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Original Poetry.

"TRUTH HONOR."

For what should he be honored for his looks,
His well-wrought form, or graceful figure? No!
For this he could not help, he did not make
Himself, I guess. Just as absurd, I ween,
The steady edifice, the pride of art,
The honor should receive for the reason
That the artist formed it well. Well, what then
Should he be honored for his wealth? No, no,
This would not do. Wealth, oh! it may be had
By accident, and not by true desert.
Or by ought that he had done who claims it,
Or by wicked means it may be won.
Out of honest hands. Honor is not here
To rest, else the extortioner, thief,
The miser, very oft would bear the palm.
Where should the "honor rest" in equipage?
Vainly! Deceit and guile, and heartless
Soulless, senseless dust are all found wrapt up
In gorgeous coverings. The viper has
His false stripes; think you on this account
He's innocent? Beware, the seeds of death
Lie there, though not betrayed by outer form.
Omen are external used to make up
The lack of other things, some may be absent,
And then they would be needed. Speak your mind,
Say what you will, one truth is clear as day,
Sometimes are clothes inlook for gentlemen.
Where is the honor then to rest? In mind!
In genius' brightest powers for lofty thought,
Or graceful flow of sounds wrought out in rhyme?
No—no—this will not do, nor less could be
Refuse what nature gave him true, than he
Whom nature made a fool. Think you the sun
That warms the fertile earth, and sows the seed
That deck out the night, think you to themselves
The praise is due? To him who waxes them true
The praise belongs; they only can be made
To act and could not ever do others else.
Thus man's his talents from his Maker came,
And hence to him alone the honor's due.
For what should he be honored, then? "The plain;
For what himself hath done, if good it be,
In doing that with what he has to do,
With his conscience clear towards God and man;
For this he should be honored—for nothing else.

A Beautiful Romance.

GRACE ATHERTON,

ON THE
ATTORNEY HOUSE.

By H. B. T.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

[CONTINUED.]

"Liar! villain!" burst from the lips of Philip Marston. His face was white with passion, and every feature worked convulsively under the emotions which had been called up while accidentally overhearing the foregoing conversation from an adjoining stall.

Richard Scrivener sprang furiously to his feet, and for a moment stood staring his powerful opponent, uncertain whether to avenge the insult he had received by a similar proceeding, or to consider it as a well-deserved chastisement, and say nothing.

"You have betrayed your infamous schemes," said the brother of Kate Marston, in a calm but terrible voice, "and you are consummated. Do it punishment enough, to know that they shall all be defeated." Flung a look of contempt at the young man, who shrank back in fear as he passed, Philip Marston quitted the stall, and walked rapidly toward his dwelling.

"Done for, my boy," said the other member of the party, who had been an astonished spectator of this scene. "You may whistle for the hand of Grace Atherton, but I pledge you this, holding up to the light a glass of brandy as he spoke, "that you will have to work sharp to win it."

"What mean you?" returned Scrivener.

"Why it's plain enough," replied his friend, dilly, "this Marston will at once enlighten Mrs. Atherton respecting what he has overheard, and—"

"Pooh!" said the other "he dare not."

"I tell you he will—a lover will dare anything. Ha! ha! the pretty Grace but this afternoon drove away from Marston's door, and besides, out of revenge for your tenor passages with his sister, Philip Marston will have motive enough to spoil your chance with the pretty heiress. Depend upon it, Scrivener, your game is up in this quarter."

The young man made no answer, but ground his teeth with chagrin and disappointment. Suddenly a thought struck him, and without a word of explanation to his companion, he darted out of the coffee-house, and made the best of his way to Court.

