

wife caught him to her bosom in a passionate embrace. I knew she was thinking of her own little child that had lain under the daisies these two years.

The evening train brought Will, and Will brought the diamond. She put it on and flushed it in our faces, but I glanced down at my forget me not, and up at Joe, and was contented. Anybody could have diamonds—I had Joe.

They did not admire it so much after all. Edward's wife had diamonds of her own, larger and finer. Charlie's wife said, 'It's very pretty, Sue, dear,' but she had many more words of admiration for the dimple in Eddie's chin.

'Yes,' I explained, when she spoke of its beauty again, 'He inherits it from his father; the beard hides it, but you can see where it grows a little darker in the centre of the chin. Joe has a lovely great dimple just there.'

I could see Edward's mouth twitch a little at the idea of there being anything lovely about Joe, but I did not care. Then Will pulled an evening paper from his pocket and read an account of the accident, and my tall, awkward husband was the hero of the hour.

Will even said—'By George, he should like to do such a thing as that himself,' as if he could—as if there could be any comparison between short, fussy Will Lindley, and my Joe?

I suppose President Hart is still keeping an eye on Joe—at least he is running the same train for the same pay as ever. But I think I can never be discontented any more; I will keep my husband and my boy, and Sue can keep the diamonds.—*Locomotive Engineer's Journal.*

From HEARTH AND HOME.

### The Mystery OF METROPOLISVILLE.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier School-Master," "The End of the World," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER X

#### PLAUSABY, ESQ., TAKES A FATHERLY INTEREST.

PLAUSABY, ESQ., felt a fatherly interest. He said so. He wanted Albert to make his way in the world. "You have great gifts, Albert," he said. But the smoother Mr. Plausaby talked, the rougher Albert felt. Mr. Plausaby felt the weight of all Albert had said against the learned professions. He did, indeed. He would not care to say it so strongly. Not too strongly. Old men never spoke quite so strongly as young ones. But the time had been, he said, when Thomas Plausaby's pulse beat as quick and strong as any other young man's. Virtuous indignation was a beautiful emotion in a young man. For his part he never cared much for a young man who did not know how to show just such feelings on such questions. But one must not carry it too far. Not too far. Never too far. For his part he did not like to see anything carried too far. It was always bad to carry a thing too far. A man had to make his bread somehow. It was a necessity. Every young man must consider that he has his way to make in the world. It was a fact to be considered. To be considered carefully. He would recommend that Albert consider it. And consider it carefully. Albert must make his way. For his part, he had a plan in view that he thought could not be objectionable to Albert's feelings. Not at all objectionable. Not in the least.

All this Plausaby, Esq., oozed out at proper intervals and in gentlest tones. Charlton for his mother's sake kept still, and reflected that Mr. Plausaby had not said a word as yet that ought to anger him. He therefore nodded his head and waited to hear the plan which Plausaby had concocted for him.

Mr. Plausaby proceeded to state that he thought Albert ought to pre-empt.

Albert said that he would like to pre-empt as soon as he should be of age, but that was some weeks off yet, and he supposed that when he got ready there would be a few good claims left.

The matter of age was easily got over, replied Plausaby. Quite easily got over. Nothing easier, indeed. All the young men in the Territory who were over nineteen had pre-empted. It was customary. Quite customary, indeed. And custom was law. In some sense it was law. Of course there were some customs in regard to pre-emption that Plausaby thought no good man could approve. Not at all. Not in the least. There was the building of a house on wheels and hauling it from claim to claim, and swearing it in on each claim as a house on that claim. Plausaby, Esq., did not approve of that. Not at all. Not in the least. He thought it a dangerous precedent. Quite dangerous. Quite so. But good men did it. Very good men, indeed. And then he had known men to swear that there was glass in the window of a house when there was only a whiskey bottle sitting in the window. It was amusing. Quite amusing, these devices. Four men just over in Town 21 had built a house on the corners of four quarter sections. The house partly on each of the four claims. Swore that house in on each claim. But such expedients

were not to be approved. Not at all. They were not commendable. However, nearly all the claims in the Territory had been made irregularly. Nearly all of them. And the matter of age could be gotten over easily. Custom made law. And Albert was twenty-three in looks. Quite twenty-three. More than that, indeed. Twenty-five, perhaps. Some people were men at sixteen. And some were always men. They were, indeed. Always men. Always. Albert was a man in intellect. Quite a man. The spirit of the law was the thing to be looked at. The spirit, not the letter. Not the letter at all. The spirit of the law warranted Albert in pre-empting.

