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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

AN AMUSING LETTER FROM A YOUTHFUL MEMPHIAN WHO TOOK GREELEY'S ADVICE.

[Shreveport Telegram.]
We submit the following letter addressed to Mr. Wm. Nelson, Lieutenant of Police, which will be amusing. It was written by a lad 19 years of age who was apprehended here some time ago by the municipal authorities as a suspicious character, and afterwards liberated and sent home by Lieut. Nelson. He had only run away from home for adventure. We suppress his name:

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 22, 1879.

Dear Lieutenant—I arrived here last night "right side up with care," and though a little unwell, "am still in the ring," and bid fair to be all right under the influence of home treatment. The "folks" are mighty glad to have me here again, although I cannot for the life of me see what possible benefit they derive therefrom; still, however, I shall allow them to be the judges in this case and shall obey their "dictum," "remain" as best I know the meaning of the word. I am perfectly well aware where I shall sleep to-night, and that is more than I have been apprized of for many a day, except while with you in Shreveport.

If Horace Greeley, Esq., could have arisen from the mausoleum that enfolds his mouldy ashes, and taken one long, searching gaze at my smoke-stained habiliments and hunger-pinched countenance as I quietly shuffled in at the front door on my return, he would have howled with dismay to think that he had fathered the words, "Go West, young man!" Verily his soul would have ached when he perceived the sorry plight of one who had implicitly obeyed his words, and "dumfoundedly" walked into his remorseless and death-dealing man-trap. But for you gentlemen there, I would long ago have starved to death, and joined Stephen, the martyr, and Joshua, the son of Nun, who are now reposing in the bosom of Abraham, the son of Terah. Once again, accept my heartfelt thanks.

To-day I have been engaged in surmising how eminently intelligent and superlatively wise was the Hon. John Howard Payne when he wrote the "true, though time-tried lines," "There is no place like home." Far-seeing man! May the turf grow green above his scalp; and may I ever, like him, think that, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." To my home in future shall I cling forever, as "grim death to a defunct Peruvian blonde."

SAM. (?)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SACRED HEART.

BY NORAH M. JONES.

All faint with thirst, to Thee the nations plead,
For strength and comfort in their greatest-need.
Sick with our wounds, Thy help we now implore,
To bear the cross where Thou hast trod before.
We strive, Oh! Lord, to break of self the chains,
And wash our garments free from soiling stains,
In that blest stream which saints and sinners know
Till lost in Thee, our hearts with rapture glow.

In silent adoration let us dwell,
While sacred words the ancient prophets tell.
"Come ye, my sons and daughters, come to me
And taste the joys my love hath stored for thee."
But love for love a due return demands,
"Give me thy heart," "Obey thy God's commands."
The flames of love consume this Sacred Heart,
And precious graces to their soul impart.

This bleeding Heart, this sacred, precious blood,
Still flows for thee an everlasting flood.
In seven fold channels runs the purple tide,
And grace and mercy still the suppliant guide.
In soul absolving beauty Jesus stands,
Undying love dictates these sweet commands,
His Heart unmaned as a sign is given,
To lure and aid us in the paths of heaven.

The Guerrilla Chief;

OR,
THE LAST BUTTON ON THE TAIL OF THE CONFEDERATE RATTLESNAKE.

BY PAGE MCCARTY.

[From the N. Y. Illustrated Times.]

That is an interesting picture on the illuminated page of history which makes the grand climax to the tragedy of our civil war, and the curtain falls on the final tableau to the sound of triumphal music, strangely mingling with the mournful strains of a dirge, as the conquerors stand in gallant array, inclosing the army of the "Lost Cause," grouped beneath tattered, drooping banners, and listening to the last drooping words of their chief.

But beyond the lines of the great armies were enacted many minor dramas which represent the individualities of the war, and especially prominent are guerrilla chiefs.

Whoever has heard the deep-toned shout of the North, answering the fierce Southern yells on the battlefield, cannot fail to note the strange individuality of the Southern and his clanish love for his chief, rather than the esprit de corps which reaches the soldier the efficacy of discipline and united action. If those serious differences of character were noticeable in the great masses of men who confronted each other in politics and war, it is certain that the Southern was recognized by the extreme features of his nature in those gallant bohemians of the sword known as the guerrilla chiefs, of whom one of the most celebrated was Col. Gobler, the sometime dread of the Union commissary and quartermaster, and the pride of the wandering, discipline-dreading, horse-stealing cavalry; the best rider, the best shot, and, as he called himself, "the wildest man in the world;" with whose name the Union mother quieted her crying babe, and the army contractor his restive mule.

