EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1874.

NU MBER 15.

OLUME VIII.

TEMENT OF SETTLEMENT MOYER one of the Supervi-Cownship, for the year 1873: 4

21.88 80.35—8 945.46 rk as per books, 755.81 amissioners. abor (estate). nn Kelly. ... 1.60 5.25 4.50 8.00 8.60 6.85 6.10 ter Brownen. m. McGough. in Warner., eter Brown icholas Behc., irs A. Murphy 1.50 1.50 15.00 . Donahoe. Skelly. 14.09

signed Auditors, do certify that J. P. O'NFILL.
JAMES NOON,
JOS. LYNCH, MENT OF SETTLEMENT with MI-

52-91,048,23

address, one of the Supervisors of Ey, in ace't with Washington Twp., Roads, as per acc't. \$935.35

lons 10.95 work at \$1.50 per day 165.00 (ico, M. Reade (Sept. 3.00 1.59 8.70 1.50 2.50 18, J. H. Kennedy. do, do, 7, Christ, Robine 9, H. A. McPike... James Noon. M. & J. Brown

M Bradley

neion & Scanlan 15.10 no Brown's Order 7.55 - \$1,433.86\$ 7.1.89 good Auditors, do certify that J. P. O'NEILL, J. M. ES NOON, JOS. LYNCH,

the Heirs and Legal Reesof CHRISTIAN SMAY, late hip dec'd, to accept or refuse. CORDIV. SHI swealth of Pennsylvania to

erresentatives of Cherstian are hereby cited to be and dges of our Orphams' Court, org, in and for said county, or JUNE NEXT, then and to take the real estate of deceased, at the appraised by an Inquest duly awarded returned by the Sheriff of day of August, A. D. 1878, same should not be sold, to E HOMESTEAD,' situate in adjoining lands of Cather-Cornic and Jas. McGough, and four acres, more

cresof which are cleared. a two-and-eac-half stor, ink house two frame bank lued and appraised at the bree hundred and fifty-six a tract of timber land situ ing lands of Martin & and others, containing one es valued and appraised at JOHN DEAN, President

M. SINGER, Clerk O. C. [4-10.4t.

ND for SALE eres Timber Land

ship. Cambria county, Pa. of what is known as the MIAH MOSHER TRACT, steph Fry. Miles Davis, Rob't og to purchase will please call JAMES F. MILLIKEN, in that will lend to the conthing timber on the above [4-17.-6t.

SALE.-Will be offered outery, at the Summit, 2d, proximo, the following perty, to wit: A PIECE OF about FOUR LOTS, with a roperty. Also, a comfortable Well of excellent water t Trees in full bearing. chen Furniture, consisting nmence at 10 o'clock, A will be made known. HENRY HUGHES, MARY D. HUGHES.

> ALE.—The subscribers c Sale, at their resiwing personal property to Hogs; one 4-horse power FARM on which they re-10 o'clock, A. M., when

JOHN C. DIMOND. JAMES MORELAND. NOTICE .- The un-It, appointed by Court ria county to report disrom the sale of certain of John E. Scanian, dec'd, vs. Owen Cur r vs. Frederick Fulhat he will attend to the DAT OF MAY next at

where all persons inter-be forever beharred from VIN EVANS, Auditor.

all persons are hereby purchasing a Note V. ANSMAN.

s hereby given that apmade at the June ough of Summitthe restrictions and N F. STORM, Burgess.

10, 1874,-41, GALLITZIN LAKE,

Antiquities.

There is no song like an old seng That we have not heard for years: Each simple note appears to throng With shapes that swim in tears. It may have been a cheerful strain,

But 'twas so long ago That glee, grown old, has turned to pain, And mirth has turned to woe.

There is no friend like an old friend, Whose life-path mates our own, Whose dawn and noon, whose eve and end, Have known what we have known.

It may be when we read his face We note a trace of care; 'Tis well that friends in life's last grace Share sighs as smiles they share.

There is no love like an old love, A lost, may be, or dead; Whose place, since she has gone above, No other fills instead. It is not we'll ne'er love anew, For life were drear if so.

