SOUTH-EASTERN INDEPENDENT.

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Poetry.

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,
For the toiling day is done,
And the gray and solemn twilight
Follows down the golden sun.
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusky casement,
Creep around the fire-lit room.
Draw the curtain, close the shutters,
Place the slippers by the fire;
Though the rude wind loudly mutters,
What care we for wind-sprite's ire?

What care we for outward seeming?
Fickle Fortune's frown or smile?
If around us love is beaming,
Love can human ills beguile!
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king,
All are quaffing from life's chalice
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing, music flowing
From the lips we love the best;
Oh, the joy, the bliss of knowing
There are hearts whereon to rest!

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
While grim care and haunting sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of daylight,
Sadness haunt the midnight hour,
But the weird and witching twilight
Brings the glowing heartstone's dower.
Altar of our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well-remembered shrine!
Spirit-yearnings—soul-revealings—
Wreaths immortal round thee twine.

RIVER OF LIFE.

BY S. P.

There is a stream whose waters lave
In gentle flow, or swelling wave,
The face of every land,
And tiny boatlets hither go,
And thither, 'mid the ceaseless flow
That eddys o'er the strand.

Not ocean depth, nor mountain height,
Nor silent vale, nor desert blight,
Excludes its fiery beat;
Where'er the blessed sunlight falls,
Or eve to deeper nightshade calls,
Its countless currents meet.

The peasant hamlet—'neath the brow
Of Alpine cliff, 'mid crad'ling snow,
Its sparkling waters bless;
The Arab tent, within the shade
Of tow'ring palm; the everglade,
All feel its loveliness.

River of Life! Thy pulses sound
With measured throb, on either bound
Of ever-moving Time.
In Paradise thy utmost verge!
And ever since thy rolling surge
Hath sought a heavenly clime.

O! River, sweet! on thy dear breast
Bear thou thy children home to rest
From ev'ry earthly ill;
That on the banks of heavenly streams,
Where Life and Love give fuller gleams,
They drink eternal fill.

Miscellaneous.

Don't Tell Betsey Jane.

"AND for your life, don't tell Betsey Jane!"

Mr. Nicodemus Harding, having uttered this caution in a low, earnest tone of voice, alighted from a Concord wagon in front of his own farm-house door, and stood there a few minutes in a brown study, watching the figure of his brother-in-law and the lawyer, as he drove back towards the village of W——, whence the two men had just come."

"Don't tell Betsey Jane!"

Now, Betsey Jane was Mr. Nicodemus Harding's wife, a stirring, notable soul, who made more butter and cheese, and took more eggs and fowls to market in the course of a season, than any other woman for miles around. Strong, healthy and hearty, she made the housework fly, to use her own energetic expression; and if Nicodemus Harding owned his farm that day, and was well-to-do, in fact a rich man to boot, it was owing in no small measure to the skill and energy, and general go-a-headativeness of his Betsey Jane. What was it, then, that the ungrateful man was not about to tell her?

"It would never do, never!" thought Nicodemus to himself, shaking his head. "She'd be wanting a new carpet, or a new silk gown, or the house all painted over, or some such nonsense. No, the woman is the weaker vessel; it won't do to trust one too far. Their heads won't bear it."

So Mr. Nicodemus passed through the house, and out toward the barn, with the pre-occupied air of a hen who has an egg to lay, and don't know where she can hide it from the eyes of mankind to the best advantage. The kitchen was empty and silent as he went through it. But oh! if he could have seen the buxom, good-looking female who stole silently out of the pantry, and as silently followed him on his way toward the barn.

Mrs. Harding came back in about twenty minutes or so, with a face red from suppressed laughter.

"Don't tell Betsey Jane," she said, giggling into her gingham apron. "You are a very smart man, Nicodemus, and my brother, Tim Noyes, is another, and a lawyer in the bargain. Don't tell Betsey Jane, indeed! Two wretches, you deserve all you'll get, pretty soon!"

Betsey Jane said no more, but bided her time. A week passed away, and then brother Tim's wagon drove up again to the door, and Nicodemus stepped into it, and was off to the village once more. Betsey Jane had asked in vain to go.

Nicodemus was bound on business—"business which a woman could not understand," he loftily exclaimed. He, lord and master, well out of sight, Betsey Jane went about that business a woman could not understand, with a merry twinkle in her bright black eyes.

At 4 p. m., Nicodemus returned home again, looking quite as important as before. He tiptoed along through the kitchen, Betsey Jane watching him from the corner of her eye all the while. He passed out into the shed. A fragrant smell of smoke came forward to greed him—an odor of burning corn cobs gradually curing ham. Nicodemus turned deathly pale, and ran frantically forward to a large fire smoldering in the ash-house, and a large ham or two covered over by blankets, hanging placidly there. The yell he gave brought Betsey Jane from the house instanter, to find Nicodemus grovelling before the ash-house door, weeping and wailing and tearing his hair, and uttering yell after yell of despair.

"Why, bless me! what's the matter? Are you in a fit? Let me run for the camphor," shrieked Betsey Jane.

"Camphor! Bring arsenic! Bring poison of some kind—poison!" yelled Nicodemus frantically.

"Woman, you've ruined me! Twelve thousand dollars in government bonds did I put in that ash-hole for safety just a week ago, and now you've gone and burned them to cook that cussed bacon. Pison! Pison! Pison! And let me get out of the dreary world."

"Oh—so that was what you were not going to tell Betsey Jane! Arn't you ashamed of yourself, Nicodemus Harding?"

Nicodemus could not answer. He laid prostrate in the ashes and howled.

"Get up and don't be a fool!" said Betsey Jane amiably. "I heard you and brother Tim conspiring at the door that day, and I watched you go to the ash-hole, and soon found out what you had hid away there. Woman is the weaker vessel, no doubt, but she don't put twelve thousand dollars where the first match that comes handy can burn it up! Here are the bonds, Nicodemus—for ten thousand. I've kept two for my honesty."

Poor Nicodemus! He gathered himself up out of the ashes, and took his bonds—what was left of them. He rather thinks it pays best, on the whole now, to tell Betsey Jane.

