THE CARLISLE HERALD.

J. M. WEAKLEY. }
J. M. WALLACE. }

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VICTORY OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And while the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out,
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about."
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his cottage to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died;
But things like that you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our gold Prince Eugene,"
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine;
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin,
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But, 'twas a famous victory.

SPEECH BY HORACE GREELEY.

At the press banquet in New York, on the twenty-seventh ultimo, Mr. Greeley responded to the toast "Country Farming and City Farming," in the following characteristic remarks:

I don't quite understand whether I am expected to demonstrate an agreement, or a contrariety between these two things. At any rate, if the purpose of the sentiment is to affirm that one of these pursuits is as delightful, and as attractive as the other, I respectfully non concur. [Laughter and applause.] As to city editing, I have had something more of it than I have desired, and more than I could enjoy. As to my farming, there are gentlemen who have spoken of it rather more freely than their limited knowledge of the subject would admit. I think I have seen elaborate statements of the cost of each turnip, [laughter,] and these statements were made by gentlemen who I was not aware were so attentive to the cost of things as their calculations would seem to imply. I have not made any such calculations myself, for I have been a little shy of doing so. [Laughter.] Let me, however, say a few words about country farming, which is a thing I very much believe in. Having done some share of work in the world, I lay down this proposition: That any man or woman who can get their work done by 8 o'clock at night, need not consider their condition a hard one. But when the work stretches far into the night, to eleven, twelve, one, two three, I begin to find it irksome. I am now not so fond of sitting up with a newspaper all night, nor with anybody else, as I was twenty years ago. This, then, I can say for country farming, that while it has some rugged aspects, and does not promise any such brilliant and rapid advances to fortune as some of our friends suppose themselves likely to achieve in Wall street, it is about the safest and surest thing any one can engage in; and it is, moreover, a tranquil and certain delight to any human being who can endure his own society. [Laughter and applause.] My little place, while it is nothing to brag of—[Laughter]—there is this to be said about it. I have got the most delightful barn full of corn, rich, golden corn, that ever you saw in your lives. Now, that is something achieved, something to look at. I have been at work on the press, man and boy, for forty years; and I can see nothing that I have accomplished. You work for days, and months, and years, and what have you to show? Something perhaps in mental growth; something in firmness of purpose; something in clearness of intention; but outwardly, nothing. How can your labors compare with those of the man who has produced a book? And here let me say, that in my judgment, no good ever was or can be produced on the instigation of a $50,000 check. Such books as that of John Bunyan have been produced by authors who never thought they would get a dime for them. [Applause.] Those are the books. The books that the $50,000 checks will buy, they sell I hope; but the world is charitable, and soon forgets them. [Laughter and applause.]

Country farming will help also to develope one of the phases of the questions of woman's rights—wherein I have not so full a part, perhaps as some of our friends would wish. Country farming gives just the right field for the development of your energies. [Laughter.] Lots of you are wanted to take your part in country farming. [Renewed laughter.] You need not dispute or clamor—there it is. "The world is all before you to choose from." If any lady wants her rights—I am a wood chopper myself—my axe is at her service. There are plenty of opportunities; so, then why don't some of our friends who want their rights come out into the country and take them? I hope that some of this din and controversy will roll itself abroad in the world; and our excellent friend, "the last best gift," and so on, will achieve her rights with her own right hand. [Great applause.]

Better be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

PEN-PICTURES OF PRETTY PANTALOONATICS.

There are some very pretty faces at the meetings of the Woman's Suffrage Society, on Twenty-third Street, their talk to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mrs. Blake is pretty. She has sparkling, prominent, gray eyes, with dark brown hair. She is pleasant in her manner, easy in her speech, frequently humorous, and always pointed. When she advances a question, she sticks to it like a marriage certificate. Her great weakness is in looking well, and was delighted, so she said, that she had on her best silk dress while being sketched for this picture. She wants to wear trowsers only metaphorically, because she thinks woman's dress the most tasty in its present form. Mrs. Blake has two children and one husband. She is strong minded.

Mrs. Wilbour is pretty. She is tall has gray eyes, and dresses very charmingly. She is very dignified and earnest in her manner while speaking, and addicted to a deal of humorous by play at the meetings, and displays much wit. She is strong minded.

Mrs. Phelps is pretty. She is tall, large, dignified, and one of the leaders of the suffrage movements, occupying the position of Vice President. She is possessed of some wealth, and is the proprietor of the Twenty-third Street headquarters. Her dresses are very elaborate, and she indulges in rich cloaks, shawls, and laces. Jewelry is not prominent with her. Has a pleasant tongue, but uses it carefully, and speaks only in earnest. She is about four-years of age, and strong-minded.