But that first love had roots that grew Where others cannot grow. There are no days like the old days, When we, not they, were young; When all life's rays were golden rays

And wrong had never stung. Dear Heart! If now our steps could pass Through paths of childhood's morn, And the dew of youth lie on the grass Which Time's fell scythe has shorn!

Old song, old friend, old love, old days; Old things, yet never old , A stream that's dark till sunshine plays And changes it to gold; Through all winds memory's river on,

Mid banks of sore regret, But a gleam's on the peaks of long-agone, That softens sidness yet.

A STORY OF MYSTERY AND WOE.

A more honest fellow than Pennington Smythe never lived. He was young-say twenty-two or three-full of a large assortment of varied enthusiasms, possessed of an unlimited belief in the goodness of human nature, and absolutely incapable of false-

And yet, curiously enough, he had a passion for mysteries. Although practically a common-place Presbyterian, he nevertheless affected to believe in the mysteries of Rosicrucianism. He was perpetually striving, with conspicuous want of success, to magnetize his friends, and although he was too orthodox to believe in Spiritualism, he lived in constant hopes of inducing his washstand to move and his writing-table to rap, by the patient contact of his tireless hands. As for secret societies they were his delight. He belonged to nearly every ancient and venerable order of very modern mechanics and grocerymen in existence, and kept locked up in his trunk more flaring gilt badges and fantastically trimmed aprons, and horse-collars than would have sufficed to purchase the sovereignty of a dozen African kingdoms.

And there never was a more honest and straightforward little girl than Mary Morris, to whom Smythe was engaged to be married. She was just out of boarding-school, and her respectable father-in the wholesale lard business-and her equally respectable mother -in the wholesale family business-and all her thirteen brothers and sisters of assorted sexes, were ready to swear-or affirm, as the case might be-that Mary was as good as

gold, and many times as valuable. The engagement of these two young persons was with the full approbation of the elder Smythes and Morrises. Young Pennington was expected to spend three evenings every week with his betrothed, and they were always accommodated with a convenient back-parlor in which to converse after the manner of their kind. In these circumstances Pennington Smythe ought to have been happy, but he was not. There was no mystery about his love affair, and the fact weighed upon his spirits.

He did what he could to convince himself that the respectable old Mr. Morris, who used to say when Pennington made his appearance, "Now, you children, keep out of hat there back parlor, and give Mary and her young man a show"-was bitterly opposed to the match, and must be kept from perceiving that his daughter was beloved by her "young man." But the only possible way which he could devise to throw an air of secrecy over the affair, was to write notes to his beloved in a very cramped hand, and to deliver them himself. Usually he had to read them, too, since his handwriting was too mystical to be readily deciphered, and when they were read they usually contained nothing but an amplification of the innocuous idea that he, Pennington Smythe, proposed to love her, Mary Morris, in spite of every obstacle. As there were no conceivable obstacles this statement was not one of tremendous moment; but still it gave young Smythe no little comfort to make it in writing and deliver it with an air of immense

secrecy One day a happy thought struck him. How delightful it would be to correspond with his darling in cipher. This idea filled him with a calm, mystical joy that was really a first-class sensation. So he devised a cipher of the kind so much in vogne among school-girls, and which consisted in substituting one letter for another, and instantly wrote a brief note to Mary. This he carried to her the same evening, together with a key, and attained the seventh heaven

of mystical delight in transmitting it to her. Poor Mary suffered much from this cipher. It was very hard work for her to write an intelligible letter with the new alphabet. She continually made mistakes in it, and so kept Pennington out of his bed for hours, while with locked doors and shaded windows he tried to decipher some such sentence as, "I do so long to see yon." It was on'y The V-at-Law, when mistakes were made in the use of this cipher that it became at all difficult of com-

prehension to an ordinary reader. Poor | Pennington had not devoted much attention

to the subject of cryptography, or he would have known that there is nothing more transparent than a cipher which merely consists of the substitution of one letter for another. He was, however, soon to learn this fact in a very unpleasant way.

One evening Mary dropped a note which she had received by mail, and it was picked ap by her father. The old gentleman was wild with horror. There was his trusted laughter actually corresponding with some anknown villain in cipher. Obviously the sipher must have some shameful secret. He sat in his arm-chair with the open note in nis hand, and serious thoughts of immediate apoplexy in his mind, when his son Tom, a young fellow just home from college, entered, and, frightened at his father's expression of face, asked and received an explanation.

