## Selert Cale

## 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. Or like the preparation of the universal physician, it may - be laid up for use in case of disease; or even taken as a preventive:

Mrs. Abby Leeman was thirty years old, and had been married just ten years. She had an excellent husband, and three good children .-She saenaturally a kind, generous woman, and ment to-do right; yet she had one fault; and, small as it seemed to her, it occasioned much unhappiness in the family circle. She was not always happy at home, nor was she always pleasant, though for the life of her she could not tell what had ruffled her feelings. She had everything about her calculated to beget peace and joy, and her every reasonable wish was answered. But after all she often wore a sour face, and her tongue would run on in strains far from sweet or accordant.

'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 lookso 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. Now tell me what has happened.'

. '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 tha time;" Squalling young ones ? repented Albert Lee-

man, 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 tea, table after the sugar bowl- that out of that you little brat! There-take that! Now let me catch you up there again! Stop that crying? Stop it I say. You touch that sugar again and I'll give you such a licking as you wont want !'

The poor child tried in wain to hush its sob bing, and instinctively crept to its fathers side. He placed his arm about the little one and raised it to his knee, and in a moment more its red level, inflamed cheek, where the mothers blow had fallen, was pillowed upon the father's bosom. '

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 child,' replied Albert, somewhat reproachful ly; 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.'

. 'O, 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 -in more He had often, very often suffered of this before, and he had tried to make mis 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. In fact she had no pationce, with her children. and the single ruffling of a moment was sure to make unhappiness for her. She loved her husband fundly and her children, she 'loved, too. She was proud of them, and for their comfort she would sacrifice almost any amount of personal convenience. Many and many anhour of blissful joy and peace did she pass with her husband when the sky of the house. hold was clear; but a cloud was sure to bring the storm. For years not a day had passed that had not seen some unpleasant passages between herself and children, and she would not understand that her very mode of treatment-the disposition she manifested and the language she used-was surely warping the minds of the little ones. In pain and anguish her husband had tried to show her this, but she would not listen; and then when she was calm and reasonable Albert could not find it in his heart to destroy the peace by such allusions.

On the present occasion supper was eaten almost in sitence. 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 outburst. And thus matters went on for an hour fand at the end of that time the door-bell !- rang and some company was introduced. It He told them what he had done, and it was arms about her neck-and with one deep 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 and gay as though a cloud had never rested. unon her brow. .

"Abby," said her husband, after the visit ors 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 with the labors of the day, why could you not his eyes all the while. have met me with a smile and a cheorful welcome ?"

"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. Can you do for their comfort what you are not willing to do for mine?"

"I do the best I can, I'm sure," sobbed Mrs. Leeman, beginning to cry. "I wish you had found a wife who could have suited you better than I do. I never can suit younever."

Abby was in tears, and her husband could she would understand him. Oh! how often; when she was kind and good, did he wish she would always be so; and, I gain, when she was making company so happy, how fervent ly would he pray that she would always, do the same for him. She was a neat, tidy, industrious woman, and only her own family know of this dark trait in her character.

In the same town with Abby lived her only sister, who had married a young man named Charles Frye. Charles was some reight, and twenty, and Lydia, his wife, and Abby's sis Wis n-antiquidate by trade; strong, healthy. generous, and of superior intellect and intelbrence. His tusiness was good, and though ne wore, a paper corp and an apron ten or twelve hours a day, yet he was laying up money. Lydia Frye was unlike her sister in one respect. That sweet smile which visiters 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. She loved her busband, and she loved her child; and nover, never did she knowingly speak a word which could bring a cloud upon a member of her household.

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 sho 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. Ledman 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 moddlesome neighbor, that her sector had absolutely given, her husband, Alber, some advice as to how he might best punish his fractious wife. This capped the canax' in Abby's mind, and from that time there had been no intercourse between the eisfers.

One day Albert came home with the pleas ing 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. Abby was in extacies. She loved her father, for he was a good man, and had ever been kind to his children. And he was wealthy, too.

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. Her father told her he had finished his travels, and ment to set tle down with one of the children for the remainder of his days.

'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.'

'Ah, my child,' returned the old man, with a smile, I am able to keep myself. But I oan tell better about that after I've been here a spell.'

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 thus wished to see them enjoy a part at least, of their patrimony, while he lived. Of course the reader can imagine how this announcement was received. But the old man didn't stop long to hear their thanks, for he had the same errand to deliver to Lydia and her husband.

He found Charles Frye and his wife both occupying one chair when he entered, Lydia

was a neighbor and his wife. In a moment some moments ere any one spoke. But burst of passionate grief she pillowed her head 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 during the whole evening she was as happy readily, too, because I know it comes from the hand of love. But sir I could not have asked it-I could not have expected it-on the round that I am your son-in law. No, no,for in this noble woman you have given me a treasure such as few men possess. Oh! you cannot know what a heaven on earth my home is while-while-my wife---;

But Charles had undertaken a work he could not perform. The words stuck in his throat, and the speech ended in a flood of what I wished to know is this :- Why you tears. His gentle wife sunk upon his bosom, could not strive as much to make me unppy, and the old man went to the window and preas you will to make those happy who are not tended to be looking at something in the dependent upon you for happiness When I street, notwithstanding it was very dark out came home this evening, worn and fatigued there, and that he had his handkerchief before

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. He was pained and shocked. He spoke with her, but she pretended that she could not help it. Another week passed on, and during that time Mr. Gorham spoke with his child touching her fault; but she did not amend.

