pleasant Grove, immediately on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad. The surrounding country is one of the finest wheat-growing sections in the State, and the best Southern markets are in easy and speedy connection. The Mills will be sold for money, on time, or real estate. Apply to DR. J. T. AKIN.

LAND POSTED.
The undersigned do hereby warn all persons not to hunt or otherwise trespass upon their premises. All offenders will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.
E. C. ALEXANDER, JR.,
T. B. ALEXANDER,
G. W. ALEXANDER,
A. J. ALEXANDER,
REUBEN POLK.
June 1, 1871.

NOTICE.
HAVING DISSOLVED PARTNERSHIP with Mr. Shirley, I would respectfully inform my old customers and the public generally, that I have moved my stock of Marble to South Main street, near the Square, where I will be pleased to see all who desire work in my line, and will furnish work
AT LOUISVILLE PRICES.
Shall always keep a lot of Designs on hand that will enable me to please the most fastidious. All work done promptly, and warranted to please. T. J. CANTERBURY.
Columbia, Jan. 20, 1871-1y

TEMPLE OF
Fashion!
Next door to Nelson House.
ESTATIC SHAVING.
HAIR CUT PHRENOLOGICALLY.
We Exhibit the Moral Intellect of Gentlemen.
GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN NEVER ENjoy good health while your head is thickly covered with hair. Therefore give us a call and we will save you a heavy doctor's bill, by giving you a handsome trim in the latest style.
Shampooing neatly done. Warm and cold Baths at any time.
Razors sharpened in the best order.
Remember the place next door to Nelson House, Columbia, Tenn.
CAP HARDEMAN,
March 10, 1871. Proprietor.

J. P. CHOATE. BEN LUSCOMB.
LIVERY & SALE
STABLE,
COLUMBIA, - - - - TENNESSEE.
W. C. Sheppard's Old Stand,
(OPPOSITE BANK OF COLUMBIA.)
WE TAKE PLEASURE IN SAYING TO the public that we have opened a Livery and Sale Stable at W. C. Sheppard's old stand, with an
ENTIRE NEW OUTFIT!
Our Buggies and Harness are NEW, and our Horses are the
Best to be had in the State.
We especially ask the people of Columbia to call and examine our stock, and the citizens of the county to see how well we are prepared to feed their horses. All we ask of the people is to give us a trial. [Feb24'71-1y

[From Harper's Monthly of November.]

A STRICKEN HEART.

A ROMANCE OF THE ANDES.

A French traveller who, in the pursuit of his studies in natural science, and influenced also, probably, in some degree by love of novelty and adventure, recently made the journey across the continent of South America from Peru to the mouth of the Amazon, gives, in his account of the tour, a narrative of one of the incidents that occurred substantially as follows:

After traversing one of the chains or cordilleras, of the Andes by a frightful pass, he came into a wild region, quite sparsely populated; and as, of course, in such a country there are no public facilities of any kind for the accommodation of travelers, our adventurer was obliged to trust to such chances of private hospitality as he could find for food and shelter at night. He spent one night in a small cabin-like dwelling, which, being the residence of the family occupying it, served the purpose of what in New England would be called a country store.

Mr. Marcoy—for that was the name of our traveler—did not find his accommodations very comfortable. In fact, he found them very uncomfortable; and in the morning, on resuming the journey, his guide, to relieve somewhat his evident dissatisfaction and discontent, promised him much better quarters for the next night. It would be, he said, not at such a miserable grocery as the last, but at the hacienda of a real lady, that they would lodge. It was a lady, however, he added, that, for some mysterious reason, lived in the most absolute retirement and seclusion. She was a native of Lima, and had come some time before to establish herself on this estate, which she inherited from her parents. She lived there, he said, in perfect solitude. She always kept herself during the day secluded in her apartments, and whenever she went out—which was only at night—she was always closely veiled. But in respect to the cause of her separating herself thus mysteriously from the world, the guide knew nothing.

