

POETRY.

WHEN THE CHICKENS COME HOME.

You may take the world as it comes and goes. And you will be sure to find That fate will square the account she owes.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

OR THE REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ACCUSATION.

"No mercy, sir! The physician has a sacred mission on earth; and to fulfill it he begins at the source of life, and goes down to the mysterious darkness of the tomb.

"You see it is yourself who have first named her—you, her father!"

"Have pity on Valentine! Listen! it is impossible. I would as willingly accuse myself! Valentine, whose heart is pure as a diamond or a lily."

"No pity; the crime is flagrant. The young lady herself packed all the medicines which were sent to M. de Saint-Meran, and M. de Saint-Meran is dead. Mlle. de Villefort prepared all the cooling draughts which M. de Saint-Meran took, and M. de Saint-Meran is dead. Mlle. de Villefort took from the hands of Barrois, who was sent out, the lemonade which M. de Villefort had prepared, and M. de Villefort is the culprit!—She is the poisoner! I denounce Mademoiselle de Villefort; do your duty, Doctor Royal!"

"Villefort fell on his knees. 'Listen,' said he; 'I have not the strength of mind you have, or rather that which you would not have, if instead of my daughter Valentine your daughter Madeline were concerned.' The doctor turned pale. 'Doctor, every son of woman is born to suffer and die; I am content to suffer and await death.'

"Beware," said M. d'Avrigny; "it may come slowly; you will see it approach after having struck your father, your wife perhaps your son."

Villefort, suffocating, pressed the doctor's arm. "And if you were mistaken, doctor!—if it were not my doctor!—if I should come one day, pale as a spectre, and say to you, 'Assassin! you have killed my child!' Hold! if that should happen, although I am a Christian, M. d'Avrigny, I should kill myself!"

"Well," said the doctor, after a moment's silence; "I will wait." Villefort looked at him as if he had doubted his words. "Only," continued M. d'Avrigny, with a slow and solemn tone, "if any one falls ill in your house, if you yourself attack, do not go to the doctor, for I will come no more. I will consent to share this dreadful secret with you; but I will not allow shame and remorse to grow and increase in my conscience, as crime and misery will in your house."

"Then you abandon me, doctor?"

"Yes, for I can follow you no further; and I only stop at the foot of the scaffold. Some further discovery will be made, which will bring this terrible tragedy to a close. Adieu!"

"I repeat you, doctor!"

"All the horrors that disturb my thoughts make your house odious and fatal. Adieu, sir!"

"One word,—one single word more, doctor! You go leaving me in all the horror of my situation, and increasing it by what you have revealed to me. But what will be reported of the sudden death of this poor old servant?"

"True," said d'Avrigny; "we will return."

The doctor went out first, followed by M. de Villefort; the terrified servants were on the stairs and in the passage where the doctor would pass. "Sir," said d'Avrigny to Villefort, so loud that all might hear, "poor Barrois has led too sedentary a life of late; accustomed formerly to ride on horseback, or in the carriage of the four corners of Europe, the monotonous walk around that arm chair has killed him; his blood has thickened; he was stout, had a short, thick neck, he was attacked with apoplexy, and I was called in too late. Apoplexy," added he, in a low tone, "take care to throw away that cup of syrup of violets in the ashes!"

The doctor, without shaking hands with Villefort, without adding a word to what he had said, went out amid the tears and lamentations of the whole household. The same evening all Villefort's servants, who had assembled in the kitchen, and had a long consultation, came to tell Madame de Villefort they wished to leave. No entreaty, no proposition of increased wages, could induce them to remain; to every argument they replied, "We must go, for death is in this house." They all left, in spite of prayers and entreaties, testifying their regret at leaving so good a master and mistress, and especially Mlle. Valentine, so good, so kind, and so gentle. Villefort looked at Valentine as they said this. She was in tears, and, strange as it was, in spite of the emotions he felt at sight of these tears, he looked also at Mme. de Villefort, and it appeared to him as if a slight gloomy smile had passed over her thin lips, like those meteors which are seen passing unperceived between two clouds in a stormy sky.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ROOM OF THE RETIRED BAKER.