Saturday evening came, and Abby Leeman was in her chamber. Her oldest child, a girl, came up and told her that grandpa was going away - that he had got his trunk at the door. Abby could not believe it. She started for the sitting room at once. In the hall she say nothing more He could only wish that stopped, for the door was ajar, and she heard her father's voice. It was in a pained tone, and it struck to her soul at once."

"No, no, Albert," she heard the old man sny, "I cannot remain here. I had intended to make my home with Abby, for she is my oldest living; but I cannot bear it. Nearly every day my heart is made to ache by the bursh, unkind words I hear spoken to our lit. tle ones Oh! such good, kind, sweet children! and I love them so !- and they love, me so! But Abby will not listen even to me. Once I might have born-it; but now, when ter, three years yringer. This young man my heart is lonely and sad from recent bereavement, I cannot bear, it. I will come and see you, and you shall have the old share of my love. And I fear she is not always kind

> " Ilas Lydia told you so ?" asked Albert. ." Lydia ?" uttered Mr. Gorham, in surprise, 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. But I can see. I see as my presence becomes more begins to show me the face she often keeps will see you again. I will see Abby again."

In a moment he mistrusted that she had heard some part of her father's remarks, and he left her.

One day little Nellie loooked pale and sick, and cried a great deal with pain. It was the youngest-the "baby." Abby was fractious, But we will leave vague and indefinite epecubut she did not speak so harshly as usual. She had tried to reform since her father left, a week before, but she allowed a spirit of anger to come into her soul on account of the ing been pretty accurately ascertained, a party course he had pursued, so her trial did not amount to much. When Albert came home the child was worse, and by this time it had exciting sport of hooking sharks, determined become so sick that the mother was sorry she had been so harsh through the day.

Mr. Leeman went for the doctor, and when fever. All night the little one suffered much, the Hiawathian, although there were some and its cheeks and brow seemed on fire. On the next day she grew weaker and sicker, then Abby feared she might die. 'Oh, what a thought 🎼

Sabbath night come, and little Nellie had grown very white and very thin, and during the whole day she had been calm and quiet. Could she be dying ? "Oh, God! spare my prayed, upon her knees.

The clock had just struck nine when Nellie raised her eyes, and they looked very strange. "Mama-good mama," she whispered, kiss little Nellie."

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

love Georgie and Mary."

Albert entered the room. "Papa-papa-one kiss for little Nellie. Love little Nellie always. Love Georgielove Mary-and love mama."

When Abby Leeman next looked upon her

upon his bosom.

On the next morning Lydia came and took 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. She had done all this when Abby entered.

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. Lydia opened her arms, and on the next moment the estranged one's were locked in each other's embrace. It was a long, long while ere either could speak. they could only weep and sob, and cling more closely heart to heart. \* \* \*

We will not tell the thoughts which dwell in Abby Leeman's mind upon this occasion nor will we tell of the long hours she spent upon her knees while all others of the house hold elept.

" Love Georgie and Mary !" "Love little Nellie always!" " Love Maria?" Oh! how those words rang in that mother's soul. And how other words came back upon her, tooharsh, unkind words which she had spoken to the cherub who had gone ! But she found a oalm for the wounds they gave her. She found a balm in the solemn resolution she took to herself never, never to be unkind again.

And that resolution was sacredly kept. Alhert 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 lending them on in joy and peace.

Ere 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 . Both were alike oyous, peaceful, and happy. When he now looked upon Abby's happy, smiling face, he knew that she had no other face for domestic use. The benining, genial countenance that welcomed the visitor to her dwelling was never laid aside. Its sunshine was for her husband and children, and the cloudy brow was put away forever.

## A FISH STORY.

For several days past it has been observed head quarters in our harbor, in the more im- treated it locally, topically. Was it the kidmediate vicinity of Louthern wharves. The neys that were deranged? Or the liver ? Or exact purport of this convention of the mon- the stomach? Of the lungs? Straightony common the restraint wears off, and Abby sters of the deep has been a subject of some the proceeded to prescribe for kidneys, liver, curious speculation among sea cuptains, shi lungs, or stomach, not knowing that the evil for home. "I speak this to you, Albert, be lors and landsmen. Some captions son of was contained in the blood, which fed those cause I would not lie to you. But-but I Neptune, more conversant than his fellows organs with its life giving stream, and that to with the character. manners and customs of arrest the disease at its very sent and centre, Abby listened to hear no more. With a the more prominent species of the finny tribe. they should purify that vital floid, and leave wildly beating, bursting heart she hastened gave it as a most rational conclusion that he the rest to nature. This is the secret of Dr. back to her room, and threw herself upon her had been able to arrive at, after a careful and Holloway's astonishing success in all parts of bed, and there she lay for a long while .- | thorough investigation of the matter, met for | the world. He purifies the blood and health When her husband came up, she said she was the purpose of holding an inquest over the follows. sick, and when he asked her what he should last sad relics of the unfortunate elephant Let any sick person, who has "suffered do for her she said she would be left to her- who fell overboard in a storm, near the bar, many things of many physicians," some time in Bebruary last; and this conclusion is further sustained from the fact that seven of these carniverous animals were caught and five escaped, which proved that the requisite number of twelve were present. lation to those who have a taste for it, and proceed to the undisputable facts of the case. The whereabouts of their sharkships hav-