Of course the traveler—especially as he was of an age and a temperament to appreciate the romance of such a story as this—began at once to feel some curiosity and interest in respect to this mystery, and he was more than usually impatient that day to arrive at his journey's end. At length, toward nightfall, the hacienda came in sight. It was a white house, with pretty green blinds of the Spanish fashion, and was pleasantly situated among trees, upon a rising ground, at a short distance from the banks of the river Occocamba, along the course of which Mr. Marcoy's journey lay.

As the traveler and his guide drove up to the house two persons, attracted perhaps by the sound of the horses' footsteps, made their appearance at the door. They seemed to be servants. One was an elderly man, his hair already gray; the other was a somewhat gayly dressed young peasant woman, who, as the traveler imagined from her air and appearance, might be a lady's-maid. Mr. Marcoy at once inferred that she was the attendant of the mysterious resident of the hacienda. She gazed at the traveler, as he approached the door, with a pleased look of interest and curiosity. The man asked the stranger, when he saw him preparing to dismount, what he desired.

Mr. Macoy stated his case, saying that he was a traveler passing through that part of the country, and had come to the hacienda in hopes that he could have shelter there for the night. He made his statement in a somewhat full and deliberate manner, and spoke in a pretty audible voice, and his most agreeable tone and manner, in hopes to make a favorable impression upon the mysterious lady, in case it should happen, as he imagined might very possibly be the case, that she was concealed behind the blind of some window within hearing.

Whether he was correct in these surmises may not be very certain; but at any rate, after some further parleying, the maid went into the house, and soon returned, saying, with an air of cordiality and pleasure, that he could stay. She also said something in an under-tone to the man, who then went at once to aid the guide in taking care of the horses.

Accordingly, after delivering his horse into his guide's hands, Mr. Macoy followed the maid into the house. She led him into a kind of "salon," which was plainly but comfortably furnished, and was ornamented with pictures of saints and other religious subjects, and also with images of different kinds having the same pious expression or character. The peasant girl, with pleased and somewhat curious and even almost roguish looks, welcomed him to take a seat upon the sofa, saying that he could remain there, unless he chose to amuse himself and while away the time, while she was preparing his repast, by walking in the garden. He decided at once that he would walk in the garden.

On entering the garden he began sauntering to and fro along the walks and among the beds of flowers, and while pretending to be observing only the sky, the mountains, and the horizon, and admiring the beauties of the surrounding scenery, he was covertly taking a survey of the building, with a view of discovering, if he could, the probable situation of the mysterious lady. He also began to examine with a botanical eye the plants in the beds and borders, trying at the same time to see if he could find any where traces of the horticultural performances of a lady. Finally he penetrated into a kind of inner garden, partially separated from the rest, which was overlooked by a window that was shaded by a blind, and adorned in a beautiful manner by climbing plants and vines.

He decided at once that this window must be the one which had been the object of his search. He was confirmed in this opinion by observing that the training of the plants in that part of the garden which was overlooked by this window, and the kind of supports by which the more delicate ones were sustained, indicated a lady's hand rather than that of a regular gardener.

He observed—taking care, however, not to appear to be making any such observation—that the bars of the blind were drawn down; that is, were in a position to intercept vision. He then turned his face partially away, and pretended to be entirely occupied in examining and admiring a particular plant that was growing in one of the borders. While thus engaged he thought he heard a slight movement at the blind. He occupied a position which made it certain that the lady at the window, if lady there was, could not be seen by him, while yet his own face and figure were fully presented to her observation. After a brief interval of delay, and certain apparently casual movements among the flowers, through all of which he kept his eyes averted from the window, he began slowly to turn in that direction. He immediately heard a slight movement in the blind, which seemed to him to denote a closing of the bars. He paid no apparent attention to this, but went in a quiet and unconcerned manner to a small seat which he saw in the garden, and placing it before one of the specially beautiful shrubs which had attracted his attention, he seated himself upon it, and opening his album, and taking out a pencil, he began making a drawing of the flower, imagining all the time that there were a pair of bright eyes watching him from behind the screen of the blind.