The evening of the day on which the Count de Morcerf had left Danglars' house with feelings of shame and anger, caused by the banker declining the proposed alliance between their two families, M. Andrea Cavalcanti, with curled hair,

moustache in perfect order, and white gloves which fitted admirably, had entered the court-yard of the banker's house in La Chaussee d'Antin. He had not been more than ten minutes in the drawing room before he drew Danglars aside into recesses of a bow window; and, after an ingenious preamble, related to him all his anxieties and cares since his noble father's departure. He acknowledged the extreme kindness which had been shown him by the banker's family, in which he had been received as a son, and besides his warmest affections had found an object on which to centre in Mlle. Danglars. Danglars listened with the most profound attention; he had expected this declaration the last two or three days; and when at last it came, his eyes glistened as much as if he had lowered on listening to Morcerf. He would have, however, yielded immediately to the young man's request, but made a few conscientious scruples. "Are you not rather young, M. Andrea, to think of marrying?"

"I think not, sir," replied young Cavalcanti; "in Italy the nobility generally marry young; life is so uncertain, we ought to secure happiness while it is within our reach, for the day I was married."

"Well, sir," said Danglars, "in case your proposals, which do me honor, are accepted by my wife and daughter, by whom shall the preliminary arrangements be settled? So important a negotiation should, I think, be conducted by the respective fathers of the young people."

"Sir, my father is a man of great foresight and prudence. Imagining I might wish to settle in France, he left me at his departure, together with the papers constituting my identity, a letter promising, if the approval of my choice, 150,000 livres per annum for the day I was married. So far as I can judge, I suppose this to be a quarter of my father's revenue."

"I," said Danglars, "have always intended giving my daughter 500,000 francs as her dowry; she is, besides, my soul heir."

"All would then be easily arranged if the baroness and her daughter are willing. We should command an annuity of 175,000 francs. Supposing, also, I should persuade the marquis to give me my capital, which is not likely, but still is possible, we would place these two or three millions in your hands, whose talent might make it realize ten per cent."

"I never give more than four per cent, and generally only three and a half; but to my son-in-law I would give five, and we would share the profits."

"Very good, father-in-law," said Cavalcanti, yielding to his low-born nature, which would accept sometimes through his aristocratic gloss with which he sought to conceal it. Correcting himself immediately, he said, "Excuse me, sir, how alone makes me almost mad,—what will not reality do?"

"But," said Danglars, who on his part, did not perceive how soon the conversation, which was at first interesting, was turning to a business transaction, "there is one doubt as to your fortune your father could not refuse you."

"Which?" asked the young man.

"That you inherit from your mother."

"Truly, from my mother, Olivia Corsini?"

"How much may it amount to?"

"Indeed, sir," said Andrea, "I am sure I have never given the subject a thought; but I suppose it must have been at least two millions." Danglars felt as much overcome with joy as the miser who finds a lost treasure, or as the shipwrecked mariner who feels himself on the solid ground instead of in the abyss which he expected would swallow him up.

"Well, sir," said Andrea, bowing to the banker respectfully, "may I hope?"

"You may not only hope," said Danglars, "but consider it a settled thing, if no obstacle arises on your part."

"I am, indeed, so rejoiced," said Andrea. "But," said Danglars, thoughtfully, "how is it that your patron, M. de Monte-Cristo, did not make this proposal for you?"

Andrea blushed imperceptibly. "I have just left the count, sir," said he; "he is a handsome, a delightful man, but inconceivably singular in his ideas; he esteems me highly; he even told me he had not the slightest doubt that my father would give me the capital instead of the interest of my property; he has promised to use his influence to obtain for me, but he also declared that he never had taken upon himself the responsibility of making proposals for another, and he never would. I must, however, do him the justice to add, that he assured me, if ever he had respected the repugnance he felt to such a step, it was on this occasion, because he thought the projected union would be a happy and suitable one. Besides, if he will do nothing officially, he will answer any questions you propose to him. And now," continued he, with one of his most charming smiles, "having finished talking to the father-in-law, I must address myself to the mother-in-law."

"And what may you have to say to her?" said Danglars, laughing in his turn.

"That the day after to-morrow I shall have to draw upon you for about four thousand francs; but the count, expecting my bachelor's revenue could not suffice for the coming month's outlay, has offered me a draft for twenty thousand francs. It bears his signature, as you see, which is all sufficient."