WHEN making playful contracts, adjustable many years ahead, with very young ladies, gentlemen will do well to call in a competent arithmetician before closing the bargain, and have the possible results properly figured up. Here, for illustration, is Miss Susie Evans, of Bainbridge, who sues Curtis Cooper, of Guilford, Conn., on a contract made fifteen years ago, by which Mr. Cooper agreed to give Miss Evans one ewe lamb and its increase until she was twenty-one years of age, in consideration of a gold watch-key. The suit is brought to recover the sheep or its equivalent. The evidence showed that the increase was to be in ewe lambs, and that the natural increase of a flock of sheep would double every year. According to this estimate, Miss Susie would have at the end of fifteen years 16,064 ewe lambs. The justice declined to give judgment for so large a number, because, he said, he was afraid Miss Evans wouldn't be able to find pasturage for so many.

THE MAGNIFICENT.

IN the ancient Roman city of Bath, about the end of the last century, while it still retained much of the fashion and celebrity it had reached in the days of Beau Nash, the frequenters of the pump-room and the balls were divided into two rival factions, and long and fierce were their quarrels over the topic of dissension. This was neither more nor less than the not inappropriate one of the merits of two rival doctors, who divided between them the smiles and guineas of the *elite* of Bath. Dr. Heathcote, the senior of the two, long ruled over the internal economy of the upper class of patients with undisputed sway. He was a handsome, dapper, dignified, well-dressed and well-spoken little gentleman, with undeniable manners, silk stockings and shirt frill. Among the dowagers his word was law. At whist or piquet he was an oracle, and not unfrequently the younger ladies would confide to his safe ear and kindly counsels maladies of the heart. If he did bow a little low to a baronet, and still lower to a coronet, it was his only foible; and as this was part of his professional manner, it was pardonable and not unpopular.

The reign of this Æsculapian potentate was at last rudely disturbed by the arrival of a pretender to the throne. Where Dr. Lenoir came from, who he was, or where he had previously practiced, no one knew, or, to tell the truth, had ever ventured to ask. He was a man of immense frame, over six feet in height, with a large head, black eyes, and a good-tempered, sanguine complexion. He had commenced his Bath career by becoming the tenant of a large house on the outskirts of the town, which rumor said was used as a lunatic asylum. But he made his appearance in the pump-room and the evening recreations, and, as he proved to be a man of wit and information, soon became a favorite with the lounging society of the place. Even in his most familiar moods, however, he had something formidable about him. No coxcomb ventured to ask him questions, and he assumed a quiet superiority which was only not galling because it was so thoroughly good-tempered.

With his patients he was exactly the reverse of the reigning sovereign. He was gruff to the great, kindly to the poor, to children gentle as a woman. Rules of practice he set entirely at defiance, and was said by his enemies to toss up for each case whether he could kill or cure. Cure, however, he did many cases apparently hopeless, and by devoting much care, and soothing the suffering he could not cure, and making the approaches of death less agonizing, he earned the gratitude of surviving relatives. Such were the rivals, for whom the card tables of Bath waged war.

The rivals themselves were sworn brothers. Dr. Heathcote at first was scornful, and then was testy; but he could not resist the spell which Dr. Lenoir seemed to wield; and although at consultation and on professional visits he wore his dignified sneer with due propriety, many a hand at piquet did he hold with brother physician, and when none was by to see or hear, would make his old consulting-room ring with laughter at the exuberant humor of his companion. Lenoir, on the other hand, bowed in public, with the modesty of a younger man, to the more mature practitioner, and assumed his place with so much kind-hearted deference that the other was entirely disarmed. But a kind of undefined pomp followed his footsteps. In the pump-room and at the balls he had a chosen place which no one ever usurped; and he went by the name of "Doctor Magnificus," which, contracted by the unlearned into *The Magnificent*, was his ordinary title.

Dr. Lenoir had been about three years at Bath, when the events happened of which I am about to speak. Little more was known of him then than when he first arrived. It was known he was unmarried; but he was plainly not a marrying man He flirted in his good-humored way with all the pretty girls, but it was evidently flirtation of society, not of the heart. It was also certain, by his style of living, that he was in easy circumstances, and that he had resources other than his profession. The only instance when he ever unbent from his superb demeanor was when in company with Mrs. DeGrey, an exceedingly beautiful and attractive woman, who, with her husband and two young children, had lived for more than a year at Bath. Dr. Lenoir plainly admired her very much.

Colonel DeGrey was a good-looking man, with a military air, and manners which bespoke knowledge of the world. He was not a favorite, for his demeanor was reserved to the crowd, although, when at his ease, he could converse with animation, and was well read and well traveled. But his wife was all that was charming. Lively, spirited, kindly and thoroughly true, without a dash of self conceit, or a thought of evil; ready in repartee, sparkling in small talk, but with an ever open heart and hand for real sorrow, she was the joy of all who knew her; and very honestly distressed were the pump-room gossips when they heard that Mrs. DeGrey was seriously ill.

Col. DeGrey affected Lenoir's society much, for his powers of conversation were remarkable, and they had many tastes in common. But when his wife was taken ill, he sent for Dr. Heathcote, to the amusement of Bath scandal-mongers, who set it down to a slight infusion of jealousy. Now and then, as Lenoir stood leaning like a Hercules against his accustomed pillar, some wag, who thought himself privileged, launched a shaft at him with this barb to it; but Lenoir, without the slightest discomposure, or even alluding to the gibe, shot back some sarcastic remark on his assailant, which made him tingle to the tips of his fingers. But he inquired with real solicitude of Dr. Heathcote as to his patient's health.

"To tell you the truth, my dear fellow," said Heathcote one day, "I wish they would call you in. Of course, you know, I cannot ask for a consultation with a junior; but I wish they would pay me off and take you. I am fairly puzzled; and all the medicines I have given her seem to make her worse."

"No wonder," said Lenoir; "but, doctor, it would be a pity that harm should come to that poor creature because we make up our pills differently. If you make an excuse to let me attend for a day or two, I will tell you, to the best of my judgment, what I think of the case."

