THE SHADOW OF THE COURT.

BY F. F.

There are a sort of shabby-genteel people that infest the small courts of the city of New York, like rats around its wharfs. They are a separate class of the great city, and seem to be distinct from one another.

You will see them about nine o'clock in the morning commence to collect about the court-house, some leaning against the wall, some sitting on the stair-railing, while at a distance others are coming with a slow gait, having the air of a stray horse, going whichever way his legs happen to take him.

These people are generally very shy of one another, and it is very rarely you will see them conversing together. Some are very eccentric, dressing in the most absurd style that poverty admits of.

Among these shabby-genteel people I remember one in particular, an old man, I should say three score and ten. He was small in stature, and stooped a little; his face was withered and wrinkled with age, and his hair, which was snow-white, hung down over his shoulders. He wore a dark blue coat, and a cape buttoned close about his neck, black pantaloons and a glazed cap; all comparing admirally together, in having a worn-out, rusty appearance.

He would walk up and down the hall of the court-house with his hands clasped behind him in an abstracted mood, for hours, seeming to have no object in view, unless it was to wear out his shabby old rubbers on the hard floor. He was always very quiet, but still there seemed to be a continual unrest within him; occasionally raising his head, he would glance around with his cold, gray eyes at the loungers here and there, until he happened to meet somebody's gaze, when he would quickly drop his head again.

I had often watched this old man and had become quite interested in him. One day, while watching him, as he crept away to one corner of the hall, producing bits of food, which, I suppose, was his dinner, I said to myself, half aloud:

"I would like to know that man's history."

"Would you?" said a voice behind, in a laughing way, and turning I saw it was my friend, H.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Yes; or, at least, I know his history, and if you will walk with me to the park, where we can be comfortably seated, I will tell it to you."

After we were seated under the shade of an elm, he related the old man's life:

"That man," said he, nodding his head in the direction of the court-house, "is a disappointed man; all his hopes in this life have been completely crushed.

"Let us go back some fifty years and review his life periodically. At this time we find him a youth just verging on manhood, handsome and talented, full of ambition and aspiring hopes and a bright future. After graduating from college he studied law for two years and was admitted to practice. He succeeds admirably in his first case, and all the daily newspapers in the vicinity were heaping praise upon him.

"Higher soars his ambition. He imagines he has firmly grasped the first round in the ladder of fame. His next case, he makes such a brilliant appeal to the jury on behalf of his client—who is accused of murder—that they pronounce him not guilty in the face of the strongest proof. Then the weeping wife, the mother and the children, gather round the young lawyer and shower their thanks; his client grasps him by the hand, and with tears in his eyes thanks him for his life.

"How happy and proud he feels at that moment; and, as he turns, he sees a face in the crowd—a young and beautiful face, with sparkling black eyes—gazing at him in such a loving way, that his heart fairly leaps.

"Then he walks from the court-room amid the cheers of the crowd, and she—the one of the crowd—meets him at the door, and leaning on his arm breathes words of love and praise as they walk along.

"How proud Nelly seems to be of Edward Radcliff. Why should she not?—they are to be married the coming week—and he is so talented and such a promising young man, he surely will be very great some day, and how happy she will try and make his home.

"The days fly swiftly by and the day breaks bright that they are to be married. But alas! what a heavy cloud falls over all when the news spreads through the town that Nelly has been suddenly killed. While on their way to the little church in the valley, the horses took fright and started to run down the hill; Nelly was thrown down with such force that it caused instant death. And Edward Radcliff was hurled to the ground—but he was not killed.

"For days he lay in an unconscious state, and when his voice once more recovered from the dreadful shock—how bleak and desolate the world seemed to him. What cared he for fame or honor? His all, his bright and darling idol was gone, and could never share it with him.

"Years pass on, he has become almost unknown; his heart, once so light and joyous, is now numb. His practice has slowly dwindled away, because he has not the heart to work so assiduously as he once did.

"He is now forty; his hair is tinged with gray, and a few delicate wrinkles have gathered about his brow. But the eyes! Ah! there is that old fire kindling again. How lustrous they are once more!

"That great ambition imbeded within Edward Radcliff's breast is breaking forth. It was not extinguished, only paralyzed.

"He has married. Does he really love his wife? Has the memory of her which has weighed upon his mind all these years been suddenly forgotten? No! but years have softened it. He was advancing in life, and she loved him so devotedly, and pitied him in his loneliness, that 'he loved her because she pitied him.'

