

DR. GOLDING.

In the year 1853, I was visiting a friend in the small town of Fairview, Virginia, when I was taken very ill by fever. A physician by the name of Dr. Golding attended me, and nursed me kindly through my protracted sickness; and by his gentlemanly deportment, and skill as a doctor, he quite won my heart.

He was a married man, and I supposed him to be about forty years of age. He was portly and handsome, and a favorite with all who knew him. I was often struck by his great love for his wife; she seemed the all-absorbing thought of his mind, and the topic on which he delighted to dwell.

I did not see Mrs. Golding during my stay at Fairview, though the doctor often told me that she would call on me as soon as I recovered my health. I remained at Fairview several weeks after I was quite well, but was disappointed that Mrs. Golding did not pay the promised visit.

Some years after, I again visited Fairview; my old friend, the doctor, was the first to welcome me. He frequently called as he passed in visiting his patients. One afternoon he called, and I remarked to Lizzie (my friend) that I had never seen the doctor in better spirits. He stopped only a few moments, as he said he was going to see a gentleman in the country, some miles from the town, and expected he should not be home before late at night. After he had gone, I remarked to Lizzie that I would not exchange the company of Dr. Golding for that of any young man I ever knew. She laughed, and said, "I'll tell Mrs. Golding of that, and make her jealous, though some persons do not think she loves her husband very much." I laughed, and then the subject changed.

The next morning Lizzie ran into my room before I was dressed, exclaiming in a horrified voice, "Oh, Maggie! Dr. Golding is dead."

I looked at her for a moment, scarcely comprehending her, and cried, "Impossible!" and then added, "Lizzie, it must be a mistake, for Dr. Golding was here yesterday in perfect health; how can it be?"

But she insisted that it was so, for her brother went to the post-office, and heard it there, and said all the town was in a commotion about it, and there could be no doubt of it.

When Mr. West (Lizzie's husband) came in to breakfast, he gave us all the particulars that he could gather. They were these. Dr. Golding had returned home quite late, perhaps about ten o'clock; several persons saw him as he passed through the town, on his way home. Mrs. Golding had told all else that was known. They lived alone, on the outskirts of the town, with only one servant. They had no children.

She had retired when he came home, and knew that he sat up writing for a short time after he came in, and supposed it was about eleven o'clock when he went to bed. She said that he complained of feeling very tired and not very well, but took no medicine (as is generally the case with doctors); and as she was sleepy, she thought nothing much of it, and they both soon fell asleep. After sleeping some hours, she was awakened by hearing him groan. She asked him if he felt worse, but received no answer, though she thought she heard him vainly trying to articulate. She rose and lit a lamp, and on approaching the bed, saw him gasping for breath. She tried to lift him up, but in a moment he expired. She then ran, terrified, to summon the servant girl, but he was past all earthly aid.

The servant corroborated Mrs. Golding's statement so far as she knew. Doctors examined him, but found no traces of poison or foul play, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Died by some unknown disease."

No one knew of his having any disease, but it was ascertained on inquiry that his father had died of disease of the heart, and it was thought likely it was the case with him. This was all. He was buried with Masonic honors. But people did not seem satisfied, and whenever it was spoken of, they called it a great mystery.

In the same town lived Mr. King, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Golding's. Mrs. King, Mrs. Golding's sister, had died a year or two previous to the death of Dr. Golding; but Mr. King had never married again, nor, indeed, had he ever paid the slightest attention to any lady since. Mr. King was a wealthy lawyer, and his home was one of luxury. Dr. Golding was in only moderate circumstances, and their home was plain but neat. Mrs. King had always been a delicate lady, and when her little Lena was a year old, he died, leaving her infant in the care of Mrs. Golding, her only sister. Mrs. Golding took the little girl to her own home, and lavished on her all the affection of a mother, for she had been denied the blessing of children, and she took the child to her heart at once. Dr. Golding's love for the child was scarcely less than that of his wife.

Mr. King lived alone in his own home, attended only by his servant. He was very often away; but when at Fairview, he devoted a great part of his time to his little daughter, who was a winsome little fairy.

But having thus gone back to explain family affairs, I will now proceed with this singular story.

I attended the funeral of Dr. Golding, and there, for the first time, saw Mrs. Golding. She seemed perfectly overcome and stupefied by her great trouble—moaning softly to herself, and when she raised her eyes, they had a bewildered, frightened look, as though she could scarcely comprehend her sudden bereavement.

Soon after all this happened, I returned home,

and had almost ceased to think of it, when some eight months later more Lizzie wrote me that "Mrs. Golding and Mr. King were married!"