So Dr. Heathcote made his excuse, and Dr. Lenoir was called in. And the pump-room scandal-mongers talked more than ever.

Col. DeGrey lived in a handsome villa close to the town; and thither Dr. Lenoir proceeded. The Colonel received him at the door, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"My poor wife is very ill, I fear, and I am sure you will do your best to bring her through."

Lenoir answered this appeal with a grunt, and walked straight into the dining-room, and looked out at the window.

"I suppose Dr. Heathcote has told you the symptoms—that she never can take her food?"

"He has told me nothing. If he had I should not have believed him. I don't want to know anything about symptoms. Can I see her?"

"Certainly. She is rather better to day, and very anxious to see you. You will find her in the drawing-room."

Lenoir went up stairs and entered the drawing-room, the Colonel simply announcing him, and then leaving the room.

Whatever he thought of the wasting ravages which a month had made on that lovely face, he said nothing on that subject, but put his questions more disagreeably than usual.

"You are not to be so cross, Dr. Lenoir; Dr. Heathcote was never cross," she said, with a wan smile lighting up her faded cheek.

Lenoir flushed for an instant, and then replied: "Cross—yes, I'm always cross with people like you. It's good for them."

As if she had not heard what he said, she again addressed him:

"Am I very ill, doctor?"

"Nothing but fancy and temper the matter with you. Why do you mope up here?"

"I cannot go out! You cannot tell how weak, and oh! how sick I am! O, Dr. Lenoir, can you not cure me? If you can't, I shall die, and leave dear Fred and my poor little children." And the poor woman burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Lenoir sat until the storm had burst, and had spent its force; but tears stood in his own impassive eyes, and his voice trembled in spite of himself when he spoke to her.

"Cure you? Of course I shall, if you don't give way to such folly; and when you are cured you will say you got well of yourself."

"Do you really mean it?" she said, faintly.

Dropping his gruff style, he said, in a softer tone, "I think I can cure you." And with those words he left her, and rejoined the Colonel in the dining-room, and straightway again looked out at the window.

"Quite a common case," he said, as if to himself; "have seen it a hundred times; must have a nurse."

"A nurse!" said Col. DeGrey. "What do you think of my wife? What is her illness?"

"A very common complaint, Colonel," said the doctor, "although I have not often met with it in this country. But she must have a nurse who understands sudorifics, and with your leave I will send one."

And without waiting to know whether the Colonel wished to have a nurse or not, the doctor stalked out of the house.

If any one had seen the doctor's expression of countenance as he strode down to the gate he would not have liked it. Was it wrath, or malignity, or cunning? It was a very unlovable expression, and not like the doctor's usual face.

Within two hours the nurse arrived; a tall, gaunt French woman, with a resolute set of features, who understood and could speak English when she chose, but not otherwise.

She brought with her a small phial of medicine, which she explained to Mrs. DeGrey was to be taken every hour during the night, and the effects of which required to be carefully watched. She seemed to consider this her peculiar charge, for on Col. DeGrey taking out the stopper to smell it, she snatched it away, with a pettish French exclamation, and without much reverence.

A fortnight passed over. Dr. Lenoir came every day. He prescribed nothing but this nightly potion, which was gradually discontinued; and Mrs. DeGrey began to rally, her appetite returned, and she was apparently getting well. The Colonel was greatly relieved, and was profuse in his thanks.

People began to say that there was no necessity for the doctor visiting quite so often. But the Colonel did not seem to think so, for the doctor dined with him almost every other day. To Dr. Heathcote's inquiries, Lenoir only said, to his great wrath, that there never had been anything the matter with her but his medicines.

One evening, as the Colonel and he were sitting at their wine after dinner, the former said, "When do you think Mrs. DeGrey will be able to travel? I think a change of air would do her good; and I began to fear Bath does not agree with her."

"Soon, I should think," said Lenoir; "and as she is so much better, I propose to be absent for a day or two, as I have business in the country. So, if you think I can be spared, I shall go to-morrow. But don't change her regimen in my absence, nor give her any of old Heathcote's potions. They are all very well in their way, but she has done better without them."

The Colonel laughed and gave his word to eschew the established order of things; and the next morning the doctor left.

Four days passed away, and on the fifth Lenoir again appeared at Prospect Villa.

Col. DeGrey was at home, and appeared dejected. "Things have not been so well," he said. "Your patient has had a relapse of her sickness; and something has happened which troubles both her and me."

"What is the matter?" said the Magnificent.

"Well, I don't like to inspire suspicions, but I fear that nurse drinks."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because Mrs. DeGrey tells me that she saw her conceal a bottle in her pocket. The woman thought she was asleep, and on her moving concealed it hurriedly."

"Have you observed any other symptoms of drinking?" said Lenoir.

"No, I cannot say I have excepting that her manner is very abrupt and rude."

"I shall probe this to the bottom, you may depend on it," replied the doctor; "and I shall examine her about it at my own house to-night. Meanwhile say nothing more while she is here."

He saw his patient, and found she had decidedly relapsed and was greatly depressed. His visit had little effect in reviving her spirits, and again, as he walked from the house, the evil shadow came across his face.

The same day brought a letter by post for Col. DeGrey, desiring his immediate attendance in London on urgent business; and he started the same night by the mail. Next morning the Magnificent paid the lady a visit. She seemed greatly excited.

"Doctor," she said, "you must take that woman away; she is a drunkard and a thief."

"She may, perhaps," the doctor replied, "take a drop of brandy now and then. But remember what fatigue she has undergone in sitting up with you."

"Well, but, doctor," said Mrs. DeGrey, "she is a thief. "I saw her yesterday put my soup into a bottle and hide it in her pocket. She did not know I saw her."

The face of the Magnificent for a moment exhibited great agitation. "If this is true," he said, "I will take her away, and send you another on whom I can depend. The Colonel spoke of fresh air for you; do you think you are strong enough to travel? He gave me some directions about that."

"I don't think I could. He surely did not mean me to go before he came back."

