

of had died at Mrs. Burkhardt's. Mr. Stanley had, his attorney owned, been frantic on receiving this news, and had immediately commenced preparations to come to this country, when he was taken worse. He had, however, left his affairs in perfect order, and his wishes clearly expressed.

"I was to make inquiries not only of Mrs. Burkhardt," the gentleman said, "but also of the physician and gentleman who attended Mrs. Pauller in her last illness; also any physician or clergyman in the neighborhood who might be supposed to know anything of the matter. I was to search the records of deaths—was even to examine the grave where the lady is said to be buried."

"There is then great importance attached to the fact of Mrs. Pauller's death?" the doctor asked quietly.

"Yes, sir," the lawyer replied, closely observing the effect of his words. "Mrs. Pauller was Mr. Stanley's first cousin, and, if living, by his death she becomes heiress to an immense fortune. The Hall in which she is said to have died was but a part of her inheritance."

Doctor Thayer colored slightly at this announcement, but spoke as quietly as before.

"I have no doubt that Mrs. Pauller died at Mrs. Burkhardt's house, as you have been told."

"And that her child died at the poorhouse, as also I have been told?" asked the attorney excitedly.

Doctor Thayer was silent.

The lawyer pushed his chair back from the table.

"I brought papers to satisfy Mrs. Burkhardt of my right to make inquiries," he said hastily. "But if you've anything to tell me you have a right to be more particular. Besides, she saw and knew me in town as her cousin's attorney. Will you go with me to the Hall, or into the city? where I can find some sureties, I think."

"I will go to town," the doctor said. "Pardon me if I am too careful," he added, with a slight smile. "As a lawyer, you cannot but own that I err on the right side. Socially I am satisfied. The hesitation is merely a technical one. There are persons who may suffer damage by what I have to tell you."

"No apology is necessary, sir," the other said heartily, impatient to be off.

"Mrs. Burkhardt must have been astonished to learn the relationship in which Mrs. Pauller stood to her," remarked the doctor, as the two went out.

"She was, sir, very much astonished," the other replied dryly. "She was so much astonished that she refuses to believe it."

"Mrs. Pauller is clearly traced?" was the next question, as they bowled over the ground toward the city. "You are sure of her identity?"

"Oh, yes! We knew all about her and her little girl, and had them fully identified. She had three children—two boys, who died, and this little girl, who was born a month after Mr. Pauller died. Pauller was a worthless sort of fellow, a musician, who ran away with Rose Stanley, thinking to make a fortune by it. Her father never forgave her, but died in a few years, leaving half his wealth to his nephew, the other half to public charities. The Stanleys are a stubborn race. My client was in love with his cousin."

Of course Doctor Thayer had to postpone his visit to the convent, and the next morning, as he rode through the sweet country roads, he recollected that his second visit was to be made on the anniversary of the first. It was just ten years that very day of June that he had taken his first stealthy morning drive with the child beside him.

He went over it all again in his mind, remembering even how she had watched from his horse up to the reins, from his reins to his hands, then up the sleeve till her bright glance had made its sudden leap to his face. So absorbed was he in this retrospection that he forgot the years that had passed, and as he went up the avenue that led to the convent, and saw a group of children playing on the terraces, he looked eagerly among them for Rose.

"Rose Blanche she was to be named," he thought, scanning them closely as he went up the steps.

"Is there any one here named Rose Blanche?" he asked of a bright little girl who stood near.

"There isn't any little girl of that name," the child said, smiling; "but there is Sister Rose Blanche."

Doctor Thayer's cheeks grew pale as he turned abruptly away, and ascended to the door. Full of those sweet, and recollections, his heart had leaped out to meet that child who had once so loved him.

It was a momentary shock to be forced to recollect that she was no longer a child, and that personally they were strangers; and it was a still greater shock to think that it might be too late, and that Rose might already have renounced that world which now offered

her so brilliant a future. It seemed to him an hour before the door opened—then he was impatient of that gentle, moderate way of the nuns, though he had formerly admired it; and when the superior came in, she found him, hat in hand, walking up and down the parlor.

"Madam!" he exclaimed, scarcely replying to her greeting. "I am consumed with anxiety. Has the child I left with you become a nun?"

"She will commence her novitiate next week," said the superior tranquilly.

"Thank God I am not too late!" he exclaimed.

Immediately apologizing for his abruptness, he begged the superior to be seated, and took a chair himself.

Their interview was a long one. It was not easy for the *religieuse* to give up one to whom she had become so warmly attached, and whom she regarded as likely to become a shining ornament in their order. On the other hand, the doctor was peremptory.

"After all, it is not for you and me, but for her, to decide," the nun said.—"But I could wish that she need never know of this."

"Would you deprive her of such advantages?" asked the gentleman, in surprise.

The superior smiled.—Continued.

OLD COINS.

DR. GEORGE S. COURTRIGHT, of Lithopolis, Ohio, has received from Dr. Robert Morris, the veteran Masonic Author and traveler, the following rare and valuable coins. These coins are registered in the chronicles of the American Association of Numismatics:

COIN NO. 16,124.

