DAVID MOSS, ATTORNEY.

I had, after severe struggle with poverty, caught at the skirts of the legal profession. A sign with gilt letters, "David Moss, Attorney at Law," was tacked on my office door in Louisiana Avenue. Within, a few dusty books, an empty desk and a dilapidated arm chair proclaimed my legal status. I had waited patiently for criminals and perplexed debtors to rush in and seek my advice; but they did not rush well, and hope deferred had nearly made my heart sick.

On the morning of December 21, 1872, I sat disconsolately in my office, with my overcoat buttoned up to my chin, said overcoat answering in lieu of a fire, and took a prospective glance at my affairs. My finances stood two to five—that is, a five-cent nickel to a two-cent copper. The five cents would buy a glass of beer and the two cents a pretzel. I smiled at my anticipated happiness, and took an inventory of my wardrobe. Like their owner, my coat and pants had evidently seen better days; for, although rusty and threadbare, they showed traces of their original color and texture. I commenced to ruminate on my condition and achieve plans for the future. But all that I could bring to aid were the words of Horace Greeley, "Go West," and "You are a liar." I knew I was a liar, technically speaking, because my sign proclaimed me to be an attorney and solicitor at law, and yet I had not a single case to plead before the bar, although I was nominally a member. To go West was to my fancy a literal of all my "splendid possibilities." I knew I possessed (what young man is there that does not think the same?) genius that would astonish the world, if it could only find an outlet or an inlet.

Just as I arrived at this point in my reflection, the door of my office swung softly on its hinges and a man closely muffled in winter apparel stood by my side.

"Are you a lawyer?" he said, with a questioning glance of his steel-gray eyes.

"That is my business," I returned, coolly, straightening myself to the full height of my five feet six.

He smiled at my manner, slipped a five-dollar bill in my hand, and said, blandly:

"I have come for advice."

This was coming to the point. I thawed instantly, and asked my client to be seated. He was a middle-aged man, tall and sinewy, with black hair sparsely mixed with gray. His dress and manner proclaimed him to be a man of wealth. I noticed as he slowly seated himself.

"Suppose," said he, "you had an only daughter, and she was obstinately determined on marrying a man that you despised—a man whom you know to be a villain, but had no means of proving it?"

"Is your daughter of age?" I asked.

"I did not say she was my daughter, young man; you jump at conclusions; no able lawyer accepts anything without proof."

I felt that I had suddenly changed places with him—that he was the attorney and I was the client; but taking no notice of his words, I repeated the question with a variation:

"Is she of age?"

"Yes," was the reply, "she is of age, and as obstinate as a mule."

"Disinherit her," I suggested.

"Oh," said he, with a shrug of his shoulder, "I have tried everything. I have told her she should not have a penny of my money; I have kept her on bread and water; hired governesses to watch her—in fact, I have left no stone unturned."

"There remain only two methods; incarcerate her in an insane asylum or put detectives on his track, and convict him of some ignoble action," I said.

"Your last suggestion is the best. But even if I should convict him of murder, she would imagine that it was a conspiracy on my part, and marry him at the gallows."

He remained in deep thought for several minutes, and then said:

"Young man, I don't think your business is very lucrative, how would you like to change it for something more profitable?"

Change or starvation was evidently a necessity for me, so of course I had no objections to offer. In fact, any escape from my present condition seemed like a God-send to me. I imparted my willingness to make any reasonable change. We soon agreed upon terms which seemed to me more than liberal, and together we concocted some plan to bring the young lady to submission.

I had some compunction of conscience, for two against one, and that one of the weaker sex, seemed hardly fair, but the novelty and the romance, and the solid cash connected with it, reconciled me to the situation.

Just as the sun from the west was gilding the Capitol dome with the last beams of departing day, the train from Baltimore came puffing in. It was Christmas Eve, and the busy crowds were hurrying to their homes.

Two days before, David Moss, attorney and solicitor, seedy and threadbare, had left Washington for Baltimore. This evening the train brought back David Moss, elegantly attired, "gentleman." It is astonishing how one's dress increases their self-respect. No doubt Polodious thought of this when he said to his son, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man."

