

your willing ass to bestow upon me this dear hand? My name is Edward Bartine."

"Bartine—Bartine—why, that is the same fellow?"

"That you were going to try your new raw-hide upon, my dear sir?"

"Hum, and if I had it here, I would try it now!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't father," interrupted Lucy.

"Grant me your patience a moment, Mr. Willis," resumed Edward; "with you, prejudice against me, I was very certain you would never allow me to visit Lucy. You must believe me, when I assure you, that the imposition I have practised upon you has been most repugnant to me, and nothing but the hope of gaining your favor, under guise of your nephew, could have tempted me to act the part I have."

"My nephew! But how did you know anything about my nephew? Lucy, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say, Mr. Willis, will you forgive me? will you still confer upon me your dear Lucy? may I, as Edward Bartine, receive the priceless gift you but now bestowed upon Cousin Reuben?"

"You have deceived me, young man; although I acknowledge I was wrong to harbor such prejudice against a stranger. Would there was not so much depravity in the world as to warrant my suspicions. But I forgive the deception; you were no less a stranger to me as Edward Bartine than as Reuben Richards, and I have learned to love you. Yes, you shall have Lucy and the cottage to boot. Once more I give her to you, and again I say, God bless you, and make you both happy, my dear children."

In a moment Lucy raised her head from her father's shoulder, and looking archly into his face, said:—

"Dear father, here is that letter for Cousin Reuben, shall we send it?"

"Ah, you little jade, now I understand! Send it, yes, and we will have them all to the wedding—if the rheumatism will permit; ha! ha! what a lame concern you made of them, eh!"

"Yes, my dear sir, but the plot has not proved a lame one."

Doctor Bartine and the charming Lucy reside in the beautiful villa noticed before, which Edward insisted upon purchasing himself.

Mrs. Richards and Reuben accepted the invitation of Andrew Willis, and now reside altogether at the farm. Reuben is a great favorite with his uncle, who, however, acknowledges that Edward pleases him better for a son-in-law. It is said that Reuben will soon be married to a pretty girl in the neighborhood, and will without doubt succeed to the Willis farm.

EPENDORF AND THE EMPEROR.

Gothelf Eppendorf, a superannuated soldier who had fought bravely in many battles, was now, with the weight of years upon him, in sore distress. His wife had died, leaving him with six children to feed, and he worked hard, and often far into the night, upon the small patch of ground from which he derived his sustenance. His humble cot was not many miles from Vienna, and once he had the temerity to send a petition for aid to the Emperor Joseph; but he hardly dared hope for favourable notice. Time passed on, and Gothelf, in his busy and trying state, had almost forgotten that he had ever dared to lift an appeal to the monarch.

One day a horseman, dressed in hunting garb, drew up before Eppendorf's cot; and having dismounted, and thrown his bridal-rein over a stake, he entered without ceremony. The old soldier bade him welcome, and offered him meat and drink.

"How is this?" said the stranger, looking around. "I heard that you had six children; but here I see eight. Have you been ashamed to confess the true number?"

"Nay, not so," replied Gothelf. "These six are my own, left me by my wife. This, the seventh, is the child of a poor widow, who died not long since in a wretched hovel by the Trentschen. I could not see the poor thing cast out homeless, and I took it in. This, the eighth, is a child left to my care by a brother soldier who died here beneath my roof, where I had given him shelter and nursing. I sought the abodes of those more opulent than myself, and tried to find a home for the poor wail, but without avail; so I keep the little one to myself, providing for it as best I can."

"You must find it very hard," said the stranger, "thus to be forced to give a home to children not your own."

"Not for myself, good sir," replied the old soldier; "but I think of the needs of these poor orphans, which I, in my lowly state, may not properly supply. For them I sometimes regret; but not for myself. It is but a few more hours of work a day on my part, and the knowledge that I am doing good in my humble way is a sufficient recompense. And then the smiles and the gratitude of the little ones! Ah, sir, I have my reward!"

"Gothelf," said the stranger, "do you not know me?"

The soldier looked up with a start, and the flash of his eye was the Emperor Joseph. He remembered the face now, despite the hunter's garb, though it had been years since he had seen it before; and he would have thrown himself upon his knees, but the monarch restrained him.

"Henceforth," said Joseph, "not only these two orphans, but the six children of your own, shall be my pensioners. To-morrow my treasurer shall settle upon each of these little ones a hundred florins a year, and upon yourself he shall settle two hundred florins. Continue to be the tutor of the children, and I will be their father."

