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THE NORMAN BARON.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying:
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.
In this fight was death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and *pater noster*
From the missal on his knees.
And amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells that from the neighboring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall the serf and vassal
Held, that night, the Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.
And so loud the Saxon gleeman
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.
Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"
And the lightning showed the painted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the abuddering baron,
"*Miserere Domine!*"

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.
All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Remorse spake more loud than passion,
And the truth were no disguise.

Every vassal of his manner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All these wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.
And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingled with the common dust:
But the good deed, through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

From the Revue du Monde Catholique.]

VALENTINE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

III.

It had been decided on the day of the modest betrothal, that the marriage of Alfred and Valentine should be celebrated a week after the Nativity of Our Lady in September, before the first fogs of autumn had tarnished the verdant woods, and before the vintagers had robbed the robust vines of their golden grapes on the slopes descending to the valley below. But autumn passed; the woods grew yellow and the leaves fell; the joyous shouts of the vintagers ceased to rejoice the hills, and the icy winds of winter blew over the blackened stones, without Valentine having sought her white marriage robes. Alas! it was a robe of mourning that covered her now, poor little one! She had again become an orphan; the sweet and careless happiness of the young daughter, the cherished child so tenderly protected, was all gone, destroyed for ever, for ever lost with the last swallows that fled from the woods with the first falling leaves. The most devoted care, the greatest affection and constancy, could not preserve to her this nervous and tender mother, whose life here below was sad enough, and whose death would have been sweet, had she not so felt for and trembled for her child. Her illness, however, had been long and courageously combatted, and for some time there was hope of triumph over the disease, until one day, when Valentine was absent on a pilgrimage to a neighboring chapel, a sudden hemorrhage set in, and Madame de Guers, feeling it necessary to use what strength she had left, sent for several papers, and with pain wrote for her adopted daughter directions which were not to be opened until a month after her death, when the first transports of grief were over.

The fatal moment then came, and by one of the last auroras of September, soft, fresh, and almost veiled, Valentine found herself on her knees by the bedside of the dying exchanging the last adieux with her tender benefactress, the devoted mother who, from her infancy, had so unceasingly studied her happiness. The poor child remembered no more; grief had completely prostrated her, and she forgot her own existence until one evening, returning to consciousness, she found herself clothed in deep black, and alone with Marianne, the old, and faithful servant, who wept low by her side and tried to console her. Then, M. Maubars and Alfred had come, and Valentine felt a secret consolation in the midst of her sadness. It was so sweet, so toning and strengthening, to know one's self still loved while circumstances had separated her from him upon whom she had lavished such a wealth of affection. It is true the consolations offered by the future father-in-law and betrothed were not of the highest order of morality, and not very profound perhaps, but they were truly affectionate and sincere—at least, Valentine thought so—so they had power to alleviate her grief and restore her heart's serenity.

"What would you my child? We are all mortal," said the future papa. "But we can still console ourselves and live almost happy in the love of the friends that remain to us."

Alfred did not even say as much but he looked at her tenderly, with a gentle expression of interest and pity; he quietly took the little white and thin hand that lay languidly on her black drapery, and pressed it between his own while he murmured:

"Poor dear Valentine! Poor friend so dearly loved." And these simple words, this look, this affectionate gesture from the friend of her childhood, seemed to open to the heart-broken young girl a new treasure of hope and consolation.

The days, however, rolled on: grief was not less profound, less constant, or less bitter, but it became necessarily more contained, more resigned, was borne more valiantly in secret, giving place to austere duties, the serious preoccupations of life. The time came, naturally when business had to be spoken of to Valentine. Until then, with respect for her grief and her weakness, they had spared her every proposition, every discussion on the subject.

"I will do all that is necessary," murmured the poor child. So they told her she must assist at the opening of the will, which would take place by the notary, in presence of authorized witnesses.

The solemn assembly, therefore, convened on a cold morning of November in the large parlor of the house. A biting and mournful wind shook the windows, and threw against them in disorder the last leaves of the lindens that on the day of the betrothal had balanced so joyously their green perfumed crowns above the gladdened heads of Valentine, her companions, and her betrothed. The last wishes of Madame de Guers, were expressed in a manner at once neat and concise. Her little capital of 40,000 francs, placed in rentes on the state, and her house, with all its dependencies were willed by her to her dear pupil, Valentine Vaudrey, in default of direct inheritors from her own family or from that of her husband. The assistants knew in advance the tenor of the will; nevertheless, after its reading they hastened to congratulate the poor heiress, now overwhelmed in tears.