What a change it has made in my feelings. A few days ago so despondent, now buoyed up by hope and my increased good looks. I felt as happy as a king. My mirror had told me the same flattering tale which it tells many a belle. My ambrosial locks were curled in style, my blonde moustache was waxed to perfection, my blue eyes sparkled, and my manly form was immersed in an elegant suit of broadcloth. Besides all this, I had cultivated a becoming pallor, for I was to enact the *role* of an invalid. A carriage was waiting, I was assisted into it by the obsequious footman, and sank languidly on the cushions. I was driven to an elegant mansion, met by my host, and almost carried to a luxurious chamber. I was too fatigued to go down stairs that evening, but the amount of supper which I contrived to swallow, and wine it took to wash it down, would have astonished a restaurateur.

In the morning my head was so bad that I took my coffee in bed. At dinner time I managed, with some assistance, to get to the dining-room; and for the first time met Kate Marston, the young lady whose dearest hopes I had come to overthrow. After the first glance I began to think that perhaps Mrs. Marston had made a great mistake in bringing me there. I never had an ideal; my busy life in college, and my lack of money to live at all afterward had allowed no margin for dreams. But I am sure Kate Marston embodied all the elements which would have composed my ideal if I had possessed one.

She was a small, perfect brunette, with glorious eyes, which might sparkle with love or hate, red lips and cheeks, lustrous black hair, white, shapely teeth, and, in fact, everything which is charming in woman. She treated me very kindly, very gently, because I, her father's friend, was invalid. If I had been apparently strong and hearty, she would have suspected her father's motives, and met every advance with a rebuff. He had brought several eligible young men to his house, but Kate had sent them about their business in anything but a complimentary style. All the ladies who had been hired as companion she had won over to her cause. They abetted her in her disobedience, and were discharged in disgrace. It was planned that while drawing on her sympathy and seeking kindly offices from her, I should watch over her, keep with her as much as I could, and excite, if possible, the jealousy of her lover, and tempt him to some desperate action.

I felt immediately that it would be a pleasant task, although had I been, as I appeared, a young man of landed estate, I would have entered into it with greater zeal. For a few days everything progressed smoothly. Kate was assiduous in her attentions to my comfort. I would lie on a sofa and she would read to me in her dulcet tones. I enjoyed this heartily, for she was really a good reader, and Tennyson or Byron from her lips was the sweetest music to me.

When my head ached (and I often had severe spells with my head), how tenderly she bathed it with those deft fingers of hers. I would have been content to live and bask in the sunshine of her presence forever, but observation showed me that there was a necessity for action. Sometimes Kate would shut herself up in her room for an hour or two. Meanwhile, I, on whom time always hung heavily when she was absent, placed my chair in the window to view passers-by. Invariably I saw a man pacing up and down in front of the house. He was of medium size, light complexion, blue-gray eyes, long side-whiskers, a mixture between flaxen and brown; most people would have called him good looking, but a closer observer of character would have noticed the strangely shaped forehead and the gradual sinking of the features at the bridge of the nose. I was not long in finding out that this was Kate's lover, and I took delight in watching him. I caught him looking at me with a malignant scowl. With Kate's reappearance he always disappeared. I was certain that they were keeping up a correspondence, but I never saw him receive any letters. I now began to concoct plans to prevent this. I begged her, as a great favor, to help me in writing some letters which were a necessity for me to write, but which my weakness prevented my doing.

I kept her for long hours writing letters about all sorts of things to imaginary people, which, of course, were never mailed. I have some of them yet carefully put away in my writing-desk. Then we took long rides, and she, believing me to be a stranger to the city, pointed out objects of interest, and answered the numerous questions which I chose to ask. I think at those times she must have thought me very stupid and possessed of very little information, but she always answered me with the same unwearying kindness.

With all her firmness, and as her father termed, obstinacy, there was always in her that gentleness and sweetness which characterizes the true lady. I only sighed that she had not bestowed her love on some worthy object—myself, for instance. Luckily I met no one who knew me as David Moss, attorney and solicitor, but nearly always passed somewhere in our rides her lover, who her father had told me was called Walter Reveaux.