The veteran and his little ones threw themselves down before the Emperor, and bedewed his feet with their grateful tears; and the monarch himself wept freely.

"I thank God for the favour He hath this day vouchsafed," said Joseph. "He hath led me to discover a virtuous man in obscurity; and such men are jewels in my dominions!"

HOW A WIFE CURED HER HUSBAND'S UNGOVERNABLE TEMPER.

The following from the *Utica Herald* may be of interest to some of the married downtrodden:—I found the cherished face of Maria Ann wreathed in smiles the other evening when I returned from my arduous daily toil. I am engaged as standing man at a saloon. So many candidates are treating that the saloon-keeper hires six of us to be treated. We all drink with every candidate who comes in, and it makes business pretty brisk.

Said my chosen one, "Joshua, I am afraid you do not always find me an angel in disposition."

Said I, "That's so—hic—my dear, I don't seldom find you 'nangel in—anything."

"And," she added, "you are not always the most pleasant man in the world."

I did not feel called on to reply.

"Now," said she, "read that."

She had cut an item from the columns of some paper wherein a demented writer told about some impossible woman who, being troubled with a bad temper, counted twenty-five every time she got provoked, and thus became a sweet, amiable, and dearly-loved ornament of the house of her delighted husband. I read the article as well as the condition of my head would allow, and remarked, "Bosh."

Maria Ann paid no attention to me, but unfolded her plan. She said that every time I got mad I should count twenty-five, and every time she got mad she would count twenty-five. I asked her who she thought would pay our rent while we sat and counted twenty-five, over and over, all day long. Then she said I was always raising objections to her plans for our mutual improvement, and I said I was not, and she said I was enough to try the patience of a saint, and I said she was too, and she came for me, and I told her to count twenty-five; but she forgot all about that, and just tallied one in my left eye.

Then I was going to remonstrate with the poker, and she told me to count twenty-five, and I said I would not; but I did before she had pulled more than half my hair out. Then she made me count twenty-five over and over, until I was out of breath and felt real pleasant and good-natured. So we went to supper. Now, the cat was curled up in my chair, but I did not see it until I sat down; and I did not see it then, but I was pretty sure it was there—in fact, I knew it was there as well as I wanted to, and more too. I felt inclined to rise up suddenly, but as I gathered to spring she brandished the tea-pot and murmured: "Joshua, your temper is rising, count twenty-five or I'll break your head," and that cat was drawing a map of the Tenth Ward with her claws around behind me, with the streets and boundaries marked in my blood. I rose to explain, and said, "My dear—I—" but she caromed on my head with a well-shot tea cup, and sprinkled my face with a quart of hot tea, and I sat down and counted twenty-five; but it killed the cat. The old fellow died hard though. I could feel him settle as his nine lives went out one by one.

A few days' practice of this rule, under the loving instruction of Maria Ann has enabled me to conquer my temper completely. Nobody can get me mad now—I am in a state of perpetual calm, and I want to see the man that wrote that story. I want to fit him for the hands of an undertaker, and make a demand for mourning goods among his friends. Then I can die happy—counting twenty-five.

A TRADE IN RIDDLES.

Nine persons sailed from Balse down the Rhine. A Jew who wished to go to Schalampi was allowed to come on board and journey with them, upon condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he had struck his hand against it; but the only money there was a twelve-kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this, he accepted the offer with gratitude; for he thought to himself, "Something may be earned even upon the water. There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry, and the Jew, with his wallet under his arm, for he did not lay it aside, was an object of much mirth and mockery, as, alas, is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thurion and St. Velt, the passengers, one after another, grew silent, and gaped and gazed listlessly down the river, until one cried, "Come, Jew, do you know any pastime that will amuse us?"

Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to shear my sheep!"

He then proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and he, with their permission, would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions any one proposed should pay the one who propounded them a twelve-kreutzer piece. This proposal pleased the company, and, hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random whatever chanced to enter his head. Thus, for example, the first asked, "How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat on an empty stomach?"

All said it was impossible to answer that question; but the Jew said, "One; for he who has eaten one egg cannot put a second upon an empty stomach," and the other paid him twelve kreutzers.

"Wait, Jew," thought the second, "I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece." Then said he, "Why did the Apostle Paul write the Second Epistle to the Corinthians?"

"Because he was not in Corinth," said the Jew, "otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another twelve-kreutzer piece.

