

"Father, I cannot," she sobbed. "I am betrothed to another."

"Who dared ask your hand in marriage, without first asking me?" said the banker, in a rage.

The name of Lewis Sheldon escaped from the poor girl's lips, and her head dropped on her breast.

"That forger and villain! And this is the way you pay a father's kindness! I have done all that a father could do, and, now that the pride and joy of my heart has grown to be a woman, I ask but one favor—it is denied! Wed whom you will—I will not force you to this. If you choose to wed a man who wears a convict's suit, and disgrace the mother that gave you birth, you can do so."

There was a silence, broken only by the sobs of the young girl. The old banker stood nearer, waiting for an answer, but it came not.

"I did not think you cared so much for Lewis Sheldon," said the banker, breaking the silence, "or I would have spared you the pain of this meeting. Think of it to-night, when you are alone."

"I warned you of this," said I, addressing the banker when we were alone. "I would not make her life a burden by forcing myself upon her notice."

"Could a loveless marriage make her life more miserable than the one she had planned—to marry a criminal?"

"He is innocent until proven guilty; and, when the evidence is sifted, Lewis Sheldon will prove to you that he has been wrongfully accused."

"You, too, are working against me!"

"I am not—I love your daughter deeply—but I will not be false to an old friend."

"We will talk no more of this to-night. You will remain with me, Tom, and to-morrow we will know whether Sheldon has been unjustly accused or not."

After bidding the banker good-night, I was shown to my room.

The next morning, after Mr. St. Clair had gone to the bank, Effie made some excuse and came into the library, where I was reading. I dared not speak to her, and did not lift my eyes from the book. Effie came nearer, and stood directly in front of me.

"Mr. Elwood," she said in almost a whisper, "excuse me for intruding, but I have no friend to go to except you, and I fear that you are not my friend now. But if you will not be my friend, do not betray me?"

"Anything that is in my power, Miss St. Clair, I will do for you."

"You know that Mr. Sheldon is in jail, charged with the crime of forgery, and I know he is innocent."

"I will be one of the last to think him guilty," I answered, "but facts are against him."

"The detective who charged him with the crime," continued Effie, "is the guilty one. Two weeks ago, he came to the house and obtained father's signature for some charitable object; he was dressed like a minister, but I saw his face. Afterwards, he offered his services to father as a detective."

"Did you tell your father of this?" said I.

"No—I dared not. I feared he would be angry with me."

"Had you spoken then, you might have saved Mr. Sheldon from disgrace."

"It is not too late yet," she answered; "the detective will receive his reward this morning, and, if he is playing the villain, he will leave the city immediately. Go and find him; I will do the rest."

"Anything you say, Miss St. Clair; if your plan fails, there is no hope."

"Too true!"

"If Lewis Sheldon is innocent, he marries Effie St. Clair; if guilty, I marry Effie St. Clair," I said to myself, as I took leave of the banker's daughter, and went in search of the detective.

Arrived at the hotel, I inquired for Mr. Whiting, the detective. I was politely informed that he had left the house; he was gone, and so was some valuable jewelry that belonged to several guests of the house.

Without further information, I went to the bank to inform Mr. St. Clair what had occurred.

"The detective had left for parts unknown," said I, "and, to be candid, Mr. St. Clair, I think you have been duped."

"What! I have been duped? Oh, no! such a thing is impossible! I have been in this world too long to have such a wholesale villainy going on under my very nose. I think you are mistaken, Mr. Elwood," said the banker, lowering his voice; "the detective may have gone after more positive evidence; you know detectives work in very mysterious ways, sometimes."

"Yes; this is one of the mysterious ways. This man, who offered you his service as a detective, has played several roles under your very eyes."

"Impossible! Impossible!" exclaimed the old banker.

