

True Honesty.

JEAN BEAUVAIS passed up and down his apartment with a troubled and unsatisfied air, too feverish to seek repose, although the night was far advanced, and ruminating bitterly over the difficulties of his position, and troubles which were far from being sentimental.

The only son of a well-known and highly-respected ship-merchant of Havre, who died some years previously, from whom he inherited a prosperous business and abundant means, but neither his caution nor sagacity, he had made, on his own account, so many rash and unsuccessful ventures, that his wealth had dwindled down into insignificance—his credit once so good, being completely shaken. The winter then ending had been a long series of misfortunes; twice he had risked largely on two Liverpool blockade-runners, celebrated for their successful trips to Southern ports, which were both taken by the Northern cruisers, two of his ships, richly freighted from Brazil, perished in the Bay of Bisbay, uninsured; his speculations entered into just at the close of the American War, resulted in a heavy loss; and a number of his oldest customers, unable to withstand the pressure of those difficult times, were forced to suspend their payments.

Reviewing his state of affairs from every point of view, he despaired of weathering the storm, and saw clearly that he would have to succumb.

Looking out of the windows of the comfortable mansion, built with the honest earnings of his thrifty father, in a picturesque spot on the banks of the Seine, between Rouen and Havre, it wrung his heart to think that he must part with the home of his childhood, and that his old mother would suffer through his imprudence.

"There is no hope for it now," he ejaculated, "and the day of humiliation for us cannot long be delayed." As he gazed out in the moonlight, recognizing every well-known feature of the landscape, he thought the scenery around him never looked so fair.

On the morrow, he fully acquainted his mother with the ruinous state of his affairs, expressing his regret and remorse for the rashness and folly of which he had been guilty.

The old lady was grieved beyond expression to hear such a report, for she was proud of the prosperity created by her lamented husband.

"My boy," she said, "do what is right, place everything you possess in the hands of your creditors; keep nothing back from them; with the wreck of your fortune, you may, perhaps, have enough left to begin life anew, in a humbler way, and in a better spirit. As for me I will retire to Rouen, where I have means of my own sufficient to keep me in comfort."

Next week, the commercial circles of Havre were discussing the failure of the old-established house of Jean Beauvais. He laid before them a true statement of his position, placed houses, lands, shipping, and everything he possessed, down to his gold watch chain, at their disposal. After a thorough examination, it was found that the assets amounted to sixty per cent. of the liabilities. Jean gave them every assistance in realizing the value of the assets, and promised to pay the forty per cent.

On the last evening he spent in the old mansion, he wrote the following note to Elise Desire, to whom he was betrothed:

"MY DEAR ELISE—I deeply regret informing you that, through losses of business, I am completely insolvent, and will to-morrow be obliged to suspend payments. Little or nothing will be saved from the wreck; as you never possibly contemplated such an emergency, and as I could not consent to make you a partner of my adversity, I, in sorrow and sadness, release you from the engagement you contracted with me. Intending soon to leave Havre, I only add farewell, Elise, and may God bless you. Yours, sincerely, JEAN BEAUVAIS."

The parents of Elise sympathized with Jean in his misfortunes, and considered he had acted wisely; in their hearts they were glad that the sacrifice on his part was voluntary, which left their daughter free, and they congratulated themselves that this breakdown occurred then instead of six months later.

Elise, however, refused to listen to the voice of reason and entreaty. She had set her heart upon Jean, and his generous renunciation of her hand, made her all the more determined to hold him to his promise. Early next morning, Elise and her maiden aunt wended their way up the hill toward Bellevue House, where they found him jaded and cast down.

"Jean," she said, "I am sorry for many things, but will never consent to be parted from you. You have no reason to despair of the future, because you are at present under a cloud; in the patient and courageous discharge of fresh duties, you will emerge from it perhaps happier than ever. I am not afraid of a few privations, which after all, do not signify much, and will wait for you until you are ready."

A flush of pleasure swept over the graceful girl's countenance, as she witnessed the strong man's concealed emotion and felt the pressure of his gratitude.

"Be it so," he said, "knowing you preserve a warm corner in your heart for me, I will do wonders, and with God's

blessing everything may yet come right." With this understanding they parted, each feeling better and stronger after the renewal of the compact.

Meanwhile, Jean Beauvais' liquidation rapidly continued; his splendid mansion, elegant furniture, carriages, horses, lands, pleasure-yacht and shipping, so many tokens of former opulence, were sold and transferred to others; his accounts, balanced by experts, resulted in the loss referred to, and he keenly felt the insufficiency of his narrowed resources, and looked forward to the future with anxiety.