"He left you entirely in my hands, and I must make you well, as I said I would."

"Not before he comes back, at any rate, doctor."

"Very well," said he, resuming his gruff manner, "people always know better than their doctors. Good-by; I shall see you to-morrow."

The next day, in the pump-room—"She is off, I assure you," said Mr. Henshaw, a dyspeptic barrister, with the tongue of a viper; "she has gone this morning, and so has her nurse, and no one knows where, excepting that the Magnificent is gone also."

"Who told you? How do you know?" asked half a dozen tongues at once.

"I shall not give up my authority, I can assure you; but if you step out to Prospect Villa, you will find it to be true."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Sir Bernard Brand, a stout supporter of Lenoir, who had cured him by making him drink lemonade instead of port; "I don't believe a word of it. It's some of that humbug Heathcote's nonsense."

But when the whist-tables were set for the evening, behold the tale was true, and the universal community of Bath were ringing with it! But to the still greater astonishment of every one, there was the Magnificent, looking more magnificent than ever, seated in his accustomed place, and glancing benignly from under his swarthy eye-brows.

"Magnificent," said Henshaw, "have you heard what people are saying?"

"Yes, Henry, I have heard it."

"Well, what is the story?"

"They say you are not to have that place in the Customs, because you can't keep a secret."

Henshaw's face grew livid, for the place in the Customs was life or death to him, although he thought no one knew of it. He plucked up courage, however, and retorted: "They want to know what you have done with Mrs. DeGrey."

"I believe Mrs. DeGrey has gone to the country for her health. Of course, Col. DeGrey is the best authority on that subject."

"Lenoir," I doubt not you are a villain," said a voice behind him; and, turning round, he saw Dr. Heathcote. "I have just seen the Colonel, and he is raging at the disappearance of his wife. He says she went away last night, and no one knows where. He was on his way to your house when I met him."

"Dr. Heathcote, you jog-trot practitioners judge by the most superficial symptoms," said Lenoir, in the loftiest tone. "I shall see the Colonel if he has returned, and to-morrow I shall take occasion to request an explanation of the epithets which you have used, and the impertinent suggestions of the little lawyer."

"Meantime, with your leave, I shall finish my rubber."

But the party broke up and declined to finish the rubber, and the Magnificent took his hat and walked slowly from the room. His faction retired home in great discomfiture.

Meanwhile Col. DeGrey, in the greatest perturbation, having found his wife gone on his return, and no trace of her, went on to the house of Dr. Lenoir. It was a large, gloomy mansion, with high walls, and surrounded by trees; a dim, glimmering light shone over the doorway. The Colonel's knock was not answered at once, and he thought he heard a window open and shut. At last the door was opened by a thick-set, powerful man with one eye.

"Is Dr. Lenoir at home?" said the Colonel.

"Yes, sir," said the man, "be kind enough to walk in."

Colonel DeGrey entered and followed the man upstairs. He thought he heard the outer door locked as he went up.

He was ushered into a strange-looking room, with very little furniture, and a window at the roof, so high as to be beyond reach. The moment he was in the room the door was violently shut and he was left in absolute darkness.

He rushed to the door, raged and stormed, bellowed at the top of his voice, but no answer was returned. Half an hour had elapsed, and at last a trap in the ceiling opened, and a light appeared through it.

"The master be coom!" said a voice.

"You scoundrel, you and your master shall pay for this!"

"The master be coom. Wilt go quoitly?"

Another volley of wrath was about to escape from his lips, when he bethought him that his better plan would be at least to feign submission.

"I shall be glad to tell your master what a blackguard he is. I shall do that quietly enough."

On this assurance the trap was closed; and in a few minutes the same one-eyed man, with a companion of equal strength, opened the door and invited the Colonel to emerge.

He saw at once that he would have no chance in a struggle, and determined to see the matter out, resolving to use violence if he could not otherwise escape.

Passing through a narrow winding passage, a door opened, and he was ushered into a well-furnished sitting-room, and there, seated in an easy chair, was the imperturbable Magnificent.

The door was closed behind him, and looking round, he could not have told where it was.

Lenoir motioned to him to sit down; but giving no heed to the invitation, he exclaimed—

"What is the meaning of this infamous conduct? Where am I?"

"In a mad-house," said the doctor, composedly.

"And on what pretense have you decoyed me here, you scoundrel, and where is my wife?"

"Don't you think," rejoined the Magnificent, in the same tone, "that should your wife die, you had better be mad for a little?"

"What on earth do you mean!" said the Colonel. But his face blanched, and he sank into a seat.

"Col. DeGrey, I knew you a long time ago. Do you remember Dr. Geronimo Spiretti at Padua?"

"Gracious God!" said the Colonel.

"I was his assistant when you studied poison under him. I was a lad of sixteen, but you have not changed. Now you know all."

The wretched man for a moment nearly fainted. He tried to speak, but could make no articulate sound.

"Don't glance at the poker. Killing me would be your own death. Listen:

"I knew you from the first, and I mistrusted you from the first, and but for the sweet woman who is linked to you and who still trusts you, you should have met the doom you deserve, as far as I am concerned. But to expose you would kill her.

"I was certain, from Dr. Heathcote's account, how the matter stood. I knew you would discontinue the doses while I was there. You thought that was the cause of the recovery, and did not thing of Spiretti's antidote.

"I knew the attempt would begin when I was absent. The nurse brought me the poisoned soup. I have had it analysed in my presence by two careful chemists, and the analysis, and the subject of it are so bestowed——Drop that!" he thundered, and dealt DeGrey such a blow on the arm as nearly fractured it. He had attempted to seize the poker. The pain of the blow was intense for a moment, but Lenoir gave him a glass of brandy, and proceeded:

"Your wife is where none of Spiretti's recipes will reach her. She believes you have sent her there, and is content. You will now write two letters before you leave the room. One to tell your wife that you are obliged to go abroad for two months, and requesting her to remain where she is until your return; the other to request me to attend her during her absence at her new residence.

"I shall send the two children to her. At the end of two months, unless the last dose was too strong for her shattered system, she will be quite well, and you may rejoin her. Until that time you had better be—absent.

