

A mischievous smile played over the young girl's features as she answered, "I am the Countess d'Argentine, monsieur."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Montepan, turning pale, and forgetting all in this one apprehension, "do you tell me, alas! that my excellent friend is no more?"

"Did you, then, esteem her so much?" and the voice of the fair querist trembled.

The tones of that voice made him start; how much like the sweet accents of her mother!

"Pardon my agitation; but tell me, when did this melancholy event take place?" said Montepan.

"Alas! it was on the 19th of August, 184—"

"The 19th of August! Heavens! why that was the very day I left the chateau! alas! and was her end so sudden?" exclaimed Montepan.

"True—it was. We buried her for ever, monsieur; we bade farewell to her silver hair, and—her green goggles—and—"

"But you smile! Good heavens! what mean you?"

The young girl extended her little hand, so much like the hand of her departed mother, and with an arch smile, and a blush which well became her sweet face, said, "And when we skipped away from the funeral rites, we laughed at the ruse we had played on our gay gallants. Hither, Lisette, and tell monsieur of our masquerading in the old chateau!"

"THEY LAUGH WHO WIN."

"It is useless, Clarence, to importune me further. I have already advanced you, upon your bare word, eight hundred dollars; and, admitting my ability to assist you, I have determined to lend you no more."

Elevating his satin-slipped feet on an embroidered *fautuil* before him, the speaker concluded, and complacently puffed at his cigar. He was a man evidently some thirty-eight or forty years old, and bore his age amiably well. Not remarkably handsome, there was that in his nonchalant manner, and his assurance, that prejudiced a stranger in his favor; and yet there was an indefinite something in his manner, upon closer acquaintance, acting as a repellent.

Thurston Emmet, despite his fortune, had few real friends. In fact, he cared for none. Entrenched behind his wealth, he did not feel the need of any, or was content to consider the flatterers, who surrounded him, sufficient for all purposes of friendship.

His companion, Clarence Clark, was at least twelve years his junior. Dark, wavy hair, that had an unpleasant habit of persistently falling over his white forehead, a flashing and determined eye, the intense blackness of which rendered the extreme pallor of his unbearded face the more pronounced, and regular features, rendered him more than familiarly handsome.

Both men were natives of Mississippi, and had been bred under one roof-tree, though no tie of blood connected them. As the relationship sustained between them will be made apparent in the course of this narrative, it is needless to explain it now.

Clarence arose from his chair and approached the indifferent smoker. Ordinarily, his voice was strong and clear; but now it came in answer, tremulously.

"Thurston Emmet, have you already forgotten that to my dead father you owe all you now possess? Has the memory of my dead mother's kindness to the ragged boy of a few years ago already died? Have you not enough of gratitude to the dead parents to prompt you to repeat, for the last time, the paltry assistance their unfortunate son craves? It is true, I have been wild, very wild. My life has been wasted in senseless and damaging excesses; but, Thurston, believe me, I have resolutely determined to turn my back upon the past, its errors, trials, disappointments, and failures, and live only for the present, as live I should. A new being has been infused in mine, Thurston; I am married."

"Married!" echoed the other in surprise.

"Yes; four months since, and poverty—"

"I know what you would say," impatiently interrupted his hearer; "but I assure you it is useless. What right had you, a beggar, to marry? Pah! Leave me. I'll lend you nothing."

"Only enough, Thurston, to keep a shelter over us," pleaded Clarence.

"No; no more. I wouldn't lend you enough to keep you alive. Married! Pah!"

"Thurston Emmet, you will regret this heartless speech. Mark me, you hear—"

Thurston sneered.

"You sneer," continued Clarence, moving toward the door. "You sneer, eh? Remember, they laugh who win!"

When Thurston raised his eyes, he found himself alone.

"Mr. Clark, I believe!" interrogated the suave voice of an officer.

"At your service, sir. What would you?"

"Regret my unfortunate mission; but I must arrest you. Permit me to assure—"

"Arrest me!" exclaimed Clark. "And for what pray?"

"At the instance of Mr. Emmet, who accuses you of robbery."

"What! Does he—dare he—accuse me of such an offense? Incredible!"