"Be calm, sir. You will open your eyes wider yet, when you know all. A few weeks ago this Whiting presented himself at your residence in the garb of a clergyman; he asked you to put your name down for a small sum in aid of some foreign mission. Soon after this a check was presented at your bank, and said: 'Whiting wrote out a check, but your name was at the bottom. When the reward was offered for the arrest of the forger, he succeeded in convincing you that Lewis Sheldon was the guilty one, and received the re-

ward. It looks to me, Mr. St. Clair, as if you had been duped."

St. Clair walked up and down the room in silence. There was a troubled look on his face; he was not thankful for the information I had imparted, or, if he was, he did not make it known. I waited for an answer, but it came not, and I resolved to go where my information would be more welcome.

I made my way back to the banker's residence. Miss Effie was out, but, being a privileged character, I entered the library to wait for her return. I tried to read, but could not. I paced the floor nervously. To think that Lewis Sheldon and I should love the same woman, and he should win her! I tried to think differently, but in vain. I could not shut my eyes to the truth.

Going to the window, to watch the busy crowd that surged to and fro, whom should I see but Mr. St. Clair, his daughter, and Lewis Sheldon, coming down the street! Lewis and Effie chatting and laughing as if they had not met for years; and the old banker, who, an hour before, was in the worst of moods, looked and talked as if he were the happiest of the happy. Nearer and nearer they came, and with every step, my jealous heart beat faster. The hall door opened.

"Oh, I wonder where Mr. Elwood is!" said Effie, as she entered. "I must tell him the good news; he will be so glad to hear that Lewis is innocent."

Her merry voice rang through the house. Little did she think her words sent a pang to my heart.

I started to greet Lewis, but, before I could leave the room, St. Clair entered, radiant with joy.

"Tom, my dear fellow, cheer up! What makes you look so gloomy?" said St. Clair, grasping me by the hand. "It was wrong to treat you as I did this morning; when you told me how I had been swindled, it angered me. The villain has been arrested, and the money returned. Effie has arranged matters with Mr. Sheldon. Shall I call them to receive your congratulations?"

"No, I thank you; I do not care to see another tableau."

I tried to force a smile as I spoke, but failed.

"Are you ill Tom? You look pale. Has anything happened?"

"Oh, no, nothing in particular. Mr. St. Clair, after thinking the matter over carefully, I have concluded to travel; I want to see the world; and if you will remit the interest on my money monthly, I will be enabled to travel and enjoy life."

"This is certainly a queer proceeding of yours, Tom," said the banker. "I will do all I can for you, but you certainly do not think of leaving for weeks yet?"

"Yes—I go to-night. I will draw enough money to do me for several months, and, when it is gone, you will hear from me."

Without giving the banker time to speak, I donned my hat, and was soon in the street.

After I had travelled for many months in a foreign land, I received a paper with this marriage notice marked:

"Married, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Lewis Sheldon to Miss Effie St. Clair. No cards."

I have often wished that they may be happy, but my jealous heart rebels.

SCIENTIFIC.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

An admirably written volume was published not long since by Longmans & Co., London, on that destructive malady which almost defies medical treatment in its amelioration. Dr. Henry MacCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, is the author. Were it republished here, it would lead to reforms in regard to preventing a disease which is often actually induced by violations of the laws of health. Consumption is mowing down the young and the promising before they are prepared for the responsibilities of life. There are two forms of consumption, namely: that which is hereditary, being transmitted from parents to their children, and that which is induced. The latter is the main topic discussed by Dr. MacCormac, which, he is persuaded, has its origin in re-breathing expired air. Those of a delicate organization should sleep alone, and if possible in spacious rooms. That would insure a large supply of pure, uncontaminated air. On retiring, never omit raising the window sash slightly. When the dormitory is small, if not carefully ventilated, oxygen, the essential element that supports life, is quickly exhausted, and the individual takes back into the lungs carbonic acid gas, which destroys life. Thus the whole system becomes deranged, the air cells ulcerate and with the destruction of those, the whole bronchial region falls into disease.

Fresh atmospheric air was intended to be inhaled. It is the source of vitality; therefore, be in no apprehension from exposure to its influences. When the air is charged with excessive humidity, avoid unnecessary exposure; but clear weather, a bright sun and airy sleeping rooms promote health and longevity.