Miss Dunning is pretty. She is on the blonde order, and can't help it, because its natural. Whenever she speaks she does it with much deliberation and distinctness, and always manifests a readiness to talk—like most women. She is always advocating the coaxing policy with men, and sets a good example by dressing very tastefully, and always looking well; her favorite color is blue. She writes for the press under the signature of "Shirley Dare," which has become well known. She is strong minded. —*N. Y. Democrat.*

The anthracite coal region, now so much talked about in connection with the miner's strikes, includes about all this variety of coal in the United States. It is 400 square miles, and 107 lie within the limits of Luzerne county, Penna. The total quantity raised in the whole State of Pennsylvania down to 1860, amounted to a little over eighty-three millions of tons, of which Luzerne furnished twenty nine millions. The first company for mining coal was formed in 1792, and it was five years before they shipped to Philadelphia, and this venture consisted of thirty tons. The city authorities consented to take it, and tried to burn it under the boilers of the engines at the water works, but it put the fire out. The balance was broken up and used in the place of gravel over the sidewalks, and only the blacksmiths near the mine used the coal for home use. The happy discovery was made by a tavern keeper, Jesse Fell, of Wilkes-Barre, who concluded a good draft was alone necessary to make it burn, and he built a grate of green hickory saplings, placed it in a large, fire place in his bar room, filled it with broken coal and dry wood under the grate and set it on fire; the flames spreading through the coal, it was soon ignited, and before the wooden grate bars were consumed, the success was proved, and hundreds of people flocked to the old tavern to witness the discovery.

ERRORS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The stories that there is but one phœnix in the world, which, after many years, burns herself, and from her ashes rises another; that the pelican pierces her breast with her beak, to draw blood for her young; that the camelopn lives only upon air, of the bird of paradise and of the unicorn, are all fabulous. It is an error, that the scorpion stings itself when surrounded by fire, and that music has power over persons bitten by it; that the mole has no eyes, and the elephant no knees; that the hedge-hog is a mischievous animal, particularly that he sucks cows when they are asleep. It is said that the porcupine shoots out its quills for annoying its enemy, whereas it only sheds them annually, as other feathered animals do. The jackal is commonly called the lion's provider, but it has no connection with the lion. The bite of a spider is not venomous; it is found too, in Ireland, plentifully, has no dislike to fixing its web on Irish oak, and has no particular aversion to a toad. The ass was vulgarly thought to have a cross on its back, ever since Christ rode on one of those animals. It is also believed that the haddock had the mark of St. Peter's thumb, since he took the tribute penny out of a fish of that species. It was anciently believed, says Brand, that the barnacle, a common shell fish, which is found sticking on the bottom of ships, would when broken off become a species of goose. Nor is it less an error that bears form their cubs by licking them into shape, or that storks will only live in republics and free states. The rose of Jericho, which was feigned to flourish every year about Christmas eve, is famous in the annals of credulity, but, like the no less celebrated "Glastonbury Thorn," is only a monkish imposter. It is commonly believed, and even proverbial, that puppies see in nine days, but the fact is, they do not see till the twelfth or fourteenth.

Flemming county, Kentucky, rejoices in the possession of a remarkable pair, father and son. When one has any complaint, the other is similarly affected, if the father has the headache, the son has it at the same time; if one suffers with the toothache the other also suffers with it; when one gets the cold, the other gets it also, and so it goes on through all the catalogue of ordinary complaints. What one likes and eats, the other likes and eats; and what one dislikes and won't eat, the other dislikes and won't eat. If one becomes angry, or gloomy, or happy to the same degree, and at the same time is the other angry, or gloomy, or happy. They sneeze at the same time, sleep at the same time and the same number of hours, and the most remarkable of all, they dream at the same time, and the dream of one is the same as that of the other.

CHINESE FUNERAL.

Ah Poy, a Chinese merchant, died in San Francisco a few days ago. *The Bulletin* of that city describes the singular ceremonies of his funeral:

While the bells were ringing, and only good gods were around in the air, the mourners came out in the street. Then the coffin was brought out and placed on the sidewalk, draped with red, white, and green cloths. The mourners, of whom there were about a dozen—all women but one—were dressed in white robes, with white cowls on their heads. The hair on the women's heads was disheveled. Several of them wept in a genuine manner, but the rest howled in such a way as to justify the statement made by some in attendance, that they were hired mourners. When the coffin was put down the mourners filed around it several times, weeping, wailing, and throwing up their hands, and then all bowed themselves with their faces to the ground, and remained in that position several hours.