Presently, while going on with his work, he began to hum the notes of a certain air, and soon afterward began to sing the words, in a voice soft and gentle, but still loud enough to be heard by any one that might be listening. The music which he selected for this performance was a Spanish song called "The Song of the Flowers." It was as follows:

"SONG OF THE FLOWERS."

"We are the children that spring from the hidden warmth that pervades so mysteriously all the realms of nature, we are the children of the dew, we are the children of the earth, we are the children of the air, and above all things we are the children of heaven."

The beauty of this last expression can not be transfered to our language, as it depends upon the fact that in the original, one and the same word denotes the "heaven" and "sky," including in the latter meaning the influence of the sun and air.

The song goes on:

"Man sullies us by his touch, and in his very love for us effects our destruction. We cling to the earth by a thread—our root, which is our life—but we raise our arms as high as we can toward heaven (the sky), which is our home. For it is from heaven (the sky and air) that we receive our soul, and to heaven we render it again. Our Soul is fragrant perfume."

It would seem that there was something in the face and figure of the stranger, or in his gentlemanly air and bearing, or in the evidence of accomplishment and taste indicated by his drawing, or in the sentiment or the words of the song, or in the voice and skill of the singer, or perhaps in all combined, that made a favorable impression upon the concealed observer; for when, after having completed his drawing, and having remained for a moment surveying it and comparing it with the model, he said, as if speaking to himself, but in a voice sufficiently audible to enable any listener to hear, "What a pity that I don't know the Spanish name of this plant, so that I could put it here together with the botanical name!" a gentle voice from the window replied, "It is called the mudedara, Sir."

The botanical name of the plant was, it seems, the *Hibiscus mutabilus*. It is a shrub which belongs to the same genus as the althea, so well known in our gardens, which last is the *Hibiscus syracus*. The *Hibiscus mutabilis* bears a flower which in form somewhat resembles that of the althea, but it is characterized by this remarkable peculiarity—namely, that after it opens it changes its tints from white, through various shades of rose-pink, to a purple-violet hue before it fades and dies. In climates specially favorable it passes through all these changes in the same day; and it is from these mutations in the color of the flower that the species derives its name.

But to return to our story.

"It is a pity that I do not know the Spanish name," said the artist, in a musing manner, as he surveyed his work.

"It is called the mudedara, Sir," said the voice, in reply, coming from the window. The voice was low and gentle, and the tones of it were marked with a certain sad and mournful expression.

The traveler turned at once toward the window, as if much surprised. The bars of the blind were, however, in such a position that nothing could be seen. He said:

"I thank you very much, whoever you may be." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "Please excuse me, young lady—or madam, for I do not know in which form I ought really to address you—but would you be kind enough to inform me whether the hibiscus, or the mudedara, as you have designated it, is ever found growing wild in the valley of Occocamba? This is the first time that I have seen the plant in Peru. It is a native, I believe, of the East Indies."

"It is a souvenir given me by a friend," replied the voice—"a friend who is now," she added, in a faltering manner, "no more."

"I can well understand, then, that you attach great value to it. But it is a tropical plant in its nature, and of a tender constitution. It must not be exposed too much to the winds which blow sometimes from the cold mountains around you here."

"And what must I do to protect it from the danger?" asked the unseen lady.

"You must take the necessary precautions to shelter it from the cold at night at certain seasons of the year, and especially from the heavy rains in winter. If my hard destiny had not compelled me to roam incessantly about the world, but had made it my lot to live here as your neighbor in this valley, it would have given me great pleasure to have aided you in the work, and we might have succeeded in preserving its life."

"Then you think there is danger that it will die?"

"Everything that lives is destined sooner or later to die, my young lady—or madam. Excuse me for not knowing how exactly I should address you. You have not yet done me the honor to tell me what I am to call you."

