

POETRY.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire, The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,

For their sad and tearful eyes described Three little chairs placed side by side

Then the sire shook his silvery head, And with trembling voice he gently said:

But she answered: "Father, no, not yet; For I look at them and I forget

Johnny still whistles a ship's tall masts, And Willie his leaden bullets cast.

Johnny comes back from the billowy deep, Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep

So, let them stay there, though empty now, And every time when alone we bow

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

OR THE REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER XXX.

BEAUCHAMP.

One morning Albert was awake by his

"What! that French officer, Fernand, the traitor who surrendered the castle of the man in whose service he was."

"Pardon me, my friend, that man was your father; here is a proof of it."

Albert opened the paper; it was an attestation of four notable inhabitants of Yania, proving that Colonel Fernand

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"The two friends walked out on the fortress. When arrived at La Madeline,

"Since we are out," said Beauchamp, "let us call on Monte-Cristo."

"Gladly," said Albert; "I like him—let us call."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE JOURNEY.

MONTE-CRISTO uttered a joyful exclamation on seeing the young people together.

"Yes," said Beauchamp; "the absurd reports have died away, and should they be renewed, I would be the first to oppose them; so let us speak no more of it."

"Look," said Monte-Cristo, "I am finishing the most execrable morning's work."

"My papers, thank God, no! my papers are all in capital order, because I have none; but M. Cavalcanti's."

"M. Cavalcanti's?" asked Beauchamp. "Yes; do you not know that this is a young man whom the count is introducing?"

"Let us not misunderstand each other," replied Monte-Cristo; "I introduce no one, and certainly not M. Cavalcanti."

"And who, said Albert, with a forced smile, is to marry Mademoiselle Danglers instead of me, which grieves me cruelly."

"What! Cavalcanti is going to marry Mademoiselle Danglers?" asked Beauchamp.

"Certainly! in spite of all I could say, I do not know the young man. They have commissioned me to write to the major to demand papers; and here they are. I send them but will have nothing more to do with it. But what is the matter, Albert? you look dull; are you at the father's throne to pray, or are you at the mother's to weep?"

"I am not aware of it," said Albert, smiling sorrowfully.

"But," continued Monte-Cristo, "you are not in your usual spirits?"

"I have a dreadful headache," said Albert.

"I have an infallible remedy to propose to you."

"What is that?" asked the young man.

"Indeed," said Albert, "I have a remedy."

"Yes; and as I am just now excessively annoyed, I shall go from home. Shall we go together?"

"Yes, but where?"

"To sea, viscount; you know I am a sailor. I love the sea as a mistress, and pine if I do not often see her."

"Let us go, count."

"Yes," said Albert, "I have ordered my servant to introduce him into the small smoking room on the ground floor, dressed himself quickly and went down. He found Beauchamp pacing the room; on perceiving him Beauchamp stopped."

"Your arrival here, without my ordering my servant to introduce him into the small smoking room on the ground floor, dressed himself quickly and went down. He found Beauchamp pacing the room; on perceiving him Beauchamp stopped."

"Tell me, Albert, may I shake hands with you? saying, 'Beauchamp, acknowledge you have injured me, and retain my friendship,' or must I propose to you a choice of arms?"

"Albert," said the journalist, "these are questions which it is difficult to answer."

"I will facilitate it by repeating the question, 'Will you, or will you not retract?'"

"Moreover, it is not enough to answer Yes or No to questions which concern the honor of such a man as Lieutenant-general Count de Morcerf, peer of France."

"What must then be done?"

"What I have done, Albert. I took a week to go, another to return, four days of quarantine, and forty-eight hours to stay there; that makes three weeks. I returned last night and here I am."

"What circumstances—How long you are before you tell me what I most wish to know!"

stayed himself at that time Fernand, as our honorable brother states. He now calls himself the Count of Morcerf, and ranks among the peers."

"Thus this terrible secret," said Beauchamp had so cruelly destroyed, appeared again in an armed phantom; and another paper, cruelly informed, had published, two days after Albert's departure for Normandy, the few lines which had almost distracted the young man."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SOURCE OF THE SHANDER.