At such times Kate would bow and smile, while he returned a haughty nod, which brought frightened, grieved looks into Kate's fair face. Then an insane desire would seize me to jump out of the carriage and give him the thrashing he deserved; but discretion being the better part of valor, I would, on reflection remain seated, and by playful bandinage endeavor to coax back Kate's smiles.

I had been at Marston's house nearly a month, and had been treated as an honored guest by both master and mistress. The change in my life seemed almost as wonderful as the miracles wrought by the genius of Alladin's lamp. I came slowly down stairs on this morning, a little earlier than usual, and entered the dining-room. I had expected to find no one there, and was astonished to see Kate kneeling before her pet canary, weeping "Good-by, sweetheart," for so she called her bird. I entered unobserved, and I slipped out again, closing the door softly after me, determined to closely watch affairs.

I came down late to breakfast, and found Kate and her father already seated. There were no traces of agitation about Kate; there only seemed to be an added sweetness and gentleness in her manner to her father. I complained of having passed a bad night, and of feeling badly. I kept my room most of the day, but within its precincts I raged furiously. To let her escape with that scoundrel it seemed to me would be to let the last of my life depart. No! I was determined to prevent it even at the cost of my life.

The day wore away in slow, interminable length. I did not tell her father what I suspected, but prepared to keep my vigil alone. By 10 o'clock the house was still and silent. I knew that Kate had gone to her room, for I had heard light steps on the stairs some time before. I lowered the gas, opened my door slightly, and prepared to listen to every sound.

The town clock struck 11, 12, and 1 before my patience was rewarded; then the creaking of the stairs drew my attention. Looking out, I saw in the dim light a dark-robed figure stealing down; then a clicking of the locks. In a moment I followed out through the gate, down to the end of the square, where a closely covered carriage was waiting. I arrived just in time to hear Walter Reveaux's voice saying:

"Kate, darling, I knew you would come," when I took her by the arm and said:

"Kate—Miss Marston, you should not do this mad thing. Return with me to your father."

Then Reveaux's voice, in a passion, cried:

"How dare you interfere! I will teach you better manners!"

Before I could avoid it, he raised a pistol and fired.

I felt a dull pain in my side; then came a blank.

When I returned to consciousness, I heard voices faintly whispering:

"He cannot last much longer, poor fellow!"

I had a dim idea that the room was full of people, but I recognized no one; then came another blank.

I had been badly wounded in the side, almost fatally, but careful nursing and a good constitution triumphed. After returning to consciousness the second time, I mended rapidly. I think what helped me most was Kate's sweet face bending over me with such a world of tenderness in it. I convalesced rapidly, and Kate and I soon resumed our rides. One morning Mr. Marston summoned me into the library, and told me I must appear as a witness against Reveaux. This I did not wish to do for fear it might complicate Kate, but Mr. Marston insisted, and the trial resulted in Mr. Reveaux being sent to Albany Penitentiary for three years.

Kate manifested no feeling. Her love seemed to have yielded to the force of circumstances.

With Mr. Reveaux's sentence my work was done. I had gained the end for which I had been employed. I told Mr. Marston this and thanked him for his kindness.

"Do you really wish to leave us, my boy?"

"No," I replied; "but I have completed my mission, and now there is nothing left for me to do. In leaving you I leave everything, and I go forth into the world more desolate than I came."

"But why not stay? I have property which needs care. I can find plenty for you to do."

"Can you not see that it is madness for me to stay? I have only relieved you of one trouble to drag you into another. I came heart-whole; I shall go away leaving my heart behind me. I would not have been presumptious enough to have told you of this, had you not forced me to explain. As it is, you see the only course open to me is to go. You have only escaped one danger to encounter another."

What a kind, benignant expression came into the old gentleman's eyes, as he replied:

"If Kate loves you, you can marry her. I only ask in my son-in-law sterling worth, and I believe you possess that. I care not for money, landed estates, or whether blue blood or plebeian flows in your veins.