"One word more. You now know that the Insurance Company, in which you had that policy on your wife's life, has failed. Perhaps you do not know that Mrs. DeGrey has succeeded to an annuity of £300 a year from an old friend of the family.

"You stay here for a week, then go quietly to Paris; but, mark; if your wife dies in any circumstances of mystery, whether I am alive or dead, retribution will hunt you to the ends of the earth."

"But Virginie—the nurse?" stammered the self-convicted wretch.

"Virginie knows nothing excepting that she did what she was told. She has done stranger things than that without ever asking for reasons. She will never open her lips on the subject. You are perfectly secure, for the chemists had no idea on what their experiments were made."

Next day the Magnificent was in his place in the pump-room as usual.

Men looked shy at him, and women looked sly. He was as cool and lofty as ever.

He waited until the room was full, and then, taking an opportunity when Heathcote and Henshaw were close to him, he called out, "Mr. Henshaw."

He took no notice. He repeated his call with the same effect. Lenoir took two strides toward him, and lifting him by his shoulders, placed him with his back to the pillar, and then said:

"You presumed yesterday to make remarks disparaging to a lady. You will be kind enough now to retract them, or I promise to kick you from one end of this room to the other."

Pale and affrighted was the little lawyer; but Dr. Heathcote interposed:

"Dr. Lenoir, this must not be; I was the accuser yesterday, and you must first deal with we."

"True, my dear Heathcote, but I mean to deal with each after their kind. You are a gentleman and a man of honor, and as such I intend to treat you. Read that."

Dr. Heathcote read, to his intense astonishment, the following note:

BATH, Aug. 12, 179-.

MY DEAR LENOIR: As I am obliged to go to the Continent for two months, I hope you will allow me to leave Mrs. DeGrey under your charge, should she at her present residence require your advice. Yours, very truly,

F. DEGREY.

"Read it out, doctor," said Lenoir, and the bewildered man obeyed.

"Now, you slanderous little toad, eat up your calumnies on the spot!" said Lenoir to the lawyer.

"I am sure I meant nothing," said he, "I will make you repent these words."

"Eat them up, I say, for the last time!" and terribly he looked down upon Henshaw.

The latter quailed. "I admit," he said, they turned out not to be true."

"And ought not to have been spoken."

"Go, then and be warned."

"You will hear from me to-morrow, however, for all this."

"I think not," said Lenoir, when he had gone. And he did not, for the purveyor of scandal thought better of it, and transferred his attentions to Scarborough.

"And now, Dr. Heathcote, I presume you retract that epithet which you used yesterday? I admit appearances were against me, but a true physician distrusts appearances."

"I forgive the banter, and cheerfully retract the expression; but after what the Colonel said, hang me, doctor, if I knew what to make of it."

"I never supposed you did," said Lenoir; and the Magnificent reigned in Bath for many years afterward.

The gap in the story you may fill up as suits you best. Lenoir, in his trip to London, had consulted his solicitor, who told the story to my late master. The cautious London lawyer told Lenoir he might be hanged for compounding felony; and Lenoir told him he might be hanged for his advice. The annuity was, the solicitor believed, provided for Lenoir himself; and the surmise was, either that he was in love with the lady, or that he knew more of her history than he chose to explain—or probably both. The Colonel and Mrs. DeGray never visited Bath again; but the annuity was paid for many years afterward, the Colonel probably being as anxious to keep his wife alive as he had been to destroy her; and she, poor thing, with the constancy and credulity of women, rejoicing in her inmost soul at the increased tenderness of her husband.

A Punning Judge.

Lippincott's Magazine has the following account of the facetious sayings of Judge Richard Peters, of Philadelphia:

It was as a punster that Peters was most widely known, great as was his reputation in more important respects. Men love to laugh, and he who induces them to do so is much surer of a kindly place in their recollections than any mover of their other emotions

There can be no doubt that the sign which Peters hung from his office window on beginning his professional career, 'Richard Peters, Attorney-at-law. Business done here at half-price: N. B.—Half-done,"—a capital sign, by the way, for all half-price places—had the effect of tickling more fees out of passing pockets than could have been secured by more serious means.

Peters was colleagued on the bench with Justice Washington, of the Supreme Court, a quiet, severe man, of whom he used to say that Bro. Washington was the strict Judge, while he was the *dis*-trict Judge. Justice Washington was in the habit of delivering the opinions of the Court, and was, moreover, noted for a very vigorous appetite—two facts which caused his associate to call him the mouthpiece of the Court.

A superlative spinner of naval yarns, on returning from a curise, assured a festive assemblage, of whom the Judge was one, that he had encountered a soap island, which he elaborately described. When he had finished, the Judge blandly requested to be informed if the making of that island didn't require a great deal of lie?

At an agricultural dinner he entertained a countryman of more candor than courtesy by telling extraordinary stories; and when he paused, the man shouted, "Tell us some more of your 'tarnal lies!"

A neighbor who kept a noisy pack of hounds, once complained of suffering from ague. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "can't you cure it with all that bark?"

At the trial of some pirates in South Carolina, the District Judge acquitted them for want of a comma in the law: "So for want of a comma," said he, "the doings of the rascals will never be brought to a full stop."

One of the members of the State Legislature, when the Judge was Speaker thereof, in crossing the hall tripped and fell, on which, of course, the legislators burst into a laugh.

"Order, order, gentlemen; don't you see that a member is on the floor?" This rebuke of the Judge did not restore them to gravity.

Once when the Judge was standing near La Fayette, a young military officer, in addressing the latter, exclaimed,

"Sir, although we were not born to partake of your revolutionary hardships, yet should our country be attacked, we will not fail to tread in the shoes of our forefathers."

"No, no," interrupted the Judge; "that you can't do, for they fought barefooted."

"Why don't you buy land in North Carolina?" asked a friend of the Judge.

"I'd rather buy it in the moon," was the reply, "for then I might sometimes see my purchase."