It was growing late. Kate Marston sat in her little parlour, glancing from time to time at the clock, with an air of impatience, and wondering why her brother came not at his usual hour. Her heart was overflowing with happiness for her whom she loved, had promised to make her his wife. Richard Scrivener had been fascinated by her beauty, and his vanity gratified to be the object of such passionate devotion as she lavished upon him. Winning in his address, and skilled in the art of pleasing, it was not strange that when the young man became a daily visitor at her carriage, it became written unconsciously upon her heart. He encouraged her love, and affected to reciprocate it, and thus for several months these stolen interviews, to her so sweet, were enjoyed without the knowledge of her brother Philip. Kate was compelled to this secrecy, in spite of many misgivings, by the false representations of her lover. Their future of happiness depended on it, and thus the poor girl, trusting fondly his promises of love, and deceived by the tenderness he could too well assume, loved and hoped on. Her dream of happiness was, alas! this night to be over. She was rudely startled by the hurried entrance of her brother.

"Philip dear," said the girl, flinging her arms about his neck, "you don't deserve a kiss for being thus true to your promise. See, it is late; you have had more work to-night, perhaps, and wearied."

She attempted to kiss him, but he gently put her back, and fixed his eyes sternly upon her face. She saw that he was very pale, and shook in every limb, as if too weak to stand.

"Dearest brother you are ill! speak to me: do not look thus strangely upon your own Kate."

"You are no longer my Kate!" said her brother, bitterly; "another shares your love."

"Great Heaven!" said the girl gasping for breath, "what mean you?"

The young man groaned heavily, and as if each word was wrung from his lips by some terrible inward torture, repeated deliberately the conversation he had overheard in the stall.

Kate Marston stood breathless, and white as marble, as he went on. Every word quivered like an arrow in her heart. A sharp pain, as if his delicate strings were suddenly snapped forever, passed over her frame—a low cry of anguish broke from her lips, and then she fell heavily on the floor.

CHAPTER VI.

The attorney was alone in his chamber. It was past midnight, and yet alone he had driven his son from the house in a moment of furious passion, more than an hour before, he had not moved a limb or feature. Richard

Scrivener, after quitting the coffee-house, sought his father, and assuming a light jesting tone, related to him the adventure which had just transpired. But he had misjudged the old man. The attorney comprehended that his own son had innocently struck the fatal blow to his schemes. He foresaw that Philip Marston would at once expose to Mrs. Atherton the real character of her intended son-in-law, and that Grace would never become Mrs. Scrivener. Mrs. Atherton would revoke her will, and scold the property unconditionally upon her daughter. These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, and for the moment all hope forsook him. Maddened by the disappointment, he turned upon his son, and heaping taunts and reproaches upon him, drove him violently from the house.

I said he was alone. But one eye saw what passed in that room; one ear caught the faintest word that escaped the attorney's lips. The little dwarf crouched without the door, and peeped in at the key-hole, with the same malicious smile on his face as on the preceding night. He had obtained a clue to the plot, and there he sat, patiently watching and listening for that which should aid him in working it out.

Mr. Scrivener was pouring over Mrs. Atherton's will, and unawares uttering his thoughts aloud—"This Marston will see her to-morrow. If that could be prevented! But no! She will learn all, destroy her will, and in the next, be careful enough to leave out the name of my graceless son, and perhaps that of the old attorney himself! Ha! ha!" and laughed the old man savagely, "we shall see, my dear kinswoman! you could not be so ungrateful! Oh, no! She will send for me, of course, to draw up a new will, with regards that these unforeseen circumstances, &c. Bah!" said the lawyer, resting his teeth hard, and winching under the sting that lay in these reflections.