On taking a last survey of all that was so recently his own, he inwardly cursed his rashness and folly.

His domestic pets never seemed so attached to him as at this moment, and while he tenderly patted the arched neck of his favorite riding horse, it seemed more than usually gratified by his caresses. Unavailing regrets, fears and hopes, alternately chilled and fired his bosom, as he turned his back upon the home of his youth and scenes of his early associations.

Premeditating leisurely through one of the leading thoroughfares of Havre, he was saluted and accosted by his friend Frank Renard. "You are the very man I wanted to see, Jean, so come along with me," and they proceeded arm in arm to one of the principal cafes in the vicinity.

"Now, Jean, I'll tell you what it is.—I have a clipper of a thousand tons burden lying in dock ready to start for Brazil without a captain, and would be glad to give you an opportunity of displaying your nautical skill. You took your own yacht around the world two years ago, maneuvering her to the admiration of the old picked salts you have on board, and nothing that I know of prevents you from assuming command of my Jeanne d'Arc, now fully manned and officered, ready to proceed on her voyage. Take charge of her, my boy, and I'll give you a thousand dollars a year, and ten per cent. of the net profits."

Jean Beauvais, who had always a strong passion for the sea, and felt conscious of his fitness to undertake the duties required, readily assented to the proposal of his friend, and expressed his gratitude for the proffer.

Duly in his quarters in the Jeanne d'Arc, he set about mastering the details of his new position. While overhauling the consignments for the agents of Frank Renard, at Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, his mercantile experience showed him that two important articles might be added with advantage, that would sell easily during the hot season at the Antipodes—from November to the end of January—viz., the light muslins of Mulhouse and refreshing Strasbourg beer.

Having completed his cargo, with twenty cases of the former and twenty cases of the latter, and bidding adieu to his mother and betrothed, he set sail from Havre one fine September morning en route for Rio de Janeiro, accompanied by the best wishes of his friends and relatives. The rough Norman and Ariton seaman sailing under him, soon discovered that much kindly interest in their welfare lurked behind the stern discipline he maintained.

The good ship, with every sail unfurled, sped prosperously on her way, and in the course of a month reached her desired haven.

Having discharged freight and disposed of consignments in both Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, to his entire satisfaction, he then prepared to freight his ship for the return home, with wool, skins, hides, horns, tallow, rice, coffee, cotton, etc.

On completing his cargo he again started homeward, and safely reached the port of Havre, a few days before Christmas. After delivery of his report regarding his sales and purchases Frank Renard enthusiastically complimented him upon his magnificent run, which he considered one of the most remunerative ever made. The grief of his old mother was comforted by the cheering narrative of his first trip, and the evidence it afforded of his future prosperity; while the joy of Elise at his success was unbounded. A halo of hope gilded their season of festivities, which softened down the asperities of life and invested the future with visions of delight.

It was, therefore, with tender interest in each other's welfare, that they touched their glasses at parting, and pledged each other's health and happiness.

The seasons waxed and waned, bringing increasing prosperity in their train to Jean Beauvais; three years elapsed since he assumed command of the gallant bark which he skillfully guided from port to port.

His good judgment, honestly exercised from the best and purest of motives, his accurate knowledge of general wants, and his well-grounded calculations insured the success of all his applications, and rapidly enriched Frank Renard, who never regretted the choice he had made of a captain.

On sea and shore, in storm and sunshine, the manly form of Jean Beauvais trod with a firm step the path of duty, and never quailed in the presence of danger. He had striven with all his might to attain the object in view, and the hour of reward for his self sacrifice had sounded.

He had placed sufficient funds in his agent's hands to settle the loss of forty per cent. sustained by his creditors, and consoled himself with the reflections that his motto of "honor bright," was worth while defending and preserving.

On a fine spring morning the sun shone brightly through the stained-glass windows of Notre Dame de Bon Secours at Rouen, upon the kneeling figures of Jean Beauvais and Elise Desire, in the act of receiving the nuptial benediction in the presence of his mother, Frank Renard, and a party of friends.

The captain's handsome face, bronzed with exposure to the heat of the tropics, beamed with satisfaction, while Elise, in her whole bearing, was expressive of the triumph of womanly faith and constancy.

From the balcony of her elegant apartment on the sea shore at Havre, she could see the Jeanne d'Arc proceed on her voyage and disappear in the distant horizon; or she could watch anxiously for the welcome signal announcing her return, the sight of which would gladden her heart and dispel her fears.

Everything prospered in the hands of Jean Beauvais, and the cup of his earthly bliss was filled to overflowing.

