

Select Tale

THE TWO FACES;

One for Home and one for Company.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Of course we never mean to be personal, but yet we know that the following Life-Lesson must find application somewhere, else it would never have been written.

Mrs. Abby Leeman was thirty years old, and had been married just ten years. She had an excellent husband, and three good children.

What is the matter, Abby? asked her husband, as he returned one evening from the store and found his wife with one of her sour faces on.

Nothing, was the answer, given rather moodily.

But so nothing must be the matter. You never look so when you are perfectly happy.

Well—how can I help my looks? Can't I look as I feel without disturbing you?

Pshaw, Abby—don't talk so, the husband said, at the same time placing his arm about her neck and kissing her.

Nothing has happened more than usual, uttered his wife still unpleasantly.

Who wouldn't be sober I'd like to know, stuck up here from morning till night with two squalling young ones to look out for all the time!

Squalling young ones? repeated Albert Leeman, while an expression of pain passed over his features.

There—Look at that! cried the wife, pointing to where the youngest child, a girl of four years, was just climbing up to the table after the sugar bowl.

The poor child tried in vain to hush its sobbing, and instinctively crept to its father's side. He placed his arm about the little one and raised it to his knee.

Oh, yes, said the excited wife. Now you will pet the little brat. I'd like to have you have charge of them all day, we'd see how much patience you'd have!

I would at least remember that she was my child, replied Albert, somewhat reproachfully; and also bear in mind the simple fact that the young disposition may gain all its impulse from the example it receives at the hands of its guardian.

Oh, yes,—that's it. Of course I am always wrong. And then Abby Leeman put her apron to her eyes and began to cry.

Of course the husband could say no more. He had often, very often suffered of this before, and he had tried to make his wife see how much real unhappiness she was making for herself; but she would not listen; or, if she did the impression was not lasting.

On the present occasion supper was eaten almost in silence. The husband was pained and the wife was angry. The child once cried for a lump of sugar, and the mother jerked a piece upon her plate with the words—There take it! You want everything you set your eyes on!

The little one ate the sugar in silence, while the mother felt more dismal still from this new outbreak. And thus matters went on for an hour, and at the end of that time the door-bell rang and some company was introduced.

It was a neighbor and his wife. In a moment the whole expression of Abby's face was changed. Smiles took the place of frowns, and her words were as sweet as could be, and during the whole evening she was as happy and gay as though a cloud had never rested upon her brow.

Abby, said her husband, after the visitors had gone, since we have been married, have I not done all in my power to make you happy? Have you ever expressed an earnest, heartfelt wish that I have not gratified?

I don't know, replied the wife, rather reluctantly.

Yes you do know, resumed Albert; and what I wished to know is this:—Why you could not strive as much to make me happy, as you will to make those happy who are not dependent upon you for happiness.

Because I didn't feel like smiling, was the answer.

But you smiled the moment Mr. Bixbee and his wife came in; and that, too, when your feelings were anything but pleasant a moment before.

I do the best I can, I'm sure, sobbed Mrs. Leeman, beginning to cry.

Abby was in tears, and her husband could say nothing more. He could only wish that she would understand him.

When she was kind and good, did he wish she would always be so; and, again, when she was making company so happy, how fervently would he pray that she would always do the same for him.

In the same town with Abby lived her only sister, who had married a young man named Charles Frye.

Charles was some eight and twenty, and Lydia, his wife, and Abby's sister, three years younger.

Lydia Frye was unlike her sister in one respect. That sweet smile which visitors found upon her face never faded in her husband's presence, and the gentle words which the stranger heard her speak to her child were never more harsh when alone with her little one.

And between these two sisters there was an estrangement. Several times Lydia had expostulated with Abby on account of her fractious treatment of her children, and once she had even gone so far as to place her arms about her sister's child and protect it from the mother's rage; and it unfortunately happened that on that very evening Mr. Leeman asked his wife why she could not be as kind and mild always as her sister was.

Then, added to this, Abby shortly afterwards learned, through a meddling neighbor, that her sister had absolutely given her husband, Albert, some advice as to how he might best punish his fractious wife.

One day Albert came home with the pleasing intelligence for his wife that her father would be there the next morning, and that he intended to settle down with him and find a home.

On the following day Moses Gorham came. He was an old man now, past sixty, with white hair, and mild, benevolent look; and Abby was very happy.

Oh—of course you'll come and stay with us, Abby said. We've got the most room, and are best able to keep you.

At the end of a week Mr. Gorham informed Abby and her husband that he had that day deposited in the bank twenty thousand dollars in their name, and they might draw it as they pleased.