"Pardon me, sir; but I have nothing to do with that. My duty, though distressing, compels me. You are my prisoner," said

After a hasty and ineffectual adieu, Clarence parted with his anxious wife, to pass a sleepless night in peering the narrow confines of a cell.

"Mr. Emmet," asked the justice, "of what do you accuse the prisoner?"

"Of robbery, sir?"

"Your proof?"

"It was late yesterday morning, when I was awakened from deep slumber by my valet, who informed me that my *escritoire* had been forced and rifled. At first, I was too much under the influence of some narcotic to comprehend his full meaning. Arousing myself, I found that papers—valuable papers—and some thirteen hundred dollars, had been purloined. A strange and unaccountable odor pervaded my chamber. In seeking some trace of the thief, or thieves, I found this handkerchief on the side of the chair in which I had slumbered. It was odoriferous of chloroform. If you will examine, you will find in the centre of it the initials, 'C. C.' They are those of the prisoner, Clarence Clark. On the afternoon, preceding the robbery, the accused, because I had declined to advance him a loan, used threatening language toward me. Such are the circumstances which prompted me to suspect and arrest him."

"Prisoner," asked the magistrate, "do you recognize this handkerchief?"

With trembling hands, Clarence examined it, and answered, faintly,—

"It is mine."

"And what have you to respond to the serious charge against you?"

Vehemently came the answer,—

"I am guiltless! It is true that I used indiscreet language toward my accuser; but it was simply the ebullition of a foolish passion engendered by disappointment. After leaving his chamber, I missed the handkerchief which I had used while visiting him; but, concluding I had lost it elsewhere, I thought no more of it."

"Can you prove your whereabouts at the time of the supposed robbery?"

"My wife is my only witness, sir; I was at home. The thieves doubtless found my handkerchief where it lay, and used it as indicated."

"Your appearance impresses me favorably," said the justice, kindly, "and I trust you may establish your innocence. In view of the circumstances, however, it is my duty to commit you. Officer, remove the prisoner."

Clarence Clark sat gloomily in his cell, his pale face resting in the palms of his white hands, when the grating of a key in the lock of his prison door caused him to look up in time to encounter the cruel eyes of Thurston Emmet, who stood sneeringly regarding him.

"They laugh who win," eh, Clarence?"

Clarence did not reply, but resumed his former listless position.

"Clarence Clark," continued Emmet, "my grasp is upon you. Know, now, that I have hated you for years. 'Twas I who envomed you father against you; 'twas I who induced him to disinherit you; 'twas I who supplanted you in his affections; and it is I who enjoy what might have been yours. But bitterly as I hate you, I have not caused your incarceration maliciously. I firmly believe that at least you assisted in the burglary, and have come to tell you that, if you will return the papers, you are welcome to the money; and as, in that event, I shall not appear against you, your liberty will be assured. What say you?"

"Thurston, I am as innocent of the theft as yourself. Do your worst."

"Then you refuse the compromise?"

"Emmet," cried the young man, springing to his feet, "leave me at once, or I swear I'll strangle you! I have nothing to compromise. I am innocent. Go!"

His manner, so unlike him, so threatening, caused the blood to leave the cowardly cheeks of Emmet, who retreated toward the open door.

"Then lie here, fool, till the law consigns you to a living grave!"

The prisoner was alone. Raising his dark eyes toward Heaven, he moaned out, while an expression of fear passed over his face,—

"A living grave! A jail for life; no, no! O my father, defend me!"

Again the key grated in the lock of his prison door, and a friendly form stood in the presence of the despondent prisoner. A hand fell gently on his shoulder, and a voice, rich in its melody, greeted his ear.

"My son, despair not. Have you anything to confess?"

"Nothing, my father, nothing."

"Know you aught of this robbery?"

"Nothing, as I hope to be saved!"

"I rejoice. Listen. Two nights ago, I gave absolution to a poor galley slave, who had escaped from France. He is dead. He was an early friend of your persecutor, Thurston Emmet, with whom he conspired to get possession of your father's will, write and forge another, and then poison the old man to death. When the forged will was completed it was put in the place from whence the true document had been abstracted."