"But what was it that revived this ambition again? Was it a wife?

"Partly this, but there was a lovely boy of eight years, that the father entertained the highest hopes of. He would mold this youth to his own idea, and he might see him one day filling that high place that he himself had aspired to.

"His peactice has run out and he must abandon the law and put what little capital he has into some mercantile business.

"In this he does not succeed; he does not understand trade; he never was bred to it. A crisis is coming on; how he works. Ambition is thoroughly aroused, but it is of no use; slowly ruin approaches, and at last falls with a crash. Perhaps the old saying, that misfortune never comes single is true, for just now his darling boy is ill with the fever. He watches him anxiously; all his business troubles are forgotten; death creeps over him, the morning breaks dark and cheerless, for his boy—is dead, and thus his rising hopes are again crushed.

"Not crushed as before, though; he is not now in the spring of life; he has grown older and learned to bear disappointment.

"A year creeps on—he returns to law again. Fortune favors him sufficiently to support a home; and how dear that home has become to him, for there is a gentle, loving one to help him sustain what he calls his ill-luck.

"Another year, and she whom he had just begun to love is called to her heavenly home, leaving him an infant daughter. He seeks some employment to drown his deep grief—he rushes madly into politics. This, surely, he will succeed in, having such a talent for speaking.

"Fifteen years is spent in a struggle for public office. He is a candidate for Congress; it is a close race between him and his opponent; he works day and night, spending all his small fortune in the cause. Election day arrives; he watches every vote; the polls are closed, and disappointment comes, as usual.

"At sixty-five years of age he comes to the great quicksand of life—New York city—to bury himself in the whirlpool.

"There is one dangerous reef on the river of life Edward Radcliff has baffled, notwithstanding all his disappointments, which men so frequently seek in trouble—liquor.

"But God has been merciful to him in his old age, and left him a daughter, a beautiful girl, to comfort, and we may say she almost supports him, with her needle—he, earning what he can about the courts.

"These," said my friend, rising from his seat, "are but a few of the principal outlines in that man's life, of nothing but disappointments."

"But," said I, "is his ambition subdued?"

"No; he says his ambition and hope now is to be admitted into heaven."

I thanked my friend for satisfying my curiosity, and we parted.

I thought I would take one more look at the old man.

There he was, on his beat, little dreaming there was one near who had been let into his secrets. After a little while he stopped to look out at the window where I was standing, and I hastened to remark, "It was a beautiful day," to draw him out.

He turned and looked at me sharply for a moment, and then, seeming to remember himself, said quickly:

"Yes sir; it is a fine day," and walked to the farther end of the hall, as if I had disturbed his musings.

I had stood there for a long time, trying to form some interrogatory in my mind, when, to my surprise, he came walking up to me. Stopping and taking a hurried look around to see if anybody was watching him, he put his hand into his pocket, and producing a pretty little pocket pin-cushion, presented it to me for inspection. It was very pretty; the sides were worked in the most exquisite manner, with different colored silks, and I expressed this thought aloud.

"Yes," said he, thoughtfully, and a tear stole down his withered cheek. "Yes, Nelly is very skillful with her needle!"

"Will you please—buy—it?"

"Who is Nelly?" I asked, vehemently.

"She is my daughter."

I bought the pin-cushion at a most extravagant price, and walked home, resolving in my mind I would, the next day, seek the old man's home.

But I was unexpectedly called out of town for some months, and when I returned I searched in vain for the old man; he had deserted the court house, and no one could tell me of him, until meeting my friend again, who said he was lingering between life and death, and invited me to come with him to the old man's home.

We walked down a narrow and dirty street for some distance, and then along an alley-way to a low, wooden shanty.

The time was evening, and it was quite dark. My friend led me up a long flight of stairs. Then we stopped and listened. Somebody was weeping.

We hurried along the hall to a door that stood ajar and entered.

The room was dark, save what light the moonbeams gave as they shot through the window and fell upon the kneeling form.

"Is that you, Mr. Howard?" asked a feeble voice.

"Yes," said my friend, approaching a bed where lay the old man.

"Oh! how I have been longing for you to come!" said he, in a hoarse whisper.

My friend knelt down beside the bed, holding one of the old man's hands in his, and beside him knelt another—it was Nelly.

None spoke; the room was very still—a frightful stillness—I felt I was an intruder at this awful moment, for he was dying. I could hear him gasping for breath.