He loved a fight better than mean whisky, and thought the clash of cold steel water music sweeter than even his own family minstrel, Jim Crow, could make, as he picked the gay banjo and sang in dulcet strains which no burnt-cork artist will ever imitate:

"Miss Dinna Snow is de gal for me—
Miss Dinna from de South;
Her hair it curls so very tight
That she cannot shet her mouth."
The Colonel pronounced this style of minstrelry superior to any opera in the world. He sang himself, and, like Job Stuart, would troll a song as he rode to battle. He never bothered himself about roll-calls; but generally found out for there were any of his boys missing when he made a raid. He wore a plume in an enormous slouch hat, and gave the order to charge somewhat thus:

"Yonder they are, boys! sick em!"
"When he 'got 'em on the run," as he called it, you could hear his voice five miles away; as he hallooed like a huntsman in his pack. "Whoop! hark to em!" And away they would go, helter skelter, pell-mell, full cry, like the pack answering to the tally ho.

Colonel Gobler was mortally averse to using anything, in any way except captured goods. His tent, when he

used one, was a captured trophy; his coffee would make him sick unless it had come out of a Yankee commissary.

His ambulances, mess-chests, saddle, bridle, blankets, wagons, arms—everything—were all booty of war, except his beautiful mare Nellie Bly, who was foaled in the old Kentucky home, and was of the purest blood that made Broad Rock and Fairfield, in old Virginia, the most classic ground in all America.

On one occasion, when desperately wounded, he called his chaplain to give him spiritual comfort.

"Old fellow," says he, in faint accents, while tears coursed down the rough cheeks of the soldiers, "wrap me in a U. S. blanket, put me in a captured coffin, take me to my grave in a captured ambulance, and I think I shall sleep well."

"Well, Colonel," says the chaplain, who wore a rebel cross in his hat with a "sassy" feather, "this is a new Confederate ambulance—we will carry you in this."

"Ain't this a captured one?" says the dying Colonel.

"No."
"H— and d—!" cried the guerrilla chief, jumping up in the ambulance; "that's what's the matter with me!"

He was at once transferred to a U. S. carriage and soon recovered. His sword was so hacked in battle he had to handle it like a hand-saw. He rarely took prisoners, and was altogether a fierce fighter; and yet this terrible pallid could be as soft and gentle as any woman. He has been seen to shed tears when a wagon train escaped him, and would cry like a child when he saw that rich commissary stores were too heavily guarded for him to attack.

Such was Colonel Gobler, who was the very last man to set a rebel flag in a stricken field; and with all his faults, and despite some deeds which cannot be defended by his most admiring friends, still his stark courage and his devotion to duty must forever challenge the admiration even of his enemies.

As the news of the surrender of Lee and Johnston spread sadness over the South, the guerrilla chiefs were the last to come in and give themselves up, and it was generally without any of the formalities of military ceremony that the scattered bands delivered themselves prisoners at the different posts most convenient, and received the parole with the privilege of retaining their private arms. The terrible Colonel Gobler was too well recorded not to be especially marked, and, though no special orders had been given in his regard, yet it was supposed that he would be treated as an outlaw, not entitled to the forbearance accorded to prisoners of war. On the day of Lee's surrender he had retired to the interior mountain districts to recruit his command, and a month later had rode gayly forth at the head of a thousand desperadoes, freshly mounted, and panting for blood and plunder, and ignorant of the Confederate surrender.

"Colonel," says a girl on the road side, as the gallant cavalier paused to take a stoop of buttermilk from the maiden's hand, "the Confederacy is gone up—surrendered under an apple-tree, and the boys is all a comin' home. You'd better go and get your parole right away."

"Parole," says the Colonel, "perhaps, my dear, you don't know I'm the wildest man in the world," and rode on, followed presently by numerous citizens, beseeching him to surrender. The report at last became absolute certainty, and the question before Col. Gobler's mind was whether he could, with one thousand guerrillas, represent and revivify the dead Confederacy against some half a million of soldiers. The odds were too great, and he sat down on the side of the road, sadly thinking what sort of a farmer he would make, and how he could ever sleep in a house. That wild life of danger and exposure is picturesque and fascinating beyond description to those who love it, and Gobler was born for it. He had no home—the Yankees had burned his father's roof-tree, and he had sworn by its smoldering ashes to know no law but vengeance. His kindred were all dead except those "on the other side; he had been too rough and humorous to have a sweetheart, and therefore, as he sat under a giant oak, and his rude followers lay about in the woodland, while the tired nags rolled and grazed in a rich field of clover, the guerrilla chieftain's heart mourned as only a soldier's can whose "occupation is gone."