"Your father's ill health and rapid decline prompted the would-be assassins to defer their murderous designs, hoping that death would render needless his forcible taking of the will. Your father died, and what the will was read, you found yourself disinherited, and

Thurston Emmet the heir to the bulk of your father's property.

Unfortunately, your wild career, of which the forged will dwelt at great length, recalled to your friends to your cutting off. Emmet, true to his promise, rewarded the forger, who deceived him by the assurance that the original will had been destroyed, and both went to France.

"Subsequently, when in Bordeaux, the accomplices was discovered to have passed a forged paper on a Jewish usurer. The Israelite agreed to return the forged paper, and not to prosecute, on payment of double the sum obtained thereon. This account was six thousand francs. Emmet was appealed to, but refused assistance, and hastily left France. The forger was arrested, convicted and sentenced for life to the galleys."

"On information furnished by the dying galley-slave, I yesterday sought and found the original will of your father, wherein save a small legacy to Emmet, you are constituted sole heir."

On my accusation, Thurston Emmet is under arrest. His examination occurs to-morrow. I shall be there to prosecute; and, ere another sun gladdens the earth, you shall be free, vindicated, and rich. Farewell, my son, keep up your courage."

Overcome by the strange revelations he had heard, Clarence was unconscious of his visitor's departure, and, finding himself alone, unable to reconcile his solicitude with what had just occurred, he pressed his hands against his temples, and cried out,—

"Dreaming, dreaming! Only an illusion, alas!"

A court of justice in the city of Jackson. A priestly form within the witness-box had just repeated what Clarence believed to have been a dream. A man of insolent mien stood upright in the prisoner's enclosure, and, in slow and measured tones, hissed, rather than spoke, the words,—

"Priest, you lie! Who are you, and where is your proof?"

"As for my proof," calmly rejoined the other, as he took from beneath his cloak, and handed to the justice a legal looking document, "tis here. As for myself," throwing off his cloak and baring his arm to the shoulder, as he walked toward the prisoner, "look, Thurston, and tell me who I am! You recognize the name pricked there by yourself, eh, Thurston? Tell me; who am I?"

Faintly uttered the other, more in surprise than obedience,—

"My brother!"

"Ay, your eldest brother, Francis Emmet, am I; your accomplice in the forgery, Thurston; the galley-slave, whom your ill-gotten gold could have saved from shame, disgrace, and years of penal servitude; who, pardoned and restored to the rights of citizenship, is here to avenge himself upon you, and save from undeserved obloquy and imprisonment the husband of his only child, Clarence Clark, who lies within a felon's cell, awaiting trial on your bare accusation. Enough!"

Turning to the justice, he continued, in calmer tones,—

"Your honor, the late Mr. Clark was himself a lawyer, and drew up his will in his own writing. You have it there. The forged will, now on record, will be found to have been written in another hand; the sign-manual only being *fac-similes*. Such is evidence enough to establish the authenticity of the will I have just delivered to you; but if more be needed, let the little fact that both instruments bear the same date be proof conclusive. The date was unchanged, in order to deceive the witnesses who were present when the will was proven. I have finished."

The statements of the pseudo-priest were fully borne out by subsequent examination, and Thurston Emmet received full justice for his crimes. The pardoned galley-slave died with his daughter's kiss on his lips; but Clarence and she still live, honored, happy, loving and beloved. And thus, we see, "They laugh who win."

LAW A NECESSITY.

An amusing story is told of a certain Scotch farmer, who, though possessed of many estimable qualities, was inordinately fond of law quarrels. When he had sold his wool, he made a journey to Edinburgh to consult with his lawyers, and he took care to pay for every meal double by the way, in the full expectation that his finances would be exhausted on the law before his return. He consulted the most eminent counsel; he kept them long, but was most liberal in his fees. It is related of him that, in the absence of a distinguished lawyer on whom he called, he sought an interview with his wife, to whom in his drawing-room he explained the nature of his errand. The lady was patient, and listened for some hours to the statement of his pleas. The worthy farmer was so gratified with her attention, that he left a sum of money as a fee, remarking that he had got quite as much satisfaction, as if he had seen the lawyer himself. On one occasion, when his last case had been settled in court, he was asked by his solicitor what he would do now? meaning how he would deal for lack of his wonted excitement. "I suppose," said the diligent, "I must now dispute payment of your account."