"Bring me a million such as that," said Danglars, "I shall be well pleased," putting the draft in his pocket. "Fix your own hour for to-morrow, and my banker shall call on you with a check for eighty thousand francs."

"At ten o'clock, then if you please. I should like it early, as I am going into the country to-morrow."

"Very well, at ten o'clock; you are still at the Hotel des Princes?"

"Yes."

The following morning, with the banker's usual punctuality, the eighty thousand francs were placed in the young man's hands, as he was on the point of starting, having left two hundred francs for Cavalcanti. He went out chiefly to avoid this dangerous enemy, and returned as late as possible in the evening. But scarcely had he stepped out of his carriage, when the porter met him with a parcel in his hand. "Sir," said he, "the man has been here."

"What man?" said Andrea, carelessly, apparently forgetting him who he but too well remembered.

"Him to whom your excellency pays that little annuity."

"Oh!" said Andrea, "my father's old servant. Well, you gave him the two hundred francs I had left for him?"

"Yes, your excellency." Andrea had expressed a wish to be thus addressed.

"But," continued the porter, "he would not take them."

Andrea turned pale; but it was dark, no one noticed his paleness. "What! he would not take them?" said he, with slight emotion.

"No, he wished to speak with your excellency; I told him you were gone out, which, after some dispute, he believed, and gave me this letter, which he had brought with him already sealed."

"Give it to me," said Andrea, and he read by the light of his carriage lamp, "You know where I live; I expect you to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

Andrea went as directed, and on the

third floor he found a bell. A moment after, Caderousse's face appeared at the grating in the door. "Ah! you are punctual," said he, as he unbolted the door. "Confound you and your punctuality!" said Andrea, throwing himself into a chair in a manner which implied that he would rather have flung it at the head of his boat.

"Come, come, my little fellow, don't be angry. See, I have thought about you; look at the good breakfast we are going to have; nothing but what you are fond of!" Andrea, indeed, inhaled the smell of something cooking, which was not unwelcome to him, hungry as he was; it was that mixture of fat and garlic peculiar to provincial kitchens of an inferior order, added to that of dried fish, and above all, the pungent smell of musk and cloves. These odors escaped from two deep dishes which were covered, and placed on a stove, and from a copper plate placed in an old iron pot. In adjoining room, Andrea saw also a tolerably clean table prepared for two, two bottles of wine sealed, the one with green and the other with yellow, a considerable portion of brandy in a decanter, and a measure of fruit in a cabbage leaf, daintily arranged on an earthenware plate.

"What do you think of my dear little fellow?" said Caderousse. "Ah! that smells good! you know I used to be a good cook; do you recollect how you used to lick your fingers? You were among the fat and good M. Morcerf. I do not think you relished them tolerably. While speaking, Caderousse went on peeling a fresh supply of onions."

"But," said Andrea, impatiently, "if it was only to breakfast with you, you disturbed me, I wish the devil had taken you!"

"My boy," said Caderousse, sentimentally, "one can talk while eating. And then, you ungrateful being! you abuse my cooking because you dine at the table d'hôte of the Hotel des Princes, and I, who have done you a good turn, you are ungrateful to me!"

"Oh! the good father! the honest father!" said Caderousse. "And does he not live in the Champs-Elysees?"

"Yes, No. 30."

"Ah," said Caderousse, "No. 30?"

"Yes, a fine house standing alone, between a court-yard and a garden, you must know it."

"Possibly; but it is not the exterior I care for, it is the interior; what beautiful furniture there must be in it!"

"Have you ever seen the Tulleries Palace?"

"No."

"Well, it surpasses that."

"Try at least to give me an idea of what it is."

"How can I?"

"Nothing is easier. Is it large?"

"Middling."

"How is it arranged?"

"Faith! I should require pen, ink and paper to make a plan."

"They are all here," said Caderousse, briefly. He fetched from an old secretary a sheet of white paper and pen and ink. "Here," said Caderousse, "trace me all on that paper, my boy."

"Andrea took the pen with an imperceptible smile, and began. 'The house, as I said, is between the court and the garden; in this way, do you see?' Andrea drew the garden, the court, and the house.

"High walls?"

"Not more than eight or ten feet."

"That is not prudent," said Caderousse. "In the court are orange trees in pots, turf and clumps of flowers."