Tom was a bright young fellow, and he at once remarked that it was hardly worth while to take to apoplexy until it was really apparent that the invsterious note contained something wrong. He suspected that it was written by the mystery-loving Smythe, and he did not doubt his ability to read it. The note ran as follows:

CRSM PSMX: H TBDS XBC SYC STFSXN FHTT. OSYYHYDUBY NPX-

In less than ten minutes Tom had translated this innocent mystery into the words, "Dear Mary, I love you and always will. Pennington Smythe," and thus banished his father's doubt and wretchedness. However, the old man was angry enough to desire to give the unfortunate Pennington a lesson which he might remember. So when the young man made his usual evening call he was awaited in the parlor by the incensed futher and his greatly amused son, and addressed in the following stern and cruel

"Mr. Smythe, what do you mean by writing to my innocent daughter in such infamous style as this, sir?" and he shook Pennington's letter before his astonished

"Sir," replied the youth, " it is not infamous. It is an entirely proper note. All the world might see it.' "Then why the devil did you write it in

this outlandish lingo?" returned the father. "She is not to blame," hastily urged Pennington, judiciously shirking the main question. I assure you she never can rend them without my help, and when she writes them she makes so many mistakes that often I can't make head or tail of them."

"By 'them' I suppose you mean the letters written in cipher," replied Mr. Morris, 'Well, I won't add to your trouble. Only let me advise you not to write any more cipher notes, my boy. Tom, here, read your note almost as easy as if it had been written in print. There, go along now, and don't be silly again-at least, any more than you can help, you know." And the old man, quite recovered from his anger, went laughingly away.

Pennington lingered. "Is it really true, Tom, that you could read it without a key?" he doubtfully asked.

Of course I could. Why, Pen, there is nothing easier to read than that sort of cipher. If you will write in cipher-and I don't see why you shouldn't if you want to, though you'll find it beastly tiresome-I can tell you of a cipher that no one can possibly

"If you would be so very kind," murmured Pennington.

"Why," continued Tom, "you select some book. Then out of the words in this book you make your cipher. For instance, you want to write 'dear,' as I presume you do, and you find it, say, on the twelfth page of the book, in the second line from the top, and the third word in the line. You then represent it by the numbers 12, 2, 3. And so with the rest of your note. You see, no human being could possibly read it unless they happened to guess what book you

Pennington was overjoyed at this delightful plan, and, thanking Tom warmly, hastened to unfold the new cipher to Mary. He felt at perfect liberty to disregard Mr. Morris' advice not to write in eigher, for he now decided that Mary's father would be justifiably regarded as a hoary-headed tyrant, bent upon separating two loving hearts, and only fit to be circumvented by careful strategy. So he selected a novel of which he knew that both Mary and himself possessed copies; explained the new cipher with the utmost care, and after he reached home put it in immediate practice by writing a brief note and sending it by post, as he would be unable to see her next evening. This is what he wrote:

35.9.5-33.2.3-45.4.4-69.5.9-65.4.5-51.15.6-15.1.4-77.1.1-85.19.9-83.4.2-53.8.6-89.5.2-39.2.6-117.5.6-71.17.8.

Now the book upon which this cipher was based was printed in double columns. Unfortunately Pennington forgot to explain which of these columns he intended to use. However, he decided to use the outer column trusting that the other heart, which, as he frequently remarked, was one of two "which beat as one," would instinctively divine his

Two nights afterwards he reached the Morris' door, fuil of delightful anticipations. He was met by old Mr. Morris, who, thrusting a note into his hand, explained, with much unnecessary emphasis, and a total disregard of the commonest rules of politeness, that if he ever venturned to present himself at that house again he would be kicked down the front steps, mixed up in complicated relations with the family bull-

He went home maddened with this very undesirable mystery, and confident that old Morris had been attacked with delirium tremens, and was an exceedingly unsafe acquaintance. Once in his room, he sat down to read the crumpled letter that had been forced upon him. It was his own letter to Mary. Below the cipher was written Mary's

factory result: "You liar when almost hate her and farewell you deceitful never again and base infamy."

the book, and with the following unsatis-

And still further down on the page was written in Mary's hand, "I can make out enough of your letter to see it is a cruel, wicked insult, and I shall tell papa."