ALBERT went straight to his friend Beauchamp instead of to the other newspaper office where the accusation had appeared again with augmented force, and asked a full account of what was said and done."

The worst had happened. The press had directed attention to the report, and the House of Peers were compelled to appoint a committee of twelve to enquire into the Morcerf-Fernand affair. The count, called on by the noble personages, his eloquence and his plausible tale had prevailed, when a new witness came into the scene, and reversed the order of events. It was Haydee, daughter of Ali Pacha, and she proved irrefragably that Fernand had proved the traitor, and after destroying his benefactor sold his daughter into slavery."

In despair, the Count of Morcerf rushed from the hall of debate, where he never could speak again.

"Enough," said Albert gloomily. "I am sure that an enemy of my father's strikes these blows. Have you any clue?"

"Well, may not this be the one? I omitted to mention it. When I began my enquiries at Yania, the chief banker, to whom I naturally applied, knew what brought me at the first hint, as he had already had the question put to him by a Paris correspondent—Baron Danglers."

"Oh," said Albert; "yes, it is indeed he who has long pursued my father with jealous hatred. Before this day closes, if M. Danglers is guilty, he shall cease to live or I will die."

"When such resolutions are made, Albert, they should be promptly executed. Do you wish to go to M. Danglers? Let us go immediately." They set for a cab. On entering the banker's mansion they perceived the phaeton and servant of Cavalcanti.

"Ah, that's good," said Albert, with a gloomy tone. "If M. Danglers will not fight with me, I will kill his son-in-law; Cavalcanti will certainly fight."

The servant announced the young man, but the banker did not permit him to enter. It was, however, too late; Albert had followed the footman, and bearing the order given, forced the door open, and followed by Beauchamp, found himself in the banker's cabinet. "Sir," cried the latter, "I no longer at liberty to receive whom I choose in my house? You appear to forget yourself sadly."

"No, sir," said Albert, coldly, "these are circumstances in which one cannot, except through cowardice—I offer you that case—refuse to admit certain persons at least."

"What is your errand, then, with me, sir?"

"I mean," said Albert, approaching, without apparently noticing Cavalcanti, who stood with his back towards the fireplace—"I mean to propose a meeting in some retired corner where no one will interrupt us, for ten minutes, that will be sufficient; were two men having met, one of them will remain on the ground."

Danglers turned pale; Cavalcanti moved a step forward, and Albert turned towards him. "And you, sir," said he, "come if you like, Count; you have a claim, being almost one of the family, and I will give as many meetings of that kind as I can find persons willing to accept them."

"Indeed, sir," said Danglers, "if you are come to quarrel with this gentleman, because I have preferred him to you, I shall resign the case to the law."

"You mistake, sir," said Morcerf, with a gloomy smile, "I am not alluding in the least to matrimony, and I only addressed myself to M. Cavalcanti because he appeared disposed to interfere with us."

"Sir," replied Danglers, pale with anger and fear, "I warn you, when I have the misfortune to meet with a mad dog, I kill it, and do so society a kindness. Is it my fault that your father has dishonored himself?"

"Yes; miserable wretch!" cried Morcerf, "it is your fault."

Danglers retreated a few steps. "My fault! do you know of Greek history? Have I travelled in that country? Did I advise your father to sell the castle of Yania—to betray—"

"Silence!" said Albert, with a thundering voice. "How came this out of you to Yania for particulars?"

"Anybody can write to his correspondent, and if I wrote, it appears to me that when about to marry your daughter to a young man, it is right to make some inquiries respecting his family. I was speaking of your father's past history. I said the origin of his fortune remained obscure. The person to whom I addressed my enquiries asked me where your father had acquired his property. I answered 'in Greece.' Then," said he, 'write to Yania.'"

"And who thus advised you?"

"No other than your friend, Monte-Cristo."

Albert felt the color mounting to his brow; there was no doubt upon the subject; Danglers defended himself with the assurance of a man who speaks the truth—not for conscience sake, but through fear. Monte-Cristo knew everything, as he had bought the daughter of Ali Pacha; and, knowing everything, he had advised Danglers to write to Yania. Albert took Beauchamp aside, and communicated these ideas to him.