Here Plausaby, Esq., stopped a minute. But Albert said nothing. He detected Plausaby's ethics, but was not insensible to his flattery.

"And as for a claim, Albert, I will attend to that. I will see to it. I know a good chance for you to make two thousand dollars fairly in a month. A very good chance. Very good, indeed. There is a claim adjoining this town-site which was filed on by a stage-driver. Reckless sort of a fellow. Disreputable. We don't want him to hold land here. Not at all. You would be a great addition to us. You would, indeed. A great addition. A valuable addition to the town. And it would be a great comfort to your mother and to me to have you near us. It would, indeed. A great comfort. We could secure this Whiskey Jim's claim very easily for you, and you could lay it off into town lots. I have used my pre-emption right, or I would take it myself. I advise you to secure it. I do, indeed. You couldn't use your pre-emption right to a better advantage. I am sure you couldn't."

"Well," said Albert, "if Whiskey Jim will sell out, why not get him to hold it for me for three weeks until I am of age?"

"He wouldn't sell, but he has forfeited it. He neglected to stay on it. He has been away from it more than thirty days. You have a perfect right to jump it and pre-empt it. I am well acquainted with Mr. Shamberson, the brother-in-law of the receiver. Very well acquainted. He is a land-office lawyer, and they do say that a fee of fifty dollars to him will put the case through, right or wrong. But in this case we should have right on our side, and should make a nice thing. A very nice thing, indeed. And the town would be relieved of a dissipated man, and you could then carry out your plan of establishing a village library here."

"But," said Albert between his teeth, "I hear that the reason Jim didn't come back to take possession of his claim at the end of his thirty days is his sickness. He's sick at the Sod Tavern."

"Well, you see, he oughtn't to have neglected his claim so long before he was taken sick. Not at all. Besides he doesn't add anything to the moral character of a town. I value the moral character of a settler above all. I do, indeed. The moral character. If he gets that claim, he'll get rich off my labors, and be one of our leading citizens. Quite a leading citizen. It is better that you should have it. A great deal better. Better all round. The depot will be on one corner of the east forty of that claim, probably. Now, you shouldn't neglect your chance to get on. You shouldn't really. This is the road to wealth and influence. The road to wealth. And influence. You can found your school there. You'll have money and land. Money to build with. Land on which to build. You will have both."

"You want me to swear I am twenty-one when I am not, to bribe the receiver, and to take a claim and all the improvements on it from a sick man?" said Albert with heat.

"You put things wrong. Quite so. I want to help you to start. The claim is now open. It belongs to Government, with all improvements. Improvements go with the claim. If you don't take it, somebody will. It is a pity for you to throw away your chances."

"My chances of being a perjured villain and a thief! No, thank you, sir," said the choleric Charlton, getting very red in the face, and stalking out of the room.

"Such notions!" cried his mother. "Just like his father over again. His father threw away all his chances just for notions. I tell you, Plausaby, he never got any of those notions from me. Not one."

"No I don't think he did," said Plausaby. "I don't think he did. Not at all. Not in the least."

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### ABOUT SEVERAL THINGS.

Albert Charlton, like many other conscientious men at his time of life, was quarrelsome honest. He disliked Mr. Plausaby's way of doing business, and he therefore determined to satisfy his conscience by having a row with his step-father. And so he startled his sister and shocked his mother, and made the house generally uncomfortable, by making in season, and out of season, severe remarks on the subject of land speculation, and particularly of land-sharks. It was only Albert's very disagreeable way of being honest. Even Isabel Marlay looked with terror at what she regarded as signs of an approaching quarrel between the two men of the house.