"Dear good madame knew you well, and she was not wrong," said the old and honest Marianne, with a convinced air.

"My dear child, hereafter you are quite at home," added M. Maubars, as he pressed with lively affection the little white hand, quite dampened with tears.

The notary, however, made a gesture with his hand to reclaim still some moments of silence. "The reading of the papers establishing the last wishes of the defunct is not yet completed, gentlemen," added he, in a grave and measured voice. "I have in my hand a letter written by my respectable client fifteen days before her death, and addressed to her pupil, Mlle. Valentine Vaudrey. Mlle. Valentine will be kind enough to take notice, conjointly with myself and M. the President of the Tribunal or M. the Justice of the Peace, if these last recommendations are not to be considered as bearing upon her affairs."

Valentine, drying her eyes, raised her pale, noble forehead, and tried to collect her voice, that trembled greatly.

"My good Monsieur Morin, read the letter," said she, "I pray you. My dear and best friend had no secrets to confide to me, I am sure, and her last wishes should be respected and known by all."

The notary bowed and broke the seal. With one look he glanced through the writing, and a shade of surprise and anxiety was depicted on his face. Valentine, disquieted in turn, advanced gently, and extended her hand toward the paper.

"Of what is the subject sir?" she asked.

"Business; only business my dear young lady," stammered the good Mr. Morin in an embarrassed tone.

"Then read it aloud, I pray you, sir," said the young girl, tranquil, resolved, and suddenly reassured.

The notary then slowly unfolded the paper, put on his spectacles, and began his reading in the midst of a profound silence, and perhaps anxiety, that reigned just then among the little assembly.

"My dearly beloved Valentine," said the noble woman dead, "forgive me if I open my heart to you, and if, in giving up what has been, after you, the joy and consolation of my existence, I leave you perhaps serious duties, real and profound anxiety. My will, as you no doubt have learned, makes you the one and only heiress to the modest sum I feel so happy to be able to leave you. But you know, my poor dear child, I have besides undertaken, and you know with what end, a work of mercy that I wished to succeed and prosper a long time, even when my presence and aid would have, by the will of God, been withdrawn from my poor old *proteges*. This charitable foundation has been for me the object of grave and disquieting cares, that till now, I have never found necessary to confide to you. I have just learned that the proprietor of the building that shelters my poor old pensioners, having some speculation in view, has decided to take possession of it, and its dependencies himself, or will only permit me to retain it under conditions too exacting to be in harmony with my slender resources. Many people of judgment whom I have consulted have all counselled me to choose another abode and there install my pensioners, If I had found myself, as formerly, alone in the world, I should not have hesitated to do so: but to find a suitable house and pay several debts of my poor little hospital—for times have not been good for a few years past—I should have had to have laid out at least twenty thousand francs, almost the half of my present fortune; and could I deprive you of so important a sum—you, my best loved and only heiress, who cannot have the same reasons for being interested in the existence of the work, and therefore its continuation?

"This idea has not seemed possible to me, my dear child; therefore I have made no reserves, no stipulations in the interests of my poor old dependants, leaving it to your reason not less than to your generous heart, to decide what you find best to do. Perhaps the advice, the support of the new family into which you are going to enter, of my good friend M. Maubars, whom I have always known so loyal and just, will be at your service, and, without impoverishing yourself, you can aid these whom I have always wished so much to see prosper. Take advice, then, of these friends, my daughter, consult your own faculties, your strength, and, above all, do not precipitate anything. It would have been too painful for me to have died in the thought of relinquishing this work which has been so dear and consoling, therefore I speak to you of it to-day, confident you will understand me in this as in everything else. But, in any event, I hope that Providence will continue to watch over this modest foundation for His glory, and whatever you decide to do, my good and tender child, be assured you will have my approval and my blessing.

"Farewell, joy and consolation of my old years, sweetness of my life, my dear daughter. I will not forget you in the presence of my God, if he will deign to hear my prayers."