It flashed across Pennington's remnant of a mind that perhaps Mary had made a mistake in the columns of the book. He seized the volume and verified his suspicion. The innocent note that he had written was actually transformed, by the simple process of reading it with the wrong column as a key, into the incoherent, but obviously impolite letter, which had wrought such unhappy

Pennington sank into his chair utterly overwhelmed. He called himself all the choice names that old Morris had applied to him, together with a large selection of other epithets. He spent an hour in this profitable occupation. At the end of that time he had formed a resolution which he proceeded to put into immediate execution.

He rose up, and going to his trunk, took out his secret society emblems and solemnly threw them in the grate. He next sat down and wrote twelve separate resignations for twelve different lodges. Then he wrote a solemn pledge never, to the day of his death, to meddle with cipher or any other mystery. and, finally, writing out a full history of the cipher letter, sent it, together with the book which he had used as a key, his pledge to solemply abstain from mysteries, and an humble apology to old Morris.

Of course his explanation was accepted, and Mary forgave him. Several years have passed since that event, but if you want to make Pennington Smythe blush with wretchedness, all that is necessary is to ask him if he knows of any good, trustworthy cipher.

That Buried Treasure.

A San Francisco paper says: "The usually quiet town of Truckee has been msiderably excited of late over the organization of a company to search for diamonds and gold long since buried on the coast of Florida. It is said that the company have a cash capital of little less than \$40,000, and nearly all of the solid men of the town are said to have taken stock. It seems that a colored man by the name of Jeff Hogan, who has been administering chickens, eggs, trout, Russian snipe, etc., to hungry travelers over the Central Pacific Railroad, and one Joe Mason, have discovered of late that they were both on board a certain pirate vessel about thirty years ago, and were eye-witnesses to the burying of a vast amount of gold and diamond jewelry. Jeff says that his life was spared on account of his being cook, and Mason's on account of his youth-being then but about ten years old. When first told, the story was not believed, but after awhile persons were found of sufficient gullibility to accept the whole story and enlist in the enterpriso."

Bold Kidnappers.

A correspondent writing from the City of Mexico says: "Not long since, a rich man, Senor Cervantes, was kidnapped in the evening in one of the most central streets. He passed between two files of loungers who politely-this is old Spanish politenessopened to let him pass. He was put into a coach at hand and driven to the house of a well-to-do Spaniard, who kept a grocery store; this also situated on the plaza, also in a central part. Here he was placed in a sort of grave dug below the floor, and messengers were carrying his letters and arranging ransom. But his friends and Governor Montrel and the police were wide awake also, and after some days the letter-carrier and others were caught, including the owner of the house, the Spaniard Senor Bello, the head of the conspiracy. The victim was rescued alive, and in less than twenty-four hours this Bello and two others who were most guilty were shot at Bello's doors, and afterwards hanged above the place of their crime, and exposed to the public gaze till the sun went down."

A Spell of Joking.

"The irrepressible joker at the Banks Club, the other day," says "After Dinner," while touching up his oysters with pepper from the castor, observed to the waiter that 'the pepper was half peas.' 'Oh no,' said the polite attendant, 'that is the best sort of pepper.' 'Well, I tell you it is half peas: call Mr. Mills,' That gentleman came, and the joker remarked, 'I always expect to get the best of everything in this house, but this pepper is half pens.' 'That can't be so; we take especial pains to procure it, and have it ground in our own mill.' 'Well, it is so, and I can prove it.' 'If you can, I should like to have you.' 'Well, John, you just spell it.' And the amiable proprietor retired with a sweet and gentle smile on his benevolent face.

"I DIDN'T at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look; "but I hope you'll make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed," redog, and committed to the final care of the plied one of them, starting off; "I will make myself at home as quick as possible." I is down to the house!"