THE following is from the will of a mariner of Bristol, England, proved 1795: "My executors to pay, out of the first moneys collected, to my beloved wife, if living, *one shilling*, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy *hazel nuts*, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is with *mending the holes in her stockings.*"

Tale of the Four Deaf Men.

A DEAF shepherd was one day tending his flock near his own village, and though it was almost noon, his wife had not yet brought him his breakfast. He was afraid to leave his sheep to go in quest of it, lest some accident should befall them. But his hunger could not be appeased; and upon looking around, he spied a *Talaiyari*, or village hind, who had come out to cut grass for his cow near a neighboring spring. He went to call him, though very reluctantly, because he knew that, though these servants of the village are set as watchmen to prevent theft, yet they are great thieves themselves. He hailed him, however, and requested him to give an eye to his flock for the short time he should be absent, and that he would not forget him when he returned from breakfast.

But the man was as deaf as himself, and mistaking his intentions, he angrily asked the shepherd, "What right have you to take this grass, which I have had the trouble to cut? Go about thy business, and let me alone!" The deaf shepherd observed the repulsive gestures of the hind, which he took for a signal of acquiescence in his request, and therefore briskly ran toward the village, fully determined to give his wife a good lesson for her neglect. But when he approached his house, he saw her before the door, rolling in violent pain, brought on by eating over night too great a quantity of raw green peas. Her sad condition, and the necessity he was under to provide breakfast for himself, detained the shepherd longer than he wished, while the small confidence he had in the person with whom he left his sheep, accelerated his return to the utmost.

Overjoyed to see his flock peaceably feeding near the spot where he left them, he counted them over and found there was not a single sheep missing: "He is an honest fellow," quoth he, "this Talaiyari; the very jewel of his race! I promised him a reward, and he shall have it." There was a lame beast in the flock, well enough in other respects, which he hoisted on his shoulders, and carried to the place where the hind was, and courteously offered him the mutton, saying—

"You have taken great care of my sheep during my absence. Take this one for your trouble."

"I!" says the deaf hind, "I break your sheep's legs! I'll be hanged if I went near your flock since you have been gone, or stirred from the place where I now am."

"Yes," said the shepherd, "It is a good and fat mutton, and will be a treat to you and your family or friends."

"Have I not told thee," replied the Talaiyari in a rage, "that I never went near thy sheep! And yet thou wilt accuse me of breaking that one's leg. Get about thy business or I will give thee a good beating!"

And, by gestures, he seemed determined to put his threat in execution. The astonished shepherd got into a passion also and assumed a posture of defiance. They were just proceeding to blows, when a man on horseback came up. To him they both appealed to decide the dispute between them; and the shepherd, laying hold of the bridle, requested the horseman to alight just a moment, and to settle the difference between him and the beggarly Talaiyari. "I have offered him a present of a sheep," says he, "because I thought he had done me a service; and, in requital he will knock me down." The villager was at the same time preferring his complaint, that the shepherd would accuse him of breaking the leg of his sheep, when he had never been near his flock.

The horseman, to whom they both appealed, happened to be as deaf as they; and did not understand a word that either of them said. But, seeing them both addressing him with vehemence, he made a sign for them to listen to him, and then frankly told them that he confessed the horse he rode on was not his own. "It was a stray that I found on the rood," quoth he, "and being at a loss, I mounted him for the sake of expedition. If he be yours, take him. If not, pray let me proceed, as I am really in great haste."

The shepherd and the village bird, each imagining that the horseman had decided in favor of the other, became more violent than ever; but accusing him whom they had taken for their judge of partiality.

At this crisis, there happened to come up an aged Brahman. Instantly they all crowded around him: shepherd, Talaiyari, and horseman; each claiming his interposition, and a decision in his favor. All spoke together; every one telling his own tale. But the Brahman had lost his hearing also. "I know," said he, "you want to compel me to return home to her" (meaning his wife); "but do you know her character? In all the legions of the wicked ones, I defy you to find one that is her equal in wickedness. Since the time I first bought her, she has made me commit more sins than it will be in my power to expiate in thirty generations. I am going on a pilgrimage to Kasi (Benares), where I will wash myself from the innumerable crimes I have been led into from the hour in which I had the misfortune to make her my wife. Then will I wear out the rest of my days on alms in a strange land."

While they were all four venting their exclamations, without hearing a word, the horse-stealer perceived some people advancing toward them with great speed. Fearing they might be the owners of the beast, he dismounted and took to his heels. The shepherd, seeing it was growing late, went to look after his flock; pouring out maledictions, as he trudged, on all arbitrators, and bitterly complaining that all justice had departed from the earth. Then he bethought himself of a snake that had crossed his path in the morning, as he came out of the sheepfold, and which might account for the troubles he had that day experienced. The Talaiyari returned to his load of grass, and, finding the lame sheep there, he took it on his shoulder, to punish the shepherd for the vexation he had given him, and the aged Brahman pursued his course to a choultry that was not far off. A quiet night and sound sleep soothed his anger in part, and, early in the morning, several Brahmans, his neighbors and relations, who had traced him out, persuaded him to return home, promising to engage his wife to be more obedient and less quarrelsome.—*Good Words for the Young.*

MILKING TUBES.—A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* cautions all persons against using quills for drawing milk from cows: "Forty or more years ago a boy, said to have been below par in intellect, made the wonderful discovery that the milk would run out of a cow's udder by inserting straws in the teats. The discovery 'went the rounds of the papers,' and the result was that many of the lazy boys and some others were sitting on their stools and seeing the milk run into the pails through straws, quills and tin tubes. In about two months the papers had to chronicle facts like these: 'Mr. A. has had his valuable cow ruined by having been milked with straws;' 'Mr. B. has had a good cow nearly spoiled by having been milked with tin tubes,' etc., etc."

A CITIZEN of a Western State was boasting that in his town there wasn't either a doctor, a lawyer, or a town clergyman, and only one rum-seller. "How many inhabitants are there altogether?" asked a bystander. "Well," was the reply, "there's only my family and brother Jake's and Jake is the rum-seller.