"You are right," said the latter; "M. Danglers has only been a secondary agent in this sad affair; and it is of Monte-Cristo that you must demand an explanation."

"Albert turned," said he, "to Danglers, 'understand that I do not take a final leave of you; I must ascertain if your insinuations are just, and am going now to enquire of the Count of Monte-Cristo.' He bowed the banker, and went out with Beauchamp, without appearing to notice Cavalcanti. Danglers accompanied him to the door, where he again assured Albert that no motive of personal hatred influenced him against the Count de Morcerf."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE INSULT.

At the door of the banker Beauchamp stopped Morcerf. "Listen," said he; just now I told you it was of M. de Monte-Cristo you must demand an explanation."

"Yes; and we are going to his house."

"Reflect, Morcerf, one moment before you go."

die in my father's stead; that would save us all."

"Your mother would die of grief." "My poor mother! I know she would; but better so than die of shame."

"Are you decided, Albert?" "Yes; let us go."

They drove to No. 30, Champs Elysees. The count had, indeed, just arrived, but he was bathing, and had forbidden that any one should be admitted. "But after his bath?" asked Morcerf.

"My master will go to dinner." "And after dinner?" "He will sleep an hour."

"Then?" "He is going to the opera."

"Very good," replied Albert; "that is all I wish to know."

"The count went to see his mother, who refused to see anyone, and had kept her room. "My dear mother," said he, "do you know if M. de Morcerf has any enemy?"

"My son," said Mercedes, "persons in the count's situation have many secret enemies. Those who are known are not the most dangerous."

"I know it and appeal to your penetration; nothing escapes you."

"By do you say so?" "Because, for instance, you noticed, on the evening of the ball we gave, Monte-Cristo would eat nothing in our house."

"M. de Monte-Cristo!" exclaimed Mercedes, "and how is he connected with the question you asked me?"

"You know, my mother, M. de Monte-Cristo had an Oriental and it is customary with them to secure full liberty of revenge by not eating or drinking in the house of their enemies."

"Do you say M. de Monte-Cristo is our enemy?" replied Mercedes. "Who told you so? Monte-Cristo has only shown me kindness. Oh! I entreat you, my son, if you had entertained such an idea, dispel it, and my counsel to you is to retain his friendship."

"My mother," replied the young man, "you have special reasons for telling me to conciliate that man."

"I?" said Mercedes, blushing as rapidly as she had turned pale.

"Yes, doubtless; and it is not because he can do us any harm?"

"Mercedes," said Albert, and, fixing on her son a scrutinizing gaze, "you speak strangely, do you to Albert, and you appear to have some singular prejudices. What has the count done?"

"An ironical smile passed over Albert's lips. "You came to enquire after my health; I will candidly acknowledge I am not well. You should install yourself here and cheer my solitude. I do not wish to be left alone."

"My mother," said the young man, "I know how gladly I would obey your wish; but an urgent and important affair obliges me to leave you the whole evening."

Albert bowed to his mother and quitted her. Scarcely had he closed the door when Mercedes called a confidential servant, and ordered him to follow Albert wherever he should go that evening, and to come and tell her immediately what he observed. Albert went to his room and dressed. At ten minutes to eight Beauchamp arrived; he had seen Chateaufort and ordered him to follow Albert to the orchestra before the curtain was raised. Both got into Albert's coupe, who called aloud, "To the opera." He arrived before the commencement of the performance.

Monte-Cristo, dressed in black, entered and leaning over the front of the box, looked around the pit. He recognized Albert, but thought it better not to notice him, as he looked so angry. The count was conversing cheerfully with Morcel, and ordered him to follow Albert to the second act, when the door of his box opened, and turning round, he saw Albert pale and trembling, followed by Beauchamp and Chateaufort-Renaud.

"Good evening, M. de Morcerf," said the count.

"We are not here, sir, to exchange hypocritical expressions of politeness, or false expressions of friendship," said Albert, "but to demand an explanation, count."

"An explanation at the opera?" said the count, with that calm and penetrating eye which characterizes the man who knows his cause is good. "Little acquainted as I am with the habits of Parisians, I should not have thought this of you; but such a demand, were it your own, would be a great deal of talking? Politician's Youngest—Yes; like you."