Just at that moment his eye fell upon some scraps of paper lying upon the table, written over with the name of Mary Atherton. The unsigned will, yet in his possession, was beside them, and his gaze wandered from one to the other, becoming more fixed and burning as he looked. The note received on the preceding day, from that lady, was there also. Strange that the sight of them should so affect the attorney! In the space of a minute, an entire change had passed over him. He stood upright—his form dilating, and the arms folded across the chest—a feverish light shined in his thin face, and his eyes fastened to the papers before him, in one concentrated, sparkling glance. He stood, the impetuousness of triumph. Every gesture and movement breathed a fierce and resolute will—every line of his features was stamped with an iron purpose, softened with a gleam of savage joy. "What a fool I have been," said he, at length; "one stroke of the pen and it is done." He took up Mrs. Atherton's note, and placed it beside the signatures he had before copied in an idle moment. "Ha! how very like!" Seizing the pen, he traced that name again and again. The last time, each character, grew under his trembling fingers with fearful accuracy. The attorney paused. His face was white and corpse-like, and from his eyes flashed a terrible light as they turned one long fascinated gaze upon the will. The compressed lips, and the veins starting like tense cords from his wasted temples, betrayed the struggle with that temptation. He started back appalled, at first, from crime. Wrong, and oppression, and deceit, had, up to this hour, constituted the sum of his life—but absolute guilt was yet wanting to the measure of iniquity. The struggle was a fearful one. The lawyer shook in every limb, and a cold perspiration bathed his forehead. But it was only for a moment. With a gigantic effort he flung off the strong grasp which reason and conscience had laid upon his soul, and with a desperate calmness took the pen, and wrote "Mary Atherton" at the bottom of the will. Then he went to his desk, and took thence a roll of parchment similar in form and size to the one containing the will. His next business was to transfer the contents of that will to this blank parchment, letter by letter. He executed the task with a steady hand and a professional's accuracy, as if he were copying a brief. All indication of weakness and remorse had passed away. The same bitter smile wreathed his lip, and the same quiet malice gleamed in his gray eyes while he wrote, as before. But there had been suddenly called up to confront this great crisis of his life, a new and terrible enemy. He felt that if inadequate to contend with it, he must himself be crushed in the struggle; that all the vast powers of intellect he possessed—his indomitable will, keen sagacity and inflexible purpose, must be weapons wielded with profound skill, if he would achieve triumph. Shuddering, he had taken a step that plunged him into a fearful abyss of guilt, but now necessitated by a great emergency to reach yet lower depths, his heart quailed not. He was playing a desperate game of life and death, and every talent of his splendid intellect was flung into the scale. The first throw had been made, and now, with a fondish joy, he watched his dread adversary, Fate, who, for the first time in all his past history of adventures, was arrayed in battle against him.

But a worse enemy than Fate, the attorney was destined to find in the person of the little humpback. The dwarf had not stirred a muscle, while watching the miser dig the keyhole. Once, when the old man inserted the will, a droll smile disturbed the imperturbable gravity of his face; and applying a thumb to the tip of his nose, he executed certain gesticulatory motions with the fingers, which, as such pantomime was wholly lost upon the hark walls and darkness around, seemed a harmless piece of playfulness with himself—the embodiment of some facetious idea. A merry light danced in his black eyes, as he watched the attorney. These were strange proceedings, indeed, to occasion mirth on the part of the humpback, but so it was. He waited until the door had secured the will in his desk, put out the light shortly after, and flung himself upon a rude pallet of straw, then he shuffled out of the house.

Dr. Ashleigh was not mistaken in his opinion respecting Mrs. Atherton's illness. Hours passed of anxious watching to Grace, ere she recovered from the insensible state induced by the strong mental excitement consequent upon her interview with the attorney—and then, all reference to the subject was precluded by an extreme weakness both of body and mind. She did not allude to the occurrences of the morning, for they seemed to have passed from her memory, and Grace, as she sat by the bedside of her mother, clasping those thin, pale hands, in her own, and watching breathlessly the still countenance of the sleeper, though filled with vague apprehensions relative to her future destiny, and with a hundred queries upon her lips, dared not give them utterance. She had divided, in part, the nature of Mr. Scrivener's business with her mother that morning, and now, fearful of agitating the invalid by reverting to it, the poor girl became the victim of many painful and conflicting conjectures. No will could be found, and she therefore concluded it had not been framed. Wearily passed that night in the sick room. When morning came, seeing that her mother was in a gentle sleep, the young girl sought her own couch, for her eyes were heavy with watching and grief.

