

FREDERICK DEAN'S WILL.

"WELL, since you are both so urgent, and since making a will won't end my life, I'll do it at once, and you shall witness."

And the speaker, a white-haired old gentleman, laughed pleasantly, and drew toward him an old book lying on the table at his side. Selecting one of the two or three blank leaves at the back, he took up a pen, and dipped it into the ink.

"I confess I was not prepared for such promptitude," smiled one of the gentlemen in reply: "but we shall be only too happy to serve you," adding a little dryly: "Don't you think, however, it would be just as well to get a sheet of paper?"

"Not a bit of it," returned Mr. Dean, "this leaf is as good as a sheet," and he proceeded to pen, in bold characters,—"The last will and testament of Frederick Dean."

"As you like," said the other exchanging an amused smile with his companion. "Only insure Nannette a comfortable future, and remember that to insure it you must cut out that leaf, and place it where it can be found by the proper person when needed."

A pre-occupied nod answered the counsel, and for a little while nothing was heard but the hurried scratch of the pen. At last the writer threw in down, and leaning back in his chair, read the document aloud.

"Does that suit you?" he asked turning to his visitors as he finished.

An eager affirmative answered him.

"Then remember," he said, with sudden earnest gravity, "to see justice done if my Nannette should meet with trouble. And now we will sign."

The signing was done, the book closed and pushed aside till the farewells, which had been deferred quite long enough were spoken, and within an hour, the two visitors were on board a steamer bound for Europe.

For a few minutes after their departure, Mr. Dean sat lost in thought, then, arousing himself, he took up the morning paper, and turned to the financial column. He had just finished it, and was carefully cutting out the article when the door opened, and a young girl entered, her fresh face bright with smiles.

"Ah, my dear, just in time," said Mr. Dean, fondly. "Get the muggage."

"Oh, papa! that everlasting, musty financial!" laughed the girl, with a mock horror. "Why, don't you let me cut you out a love story, or a bit of poetry, and paste in here? Who but you would ever have thought of a scrap-book of financials?"

"You need not laugh, my dear," smiled the old gentleman, "those 'financials' have had something to do with your future."

"With my future?" exclaimed his adopted daughter, raising her eyes from the book she had just drawn towards her, and opening them very widely on the old gentleman.

"Yes, my dear, they have helped me to make a fortune, and that fortune will some day be yours. I have made you my sole heir—have willed you my whole property. Remember that, Nannie, and if need be, fight for your rights. My brother is no friend to you, as you well know."

Nannette sprang to her feet, and threw herself on the gentleman's bosom.

"Now, papa," she murmured, chokingly, "don't say 'will' to me again. I want you and nothing else."

In a few minutes she returned to her task, but it was with the feeling that the shadow of death had settled over the house. All that day, and all the next, this miserable feeling clung to her, and at the close of the next the substance was there as well as the shadow. The hale old gentleman had, through a strange casualty passed into the spiritual world.

The one near relative (a wealthy brother), and various remote ones gathered to pay the last token of respect and hear the will. But no will was found. Consequently Mr. George Dean was triumphant, without the need of blackening his hands and conscience.

Night after night had been secretly and fruitlessly spent in rummaging the secretaries, etc., of his departed brother, with the firm determination that Nannette should never touch a dollar of that brother's money. The morning after the funeral he sent for Nannette to meet him in the library.

She came in, pale and weary-looking, a little surprise in her soft eyes. Mr. Dean was prompt. Majestically waving her to a seat, he cleared his throat, and said:

"Of course you know, Nannette, that my brother left no will?"

"I have not thought about it at all," murmured Nannette, wearily, finding he paused for a reply, and then added,

as wearily: "But you are mistaken.—He did leave a will."

Mr. Dean started, flushed and exclaimed, hastily:

"Where is it?"

"I don't know," sighed Nannette.—"I only know he told me he had made one."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Dean, with prolonged emphasis, and then said: "That amounts to nothing in the absence of a will, I reign master here."

Aroused from her apathy by the significant tone, Nannette looked up, inquiringly, and he continued:

"Yes, the law gives me everything, and you, Nannette, will see the propriety of establishing yourself elsewhere."

"But papa told me he had made me his sole legatee," said Nannette in slow, startled tones.

"That won't stand in law," sneered Mr. Dean.

"You don't mean that you are going to turn me out of my own home?" exclaimed the girl, incredulously.