DEAR MOTHER, COME HOME, Mother, dear mother, come home with me

The clock in the steeple strikes ten, You said that you only wanted to stay One hour to pray out the men. The beds are not made, the dishes un washed And our hired girl, she is out, too, While all the children are still undressed,

And sadly crying for yon. translation of it. The poor girl had tried to CHORUS. translate it by using the inner columns of Come home! come home! come home! Please, mother, dear mother, come home. Hear the sweet voice of your child;

Do not forsake us at home; How can you resist? Do leave off your pray Please mother, we need you at home.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now, The clock in the steeple strikes 'leven, or all the duties that you neglect You'll answer to Father in Heaven. Our fire is low, and pa will soon come.

And dinner I cannot complete, While, weary and worn with five hours He'll look for something to eat, CHORUS-Come home, &c.

Mother, dear mother, come home with m now, The clock in the steeple strikes twelve; be dinner's not ready, and pa has come,

With the food lying cold on the shelf. He seemed so sad, and spoke with a sigh, As he was asking for you; And Willie he kissed with a tear in his eye Please mother! dear mother! 'twon't do. CHORUS-Come home, &c.

Mother, dear mother, come home with m now, The clock in the steeple strikes one;

You said you were coming right home from As soon as your prayers were done. Our fire has gone out, and we are alone, And pa's hungry at work until tea; And Willie, poor boy, is not feeling well, With no one to help him but me.

CHORUS-Come home, &c. Mother, dear mother, come home with m The clock in the steeple strikes two:

The house has grown cold, poor Willie i worse, And he has been calling for you. Indeed he is worse; I'm afraid he will die And these are the words I came to bring:

Hasten home if you'd see him again. CHORUS-Come home, &c. Mother, dear mother, come home with me The clock in the steeple strikes three:

The house is lonely, the hours are long. For Willie has gone and left me! čes, I am alone; poor Willie is dead, And gone up to heaven's bright dome,

And these were the very last words he said-"I want dear mamma at home." CHORUS-Come home, &c.

TER VIMMIN.

LAMENTATIONS OF A BESIEGED TEUTON Who makes dot rumpus mit ter shin? Who makes der visky var begin? Who say der draffic is a sin?

Who calls mine peer "ter nashdy shlop," Und my saloon "Hell's Kitchen Shop, Und shwear my peeziness she vill sthop! Ter vimmin!

Who come to my saloon vun day Und make some droubles right avay? Who kneel around my par und bray? Who dalk ter "bizen stuff" apoud,

Und sing, und cry, fund preach, und shout Who vant to let my pungholes out? Who, ven she vas der house oud sent Vas on my toorstep made a dent, Und shvear to lay a siege she meant?

Who, ven my gostomers so dry Vas vant some gockdails on ter sly, Vas sure to catch him in her eye? Who putton-hole each man she meet

Und dalk to him so kind und shveet

Und coax him not himself to treat? Ter vimmin! the Danger of Using Shot for

Cleaning Bottles.

Fordos has recently directed attention to the dangers of lead poisoning where shot the past and politic silence concerning it are used for cleaning bottles that are to be On the bridal day the groom presented him used for wine and other beverages. When shot are placed in a glass with water, corof it being noticed as a precipitate in the was not a righteous retribution. To be itself as a thin film to the sides of the vessel. This film adheres so firmly to the glass that | to the catastrophe. it cannot be removed by rinsing with water alone, an acid being required to remove it. When shot are used for cleaning bottles which are afterwards well rinsed out, the carbonate of lead suspended in the water will be removed, but that portion which is | ing recited the nature of his provocation, he attached to the sides of the bottle remains, and is afterward dissolved by the liquid placed in the bottle, if it possesses a sufficient solvent power. If the shot are only shaken up with water for a short time, it is to become attached to the sides of the bottles, but oftentimes the shot are left in the bottle with the water for some time. Besides, the should be, and the carbonate of lead sus- tenderly loves the man whom she once be-Fordos took four half-pint medicine glasses in the third quinine wine, and in the fourth | we have related, vinegar. After standing two days each was found to contain a considerable quantity of

Another danger might also arise from shot bottom of certain bottles, when the action of an acid upon it would dissolve not only the lead, but also the arsenic which is always present in the shot in sufficient quantity to render the liquids poisonous.

week, and bawled out, "Annie your feller but then I leave off at night."

A Novel in One Chapter.

