

POETRY.

"BE GOOD TO YOURSELF."
"Good-bye! Good-bye!" the driver said,
As the coach went off in a whirl...

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER XII.

MATRIMONIAL PROJECTS.

The result then, of six more such months as this would be to reduce the third-rate house to despair.

"Oh!" said Danglars, becoming very pale, "how you are running on!"

"Let us imagine seven such months," continued Monte-Cristo, in the same tone.

"I know an Italian prince, rich as a gold mine, who has only his skin in the same way on retiring from business, you have nothing but your real principal of about five or six millions at the most; for third-rate fortunes are never more than a fourth of what they appear to be, like the locomotive on a railway, the size of which is magnified by the smoke and steam surrounding it. Well, out of the five or six millions which form your real capital you have just lost nearly two millions, which must, of course, in the same degree diminish your credit and fictitious fortune; to follow out my simile, your skin has been opened by bleeding, which, repeated three or four times, will cause death; so pay attention to it, M. Danglars. Do you want money? Do you wish me to lend you some?"

"What a bad calculator you are!" exclaimed Danglars, calling to his assistance all his philosophy and dissimulation. "I have made money at the same time by speculations which have succeeded. I have made up for the loss of blood by nutrition. I lost a battle in Spain, I have been defeated in Trieste, but my naval army in India will have taken some galleons, and my Mexican pioneers will have discovered some mines."

"Very good very good! But the leak remains, and will reopen at the first blow."

"No! for I am only embarked in certain, replied Danglars, with the air of a money-bag sounding out his own praises: "To involve me, three governments must crumble to dust."

"Well! such things have been!"

"That there should be a famine!"

"Recollect the seven fat and seven lean kings."

"Or, that the sea should become dry, as in the days of Pharaoh; and even then my vessels would become caravans."

"So much the better. I congratulate you, my dear M. Danglars, said Monte-Cristo; I see I was deceived, and that you belong to the class of second-rate fortunes."

"I think I may aspire to that honor," said Danglars with a smile, which reminded Monte-Cristo of one of those sickly moons which bad artists are fond of daubing into their pictures of ruins; "but while we are speaking of business," he added, pleased to find an opportunity of changing the subject, "tell me what I am to do for M. Cavalcanti."

"Give him money if he is recommended to you, and the recommendation seems good."

"Excellent! he presented himself this morning with a bond of 40,000 francs, payable at sight on you, signed by Busoni, and returned by you to me, with your endorsement of course, I immediately conked him over the fifty bank-notes."

Monte-Cristo nodded his head in token of assent. "But that is not all," continued Danglars; "he has opened an account with my house for his son."

"May I ask how much he allows the young man?"

"Fifty thousand francs per month."

"Sixty thousand francs per year. I thought I was right in believing that Cavalcanti to be a stingy fellow. How can a young man live upon 5000 francs per month?"

"But you understand that if the young man should want a few thousands more—"

"Do not advance it; the father will never repay it; you do not know these ultramontane millionaires; they are regular misers. And by whom were they recommended to you?"

"Oh, by the house of Fenzl, one of the best in Florence."

"I do not mean to say you will lose, but, nevertheless, mind you hold to the terms of the agreement."

"Would you not trust the Cavalcanti?"

"I? Oh, I would advance six millions on his signature. I was only speaking in reference to the second-rate fortunes we were mentioning just now."

"And with all this, how plain he is! I should never have taken him for anything more than a mere major."

"And you would have flattered him, for certainly, as you say, he has no manners. The first time I saw him he appeared to me like an old lieutenant who had grown mouldy beneath his epaulettes. But all the Italians are the same; they are like old Jews when they are not glittering in Oriental splendor."

"The young man is better," said Danglars.

"Yes; a little nervous, perhaps, but, upon the whole, he appears tolerable. I was uneasy about him."

"Why?"

"Because you met him at my house just after his introduction into the world, as they told me. He has been travelling with a very severe tooth, and had never been to Paris before."

"Ah, I believe noblemen marry amongst themselves, do they not?" asked Danglars, carelessly; they like to unite their fortunes."

"It is usual certainly; but Cavalcanti is a crank who does nothing like other people. I cannot help thinking he has brought his son to France to choose a wife."

QUEER ELECTION WAGERS.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 13.—I bet on Harrison and Reed," the legend in red and blue, chalked on a large placard which decorated the front of a hand organ, attracted quite a crowd on Vine street yesterday afternoon.

"I mean that M. de Monte-Cristo, digging underneath these trees, found neither skeleton or chest, because neither of them were there!"

"Then you did not bury the poor child, sir? Why did you deceive me? Where did you place it? Tell me—where?"