Thus the letter finished, and the sad and continued voice of M. Morin, which seemed to die out in murmurs, was only replied to by the long and bitter sobs of Valentine.

At the end, the young girl, trembling and half-tranquilized, approached the notary, turned toward him her mild countenance, where a timid smile of gratitude and tenderness already commenced to shine as a fugitive and light ray in the midst of her tears.

"Monsieur Morin, in four months I will be twenty-one," said she. "Perhaps the proprietor of the asylum will wait till then. I shall be free then, will I not, to give the twenty thousand francs necessary for the purchase of the house?"

A profound silence, soon interrupted by a feeble murmur, greeted at first these words of the orphan. M. Maubars rose from his chair, shrugged his shoulders slightly, approached her, and took her hand with a benevolent and paternal smile.

"Permit me, my dear child," said he. "You are not—my worthy and respectable friend knew it well—quite competent to decide in matters of business, and you had better I think——"

"You think perhaps I would do better to install the poor women in this dear old house," interrupted the generous girl, with her sad and sweet smile. "Monsieur Maubars, I love it too much, this humble abode, too much in truth, I have in it so many sweet recollections and have passed here so many happy days of infancy. But my poor dear mamma would perhaps be happier to know her old friends lodged and sheltered here, in her own house. So I am quite ready to give it up to them if you think it right quite suitable."

"But no, no, dear good Valentine," replied the prudent papa, with a very embarrassed air. "My child, you well understand, questions of sentiment should never interfere with those of business. Think, by abandoning this little property, or its equivalent sum, you give up in reality one-third of your dowry—a dowry, permit me to say too, without any grudge, that is already not the most considerable. Think that all prudent people would endeavor to disassociality free to accomplish a sacrifice so important and to the detriment of your future family."

Ah! poor Valentine! had she ever expected such a declaration? At first she listened calmly, then smiled; then as she comprehended these words, than came like a thunderbolt upon her in all their cruelty, her paleness disappeared and gave place to a quick and glowing redness; then this in turn vanished, and she remained cold and white as a marble statue. Then a ray of indignation and grief glanced from her pure eyes, but compressing, however, the sudden bearing of her heart, palpitating and growing colder every instant, she replied, still in an uncertain and timid voice, with a firm and serious accent, but caressing and affectionate:

"Free, did you say, my good Monsieur Maubars? Do you not mistake me? Should I not be always free to accomplish my duty, the last wishes of my mother?"

"But allow me . . . distinguish," repeated the future father-in-law, alarmed but yet not discouraged. "There is an imprudent and rash liberty, my dear young lady, and one that is provident and wise. You see yourself that your tender and generous protectress orders nothing, and asks nothing of you. She simply engages you to seek for the best advice of those who are interested in your happiness, in your future destiny, mine amongst others, my dear child. And you know well I am disposed to act toward you as an old friend, as your father. I have a great influance in benevolent societies, am a member of several; nothing easier for me to tranquilize you on the subject of your old women than to make out a little account of the actual state of things, with a few words of my own observation, and have them received without any delay or trouble into the hospital for incurables in this department. In this way, my dear Valentine, you see all can be arranged for the best. You will be relieved from all inquietude as to the fate of the *protegees* of the excellent Madame de Guers; your little fortune will not be compromised; exempted from every care, free from obligations, you can consecrate your entire time to your duties, to the affections that await you in your new family."

Valentine listened to every word, her eyes fixed, her lips immovable. But from time to time a deeper and more sombre shade spread over her eyes, an expression more desolate fixed itself on her lips. When the caressing and persuasive voice of her future father-in-law ceased to be heard, she sadly bent her head and replied:

"Alas! Monsieur Maubars, I see we can never again understand each other. I am not free, as you appear to think. What my dear and worthy protectress would have done, I must do for her."

"But, my child, reflect; you cannot sacrifice your little fortune."

"And this fortune, to whom do I owe it, then—I, a poor, abandoned orphan, who, without the generous protection of this inestimable friend, would have been sent in years gone by where you would place these poor infirm people—in a hospital. Oh! my good Monsieur Maubars, if my benefactress had in dying left some debt of honor that I should pay, would you advise me to cancel the obligation—you who are so just and honorable?"