The cloud that had obscured the moon's light for a moment now cleared away, and I could see the old man, his daughter and my friend. How much older the old man looked than when I last saw him. And Nelly, whom I wished to see so much, and shall I owe it—I was in love with her before I had ever seen her—was she as beautiful as I had imagined her? Yes, as she knelt there beside her dying father, with no light but the moon to reflect her countenance, she was far beyond all my imagination could picture.

What else was there hovering round this group? Was I dreaming? For it seemed as if I saw another form—an angel. Was it that other Nelly—beckoning him to heaven?

He stretched his withered hands out, and placing one on his daughter's head, and the other, to my great surprise, on my friend's, said:

"You, Eleanor, have been a good and loving daughter; and you, Mr. Howard, have been a dear friend; let me join you together and I shall die happy."

Mr. Howard caught Nelly to his breast, and throwing his arms around her graceful form, kissed her passionately.

Nelly clung to him and wept.

The old man whispered: "May God bless you!" and breathed his last. And we hope he was not disappointed in his hope of heaven.

My friend has married Nelly; and they live very happy. It seems he had long been their intimate friend, and during the old man's sickness they had depended on him for support. So I do not begrudge him Nelly, for he deserves her.

—What can be more disagreeable, more disgusting, than to sit in a room with a person who is troubled with catarrah, and has to keep coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucus which drops into it? Such persons are always to be pitied if they try to cure themselves and fail. But if they get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

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—The great drawback to the silk and pullover hat is their weight and hardness to the head, giving the hatter trouble to sell besides being uncomfortable to the wearer. The trouble has been to make a light hat and have it stand and keep its shape. This has been accomplished by Smith, the hatter. By carefully selecting his materials and by use of the patent steel wire for the brims he has built a silk hat fitting as easy as a soft hat, and after a trial of six months there is not a man having worn one but that gives it the preference and praises the maker for introducing what has long been wanting. ed-x

Hoarseness and Bronchitis.

—Among the many remedies used for the cure of coughs and colds, none more speedily gains the confidence of the sufferer than "Hallamore's Expectorant." For hoarseness and bronchitis its rapid effect is surprising. In private sale during 25 years it has gained for itself an enviable reputation and produced wonderful results. In 25 cent bottles at all drug stores. edx

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Public Notice.

—All testimonials in favor of Hallamore's Expectorant are from well known residents of Toronto. Mr. S. J. Willcock, 139 Spadina avenue, says: "I have used Hallamore's Expectorant for coughs and colds for thirteen years, and would not be without it. It never fails to cure me." edx

EXPELLING THE CHINESE.

A Preconcerted Movement at Seattle, W. T.—Will Prices Take 'Em?

PORTLAND, Oregon, Feb. 7.—To-day as if by some preconcerted and secret arrangement the Chinese are being driven out of Seattle, W. T., the scene of the recent raid upon the celestials by white miners. It is understood that the Knights of Labor are at the head of to-days demonstration. The Chinamen are corralled wherever found and marched to the steam boat landing, where the steamer Queen of the Pacific, which plies regulary between San Francisco and Puget Sound, is lying. On arrival at the wharf the rioters march what Chinamen they have on board after procuring for each one a steerage passage to San Francisco, which costs $10. Up to 9 o'clock this afternoon about 100 Chinamen were stowed away on board the steamer. An offer was then made to rush a number of others aboard without paying their passage money, but the captain of the steamer stationed five men at the gangway with trained hose ready to throw boiling water into the mob if the attempt should be renewed.

—It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

A Wise Choice.

—In selecting a remedy for coughs and colds the wise choice is to take one that loosens the tough mucous clinging to the air passages. Such a remedy is Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which promptly breaks up hard colds and their troublesome effects. 246

¶—Jacob Loockman, Buffalo, says he has been using it for rheumatism. He had such a lame back that he could do nothing; but one bottle entirely cured him.

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—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledgeof the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 3c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luban, agency, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Canada. ed

—Restlessness, morbid anxiety, and a fretful disposition, are usually met with in the dyspeptic. These mental *indicia* show how close is the connection between brain and stomach. Their most prolific cause, dyspepsia, is a complaint for which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Blood Purifier is used with unvarying success. It also remedies biliousness, constipation, and impurity of the blood.

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—Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convicted.

It Acts Like a Charm.

—Ex-Ald. George Evans, 449 Queen street west, testifies to the efficacy of "Hallamore's Expectorant" as follows: "It is undoubtedly far superior to all other advertised remedies for coughs and colds, especially in the case of children, with whom it acts like a charm." edx

—A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Dr. Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

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