SCIENTIFIC.

LEARN TO DRAW.

To the artisan, there is no acquisition outside his trade which is of more direct benefit than a fair knowledge of drawing. The mechanic that can make a graphic sketch of a machine or a good working draft of the same possesses an advantage over his fellows that will materially promote his advancement and, besides, greatly facilitate his education in his chosen calling.

Drawing, like instrumental music, requires the cultivation of both eye and hand; the former to appreciate things as they really are, in form, color, and position; the latter to act as the servant which reproduces the similitude of the objects recognized by the perceptive faculties. It is, therefore, necessary to bring both mental and physical powers to a given degree of education in order to attain a certain amount of skill.

A few practical hints on this subject, designed to serve as an answer to the question "How shall I learn to draw," will perhaps be found of advantage. At the beginning of the study, exercise the eye in appreciating the shapes of simple objects and the memory in retaining the notion of form. We must learn, and no principle must be more strictly followed, to see a thing as it appears, not as reason tells us that it is. For a common example, we will know that a certain piece of furniture, a table, is of such and such a shape; that is, its legs are of equal length, that they rest on the floor, its top is flat, etc. Now, if we wish to depict our table in a sketch from a given point of view, if we allowed our knowledge to govern our eyesight, we should undoubtedly fail to produce a correct representation; and this simply because, relying upon fact previously acquired, we should draw what we do not see. We should, to exemplify, make all four legs of equal dimensions, whereas, those furthest from us appear the shortest; we should represent the flat surface as rectangular instead of oblique and acute angled, and, to carry out the idea still further, did we color our drawing, we should paint it a single shade of oak or mahogany, so that in the end we should have a distorted image of a uniform hue. We should thus annihilate distance, light and shade; and to illustrate once more our mistaken method, we would represent two similar objects, one beside the other half a mile away, as of precisely the same dimensions. Without pursuing this branch of our subject further, let the reader either try for himself, or, if he desires a more graphic representation, let him look among Hogarth's engravings, to be found in book form in any public library, for a landscape which he will find thus depicted. The absurdity of the drawing is obvious.

Necessarily, the rules of perspective will aid us to avoid the above difficulty; but, except for mathematical drafting, we should advise the student not to hamper his mind in the beginning with geometrical demonstrations, but to educate his eye to unassisted effort. Nature is the best teacher, and constant practice in representing her, in her ever-varying forms will lay a better groundwork for future accurate drawing than all the treatises ever compiled. Let us counsel the beginner at the outset to beware of published systems or "drawing without a master" handbook; we never knew them to produce any other result than an inextricable confusion of ideas. The student should commence with pencil and paper to depict the simplest object—for instance a box—and reassert it in all positions. It may at first be difficult to perceive the exact form owing to the relief caused by light and shade; but if the eyes be partially closed and the object regarded through the eyelashes, it will appear to be an irregularly shaped mass and its outline will be readily followed. No matter how rough first attempts may be, persevere. Skill can only be acquired by practice; and as the perception is educated, they will grow in cunning. Avoid artificial aids of every kind; they only retard true progress. Erase as little as possible; aim at correctness at once do not make a line until it has been considered. Work slowly—rapidity of execution and brilliancy of effect will come in proper season. Study to express an idea in as few lines as possible. A glance at the works of skillful artists will show how simply and yet how surely every stroke of the pencil has a definite purpose. Follow Ruskin's advice, and never give away a drawing; to present a friend with a poor one is no compliment; to donate a good one is to deprive oneself of the best result of all previous labors. Keep all failures and successes; they are milestones in our onward path. Systematically avoid the lithographed pictures sold to serve as copies; we never saw any that were not, at best, of doubtful excellence; calculated to rather mislead than advance the pupil. There is no merit in servile copying; if such is to be done, better use tracing paper at once. Draw boldly—timid and weak strokes never produce broad effect or a vigorous picture. Better be too little than too much—A few curves skilfully drawn represent a tree in a sketch infinitely better than the labored, and necessarily imperfect delineation of every leaf or spray. Facility in outlining acquired, shades and shadows may be studied. Here the counsel of the skilled artist may be sought. We mean defined in art in the sense of the term, a poor or mediocre teacher, it were better none at all. The attainable may be more costly, but