Some six or seven years ago, by one of the current accidents of social intercourse, there came together, and got interested in each other, in an Atlantic city, a young man and a young woman. The man was educated, in professional life, of good social rank, and generally esteemed of more than average ability. Those who thought best of him believed he was sure, sooner or later, to do great things.

In the mean time, he had the misfortune to be poor. The young woman was the daughter of a rich manufacturer. She had been brought up to attach at least its proper value to money, and, in fact, to attach too much credit to its possession.

She had too much innate refinement to be purse-proud; but living always with those who, possibly for lack of anything better, pique themselves on their possessions, is not likely to have a wholesome effect on impressionable youth. Be this as it may, an affection sprang up between these two people, avowed in time on both sides, cemented by every reciprocal pledge of fidelity.

The matter became known, after a space, to the lady's family, and then began the peculiar phase of the story that has now reached its climax. An explanation having become necessary, the lover was confronted with the statement from his perfidious adored one, that he had totally misconceived her feelings and intentions. There was much talk, but this was the gist and end of it. The invention was as palpable as its

Astonished as was the poor fellow, he was equally helpless. Either the girl's own pride or the stress of family influence, had led her to adopt a course, which, however painful or however wicked, presented the advantage of admitting absolutely of no appeal. Bewildered, humiliated and stricken to the heart, the sultor accepted the situation like a brave, if also like a sensitive man. Adieux | the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a were exchanged in the guise of friendliness, but when the discarded admirer went away | clung to his garments and besought him not he made up his mind that he had gone away forever. The play and the reality are in precise accord here, and they continue wonderfully so to the end.

Years rolled by, and the affluent manufacturer, who had thought himself far away beyond the caprice of fortune, by a series of unlucky chances became slightly embarassed. Tight money markets, the failure of correspondents, the encroachments of competitors, a reduced demand in his special trade, each, or all, increased this embarassment until at last, in advanced age, and living in a most expensive mannner, he found himself on the brink of failure and rain. Pending this, the "whirligigs of time" had been at work in good earnest. The man who had been so dextrously-or shamelessly-cozened out of his bride, partly by the force of his natural genius, partly by good fortune, had risen to wealth and power.

By one of those strange chances which it is the fashion to say happen only on the stage, or in sensation romance, but which do in sooth often come to pass in real life, the key, so to speak, to the manufacturer's position fell into this gentleman's hands, Notes to a large amount made by the former Crossus, potential influence with the corporations and individuals with whom his affairs were most blended, were at the control of the lover of five years ago. By a natural process again, it fell out that the old position was resumed, but this time under happier auspiess. It was natural that the younger man should hail with joy the chance to recover his lost love. An engagement was soon made, then, on terms easy to imagine, and this time without any lying or equivocation.

The relative situations had changed, and there was room both for a happy revival of self, and then, in the presence of the bride's family and friends, came the climax. It is bounte of lead is at once formed, a portion | not to be justified, and yet none can say it water, while another portion of it attaches | brief, the bridegroom, in the drama and the reality, are in the same exact accordance ap-

On the morning of the day fixed for the wedding, and at an boar fixed for signing necessary papers, the bridegroom proceeded calmly to tell the whole truth of his relations with the young lady and her family. Havwound up by announcing that of his revenge. This consisted in his atter refusal ever to wed the woman he once had loved, and to whom he had thus been for a second time affianced. The indignation and excitement searcely possible for the carbonate of lead | that followed need not be described. The act was cruel, unmanly; but it must be remembered that for years the iron had been cutting into the perpetrator's soul. In the rinsing is not always done so carefully as it play, the girl, who, throughout everything, pended in the water is not all removed, trayed, and so taught to betray herself, marries him after all, when she is just dying that had been cleaned with shot, and in one of a broken heart. In the drama of real he placed white wine, in another red wine, life, the action has proceeded only as far as

A GENTLEMAN saked the veteran actor. Charles Mathews, how he had managed to preserve his youthful spirits and vigor so getting lodged in the narrow creases at the exceedingly well. "Well," answered the comedian, "I have lived a pretty free life, but I have always made it a rule to have eight hour's sleep out of the twenty-four. No matter where I was, or what the temptation. I would have my sleep. And then I always eat four good sound meals a A sweet little boy, only eight years old- day."-"But are you not a great smoker?" bless his little heart-walked into the scene | -"Weil, no: not so very much of a blanket and bridle, tore down the fence, and of a teacher's examination at Oswego, last smoker. I begin every morning, it is true,

The Silver Cap.