The attorney had judged Philip Marston rightly. To rescue Grace Atherton from a hateful union with Richard Scrivener, was now a determined purpose with the young man, and then a deep burning thirst for revenge, (as he looked upon his gentle Kate, crushed and blighted in her sweet dreams of love and happiness, by the perfidy and heartlessness of him who had for very passion, won her heart,) possessed his soul.

Kate Marston understood it all. Her own lover had

been false and was about to wrong another whom her brother loved. She forgave him, then, the bitterness of his heart, and listened calmly while he unfolded his purpose. Her own sister's sorrow woke a sympathy for Grace, and she could now pray for her happiness, and bid Philip God speed on his mission of mercy to that gentle being, even though it brought disgrace upon him who was alas! with all his faults, still too dear to her own heart.

Mrs. Atherton awoke in the morning as from a deep sleep. Her mind was clear, and composed, and at once reverted to the occurrences of the preceding day, and she was about summoning Mr. Scrivener to her chamber, when a note from Philip Marston urgently soliciting an interview, was put into her hands. It will be unnecessary to dwell on the particulars of that interview.

In an hour the young man quitted the house, with a light step, even though he had not seen Grace. She still slept, and for reasons which will hereafter appear. Mrs. Atherton had given orders that she should not be awakened, or be permitted to see her until the attorney, whom she had now summoned, should have gone.

Mr. Scrivener read the summons to Mrs. Atherton's chamber with a calm smile on his lip. A slight quiver passed over him as the name of Mary Atherton met his eye, and then he was cold, and passionless, and assured, as before. But when ushered into the darkened room of suffering, and the sick woman's gaze turned upon him, the whole aspect of the man underwent a change. With an air of profound humility, he advanced to the bed, and bending his head meekly, with arms crossed, he stood waiting for a word, awaiting the invalid's pleasure. Had she suddenly been stricken dumb, her lips would not have been more effectively sealed against the bitter and reproachful thoughts that came up for utterance than they were by this admirable stroke of policy, on the part of the attorney. There he stood, silent and abstracted, as if brooding over a hidden sorrow; his eyes cast down, every feature eloquent of grief, and in an attitude of humility, as if deprecating some anticipated pang of rage.

This was the proud impassible attorney! Mrs. Atherton was at once baffled and touched. Her sympathies, so skillfully appealed to, rose superior to her anger, and in a gentle voice she motioned the lawyer to a seat. "You do not look well to-day, Mr. Scrivener."

"Circumstances of a painful nature, madam," replied the lawyer gravely, "have occasioned me, within a few hours, severe mental affliction, and the physical participants in—but I beg your pardon," checking himself abruptly and signing profoundly. "Grief has rendered me selfish, when it should have been my first concern, dear madam, to inquire after your health." He sat down, and having tenderly expressed himself relative to her recent illness, with an occasional reference to his own sorrows, that his policy might be advanced more surely by first alluding her sympathies for him, he brought forward the original of which he had forged the preceding night, the original of which he would be remembered, was still unsigned and in his possession. "Your sudden illness, madam," he said, extending the parchment to Mrs. Atherton, "preventing the completion of this testament, I assumed the liberty, as your solicitor, of securing it from the gaze of others in the house, until you should be recovered."

The sight of the will, recalling as it did his late interview with Philip Marston, and awakening anew the vague feeling of distrust toward the old man, which his words had occasioned, threw Mrs. Atherton, for the moment, off her guard.

"You were perfectly correct, sir, in that," she answered quickly. "And now will you be good enough to throw that will upon the fire?"

"Madam?" said the attorney as if not hearing aright. "Do so good as to put that into the fire?"

Mr. Scrivener had foreseen this, and without being in the least disconcerted, could calmly have obeyed her, but the sick woman's gaze was upon him, and he started back agitated, with a well-acted air of surprise, as if wondering whether she had not lost her senses. She did not repeat the command in words, but an imperious gesture and significant glance were enough, and quietly the old man flung the parchment upon the fire. The act recalled Mrs. Atherton to herself.