On the sidewalk, below the coffin, were ranged three or four wide tables, and on these were deposited the sacrificials offerings. There were five roasted hogs—full size—with tips of tinsel on the ears and wreathed about their snouts. Three sheep, skinned and laid on large pans, occupied prominent places. Then there were chickens roasted whole, with many colored candies melted and run over them in imitation of robes. They were set upright in edible chairs, with their necks straightened, and fantastic covers placed on top of their heads. Their claws were bent up and made to grasp spears, darts, and exorcising wands. Several roosters had been baked till they were brown, and yet the feathers on their wings, the wattles on their necks, and the crests on their heads were not even wilted. These, too, were ornamented with tinsel and paper.

Several large crabs from Meig's wharf lay in the centre of the table, and were set off with ornaments like all the rest of the offerings. There were numerous pyramids of fruit also—apples, pears, grapes, and nuts; pyramids of high colored greasy looking cakes; loaf imitations of lambs, goats, ducks, etc., covered with melted confectionery; piles of Joss sticks and sacred tapers, with rows of them burning, smoking, and spluttering on the leaders of the table; strips of red white and yellow paper, bearing mysterious characters; doll looking images at several points; and everywhere tinsel, paper, smoke fumes, and insufferable stench. The streets were blocked by the throng of Chinamen, negroes and "sus-Indians;" but in the crowd, next the coffin and free lunch table of the gods, women predominated. They were a degraded and diseased looking set for the most part, and seemed to be riveted in their tracks by idle curiosity.

A line hacks and a rank of badgering hackmen occupied one side of the street waiting for their "loads."?

At 12 m. an old white hearsed woman came out of the house, bearing in her arms a huge load of tinselled paper. She threw it on the pavement, and taking a lighted Joss stick set the mass on fire. Then other women brought out some other curious looking images, about two feet high, and supposed to be representations of several prominent anti coolieites. These they cast into the flames, evidently believing that possession of them would certainly appease the malignant gods, and give Ah Poy a safe *entree* into the land of the good.

At 1 p. m. the coffin was placed in a hearse, the mourners got into the hacks, and the melancholy procession of pagans and Christians proceeded to Lone Mountain, where the remains will be entombed till the sailing of the next China steamer.

The Litchfield (Conn.) *Sentinel* thus photographs one of the institutions of the town:

"There is a man in this town who sets himself up as the censor of public morals, and who publishes and condemns the shortcomings of his fellow men. He is as sanctimonious as if he had swallowed a conference meeting. Five hundred of the old, genuine, original, hard shell Pharisees boiled down to a half pint, would make a weak decoction when compared with this individual. He is so impregnant with the odor of sanctity that one could scrape it off his clothes with a clam shell. Yet this man is the most inveterate loafer in the whole town—an inquisitive, prying, meddlesome, impudent mulsance, or intolerable gossip and busybody. If he sees two or more gentlemen talking together, he walks up and listens to their conversation. He has the cheek of a cast iron Indian. He is capable of interrupting the benediction at a wedding to ask the bridegroom what fee he expects to pay the clergyman. We are not going to tell who this man is; if we should do so, some life insurance company would gobble him for a peripatetic agent, and we have too much philanthropy to do anything that might increase his opportunity to make his fellow men miserable, or to commit the sin of cursing."

A wag the other day, speaking of a man whose important air attracted a great deal of notice, remarked that "his bump of self esteem was so prominent that he could not keep his hat on on a windy day."

A strong minded woman was heard to remark the other day that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream every time that she looked at him.

A profane lady told her daughter the other day, that "them stockings were darned—nice."

Young woman, trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and be not dependent on servants to make your bread; sweep your own floors, and darn your own stockings. Above all, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you caress and receive into your company those idle popinjays who never lift a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul together, and yet find funds sufficient to live in fashion.

GEORGE PEABODY.

The New York *Sun* is responsible for the following:

It has been contended by some of our ablest thinkers that the greatest amount of good done in the world has been bestowed by bachelors. Whether this be true or not, we often wonder that many men, famous for their kindness of heart, and generosity of disposition, should remain single through life. There is no more remarkable case of this sort than that of the late George Peabody. It is said that in his history there is a romance that perhaps has never yet been made public.

A number of years ago, when Mr. Peabody was just entering upon his career of success as a business man, in Baltimore, he met by chance, in the street, a poor girl who was but a child, but whose pleasing face and gentle manner attracted his notice. Questioning her as to her parentage and surroundings, he found her in every way worthy of his regard, and a fit subject for his benefaction. He at once adopted her as his ward, and gave her an education. As she advanced in age, her charms of person as well as the brightness of her intellect won the affections of her benefactor.