It proves the cheapest in the end. It is an admirable practice in many schools to have the students' drawings "corrected" by the teacher. It is needless to add that every spark of originality is extracted from them, in order to make room for "show progress," or, by exhibiting the corrected, gain a fraudulent credit for the work. This, of course, should not be done, and whether should be the teacher's duty to correct the work of the learner to what would otherwise escape his notice; to point out that which is apparently are the results of his own subject to know laws, and study to master the mechanical labor of the manipulation of materials.

It is an excellent practice, after a fair degree of skill is acquired, to strive to produce representations of image formed in the "mind's eye." Houdin the French conjurer, says in his memoirs that his marvellous dexterity in deceiving the senses of others was largely due to the high cultivation of his perceptive powers. He mentions that he began by rapidly walking past a shop window and afterwards trying to call to mind as many of the objects therein, together with their peculiarities of form and color, as possible, afterwards verifying his memory. This plan on a simpler scale may be practiced in learning to originate. Commencing as before with some simple article regard it carefully, and, after placing it out of sight, endeavor to draw it from the image left in the mind. From this advance by degrees until is found that a short glance at an object is sufficient to ensure a fair representation of its general appearance. Then seek to imagine forms and to draw them correctly, always remembering to select such articles as subjects as that the sketch may be verified with the original after completion. Do not aim at too high a standard; it is well to recollect that art is a jealous mistress and requires long years of servitude before she becomes the servant of her purveyor. Seek rather to obtain a fair proficiency, when further progress will be optional and dependent solely upon the ability and desire of the student to devote the necessary time and labor.

In conclusion, let us add a word as to how workmen may learn to draw. It is better for some one man to seek to interest his comrades and so get a number together in pursuit of the same object. The enthusiasm of a single individual is apt to fall when unsupported; competition between several is an excellent incentive to labor and success. We were recently informed of an admirable plan adopted by the mechanics in the New York Steam Engine Company, in Passaic, New Jersey. These men have clubbed together, purchased for a small sum the necessary instruments, and are now pursuing, during their spare time, a course of mechanical drafting, under the guidance of the draftsman of the establishment. This example deserves to be widely followed, and we believe that these mechanics will have no cause to regret so wise an expenditure of unoccupied hours. The same system may be adopted by a sketching or reading club, and thus every opportunity gained for mutual and self-improvement.

The inventor that can represent his idea upon paper, and thus give it tangible form, is at once possessed of an object capable of elaboration. His mind is unburdened, as it were, and free to range to other thoughts. The artisan that can fill a volume with suggestions of improved devices as they occur to him in the routine of every day life, or is able, sketch book in hand, to jot down the good ideas of others, secures an unending fund of information which, if not some time directly productive of lucrative returns, will be of incalculable benefit to him throughout his whole career.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS AND MENTAL POWER.

In this worthy of notice that growth of the mind is often accompanied by an apparent loss of power in particular respects; and this fact is exceedingly important, especially to all who desire to estimate the condition of their own mind. The mental phenomenon called (not very correctly) absence of mind is often regarded by the person experiencing it, and still more by those who observe it in him, as a proof of failing power. Nepton displayed absence of mind much more frequently, and to a much more marked degree, when his powers were at their highest than in his youth, and not only did instances become much less frequent when he was at an advanced age, but the opposite quality, sensitiveness to small annoyances, began then to be displayed. Even an apparent impairment of the memory is not necessarily indicative of failing mental powers, since it is often the result of an increased concentration of the attention on subjects specially calling for the exercise of the highest forms of mental power—as analysis, comparison, generalization, and judgment. I have already noted that profound thinkers often refrain from exercising the memory, simply to avoid the distraction of their thoughts from the main subject of their study. But this statement may be extended into the general remark that the most profound students, whether of physical science, mathematics, history, politics, or any other department of research are apt to give the memory the exercise that is least attainable may be more costly, but