"It has been a mutual wish, my friend," she said, speaking very gently, "that our children should be united."

The attorney bowed in silence.

"I had anticipated that the step would promote my daughter's happiness; but it is not so."

Mr. Scrivener bent his eyes humbly upon the floor, and made no answer.

"Of course, then, such a marriage no longer remains the condition of making her my sole heir, and I have sent for you to draw up a new will. Pardon my abruptness in wishing you no more to destroy the original one. The sight of it woke painful reflections which I would fain banish from my mind, during these last hours of my life." Mrs. Atherton paused for a moment and then calmly desired the attorney to execute her will.

Whatever of distrust and suspicion attached to himself in consequence of Philip Marston's interview with her that morning, the lawyer failed to discover the least indication thereof either in the words just spoken, or in the accompanying tones and looks. For the first time in all their intercourse, she seemed to have assumed a policy which even he could not penetrate. Resolved to know the worst, the attorney suddenly changed his tactics.

"You are too generous, my friend. You feared to wound a parent's heart, by speaking the truth. Well, then, you shall hear it from my own lips. My son is not worthy your daughter's love. It was some to your knowledge."

Mrs. Atherton's cheek flushed crimson, and she looked wonderingly upon the old man.

"Yes, it is all clear, my friend, you would have spared me the pain of repeating this to me, and yet I, who suffer so much, speak to you thus frankly. Confess that you have done a sincere friend injustice, in thinking him capable of sacrificing an old friendship to a blind and dotting parental love! No, madam, I had anticipated you! See! I would not have suffered your daughter to wed my son. I would have forewarned her of his unworthiness. You would have lost nothing by dealing frankly with me. Is it not so?"

It would be impossible to convey in words, the touching simplicity, pathos and gentle earnestness which, in every accompanying look and gesture, characterized this speech, and as impossible to conceive that the possessor of so towering an intellect, skilled in all the intricacies of low cunning, cruel and ambitious, and this generous, innocent old man, with all the apparent naïveté and artlessness of a child, were one and the same person.

Mrs. Atherton was deeply touched, and her eyes filled with tears. Persevered by his sophistry that she had wronged him, she acknowledged the injustice in a low voice, and extending her hand to the attorney, she pressed his in a warm clasp.

Mr. Scrivener had well chosen and skillfully played his part. He foreknew that suspicion would be directed against himself, and that Mrs. Atherton would cause a new will to be executed. To work out his schemes successfully, it was necessary to disarm the one, and have the supervision of the other. Both of these ends he had now compassed. By a more subtle policy of speech on his own part, he had compelled the sick woman to abandon that which she had adopted. Instead, then, of being judged a participator in the proceedings of his son, he stood there, in her view, the injured, sorrowing parent, with a heart heavy with grief at the fallacy of his

After a pause, he, at a sign from Mrs. Atherton, seated himself at a little table distant a few paces from the bed, and proceeded to convey a formal bequest of her property to her daughter Grace. The terms were unconditional. No reference was made to her marriage, excepting to declare her free from all obligation to Richard Scrivener. There was likewise a clause, bequeathing the sum of five thousand dollars to Simon Scrivener, as a testimonial of friendly regard. The old man chuckled to himself as he penned this clause, and a smile of peculiar meaning curled his lip. The will was completed. Two old domestics were summoned, and affixed their signatures, and then the attorney was once more alone with the sick woman. She took the will into her own hands, and read it very slowly—her cheek, the while, suffusing with a faint color, and a happy smile beaming from her grey, sunken eyes. Folding her hands calmly upon her breast, as if to indicate the serenity and peace within, she desired the lawyer to take from a cabinet a small ebony box, and after sealing the will, to place the parchment within it. The attorney went to the table, glancing as he did so at the sick woman. Her eyes were closed. She was absorbed in sweet and pleasant reflection on the act she had just performed. Quick as thought Mr. Scrivener transferred the will he had just drawn up, to his pocket, and substituted that which he had executed in her presence the day before, and the signature of which he had forged that night in his room. The purpose of this will was, the dying wish of Mrs. Atherton that her daughter should become the wife of the attorney's son. Falling in this, the property would revert to the attorney. It was a copy of this will, it will be remembered, which, at the request, the old man had flung upon the fire a few minutes before. It was but the work of a moment to affix the signatures of the witnesses. One glance had stamped them upon his memory, and they now lay under his hand with fearful accuracy. Then he deliberately folded the instrument and affixed his seal thereto, and the villainous work was done. He had struggled to suppress all sign of the storm of joyful passion that was sweeping over his soul, as the fruition of his toil seemed just ripening to his hand, and calm, unmoved he had been, until the seal was set, then, placing the will within the ebony box which Mrs. Atherton had indicated, and scarcely trusting himself to speak, more than to take a hasty leave, he quitted the house and walked on, heedless of whether he was going, like one in a dream.