When the third saw the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who," said he, "prolongs his work to as great length as possible, and completes it in time?"

"The ropemaker, if he is industrious," said the Jew.

In the meantime they drew near to a village, and one said to the other, "That is Bamlach." Then the fourth asked, "In what month do the people of Bamlach eat the least?"

"In February," said the Jew, "for it has only twenty-eight days."

"There are two natural brothers," said the fifth, "and still only one of them is my uncle."

"The uncle is your father's brother," said the Jew, "and your father is not your uncle."

A fish now leaped out of the water, and the sixth asked, "What fish have their eyes nearest together?"

"The smallest," said the Jew.

The seventh asked, "How can a man ride from Balse to Berne in the shade, in the Summer time, when the sun shines?"

"When he comes to a place where there is no shade he must dismount and go on foot," said the Jew.

The eighth asked, "When a man rides in Winter time from Berne to Balse, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

"He must make fists out of them," said the Jew.

The ninth was the last. This one asked, "How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

"The last man must take the dish with the egg, and he can let it lie there as long as you please."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked, with an air of mischievous friendliness, "How can a man fry two trout in three pans, so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him a twelve-kreutzer piece; but when the ninth desired that he should solve the riddle, he rocked to and fro, shrugged his shoulders and rolled his eyes.

"I am a poor Jew," he said at last.

"What has that to do with it?" cried the rest. "Give us the answer."

"You must not take it amiss," said the Jew, "for I am a poor Jew."

At last, after much persuasion and many promises that they would do him no harm, he thrust his hand into his pocket, took out one of the twelve-kreutzer pieces he had won, laid it upon the table, and said, "I do not know the answer any more than you. Here are my twelve kreutzers."

When the others heard this, they opened their eyes and said that this was scarcely according to the agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good-natured men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from Saint Velt to Schalampi, they let it pass; and the Jew took with him from the vessel—a good arithmetician reckon up for us how much the Jew carried home with him. He had nine twelve-kreutzer pieces by his answers, nine with his own riddle, one in his pocket to start with, one he paid back, and eighteen kreutzers he gave to the captain.

THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

A rose ought to be beautiful which has such a charming romance as the following connected with its name:—

A young Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire. And, as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young, dark-faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain, and, wishing to save his life, urged him to escape. But he would not do so unless she would flee with him. She consented. Yet, before they had gone far, im-

pelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent, and preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known throughout the Southern States by the name of the Cherokee rose.

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

Let it never come unto you. Live so that good angels may protect you from that terrible evil—the winter of the heart. Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountains of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontentedness moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life-path may lead you among trials which, for a time, seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze. Poverty may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single lowly room—the soft couch for the pallet of straw—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, with scarcely a passing look or word of compassion. You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would extort the last farthing, till you well-nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

"Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadows of the tomb cannot wholly subdue. But still look upward—put faith in Providence—and the winter of the heart will not come to you."

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

The celebrated Madame de Sevigne, in one of her brilliant letters, rallies her correspondent, a glittering French dandy, on his unwillingness to be called a grandfather. She speaks there, as many another has spoken, of the terrible contrast there would be between twenty and sixty; if such a thing were possible as that we should be twenty to-day and sixty to-morrow. But there is nothing terrible in the growing old so gradually that there is never any day on which we do not seem to be the same as the day before. When one looks about on the smooth-faced ranks of an infant school, and thinks—"Here is the plastic material out of which that strange sculptor Circumstance is going to fashion good men and bad men, good women and bad women, artists and artisans, clergymen and criminals, doctors and dandies," one feels a sort of oppression, a shivering terror of the future. But time passes, and the small people grow and develop so gradually, slide with such seeming naturalness each into his own place, that we forget that human beings are never absolutely free agents, and that not one of us can situate himself just as he would, or determine his own tastes and his own career, any more than he can say whether he will be five feet five, or six feet, in height, or will have blue eyes or black.

AWKWARD SITUATIONS.

In the days of the empire, Marshal MacMahon, having become a father, went to the Mayorality at the city of Nancy to have the infant's birth and name registered, as required by law. He was accompanied by a nurse, carrying the babe, and two relatives.

"You must wait," said the clerk on duty, who did not know the Marshal.

The latter took a seat and waited. A quarter of an hour elapsed. The clerk, meanwhile, did nothing. He deliberately arranged and re-arranged his pens and paper; he then cut his nails with a pen-knife, and ignored his visitors entirely.

