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## Steve. Gaskill's Apprenticeship.

THE following true incident was brought to my remembrance while listening to the rebellious words of a young man who could not see his father's wisdom in desiring him to learn a trade.

"It will make a common man of me, father," he said querulously; "I shall be as dirty as a blacksmith and have hands like a coal heaver."

"And if you think, Fred, that wearing fine clothes and having white hands makes you a gentleman, let me tell you, sir, that you are a very common man to begin with. A good trade might help you to truer notions of gentlemanhood."

Then he looked at the handsome young man—for he was handsome—and I thought just now of Steve Gaskill. Steve had made his mark now, but many years ago I heard just such a talk between him and old Josiah Gaskill, relative to the young man, learning his father's trade of a wool stapler.

"It's a dirty business, father," said the splendid Steve, in full evening dress, "and I hate the smell of oil and the sight of those men in blue linen blouses. I hope that I shall do something better for myself than that."

"Very well, lad, what is it thou'd fain to be?"

"A lawyer, father."

"They're naught but a lazy, quarrelsome set; but thou shalt not say that I stood in the gate. Be a lawyer; and I'll speak to Denham to-morrow about thee."

So young Steve was articled to Denham & Downess to study law, especially conveyancing. He had three sisters, and over them and his mother he exercised supreme influence.

Whatever Steve did was right, whatever he said was beyond dispute. Even old Josiah with all his sound sense, was in spite of himself swayed by the undisputed acknowledgement of Steve's superiority. He would not have advised his son to be a lawyer, but seeing that Steve was not afraid to be one, he was rather proud of the lad's pluck and ambition.

It cost them a good deal. Steve's tastes were expensive and he fell naturally among a class of men who led him into many extravagances. There were occasionally awkward scenes, but Steve, supported by his mother and sisters, always cleared every scrape and finally satisfied the family pride by being regularly admitted upon the roll of her majesty's attorneys.

In the meantime his father had been gradually failing in health; soon after this he died. Most of his savings had been secured for the helpless women of the Gaskill family. Steve now found himself with a profession and a thousand pounds to give him a fair start in it. People said old Gaskill had acted very wisely, and Steve had sense enough to acquiesce in public opinion. He knew, too, that as long as his mother and sisters had a shilling they would share it with him.

So he hopefully opened an office in his native town of Leeds, and waited for clients. But Yorkshire men are proverbially cautious; a young lawyer was not their ideal. Steve could not look crafty and wise under any circumstances, and that first year he did not make enough to pay his rent.

Nevertheless, he did not in any way curtail his expenses; and when the summer holidays arrived, he went as usual to a fashionable watering place. It happened that he saw the debut of Miss Elizabeth Braithwaite, a great heiress and a very handsome girl. Steve was attracted by her beauty, and her great wealth was not a drawback in his eye. In a short time he perceived that Miss Braithwaite favored him above all other pretenders to her hand, and he began to consider the advantages of a rich wife.

His profession hitherto had been a failure; his one thousand pounds were nearly spent; his three sisters were all on the point of marriage, a condition which might modify their sisterly instincts, and his mother's income would not support him a month—wouldn't it be the best plan to accept the good fortune so evidently within his reach?

Elizabeth was handsome and inclined to favor him, and though she had the reputation of being authoritative in temper and economical in money matters, he did not doubt that she would finally acknowledge his power as completely as his mother and sisters, so he set himself to win Miss Braithwaite, and before Christmas they were married.

True, he had been compelled to give up a great deal more than he had liked, but he promised himself plenty of post-marital compensations. Elizabeth insisted on keeping her own house, and as Steve had really no house to offer her, he must needs go to Braithwaite hall as the husband of its proprietress. She insisted on his removing his office to Braithwaite a small village, offering none of the advantages for killing time which a large village like Leeds did; and she had all money scrupulously settled on herself for her own use and under her control.

Steve felt very much as though his wife had bought him, but for a little while the eclat of marrying an heiress, the bridal festivities and foreign travel compensated for the loss of freedom. But when they returned to Braithwaite, life showed a far more prosaic side. Mrs. Gaskill's economical disposition became particularly offensive to Steve. She inquired closely into his business and did not scruple to make unpleasant witty remarks about his income. She rapidly developed, too, an authoritive disposition, against which Steve daily more and more rebelled. The young couple were soon very unhappy.

The truth was that a great transition was taking place in Steve's mind, and times of transition are always times of unrest and misery. The better part of his nature was beginning to claim a hearing. He had now seen all that good society could show him; he had tasted all the pleasures money could buy, and he was unhappy.