It was the desolation of Von Moore without the head and education of the scholarly bandit. As the bugle sounded that inspiring call, "boots and saddles," the Colonel mounted, slouched his hat over his eyes, and rode at the head of his column in moody silence. His gay plume drooped, and the head of the beautiful ani-

mal he bestrode drooped also, like the spirit of the once proud rider. The little scarlet flag trailed sadly along the staff. And thus in doleful mood the cavalcade moved toward the nearest post of Federals to offer themselves as prisoners.

"Adjutant," says Col. Gobler, "go and tell you that blue-bellied cuss of a Yankee Major that Col. Gobler has come to surrender to his own commissary and quartermaster."

Presently the Adjutant returned and reported:

"He says go to h—ll; that he won't receive the surrender of a rebel outlaw and guerrilla."

"He won't, won't he?" and the Colonel unsheathed his blade, and cleft off the branch of a tree overhead.

"Tell Cap'n Brown to take three companies dismounted round yonder, and tell Cap'n Canister to unlumber the jackass battery."

While these dispositions were being made, the Federal officer was sitting quietly in his tent.

"Damn the impudence of the bushwhacker," said the major, "he ought to be hung, not paroled. I'll raise you two dollars and a half."

"I call you," said the officer whom he addressed, laying down his cards; but at that moment a voice without sang out: "We're surrounded," which was true, for the rebels had a thousand men to the Federals' two hundred.

"The devil!" cried the Major.

"That's just what I say," replied the other officers, throwing down the cards and running out of the tent.

Sure enough the guerrillas had surrounded the little handful of Federal troops. The shrill cry of the bugles called the troops to the horse, and in a minute the little command was formed.

"Now," said the major, drawing his sabre, "if any man be afraid let him fall out of ranks, and go to the rear."

"There ain't no rear," said somebody.

"Then don't go there," said another.

At this moment the same rebel adjutant was seen approaching with a white flag once more. He presently came up, saluted and delivered to the Major a paper, which read as follows: "Major Jones, commanding Detachment U. S. A.—Sir: You are surrounded by six times your number. My troopers are in your front, my dismounted men on your flank, and my jackass battery commands your rear. I give no quarters, and always lose my prisoners. Accept my surrender, or go up."

"Yours, GOBLER."

It may be guessed that the Major's surprise at being forced instead of make a surrender was only equaled by his great feeling of relief.

In ten minutes the gray and blue soldiers were laughing and smoking together, while the major invited the terrible guerrilla chief to have a drink, and ten detailed clerks went to making out the paroles.

Then the rebel regiment formed in line, the color-bearer delivered the flag, and Col. Gobler offered his sword to Maj. Jones, which the major, in imitation of Gen. Grant, declined to accept.

"The paroled soldiers are permitted to return to their homes, retaining their private property," etc., said the Federal major, repeating the terms of the cartel under which the surrender of Lee was effected.

Upon the heel of great distress and depression, a slight change for the better often elates the spirits wonderfully; and so, as the groups of horsemen bade farewell to their late colonel, and rode away to their homes, they were gay and frolicsome as if going on a raid.

The guerrilla chief watched the departing squads until the last lagard was gone, and turned sadly to where his mare stood saddled, then looked at the folded red flag which the major had set up against his tent. The colonel began to walk to and fro before the tent, seeming in deep abstraction; then paused, with folded arms, and addressed the major:

"Major, you're a gentleman and a soldier; won't you give me that flag?" [Taking it in his hand.] "You know I made you take it." You never could have gotten it from me else. See here, in these bullet holes and stains is the history of brave deeds. I'm the wildest man in the world, and I've hoped always to be buried with this tattered flag folded on my heart, and I must have it now that all's over."

"Colonel, a joke is a joke!" said the major, gravely.
"And I never was more serious in my life," said the colonel with equal gravity.
"Then you ought to know it's worth your life to take that flag."
"What is life to me?" said the guerrilla chief, straightening his towering form. "As yonder sun sets behind the mountain, so the light goes out of my heart, and leaves only a hopeless night! No wife or child

waits for me, nor father, nor mother, nor any kinfolk. You burned my home and put the devil in me. I shan't have my flag, shan't I? I can't fight two hundred men, but you just come to the river yonder, where I'll wait for you."

