

gain to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips, bade her adieu.

He was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought; nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been, his companion rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months rolled on. Colonel Merville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all European capitals, about the time that Napoleon was planning to marry the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The young colonel is handsome, manly and already distinguished in arms, and became at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him, but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But heart is not made of stone; and the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Von Waldroff, and in spite of his vows she captivated him, and he secretly curses the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion—and yet the distance he maintains? The truth was, that his sense of honor was so great that, though he felt he loved the young baroness, and even she returned his affections, still he has given his word and it was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes, in place of his good angel, his evil genius.

Time rolls on, he is to return in a few days—it is once more the carnival season; and in Vienna, too,—that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and wonder fills his brain, when about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the Opera House in Paris.—Was it not a fancy?

"I come to hold you to your promise," she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm.

"Is this a reality, or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier.

"Come, follow me, and you shall see that it is a reality," continued the mask.

"I will."

"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired into a saloon.

"Most truly in act; but, alas, I fear not in heart."

"Indeed."

"It is too true, lady that I have seen and loved another; though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her."

"And who is it that you love?"

"I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret?"

"Most religiously."

"It is the Baroness Von Waldroff," he said with a sigh.

"And you really love her?"

"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier sadly.

"Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring, can you produce the mate?"

"Here it is."

"Then I, too, keep my promise!" said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his astonished gaze the face of the Baroness Von Waldroff!

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by enquiry he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave him her wealth, title and everything.

They were married with great pomp and accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once a general of division.—*English Paper.*

ON AN ENGINE.

"Many things," sang the greatest of Greek poets, "are ingenious, but there is nothing more ingenious than man." Had the poet, however bech able to exchange his sunny Athens for our land of fogs, and anticipating two thousand years, have found himself by my side on the engine of the express, he would probably have discerned a point in his remark which he never suspected when he made it. Men have achieved greater attainments now than taming the "proud necked horse," and steering under the waves that roar around him, and one feels a sort of regret that a poet who could so proudly appreciate and so eloquently celebrate those rudiments of the future triumphs of his race was never permitted to see them in the plenitude of their glory. I never fully realized the awful power of man till, I took my place on the engine of an express train. A train at night is a spectacle of terrible magnificence anywhere, but we have become so familiarized with it that it has lost its force and we simply regard it in the ordinary realistic light in which we look on any other casual object. We can stand unmoved on a railway, see the iron mass that whirls a helpless freight of our fellow creatures 50 miles an hour past us, hear the scream and the rush, feel its hot blast on our face, and the earth trembling beneath our feet, without the slightest emotion. But take your

stand on the engine itself, and all is changed, Let the firm hand of the bronzed figure beside you fail—let the sharp eye read false the bits of flickering glass that twinkle in the distance—and you know well that in one minute you may be a shapeless mass of flesh. Those feelings were not altogether absent from me when I a few nights ago, mounted for the first time in my life the engine of one of the night expresses. We were to run about seventy miles without stopping, and I was advised by my friend the engine-driver to provide myself with something hot, the air being very sharp in the early morning. Gradually the cars filled; presently the sharp whistle of the guard rang through the air, and an abrupt scream followed from the engine. The steam was turned on.—A thrill of life seemed to vibrate through the iron frame of the huge mass of machinery before me. It panted hard, and shooting up dense columns of vapor, began slowly to move. Easier and easier seemed the effort, and in a few minutes we were fairly on our way. On each side of us now were the open fields; the cattle lay motionless heaps, in the glimmer, careless and stirless, though we passed them so close; ever and anon the dark form of a grazing horse would betray a momentary restlessness as we shot by. The tall leafy trees, the hedges and brooks were sleeping in peace, and though there was no moon we could somehow see them distinctly. Sometimes we would pass a quiet country village. What a contrast to the mad hurricane of fire that was rushing past them! Our speed now seemed perfectly awful.