She had no ennui and no dissatisfaction with herself. There were her large houses to oversee, her garden and conservatories, her servants and charity schools, her toilet and whole colony of pet animals. Her days were too short for all the small interests that filled the day; and these interests she would willingly have shared with Steve, but to him they soon became intolerable bores.

Under such circumstances he might have found his work in the ordering and investigation of his wife's large estate, but Elizabeth was far too cautious to trust her business to untried hands. Her father's agent was her agent; her banker managed all her investments; her parks and farms and gardens were all under the management of old and experienced servants, who looked upon Steve merely as "Missie's husband."

In the second year of his marriage he began to have some thoughts which would have astonished his wife, could she have thought it worth while to inquire what occupied his mind in the long hours when he paced the shrubbery, or sat silently looking out of the window. But Steve was now ready for any employment that would take him out of the purposely dependent life which he had so foolishly chosen for himself.

One day geatly to his surprise Elizabeth said to him:

"Steve, I have a letter from a cousin of mother's who lives in Glasgow. She is going to Australia and wants me to buy her home. She says it is a great bargain and I wrote to Barret to go and see about it. I have a letter this morning saying he is too ill to leave his bed. I wonder if you could go and attend to it."

Any thing for a change, Steve showed a very proper business-like interest, and said:

"Yes, I would be very glad to go."

"Very well; I should think you knew enough of titles and deeds and conveyancing and all that sort of thing. I will trust the affair to you, Steve."

So next morning Steve found himself on the Caledonia line, with £100 in his pocket and a valuable business on hand. The first twenty miles out of Leeds he enjoyed with all the abandon of a bird set free. Then he began to think again. At Crewe he missed the train, and he wandered about the station, and fell in talking with the engineer of the next one, who was cleaning and examining the engine with all the love and pride a mother gives her favorite child.

The two men fraternized at once, and Steve made a trip over the Caledonia line in the engineer's small cuddy. He was a fine young fellow, "one of seven," "all engineers and machinists;" he was only serving his time, learning every branch of the business practically; he had brothers who made engines and he hoped to so some time.

In spite of his soiled face and oily clothes, Steve recognized that refinement that comes with education; and when his new friend called upon him at the Queen's Hotel he would not be ashamed of his appearance in the most fastidious days.

"Mr. Dalrymple, I am glad to see you," said Steve, holding out both hands.

"I thought you would be here sir; it is not often I make mistakes in my likings. I will go with you now to see my father's works, if it suits you.

Never had such a place entered Stephen Gaskill's conception; the immense furnaces, the hundreds of giants working around them, the clang of machinery, the mighty struggle of wind and matter, of intellect over the inanimate. He envied those cyclops in their leathern masks and aprons; He longed to lift their heavy hammers. He looked upon the craftsmen with their bare brawney arms and blackened hands, and felt his heart glow with admiration when he saw the mighty work those hands had fashioned. The tears were in his eyes when Dalrymple and he parted at the gate of the great walled in yard.

"Thank you," he said, "you have done me the greatest possible service. I shall remember it."

That night Steve formed a strange but noble resolution. First of all he devoted himself to his wife's business, and accomplished it in a manner that elicited Mr. Barret's great praise and made Elizabeth wonder if she might not spare her agent's fees for the future. Then he had a long confidential talk with the owner of the Dalrymple iron and machine works, the result of which was the following letter to Mrs. Gaskill:

MY DEAR WIFE—I shall not be at home again for at least two years, for I have begun an apprenticeship to Dalrymple as an iron master. I propose to learn the process practically, I have lived too long upon your bounty, for I have lost your esteem as well my own, and I do not say but that I have deserved the loss. Please God I will redeem my wasted past, and with His help make a man of myself. When I am worthy to be your husband you will respect me, and until then think as kindly as possible of

STEPHEN GASKILL.

The letter struck the first noble chord in Elizabeth's heart. From that hour even her favorite maid dared not make little compassionate sneers at "poor master."

Steve, in leather apron and coarse working clothes, began laborious, happy days, which brought him nights of sweetest sleep, and Elizabeth began a series of letters to her husband which probably grew more imbued with the tenderest interest and respect. In a few weeks she visited him of her own free will, and purposely going to the works she saw her half-banished lord wielding a ponderous hammer upon a bar of white hot iron.

Swarthy, bare-armed, clothed in leather, he had never looked so handsome in Elizabeth's eyes, and her eyes revealed this fact to Steve for in them was the tender light of love founded upon genuine respect. Steve deserved it. He wrought faithfully out his two years' service, cheered by his wife's letters and visits, and when he came out of the Dalrymple works there was no more finished iron master than he.