"Ich, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animal, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Waranted by Davies, Staple & Co."

Did you hear of Madge's splendid luck with her wedding presents? No; were they handsome? Handsome! I should say so! You know Madge has a great many wealthy friends, and each one sent her a ton of coal.

Hawker's Liver Pills cure all stomach troubles. They assist digestion, regulate the bowels and liver, tone the stomach and purify the blood.

Man (rising wearily to let lady come pass to his seat in the theatre)—This eternal getting up is my annoying. Late Comer—I know it is; that is the reason I never come in myself till the curtain is up.

In this climate use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for colds, coughs, bronchitis and catarrh.

Teacher—Do you know what a state is? Little girl—Yes, our house is in one. Teacher—Yes? Little girl—That's cause mamma is away on a visit and the new girl doesn't know where to put things.

First Traveller—I once saw a diver who stayed half an hour under the water. Second Ditto—That's nothing at all; I saw one who never came up again.

DEEPEST WELLS IN THE WORLD.

The deepest well in the world is now being drilled in Boggs' Run, near Wheeling, W. Va. It was calculated as long as six months ago that its depth then entitled it to be considered the next deepest well in the world.

It may be worth while to remember here the other "deepest wells" in the world. George Westinghouse, jr., sunk a well in Pittsburg to the depth of 4680 feet in search of natural gas, and this had long reckoned the superlative of its kind.

Jonathan Watson, of Titusville, Pa., drilled in 1867 an oil well to the depth of 3550 feet.

There is a well in Greene county, Pa., which produced oil from the depth of a half mile.

A silk manufacturing firm at Rockville, Conn., drilled a well 3440 feet deep.

These are the deepest on the Western continent.

Until the final extent of the well on Boggs' Run shall have been decided the great well at Potsdam in Germany, which is only 10 feet short of one mile in depth, must be considered the deepest on record.

A well near Berlin is 4194 feet deep, and a sugar refining company in Paris has drilled a 19-inch well 2900 feet deep. The deepest well ever pierced, which still affords a temperature below freezing at its bottom, was dug a few years ago in one of the largest forests in the world, which stands upon the perennial ice fields between the Ural mountains and the Sea of Okhotsk. At the depth of 116 metres the ice was found exactly as on the surface.

DAMPER FOR A BALLIE.

A small Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father who was accused of making a disturbance in the street. Said the ballie to him: "Come, my wee man, speak the truth, and let us know all ye ken about this affair."

"Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness street?" "I do, laddie," replied his worship.

"Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square and across the square."

"Yes, ye," said the ballie encouragingly. "An', when ye gang across the square, ye turn to the right, and keep up High street till ye come to a pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said his worship, "I know the pump well."

"Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me."

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Quarryman (commissioned to break the news gently)—Did ye hear that fiddie blast, murr?—Womand—Includin' I did. It frightened me. Would O! had been near ye to protect ye, murr. It's just such a faine lookin' woman as ye O! look to protect, murr. It's ye ye ought to marry, it's ye ought to be kill entirely for talkin' like that, ye an' me married to a faine murr like Mickie Finnegan. Ooh, ye madden's mind about him, murr. He was kill by th' blast.

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Loosening of Food, Dyspepsia or Biliaryness, take Hawker's Liver Pills. They will cure you. Recommended by leading Physicians as a most reliable medicine.

Housemaid—My mistress says this're to send her a very light novel this time, for I'm going to leave her for a few days, and if you send her a very difficult book she won't have any one to explain it to her.

It may be old, but Johnson's Anodyne Liniment retains the vigor of youth. Long may it live.

Caller—So you mean to be an M. P. when you grow big, Tommy? Politician's Youngest—Yes, like pa. Caller—Then say his worship, and you mind to do a great deal of talking? Politician's Youngest—Yes; like pa.

Ich, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animal, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Waranted by Davies, Staple & Co.

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First Traveller—I once saw a diver who stayed half an hour under the water. Second Ditto—That's nothing at all; I saw one who never came up again.

Ulcerated sore throat and tonsillitis yield to Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, when all else fail.

Mother (to her child who had some sweets given her by the man opposite)—What do you say to the gentleman, Mabel? Mabel—Have you got any more, please?

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