The wheels bounded and sprang, and the roar was so deafening that when I tried to ascertain from the stoker close to me at what speed we were travelling, he could not catch a word, though I shouted at the top of my voice. The metals running parallel with us seemed dashing along in headlong chase after us, and telegraph wires dipped and twisted as I looked at them. Far in the distance I could discern masses of black, they seemed miles away, but in a few seconds they assumed the shape of bridges, and with a hollow whirl we shot them behind us. Presently I saw masses of lights, motionless heaps of trunks, signal-posts and lamps. Nearer and nearer we drew—it was a large station. Never shall I forget this scene. Just as we entered it the driver opened the furnace, and in an instant the white ghost-like smoke which floated like a banner over our heads was changed into a lurid mass of flame; the draught as we entered the station blew it about in every direction, and a blood red mist enveloped the whole engine. In a blind fog, with the whistle screaming in my ears, the wild echoes booming and reverberating from every part of the roofed station, the hot furnace licking in the coal at my feet—I could see nothing, and I held tightly on the rail stunned and helpless. Again into the night we passed as the confused mass of lights flashed by. I saw the signals change from white into a blood-red as we flew past, but it had no significance for me. Everything seemed mad. I never realized till then what an accident really meant, never understood the gratitude we all owe to the fine, conscientious, laborious fellows into whose hands we entrust our lives. For the whole of that journey the driver's eye never wandered from the front, his keen, forward-searching face scarce one moment altered its position, and it was easy to see that the wear and tear incident to such prolonged tension had marked and marred his face ere its time. At last our speed slackened, and blood-red light flared on the metals before us, morning was lacing the clouds, and very glad was I to grasp the hands of my swarthy companions and stepping on the platform at my destination, wish them good bye and God-speed. With the roar of the engine still ringing in my ears, and the glare of the signals even yet vexing my eyes, I betook myself to rest, glad to get safe again on terra firma—gladder to have gained the experience I had gained.—*London Paper.*

OUR IDLE CLASSES.

Like unto the great multitude that no man could number, whom St. John speaks of in the Apocalypse, is the latter-day army of incapables. They are immovable sponges upon relatives, whom they keep forever poor. They cannot keep a situation, and are barely competent to sit at a gate and collect tickets from a thin stream of passers-in. They are the skeleton in nearly every household, and the abundant cause of heart-burnings and poverty everywhere. They hang around like whipped curs, waiting for employment of such a menial description that none but those utterly emptied of industry, manhood and pluck, would accept it. When one contemplates this heart-burning army of drones, how it fires the zeal in praying that parents may have their eyes opened to the necessity of making children work and obey early, and to the need of giving them a trade! The rule is almost invariable, that the child which is not taught to obey before five, and to work before fifteen, is lost. The parents who neglect these vital duties, have the promising outlook of seeing their boy become either a sponge or a thief—the one the half-way house and the other the terminus.—*Oversland Monthly.*

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the Imperial order of Francis Joseph upon Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine. Company of New York.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

"It would awaken the seven sleepers" is a common saying; but we venture to say that half who use it do not know its origin. The legend runs that seven noble youths of Ephesus, during the persecution of the Christians by Decius, a Roman Emperor of the third century, fled and took refuge in a cavern, and having been pursued and discovered, were walled in and left to perish. They are said to have fallen asleep, and in that state were miraculously preserved for nearly two centuries, when their bodies having been found in the cavern, were taken out and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Then it was said these holy martyrs were not dead; that they had been hid in the cavern where they had fallen asleep, and that they at last awoke, to the astonishment of the spectators. The spot is still shown at Ephesus where the pretended miracle took place, and the Persians celebrate annually the feast of the Seven Sleepers.

NOT READY TO DIE.

The following is no fabrication of an irreverent secular journal, but from the "Orthodox Memphis Presbyterian."

Traveling in his buggy alone, not long ago, in going to one of his appointments, one of our good brethren in the Presbytery of Memphis overtook a "foot pad," with a carpet-bag in his hand. The roads were muddy, and he was just at the time about entering a miry bottom. With the politeness for which he is noted, he asked the pedestrian (an entire stranger) if he would not take a seat in the buggy, until, at least, they had crossed the mud and the mire. The invitation was readily accepted, and the conversation for a time was free and easy, about things ordinary and general.

Presently, however, the good brother, with a view to make conversation profitable, asked the stranger if he was ready to die? Not knowing the character of the person who had invited him to a seat with him, and misapprehending his meaning and suspecting foul play, he waited not to reply, but sprang from the buggy immediately, and ran for life through slush and water. The clerical brother, wishing to assure the stranger that he meant no harm, called to him, at the top of his voice, to stop! But this only hastened his speed, and, like a scared hare, he ran until beyond hearing and sight. In his flight he left his carpet-sack, which our brother now has in his possession, being the richer for his faithfulness by the addition of a coarse shirt, a pair of thread-bare trousers, and a little "backer."

A SORRY LOVER.