But there was no such thing as a quarrel with Plausaby. Moses may have been the meekest of men, but that was in ages before Plausaby, Esq. No manner of abuse could stir him. He had suffered many things of many men in his life, many things of outraged creditors, and the victims of his somewhat remarkable way of dealing; his air of patient long-suffering and quiet forbearance under injury had grown chronic. It was indeed, part of his stock in trade, an element of character that redounded to his credit, while it cost nothing and was in every way profitable. It was as though the whole catalogue of Christian virtues had been presented to Plausaby to select from, and he, with characteristic shrewdness, had taken the one trait that was cheapest and most remunerative.

In these contests Albert was generally sure to sacrifice by his extravagance whatever sympathy he might otherwise have had from the rest of the family. When he denounced dishonest trading, Isabel knew that he was right, and that Mr. Plausaby deserved the censure, and even Mrs. Plausaby and the sweet, unreasoning Katy felt something of the justice of what he said. But Charlton was never satisfied to stop here. He always went further, and made a clean sweep of the whole system of town-site speculation, which unreasonable invective forced those who would have been his friends into opposition. And the beautiful meekness with which Plausaby, Esq., bore his step-son's denunciations never failed to excite the sympathy and admiration of all beholders. By never speaking an unkind word, by treating Albert with gentle courtesy, by never seeming to feel his innuendoes, Plausaby heaped coals of fire on his enemies' head, and had faith to believe that the coals were very hot. Mrs. Ferrit who once witnessed one of the contests between the two, or rather one of these attacks of Albert, for there could be no contest with embodied meekness, gave her verdict for Plausaby. He showed such a "Chrischen" spirit. She really thought he must have felt the power of grace. He seemed to hold schripheer views, and show such a spirit of Chrischen forbearance, that she for her part thought he deserved the sympathy of good people. Mr. Charlton was severe, he was uncharitable—really uncharitable—in his spirit. He pretended to a great deal of honesty, but people of unsound views generally whitened the outside of the sepulcher. And Mrs. Ferrit closed the sentence by jerking her face into an astringent smile, which, with the rising inflection of her voice, demanded the assent of her hearers.

The evidences of disapproval which Albert detected in the countenances of those about him did not at all decrease his irritation. But his irritation did not tend to modify the severity of his moral judgments. And the fact that Smith Westcott had jumped the claim of Whiskey Jim, of course at Plausaby's suggestion, led Albert into a strain of furious talk, that must have produced a violent rupture in the family, had it not been for the admirable composure of Plausaby, Esq., under the extremest provocation. For Charlton openly embraced the cause of Jim; and much as he disliked all manner of rascality, he was secretly delighted to hear that Jim had employed Shamberson, the lawyer, who was brother-in-law to the receiver of the land-office, and whose retention in those days of mercenary lawlessness was a guarantee of his client's success. Westcott had offered the lawyer a fee of fifty dollars, but Jim's letter, tendering him a contingent fee of half the claim, reached him in the same mail, and the prudent lawyer, after talking the matter over with the receiver who was to decide the case, concluded to take half the claim. Jim would have given him all rather than stand a defeat.

Katy, with more love than logic, took sides of course with her lover in this contest. Westcott showed her where he meant to build the most perfect little dove-house for her, by George, he! he! and she listened to his side of the story, and became eloquent in her denunciation of the drunken driver who wanted to cheat poor, dear Smith—she had got to the stage in which she called him by his Christian name now—to cheat poor, dear Smith out of his beautiful claim.

If I were writing a History instead of a Mystery of Metropolisville, I should have felt under obligation to begin with the founding of the town, in the year preceding the events of this story. Not that there were any mysterious rites or solemn ceremonies. Neither Plausaby nor the silent partners interested with him cared for such classic customs. They sought first to guess out the line of a railroad; they examined corner stakes; they planned for a future county-seat; they selected a high-sounding name, regardless of etymologies and tautologies; they built shanties, "filed" according to law, laid off a town-site, put up a hotel, published a beautiful colored map, and began to give lots away to men who would build on them. Such, in brief, is the anomalous history of the founding of the village of Metropolisville.