Augustus Cæsar, from B. C. 31 to A. D. 14, weight 250 grains Troy, black bronze, obverse, face to the left, crown radiate, no beard, bust not draped. Inscription translated: The deified Augustus the Father. Reverse—The deity Vesta, seated to the right on a square seat, the structure of which is easily seen. Her left foot is supported by a low stool. Her right hand resting on her lap, holds a patera (sacred dish), her left the wand of divinity. The field contains the letters S. C., Senatus Consulto, by decree of the Senate. Accompanying each coin is from one to two pages of remarks, which we have not the space to publish. Special interest attaches to the coins of Augustus because it was during his reign that Jesus was born.

COIN NO. 16,224.

Trojan, A. D. 98-117, weight 205 Troy grains, elegant golden bronze. Obverse, face to the right, crown radiate, shoulders draped. Few imperial heads looked better on metal than Trojan's. Reverse: A stately female standing full front looking to the left, with her right hand she points with a short staff to a globe on the ground at her feet. Her left hand holds *hasta pura* (headless spear), and her left elbow rests on a short column placed at her side. The whole group is exquisitely drawn. The date of the coin in the doctor's possession is about A. D. 116.

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COIN NO. 16,302.

Nero, Emperor of Rome, A. D. 54 to 68. Weight 218 Troy grains, patinated bronze. Obverse, face to the right, head laureate, beardless, bust undraped, pose of head and neck superb. Inscription translated: The Emperor Nero Claudius Cæsar. Reverse, an elegant crown of laurel enclosing the letters, S. C., Senatus Consulto, "By decree of the Senate." The date of the specimen is about A. D. 58.

COIN NO. 16,313.

Ptolemy VI, King of Egypt from B. C. 181 to 146. Weight 194 Troy grains, bronze in good condition. Obverse, head of Jupiter to the right, diademed, beardless. Reverse, an eagle stands with expanded wings, to the left in front is a shield. The attitude of the eagle is very lovely and grand. Remarks:—Coins of this 6th Ptolemy (Philometer) are valued by collectors. In his reign the Romans began to interfere with the affairs of Egypt. His daughter, Cleopatra, was the wife of Alexander Balas, of Syria, friend of Maccabees.

COIN NO. 16,334.

Theodosius the Great Emperor of Rome, A. D. 379 to 395. Weight 17 Troy grains, black bronze finely preserved. Obverse, face to the right, coronet of gems. He wears the pauldramentum on his shoulders. Reverse, victory hastening to the left dragging a captive by the hair of the head. In her right hand a laurel crown. Below it is a cross.

COIN NO. 16,351.

An autonomous coin of the city of Panormus, struck B. C. about 300.—Weight 58 Troy grains, bronze coin in fine condition. Obverse, face of the goddess Ceres to the left. Hair elaborately dressed and ornamented. Reverse, a horse standing to the right,

head erect and attitude graceful; behind it a palm tree.

COIN NO. 16,636.

Aurelian, Emperor of Rome, A. D. 270-275. Weight 140 Troy grains, red bronze, in splendid preservation. Obverse, face to the right. Laureate, bust draped. Reverse, the grand Bird of Lebanon, the Royal Eagle or Jove standing to the right on thunderbolts; in its beak a laurel wreath. In his remarks Dr. Morris says:

"I have traveled for weeks together through Syria and Palestine, having the great Lebanon eagle above me, and can testify to its appropriateness as an emblem of grandeur and dominion."

COIN NO. 16,810.

Licinius, Emperor of Rome, A. D. 307 to 323. Weight 29 Troy grains, bronze coin, much abraded. Obverse, face to the right, head laureate, paludated. Reverse, Jupiter standing to the right, holding in his right hand a Victoriola, and in the left an unarmed spear with an object on top. At his feet on the right an eagle with a crown in its beak. On the left a captive seated on the ground.

COIN NO. 17,109.

Constantine the Great, Emperor of Rome, A. D. 306 to 337. Weight 36 Troy grains, bronze coin in good condition; a first-class monument. Obverse, face to the right, head laureate, paludated. Reverse, Apollo standing to the left holding in his left hand a victory, and with his right pointing upward, as if to the Meridian sun. From his left arm depends a cloak.

Remarks—Although this far-seeing and astute prince had adopted the Christian faith and was its firm defender, yet (perhaps for State reasons) he retained the pagan symbols upon his coinage and particularly this of Apollo.

COIN NO. 17,633.

A coin of Theodosius the Great, 50th Emperor of Rome, A. D. 379 to 395.—Weight 70 Troy grains, bronze coin in fair condition. Obverse, face of the Emperor to the right, wears diademed crown, paludated. Reverse, the Emperor standing to the right, holding in the left a globe.

Remarks—The labarum or sacred banner took the place in Christian times of the older standard. It contains a Christian cross.

An Adventure in New Caledonia.

A CORRESPONDENT of the San Francisco "Bulletin" thus writes: One of the wealthiest settlers in New Caledonia is a gentleman from Australia we will call him Mr. Brown for short—who went there some ten or twelve years ago with but a small capital, and has become enormously rich by raising cattle for the markets of Noumea.