He held his head up frankly now, and looked fortune boldly in the face; he could earn his living anywhere, and better than all he had couquered his wife—won her esteem, and compelled her to acknowledge a physical and moral purpose better than her own.

Between Leeds and Braithwaite hall there have been for many years gigantic iron works. The mills and railroads on the West Riding know them well; their work is known for its excellence, for the master is a practical machinist and overlooks every detail. The profits are enormous, and Stephen Gaskill, the proprietor, is also the well-beloved and respected master of Braithwaite and of Braithwaite hall's mistress.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

MRS. CHILD, in her work advocating the abolition of capital punishment, gives a notice of two cases in which circumstantial evidence led to the execution of wrong parties.

A few years ago a poor German came to New York and took lodgings where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day the German came into the kitchen with a clasp knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in more altercation than usual; but he sat with his back toward them, and, being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their dispute. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand and plunged it into her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore in the most positive terms that he had been fighting with her husband and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused and the real criminal swore unhesitatingly that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, whose conviction of the man's innocence was so painfully strong that from that day he has refused to have any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event the woman died, and on her death-bed confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from the tardy repentance; society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong.

Many readers will doubtless recollect the tragical fate of Burton, in Missouri, on which a novel was founded, that still continues in the libraries. A young lady, belonging to a genteel and very proud family in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton, but unfortunately her affections were fixed on another less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited; her family were proud; and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honor. Misled by this false popular sentiment and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery by death. But she kept her secret so well that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols and practiced with them daily. Mr. Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked coldly upon her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favorable opportunity and shot her betrayer when no one was near to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well-known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested, but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before the execution he endeavored to cut his throat, but his life was saved for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded, he was hoisted to the gallows before the gaze of a Christian community.

The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honor was in accordance with public sentiment. Her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so brutally treated treated excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the records of her memory.

## BROTHER GARDNER ON EDUCATION.

"IT AM not edication dat makes de man, any mo' dan it am de harness dat makes de hoss. I daily meet enthusiasts on this subjeck. I know white men who emagine dat a son's fuchur am all serenely settled as soon as he can write fo' lines of Latin an' translate six lines of Greek. I know cull'd men who have worked night an' day an' no' ol' clothes an' libed on nuffin to cram der boys full of educashun. It am true dat de more educashun we have de less vice we have, but doan go too fur. America stands to-day in de front rank of nashuns, an' yit her leadin' men am not her college graduates. Take de men in Detroit who were educated de mos' an' your h'ar de less' of dem. Dey am not at de head of our big factories, in our big stores, or planin' an' carrin' out our big enterprises. Mo' dan five hundred college an' high-school graduates am book-keepin' an' sto'-clerkin' in dis werry city on sailaries of less dan $20 a week. Fin' me a college graduate among de merchants. Fin' me one along de ribber front. Fin' me one among de ship-owners. Fin' me one among de tobacconists. Does a college educashun direct de affairs of our big stove works, our locomotive works or our dozen railroads?

"I tell you, my friends, a boy wid hoss sense in his head to begin on, tempered up with two or three y'ars of union school educashun, will make his way where a college graduate can't go. Our mos' successful business men am almos' self educated. Men who never saw a college have invented our reapers, mowers, sewing-machines, an' labor-savin' machinery. Men wid deestrick school educashuns have built our biggest ships, an' planned our grandest enterprises. Star-gazin' poetry an' philosophy am well 'nuff, but it has been native genius an' business push, which made dis kentry what it am.

"Fust feel of your boys an' see if de Lawd gin 'em any hoss sense. If he did, it am your duty to develop an' direct it. If he didn't de only way to prevent men from callin' dem fules an' idiots am to pack 'em off to college an' stuff 'em so full of Greek, Latin, Oratory, ancient history an' classical slop dat some of it will spill ober whenever dey open der moufs.

☞ "Does it, after all, pay to be honest?" a disappointed young man writes. No, my son, not if you are honest for pay, it doesn't. Not if you are honest merely because you think it will pay; not if you're honest only because you're afraid to be a rogue; indeed, my dear boy, it does not pay to be honest that way. If you can't be honest because you hate a lie and scorn a mean action; if you can't be honest from principle, be a rascal; that's what you are intended for, and you'll probably succeed at it. But you can't make anybody believe in honesty that is bought and sold like merchandise.

☞ Put a rich man on mule-back and the mule will throw him just as quickly as he would a beggar.