"You may call me sister," was the reply, after a moment's pause.

Sister is the appellation by which in Catholic countries nuns and all other females devoted to the service of religion are customarily addressed.

This conversation seems to have confirmed the impression made upon the mind of the concealed lady by what she had at first observed of his personal appearance and bearing that the stranger was a gentleman of refinement and cultivation; and though she still kept herself concealed, she continued to talk with him in somewhat the same strain, until they were interrupted by the maid, who came to call the stranger to supper. The maid could not refrain, however, from uttering an exclamation of surprise when she found him conversing with her mistress. When she told him that his supper was ready he at first hesitated about following her, but the concealed lady requested him to go, and he obeyed.

He found the table set for him in a very elegant manner—with silver and glass, and even napkins with borders of lace. The supper consisted of broiled chicken with rice followed by what the English call a sweet omlet, and terminated by a cup of delicious chocolate, the surface of which was covered with foaming cream. A finger-bowl containing water scented with mint, and the other usual accessories to the close of a genteel repast, were brought in at last, and the supper was ended. The whole scene impressed the mind of the traveler with surprise and delight, accustomed as he had been to eating the plainest and coarsest food in the wildest places, "seated on his heels," and with his fingers only in the place of knife and fork.

After finishing his supper he felt strongly inclined to go back to the garden again in hopes of renewing his conversation with the mysterious lady, but he feared that this might perhaps not be quite discreet, and so, after lighting a cigar, he sallied forth for a walk in the environs, to breathe the evening air and enjoy the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

On his return he found the peasant maid at the door awaiting him. She said that her mistress wished to see him.

He accordingly followed her into the garden, and seated himself upon a stone bench not far from the window. Scarcely was he seated before the blind opened a little, and the lady appeared, though closely veiled.

"I thought, Sir," she said, "that perhaps you would not be unwilling, before you go away, to do me a favor."

He assured her that his services, and soul, were entirely at her disposal.

"It is the service of your pencil that I require," said the lady.

"My pencil!" repeated the traveler.

"Yes. You have warned me that some day, at any rate, and possibly at any time, my mudedara may die. Now what I have to ask of you is that you will make me a painting of it, showing the flowers in the different aspects they assume in different parts of the day, so that when the plant dies I may have an image of it that I can preserve forever."

The traveler was so much surprised at this request that he did not know at first what to answer.

"You hesitate," she said.

"I ask your pardon, my sister, but I will tell you frankly how it is with me. What you ask of me is not a simple sketch, but a painting, and that is a day of my time; and my time is planned and arranged so closely that it will be with difficulty that, by traveling day and night, I can fulfill an engagement I have made for a fixed day on the other side of the continent."

"Then," said the lady, speaking in a sad and disappointed tone of voice, "we will think no more about it."

Now the engagement which Mr. Marcoy considered so important to fulfill was one which he had made with a friend whom he had taken leave of at a dinner-party on board a vessel in a harbor on the Peruvian cost. His friend was going around Cape Horn by sea to the mouth of the Amazon, while Mr. Marcoy himself was to cross the continent by land, over mountains, through trackless forests, and across boundless plains, and yet he had offered to lay a wager that he would arrive first. The wager had been accepted, but the amount had not been fixed, but was left to be decided by the party at the table.

In the midst of the merriment of the party after the dinner the subject was brought up. One of the guests proposed a hundred ounces.

The value of a hundred ounces was something like two thousand dollars.

Mr. Marcoy told them they were crazy in supposing that a poor naturalist, possessed of little else than his pencils and his geological hammer, could pay anything like a hundred ounces. When he offered to lay a wager, he said, it was with the understanding that the amount which would be fixed upon would be in some measure commensurate with the resources of an artist and a man of science. But since they were talking of a hundred ounces, he must beg to withdraw his proposition altogether.

They asked him what amount he would be willing to stake.

He very gravely suggested five francs!