"Certainly not," again sneered Mr. Dean. "In the first place, you have no home—this place is mine, in the second, I expect you to go."

"To go!" echoed Nannette.

"Certainly," was the cold reply.—

"You are nothing to me. My brother adopted you—I have nothing to do with that. You will therefore do me a favor to pack your clothing and leave at your earliest convenience. Of course I do not interfere with your appropriation of any personal effects." And a bow of dismissal followed the heartless words.

Nannette rose with bursting heart, and was about to leave the room when her eyes fell on the old scrap book which had been carelessly pushed to the back of the library table the last day of Frederick Dean's life and there remained.

"You will allow me that?" she murmured, huskily, indicating the desired book, adding, as he drew it toward him, and turned a few leaves: "For years it was my daily duty to paste those articles there, and—and it is so associated with him."

"It is valueless to me, you can take it," George Dean returned, majestically pushing it toward her.

She lifted it with a bow, and silently left the room. The rest of the day was spent in gathering her wardrobe together. It was nearing dusk when she took up the old scrap book, intending to place it in the bottom of an empty trunk which she had devoted to her books.—But with a burst of tears she sat down, and taking it in her lap, turned leaf after leaf, thinking as the bereaved only can think.

Twenty minutes later she had wrapped up the book, and was proceeding up town as rapidly as a horse-car would take her. She alighted at a handsome residence, and was shown into the library of the owner, with whom she obtained an immediate interview.

Whatever the nature of the interview, it was soon at an end. Dusk had fallen when she returned to the place she had so lately considered her home, she had barely freshened her toilet, when the tea-bell rang. She descended at once, and entered the room with Mr. Dean, who had just come from the library. A look of supercilious surprise elevated his brow for a moment, as he said:

"You did not get off this afternoon?"

"No," answered Nannette, simply; and, as usual, took her place behind the tea urn.

Evidently annoyed, Mr. Dean said, as he seated himself:

"You go to-morrow, of course?"

"It depends upon circumstances," replied Nannette, calmly.

A hot flush mounted the gentleman's brow, and he replied angrily:

"I shall see to it that the circumstances are quite favorable to your departure."

Nannette made no response, but proceeded to do the honors with the same ease and grace which had characterized her during her father's life, scrupulously observant of the courtesies due from hostess to guest.

"The impudent jade!" thought Mr. Dean; but he took his supper in utter silence.

As they rose from the table there was a ring at the door-bell.

"Who can that be?" he said, and stood waiting.

The servant entered and answered the question.

"Mr. Perklo, sir. He wishes to see you."

"Perklo—what! Lawyer Perklo?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"In the library, sir."

With a sad smile Nannette followed him from the room, and went to the drawing room. In the course of half an hour Mr. Perklo joined her there.

"Well?" she murmured, anxiously.

"All right," he laughed. "He has but one desire, I think, and that is to sink away without seeing you again.—A more crest-fallen wretch never breathed. At first he wanted to dispute the

validity of the will, because it was written on the blank leaf of an old day-book, which had been turned into a scrap book, but I succeeded in proving to his satisfaction that a will is a will whether penned on a sheet of paper, or in a book. Ah, there he goes!" he smiled as the front door swung heavily to. "He will give you no more trouble."

Mr. Perklo was right. Mr. Dean had left, and Nannette heard from him no more.

THE ARTIST SOLDIER.

THE story of Andre, as we commonly read it, tells little of Andre himself. It tells nothing of the manner of man he was, how he looked, how he dressed, and what he said and did.

We read of him as the spy. He was one at the time of his death, but that he believed to be his military duty; he tried to serve his king as well as he could, and perhaps we cannot blame him so very much, even if we did punish him so sadly. He was something else than a mere spy, and it is more agreeable to think of him as an artist than a soldier. He did not love war as some soldiers do, and while in this country he many times tried to soften the hardships and troubles of the times. Once he found a poor little boy who had been captured by the British soldiers in Westchester county, and brought to New York to be put into the dreadful prisons the British then kept in our city. Such a little fellow could do no harm, and Andre took him away from the soldiers and sent him back to his mother in safety.