"And no steel trap?"

"No."

"The stables?"

"Are on either side of the gate, which you see there." And Andrea continued his plan.

"Let us see the ground floor," said Caderousse.

"On the ground floor, dining-room, two drawing-rooms, billiard-room, staircase to the hall, and little back staircase."

"Magnificent windows, so beautiful, so large, that I believe a man of your size could pass through each frame."

"Why the devil have they any stairs with such windows?"

"Luxury has everything."

"There must be money in his coffee."

"There may be. No one knows what there is."

"And where is it?"

"On the first floor."

"Sketch me the plan of that floor, as you have done of the ground floor, my boy."

"That is very simple." Andrea took the pen.

Caderousse became thoughtful. "Does he often go to Anteuil?" added he.

"Yes, for instance, he is going to spend the day and night there."

"Are you sure of it?"

"He has invited me to dine there."

"There is life for instance," said Caderousse; "a town house and a country house."

"That is what it is to be rich."

"And shall you dine there?"

"Probably."

"When you dine there, do you sleep there?"

"If I like; I am at home there."

Caderousse looked at the young man, as if to get at the truth from the bottom of his heart. But Andrea drew a cigar case from his pocket, took a Havana, quietly lit it, and began smoking. "When do you want your five hundred francs?" said he to Caderousse.

"Leave them with your porter; he is to be trusted; I will call for them to-morrow; I shall not have time to-day."

"Well, to-morrow I will leave them when I go to Anteuil."

"May I depend on it?"

"Have you finished now?" said Andrea. "do you want anything more?—will you have my waistcoat or my boots? Make free now you have begun?"

"No; you are, after all, a happy dog!" said Caderousse; "you are going to find your servants, your horses, your carriage, and your betrothed!"

"Yes," said Andrea.

"Well, I hope you will make a handsome wedding-present the day you marry Mlle. Danglars."

"Yes," said Andrea; "I will let you know a week before hand."

They parted. Caderousse remained on the landing until he had not only seen Andrea go down the three stories, but also across the court. Then he returned hastily, shut his door carefully, and began to study like a clever architect, the plan Andrea had left him.

"Dear Benedetto," said he, "I think he will not be sorry to inherit his fortune, and he who wastes the day when he can touch his five hundred thousand will not be his worst friend."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Abraham Lincoln

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated president of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said, "I am proud to have you as a citizen."

These words come with as much force to us as they did thirty years ago.

How give them this chance?

Tip in the Northwest is a great empire waiting for young and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition and get on in life.

Here is their chance!

The country referred to lies along the Northern Pacific R.R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley, or North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota, and Montana, are stock ranges limitless in extent, clothed with the most nutritious grasses of the West.

If a fruit farming region is wanted there is the whole state of Washington to select from.

As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country unparalleled. In crossing the Rocky, Bitter and Cascade ranges, the grandest mountain scenery to be seen in the United States from the car window is found. The wonderful and wonderful in grandeur form and glowing color, are a poem. Lakes Pend d'Oreille and Coeur d'Alene, are lovely bodies of water, and the continental trip, while they are the fishermen's Ultima Thule, is a day's dream. To cap the climax this is the only way to reach the famed Yellowstone Park.

To reach and see all this the Northern Pacific train is the most service of unsurpassed excellence. The most approved and comfortable Palace Sleeping Cars, Pullman Tourist cars good for both first and second class passengers; easy riding Pullman cars drawn by powerful Baldwin locomotives, make a train fit for royalty itself.

Those seeking for new homes should take this train and get out at the land.

To be prepared, write to

CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., ST. PAUL, MINN.

HE SHOULD NOT PLOUGH.

A story is told of a bashful young Georgia man, who called on his sweetest and proposed. Here is a sample of the conversation:

"Miss Addie, can you sweep the floor?"

"Why, yes; of course I can."

"Can you cook?"

"Yes, I can wash, too."

"Can you wash, too?"

"Yes, I can wash, too."

"Can you wash, too?"

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"Can you wash, too?"

"Yes, I can wash, too."

Feed a Cold

Feed a Cold with Scott's Emulsion. Feeding the cold kills it, and no one can afford to have a cough or cold, acute and leading to consumption, lurking around him.