Mr. Brown was his way through the bush from one of his outlying cattle stations to another, when he lost his way entirely; wandered about until nightfall, and then came upon a large native village. Here he was hospitably entertained, well fed, and most deferentially treated by the great chief whose village it was—the chief Atai, I think, whom some persons regard as the chief mover and leader of this year's revolt against the French. Atai was all courtesy to his white guest, and when night had fully come conducted him himself in state to the hut set apart for his night's repose.

Fortunately, Mr. Brown was acquainted with the customs of the country, and among them, knew the common method of putting an end to travelers preparatory to feasting upon them. It is as follows:

The traveler is kindly received, nothing occurs to shake his confidence in his host; he is allotted a cabin to himself to sleep in. The native huts have usually but one opening, which serves as door and window both. When the traveler is supposed to be well settled in his cabin, this one entrance is set on fire.—Being thatched and made altogether of light wood it burns very readily, and the traveler is cooked as well as killed. Then the feast begins.

Being acquainted with these details of New Caledonia life, Mr. Brown knew the cabin to which the venerable Atai so courteously led him might probably become for him both a tomb and a cooking-stove unless his wits could save him. He entered the cabin of the chief, meeting courtesy with courtesy, till they were both fairly within. Then Brown, in the prime of life and athletic, Atai old and infirm, the Englishman knew that he was more than a match for the savage.

He closed the door within the hut, planted his back firmly against it, and sitting thus with his hand on his revolver and his other weapons ostentatiously displayed, continued his conversation with the chief.

The situation remained unchanged through the night. A terrible night it was, no doubt, for the Englishman, and almost as bad for the old chief, who again and again requested permission to

withdraw. Mr. Brown as frequently declaring he could not part with him—he should not feel safe except in his company.

When daylight was fully come, Mr. Brown felt assured that Atai would not venture to allow his people openly to attack an individual so well-known in the settlements as himself, and both issuing forth together from the hut, he gladly accepted the escort of a native guide, and was safely conducted to the French settlements, where his adventure was the theme of considerable interest.

A Singular Courtship.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in a recent letter from Greenfield Conn., relates the following interesting incident of its early history: Rev. Stephen Mix made a journey to Northampton in 1696, in search of a wife. He arrived at Rev. Solomon Stoddard's, informed him of the object of his visit, and that the pressure of home duties required the utmost dispatch. Mr. Stoddard took him into the room where his daughters were, and introduced him to Mary, Esther, Christiana Sarah, Rebecca and Hannah, and then retired. Mr. Mix, addressing Mary, the eldest daughter, said he had lately been settled at Wethersfield, and was desirous of obtaining a wife, and concluded by offering her his heart and hand. She blushing replied that so important a proposition required time for consideration. He rejoined that he was pleased that she asked for reflection, and in order to afford her the needed opportunity to think of his proposal, he would step into the next room and smoke a pipe with her father, and she could report to him. Having smoked his pipe and sent a message to Miss Mary that he was ready for her answer, she came in and asked for further time for consideration. He replied that she could reflect still longer on the subject, and send her answer by letter to Wethersfield. In a few weeks he received her reply, which is probably the most laconic epistle ever penned. Here is the model letter, which was soon followed by a wedding:

"NORTHAMTON, 1696.
Rev. Stephen Mix—Yes.
MARY STODDARD."

The matrimonial mixture took place on the 1st of December, 1696, and proved to be compounded of most congenial elements.

The Ugliest Man.

The late George Lewes was so dreadfully homely, that several amusing stories have been related at his expense. One of them is as follows:

He was sitting one night at a tavern, when a stranger, not remarkable for personal beauty, came up and begged his acceptance of a handsome snuff-box. "But my dear sir," observed Mr. Lewes, "I cannot accept such a valuable gift from one unknown to me." "Have no hesitation on that account, sir," replied the donor, "the box is yours. I will tell you how I became possessed of it, and you shall judge for yourself. A friend of mine, dying, left me the snuff-box as a legacy. "I give and bequeath to my friend, So-and-So, believing him to be the ugliest man in the world, my silver-gilt snuff-box; but, if he can discover any man uglier than himself, it is my wish—he being agreed—that the said box shall pass from his possession into that of the uglier man, and so on until the actual ugliest man in the world shall become its actual possessor." So for as I recollect, those were the terms of my friend's will. You will agree, sir, under the circumstances, that the box belongs to you."

Both on the Same Road.

A drunkard is called "a bloat," "a sot," "a wretch," "a runaway," "a wreck." A moderate drinker is called "a social, genial gentleman—a man who will not let his appetite get the better of manhood." The moderate drinker himself heaps anathemas upon the drunkard, and even takes a complacent pride in telling him how he abhors a "sot." What right has an apprentice to make fun or despise a journeyman? What right has the hindmost of two men traveling the same road to make light of or abhor the man ahead? The moderate drinker says he takes but a glass to arouse a happy feeling; the drunkard says he takes but two to do the same thing, having passed the point where one would do. How long will it take to learn that there is but one law controlling the use of ardent spirits, and that the law of increase?

A Good Account.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."

"JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. N." 22

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