"But, my dear young lady, the case is different; your excessive delicacy leads you astray."

"It is only different in one respect: it is more grave and solemn. This is a sacred debt that Madame de Guers has contracted towards God and towards the poor, to satisfy the yearning of her soul. To-day this debt is transmitted to me. I recognize it; I receive it with the rest of her heritage; I promise to use, if necessary, all my resources, all my time, all my strength to pay it as I *should*."

The young girl, pale though resolute, rose in pronouncing these words, and extended her little hand, that had ceased to tremble, as if she called upon all the strangers assembled to witness her irrevocable decision, her generous determination. The old frequenters of the mansion could scarcely recognize her; she seemed to have grown taller, ripened in a moment, and was transfigured. Her former sweetness, so timid and charming, did not abandon her, but there mingled in it an expression of invincible courage and inflexible integrity; the weak and feeble child had disappeared, and in her place appeared a woman—loyal, intrepid, resigned, ready for every devotion, for every sacrifice, even of the oldest and most cherished affections of her heart.

M. Maubars was undeceived; it was with an expression evidently of extreme surprise and marked discontent that he fell back a few steps and bent his whitened head: "I persist in hoping, mademoiselle, that you will still reflect," said he, in a tone impressed with remarkable coldness. "Otherwise, you understand, without doubt, our projects must undergo some modification. Consider that such obstinacy on your part is a most unhappy precedent for the well being and peace of your future household."

At this brutal menace, at this the saddest moment, perhaps, of her life, Valentine became still paler and her look more sombre, but she neither trembled nor flinched, accepting without a murmur and in silence all the bitterness of the duty she had embraced. Only, by an old and tender habit of childhood, with the remains of a hope perhaps, her gaze, more eloquent and earnest than ever, was fixed upon Alfred—the friend, the betrothed, whom, for so long a time, she had been accustomed to consult in any sadness or disquietude. But Alfred, before the mute anguish of this regard was not moved. He bore with his father an air of gravity and dissatisfaction.

"I am sure you will reflect upon this, Valentine," he simply said. "You see my father counsels you as a true friend, having only in view your happiness and the preservation of your fortune."

Then Valentine turned slowly and sadly, without allowing a single tear to escape her, or a single sob that was then swelling in her breast.

"My good Monsieur Morin, my resolution is taken," said she, her voice at first trembling, but becoming steadier as she spoke. "All the reflections I could make would only serve to show me my duty, more distinct, more exact, more sacred. In two months, if you wish, we will hear what property had better be sold, and choose a suitable abode for our asylum. . . . Now, gentlemen, our council is ended, I believe. . . . I thank you one and all for having accorded me your advise and the support of your presence.

All the assistants understood that the courageous young girl must be left alone to suffer, alone to weep. They rose simultaneously, bowed to her profoundly with admiration and respect, and went out. Alfred wore already a resigned look of sadness, and M. Maubars betrayed his irritation in his brusque movements and unsteady walk. The echoes of their steps died in the distance, and around the orphan in her mourning reigned only solitude and silence.

"It is all over; they have said it," she murmured then, and let fall the pent-up tears. "But no! it was to be. . . . I wished it also. It was my duty—why could he not so understand it? Oh! Adeline told me the truth, God is good to have enlightened me while I am still single and free. Poor mamma, you could not imagined this. So much the better, for you would have wept so bitterly."

Speaking thus, she wept and wept, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break. The hours flew by, night came, and the November rain fell on the window, the November wind shook the shutters in the little parlor, formerly so tightly closed, so bright, and peopled with good friends, but now so solemn and deserted, and where the orphan alone must suffer and weep.

IV.