This news astonished me, and shocked me scarcely less than that of Dr. Golding's death. Lizzie wrote me that no one suspected it until they were "actually married;" for all had been conducted so quietly. True, busybodies and gossips had predicted that they would make a match, as they thought it would suit both parties; but all were taken by surprise when it took place before even a year had elapsed, and while Mrs. Golding wore the deepest mourning. Lizzie added, "Madam Rumour says that little Lena was the cause of the early marriage; for after the death of Dr. Golding, Mrs. Golding remained for some months in her own house, secluded from the world, with no companions save Lena, and a nurse and cook. But seven months after his death, she was obliged to break up and go to live with a brother residing in a distant State. Accordingly, she commenced preparations, but then came the difficulty. What was to be done with Lena? Mrs. Golding said she could never give her up, for she was all she had to love, and that her sister on her death-bed consigned her to her care; also, that Lena was so attached to her that she refused to leave her. Mr. King said that he could not part with his only child, and that she must remain with him. And thus they compromised matters, so that both could retain their darling, by getting married."

And now Mrs. Golding moved from her modest cottage, to become the mistress of the handsomest establishment in Fairview; and when she changed her home, she seemed also to change herself. When the widow's robes were laid aside, so also was the plain little lady, and she came forth the gayest of the gay, and one of the leaders of fashionable life. Seeing her now, no one would have recognized her as the plain Mrs. Golding of the cottage.

I met Mrs. King in my subsequent visits to Fairview, very frequently, but did not fancy her much. She seemed too gay for one of her years, and who had been a widow. I remarked at times a kind of frightened, terrified look, where there was no seeming cause; and if any one remarked it, she would say it was nervousness, that she had been so all her life, and hoped we would think nothing of it. Mr. King was always kind to his wife, but never loving, for his heart seemed bound up in Lena.

A few years of gaiety, and Mrs. King became transformed, from a lady of fashion, to a perfect recluse, and it was rumored that she was deranged. She shut herself up at home, and refused to go out, or to see company. At first, her most intimate friends were received, and they said that she was undoubtedly insane, but they were soon forbidden to see her. For three or four months she remained thus; and then one morning her door was found locked, and no one could gain admittance. After a few hours Mr. King forced the door, and then Mrs. King was found on the bed, dead! By her side was a bottle of laudanum, and a written confession, saying that she had smothered Dr. Golding, by dipping a thickly-folded cloth in water, and laying it on his face while he slept, and then placing a pillow over that, and holding it down until he was dead. What she had told when questioned she had invented. All this was done in order that she might marry Mr. King, and live in luxury and splendor. She laid well her plans, and carried them all out, but her elegance satisfied her not. She plunged into a vortex of gaiety to stifle conscience, and tried in vain to be happy.

The demon of remorse seized her, and she imagined that her guilt was written on her face to be read by all; and that ere long she would be dragged from her home to suffer for her crime. So she determined to end her miserable life; but she could not even do that in peace, until she wrote a confession of her guilt. Soon afterwards she was buried. Mr. King took Lena to Europe; and they have never since returned to America.

Thus was cleared up the mystery of Dr. Golding's death.

KISS ME.

A very funny incident occurred a few days since at a certain store in the city. It is too good to be lost. One of our composers has written a pretty song entitled "Kiss Me." A very pretty, blushing maid, having heard of the song, and thinking she would get it, stepped into the music store to make a purchase. One of the clerks, a modest young man, stepped up to wait on her. The young lady threw back her veil, saying:

"I want 'Rock Me to Sleep.'"

The clerk got her the song and put it before her.

"Now," said the young lady, "I want the 'Wandering Refugee.'"

"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk, bowing, and in a few minutes he produced the Refugee.

"Now, 'Kiss Me,'" said the young lady, of course meaning the song above-mentioned.

The poor clerk's eyes popped fire almost, as he looked at the young lady in utter astonishment, for he was not aware of the fact that a song by that name had been published.

"What—what did you say, Miss?"

"Kiss Me," said she.

"I can't do it; I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk.

And about that time a veil dropped, a young lady left in a hurry, the clerk felt sick, and the dealer lost the sale of some music.

A WORD TO FATHERS.

We have read a story of a little boy, who, when he wanted a new suit of clothes begged his mother to ask his father if he might have it. The mother suggested that the boy might ask for himself. "I would," said the boy, "but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him." There is a sharp reproof to the father in the reply of his son. Many a father keeps his children at a distance from him that they never feel confidently acquainted with him. They feel that he is a sort of monarch in the family. They feel no familiarity with him. They fear and respect him, and even love him some, for children cannot help loving somebody about them; but they seldom get near enough to him to feel intimate with him. They seldom go to him with their wants and trials. They approach him through the mother. They tell her everything. They have a highway to her heart on which they go in and out with perfect freedom. In this keeping-off plan fathers are to blame. Children should not be held off. Let them come near. Let them be as intimate with the father as with mother. Let their little hearts be freely opened. It is wicked to freeze up the love fountains of little ones' hearts. Fathers do them an injury by living with them as strangers. This drives many a child away from home for the sympathy his heart craves, and often improper society. It nurses discontent and mistrust, which many a child does not outgrow in his lifetime. Open your hearts and your arms, Oh fathers! be free with your children; ask for their wants and trials; play with them; be fathers to them truly, and they will not need a mediator between themselves and you.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