The palace of the Duke de Montre was decorated for a banquet. A thousand wax lights burned in its stately rooms, making them bright as mid-day. Along the walls glowed the priceless tapestry of the Gobelines, and beneath the foot lay the fabrics of Persia. Rare vases, filled with flowers, stood on the marble stands, and their breath went up like incense before the life-like pictures shining in their golden frames above. In the great hall spood immense tables covered with delicacies from all lands and climes. Upon the side-board glittered massive plate, and the rich glass of Marano. Music, now low and soft, now bold and high, floated in through the opened casement, and was answered at intervals by

tones of magic sweetness. All was ready. The noble and gifted poured into the gorgeous saloons. Silks rustled, plumes waved, and jeweled embroideries flashed from Genoa velvets. Courtly congratulations fell from every lip, for the Duke de Montre had made a new step in the path to power. Wit sparkled, the laugh went round, and his guests pledged him in wine that a hundred years had mellowed. Proudly the dake replied; but his brow darkened, and his check paled with passion, for his son sat motionless before his untasted

"Wherefore is this?" he angrily demanded. "When did my first-born learn to insult his father?"

The graceful stripling sprang from his seat, and knelt meekly before his parent. His sunny curls fell back from his upturned face, and his youthful countenance was radiant with a brave and generous spirit.

"Father," he said, "I last night learned a lesson that sunk into my heart. Let me repeat it, and then, at thy command, I will drain the cup. I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop. He held in his hand sickly babe and two famishing litle ones. to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and, but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished.

"I went on, and, father, a citizen of noble air and majestic form descended the wide steps of his fine mansion. His wife put back the curtains, and watched him eagerly and wistfully as he rode away. She was very, very lonely, fairer than any lady of the court, but the shadow of a sad heart was fast falling on her beauty. We saw her gaze around upon the desolate splendor of her saloon, and then clasp her hands in the wild agony of despair. When we returned her husband lay helpless on a couch.

and she sat weeping beside him. "Once more we paused. A carriage stood before a palace. It was rich with burnished gold, and the armorial bearings of a duke were visible in the moon-beams. We waited for its owner to alight, but he did not move. and he gave no orders. Soon the servants came crowding out; sorrowfully they lifted him in their arms, and I saw that some of the jewels were torn from his mantle, and his plumed cap was crushed and soiled, as if by the pressure of many footsteps. They bore him into the palace, and I wondered if his duchess wept like the beautiful wife of

"As I looked on all this, my tutor told me it was the work of the red wine, which leaps gaily up, and laughs over its victims in demon merriment. I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste it, lest I, too, should fall. But your word is law to me. Shall I drain the cup?" "No, my son, touch it not. It is poison,

Put it away from thee, and so thou shalt grow up wise and good, a blessing to thyself and to thy country." He glanced around the circle. Sarprise and admiration were on every face, and, moved by the same impulse, all arose, while

as thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain,

weakens the intellect, destroys the soul.

one of their number spoke. "Thou hast done nobly, boy," he sail, "and thy reluke shall not be soon forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing scason. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France and of himself."

The haughty courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his heart, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

A farmer in this county, says a North Carolina paper, has a mule so awfully contrary that he can do nothing with it. Put him in barness, and it is bard to say which way he will travel. Put a saddle on him, and he appears to doze; but try to mount him, and he will all of a sudden begin to kick every way-straight out, straddlehour. with all four legs at once. As to eating, he will eat any thing, from his feed-trough up to a wooden saddle. The owner took a notion to have him shod; but he kicked out the blacksmith shop and returned home. The owner tried to kill him some time since, so he tied his ears with a trace-chain and rode him for six consecutive days and nights as hard as he could under whip and spur, The fact is, he nearly killed himself in the effort, and had to be carried up-stairs to bed, and his firm belief was that the mule would die that night; but, to his astonish ment, the next morning he found that the mule had kicked to death a Chester hog weighing three hundred pounds, bit a piece out of his horse's shoulder, ate up a saddle, was splarging about, more devilish than ever, to find something else meaner to do.