Through this relationship he had ample opportunity of watching her progress, and day by day his affections for her grew stronger. At length as his ward bloomed into womanhood, though much her senior in years, Mr. Peabody offered her his hand and fortune. Gratefully appreciating his generosity, and acknowledging her attachment for him as almost a father, she with great feeling confessed that honor compelled her to decline the acceptance of this his greatest act of generosity, informing her suitor that her affections had been given to another, a clerk in the employ of her benefactor.

Though disappointed and grievously shocked, the philanthropist sent for his clerk, and learning from him that the engagement had been of long duration, Mr. Peabody at once established his successful rival in business, and soon after gave his benediction upon the marriage of his ward. This, it is said, was the first blow his heart received, and it is possible that from this episode came the inspiration that made the fortune of Mr. Peabody so universally distinguished, and has rendered his name famous as a public benefactor.

A maiden lady, residing in great seclusion, had not been to church for a long time; but on the accession of a small family property, she bought herself a new bonnet, shawl, and dress, with the appropriate gloves, boots, &c., and appeared the following Sabbath in a style that almost destroyed her identity with the, hitherto, shabby and hopeless old maid. Just as she was walking up the aisle, and as every eye seemed turned upon her, the choir commenced singing an anthem, the burden of which was "Hallelulah! Hallelujah!" The indignant spinster retraced her steps down the aisle in high dudgeon, exclaiming, "'hardly know you,' indeed! Why this is not the first time I've been dressed up. 'Hardly know you.' I guess I don't come here very soon.

The battle of life, in by far the greater number of cases, must necessarily be fought up hill, and to win it without struggle were perhaps to win it without honor. If there were no difficulties, there would be no success; if there were nothing to struggle for, there would be nothing to be achieved. Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act only as a wholesome stimulus to men of pluck and resolution. All experiences of life serves to prove that the impediments thrown in the way of human advancement, may, for the most part, be overcome by steady good conduct, honest zeal, activity, perseverance, and, above all, by a determined resolution to surmount difficulties, and stand up manfully against misfortune. Everything we learn is the mastery of a difficulty, and the mastery of one helps us to the mastery of others. Things which at first sight appear to be comparatively valueless in education, are really of the greatest practical value, not so much for the information they yield, as because of the development they compel. The mastery of these studies evokes effort, and cultivating powers of application which otherwise might have lain dormant. Thus one thing leads to another, and so the work goes on through life, encounter with difficulty ending only where life and progress end.

Much discussion has taken place in relation to the proper distances apart to set apple trees in orchards. Many Western farmers prefer placing them near together as a protection from cold winds, and fifteen or twenty feet have been recommended. This close planting has proved the value of shelter, and while the trees are young, a larger amount of fruit is obtained from an acre. But when the trees become larger and older, these advantages in a great measure disappear. It is therefore proposed to thin them out by successively removing the supernumeraries, until double distance is obtained. Thus the shelter and larger crops are obtained in the earlier years of the orchard, and more space and light when it becomes older. The disadvantages are, the greater difficulty of cultivating, and greater exhaustion of the soil. We observe a statement of J. Pennington, of Macon, Michigan, in the *Western Rural*, that he has orchards set out twenty years ago, which have so crowded each other, that the fruit has become small and stunted, and he is thinning the trees out. But they are not so good in form, nor will they probably become nearly so perfect and symmetrical as if set out thirty or thirty-five feet apart and allowed to grow and develop under full exposure to light and air. But where shelter is a necessity, it may nevertheless be best to set thick at first, unless timber belts are employed to screen the young trees from fierce winds.—*Country Gentleman.*

One of the members of the French legation, had pushed for a compliment to a fair lady who was marred by an undeniable flat nose, remarked: "Madame, you are an angel fallen from heaven, but you fell on your nose."

FAUNTLEROY, THE FORGER.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

What I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened when I was a very young man, and when I was just setting up in business on my own account.

My father had been well acquainted for many years with Mr. Fauntleroy, of the famous London banking firm of Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy & Graham. Thinking it might be of some future service to me to make my position known to a great man in the commercial world, my father mentioned to his highly respected friend that I was about to start in business for myself in a very small way, and with very little money. Mr. Fauntleroy received the intimation with a kind appearance of interest, and said that he would have his eye on me. I expected from this that he would wait to see if I could keep on my legs at starting, and that if he found I succeeded pretty well, he would then help me forward if it lay in his power. As events turned out, he proved to be a far better friend than that, and he soon showed me that I had very much underrated the hearty and generous interest which he had felt in my welfare from the first.

While I was still fighting with the difficulties of setting up my office, and recommending myself to connection, and so forth, I got a message from Mr. Fauntleroy telling me to call on him, at the banking house, the first time I was passing that way. As you may easily imagine, I contrived to be passing that way on a particularly early occasion, and, on presenting myself at the bank, I was shown at once into Mr. Fauntleroy's private room.