Take a strong rope, and fasten it to a beam overhead; to the lower end of the rope attach a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body, with the exception of the clavicle with the breast-bone, being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest; and as Nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air the natural purifier of the blood, and preventing the congestion or the deposit of tuberculous matter. We have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption of thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and with good results. But especially as a preventive we would recommend this exercise. Let those who love to live cultivate a well-formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—ay, all—should have a swing on which to stretch themselves daily. We are certain that if this were to be practised by the rising generation in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, many would be saved from consumption. Independently of its beneficial results, the exercise is an exceedingly pleasant one, and as the apparatus costs very little, there need be no difficulty about any one enjoying it who wishes to.—*Dio Lewis.*

CHARGE IT.

A simple little sentence is this, to be sure, and yet it may be considered one of the most insidious enemies with which people have to deal. It is very pleasant to have all the little commodities offered for sale in the market, and it is hard sometimes to deny one's self of the same when they can be obtained by just ordering them and saying "charge it." But the habit of getting articles, however small the expense may be, without paying for them, keeps one's funds in a low state most of the time. "I have not the money to-day, but I should like the article very much," says a young man who, happening to come into a store, sees something which strikes his fancy. "Never mind," says the gentlemanly clerk, "you are good for it." "Well, I'll take it, and you may charge it." And so it is that little accounts are opened at one place and another, till the young man is surprised at his liabilities, which, though small in detail, are sufficiently large in the aggregate to reduce his cash materially when settling day comes. In many instances if the cash was required the purchase would not be made, even had the person money by him; but to some, getting an article charged does not seem like parting with an equivalent. Still, when pay day comes, as it does, his illusion vanishes, and the feeling is experienced of parting with money and receiving nothing in return.

It was once said of a miserly money lender that he kept the trunk containing his securities near the head of his bed, and lay awake to hear them accumulate interest.

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

A man of science in Paris once prevailed on the Minister of Justice to experiment upon a murderer who had been condemned to death. The criminal was of high rank, and he was informed that, in order to save the feelings of his family, he would not be put to death upon the scaffold, but bled to death within the precincts of the prison; also that his decease would be free from pain. His eyes were bandaged, he was strapped to a table, and at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently pricked with a pin. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water, so contrived as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it. He, believing that it was his blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak, and the conversation of the doctors in an undertone confirmed him in this opinion. "What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should be condemned to die, he would have lived a long time." "Hush!" said the other; then approaching the first he asked him in a low voice, "How many pounds of blood are there in the human body?" "Twenty-four; you see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state." The physicians then receded by degrees and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient that, although a man of very strong constitution, he fainted and died without having lost a drop of blood.

STORY OF A PICTURE.

A painter once wanted a picture of innocence, and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheeks spoke of health, and his mild blue eyes were upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it upon his study wall and called it "Innocence." Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart—the picture of "Guilt"—but had not found the opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and hollow his eye; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portrait of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side, for "Innocence" and "Guilt." But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas! the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon.

LIGHTNING-RODS.

Lightning-rods should consist of round iron of about one inch diameter, and its parts, throughout the whole length, should be in perfect metallic continuity by being secured together by coupling ferrules. To secure it from rust, the rod should be coated with black paint, itself a good conductor; it should terminate in a single platinum point. The shorter and more direct the course of the rod to the earth the better. Bendings should be rounded and not formed in acute angles. It should be fastened to the building by iron eyes, and may be insulated from these by cylinders of glass, the latter point however, not being of special importance. The rod should be placed, in preference, on the west side of the building, and it should be connected with the earth in a manner so that at least one or two feet of the rod are imbedded.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

An Italian botanist writes home from Papua, or New Guinea, that he has collected about five hundred species of flowering plants on the island, but expresses his disappointment at finding the New Guinea flora not more than half as rich as that of Borneo. This fact goes to confirm the theory advanced by Alfred Russel Wallace, the English naturalist, that these two islands once formed portions of two distinct continents—New Guinea, of the Australian continent, and Borneo, of Asia.

Mirrors rarely approach men so nearly as to make their heat felt; but the Hon. Rawson Rawson, Governor of Barbados, has sent to England an account of a meteor seen at St. Thomas last autumn, which awakened a sleeping man by the intensity of its heat and light, as it passed close to him where he lay resting on a platform near the shore. He subsequently discovered some ashes on the floating dock of which he was watchman, and near which he slept, but being ignorant of their possible value he neglected to preserve them.

THE BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.—A curious case is assigned by M. Collas for the blue color of the sky. In opposition to M. Lallemand, who attributes the color to a fluorescent phenomenon—a reduction of refrangibility in the actual