And with one movement, seemingly, he stripped the faded banner from the staff and stuffed it in his bosom. The major rushed to the sentinel on post, and shouted into his tent for his revolver. As he emerged from the tent the sentinel fired at the rebel colonel, who was riding at an easy lope beyond the camp, and, turning his head, said coolly:

"Very bad shot, indeed. I'll wait for you at the river, major; you forgot my parole, you know."

And the dare-devil, once more himself at the sound of fight, rode off singing the refrain of a camp-song:

"She was as beautiful as a butterfly."

"Catch him! Shoot him!" yelled the soldiers in chorus running for their arms and horses. The guard consisted of six men, two corporals and a sergeant, and these were the first to head the chase; and, while after them, helter-skelter, came the whole camp, with the major in the lead.

The distance to the ford was two miles, and the road runs through fields of corn, wheat and grass, that is, as much of each as war had left. The slanting rays of the setting sun lay on waving fields, and the peaceful look of nature was in strong contrast to the sound of fierce yells and dropping shot.

As the major came in view of the distant ford, two wild, riderless horses came tearing back with the stirrups flying in the air, and then a single flying steed dragging his rider by the foot.

The major drove the spurs into the flanks of his horse, who was already at the top of his speed. And then he came headlong down the hill to the river, his revolver cocked in his right hand. The river was swollen by the spring rains, and past fording.

"Damn him," said the major aloud, "we'll have him yet."

There were two horses with necks drooping, another scrambling up the bank and on the edge of the water five men dead.

The major saw an object in the river, making for the opposite bank and with an oath plunged in after it. It was almost a death struggle with the rushing torrent, and down and down the horse and rider swept while twenty men who had come up halted in dread of the dangerous flood.

At last the major scrambled out of the river a hundred yards below, half drowned and blaspheming. Through brush and brambles he forced his drenched steed up to the ford, and there was the guerrilla chief's beautiful mare, with the saddle all bloody, looking wistfully into the rushing flood for her master, whom it would never give back.

And then the major, too, watched the river, and all the view sank into the dark, like the soul of the lost horseman into eternity; and the bugles, sounding the recall, prolonged and wailing, rose and sank on the echoes of the night the wild, weird requiem of the wildest man in the world.

WHO ARE THE GENTRY?

The other evening, at a little dinner party up town, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people, "I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman, "for one reason—because you have no gentry here." "What do you mean by gentry?" asked another of the company. "Well, you know," replied the Englishman, "well, oh, gentry are those who never do any work themselves and those fathers before them never did any." "Ah!" exclaimed his interlocutor, "then we have plenty of gentry in America, but we don't call them gentry; we call them tramps." A laugh went round the table, and the young Englishman turned his conversation into another channel.

SIX GRANDMOTHERS.

[Sugar Bowl.]

On March 20th, a child was born at Lockport which had six grandmothers—the mother of its parents, and the mothers of all four of its grand parents. It was a little girl of Mr. Thompson Barilleux, son of Mr. Ferdinand Barilleux—and the latter's mother, Mrs. Joseph Barilleux, is still living, as well as the mother of his wife, Mrs. Evariste Lejune. The mother of the child was a daughter of Mr. Marcelin Forest, is still living, as well as the mother of his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Valerie Breux—thus making two grand mothers and four great grand mothers still living. We never heard of such an occurrence before. Both the grand fathers and one great grandfather are also living. At the wedding of Mr. Thompson Barilleux, all the grandmothers were present except one who was sick.

BLODE UP.

The other day a muscular young fellow having an odor of the stables about him, entered a Detroit photographer's establishment and explained that he would like to have about one photograph taken, but upon learning the price he concluded he would invest in a tin-type. After taking his seat in the chair he shut one eye, drew his mouth round one side, stuck up his nose and patiently waited for the operator, whose astonishment caused him to exclaim:

"Good gracious! but you don't want to look that way to get a picture. Nobody will know you from Sitting Bull."

"You go ahead," was the reply.

"Do you want me to take such a phiz as that?"

"I do."

The artist took it. If beat Sol Smith Russell all to pieces, and was highly satisfactorily to the sitter, who paid for it and said:

"You see, I had sorter of an object in this. Came here from Allegan county six months ago—engaged to a gal out there—found a gal here I like better—got to sever old ties—see?"

"But what has that picture got to do with old ties?" asked the artist.

"Lots—heaps! I've writ to her that I was blode up here on a boat and disfigured for life. She's awful proud. When she gits this and sees how that explosion wrecked me, she'll hunt another lover quicken'u wink—see? How do you like the plot? Just gaze on this picture once, and then tell me that Mary Ann won't send back my love letters by first train!"