It is worth makes the man,
The want of it the fellow.

I lost no time in finding Kate and telling her the old, old story, and when I had finished she looked up in my face and asked:

"Can you trust me now? I have been very, very wicked."

Trust her! No angel from heaven would have seemed purer—and so I told her. Anybody looking into my home on to-day and seeing my bonnie, happy children would know that she had not belied that trust.

My sign, "David Moss, Attorney and Solicitor at Law," hangs out once more in view of the Capitol. It is not now merely an empty sign, but a reality, and my practice is not only large, but lucrative. I have a special penchant for unfledged attorneys, and do all that I can to throw practice in their way, that they may show of what stuff they are made.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Eugene Schneider, the French statesman and mechanical engineer, died recently, at Paris, at the age of 70 years. He was called to the Paris Cabinet in 1821.

A German astronomer has discovered two new small planets, not visible with the naked eye, in the constellation Aries. This makes the number of the lesser planets one hundred and fifty-three.

Recently there was a lifting match at Eureka, Nevada, between two men, for a prize of $200, the winner lifting a 15 lbs. dumbbell at arm's length the greatest number of times. The loser lifted it 1130, the winner 1144 times.

At Bonn, Germany, headaches, dyspepsia, etc., affecting several patients, have been traced to evening studies pursued under the baleful influence of a green lamp shade, from which arsenic was set free by the heat of the flame.

TO PREVENT GLUE FROM CRACKING.—Glue frequently cracks because of the dryness of the air in rooms warmed by stoves. An Austrian contemporary recommends the addition of a little chloride of calcium to glue to prevent this disagreeable property of cracking. Chloride of calcium is such a deliquescent salt that it attracts enough moisture to prevent the glue from cracking. Glue thus prepared will adhere to glass, metal, etc., and can be used for putting on labels without danger of their dropping off.

A new substitute for leather has made its appearance in England, and, as it met with favor at the recent Maritime Exhibition in Paris, a brief description of the process of its manufactre may be of interest. From an extended description of this product, we learn the following regarding its composition and uses: Simple sheets of thin cork are painted over with a solution of India-rubber on one side, and, when the coating has dried, a second is applied over the first. A piece of Japanned cloth canvass, thin leather, or other material possessing similar qualities, is then dressed with two coats of the India-rubber solution on one side, and the cooled surfaces of the fabric and the cloth are then pressed together. The uncoated surface of the cork is now dressed with two applications of the India-rubber solution, and a piece of linen, cotton, or other fabric, is similarly treated. When the solution on the cork and piece of fabric is thoroughly dry, the two surfaces are brought together, and the compound sheet is submitted to great pressure between rollers under a stamper or press. The result is a perfect blending of the several sheets, which thus form a new mixed fabric of great strength, and yet flexible and easily worked. Thus prepared, it can be made into bags, harnesses, boots, etc.; indeed, it can be substituted in almost every case where leather is now used. Being thoroughly water-proof, it may also be used in the manufacture of buckets and other vessels designed to contain water.

GAS FOR HEATING PURPOSES.—We confidently look forward to the time—and we hope it is not far distant—when, in all large cities, at least, a heating gas will take the place of solid fuel for culinary and general heating purposes. What the consumption for that use would be, were the price sufficiently low, can scarcely be calculated; but if the consumption of illuminating gas on the Island of Manhattan alone may be estimated at fifteen million feet per day, the consumption of heating gas, would, probably, amount to one hundred million feet; and since it must be made on an enormous scale, at a very low cost, and sold with a margin for profit, there is reason to hope that the efforts to solve the question of an economical heating gas will solve also the problem of cheap illuminating gas; for though the essential properties, and even the composition, of these two will differ greatly, yet any process that will enable us to make a heating gas, at, say, twenty cents per thousand feet, can, probably, be adapted to the manufacture of a cheap illuminating gas. In the interests of metallurgy, of manufacturing, and of general needs of civilization, we welcome every step toward the attainment of this great desideratum; and it seems, indeed, that no more inviting field for the application of science, skill and economy exists than that of gas-making. This art has stood almost stationary for nearly half a century, while every other branch of productive industry has made enormous progress; and if the signs of the times are not deceptive, the day is approaching when the demands of consumers will force gas-making out of the rut of conservatism into the path of progress that is characteristic of our time and people.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