An hour after, a messenger was dispatched for Dr. Ashleigh. Pale and anxious, so spiritually beautiful that she seemed like the angel of blessing ministering to a sufferer, stood Grace Atherton, at the couch of her mother. They hung with tender care over the dying woman, but it was all in vain. The lamp of life was flickering into its socket. That night it went out into the darkness of death.

A week had passed. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Scrivener quitted his room and bent his steps toward Lincoln Square, where Grace Atherton, seated in the library of her mother's splendid mansion, awaited the opening of her deceased parent's will. Uninformed both of the nature and the fact of Philip Marston's visit, and calling to mind the frequent occasions of which that parent had dwelt upon the advantages which would result from her union with the attorney's son, she was at no loss to divine the purport of her mother's will, and now that the first bitterness of bereavement was passed, and her thoughts reverted to her own condition she trembled at the anticipated struggle between a regard for her own happiness, and a sense of filial duty in respect to the last wishes of a beloved parent.

It was already dark in Court so that Mr. Scrivener walking briskly through it, to gain the street, did not see a little figure stumbling along before him, until, as if by accident, he felt himself tripped up, and falling prone to the ground. Almost at the same moment a hand assisted him to rise, and an apology fell meekly from the dwarf's lips, for his involuntary awkwardness. A violent blow was all the acknowledgment he received, and then the attorney went on his way. Laughing maliciously to himself, and shaking a small bunch of keys which he held in his hand, at the miser's retreating figure, the humpback glided up the court, and a moment after stood within the chamber Mr. Scrivener had quitted ten minutes before. He paused not to look around him, and he gazed directly to the chimney piece, pushed aside an old bookcase that stood there, and pressed back a little spring recumbent very much a nail driven into the wall, a large portion of the panelling flew open, disclosing an iron safe, into which the dwarf fitted a key; the door swung upon its hinges. With a cry of delight the dwarf clutched a roll of parchment that now met his eye. Tearing it open with almost frantic eagerness, he hurried to the window, and glanced rapidly at its contents.

"Ho, ho!" he screamed, as the signature of Mary Atherton met his eye, and the attorney's villainy, in all its depth, now flashed upon his mind. "We have you at last, Forgery! ha! ha! But you shall pay dearly for this, Mr. Scrivener. We have a long score to wipe out." As he said this, the dwarf's large eyes blazed with fury, as he thought of the insult, the sneer, ay! the blows he received at that man's hand. Then he thought of his deep, damning crime; of Grace and Kate, concerning whom he had heard so much—of rescuing them from the snare woven by that old man, and tasting the sweetness of revenge for all the indignities heaped upon himself. It was so pleasant and merry withal for him to think of achieving with his own toil and cunning, such great and glorious things, that the little creature suddenly flung himself upon the floor and rolled over and over in an ecstasy of merriment. He twisted his little figure into the most impossible shapes, danced madly about the room, snapping his long fingers, and throwing his features into the most hideous grimaces and contortions. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the will which had fallen to the floor. He took it up and read it over again. There it was—in the dwarf's hands—a terrible engine of retribution. He felt the magnitude of the power which that discovery had placed within his hands, and the thought came a grave mood to come over him. He stood a moment half perplexed, as to the most judicious way of using it. Then, with a cry of joy trembling on his lip, as the plan he would choose, flashed across his mind, he started up and left the house, taking care that no trace of his visit should remain behind. Going down the Court, he dropped the keys upon the same spot where he had so skillfully played his "trick" to obtain possession of them, and with a laugh, as the figure of the attorney prostrate upon the ground through his stratagem, rose to his feet, the dwarf rapidly hurried along the fast darkening streets in the direction of Philip Marston's dwelling.