He posted the picture. The letter was brief, but explained all. It said: "My Ever Dear Gurl—I enclose my picture that you may see how awful bad I was hurt, tho' I know you will love me just the same."

"Ever see that game worked afore?" he asked of the artist as he licked the stamp on the letter.

"No—never did."

"Course you never did. It's mine.

It struck me the other day while I was greasin' a wagon, and I think it's boss. Blode up—see? Disfigured for life—see? picture right here to prove it, and she'll write back that she has at last concluded to yield to her parents, wishes and marry a young man out there who owns eleven steers, a hundred sheep and an eighty-acre lot."

"What a joke!" cried Rosa. "But you told grandpa I should never want for anything. You can't be growing stingy, love."

"You shall have the money, Rosa."

His face had turned very white, but she did not see it. After awhile he arose and put on his coat.

"I must go out awhile," he said. "I have business to attend to." And she saw him unconsciously take from his bosom the keys of his office desk.

"Going to the office to-night?" she asked.

"No, no. Why should you think so?" he said, and turned fiery red.

Rosa felt frightened. She could not tell why. She went to the door with her husband and watched him down the street. Then she went back to the parlor and picked up the morning paper. The first paragraph her eyes fell upon was an account of the arrest of the confidential clerk of a certain firm for embezzlement.

"He was honest, until extravagant women made him their prey," added the writer. "Extravagance is the road to ruin."

The paper fell from Rosa's fingers. Suddenly a flood of light illuminated the darkness of her life.

"I am an extravagant woman," she said. "I am driving my dear husband to ruin. To-night he may do something to supply my foolish wants that will cover him with infamy and part us forever. I will follow him."

A great waterproof cloak with a hood lay upon the chair near by. Rosa seized it and wrapped it about her and flew into the street.

She turned her steps as by instinct toward her husband's place of business. It was a large building and the janitor stood at the door.

"My husband is in his office, is he not?" she asked.

"Yes, walk up, ma'am," said the old man, and Rosa flew up stairs. She opened the door. The gas had been lit, and its rays fell over the head of her husband as he sat at the desk. She crept softly up behind him and peeped over his shoulder. An empty cheek lay before him, and opposite stood a paper bearing the signature of his employer, which he with careful strokes was copying letter by letter.

"Charles!" shrieked Rosa, and her white hand descended upon the paper. "Charles."

"The man started to his feet.

"God led me here, Charles," sobbed his wife. "Oh, Charles, is this the first time?"

"The very first, Rosa."

"It is my fault," said Rosa. "My extravagance had maddened you. Burn that paper and come away."

In a moment more the check was a little heap of ashes, and Rosa sat upon her husband's knee, hiding her head on his shoulder.

"We will sell all the furniture—all that we owe. The rest we will give back. My jewels shall go, I will wear calico. We will be honest and forget our vanity," she said, "and I will be a true helpmeet to you instead of being your bane and curse, as I have been."

They went home together. Neither ever forgot that evening. And though people pitied the banker's daughter for her humble surroundings, she was happier than she had ever been in her life.

don't charge for such a thing!" And this is called newspaper patronage. Now isn't newspaper patronage a curious thing? And in that great day when the gentleman in black gets his dues, as he surely will, how many of the patrons enumerated above will fall to his share!

JUST IN TIME.

When Charles Hollingsworth, then only a young clerk, married a banker's heiress, against her father's will, and took her home to the few poorly furnished rooms he was able to hire, they were very happy for a time.

All seemed to go smoothly until a small legacy was left to the husband, which was expended in furniture far too fine for their present condition, and in dresses which were unsuitable for a clerk's wife. Then, indeed, the young people began to compete with more wealthy families, and the young wife never knew into what terrible debts they were plunging.

Charles went home one evening to find Rosa in tears.

"I've been so frightened, love," she said. "A dreadful crazy creature has been here and declared that our great mirrors are not paid for. I ordered him out of the house, and she shook his fist at me, and said that we owed for everything. What did it mean, Edward?"

"That he was crazy, as you say."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said foolish little Rosa, smiling. I thought there might be something at the bottom of his talk; and since it isn't so, you'll give me that new garnet velvet dress I spoke of and a pearl for my hair—pearls become me so well. You'll let me have it to-morrow, Charles, in time for Mrs. Bushland's dinner?"

"If I can, Rosa," said Charles; "but what if I were to ask you to wear your old dresses this winter?"

"What a joke!" cried Rosa. "But you told grandpa I should never want for anything. You can't be growing stingy, love."

"You shall have the money, Rosa."

His face had turned very white, but she did not see it. After awhile he arose and put on his coat.

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