BORAX.

Borax having many uses in the arts, borax is an antiseptic. M. Jacques has been before the French Academy of Sciences with an elaborate paper. The sub-borate of ammonia,

too, according to the results of that gentleman's experiments, is of marked importance to the world of science.

A solution of five parts of borax in one hundred of water is represented to prevent the putrefactive process in meats for considerable time. Flesh dipped in the mixture and then dried resists the usual processes of decomposition.

For dissecting rooms, the taxidermist and those engaged in preparing cabinet specimens of animal tissues, the announcement of M. Jacques should command attention on the score of economy if on no other account, it being no way dangerous or liable to involve assistants in painful accidents, not unfrequently with arsenic, which is commonly employed in modern embalming and in securing anatomical preparations against the depredations of vermin.

CASTING METALS IN VACUO.

With the ordinary process of casting, the air enclosed in the interior of the molds, not being out at the moment when the metal enters, forms between the casting and the mold a very thin envelope, which prevents the metal from taking the exact form of the mold, and which occasions air holes and other defects. These inconveniences are particularly felt in casting works of art, and to avoid them MM. Cumin and Martel of Franco, have devised a process recently patented by them. This process is based upon the employment of a vacuum. At the moment of casting the mold is placed in communication with an air pump in such a manner that the air is drawn from the mold through the pores of the material of which it is made. The interior surface of the mold is, therefore, covered with a substance sufficiently porous to allow the air to pass, yet of ample resistance to guarantee perfection in the form of the object cast. The material employed varies with the nature of the metal.

1. For those very easily fused, such as type metal, the inventors employ fine plaster well dried.

2. For harder metals, such as bronze, they use plaster mixed in almost equal proportions with plumbago, alumina, and other substances of a similar nature, this mixture having been previously thoroughly dried, to drive off all the water from the plaster.

3. For more refractory metals, such as cast iron and steel, the sand mold is simply covered with plumbago, or other analogous materials.

VITAL MECHANISM.

It has been assumed by those competent to form an opinion that there are twenty-five thousand muscles in a silk-worm. There are eight thousand in the trunk of an elephant, and in most of the serpents perhaps more than a million. Through the instrumentality of those organs the flexibility of the body, constrictor depends. By an act of will—that is, instantly charging the muscles with an extra force—the great python of Africa crushes a living lion into a shapeless mass for swallowing. Every bone is ground into fragments, so that no opposing obstacles in the form of splinters or projecting points can injure the throat on the way to the snake's immensely large elastic stomach. Neither art nor science has yet discovered a method for generating such power by apparently such a simple device.

MUSICAL SOUNDS.

The longest and largest pipe of the great Harlem organ, thirty-six feet in length, when sounded actually jars the whole edifice. If there are less than thirty-two vibrations in a second, it is a noise analogous to the flapping of the wings of a huge bird. The human ear recognizes no music in that. All vibrations above thirty-two are musical, till they reach thirty thousand in a second.

Such is the perfection of our auditory sense that the mind is excited, charmed and exalted by acoustic undulations which are transmitted to the brain through a small soft cord, scarcely larger than a single silk thread.

Reflecting on the laws of sound, the extreme delicacy of the mechanism by which it is received, transmitted and analyzed in a moment of time, who can doubt the existence of a Divinity whose works, independent of moral attributes, are self-evident propositions.

LIFE AND MATTER.

Nothing remains at rest. If a single particle in a living body were quiescent, a chain of disastrous consequences would quickly follow, terminating in death. Such is the fact respecting the necrosis of any part of an injured bone. When the circulation and deposition of new osseous materials is interrupted at any point or region, mortification, gangrene and a throwing off of the dead portion immediately commences.