At the end of the year following his marriage with Elise, a succession of storms of appalling duration and fury passed over the North Atlantic, which resulted in the loss of many a gallant ship and crew. The Jeanne d'Arc, homeward bound, was for three days and nights exposed to the violence of a tremendous hurricane. Scudding under bare poles, she was tossed like a nutshell in the seething billows, and driven far out of her course to the southward. The first officer and four men were washed overboard, and the rest reduced almost to helplessness through fatigue and exposure. It needed all the energy of Captain Beauvais to keep them to their post and prevent them from despairing. On the fourth day, however, the storms abated, when they found themselves off the north coast of Spain: the sea here and there was covered with spars, cordage, and floating wreck, and showed where greater misfortunes than theirs had been endured.

On sailing through the Bay of Biscay, they perceived a large East Indiaman making signals of distress, being apparently in a helpless condition; on exchanging signals it was found that her rudder was gone and that she had sprung a leak, her hands being completely used up during the night and day at pumps, she was slowly sinking and drifting toward the shore. Captain Beauvais sent twelve men to their assistance, fitted up a temporary rudder, and, after two days of incredible exertions, succeeded in towing her to the port of Brest. The cargo, which was of great value, having been saved, the amount of salvage-money due to the Captain and crew of the Jeanne d'Arc was very large. Captain Beauvais' share alone being estimated at fifty thousand dollars. The Jeanne d'Arc, after being ten days overdue, was signaled at Havre, to the intense relief of Elise, who had recently given birth to a lively boy.

On reaching home, broken down with fatigue, his heart was overjoyed by the fresh blessings vouchsafed to him by Providence, and tears of gratitude fell upon mother and child.

No longer exposed to the dangers of the deep, he now shares the responsibilities of full partnership with Frank Renard; a living example of what may be achieved by a noble purpose and an upright fulfillment of the duties of life, guided by the principles of true honesty.

BOOKS.

Few people really recognise the value of books, but if they will look back a few generations and see what enormous prices they brought then, perhaps they will better appreciate the privileges they enjoy. A Countess of Anjou, in the fifteenth century, paid for one book two hundred sheep, five quarts of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. And in early times, the loan of a book was considered to be an affair of so much importance that, in 1299, the Bishop of Winchester, on borrowing a Bible from a convent in that city, was obliged to give, as guarantee for its restoration, a bond drawn up in the most solemn manner. And Louis XI, in 1471, was compelled to deposit a large quantity of plate, and to get some of his nobles to join him in a bond, before he could procure the loan of one.

Pat had just seated himself in a Quaker meeting when a young Quaker, lately married, arose to announce his new condition. "Brethren," said he, "I have married." Pat's spontaneous mother wit suddenly burst forth involuntarily. "The devil ye hev!" The young and blushing bridegroom, imagining that the spirit had suddenly moved some more influential brother, sat down in confusion. In a few moments he arose and essayed again: "Brethren, I have married a daughter from the Lord!" "The devil ye hev!" ejaculated the interested Irishman; "it'll be a long time before you see yer father-in-law!" The shuffling feet and confusion of faces which followed, admonished Pat that he had better be "thravellin'" and he was soon "after gettin' himself out o' that!"

A Little Mistake.

CHARLES—and Harry—stood chattering in the corner of a ball-room. "So, Charley," said the latter, "your little Ellen got safe to New York. I saw her last week looking like a little beauty."

"I dare say," returned Charles, "for I hear Osborne is so happy in his new possession, that he spares no expense to set her off to the best advantage."

"'Tis true enough, and I sometimes wonder how you made up your mind to part with her."

"Oh! I'm going to be married, you know, and young ladies don't tolerate any rivals near the throne. In fact, I expect to find happiness enough at home."

"Ah! very fine; but I should not wonder if, before long, you were for getting your beauty back again."

"May be," said Charles, shrugging his shoulders. "Nous verrons."

And so the two separated. Whilst a lovely girl who had approached behind unseen, and been an involuntary listener, hastily retreated. The next morning posted the following "correspondence!":

No. 1.—I take an early opportunity to request that our engagement may be considered at an end from this time. Your principles would destroy all chance of happiness with you, even if the insulting manner in which you have allowed yourself to refer to our connection were not sufficient to produce the resolution I have now communicated.

JULIA.

No. 2.—I am entirely at a loss to comprehend the meaning of your note, and until you can give me a clearer idea of what I am accused, it is impossible for me to defend myself. I await your reply.

CHARLES.

No. 3.—You ask my meaning. Ah! Charles, you add hypocrisy to your own faults! If your conscience does not accuse you, perhaps it may be enough to mention to you the name of Osborne.

JULIA.

No. 4.—I am more than ever puzzled. I never spoke to Mr. Osborne but once, and that was when I sold him my yacht. Pray let me know what you do mean.