If this were a history, I should feel bound to tell all the maneuvers resorted to by Metropolisville, party of the second part, to get the county-seat removed from Perriault, party of the first part, party in

possession. But about the time that Smith Westcott's contest about the claim was ripening to a trial, the war between the two villages was becoming more and more interesting. A special election was approaching, and Albert of course took sides against Metropolisville, partly because of his disgust at the means Plausaby was using, partly because he thought the possession of the county-seat would only enable Plausaby to swindle more people and to swindle them more effectually, partly because he knew that Perriault was more nearly central in the county, and partly because he made it a rule to oppose Plausaby on general principles. Albert was an enthusiastic and effective talker, and it was for this reason that Plausaby had wished to interest him by getting him to jump Whiskey Jim's claim, which lay alongside the town. And it was because he was an enthusiastic talker, and because his intire disinterestedness and his relations to Plausaby gave his utterances peculiar weight, that the Squire planned to get him out of the county until after the election.

### Family Circle.

#### PARLEY OF PROVERBS.

A WORLD of wisdom lies crystallized in proverbs, though they are not all consistent with each other, some advising one course of action, while others go on the contrary track and insist on exactly the reverse. By which the puzzled student of proverbial philosophy finds himself ranked as a fool on the one page if he obeys the precepts set forth on the other. "Trust begets truth" is one axiom, and a noble one—pity we do not all determine to live up to it in our own lives! but, "Try before you trust;" "Sudden trusts beget sudden repentance;" "Treat a friend as if he would some day be your enemy;" "He who trusteth not is not deceived;" are surely not of the same spirit. Neither does "A fault confessed is half redressed" run on all fours with "Sin that is hidden is half forgiven;" nor "It is better to have a hen to-morrow than an egg to-day" with "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Content with one's present portion, however small, is, nevertheless, taught in proverbial philosophy oftener than the restless discontent and striving of ambition. "Better half a loaf than no bread," and the other version, "Better half an egg than an empty shell;" "Better a little fire to warm us than a great one to burn;" "Enough is as good as a feast;" "He that is content with his poverty is wonderfully rich;" and others, all go to being satisfied with one's present portion and letting things alone. Following admonitions to content come those to save. "A pin a day is a groat a year;" "Saving is getting;" "A fool and his money are soon parted;" "Save for the man on the white horse" (old age);

Scrape and pare, and thou shalt have; Lend and trust, and thou shalt crave;

"He sups ill who eats up all at dinner;" "He that spares when he is a young man spends when he is old;" "Penny and penny laid up will be many;" "He that regards not a penny will lavish a pound;" and "A penny saved is a penny got," which is the concrete of the advice whereof "Saving is getting" is the abstract. But "Better sell than live poorly" seems to point another way.

The need of educating your child as you would have it grow up is again another circumstance that has many proverbs at its back, though the sayings about "what is bred in the bone will out in the flesh," and the latin version, "Naturam expellat furca, licet usque recurvat," are against the axioms which teach that "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and "Dogs bark as they are bred," "Don't scald your tongue in other folk's broth;" "Keep your finger out of other folk's pies;" "Drown not thyself to save a drowning man;" and "Put not thy finger into the fire," tell us to be wisely selfish and prudently unsympathetic. "Crumb not your bread before you taste your porridge" is also a proverb of wise warning; something like "Try your skill in gilt first, and then in gold;" "Put not all your eggs into one basket," and the like. "Better late ripe and bear, than early blossom and blast," teaches patience with slow beginnings; and, under the head of "Ill weeds grow apace," the same doctrine may also be found in another form. "Contempt will sooner kill an injury than revenge" has a fine echo or pride in it—that pride which helps a man through life far better than angry energy or active fighting. Yet this is not the pride which "breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy;" not the pride which is "never in one place with grace," but the nobler instinct of self-respect which elsewhere "lives it down."

Do you want to know how to do your will, yet not pay the price? "A dog will not cry if you beat him with a bone," says the proverb; but adds, on the other hand, "A forced kindness deserves no thanks." And, again, "Dear bought is the honey that is licked from the thorn, quoth Hendyng," which has more meanings than one; but one of those meanings may be this of bribing and being served.