Kate Marston had swept the little parlor, and garnished it with flowers which she knew her brother loved, and now she sat watching, with book in hand, striving to hush those memories of the past, which, alas! for her peace, too often mingled with her thoughts when alone. She started as a loud knock at the door proclaimed some stranger hand, and hastily rising, opened it, and for a moment started back at sight of the misshapen, uncouth figure of the little dwarf who stood before her. It was but for an instant, for Kate Marston was gentle and compassionate to all, and for those afflicted of heaven and too often oppressed by man, she had ever a kind word, and when needed, a ready alms, and she had recovered herself almost ere the question, "Is Philip Marston at home?" issued in shrill accents from the little form before her. Kate wondered for a moment what such a be-

ing could wish with her brother, and then thinking that he might be one of those unfortunates whom Philip's heart was always open to relieve, she answered in the negative, and to the assurance given by the dwarf, that he had particular business with him, in a kind tone she bade him enter and await her brother's coming. The little creature shambled in and without ceremony announced himself upon a seat near the low window, where he amused himself by sundry grimaces and contortions, with which he saluted the passers by, especially the infantile portion, of whom it seemed to be his delight to first attract and fascinate with his oddities, and then hastily scare away, much to the fear of tender nurses, lest the little dwarf should frighten the darlings into convulsions.

Kate had seated herself at a little distance, and when she observed the attention which her uncouth-looking visitor was exciting, she endeavored to engage him in conversation, and amused him with the sketches and paintings which graced her little table. All at once the dwarf started astir at a picture of rare loveliness which attracted his eye, by the resemblance it bore to one whom he had chanced to meet more than once in his idle perambulations in the vicinity of L— Square.

"Ha! ha!" screamed the little fellow, hastily snatching the painting from the portfolio, where it had lain since copied from the original portrait which Kate had taken for Grace, "who have we hear?" and as Kate answered gently, "It is Miss Atherton," the dwarf, much to her surprise and almost fear, slid down from his chair and rolled over and over upon the floor, performing sundry antics, and laughing most extravagantly, as though extremely pleased at the discovery he had made. "Miss Atherton! ha! ha! ha!" again laughed he. "Miss Atherton! will have cause to bless the little dwarf yet, if all goes right."

Kate sat amazed, thinking him beside himself, when at that moment, the latch key was heard turning in the door. A well known step approached, and in an instant her brother, unconscious of the presence of a stranger, clasped her in his arms and imprinted his customary kiss upon her brow.

"Philip!" said Kate, releasing herself from his warm embrace, "you have a visitor here who has waited some time for you," and as she spoke, her brother's eye for the first time glanced upon the figure of the little dwarf who had stood almost hidden from observation behind the curtain which hung from the window, from whence he now issued upon hearing Kate's voice.

"Ha! you are the Philip Marston whom I wished to see and with whom I have important business," and as he uttered the word, he chuckled with great glee, as though he bore idea that he, the dwarf, should carry within his little person so momentous a secret were too much for his gravity, and he laughed aloud and almost shouted, to the wonderment of Philip and his sister.

Recovering from his surprise, Philip extended his hand saying: "Well! my little fellow, I'm at your service, and as you've got some-what to say to me, you may as well speak out for I have no secrets from my sister Kate," and he looked fondly upon her as he spoke.