"There! But listen to me—listen—and you will pity one who has for twenty years alone bore the heavy burden of grief I am about to reveal, without casting the least portion upon you!"

"Oh, you frighten me! But speak; I will listen."

"You recollect that sad night, when you were half-expecting on that bed in the red damask room, while I, scarcely less agitated than you, awaited your delivery. The child was born, was given to me, without movement, without breath, without voice, we thought it dead," he repeated; "I placed it in the chest, which was to take the place of a coffin. I descended to the garden, I dug a hole, and then I flung it down in haste. Scarcely had I covered it with mold, when the arm of a Corsican was stretched towards me; I saw a shadow rise, and at the same time a flash of light. I felt pain; I wished to cry out, but an icy shiver ran through my veins and stifled my voice; I fell lifeless and fainted myself killed. Never shall I forget your sublime conduct, when, having returned to consciousness, I dragged myself to the foot of the stairs, where, expiring yourself, you came to meet me. We were obliged to keep silent upon the dreadful catastrophe. You had the fortitude to regain the house, assisted by your nurse. A duel was the pretext for my wounds. Though we scarcely expected it, our secret remained in our own keeping alone. I was taken to Versailles; for three months I struggled with death; at last, as I seemed to cling to life, I was ordered shore. Four men, carried me from Paris to Chalons, walking six leagues a day; Madame Villefort followed the litter in her carriage. At Chalons I was put on the Rhone, whence I descended, merely with the current, to Arles; at Arles I was again placed on my litter, and continued my journey to Marseille. My recovery lasted six months. I never heard you mentioned, and I did not dare enquire for you. When I returned to Paris, I learned that, widow of M. de Nargonne, you had married M. Danglars."

"That has been the subject of my thoughts ever since; my consciousness had returned to me? Always the same—always the child's corpse, which, every night in my dreams, rising from the earth, fixed itself above the grave with a menacing look and gesture. I inquired immediately on my return to Paris; the house had not been inhabited since we left it, but it had just been let for nine years. I found the tenant. I pretended that I disliked the idea of a house belonging to my wife's father and that we were in a hurry away in that absurd fashion, Sarah? He hardly gives himself time to deliver the bread. Exceptionally Plain Handmaiden—No, num. You see, it's my last year, num."

MANY A YOUNG MAN.

When from over-work, possibly by an inherited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.

Sponge Cake—Mistress—Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it is as hard as ice. New cook—Yes, num; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, num."

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South America Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease, immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Reason to doubt—Did you tell him you wouldn't let him if he called you a liar? Yes, Madam, did he then call you a liar? No; he said he hadn't sufficient confidence in my word to do it.

Don't let rheumatism settle on you this month; try Johnson's Anodyne Linctum, never fails.

Judge—What sort of a man, now, was it you saw commit the assault? Constable—Sure, your honor, he was a small, insignificant creature about your own size, your honor.

Ich, mange and scratches of every kind, on human skin, cured in ten minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Young minister—I've been praying for you a long time, Miss Done. Don't (stagnated)—Why didn't you let me know it? I'd have been yours after the first prayer.

Everybody now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten. We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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SMOKING HURTS LAZY MEN.

Dr. Dabbs, one of the physicians who attended Lord Tenynson, has told the whole world through an English newspaper that "smoking does not injure a man who works and thinks," adding to this statement of his associate, Sir Andrew Clark, that it only hurts a lazy man who drinks. This is good news for smokers. The supposed evils of the tobacco habit are not due to tobacco, but to laziness. Hereafter there is an answer to every reported case of trouble caused by tobacco. It can be stated that the man was lazy and did not think.

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THE FOLLOWING IS GOING THE ROUNDS:—Those of our readers who have their own ideas on the subject, rubbing their hands in glee to consider the following proposition with a view to determining whether their definition of money is applicable in all cases. The study in solving the problem presented may throw some light on the real functions of money. A man found a \$10 gold piece, and, rubbing his hands in glee, he said to himself: "I will go now and pay my rent." This he did. The landlord took the \$10 for rent and paid it to a farmer for corn, and the farmer, meeting the man who found the money, and who, by the way, was a carpenter, who had owed \$10 for building a corn crib, gave him the \$10 piece in payment of his account. Thereupon the man took the coin to the bank and there learned that it was counterfeit. These questions arise: Was the man's rent paid? Did the landlord pay for the corn; and did the farmer pay the man for building his corn crib? What say our readers?

There are some patent medicines that are more prevalent than a dozen doctor's prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure everything.

Everybody now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten. We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it as an unequalled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Billions, Typhoid and Malarial fevers if taken in time. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of weakness and weariness. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

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