This proposal was received with peals of laughter by all the company. The idea of a race of three thousand miles across a continent by land, against one of fifteen thousand around it by sea, for a stake of five francs, seemed so absurd that it was received with universal hilarity.

"Well," said Mr. Marcoy, still preserving the utmost gravity, "if you think that stake is to small, I will not object to add to it a small bundle of cigars!"

This proposal only increased the general merriment; and at length, after various other propositions and repartees had been made, it was decided that there should be no wager at all, but that the race should be run by the contestants simply for the honor of the victory.

And this was the engagement which Mr. Marcoy referred to in speaking of the urgent necessity that he was under to pursue his journey across the continent without any unnecessary delay.

But, being touched by the sad and disappointed tone in which the lady said "Then we will think no more of it," he replied, "Yes, sister, we 'will' think about. I was too hasty in my answer. Excuse and forgive me for refusing so bluntly. I will stay and make the picture, since you desire me to do so. I will begin the work to-morrow morning. And you, on your part—will you not do something for me?"

"What can I do for you?" asked the lady.

"I wish you to do something for me which will be very little for you, and will be very easily done, but which will give me very great pleasure—and that is that you should raise the veil which conceals you for a few moments, so that I shall not have to go away without having seen the face of one to whose generous hospitality I owe so much."

"Ah, Sir," replied the lady, "that is impossible. Except the few persons who personally attend upon me no one will ever see my face till the day when God calls me to himself. It is a solemn vow which I have taken, and no earthly consideration could induce me to break it. You could readily conceive, Sir, that for a lady to take a resolution to withdraw utterly from the world, and bury herself forever in such a solitude as this, there must have been reasons of a very imperious character. I am willing to tell you what my reasons were, to soften what might otherwise seem the ungraciousness of my refusal to comply with your request.

"The cause of my suffering was love of that kind that a woman can only feel once in her lifetime—that love which transforms two beings into one—which blends and exalts two souls into one single angelic existence. This life of intoxication and ecstasy, in which each derives from the other, as from a living fountain, the joys and excitements of passion, to be communicated again to the other in turn, endure for three years. Why could it not endured forever? God only can answer this question. Perhaps I misunderstood my nature and my duty as a woman. A woman loves either too much or else too little. In the first case she wearies her lover; in the second case she repels him. A woman's love is fated to suffer wreck on one or the other of these dangers.

"But it is useless to go particularly into details. It is enough to say that when I saw the one whom I had given up all that was dear to me, become indifferent, and finally abandon me, life became to me an intolerable burden. The world seemed dark and desolate. I retired to this solitude, where I have lived for four years utterly alone with nothing but the sad recollections of the past to console my sorrows.

"You will easily understand, Sir, from this statement of my case why I can not comply with the request you have made, however friendly and kind toward me may be the feelings on your part that dictated it. You will leave this region soon, never to return to it, and my secret will remain undisclosed.

"The brief stay that you will make here will soon be ended, and the recollection of the hacienda of Lechusa, and of the unhappy woman who has come to hide her life in it forever, will soon pass from your mind. But she herself will not forget you. She will always cherish a grateful remembrance of the kind sympathy which you felt for her in her desolation and grief. And now, after this statement of my unhappy case, do you think you can consent to render me the service I have asked of you?"

"To-morrow morning," said Mr. Marcoy. "I will set myself at the work."

"May God bless you, and reward you a hundredfold for the kindness you have shown to me. And so now, with a renewed assurance of my gratitude, and with my sincere prayers that you may have a pleasant and prosperous journey, I—"

"But can not I have an opportunity of seeing and speaking to you once more before I go?"

"It would do no good," she replied. "You know now all that it is possible for me to tell you. To talk with you more about my sorrows would be only to renew the cruel sufferings that the recollection of them occasions me. So you must excuse me if I leave you now, and bid you a final farewell."

So saying, the lady closed the bars of the blind again, and shutting the window, disappeared from view.