The dwarf too, seemed won by the sweet expression of that gentle face, and approaching Philip, he, in a milder voice, began and told him all for which he had sought him at that hour, going back to the first night when he had watched the old attorney in his treasure room, and recounting the various scenes he had witnessed through the key hole in that old cell—telling him of his own convictions, ever present within himself, that the old miser was playing false, until that last fatal night when such a desperate game was accomplished, and the wise old attorney committed that act which left him wholly at the mercy of the insignificant little dwarf. And then too, the spoke of Grace—of how he had often met her, and of how she had quite won him to her by the kindness shown to the "little humpback" whom the boys in the street mocked and laughed at, and she had rebuked them for their wanton malice to him, and at length taking from his bosom a large package, he handed it to Philip, saying:

"And now here it is—the will! Yes, the true will! concealed, forged by the old attorney, but found again—discovered by the little crookback! ha! ha! we shall hate him, and the dwarf shall be revenged for the thousand slight insults passed upon him by that man," and he laughed maliciously, as he thought of the old miser, and dark schemes seemed working within the mind of that little body.

Philip thanked him for all, but in vain he offered remuneration, for that which he had accomplished. He would accept nothing save the reiterated assurances of gratitude from Kate and her brother, and saying to Philip, "And now I must be off for this night there is more work to be done and who to plan it, who to set on going, save the little dwarf himself! Lady!" and he turned to Kate as he spoke, "one kiss of that fair hand whose mistress spake so kindly to the unfortunates to-night, were worth a whole life service to him."

Kate gave him her hand. He clasped it tightly, and when released, there was a tear upon it which told that the sympathy of that gentle woman's heart had not been lost upon him whom she had dealt kindly with. Then with a hasty "farewell lady, farewell Philip Marston," he sprang through the doorway, and ere they had risen from their seats, the sound of his shuffling footsteps was heard without, as he quickly wended his way, whither they knew not.

Philip Marston and his sister had a long counsel together that eve. At length it was decided that Philip should, without further delay, proceed to Miss Atherton's residence with the will in hand, and at once display to Grace's view her true position by the terms of her mother's will, and proclaim the attorney's double villainy.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never eat down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again.—Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it.—Fear not, if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits though the day be a dark one.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark keep your eye on Heaven! With God's presence, and God's promises, a man or child may be cheerful.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are completed; and so repeated kindness will soften the heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, stripes up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me. Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Poetry and Miscellany.

DAILY WORK.

Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shrink,
Commits a fully and a crime;
A soulless slave;
A pig upon the wheels of time,
With work to do, and stores of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toll for daily fee.

Not let us work? We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task,
We have no quarrel with the great!
No feud of rank;
With will or task,
Success to speed!
No envy of a lord's estate,
If we can earn sufficient need,
To satisfy our daily need,
And can retain,
For age or pain,

A faction: we are rich indeed,
No dread of toil have we of ours,
We know our worth and weigh our powers,
The more we work, the more we win;
Success to speed!
Success to speed!
And to the corn that's coming in,
And joy to his who sows the seed,
Remember still in nature's plan,
Who working thinks,
And never shrinks
His independence as a man!

Who only asks for humble wealth,
Enough for competence and health,
And leisure when his work is done,
To read his book
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at evening of the sun,
Who tills as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free,
These are the men,
The best of men,
These are the men we mean to be!

THE PROPHECIC DREW-DROP.

A delicate child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning, that the poor drew-drop had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops that lived the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the onward to moon day. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon the father pointed upward—"See," said he, "there stand the dew-drops gloriously re-ent—glittering like jewels in the heavens, and the clowds foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers on earth blooms again in heaven. Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prophetic words; for soon after the delicate child, with the delicate brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled like a dew-drop into heaven.

FARMER'S WIFE.—The life of the farmer is so often made the subject of complimentary remarks, so often praised for its peacefulness and independence, that the farmer's wife might very reasonably be