HOW TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.—C. S. says: "I propose to reach the north pole by the construction of an overground tubular railroad, under the auspices of several governments, which should pay sufficient money to construct suitable shops for the making of a wooden tube five or six feet in diameter, to be made in light sections for transportation. After some suitable landing place has been chosen, the road could be commenced at the dock. The sections of the tube could be placed on a car, which would run inside of the tube and be propelled by hand, and furnished with a light, strong, convenient dummy, engine and boiler, to be used when required. Theoretically this idea has many points of great benefit to the explorers. A car can be made and furnished with nearly all the comforts of a home; and the tube, getting covered with snow in the winter, would be quite warm. With properly constructed stoves, plenty of provisions, and fuel, a scientific party could pass a winter in the tubes quite comfortably. I have no doubt but that there are plenty of civil engineers who would jump at the chance of constructing a road of this nature, if solid government support was guaranteed. If this idea proved feasible, and the barrier of 120 miles that is supposed to exist could be overcome, and the unexplored supposed open sea found, this road could be made the means of carrying material for the construction of suitable fishing vessels. If the open sea does exist, there is no doubt but whales are to be found there in immense numbers, so as to make the road profitable, and furnish oil for the people when the products of the oil region commence to give out. Shelter in nearly all emergencies would be found in a road of this description. Who can tell of the benefits that might come to the nations if the mysteries of the vast unknown region could be brought to light? The outlay on a road of this character would be a mere bagatelle to the results that would accrue from it."—*Scientific American.*

"Gentlemen, I can't lie about the horse—he is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse, he said: "You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye. Is there any other defect?" "Yes, sir, there is. He is also blind in the other eye," was the prompt reply.—*Detroit Free Press.*

They were talking of a death yesterday, when one man asked, "What were his last words?" "He didn't say anything," was the reply. "That's just like him," said the first man, with an approving nod, "There was no gas about him. He was all business."

Interest has been excited by the discovery of a remarkable coincidence between the well-known passage in Byron's "Childe Harold," beginning—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,"

and certain stanzas in an "Ode to the Sea," by Chenedolle, a French poet, which are as follows:

"Dread ocean, burst upon me with thy shores,
Fling wide thy waters when the storms bear sway;
Thy bosom opens to a thousand prores,
Yet fleets with idle daring breast thy spray,
Ripple with arrow's track thy closing plain,
And graze the surface of thy deep domain.

"Man dares not tread thy liquid way,
Thou spurn'st that despot of a day,
Tossed like a snow-flake on the spray,
From storm-gulfs to the skies;
He breathes and reigns on solid land;
And ruins mark his tyrant hand;
Thou bidst him in that circle stand—
Thy reign his rage defies.

"Or, should he force his passage there,
Thou risest, mocking his despair;
The shipwreck humbles all his pride;
He sinks within the darksome tide—
The surge's vast unfathomed gloom
His catacomb—
Without a name, without a tomb.

"The banks are kingdoms, where the shrine,
the throne,
The pomp of human things are changed and past.
The people, they are phantoms, they are flown,
Time has avenged thee on their strength at last.
Thy billows idly rest on Sidon's shore,
And her bold pilots wound thy pride no more.

"Rome, Athens, Carthage! what are they?
Spoiled heritage, successive prey;
New nations force their onward way,
And grasp disputed reign;
Thou changest not, thy waters pour
The same wild waves against the shore,
Where Liberty had breathed before,
And Slavery hugs his chain.

"States bow: Time's spectre presses still
On Appenine's subsiding hill;
No trace of Time is left on thee,
Unchanging sea,
Created thus, and said to be.

"Sea! of Almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror! how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
What awful grandeur rounds thy heaving space
Two worlds thy surge, eternal warring, sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps!"