After pausing a moment Mr. Marcoy slowly returned into the house, wondering at the strangeness of the adventure which had befallen him. To have met with so mysterious a person, under such extraordinary circumstances, and in such a scene—to have been made to such an extent the confident of her secret sorrows, and then to have bid her a final farewell without even the possibility of ever meeting her again, and all without having seen her face or known her name—seemed passing strange. He thought that if he should ever relate the tale, those that should hear it would find it very difficult to believe him. Of course as he anticipated a certain degree of incredulity in those to whom the tale should be told, each reader is all the more completely at liberty to decide for himself, from internal evidence, whether this narrative is or is not historically true.

He found, on returning into the house—as he went on to relate—that the man-servant, who seemed to act as a kind of major-domo, and his guide were awaiting him. They showed him a bed which had been made up for him in the "salon," with a small table near it, which was elegantly set out with evening refreshments. When he was left to himself he retired to rest, and soon, as he expressed it, sank into the sweet slumbers that come from a good conscience a downy bed, and sheets white, fresh, and spotlessly pure.

He awoke early in the morning. When he was dressed he first went out to take the morning air. The dew was upon the grass and flowers, and the rising sun began to glow upon the summits of the mountains. He returned soon into the house, and selected from his port-folio the best sheet of paper which it contained, and taking his box of colors, a goblet of water, and a plate for a palette, he went out into the garden and set himself at his work.

He sketched the form and appearance of the shrub, and with a few touches marked the places for five flowers, which were to represent the five gradations of color through which the petals pass in the course of a day, though there was, in fact, only one flower, which had opened upon the shrub that morning. That was—as usual with the flower at its first blooming—of a milk-white color. After two hours of work he had sketched the whole plant, and finished one branch with the milk-white flower upon it. Then it became necessary to wait some time for the flower to change its hue. At ten o'clock this was done. It had then become of a pale rose-color. This he represented upon another branch. At noon the flower had become of a deep rose-color; a representation of it in that guise was given upon another branch. At four o'clock another copy, of a bright carmine, was made upon a fourth branch; and at six another, of purple hue, completed the series.

When, at length, the painting had been retouched and finished, and a suitable inscription had been placed upon it, he gave it to the maid to carry to her mistress. In a few minutes the maid returned, bringing her mistress's very special thanks for the picture, which she said she greatly admired, and should preserve with the utmost care. She also brought a little sprig of a plant, which from a certain withered appearance of the leaves naturally characteristic of it, has for its language "the stricken heart," and gave it to the traveler from her mistress, to be kept as a souvenir of her and of his visit to her solitary retreat.

The traveler placed the souvenir between two sheets of absorbent paper, and deposited it in his port folio.

The next morning, in good season, he resumed his journey, attended by his guide. After they left the house and had gone forward on their way till it had disappeared from view, the guide, who had been riding, at some little distance behind, advanced to his master's side, his countenance expressing a peculiar animation and significance.

"Well, Miguel," said the traveler, "you look as if you had something to tell me."

"Yes, Sir," said Miguel, "and something which you will not be a little surprised to hear."

"Well, what is it?"

"You recollect that you gave the major-domo some brandy to drink last evening?"

Among the refreshments which Mr. Marcoy had found upon the table in his room the evening before was some very choice and costly brandy. He took very little of it himself, but he poured out a more generous portion both for his guide and the major-domo, with a view of putting them in good humor. It seems that, according to Miguel's account, the drink had the effect of putting the major-domo into more than good humor.

"I rather think," said he, "that the glass you gave him had more in it than you thought. At any rate, after he drank it he became very talkative and silly, and wanted to tell me all his secrets. He not only told me all about himself and the maid, but also gave me the history of his mistress."

"Do you know, then, who that lady is?"

"Oh, yes, as well as if I had known her ten years. She was a sister in a convent somewhere, and she fell in love with a man and eloped with him from the convent. The man was a French physician. She lived with him for three years, and then he left her."