Young Manglebury will not probably visit Miss Skittles again. He called upon her a few evenings ago, and as she was not at home, he sat down on the porch to wait for her. In a few moments old Skittle's big dog came up, and after eyeing Manglebury, and growling at him in a manner which made chills run up and down his back, the dog walked up and began to sniff at Manglebury's legs. While the animal was performing this operation the young man maintained a condition of absolute repose. It is doubtful if he will again be as perfectly still as he was then until his immortal soul is in the land of everlasting rest. When the ceremony was concluded the dog lay down by Manglebury's chair. As soon as Manglebury felt certain that the brute was asleep, he thought he would go home without seeing Miss Skittles; but when he attempted to rise from his chair the dog leaped up and growled so menacingly that Manglebury immediately sat down again. Then he thought perhaps it would not be better to go home at once. It occurred to him, however, that it would be as well to call some one to remove the dog in case circumstances should render it desirable for him to depart; but at the very first yell, Skittles' dog jumped to his feet, gave a fiendish bark, and began to take a few more critical smells at Manglebury's legs. And when Manglebury shuffled his feet or moved his arms, or uttered the slightest sound, that infamous dog was up and at him. Once, when he had to sneeze, he thought, from the boisterous indignation manifested by the dog, that his hour at last had come. Manglebury had often before wanted to see Miss Skittles alone, but he now felt like welcoming any member of the Skittles family, even the cook, with a feeling approaching enthusiasm. Finally he heard voices in the parlour. It was Miss Skittles and a young man who had come with her and entered the side door. And they sat there at the window, not thirty feet from Manglebury; sparking and cooing, and every now and then making some disagreeable remark about Man lebury, until at last the visitor left and Miss Skittles locked the door, closed the shutters and went to bed. And the dog never moved until morning, when old Skittles came down to look at the thermometer and found that faithful guardian still watching over the miserable Manglebury, who still sat in the chair in which he began to wait for Miss Skittles. Old Skittles offered to shoot the dog, in order to soothe Manglebury, but that person was beyond reach of such remedies. He was too mad. He cut the Skittles family dead; and is endeavoring to select a social circle whose members do not keep dogs. He hates a dog worse than a doctor hates a healthy climate.—*Max Adeler.*

PREMATURE LAST WORDS.

A writer in the Louisville Courier Journal tells the following amusing story of the rebellion:—A single shot followed by a loud shriek told us that some one of my best men, Bradley, was hurt. He proclaimed his agony with a loud voice, turned over on his back and commenced kicking so vigorously that the surgeon had difficulty in getting near him.

"Poor fellow!" said the doctor as he saw a whitish liquor oozing out, "shot in the bladder. I'm afraid it's fatal."

And he commenced opening his coat.

"Oh, my God!" said Bradley, "I'm a dead man."

"Keep up your spirits, my boy; never say die," said Captain Johnson, kneeling kindly over him.

"Doctor," asked the wounded soldier, feebly, "will you write to my mother and tell her that I died bravely, doing my duty with my face to the foe, and that I thought of her when dying?"

"Yes," said the doctor with dim eyes and a husky voice, "I will write to her and tell her too."

But, suddenly springing to his feet with an indignant voice said:

"Why, confound it, man, you're not hurt a bit. It's only your canteen that's shot, and that's the water from it. Get up, will you?"

Bradley raised up slowly, felt himself all over, and with an exceedingly foolish countenance, crawled back to his position amid the uproarious laughter of the whole regiment.

For months after that on the march or in camp, and sometimes in the stillness of the night, you would hear a voice in one direction demanding:

"What shall I tell your mother?" and perhaps half a dozen responses would be heard: "Tell her I died with my face to the foe," and then Bradley would come out and hunt for the man who said it.

He seldom found them, but when he did there was certain to be a fight.

INSTINCT IN INSECTS.

Ants and beavers lay up magazines. Where do they get their knowledge that it will not be so easy to collect food in the rainy weather as it is in summer? Men and women know these things, because their grandpas and grandmamas have told them so; ants, hatched from the egg artificially, or birds hatched in this manner, have all this knowledge by intuition, without the smallest communication with any of their relations. Now, observe what the solitary wasp does; she digs several holes in the sand, in which she deposits an egg, though she certainly knows not that an animal is deposited in that egg, and still less that this animal must be nourished with other animals. She collects a few green flies, rolls them up neatly in separate parcels (like Bologna sausages,) and stuffs one parcel into each hole where an egg is deposited. When the wasp-worm is hatched, it finds a store of provisions ready-made; and, what is most curious, the quantity allotted to each is exactly sufficient to support it till it attains the period of wasp-hood, and can provide for itself.