A RELIGIOUS fanatic in Germany has willed that his body be embalmed and nailed to a cross, and placed in the organ loft of the church. This done the church receives sixty-eight thousand guldens.

Youths' Department.

THE NICE LITTLE PRESENT.

Can you des what my papa did brin me to-night?
You might dess yots of thins, but you wouldn't dess right.
O! I do not believe dat you could dess,
Now, if I was a derl, you would say a new dess,
But as I am a boy, and dust four years old.
Do you think you could dess, if you never was told?

Dey are not velly lon, and not velly short,
But dey are the nicest dat ever was bought,
Dey are black as can be, have yittle yed tops,
And the yed begins just where the black stops.
Dey have two little heels, and two funny ears,
And sometimes dey squeaks so that all the folks hears.

Dey were de nicest my papa could det me.
I would seep in them if mamma would yet me,
I s'pose she yud say 'twas a velly bad plan,
So I'll teep my eyes open s'long as I can,
And of all my presents 'tis dis one dat suits,
These dear yittle squeaky, yittle red-top boots.

I'll help my dear mamma, and I'll rock de baby,
I'll be ever so dood, and den some time, may be,
If he makes yots o' money, my dear papa might
Det some squeakier boots dan he dot me to-night,
For of all de music, 'tis dis kind that suits,
De bid squeak dat comes out of de new pair of boots.

—*Boston Journal.*

A Bit of Astronomy.

I SUSPECT that not one child in fifty, under twelve years of age, could tell me exactly how any one knows that the moon is really larger than a soup plate, or whether it is as far or farther away than Boston.

Now don't shrug your pretty shoulders, and laugh, and say I must be crazy to think you don't know that. It is not so easy a matter to know many things just right; and I hope you will not say one boastful word about your knowledge of the subject, until you have thought it over carefully, and seen how much you really know certainly. Wise men are very cautious indeed, and know what they say, and the reason for it.

No one ever comes from the moon country, to give us descriptions of it, and one has a great deal of trouble in studying it, since he cannot go there. The "man in the moon" is not at all social, either, in his ways, as you know, and I never heard of anyone getting any sort of information out of his ugly mouth. We have to learn things the best way we can, all by ourselves, one thing at a time, and that often a very long time. I will tell you to-day about the size of the moon, and how men are able to find out exactly what its size is.

The moon is a globe, whose diameter is two thousand miles; about one-fourth of that of the earth.

"Now, how," do you ask, can one know that?"

There is a method something like this: Let us take, for example, a cent piece, which measures about an inch in diameter, and let it be placed between the eye and the moon, at any distance from the eye. It will be found on the first trial, that the coin will appear larger than the moon; it will, in fact, completely conceal the moon from the eye, and produce what we may call a total eclipse of the moon. Let the coin be moved farther from the eye, and it will then appear smaller, and will seem to grow less in size as its distance from the eye is increased. Let it be removed until it seems exactly to cover the moon, and neither more nor less.

If the distance from the coin to the eye be measured, it will be found to be about ten feet, or one hundred an twenty inches, or, what is the same, two hundred and forty half inches. But it is known that the distance from the moon to the earth is about two hundred and forty thousand miles; so that it follows in this case that one thousand miles in the moon's distance is exactly what half an inch is in the coin's distance.

Now you all understand, I suppose, how, in geography, you measure a country on a map, when you know the scale of the map; if, for instance, you have the map of Illinois before you, made on a scale of fifty miles to an inch, and find, by measuring, that there are about two inches of the map from Chicago westward to the limits of the State, you would at once be able to say that the real distance between those points must be about two times fifty, or about one hundred miles.

Now, in the case of measuring the distance across the moon's disc with the coin, we have found the scale to be half an inch to one thousand miles; since, then, the coin measures two half inches in diameter, the moon must measure two times one thousand miles, or two thousand miles in diameter.—*Little Corporal.*

That Egg Story.

CHARLES LAMB once wrote a very amusing treatise upon "Popular Fallacies," in a vein of facetiousness foreign to my present purpose.

Consider, seriously, the vast amount of good logic that is thrown away because of false premises. For how many centuries ships were built on the most absurd models, because somebody had said that it was easier to draw a tapering log through the water "butt end foremost!" Nobody saw fit to question the statement, and therefore all vessels were built with the broadest part near the bow. Finally some original thinker—in our own day—tried an experiment; and lo, the log towed easier point foremost!

Which of my readers believes that an egg can be made to stand on end?

"O," you respond in one breath, "we have read history, and know how Columbus put this question, and how he conveyed an idea by his mode of answering it." But, my dear Young Folks, an egg can be made to stand on one end, upon a polished glass plate or other smooth surface, by simple balancing.

Some eggs are much more difficult to put in position than others; but I never failed to accomplish it in any instance. Every one of you can do the same. The only secret is that all the fingers and thumbs that touch the egg must leave it at the same instant. Observe this, and with a little perseverence you will invariably succeed.

I was first shown this by an Italian distiller, on the remote sugar estate of San Francisco Xavier, at the northern foot of the Cuzco Mountains, in the Island of Cuba. When he stated that he could make an egg stand on end, all of us present laughed at him, and began to talk of Columbus.

"Ah yes," said he, "*esa cosa de Colon*"—that matter of Columbus; "but I can do it, and you can do it. It is a little thing," he continued, "but I have drank much beer with this," meaning that every one was ready to bet upon the impossibility of the undertaking.

Nevertheless he did it, and we all did it. So, my young friends, you may set about it, with perfect faith in your success.

Moral: be careful how you accept a maxim until you have proved it.—*Our Young Folks.*

True Reason for Being Honest.

"HONESTY is the best policy," said Harry aloud; "and I mean always to be honest."

"What does policy mean?" asked his sister Ada, looking up from her book.

"Why this," replied the boy, "that if you are always honest, even though it may not seem the wisest thing for yourself at the time, you will get best off in the end."

"I don't think," replied his sister, "that is a good reason; because if you saw dishonest people geting on better for a long time, you would, perhaps, get tired of waiting for the time to come when you would be the 'best off,' and begin to be dishonest too."