He was as pleasant a man to speak to as ever I met with—bright, and gay, and companionable in his manner—with a sort of easy, hearty, jovial bluntness about him that attracted everybody. The clerks all liked him—and that is something to say of a partner in a banking house, I can tell you!

"Well, young Towbridge," says he, giving his papers on the table a brisk push away from him, "so you are going to set up in business for yourself, are you? I have a great regard for your father, and a great wish to see you succeed. Have you started yet? No? Just on the point of beginning, eh! Very good! You will have your difficulties, my friend, and, I mean to smooth one of them away from you at the outset. A word of advice for your private ear—Bank with us."

"You are very kind, sir," I answered, "and I should ask nothing better than to profit by your suggestion, if I could. But my expenses are heavy at starting, and when they are all paid I am afraid I shall have very little left to put by for the first year. I doubt if I shall be able to muster much more than three hundred pounds of surplus cash in the world after paying what I must pay before I set up my office, and I should be ashamed to trouble your house, sir, to open an account for such a trifle as that."

"Stuff, and nonsense!" says Mr. Fauntleroy. "Are you a banker? What business have you to offer an opinion on the matter? Do as I tell you—leave it to me—bank with us—and draw for what you like. Stop! I have n't done yet. When you open the amount, speak to the cashier. Perhaps you will find that he has got something to tell you. There! there! go away—do n't interrupt me—good bye—God bless you!"

That was his way—ah! poor fellow, that was his way.

I went to the head cashier the next morning when I opened my little modicum of an account. He had received orders to pay my drafts without reference to my balance. My checks, when I had overdrawn, were to be privately shown to Mr. Fauntleroy. Do many young men who start in business find their prosperous superiors ready to help them in that way?

Well, I got on—got on very fairly and steadily, being careful not to venture out of my depth, and not to forget that small beginnings may lead in time to great ends. A prospect of one of those great ends—great, I mean, to such a small trader as I was at that period—showed itself to me when I had been some little time in business. In plain terms, I had a chance of joining in a first rate transaction, which would give me profit and position, and everything I wanted, provided I could qualify myself for engaging in it by getting good security beforehand for a very large amount.

In this emergency, I thought of my kind friend, Mr. Fauntleroy, and went to the bank, and saw him once more in his private room.

There he was at the same table, with the same heaps of papers about him, and the same hearty, easy way of speaking his mind to you at once, in the fewest possible words. I explained the business I came upon with some little hesitation and nervousness, for I was afraid he might think I was taking an unfair advantage of his former kindness to me. When I had done, he just nodded his head, snatched up a blank sheet of paper, scribbled a few lines on it in his rapid way, handed the writing to me, and pushed me out of the room by the two shoulders before I could say a single word. I looked at the paper in the outer office. It was my security from that great banking house for the whole amount, and for more, if more was wanted.

I could not express my gratitude then, and I don't know that I can describe it now. I can only say that it has outlived the crime, the disgrace, and the awful death on the scaffold. I am grieved to speak of that death at all; but I have no other alternative. The course of my story must now lead me straight on to the latter time, and to the terrible discovery which exposed my benefactor and my friend to all England as the forger Fauntleroy.

I must ask you to suppose a lapse of some time after the occurrence of the events that I have just been relating. During this interval, thanks to the kind assistance I had received at the outset, my position as a man of business had greatly improved. Imagine me now, if you please, on the high road to prosperity, with good large offices and a respectable staff of clerks, and picture me to yourselves sitting alone in my private room, between four and five o'clock on a certain Saturday afternoon.

All my letters had been written, all the people who had appointments with me had been received. I was looking carelessly over the newspaper, and thinking about going, when one of my clerks came in, and said that a stranger wished to see me immediately on very important business.

"Did he mention his name?" I inquired.

"No, sir."

"Did you ask him for it?"

"Yes, sir. And he said you would be none the wiser if he told me what it was."

"Does he look like a begging letter writer."

"He spoke sharp and decided, sir, and said it was in your interest that he came, and that you would deeply regret it afterward if you refused to see him."

"He said that, did he? Show him in at once, then."

He was shown in immediately: a middling sized man, with a sharp, unwholesome looking face, and with a flippant, reckless manner, dressed in a style of shabby smartness, eyeing me with a bold look, and not so over burdened with politeness as to trouble himself about taking off his hat when he came in. I had never seen him before in my life, and I could not form the slightest conjecture from his appearance toward guessing his position in the world. He was not a gentleman, evidently; but as to fixing his whereabouts in the infinite downward gradation of vagabond existence in London, that was a mystery which I was totally incompetent to solve.

"Is your name Trowbridge?" he began.

"Yes," I answered, dryly enough.