The Marshal remained calm and imperturbable; his friends showed signs of indignation, but he signed to them to remain quiet. At length, the clerk, taking up a pen, and opening a registry, said, "Well, what is your name, sir? You are the father of this child, I suppose? What is his name?"

"Write," said the Marshal, coolly, "Emanuel, son of Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, Marshal of France, here before you—"

The pen had dropped from the trembling clerk's hand. The Marshal did not report him. He considered the fright he had given the official punishment enough.

We remember reading a story of a somewhat similar kind, in which another distinguished soldier was an actor. It was in the early days of the English Expedition to Portugal and Spain, to aid those countries against Napoleon. In the chief clerk's office of the War Department at London there was a lull one day in business, and all the employees had gone out for a while, leaving one young scion of aristocracy lolling at his desk, paring his nails, and otherwise illustrating his admiration of red tape and his contempt for the rest of the world. A sharp, decisive voice at his ear startled him, and caused him to turn round

on his chair more rapidly than was his wont. At the railing by his elbow stood a spare, clean-shaven man, of erect figure, and cold, severe manner. His dress was that of a civilian.

"Fill out these papers at once, sir," said the stranger, sharply and peremptorily, handing the young man some blanks.

The clerk slowly put up his eye-glass, and surveyed the visitor coolly and deliberately for some time.

"And who may you be, sir?" said the official at last, in a rather indignant yet sneering manner.

The visitor cast one searching glance at, over, and through the port young man, and then said, in his peculiarly clear, sharp, cold tone. "My name is Wellesley. My rank, General. I leave for Lisbon to-morrow morning. Young man, fill out those papers at once."

The clerk was overwhelmed with confusion and dismay. He essayed to speak; but Wellesley stopped his apologies short, turned on his heel, and left, saying, as unmoved as ever, "Fill out those papers at once, I shall return for them in fifteen minutes."

Nothing more was heard of it; but that clerk was notably polite after that to unknown civilians.

THE ACCURATE BOY.

There was a young man once in the office of a Western Railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and "it paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his arithmetic. After a while he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy and relied on what he did, because he was just right. And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favorite one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's column, he might as well do the work himself, as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.

PROFITABLE BOOK-KEEPING.—"Who has bought the handsome saddle, John?" inquired a saddle and harness maker some time ago of his foreman, upon coming into the shop and finding that a very handsome new saddle had disappeared. "Indeed, I cannot tell who it was; and the worst of it is, it has not been paid for. I was very busy this morning when a gentleman came in, priced it, told me to charge it to his account, threw it into his vehicle, and drove off before I could ascertain his name. I am sure, however, he is one of our customers, for he has frequently bought articles here before." "That's rather a puzzling case, really," said the master, scratching his head, "and some mode must be devised to find out the purchaser and get the pay or the saddle. Ay, I have it, John! Charge every one of our customers who have accounts open with the saddle; those who didn't get it will of course refuse to pay, and in that way we shall reach the right one." John did as he was ordered. Two or three weeks after the July bills had been sent out, the foreman was interrogated as to whether he had succeeded in finding out the purchaser. "It is impossible to say, sir," he answered, "for about forty have paid for it without saying a word."

PRINTER'S "PIE."—In early life the late Mr. R. Harris, of Leicester, was employed upon the *Leicester Herald*, then conducted by Mr. (afterwards Sir) R. Phillips. It was at this date that an amusing incident occurred, which is thus related by one of the local journals:—On the eve of publication an accident happened in the *Herald* Office; it was no other than the "squabbling," or turning into "pie" or entire confusion, of the whole mass of letters constituting a column of that paper. Young Harris was the unlucky author of this catastrophe. What was to be done? The paper must be got ready for the post, or murmurs of discontent would come from subscribers in very quarter, far and near. A happy thought flashed across the mind of the ingenious Phillips. He instructed the printer to make up a column of standing "pie," jumbled together in most admirable disorder, as every letter was; and at the head of the perplexing conglomeration, he penned a notice to this effect—that just as the *Herald* was going to press, an express from Holland had been received, which, being in the original Dutch, the editor had not had time to translate; but he promised an English version in the ensuing week's paper. It is needless to say that the translation never appeared; although, many years after the event, one of the *Herald* subscribers, living in a secluded village in Derbyshire, who had preserved the paper containing the Dutch express (and spent all his spare cash in vain over Dutch lexicons), gravely requested Sir R. Phillips to favour him with the promised translation.

Words cannot heal the wounds that words can make.