

POETRY.

"BE GOOD TO YOURSELF."

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

And many a fond good-bye I've heard From many an aching heart...

And many a friendly farewell word, When strangers come to part.

And I've heard a thousand merry quips, And many a smokesome joke...

And many a fervent prayer from lips That all a tremble spoke...

And many a bit of good advice In smooth proverbial phrase...

And many a wish—of little price—For health and happy days...

But, musing how the human soul (What the fates may will) Still measures by its self-control...

Of benedictions, I protest, 'Mid many a shining pearl, I like the merry coachman's best!

"Be good to yourself, my girl!"

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.

"Ah! that boy will find out some Bavarian or Peruvian princess; he will wear a crown and an immense fortune."

"Madame Danglars, which she accepted, for her heart beat so violently that she felt nearly suffocated."

"It is a long time, madame," said the proctor, describing a half circle with his chair, so as to place himself exactly opposite to Madame Danglars.

"You are not thinking of Mademoiselle Danglars, I hope; you would not like poor Andrea to have his throat cut by Albert?"

"Albert!" repeated Danglars, shrugging his shoulders; "ah, yes; he would care very little about it, I think."

"But he is betrothed to your daughter, I believe?"

"Certainly, M. de Morcerf and I have talked about this marriage, but Madame de Morcerf and Albert—"

"You do not mean to say that it would not be a good match?"

"Indeed, I imagine that Mademoiselle Danglars is as good as M. de Morcerf's wife; and she is, I feel, a very good match."

"Oh! I do not mean her fortune only; but tell me, why did you not invite M. de Morcerf to dine with you this evening?"

"I did so, but he excused himself on account of Madame de Morcerf being obliged to go to Dieppe for the benefit of his child."

"Yes, yes," said Danglars, laughing, "it would have been a great deal of good."

"Because it is the air she always breathed in her youth," Monte-Cristo took no notice of this ill-natured remark.

"But still, if Albert be not so rich as Mademoiselle Danglars' fortune will be, you must allow he has a fine name!"

"So he has; but I like mine as well."

"Certainly; your name is popular, and does honor to the title they intended to adorn you with; but you are too intelligent not to know that according to a prejudice, too firmly rooted to be exterminated, a nobility which dates back five centuries is worth more than one that can only reckon twenty years."

"And for this very reason," said Danglars, with a smile which he tried to make sardonic, "I prefer M. Andrea Cavalcanti to M. Albert de Morcerf."

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; it 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 wound. 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 shot. 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 intended to write you, but I never did so; 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."

Mrs. Howson—Why does the baker's young man 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 hit 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 Woolf'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.

We claim it as an unequalled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be leavering 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 weariness and weakness. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

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.

CHAPTER XIII.

LET THE PROCTOR BARKER DRIVE HIS HORSES AT THE FULLEST SPEED, AND FOLLOW Madame Danglars in her morning excursion.

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There was a great deal of going on that morning, and many business-like persons at the Palais; business-like persons pay very little attention to women, and Madame Danglars crossed the hall without exciting any more attention than any other lady client in the Palais. There was a great press of people in M. de Villefort's antechamber; but Madame Danglars had no occasion even to pronounce her name; the instant she appeared the doorkeeper rose, came to her, and asked her whether she was not the person with whom the proctor had made an appointment, and on her affirmative answer being given, he conducted her by a private passage to M. de Villefort's office.

The magistrate was seated in an arm-chair, writing, with his feet on the door; he heard it open, and the doorkeeper pronounced the words, "Walk in, madame," and then re-locked it, without moving; but no sooner had the man's foot-steps ceased, than he started up, seized the bolts, closed the curtains, and examined every corner of the room. Then when he had assured himself that he could neither be seen nor heard, and was consequently relieved of doubts, he said,—"Thanks, madame,—thanks for your punctuality;—and he offered a chair to Madame Danglars, which she accepted, for her heart beat so violently that she felt nearly suffocated."

"It is a long time, madame," said the proctor, describing a half circle with his chair, so as to place himself exactly opposite to Madame Danglars.

"You are not thinking of Mademoiselle Danglars, I hope; you would not like poor Andrea to have his throat cut by Albert?"

"Albert!" repeated Danglars, shrugging his shoulders; "ah, yes; he would care very little about it, I think."

"But he is betrothed to your daughter, I believe?"

"Certainly, M. de Morcerf and I have talked about this marriage, but Madame de Morcerf and Albert—"

"You do not mean to say that it would not be a good match?"

"Indeed, I imagine that Mademoiselle Danglars is as good as M. de Morcerf's wife; and she is, I feel, a very good match."

"Oh! I do not mean her fortune only; but tell me, why did you not invite M. de Morcerf to dine with you this evening?"

"I did so, but he excused himself on account of Madame de Morcerf being obliged to go to Dieppe for the benefit of his child."

"Yes, yes," said Danglars, laughing, "it would have been a great deal of good."

"Because it is the air she always breathed in her youth," Monte-Cristo took no notice of this ill-natured remark.

"But still, if Albert be not so rich as Mademoiselle Danglars' fortune will be, you must allow he has a fine name!"

"So he has; but I like mine as well."

"Certainly; your name is popular, and does honor to the title they intended to adorn you with; but you are too intelligent not to know that according to a prejudice, too firmly rooted to be exterminated, a nobility which dates back five centuries is worth more than one that can only reckon twenty years."

"And for this very reason," said Danglars, with a smile which he tried to make sardonic, "I prefer M. Andrea Cavalcanti to M. Albert de Morcerf."

"Still, I should not think the Morcerfs would yield to the Cavalcanti?"

"The Morcerfs?—Stay, my dear count," said Danglars; "you are a clever man, are you not?"

"I think so."

"And you understand heraldry?"

"A little."

"Well, look at my coat of arms, it is worth more than Morcerf's."

"Why so?"

"Because, though I am not a baron by birth, my real name is, at least, Danglars."

"Well, what then?"

"While his name is not Morcerf?"

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