"Do you bank with Marsh, Stracy, Fauntleroy and Graham?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Answer my question and you will know."

"Very well, I do bank with Marsh, Stracy, Fauntleroy and Graham—and what then?"

"Draw out every farthing of balance you have got before the bank closes at five to-day."

I stared at him in speechless amazement. The words for an instant, absolutely petrified me.

"Stare as much as you like," he proceeded coolly, "I mean what I say. Look at your clock there. In twenty minutes it will strike five, and the bank will be shut. Draw out every farthing, I tell you again, and look sharp about it."

"Draw out my money!" I exclaimed, partially recovering myself. "Are you in your right senses? Do you know that the firm I bank with represents one of the first houses in the world? What do you mean—you, who are total stranger to me—by taking this extraordinary interest in my affairs? If you want me to act on your advice, why don't you explain yourself?"

"I have explained myself. Act on my advice or not, just as you like. It don't matter to me. I have done what I promised, and there's an end of it."

He turned to the door. The minute hand of the clock was getting on from the minutes to the quarter.

"Done what you promised." I repeated, getting up to stop him.

"Yes," he said, with his hand on the lock, "I have given my message. Whatever happens, remember that. Good afternoon."

He was gone before I could speak again.

I tried to call after him, but my speech suddenly failed me. It was very foolish, it was very unaccountable, but there was something in the man's last words which had more than half frightened me.

I looked at the clock. The minute hand was on the quarter.

My office was just far enough from the bank to make it necessary for me to decide on the instant. If I had had time to think, I am certain that I should not have profited by the extraordinary warning that had just been addressed to me. The suspicious appearance and manners of the stranger; the outrageous improbability of the inference against the credit of the bank, toward which his words pointed; the chance that some underhand attempt was being made by some enemy of mine to frighten me into embroiling myself with one of my best friends, through showing an ignorant distrust of the firm with which he was associated as partner—all these considerations would unquestionably have occurred to me if I could have had time for reflection; and, as a necessary consequence, not one farthing of my balance would have been taken from the keeping of the bank on that memorable day.

As it was, I had just time enough to act and not a spare moment for thinking. Some heavy payments made at the beginning of the week had so far decreased my balance, that the sum to my credit in the banking book barely reached fifteen hundred pounds.

I snatched up my check book, wrote a draft for the whole amount, and ordered one of my clerks to run to the bank and get it cashed before the doors closed. What impulse urged me on, except the blind impulse of hurry and bewilderment I can't say. I acted mechanically, under the influence of the vague inexplicable fear which the man's extraordinary parting words had aroused in me, without stopping to analyze my own sensations—almost without knowing what I was about. In three minutes from the time when the stranger had closed my door, the clerk had started for the bank, and I was alone again in my room, with my hands as cold as ice and my head all in a whirl.

I did not recover my control over myself until the clerk came back with the notes in his hand. He had just got to the bank in the nick of time. As the cash for my draft was handed to him over the counter, the clock struck five, and he heard the order given to close the doors.

When I had counted the bank notes, and had locked them up in the safe, my better senses seemed to come back to me on a sudden. Never have I reproached myself before and since, as I reproached myself at that moment. What sort of return had I made for Mr. Fauntleroy's fatherly kindness to me? I had insulted him by the meanest, the grossest distrust of the honor and the credit of his house, and that on the word of an absolute stranger, of a vagabond, if ever there was one yet. It was madness—downright madness in any man to have acted as I had done. I could not account for my own inconceivably thoughtless proceeding. I could hardly believe in it myself. I opened the safe and looked at the bank notes again. I locked it once and flung the key down on the table in a fury of vexation against myself. There the money was, upbraiding me with my own inconceivable folly, telling me in the plainest terms, that I had risked depriving myself of my best, and kindest friend henceforth and forever.

It was necessary to do something at once toward making all the atonement that lay in my power. I felt that, as soon as I began to cool down a little, there was but one plain, straightforward way now left out of the scrape in which I had been mad enough to involve myself. I took my hat, and without stopping an instant to hesitate, hurried off to the bank to make a clean breast of it to Mr. Fauntleroy.

When I knocked at the private door and asked for him, I was told that he had not been at the bank for the last two days. One of the other partners was there, however, and was working at that moment in his own room.

I sent in my name at once, and asked to see him. He and I were little better than strangers to each other, and the interview was likely to be, on that account, unspeakably embarassing and humiliating on my side. Still, I could not go home. I could not endure the inaction of the next day, the Sunday, without having done my best on the spot to repair the error into which my own folly had led me. Uncomfortable as I felt at the prospect of the approaching interview I should have been far more unaasy in my mind if the partner had declined to see me.

To my relief the bank porter returned with a message requesting me to walk in.