CHARLES.

No. 5.—Your yacht? And her name Ellen? Oh! dearest Charles, what a fool I have been! Come to me directly, and I'll tell you—I cannot write it. Your own

JULIA.

The following illustration, says Professor Henry, of the vibratory movement of matter, is attested by Professor Horsford, of the United States. The top of the high tower which constitutes the Bunker Hill monument inclines toward the West in the morning, and the North at mid-day, and toward the East in the afternoon. These movements are due to the expanding influence of the sun as it warms, in succession, the different sides of the structure. A similar but more marked effect is produced on the dome of the capital at Washington, as indicated by the apparent motion of the bob of a long plumb line fastened to the under side of the roof of the rotunda, and extending to the pavement beneath. This bob describes daily an ellipsoidal curve, of which the longer diameter is four to five inches in length. By Molecular actions of this kind, Time, the slow but sure destroyer, levels to the ground the loftiest monuments of human pride.

"Why, captain, you appear to have a bad cold." "Yes, madam," said the captain, who is fond of working in his shirt sleeves, "I suppose I deserve it. I caught it while breaking the seventh commandment last Sunday."

The party, male and female, started and looked blank, and the lady who brought out the remark said as well as a choking fit would let her: "Well upon my word, captain, considering the unusual circumstances of the case, and your present surroundings, it was hardly necessary for you to enter into such full particulars."

When the innocent captain got home he found to his amazement that the seventh commandment does not say, "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The captain meant the fourth.

A rural pastor thus reports, concerning the "heavy-man" of his congregation. "A heavy countryman was accustomed to enter the church with regularity, compose himself in a comfortable seat, and go to sleep for the whole of the service. In order to break him of his ill-mannered habit, I gave a lad a penny to sit by the slumberer, and by continually twitching at his garments to keep him awake. The plan for the first Sunday answered so admirably, that on the next I offered a similar bribe for like service. The conscientious lad refused the offer saying that the man had already given him twice the sum to allow him a quiet rest."

Peculiarities of Interest.

If one dollar be invested, and the interest added to the principal, annually, at the rate named, we shall have the following result as the accumulation of one hundred years:

Table with 4 columns: Principal, Interest Rate, Years, and Total Amount. Rows include: One Dollar, 100 years, at 3 per cent... 19.25; do do 4 do 340.12; do do 5 do 530.41; do do 6 do 768.61; do do 7 do 1,088.81; do do 8 do 1,500.00; do do 9 do 2,012.50; do do 10 do 2,650.00; do do 12 do 4,000.00; do do 15 do 7,177.46; do do 18 do 12,145.97; do do 24 do 23,511.99, 404.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has been tested by the public FOR TEN YEARS.

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar

Renovates and Invigorates the entire system.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Is the very remedy for the Weak and Debilitated.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Rapidly restores exhausted Strength!

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Restores the Appetite and Strengthens the Stomach.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Causes the food to digest, removing Dyspepsia and Indigestion

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Gives tone and energy to Debilitated Constitutions.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

All recovering from any illness will find this the best Tonic they can take.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Is an effective Regulator of the Liver.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Cures Jaundice, or any Liver Complaint.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Makes Delicate Females, who are never feeling Well, Strong and Healthy.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has restored many Persons who have been unable to work for years.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Should be taken if your Stomach is out of Order.

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar

Will prevent Malarious Fevers, and braces up the System.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Possesses Vegetable Ingredients which make it the best Tonic in the market.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has proved itself in thousands of cases capable of curing all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Cures all Chronic Coughs, and Coughs and Colds, more effectually than any other remedy.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has Cured cases of Consumption pronounced incurable by physicians.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has cured so many cases of Asthma and Bronchitis that it has been pronounced a specific for these complaints.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Removes Pain in Breast, Side or Back.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Should be taken for diseases of the Urinary Organs.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Cures Gravel and Kidney Diseases.

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Should be taken for all Throat and Lung Ailments.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Should be kept in every house, and its life-giving Tonic properties tried by all.

Dr. CROOK'S Compound

Syrup of Poke Root,

Cures any disease or Eruption on the Skin.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,

Cures Rheumatism and Pains in Limbs, Bones, &c.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,

Builds up Constitutions broken down from Mineral or Mercurial Poisons.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,

Cures all Mercurial Diseases.

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SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,

Should be taken by all requiring a remedy to make pure blood.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,

Cures Scald Head, Salt Rheum and Tetter.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,

Cures long-standing Diseases of the Liver.

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SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,

Removes Syphilis or the diseases it entails more effectually and speedily than any and all other remedies combined.