We are perpetually supplying the system with new life material. That is accomplished by food in the stomach. It is there put in a condition to be wafted all through the body. On its route a particle is dropped here and there, and at the same instant an old one is removed. As soon as the vitality of the new piece has been imparted, it becomes from that instant useless. Thus we are perpetually being renewed, and by eating and drinking the supply is equal to the demand. Thus may be explained a law of the animal economy, how it

is that we have neither the same bones or the same flesh to-day that we had years ago. Although identically the same individuals, our bodies have been renewed repeatedly in the course of an ordinary lifetime. Whenever that process of assimilation is interrupted—in other words, when neither new matter is supplied nor the old can be removed, as when in health—death is inevitable.

Therefore, it is self-evident that every particle of nutriment is charged with a definite amount of vitality. An aggregation of these elements eventuates in a life-force. Various arranged, they result in particular organic forms, and who can say that this may not have an important bearing on the gradation of intelligence from one type to another in the ascending scale of animal forms from creeping things to man?

FATAL FLYBITES.

Death very frequently occurs from slight punctures made by flies in warm climates. Occasionally such cases occur in temperate zones, but the cause of such a melancholy result from a slight wound in the skin does not seem sufficient to produce excessive swelling, pain, discoloration and other extraordinary appearances which are quickly exhibited. It is, therefore, possible that the insect which makes the tiny wound has its proboscis charged with an active poison from some source where it had recently been foraging, which, introduced into a bleeding wound and rapidly carried by the absorbents into the system, is followed by death.

Observations on those forms of ophthalmia so common in Egypt, ending in blindness of one if not of both eyes, leads to the opinion that the dreadful malady is propagated by flies, carrying, on their feet and feeding tubes, purulent matter from diseased organs whence they are kept away with difficulty, to sound ones, where they are attracted by moisture on the margin of the lids.

RAPIDITY OF MUSCULAR CONTRACTIONS.

A dragon fly balanced on its wings at the side of a car speeding its way over the rails, at the rate of forty miles an hour, appears to be almost motionless. But to keep up with the car, its wings must vibrate many thousand times a second. The eye cannot detect their up and down action, so exceedingly rapid are the contractions and relaxations of the muscles acting upon them. All at once they dart off at a right angle so quickly that the retina cannot have an impression remaining long enough to retrace their course. Therefore, those same muscles, too small to be seen but by powerful microscopic assistance, must be urged to still more rapid action. Such intense activity far exceeds the vibration of musical chords, and therefore exceedingly perplexes entomologists, because the nervous system of insects is so extremely minute. The question is: How much power is generated for keeping a dragon fly's wings in uninterrupted motion for many hours in succession without apparent fatigue?

HUMOROUS.

DIFFERENT NOW.

The boys don't do things now as they did when Noah Webster was making school books. An old man near Pleasantville, the other day, found a rude boy posting Lydia Thompson bills all over his door-yard fence, and desired him to desist; but the young saucer-box told him plainly he would not, and slapped up another naughty picture.

"You won't?" said the old man; "then I will fetch you down." So he pulled out a horse-pistol and shot several times at him; but this only made the youngster laugh, for the old man was cross-eyed and could not hit a barn door.

"Well," said the old man, if "neither words nor horse-pistols will do, I must try what virtue their is in nitro-glycerine." So that old man pulled out a two-quart can of torpedo mixture, and exploded it under the chap, who coolly whistled "If Ever I Ceased to Love," when the old man went soaring into the sky like a kite.

RETALIATION.

A laughable case of "tit for tat" occurred on the train between Boston and New York, not long since. The principals of the affair were two mail agents. It appears that the wife of mail agent No. 1 placed on the car at Springfield a box containing some choice morsels prepared for his dinner, and that instead of being at once handed to him this box came under the notice of mail agent No. 2, who without the slightest compunctions, possessed himself of the contents and ate them as a good joke. Indeed, so well was he pleased with this operation that he could not refrain from relating it to the others employed on the train. Now it unfortunately happened for mail agent No. 2 that, on one of the times he was chuckling least at his joke, there were rolled up in a paper and placed in a basket in the car, four pounds of home-made sausages, which he had purchased in Brooklyn with a view of making his wife a little surprise. His companions were aware of this, and substituting coals for the sausages they took the latter