What particular form my explanations and apologies took when I tried to offer them is more than I can tell now. I was so confused and distressed that I hardly knew what I was talking about at the time. The one circumstance which I remember clearly is that I was ashamed to refer to my interview with the strange man, and that I tried to account for my sudden withdrawal of my balances by referring it to some inexplicable panic, caused by mischievous reports which I was unable to trace to their source, and which, for anything I knew to the contrary, might, after all have been only started in jest.

Greatly to my surprise, the partner did not seem to notice the lamentable lameness of my excuses, and did not additionally confuse me by asking any questions. A weary, absent look, which I had observed on his face when I came in, remained on it while I was speaking. It seemed to be an effort to him even to keep up appearance of listening to me; and when, at last, I fairly broke down in the middle of a sentence, and gave up the hope of getting any further, all the answer he gave me was comprised in these few civil commonplace words:

"Never mind, Mr. Trowbridge; pray don't think of apologizing. We are all liable to make mistakes. Say nothing more at out it, and bring the money back on Monday if you still honor us with your confidence."

He looked down at his papers as if he was anxious, to be alone again, and I had no alternative, of course, but to take my leave immediately. I went home, feeling a little easier in my mind now that I had paved the way for making the best practical atonement in my power by bringing my balance back the first thing on Monday morning. Still I passed a weary day on Sunday, reflecting sadly enough that I had not yet made my peace with Mr. Fauntleroy. My anxiety to set myself right with my generous friend was so intense that I risked intruding myself on his privacy by calling at his town residence on Saturday. He was not there, and his servant could tell me nothing of his whereabouts. There was no help for it now, but to wait till his week day duties brought him back to the bank.

I went to business on Monday morning half an hour earlier than usual, so great was my impatience to restore the amount of that unlucky draft to my account as soon as possible after the bank opened.

On entering my office, I stopped with a startled feeling just inside the door. Something serious had happened. The clerks, instead of being at their desks as usual, were all huddled together in a group, talking to each other with blank faces. When they saw me, they fell back behind my managing man, who stepped forward with a circular in his hand.

"Have you heard the news, sir?" he said.

"No. What is it?"

He handed me the circular. My heart gave one violent throb the instant I looked at it. I felt myself turn pale; I felt my knees trembling under me.

Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, Graham had stopped payment.

"The circular has not been issued more than half an hour," continued my managing clerk. "I have just come from the bank, sir. The doors are shut; there is no doubt about it. Marsh & Company have stopped this morning."

I hardly heard him; I hardly knew who was talking to me. My strange visitor of the Saturday had taken possession of all my thoughts, and his words of warning seemed to be sounding once more in my ears. This man had known the true condition of the bank when not another soul outside the doors was aware of it! The last draft paid across the counter of that ruined house, when the doors closed on Saturday, was the draft that I had so bitterly reproached myself for drawing; the one balance saved from the wreck was my balance. Where had the stranger got the information that had saved me? and why had he brought it to my ears?

I was still groping, like a man in the dark, for an answer to these two questions—I was still bewildered by the unfathomable mystery of doubt into which they had plunged me—when the discovery of the stopping of the bank was followed almost immediately by a second shock, far more dreadful, far heavier to bear, so far as I was concerned, than the first.

While I and my clerks were discussing the failure of the firm, two mercantile men, who were friends of mine, ran into the office, and overwhelmed me with the news that one of the partners had been arrested for forgery. Never shall I forget the terrible Monday morning when those tidings reached me, and when I knew that the partner was Mr. Fauntleroy.

I was true to him—I can honestly say I was true to my belief in my generous friend—when that fearful news reached me. My fellow merchants had got all the particulars of the arrest. They told me that two of Mr. Fauntleroy's fellow trustees had come up to London to make arrangements about selling out some stock. On inquiring for Mr. Fauntleroy at the banking house, they had been informed that he was not there; and, after leaving a message for him, they had gone into the city to make an appointment with their stock broker for a future day, when their fellow trustee might be able to attend. The stock broker volunteered to make certain business inquiries on the spot, with a view to saving as much time as possible, and left them at his office to await his return. He came back, looking very much amazed, with the information that the stock had been sold out to the last five hundred pounds. The affair was instantly investigated; the documents authorizing the selling out was produced; and the two trustees saw on it, side by side with Mr. Fauntleroy's signature, the forged signature of their own names. This happened on Friday, and the trustees, without losing a moment, sent the officers of justice in pursuit of Mr. Fauntleroy. He was arrested, brought up before the magistrate, and remanded on the Saturday. On the Monday I heard from my friends the particulars which I have just narrated.