Valentine held firm to her resolution; her soul, so loyal and pure, was of those where the courage of devotion and the love of duty accomplished united to double the price of the humble virtues, submission, gentleness and tenderness. To a very polite and respectful letter from Alfred, in which the young man begged her to let him know if she still persisted in her intentions; she replied in simple terms, releasing him from his engagement, and telling him that henceforward she would devote herself to the austere and honorable task bequeathed her by her adopted mother. Notwithstanding her orders to the contrary, one of her best friends forced her way into the house, no doubt with good intentions. It was the lively and joyous Adeleine de Malers, in whom, in spite of much prudence and worldly experience, tenderness and benevolence were not wanting, and who would sincerely have not wanting, and who would sincerely have desired to conquer what she considered the obstinacy and blindness of her poor dear friend. Adeline took care to bring precious arguments with her to plead the important marriage cause: she led her two dear little children by the hand, with their innocent babbling and sweet smiles, the source of so much delight and maternal felicity. However, Valentine did not yield; her soul was steeped and her resolution strengthened by the secret prayers and solitude of her affliction.

"My dear," said Adeline to her at the end of her arguments, "if you grow poor by this foolish liberality, and if, half-ruined, you are obliged to give up M. Alfred Maubars, you will be an old maid, I warn you."

"I have always been a happy young girl, I can be a calm and contented old maid. Happiness has no age," replied Valentine, with her calm and tender smile.

"My dear, the obliged are generally ungrateful; gratitude from the poor is a rare and uncertain commodity."

"I knew it, but the satisfaction of an accomplished duty is immense, and the graces of God infinite. Besides, I shall be so happy to realize the intentions and to continue the work of my mother, who is in heaven."

Adeline shrugged her shoulders with a gesture of impatience. "But your poor old folks won't live for ever, and when the last one has disappeared, your work will be finished, and you will be alone. Besides, in devoting yourself in the flower of your years to their catarrhs and their rheumatisms, do you know, my poor child, what you renounce and what you lose? Come here, Bertha, my treasure; kiss me, Max, you dear little angel. Look at them now, you wicked little obstinate one, and tell me, as you examine them well, if all the happiness, all the glory of a woman, does not consist in raising, caring for, and cherishing such charming little loves."

At these words Valentine drew the little ones to her, kissed each of their pretty white foreheads, and laid her hand gently on their blonde heads, for she had at heart that tender and deep love of children that God has given innocent young girls, in order that one day their most holy duty may become their truest and sweetest happiness. And for an instant, perhaps, the caressing look that she fixed upon them became more tender, deeper, and more tearful; she stooped then a moment toward the earth, then resumed her serenity, and replied peaceably and with resignation: "God has given me my children—children, Adeline, who have great need of me, for they are suffering, poor and feeble. Besides, my good friend, when the last of these poor old people shall have gone, there will remain to me the foundation, the hospital. I will open it then to real children, to young and poor orphans. In this way I too will have *my family—my family* blessed by God."

"It is fanaticism truly, and I begin to despair of your future, my dear friend," cried Adeline, surprised and discontented to find her overtures so energetically repulsed. "But then, why do you persist in remaining in the world, that will only have, believe me, disdain for your heroism, coldness and raillery for your generous devotion? Why do you not at once adopt the cornet and serge of the Sister of Charity?"

"Because, thus far, God has not so commanded me," replied the courageous child, modest and resigned. "My duty lies near these old women; here my place is marked out; I have nothing else to do but understand, adore and obey. And since I have friends among my people, I esteem and love them also. Why should these friends abandon me because a sacred duty claims a portion of my time and my strength, and I must consecrate myself to it? My destiny is no doubt changed, but my heart will never change, and from those I should have loved my memory will never be detached; no rival affection will banish their remembrance, and for them always I shall be Valentine."

Adeline took leave soon after, half-angry, half-impressed, declaring she could understand nothing of the character of such an obstinate girl, who could hide such real perversity, such inexplicable tenacity, under a manner so timid and so gentle. After her departure, the pupil of Madame de Guers read for the last time the solemn message to Alfred, and finished the reply she had already commenced. Not a tear sullied the page whereon slowly and courageously she traced her farewell. Not a start of tenderness or grief agitated the poor little white hand that so heroically sealed the decree of separation, renunciation and forgetfulness. Only when she had finished, when there was nothing more to propose or hope for, when the old Marianne, carrying the letter, had disappeared in the fog, near the neighboring quay, she gently approached with her eyes full of tears, the chimney where the noble and tender face of her second mother, the friend of her youthful years, smiled on her, as if to encourage her, from under her light glass covering. Before she pressed her trembling lips on the little portrait, she smiled sweetly through her tears.