Chenedolle's ode may be found in Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe," from which the above translation is derived. Some doubt exists as to who was the plagiarist in this case, if any plagiarism there is. The fourth canto of "Childe Harold," in which Byron's famous lines to the sea appear, was published in 1818; Chenedolle was born in 1769. In 1807 he produced "The Genius of Man," a poem greatly admired; in 1820 he published a collection of his early odes, with some new ones. It is uncertain when the ode from which the extract above is given first appeared.

THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE WHISKY RING.

The alleged cause for the discharge of Mr. Henderson is that in his argument on the trial of Avery—a pet of the President and a confederate of Babcock—he used language which reflected on the President personally. That charge is unfounded, and is denied by Mr. Henderson on the faith of the stenographer's notes. But even in the free report of his speech there is nothing which is obnoxious to propriety. He was illustrating the weakness of Commissioner Douglas in yielding to external influences in the discharge of his proper duties, and the consequences that followed from interference; and these are his words:

What right has the President to interfere with Commissioner Douglas in the proper discharge of his duties, or with the Treasurer? None; and Douglas showed a lamentable weakness of character when he listened to Babcock's dictates.

Why did Douglas bend the supple hinges of the knee and permit any interference by the President? This was Douglas's own business, and he stood responsible for it under his official oath. He was bound to listen to no dictation from the President, Babcock, or any other officer, and it was his duty to see that that order was carried out, or he should have resigned his office.

Admitting that he used this language, which is much stronger than the verbatim report, there is not a word in it to which exception can fairly be taken. He condemns the submission of Douglas strongly and properly, and in connection therewith makes manifest the interference of the President. The point which provoked Grant's ire, and stings him most in presence of the Whisky Ring exposures, is the truth of Henderson's statement. He did interfere directly, unwarrantably, and suspiciously.

After approving Mr. Bristow's order last winter to change the supervisors and agents, which was the first move against the Ring, Grant revoked that order at the instance of McDonald and the other thieves, without a word of notice to the Secretary of the Treasury. That at least was not Babcock's work, though he may have aided in bringing it about. The President made the order himself over the head of Bristow, Douglas and everybody else. In so doing he gave his own license to continue the frauds and to defy the Treasury. No wonder the Ring exulted and proclaimed war against Bristow.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Dismissed for Doing Their Duty.

[From the Chicago Times.]

In respect to Solicitor Bluford Wilson and District Attorney Dyer, of St. Louis, the philosopher says: "These gentlemen have done their duty in an able, fearless and honest manner, and the country will not stand idly by and see them dismissed for doing their duty."

How about the dismissal of Mr. Henderson for doing his duty? Mr. Henderson has been the head and front of the whisky ring prosecutions. He did more than all the others together to convict Joyce, McDonald and Avery, all Grant's office-holders, and crowned his efficiency by bringing to light the evidence upon which the man Babcock was indicted. For doing that he was dismissed by order of Babcock's friend, U. S. Grant. It does not look much as if the country were going to stand idly by and let this outrage pass without an expression of its condemnation.

During the Centennial the Grangers are to have an encampment about four miles outside of the exhibition enclosure, and have negotiated with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for transportation facilities, at little expense, between the grounds and their encampment.

If Minerva were to undertake a journey hither from Olympus, how would she travel? Why, in a Pallas-car, of course.—*Com. Adv.* Well, how Juno that?—*Boston Post.*

By Jove, nobody could myth-o-logical deduction of that kind; you shan't Bacchus down on it, even if it Mars the joke.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Mr. John Brougham, happening to be seated by the side of Coroner Connery, of New York, and feeling thirsty, said to that gentleman, "What will you drink?" "A little claret," responded his friend. "Claret!" exclaimed Mr. Brougham; "Claret for a coroner! Why, there's no body in that!"

An exchange says: "Dickens never wrote for *Punch* but once." We suspect he was not ashamed to go right up to the bar and call for it like a veteran.—*Norristown (Pa.) Herald.*

When a Texas militia company all got drunk, the other evening, couldn't it be called a genuine case of *a spree de corps?*