Mr. Marcoy says that he was almost stupefied with amazement at hearing this statement.

"I'll tell you how it all happened," continued Miguel, "according to what the major domo told me."

So Miguel went on to repeat the story, which was to this effect. He gave the original baptismal name of the lady, and also her convent name, which was Sister Maria. While she was in the convent, he said, her health began to fail, and she seemed to be sinking into a decline. They sent for a physician to prescribe for her. He came to visit her regularly for some time, and she began gradually to improve in health. At length, one night, when the body of one of the nuns, who had died the day before from the effects of a malignant disease in one of her feet, was lying in the chapel ready for the funeral, which was to take place the next day, the convent took fire. The fire was extinguished, but not till after it had burned a considerable part of the convent, including a whole range of cells, in which that of Sister Maria was situated.

All the other nuns that occupied the range of cells, it seems, made their escape, but when they came the next morning to that of Sister Maria they found a charred and half-consumed body lying in it, from which they at once inferred that Sister Maria herself had been hemmed in by the smoke and the flames, and had perished. They took up the blackened remains and conveyed them to the chapel, intending to inter both bodies together, but they found to their astonishment that the body which had been left in the chapel had disappeared. In the course of the investigations which were at once made to discover the meaning of this mystery they found that the half-burned body was not that of Sister Maria at all, but of the nun that had died. They identified it by the foot, which, notwithstanding the effects of the fire, still retained traces of the original disease.

It was finally ascertained that Sister Maria, in connection with the physician, who had become her lover had planned an escape from the convent, and in order to conceal the fact of her flight, and thus preclude all idea of pursuit, she had contrived to remove the dead body to her own cell, in hopes that, being found there in a state too much disfigured to be recognized, it would be supposed that it was she herself that had perished. Having secretly made this arrangement she had then set the convent on fire and fled with her lover.

"At first," said Miguel, when he came to the end of his story, "I did not believe a word of what the major-domo had been telling me. I thought it was all the nonsense of a tipsy man. But he showed me a card which he said he found in a drawer, and which he said had upon it the name of the physician. I did not care about the card, for I could not read it, but I thought that perhaps you might like to see it, and so I noticed where he put it, and, as he and I slept in the same chamber, I watched my chance in the night and slipped the card into my pocket; and here it is."

So saying, he handed to Mr. Marcoy an old card containing the name of a physician of Lima, and the street and number where he lived.

Mr. Marcoy remembered that he had heard, some years before, the story, when in Lima, of the abduction of a nun from a convent by a young physician under circumstances precisely similar in its details to those which the major-domo had given; and he was convinced that the mysterious person to whose lonely retreat the chances of travel had brought him was no other than this unhappy nun, who had been enticed from her duty by the intoxication of love, and who was now doomed, after a brief interval of feverish and guilty pleasure, to a life which must consist of days of bitter remorse and anguish and unceasing apprehension, and nights of sorrow and tears. He pitied her most sincerely, for he regarded the impulse which is the cause of the ruin in many cases, as in this, as, after all, more of the nature of madness than crime. Indeed, he was not very far wrong in this idea. The wise man of ancient days who said that anger was a brief insanity might well have said the same of love.

Our traveler reflected sadly upon the unhappy fate of his new acquaintance, as he went on his way. But what he had learned of her guilt did not destroy his interest in her welfare, nor lessen his sympathy and pity for her in her sorrows. When he reached his home he took the little sprig—emblematical of the stricken heart—which he had carefully protected from injury during the journey, and mounting it with delicate care, he inclosed it in a case made of white satin, with edges trimmed with lace, to be preserved as a perpetual memorial of this strange adventure in the valleys of the Andes.

Redemption of Fractional Currency.