Do any of us give of our best, or do of our bravest for others?—play with cards

thrown on the table and with never a fund of reserve? No, according to the proverb. We have all something that we do not give away, something we keep for ourselves, even while making believe to divide fairly. "A fencer hath one trick in his budget more than ever he taught his scholar," and that fencer is the father of us all. We have proverbial warning and warrant for concealing more than the one "fencing trick." "We should publish our joys and conceal our sorrows," says one; "Better wash your dirty linen at home," says another; though, according to a third, "Concealed goodness is a sort of vice," which, for its own part, balances "Hypocrisy is the tribute sin pays to virtue."

### CAREME.

#### A KING OF THE KITCHEN.

MARIE-ANTONE CAREME the great cook, whom Lady Morgan mentions among the celebrities she feels proud of having met, was certainly one of the most original and pleasing figures of the first half of the nineteenth century.

His biography has all the interest of a novel.

"My father," he tells us in his *Memoirs*, "was a poor lump who had no less than fifteen children to feed. One evening he took me by the hand and brought me outside Paris, where he dined less frugally than usual. On our return, night had already set in, and my father seemed to be in very low spirits. I asked him several questions without receiving an answer, and he walked so fast that I had some difficulty in keeping up with him. All of a sudden he stopped in the middle of a deserted thoroughfare and said, 'You know, my boy, how wretched we are at home; too often, there is not bread enough for us all. You are a clever lad and sure to make your way in the world. Go, my child—to-morrow perhaps you may find a more comfortable shelter. Farewell, and God bless you!' He then slipped a few cents into my hand, kissed me and ran away. I believe he was weeping."

"I was about eleven years old when this occurred. I counted the money my father had given me—fifteen cents! My parents had never been unkind to me, so I thought they must have acted for the best; but it was very cold, and I felt rather frightened. I walked a long way without knowing where I was going, but I did not cry. At last I sat down on some steps at the door of a little tavern of the faubourg St. Honore."

"When the tavern-keeper, whose name was Ladurac, came out to put up the shutters, he found me there shivering with cold. I told him my story. After having examined my features, he appeared convinced that I was no liar, for he said that I might sleep in the kitchen, as he wanted a boy to help him. At eleven years old, in the space of two hours, I had thus gained a social position. I was something—I was head waiter . . . and head-scuillon into the bargain, for Ladurac had no other attendant \* \* \*

Careme spent several years in studying the cookery of the ancient Romans; the result of his learned researches proved to him that the dishes which appeared upon the tables even of such gastronomers as Lucullus, Pompey or Caesar were thoroughly bad and atrociously difficult to digest. He had learned Latin in order to consult the writings of Palladius, Apicius, and other ancient authors.

His principal works are: "Picturesque Pastry-cook, The French Maitre d' Hotel, The Art of Cookery in the Nineteenth Century, Ancient and Modern Cookery Compared." You must not imagine that he writes like a cook. On the contrary, he has a most elegant and, sometimes an original style. One reads with interest in his *Fragments of Gastronomical History, The Table of Combareres, The Emperor Napoleon at Breakfast*, and many other of his contributions to the *Revue de Paris*. \* \* \* \*

One day our illustrious cook was sauntering along the quays of Paris, dreaming of some new dish, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a middle-aged woman who was crying bitterly at the door of a wine-shop. Careme kindly asked:

"What is the matter, my good woman? Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you, sir; but if I cry it is because no one can help me. My husband, who is a first-rate silversmith, spends all he earns in that abominable tavern, and leaves me to starve with our two children."

"He is too fond of good fare, then?"

"Ah, if he were half as fond of his work, we'd be well off."

"Yet, although he is a man of taste, you condemn him to eat boiled beef every day."

"Eh? Who told you that?" asked the woman, with a look of surprise.

"I guess it," replied Careme. "No man cares to go abroad for a bad meal if his wife can cook a good one. If you listen to me, I'll teach you how to keep your husband at home. Where do you live?"