But the events of that one morning were not destined to end even yet. I had discovered the failure of the bank, and the arrest of Mr. Fauntleroy. I was next to be enlightened, and in the strangest and saddest manner, on the difficult question of his innocence or guilt. Before my friends had left my office—before I had exhausted the arguments which my gratitude rather than my reason suggested to me in favor of the prisoner, a note, marked "immediate," was placed in my hands, which silenced me the instant I looked at it. It was written from the prison, by Mr. Fauntleroy, and it contained two lines only, entreating me to apply for the necessary order, and to go and see him immediately.

I shall not attempt to describe the flutter of expectation, the strange mixture of dread and hope that agitated me when I recognized his handwriting, and discovered what it was that he desired me to do. I easily obtained the order, and went to the prison.

The authorities knowing the dreadful situation in which he stood, where afraid of his attempting to destroy himself, and had set two men to watch him. One came out as they opened his cell door. The other, who was bound not to leave him, very delicately and considerately affected to be looking out of the window the moment I was shown in.

He was sitting on the side of his bed, with his head drooping and his hands hanging listlessly over his knees when I first caught sisgnt of him. At the sound of my approach he started to his feet, and, without speaking a word, flung both his arms around my neck.

My heart swelled up.

"Tell me it's not true, sir! for God's sake, tell me it's not true," was all I could say to him.

He never answered—Oh, me! he never answered, and he turned away his face.

There was one dreadful moment of silence. He still held his arms around my neck, and on a sudden he put his lips close to my ear.

"Did you get your money out?" he whispered. "Were you in time on Saturday afternoon?"

I broke free from him in the astonishment of hearing those words.

"What!" I cried out aloud, forgetting the third person at the window.

"That man that brought the message—"

"Hush!" he said putting his hands upon my lips. "There was no better man to be found, after the officers had taken me—I know no more about him than you do—I paid him well as a chance messenger, and risked his cheating me of the errand."

"You sent him, then!"

"I sent him."

My story is over, gentlemen. There is no need for me to tell you that Mr. Fauntleroy was found guilty, and that he died by the hangman's hand. It was in my power to soothe his last moments in this world by taking upon myself the arrangements of some of his private affairs, which, while they remained unsettled, weighed heavily on his mind. They had no connection with the crime he had committed, so I could do him the last little service he was ever to accept at my hands with a good heart and a clear conscience.

I say nothing in defence of his character, nothing in palliation of the offence for which he suffered. But I cannot forget in the time of his most fearful extremity, when the strong arm of the law had already seized him, he thought of the young man whose humble fortunes he had helped to build; whose heartfelt gratitude he had fairly won; whose simple faith he was resolved never to betray. I leave it to greater intellect than mine to reconcile the anomaly of his reckless falsehood toward others and his steadfast truth toward me. It is as certain as that we sit here that one of Fauntleroy's last efforts in this word was the effort he made to preserve me from being a loser by the trust that I placed in him. There is the secret of my strange tenderness of a felon; that is why the word villain does sometimes still grate on my heart when I hear it associated with his name.

Yoatt, in his book entitled, "The Horse," says that this animal will never drink hard water when soft is within reach, that he will leave clear, transparent, hard water, for a pond of soft, even though the latter be discolored with mud. Very cold water from the well will make the hair rise up, and not unfrequently cause an attack of gripes. Give soft water if practicable, especially if the animal be ailing. This is a valuable hint and we presume not known by every reader of THE HERALD, who keeps horses.

"Oh! where do you get the red for your cheeks?" said a pale, wan young lady, to a bright laughing minx. "Where the roses get their's—in the air and sunlight," was the reply.

There is a good deal of talking in Philadelphia, among the brokers about a certain fast young man, whose father is overburdened with millions.

The young man would not work, and the old man could not bear an idler, and many were the quarrels between them.

At last, the old man, quite out of patience, said:

"Now, Jack, I will give you one week to make up your mind to what business you are to go. No son of mine shall be a lounger, and go to work you shall. At the end of this week, if you have made no choice, I will stop your allowance altogether, and make you take a stool in my office, and work enough you'll have of it there."

Well, Jack promised to look around and make up his mind.

At the end of the week, sharp and peremptory as was his way, the old broker sung out:

"Well, Jack, time's up; have you made up your mind to make your own living?"

"Well, father, I've been thinking of it, and have something in my mind, but it will require considerable capital."

"Capital, Jack! capital my boy!" said the delighted father. "Only try to make your own living, and I'll buy you a national bank, or a line of steamers! What is it, Jack? What is it?"

"Well, father, I was thinking if you would only advance me three or four hundred thousand dollars, I could invest it in Government bonds, and make my living by cutting off the coupons!"

The old man never talks to Jack any more about 'business.'"

Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered the shop early in