The Secretary of the Treasury proposes to Treasurer Spinner that hereafter when more than half of a note of mutilated currency is presented for redemption, the whole note be redeemed, and that whenever the portion presented is less than half the original size of the note, the whole be forfeited the Government. Gen. Spinner favors this proposition if the half or more of a note presented be an entirety, or in other words, be not pierced with fragments of other notes. The Secretary has also suggested that hereafter the Government assume the expense attending the expressage of as small sums as $100 in mutilated fractional currency. No decision has yet been reached.—*Wash. Star.*

The Growth of Nations.

The comparisons made at the close of the last decade by writers who deal in figures on a grand scale are favorable to the United States. In spite of immense losses, arising from internal conflicts and faults of administration, the balance has been steadily on our side. Prussia alone among civilized nations has had a career as prosperous and remarkable; and even Prussia has been free from the internal strife which has made the growth of this country slower than it should have been, and has imposed burdens entirely exceptional in the experience of modern nations. Since 1840 the population of the United States had advanced from eighteen to forty million; and since 1850, the estimated value of property from 6,000 millions to 13,000 millions. Of the other great nations, the United Kingdom rose in population to thirty-one millions, and France by the annexation of Nice and Savoy to thirty-eight millions,—since reduced by the losses of the war with Prussia and the alienation of the populous provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The German empire now takes the lead of European nations, with everything in its favor for many years to come. Before the great increase of national prestige which her military conquests gave her, Germany had securely laid the foundations of a great empire. The physical and moral condition of her people was everywhere improving. Education was almost universal. Her facilities of communication were not excelled by those of any other country except Belgium and England. Her internal commerce was admirably organized and growing from day to day with extraordinary rapidity. Her treasury was so well supplied that the loan authorized at the close of the war of 1866 remained a long time unused; while her people out of their ample resources not on greatly enlarged their own manufactures, and extended their own means of travel and commerce, but furnished hundreds of millions for like purposes to the United States. "Out of the shattered fragments," Mr. Carey wrote four years ago, "which lately passed with the world as Germany, there has already been created the most important empire in Europe; whose power for self defence is seen in the fact that.....the number of her young men who annually attain the age fitting them for military duty exceeds that of France by sixty-eight thousand, the mere surplus being sufficient for meeting the wants of war, should unfortunately at any time war be needed." War has since come, and the result corresponds to the prediction.

In speculating on the world's progress, the United States and Germany are nearly always placed side by side. It is only among ourselves that the growth of the nation, not in population and wealth only, but in the best elements of national character, is depreciated. There are quicksands under our feet and clouds over our heads, unquestionably. Six years in the life of a nation did not give time enough to recover from the consequences of a conflict which had been ripening since 1687. But we have passed the greatest danger in settling once for all time that the nation has power to defend itself. In comparison with the United States the German union is a crude and ill-assorted combination of states. Professor Seeley, looking over the world for an example for Europe, lately said to his London audience: "The American system may fail in a hundred points, but this does not prevent it from being gloriously successful as a federation. They have found a higher political unit for mankind; they have found a name greater than that of State; they have created a virtue beyond patriotism. That union of nations, which here is a wish, a Utopia, a religion, has advanced a great step towards practical reality on the other side of the Atlantic. There you have already what seems so chimerical here—States subsisting side by side as amicably as departments or counties; to protect frontiers like that of France no more need for a Metz or a Strasbourg than on the boundary of Middlesex and Hertfordshire; and in the budget of States as large as England no grant for a war establishment." To this union of nations, with resources not to be estimated, every other civilized nation is contributing. Whatever defects we ourselves find in the system, or in the way it is administered, it does not fail to furnish a comfortable shelter for its censors, and to attract a steadily increasing multitude from other nations to our shores.

Drinking Customs in Germany.

There is a very amusing letter in *Messager de Toulouse*, purporting to have been written by a French prisoner at Stargard, in Pomerania, wherein truth and fiction are mixed up in the most delightful manner. After holding up the mirror of her iniquities to all Germany, chiefly as regards the "abominable" treatment of the prisoners everywhere "who were beaten, kicked, ill-treated, insulted in every way," the letter winds up in this thoro