and cooking them in Springfield, made a very good dinner of them. In the meantime, mail agent No. 2 took his basket upon his arm, and stepping off the train at this city, proceeded to his home in West Haven. Arriving there, he immediately placed the coals in the refrigerator and went to bed. When the next morning came, and the breakfast cakes were about to be fried, he told his wife of the home-made sausages he had brought her, and that they had better have them for breakfast. The roll was in accordance with this then brought forth, the paper opened, and the coals dropped out. Had this been all, it might have been bearable but ever since the occurrence the man is constantly hailed with some allusion to sausages. —New Haven Union.

SOME WEATHER SIGNS.

"M. Quad" enumerates the following in "Our Fireside Friend," as among the most reliable weather signs:

If the pear trees blossom before the 20th of March, and you notice the cows and horses rubbing themselves against the meeting-house door, and the top rail of the fence casts two separate shadows, it argues well for the coming crop.

If the clouds all move one way during November, and big girls go barefoot, and tin-peddlers are numerous, and your wife wants a new pair of shoes, and plum trees grow the most branches on the west side, the new year will be prolific of thunder-storms and lightning rod agents.

If pumpkins are frost-bitten before they turn yellow, and house-root goes up, and cat-nip has a bitter taste, and saw-logs has an inclination to roll up-hill, the potato rot is sure to follow.

If there are high winds in February, followed by warm rains, and cattle refuse to lick salt, and red-headed girls are conspicuous, July will be a cool month.

A VERY BASHFUL YOUNG MAN.

The following little anecdote is told about a very bashful man in Ottawa. The unfortunate's friends knew that he wanted to be married; they knew that he deserved to be; but they knew that he never would be if he waited until he found courage to pop the question; so they took all the trouble off his hands, and by a series of rapid strategic moves had him "popped" accepted, and wived before he could find a pretext for "willing." So much accomplished, and the nuptial evening having passed off merrily, the young man's back-boners, withdrew at an early hour, feeling that they could spare themselves further efforts in their friend's behalf. About five minutes after, young Benedict, who had evidently been having a serious debate with himself, rose, and took his hat, and with a nervous "Good night," made his exit.

He was not seen again by his bride or his family until the following evening, when he timidly knocked at the door and was admitted. No special comment was made upon his singular conduct, he passed an hour rather comfortably in the parlors, and everything seemed favorably for a cure of his besetting weakness when, hearing the household monitor proclaim the hour of nine, he suddenly seemed to remember he had forgotten something, and started for his hat.

This was the moment, and the event, that had been somewhat expectantly awaited with indignation most profound but under control by the bride's mother. Planting herself resolutely in the door-way, the old lady demanded to know why and wherefore, what he proposed to do, and whether he was a man or only a feeble imitation, &c. In short, why he did not remain with his wife, instead of slinking back to his old quarters? The bashful son-in-law stammered out, as the elderly female seized his hat with determination, and backed him into a chair,—

"Well, I should like to, but I thought maybe I'd better wait awhile, for fear it might make talk among the neighbors!"

ABOVE THE MOON.

One dark night, the darkness of which lighted by the moon, the inmates of a quiet farm house in Ayrshire, were startled by piteous cries from a little stream running past the foot of the brae on which the homestead stood. Out ran the gude wife in haste, thinking that the voice was not unfamiliar; and when she got to the burn, there she saw her ain gude man, who had in just a little too much of John Barleycorn, on all fours in a foot of water, in which the moon was brightly reflected. "Gude-sake, John, ye gunk, what are you doing there, standing like an auld fule in that manner?" "Oh, woman, Jenny, is that you? I'm glad to see ye, for I have gotten aboon the moon, and have been in this awful predicament for two hours hanging on like grim death for fear I should fa' and be killed beyond a recognition. I ken it's a' richt noo' when ye're here, see we'll just baith gang down together." Jenny lost no time in getting John out, and over a tumbler of toddy he vowed that nothing should ever make him soar so high again, even on market nights.

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