Besides painting and drawing, Andre could sing, and make charming verses, and cut out portraits in silhouette.—Many of his pictures and letters are still preserved, and could you read the letters, you would see that he was a genial, lively, and entertaining man. While he was in this country he kept a journal and it is said, it was full of pictures of plants and insects and animals, people and places, bits of scenery, and plans of cities and towns. He used often to give his pictures away as presents to his friends; and once, when he was a prisoner in our hands, and was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for safety, he taught the children in the village to draw. One of the Lancaster boys pleased him so much, and displayed so much talent, that Andre offered to make an artist out of him, and take him to England when the war was at an end. The boy's father would not consent to this, though he was pleased to think the English officer should take so much interest in his son. The prisoners were afterward removed to Carlisle, and Andre had to leave his pupil. He did not forget him, for he afterward wrote a letter to the boy's father, in which he said that the boy "must take particular care in forming the features in faces, and in copying the hands exactly. He should now and then copy things from the life, and then compare their proportions with what prints he may have, or what rules he may remember."

All this was during the war, and Andre himself was an enemy; but we can hardly think of him in that way. He regretted all the troubles of the times, and unlike his brother officers, he never called us "the rebels," but "the colonists." Even to this day, his letters and little pictures, his silhouette portraits, and sketches and verses are preserved in some families in remembrance of the kind, merry, and cultivated English gentleman whom we now call Major Andre, the spy.

When he was exchanged, he went back to the British army stationed at Philadelphia, and there he again displayed his many talents. He painted a drop-scene for the theatre that was thought to be very fine, and they said of it that "the foliage was uncommonly spirited and graceful." He also wrote verses to be recited in the theatre, and even took part in the plays. Once there was a grand pageant in Philadelphia—a water procession on the Delaware, with gayly trimmed boats, and bands of music, and ladies in fancy costumes—all ending in a grand ball. Andre took an active part in all these pleasurable, designed the costumes for the ladies, wrote verses, and helped to put up the decorations.

All this happened when our poor and discouraged troops were having a sad time of it, waiting and watching for a chance to strike a blow for the country. At last, the British were obliged to leave Philadelphia. Andre went away with them to New York, and it was there that he received the commission to treat with Arnold for the surrender of West Point, and that only ended in his capture and sad death.

On the last day of his life he drew his own portrait from memory with a pen,—that is, without the aid of a mirror,—and the picture is still in existence. While in New York, just before he went up to see General Arnold, he made several silhouette portraits of ladies who then lived there, and all were said to be remarkably correct likenesses, and were,

of course, greatly prized afterward as the work of the young, genial, and light-hearted British officer.

Those Revolutionary days are now very old, and the handsome English gentleman has been dead long, long years. We can forgive his efforts against us now, and perhaps it will be more agreeable to think of him as the artist-soldier rather than the spy at West Point.

Both Sides of the Case.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago Hon. S. S. Cox, the witty congressman from the Sixth New York district, practiced law in Muskingum and the adjoining counties in Ohio. On one occasion he was retained by a Mr. Jones, who had been prosecuted by a Mr. Brown, in a suit for damages, laid at twenty dollars for killing the latter's dog, a fox hound. The suit had been brought before a country Justice of the Peace, and, after a short consultation with his client in the rear of the barn, "Sunset" appeared before the august court and announced his readiness to proceed with the trial of the case. Six witnesses were sworn and examined for the plaintiff who all told the same story, viz., that on one occasion they were at work in a "clearing," when the defendant joined them leading the dog which was peculiarly marked with black and white spots, by a cord, whereupon he deliberately killed it in their presence, and threw it into a burning log-heap where it was burned to ashes. The 'squire adjusted his specs, closely scrutinized the bustling little attorney, and remarked:

"Well, Mr. Cox, I guess your client will have to pay for this here dog. The judgment is against you."

"But hold on," protested Sunset. "You will hear our side of the case, won't you?"

"O, certainly," responded the 'squire. "But I don't see how you're going to change the judgment of this here court. The dog is undoubtedly dead. Hev you any witnesses, Mr. Cox?"

"Yes, one," responded S. S., and nodded to his client, who retired to the hollow back of the barn and soon returned leading a white dog covered with black spots.

"By jimminy," exclaimed Brown, as soon as he saw the dog, "by jimminy that is my dog, as sure as guns." All the other witnesses identified it as Brown's dog. Finally the 'squire reversed the former decision, remarking: "This here case is reversed, because the dog ain't dead, and the court is of the opinion that it is always best to hear both sides of the case before rendering judgment."