"It is all finished, mamma," murmured she. "I will do as you would—hereafter live only for God and for his poor. You have told me more than once that such is the lot of the elect. I believe you, dear mamma; I love you and I bless you."

And as the choice of the young girl was made, she lived, as she had said, devoted and valiant, active and resigned. The notary soon came to the conclusion, and made it known to her, that all her resources would be needed for the support of her old people. But what would she have done all alone in the dear old house, much too large for her by herself, and so full of remembrances rendered so bitter in silence and solitude? Valentine understood what she had to do, and easily resigned herself. The old and peaceable abode, a little enlarged, received on one story the old pensioners of the little hospital, while the young protectress reserved on another her bedroom, her little parlor and her library—a modest apartment filled with pious relics and sweet and humble souvenirs. And from this moment her life was entirely consecrated to her retreat, to God and the poor from this moment, too, she openly relinquished all hope of any new situation, any other destiny, and the circle of friends and acquaintances of the little town of C—— ceased to include her among the marriageable.

In obscure cares, in constant labor, in hidden devotions, passed the days, sped the years, and robbed her of her youth. But peace remained, because she was content to establish her abode in the shadow of a Christian roof, and in the true love of grateful hearts. It is true—though some of our readers may be permitted to doubt it—that a peace the sweetest, the most delightful, the most constant and the most sure does not depend on what excites and passes so quickly from earth, but on the true, salutary and Christian manner in which the soul, wise and resigned, puts itself in harmony with the exigencies of its destiny and the will of its God. Valentine felt this early, and from that time experienced it always. The serene tranquility of her heart, humble in its desires and contented in its destiny, was never overshadowed by a cloud; it stood proof against any shock, even on the day when, having finished the reading of the scriptures to the old Genevieve, she heard in the street, quite close to her, a great noise of carriages, rolling joyously towards the church, from which resounded the sounds of a *fete*, and, looking out of the window to ascertain the cause of the tumult, she saw in the first of the carriages, ornamented with wedding favors, bouquets and ribbons, two friends of her childhood, the betrothed of that day, Albert Maubars and Rosine Martin. There passed over her face a calm smile, vague and almost dreaming; then a fixed and disturbed look, for at the bottom of the page, as she read, were these words, "*It is not good for man to be alone.*"

But almost immediately resounded in her ears the caressing and infantine voices of childhood, those of two little orphans, her cherished dependants, who had taken the place of Babet and Manon, dead full of years, and now quietly reposing in their graves. At the joyous call Valentine was once more herself, and, with a calm smile, bending her head as if she recognized her error, she said, "Yes, indeed, it would be sad to be alone, but those are never so who know how to love. Dear mamma told me so, and well she knew what she said. Come Marie, come Louisette, let me say the *Angelus* with you." The little ones approached, knelt down, and she laid her hands on their heads, and kissed their browned foreheads. And before she made the sign of the cross she regarded them earnestly, and with a joyful, softened, peaceable and triumphant gaze, even an expression of indifference and forgetfulness to the carriage that was rolling towards the church, and she rose at last full of gratitude and love of benediction and prayer, and lifted her eyes to the clear and blue heaven that caressed her with its gold-lit rays.

THE END.

HEALTH AND TALENT.—It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, the unthinking confidence inspired by these, and, though having but a thimbleful of brains, he will either blunder upon success or set failure at defiance. It is true, especially in this country, that the number of centaurs in every community—of men in whom heroic intellects are allied with bodily constitutions tough as those of horses—is small; that, in general, a man has reason to think himself as well off in the lottery of life, if he drew the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach. But of the two, a weak mind in a herculean frame is better than a giant mind in a crazy constitution, A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy. The first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal. In any of the learned professions, a vigorous constitution is equal to at least fifty per cent. more brain. Wit, judgment, imagination, eloquence, all the qualities of the mind, attain thereby a force and splendor to which they could never approach without it. But intellect in a weak body is "like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket." A mechanic may have tools of the sharpest edge and highest polish; but what are these without a vigorous arm and hand? Of what use is it that your mind has become a vast granary of knowledge, if you have not strenght to turn the key?—*Getting on in the World.*