of gentlemen who, for several years past, have occasionally enjoyed the interesting and to try their piscatory skill in another "whaling expedition." They accordingly took a small schooner, and came to anchor in that man came he said Nellie had the scarlet the immediate vicinity of the "school," (not pretty Long-fellows among them) and throwing out their hooks and lines, with savory bait, wooed these overgrown specimens of the finny tribe to partake of the rich repast. Instinct, in cases of emergency, is trequently superior to reason; but in this case it also was at fault, and, as is often the case with their superiors, they greedily swallowed the child ! spare my child !" the frantic mother bait without stopping to inquire whether it contained anything that would lie heavy on the stomach or hang in the throat.

Their hooks had been out but a short time when they got a glorious nibble that would have made Izaak Walton leap for joy; and, shortening their line and taking in the tackling, they found attached thereto one of these "Mama-you love little Nellie; and you mammoth man-eaters, measuring nine feet eight inches in length, which they immediate-The mother could not speak. Just then ly brought on deck. They continued their sport until seven of these dangerous and much dreaded monsters of the deep were saptured, all of which were kindly treated and properly dirt, he was wofully perplexed when he wis cared for. The party being highly elated ed to empty the cart, and after as much ma with success of this more than Crimean expechild the spirit had fied! The little sufferer dition, returned to the city with their naval was free from all earthly pain. One moment trophies, their colors proudly fluttering at ed up to the horse's head, seized the bric the mother gazed upon the broken casket, and the mast head, and greeted with loud shouts with a powerful grasp, and sang out, "Ro then she sank down upon her knees and wept and huzzas by the dense and enthusiastic up, rore up?" calculating, we suppose, th as though her heart would break. Her hus- crowd that assembled on the wharf to wel- the horse would elevate himself far enough sitting in Charles's lap, and the child in her's. band knelt by her side he placed both his come them. - Charleston Mercury.

## FACTS FOR THE INVALID.

Have our readers ever beard of Professor Holloway? Undoubtedly they have, Just as care of the body of little Nellie. She dressed they have heard of Humbolt, Orago, Oerstead, 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. The professor is an English physician, a native of that country which produced Harvey, Hunter, Abernethy, and other illumini of medical science. So much for who; and now for what. He is to other physicians what Clay, Webster and Calboun were to statesmen, what Washingtonrevered name!-was to patriots and generals -what Shakespere was to dramatists, and Irving and Chalmers to preachers-viz: the greatest of his age and profession. His reputation has penetrated the encrustation of prejudice, surmounted the barriers of malice, and he avowedly stands alone, the MEDICAL COLOSSUS of the world. So much for the WHAT.

Wherefore do you speak of him here? If, & when our countrymen were dying by thousands, of yellow-fever, at Norfolk and Portshouth, 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 ourdesert? Truly a very sumary punishment by Lynch law. For if there be any duty more imperative than another it is this \_ " to visit the sick in their affliction," and to use every means for their restoration to health. This is why we speak of Professor Holloway. This is our answer to the wherefore.

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 alighted upon the true reason of want of success, and made that discovery which will immortalhat a school of sharks were holding their ize his name. To cure a disease, doctors

> tained no benefit, give heed to these words of ours, and try Holloway's Pills-if he is internally afflicted, or Hollaway's Ointment, if he is suffering from wounds or; sores. He wil thank us for our advice, and rejoice that the Professor has arrived in this country, and opened an extensive establishment in New York, which promises to rival his mammetlone in London .- U. S. Journal.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE " BROTHER JONA THAN."-- The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows: When Gen. Washington, after being appointed Com munder of the army of the Revolutionary wa was sent to Massachusetts to organize it, h found a great want-of-ammunition and othe means of defence; and on one occasion i seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbul. the elder, was then governor of the State Connectiout; and the General, placing the greatest reliance on his Excellency's judgmen remarked: "We must consult Brother Joni than on the subject." The General did )s and the Governor was successful in supplyit many of the wants of the army; and thenc forth when difficulties arose, and the arn was spread over the country, it became a b phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan and the name has now become a designative for the whole country, as John Bull has f England,

ONE WAY TO EMPTY A CART. -An hone son of Erin lately arrived at Baltimore, w was employed to drive a dirt cart. Not-b ing adept in the art and mystery of haulit ceuvring to get into proper position as woo have sufficed to move a twenty-four he marc fempty the cart!