"Ada is right," said her mamma, coming into the room; "be honest because it is right, my son; that is the only safe reason. Try to please God, whether any gain comes from it or not; you will not be able to see how doing the right thing is profitable in a temporal point of view; but it will matter little, when you come to die, whether you have been best off in this world or not."

"I thank you, mamma," said Harry. "In future I will endeavor to do right because it is right, and is pleasing to God, whether it seems to my advantage or not."

The Little Loaf.

IN a time of famine a rich man sent for the poorest children in the town and said to them:

"There is a basket full of bread; you may each come every day and take a loaf until it pleases God to send better times."

The children attacked the basket, and disputed as to which should have the largest loaf, and then went away without once thanking their benefactor.

Only Frances, a very poor but cleanly girl, modestly remained behind and had the smallest loaf which was left in the basket. She gratefully returned thanks and went home quietly. One day the children behaved very badly indeed, and poor Frances received a loaf very much smaller than the rest, but when she took it home and her mother cut it open, a number of pieces of silver fell on the floor.

The poor woman was astonished and said.

"Go and return this money immediately, it must have been put in the bread by mistake."

Frances went directly with it to the gentleman, who said:

"My dear child, it was no mistake. I had the money put into that loaf to reward you. Remain always as peaceable and contented. Those who are satisfied with a little always bring blessings upon themselves and family, and will pass happily through the world. Do not thank me, but thank God, who put into your heart the treasure of a contented and grateful spirit, and who has given me the will and opportunity to be useful to those who are in need of assistance."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

TOILERS OF THE SEE—Opticians.

VEGETALE PHILOSOPHY—Sage advice.

A PRECIOUS VOLUME—A bank book.

LIGHT EMPLOYMENT—Building castles in the air.

IT is more diffiult to manage riches well than to acquire them.

A HARD CASE—The house the poor snail is compelled to live in.

A COFISH breakfast and an India-rubber coat will keep a man dry all day.

IN the height of prosperity prepare for adversity, by insuring in the Mutual Life, of Chicago.

IT is suggested that the first piece of music performed by Adam must have been "warblings at Eve."

FORESIGHT is the right eye of Providence, and Providence dictates Life Insurance. Insure in the Washington.

THE epicurean who made a dessert of the fruits of an enterprise picked his teeth with the point of a joke.

THE only manufactory of hairpins in the United States turns out fifty tons of those useful articles per month.

AT what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him sage.

SCENE IN CHICAGO.—"Is Mrs. Smith at home?" "No; but walk in. She has just stepped out to get a divorce, and will be back in in a few moments."

A SHODDY woman, who returned from Europe with some paintings, was asked if they were landscapes. She said, "No, over one-half of them are water-scapes."

"WHY don't you take your seat at the bar?" asked a lawyer of a client, the other day. "My father always advised me to keep out of bad company," replied the other.

THE family of Mr. Ansel Gammon, of New Vineyard, Me., consisting of twelve sons and four daughters, weighs 3,140 pounds. The boys average 195 and the girls 200 pounds.

"MY dear," said a husband to his wife, "I'm going to start a coffee plantation." "How'll you get the land?" "Oh, there's no trouble about that; I always have plenty of coffee *grounds* in my cup."

A CONVICT in the Windsor, Vt., State prison has recently constructed a box one foot in length, six inches wide and five inches deep, composed of 2,800 pieces, his only tool being a jack-knife.

A NEW JERSEY inventor has fixed up a way of dressing linen thread to imitate natural hair so perfectly that it is almost impossible to detect it as artificial. When our ladies have their heads shod with this material, no matter what the color may be they will all be flaxen haired.

TALLEYRAND used to be worried about his autograph, and to one of his persecutors he thus wrote: "Will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday next, at 8 o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool of the lot."

A MAN, praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage, that it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When, I should like to know?" said the eulogist. "Why no longer ago than last night, against the wall."

A FRENCHMAN at Sheldon, Vt., who left the employ of the railroad company because of the danger to his life, and commenced working from house to house, was instantly killed a few days after, by a fragment of a log exploded by powder, in a lot adjoining that in which he was sawing wood. He leaves a wife and two children.

THE entire population of Ohio, according to the recent census, is 2,655,012, and of this number 2,029,752 are native born, and 373,250 foreign born. There are 2,601,785 white persons in the State, and 63,267 colored persons, including Indians. One man is returned as a Chinaman, named Daniel Webster, born in Alabama.

GOING TO PROPOSE.—

He went up town to-day, girls,
With a very business air;
He'd oiled up his mustache, girls,
And parted well his hair;
Something's in the wind, girls,
Whichever way it blows;
And I'll tell you what it is, girls—
He's going to propose.

Sometimes he's confidential,
And says Maria's fair,
And praises Bessie's hazel eyes,
And Jennie's flowing hair;
Says Alice is angelic, too,
Admires Lucinda's nose;
I knew how it would end, girls—
He's going to propose.

THERE is said to be a man 67 years old, now living in Chester County, Pa., who has been blind since he was seven years old, and who can find his home among the trees on Welsh Mountain at any time without aid from anyone; who can pass from one place to another for a distance of four or five miles in his own neighborhood; knows the different residences of the neighbors as soon as he approaches them; knows the voices of his acquaintances, and in many instances their footsteps; can tell different kinds of timber; make a shaking fork, broom, or axe-handle; can hang an axe, and can chop wood, and when done with his day's work will hide his axe, and return to the woods on the following day and find it.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—Col. John W. Forney said, at a dinner given in his honor: "In 1870 we count fifty-five hundred news periodicals of all degrees, with a probable annual circulation of not less than seven hundred and twenty-five millions. Of those, four hundred and seventy-five are dailies, circulating nearly two millions of copies every twenty-four hours, one hundred and sixty are agricultural journals, circulating over half a million; and about three hundred religious periodicals, circulating over two and a half million of copies of each edition—an aggregate, without counting our monthly literature, larger than the rest of the civilized world. In fifty years, when our population shall have attained, on the present ratio of increase, to one hundred and fifty millions, the boy of seventeen to-day will have a far different story to tell."