This instinct of the parent wasp is the more remarkable, as it does not feed upon flesh itself. Here the little creature has never seen its parent; for, by the time it is born, the parent is always eaten by sparrows; and yet, without the slightest education or previous experience, it does everything that the parent did before it. Now the objectors to the doctrine of instinct may say what they please, but young tailors have no intuitive mode of making pantaloons; a new-born mercer never measures diaper; Nature teaches a cook's daughter nothing about sippets. All these require with us seven years' apprenticeship; but insects are like Moliere's persons of quality—they know everything (as Moliere says) without having learned anything.

A LOVER'S FATE.

The Boston Traveller says that a young man in one of the suburban towns in that vicinity, as is the custom in that village, called for his sweetheart on Sunday evening, and the cooing couple went out for a walk. Particular instructions were given to the miss by her parents to return early. "By ten o'clock, sure," being the parting injunction. Alas! (and alad) "the midnight hour when," &c., came before the twain returned home. The parents had become exasperated by waiting two hours for their daughters return, and when the lovers did enter the gate, by a circuitous movement and a division of forces, they were enabled to bar the young Romeo's exit.

After customary adieu, the young man stepped briskly forth and found himself in the brawny arms of paterfamilias, who seized him by the throat with one hand and held a rope in the other, with which he intended to swing him up in a cherry tree. The young man squirmed, and bellowed, and the young girl hearing the noise, ran down stairs. On reaching the landing, she exclaimed,—

"Father, don't hang him to-night!"

The stern parent, who wears a boot "about half-past time" in size, hesitated a moment, then turned the young man round and administered a kick that sent the lover spinning down the lane double quick. The young man is better now, and can't spark worth a cent.

THE DUTCHMAN'S CLOCK.

A Dutchman being asked why he did not have a clock in the house, explained it as follows:

"Val, you see, de udder night after I shut up de shop, I feels so dirty like what a man will feel sometimes, you know, and I says to the old vooman, I beleaf I goes up to the corner and git a glass of peer. I goes up, you know, unt gets my glass of peer; unt vile I vas a sittin dere, in comes Yankee Kline and says, Heindrick better you come mit me take a glass of peer. Val, I say I don't keer ven I do, and so I goes mit him and takes the glass of peer. And den, already after a little vile in comes Von Moore and Peter Myer, and some udder fellows, and dey all ax me to come mit dem and take some peer. Val, I goes mit 'em und ve all got to drinkin' und singin' mit songs, und I guess I got pretty drunk."

"Ve vas having a good time generally, unt I stays mit de n fellows till it was about three o'clock. Ven I finds out vot time it is I tink now mine wife vill guv mo ter tyvel ven I goes home. Anyhow I says, I vill schlip town unt git in to house unt schlip in te ped mit der old vooman, und I don't vill vake her up. Val, you know I vas a little drunk, unt I stumbled ober some tings vot vos on de floor, und old vooman she vakes up and say:

"Oh, Mister Heindrick, tis is a fine time to be comin' home; vot tino is it, hey?"

"Oh, I say, don't give yourself so much trouble, it ain't more as eleffen o'clock."

"Now, just I tells de old vooman dat it vas eleffen o'clock, de clock he calls me a liar, unt strikes tree. Dat makes me mad, you know, unt so I knocks him off de mantel-piece und prakes hi n a pieces."

Grains of Gold.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest mood; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing the grounds of it.

It is the mind that makes the body rich; and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit.

No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief you must work for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt.

Mr. Beecher says, "Consider morbid self-distrust as an intruder that has no business in your brain. Treat it as you would insects or vermin that infest your dwelling. Hunt it, crush it, give it no quarter."

It is the highest privilege, duty and pleasure of great men and whole-souled women, to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes.

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain of the most ill use are the ones who abuse themselves and others the oftenest.

Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the summer, aglow with promise; and like the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

Kind words are the flowers of earth's existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and are powerful to heal the wounded heart and to make the weighed down spirit glad.

It is not so hard as people suppose to be faithful to one's engagements. The engagement which is to be kept keeps you in its turn. It cuts hesitation to the quick, and protects the will with all the power of a promulgated decree.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and dependency makes them give it up as unattainable.

People always fancy that we cannot become wise, without becoming old also; but in truth, as years accumulate it is hard to keep as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed, a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he grows onward, and in certain matters, he is as likely to be right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year.

Continual prosperity hardens the heart, as continual sunshine does the earth; but when one is softened by the tears of sorrow, and the other by genial showers, they yield those fruits which the necessities of man require. Goodness is twice blessed in what it gives and what it receives. The peace and comfort we impart to others is restored to our own bosom by the satisfying influence of an approving conscience, as the vapors which ascend through the day fall back at night in refreshing dew upon the earth.

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