CLEANING FEATHERS.—How shall we renovate old feathers, and also clean old ticks? This inquiry I have seen in the papers. My way is this:—In June, when the weather portends a heavy shower of rain, I lay the feather tick on the lawn or clean grass, and smooth it over evenly. One-half hour's heavy rain will clean one side of a badly soiled tick, unless there be greasy spots. In this case I take a pail of hot suds, put it on the spots, brush them, and let the rain rinse it out. I then turn it over and serve the other side the same. If the shower should be of short duration, I put the bed out in the next rain. To dry the bed, lay up the tick on slat work, clean rails, or something of the kind. If the feathers are much wet, so much the better. When drying, shake up, beat with light rods, pick up lumps if there be any. When the bed is dry, the tick will be clean, and the feathers almost as good as new. Some of our beds have been used thirty years. I have lain them in the rain every Summer; they are now clean and good. It takes but a short time to dry the bed, but when it is dry to appearance, it is not at all fit to sleep on, but should be laid on an empty bedstead, a month or more, with the windows up. This caution may be unnecessary as no wise head sleeps on feathers in Summer.

As for the labor, I had rather clean five beds in the rain than one in the way generally recommended—that is, by pouring the feathers from the tick on a sheet in an empty room (when there is an empty room in the house), washing the tick, stirring up the feathers thoroughly, returning to the tick, and laying in the sun for several days turning and beating up often.—*M. D. E., in Western Rural.*

A sportsman in Springfield, Mass., went out for a day's shooting not long since, and mistaking a hornet's nest for a gray squirrel, he fired at and brought it down. Then, like the proud shootist that he was, he went for to bag his game. He picked it up, but he somehow dropped it again as though it was hot. He went home with one eye open and more cheek than a lightening rod man.—*Danbury News.*

One great excellence of religion, above all the Religion of the Cross, is that it raises patience first into a virtue and next into a hope. Forget the doctrine of another life, of requital hereafter, of the smile of a Father upon our sufferings and trials in our ordeal here, and what becomes of patience? But without patience, what is man?

DON'T KNOW WHICH.—A young man who went West from Danbury a few months ago, has sent only one letter home. It came Friday. It said "Send me a wig." His fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married.

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REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
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Prompt attention paid to Purchasing and Selling of Property, Collecting Rents, etc.
Rent Bulletin issued daily.
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Personal attention given to any City Property put in our hands. oc8 72 1y

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FURNISHING GOODS,
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THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE C'O
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR,
CONSTITUTED BY THE HOMES OF THE PEO LE
RECEIVED THE
Great Award of the Highest Sales,
And have left all rivals far behind them, which is due to the SUPERIORITY OF THE SINGER MACHINE over all others.
The Returns of the Twenty-Five different Sewing Machine Companies, for the year 1871, show the
Number of Machines Sold to be . . 610,194
Of which the Singer sold 181,260
NEARLY ONE-THIRD OF THE TOTAL NUMBER SOLD.
The CHICAGO RELIEF COMMITTEE'S RETURNS show a like result,
Out of 2941 Machines Furnished, 2427 were Singer Machines.
The Applicant in every case designated the kind of Machine desired.
There are now 800,000 Singer Sewing Machines in Daily Use.
EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.
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MACHINE TWIST, of all colors, and on all size spools JOHN CLARK JR. & CO.'S COTTON, on black spools, at wholesale and retail,
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GENERAL SOUTHERN AGENTS,
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Under Murphy's Hotel, New Orleans.
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Between Carondelet and St. Charles, New Orleans.
Boots and Shoes made to order at the shortest notice.
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FASHIONABLE HAT AND CAP STORE,
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Bewtween St. Charles and Carondelet, New Orleans.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of FINE HATS of the latest style. Alfo, Silk and Cassimere Hats.
Children's Fancy CAPS. ja21 72 1y

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Gives special attention to saving of the natural teeth.
Artificial Teeth inserted with or without extracting the roots. Prices within the reach of all.
Teeth extracted without pain. oc13 72 1y

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The house has been thoroughly repaired and fitted up in first-class style
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All the luxuries of the season, such as OYSTERS, FISH, GAME, etc., will be served up in the best style.
The best of WINES and LIQUORS always on hand.
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