Jones then threatened to bring a suit for malicious prosecution, but Brown compromised by letting him keep the dog and paying the costs. It afterward turned out that Jones had a worthless dog that looked very much like Brown's. He enticed the latter's dog to his place, tied him up, and took his own worthless cur to the "clearing" where he killed and burned him, as detailed by the witnesses. But, of course, Brown never found this out.

A Cool Conductor.

IT WAS years ago, when Frank O. J. Smith had put the Buckfield branch into running order, and had built a steamer to connect with Mexico and Rumford on the Androscooggin. Frost was one of the first conductors on the road. He seemed to think he could drive an engine as he had been in the habit of driving the North Waterford stage coach. His first grand operation was to collide with an engine and tender between Minot and Hebron, by which both engines were essentially smashed. His next brilliant exploit was close to Buckfield, when he ran plump into a freight train.

Mr. Smith thought that would answer and he dropped a polite note to Frost, informing him that his services would be no longer required on the road, away posted Pete to Portland, finding Frank O. J. at the old Elm House.

"Mr. Smith," said he, plumply and unblushingly, "I wish to be reinstated on your road."

"What!" exclaimed the governor.

"Put you back on that road?"

"Yes, sir."

"Trust you again as conductor?"

"Exactly, sir."

"Bless me! and you have already smashed up three engines for us, besides endangering many lives!"

"Yes, sir—and for that very reason you ought to put me back there. I have now learned the trade. You can trust me. If anybody has any question about the propriety of trying to put two engines ahead, on the same track, and in opposite directions, it is not me, sir. I have tried it twice, and I know—it can't be done!"

It was too good. The twain took something together in Charley's little back parlor, and Pete Frost was reinstated. That was more than a score of years ago. Pete has been railroading

ever since, and has never met with another accident. In fact, he is accounted one of the best conductors running out of Boston.

Consumptives Take Notice.

Every moment of delay makes your cure more hopeless, and much depends on the judicious choice of a remedy. The amount of testimony in favor of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup for Consumption, far exceeds all that can be brought to support the pretensions of any other medicine. See Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing the certificates of many persons of the highest respectability, who have been restored to health, after being pronounced incurable by physicians of acknowledged ability. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone cured many, as these evidences will show; but the cure is often promoted by the employment of two other remedies which Dr. Schenck provides for the purpose. These additional remedies are Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. By the timely use of these medicines, according to directions, Dr. Schenck certifies that most any case of Consumption may be cured.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. 61mf

VEGETINE

Strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

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Is now prescribed in cases of Scrofula and other diseases of the blood, by many of the best physicians, owing to its great success in curing all diseases of this nature.

Does not deceive invalids into false hopes by purging and creating a feebly appetite, but assists nature in clearing and purifying the whole system, leading the patient gradually to perfect health.

Was looked upon as an experiment for some time by some of our best physicians, but those most incredulous in regard to its merits are now its most ardent friends and supporters.

Says a Boston physician, "I have no equal as a blood-purifier. I have seen many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed. I visited the laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from bark roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

Is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

PROOF—WHAT IS NEEDED.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article, and after using several bottles, was restored to health and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health. Respectfully yours,

L. PETTINGILL, Firm of S. M. Pettingill & Co., 10 STATE ST., Boston

CINCINNATI, Nov. 26, 1872.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir—The two bottles of VEGETINE furnished me by your agent, my wife has used with great benefit. For a long time she has been troubled with dizziness and costiveness; these troubles are now entirely removed by the use of Vegetine. She was so troubled with Dyspepsia and General Debility, and has been greatly benefited.

THOS. GILMORE, 229½ Walnut St.

Feed Myself a New Man.

NATICK, Mass., June 1, 1872. Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir—Through the advice and earnest persuasion of Rev. E. S. Best, of this place, I have been taking VEGETINE for Dyspepsia, of which I have suffered for years. I have used only two bottles and already feel myself a new man. Respectfully,

DR. J. W. CARTER.

Report from a Practical Chemist and Apothecary.

BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1874.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have sold at retail 154½ dozen (1852 bottles) of your VEGETINE since April 12, 1870, and can truly say that it has given the best satisfaction of any remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended that I ever sold. Scarcely a day passes without some of my customers testifying to its merits on themselves and their friends. I am perfectly cognizant of several cases of Scrofulous Tumors being cured by Vegetine alone in this vicinity.

Very respectfully yours,

AL GILMAN, 468 Broadway, 51m

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56