He found Charles Frye and his wife both occupying one chair when he entered, Lydia sitting in Charles's lap, and the child in her arms.

He told them what he had done, and it was some moments ere any one spoke. But Charles was the first to break the silence.

Mr. Gorham, he said in a low tremulous voice, I accept your noble gift, and the more readily, too, because I know it comes from the hand of love.

Another week passed away, and during most of that time the old man remained with Abby. After this he began to see her cloudy disposition manifest itself.

No, no, Albert, she heard the old man say. I cannot remain here. I had intended to make my home with Abby, for she is my oldest living; but I cannot bear it.

Lydia told you so? asked Albert.

She told me! Ah, you don't know her if you think so. No, no,—she has only told me what a good, faithful wife Abby was.

Abby listened to bear no more. With a wildly beating, bursting heart she hastened back to her room, and threw herself upon her bed, and there she lay for a long while.

When her husband came up, she said she was sick, and when he asked her what she should do for her she said she would be left to herself.

One day little Nellie looked pale and sick, and cried a great deal with pain. It was the youngest—the baby.

Mr. Leeman went for the doctor, and when that man came he said Nellie had the scarlet fever.

The clock had just struck nine when Nellie raised her eyes, and they looked very strange.

Sabbath night came, and little Nellie had grown very white and very thin, and during the whole day she had been calm and quiet.

The mother pressed her lips upon the child's brow and kissed her fervently.

The mother could not speak. Just then Albert entered the room.

Papa—papa—one kiss for little Nellie, Love little Nellie always. Love Georgie—love Mary—and love mama.

When Abby Leeman next looked upon her child the spirit had fled! The little sufferer was free from all earthly pain.

He found Charles Frye and his wife both occupying one chair when he entered, Lydia sitting in Charles's lap, and the child in her arms.

arms about her neck—and with one deep burst of passionate grief she pillowed her head upon his bosom.

On the next morning Lydia came and took care of the body of little Nellie. She dressed it sweetly, and combed its golden hair back, and when she had placed it in its coffin she spread new and fragrant flowers around it.

The sisters were alone by the dead child. The bereaved mother gazed awhile upon the lovely face of the little sleeper, and then she turned to her sister.

Love Georgie and Mary? Love little Nellie always! Love Mama! Oh! how those words rang in that mother's soul.

And that resolution was sacredly kept. Albert and Abby mourned for the departed one, but they felt, too, that the gentle spirit of the heaven-born child was dwelling still with them, making a paradise of their home, and leading them on in joy and peace.

Ever long the old man came to live awhile with his eldest child, and from that time he divided the months equally between them, and he could no more feel that one home was any pleasanter than the other.

A FISH STORY.

For several days past it has been observed that a school of sharks were holding their head quarters in our harbor, in the more immediate vicinity of Loutaer's wharves.

The whereabouts of their sharkships having been pretty accurately ascertained, a party of gentlemen who, for several years past, have occasionally enjoyed the interesting and exciting sport of hooking sharks, determined to try their piscatory skill in another whaling expedition.

Their hooks had been out but a short time when they got a glorious nibble that would have made Isaac Walton leap for joy; and, shortening their line and taking in the tackling, they found attached thereto one of these mammoth man-eaters, measuring nine feet eight inches in length, which they immediately brought on deck.

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FACTS FOR THE INVALID.

Have our readers ever heard of Professor Holloway? Undoubtedly they have. Just as they have heard of Humbolt, Orago, Gerstead, Silliman, Agassiz, and other notable men of learning.

But have they ever asked themselves who and what he is? If they have no definite information on the matter, we will proceed to enlighten them.

Therefore do you speak of him here? If, when our countrymen were dying by thousands, of yellow fever, at Norfolk and Portsmouth, we had heard of a remedy which would arrest the progress of the disease, and stay the progress of the disease, and stay the footsteps of the spoiler, and we had neglected to communicate it, what would have been our desert?

Years ago, when the Professor was a much younger man than he is at present, his attention was directed to the great disproportion between the cures performed by physicians, and those which they undertook to perform.

He observed that not once in a score of cases were they successful. It seemed to him, either that medicine was not worthy of the name of a science,—that it was merely a thing of chance, and therefore a positive injury to mankind, or that physicians were ignorant of the true healing art.

Having embarked on the study of human physiology, and understanding the pathology of diseases, he enlightened upon the true reason of want of success, and made that discovery which will immortalize his name.

Let any sick person, who has suffered many things of many physicians, and obtained no benefit, give heed to these words of ours, and try Holloway's Pills—if he is internally afflicted, or Holloway's Ointment, if he is suffering from wounds or sores.

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