

OUR PROSPECTS;

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY

MORITZ LOTH.

"Transcat in exemplum."

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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
JOSEPH LOTH, Esq.,
OF
NEW YORK,
WITH GREAT REGARD,
BY HIS AFFECTIONATE, LOVING BROTHER,
MORITZ LOTH.
CINCINNATI, October 24, 1870.

PREFACE.

WHY is it that in this world of plenty there should be so much want, suffering, and misery? Why is it that with all the wisdom with which God has endowed men, there should be so much cruelty, so much viciousness and wholesale murder and devastation?

This shows, evidently, that society is not well organized, that the education of the people is very defective, and the example set before the masses, by those whom circumstances have placed at the head of affairs, is deplorably demoralizing.

Seeing this, and feeling for my fellow-men, I have, notwithstanding that *I am a merchant and actively engaged in business throughout the day*, devoted my leisure hours, to point out with my pen, the mistakes of life, and the errors of society, in sketches which I have contributed to several prominent newspapers, under the *nom de plume* "Milotiz," as "The Miser's Fate;" "My Old Umbrella;" "The Plain Truth," etc., which were, as I am informed, highly appreciated. Being published only in newspapers, which are generally destroyed, or filed away, my "*Tales*," with their defects and merits, were lost to the reading public at large, which has induced me to issue, in *book* form, my latest production.

"Our Prospects, a Tale of Real Life," endeavors to illustrate "the true aims of life;" to show distinctly the consequences of the great extravagance and vanity now existing; to indicate clearly why marriages decrease and divorces increase; why there is so much casualty among infants; why virtue is on the decline and vice advances with giant steps.

To check and remedy these evils, this book has been written, and is respectfully laid before the public by the

AUTHOR.

OUR PROSPECTS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

ON one of the fashionable avenues stands a grand palatial residence, occupied by one of the oldest aristocratic families, and many a humble pedestrian who passes that splendid mansion exclaims, rapturously: "What a beautiful house! Look at its grand proportions, its massive, richly chiseled stone front; the broad stairway, the large artistically carved front door; the lofty, ornamented windows, with the heavy French plate, adorned inside with real lace curtains; while flowers meet the view on every side of the imposing premises. How happy the people must be who live there!"

It is near noon. An elegant carriage, drawn by a pair of young, restless bays, in costly harness, wheels before the residence; the coachman sits erect, clothed in comfortable clothes, with white buck gauntlets, and the bandage of servitude around his hat—that was the objectionable part of the gay appointment.

The horses pawed restlessly and the coachman looks slyly at the door, for he is kept waiting for some time. At last the panel door opens, and three full grown young ladies appear, dressed *super elegantly*. Everything seems to match and correspond well; the whole combination is an artistical success. They feel it, and look at each other admiringly.

Slowly they descend the steps; there is none on the threshold to see them off, for the door closed quickly after them.

"Where will we take our morning ride?" asked one of the girls, adjusting her fur-top gloves, leisurely.

"The ground is frozen and the air nice and clear, suppose we order to drive on the Linden road, and back by Park avenue."

"Agreed!" exclaimed the other young ladies, "that is a good long ride, and by the time we come back dinner will be ready."

"And the parlors cleaned," added the third.

They all smiled at that remark, and the oldest gave the order:

"Tom, drive out to Linden road, and back by Park avenue. You need not drive fast through the city."

Tom tipped his hat, closed the door after the ladies were seated, and drove as directed.

The young ladies looked out from the carriage, not to see, but to be seen.

"How glad am I that they are gone," said the mother of the young ladies to herself. "I am tired from waiting on them, and nearly worn out from listening to their thousand wants and desires; how they tease me, from morning until night!" She placed her hand to her forehead and exclaimed: "What a burden it is to a mother to have three full grown daughters in the house; what an oppressing care and anxiety to marry them to the right man!" and with these words she threw herself on the sofa, weary and troubled in her mind. But she soon arose and said: "No, I can not afford to rest: to-morrow is New Year's day, the parlors are to be cleaned; I told the servant girls to do it, and I must see whether they are at it."

Entering the parlors, she had the satisfaction of seeing her hired girls, with up-rolled sleeves, hard at work.

"That is right," said she, in a patronizing tone. "Do it good, we expect a good many calls to-morrow."

"Yes, madam," was the short response.

There was something harsh in that "yes, madam," and the mistress readily perceived that the girls were angry and discontented. "What could be the reason," thought she; "no, I must not question, it would make it only worse, and it would be a calamity if they would take it into their heads to pack up and leave; who would then clean the parlors, sweep and dust the hall? Neither of my daughters, Agnes, Myra or Blanche, could do it. What a catastrophe, if those servants should go away; to avert it I will go out so as not to come in contact with them." Acting upon these thoughts she went to her dressing room, changed her attire and soon left the house.

Reaching the street, and feeling the fresh, invigorating air she paused and asked herself, "Where shall I go?" She had hardly time to answer the question when an elderly gentleman approached and greeted her.

"Good morning, my daughter; how do you do?"

"Good morning, grandpapa; I am well, thank you, how is your health?"

"I never felt better," answered the old gentleman, heartily. "How is my son?"

"Mr. Hunting was well when he left for his business this morning."

"Mr. Hunting?" repeated the old gentlemen. "Why do you call your husband in my presence Mr. Hunting; why not call him Edward, or my Eddy, as you used to call him?"

The wife blushed and made no answer.

"How are your daughters? Have you received any letters from your sons?"

"My daughters are not quite well. They took a ride for the benefit of their health. I have received a letter from Charley, he is still in Maine, skating on the lakes; but no news as yet from Augustus. I am very uneasy and hope that nothing happened to his ship."

"I calculate that you will receive a letter from him this

week. But where are you going?" asked the patriarch, inquisitively.

"I am on my way to the confectioner to buy a New Year's cake."

"Why buy a cake of the confectioner? Why not have your daughters to make one?"

"My daughters to make a cake!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunting. "My daughters have never learned to make cakes. They have enough to do with their Latin, Greek and French studies, and their music and drawing lessons. Dear me, my daughters to make a cake!"

"Then the *prospects* are, that when they get married, and their husbands' circumstances will be such as not to permit to buy a cake at the confectionary, that they will be obliged to do without cake and other home-comforts which a wife has to provide. I must speak to you about this," remarked the grandfather. "I will go to your house and wait till you come back."

"Do, please," said the daughter-in-law; and each went their way.

"I could not help blushing," said Mrs. Hunting to herself, "when father-in-law reproached me for calling my husband Mr. Hunting, and not by his given name, Edward or Eddy, as I used to. But he, too, calls me of late Mrs. Hunting, and not Kate or Kid, which was his pet name. Why is it that we are growing so cold and distant? It must be the luring desire of my husband to grow still wealthier, and my ambition to outshine all of my neighbors. It is a strife in which all our senses and nerves are strained to the utmost capacity. We take not the *time to love and reflect* on anything else. That is our goal. Is it a worthy one?"

With these words on her lips, she reached the confectionary. The proprietor observing her entrance, whispered to the salesman: "Let me wait on her. I know her weak points. I will sell her more and with a bigger profit."

With a very respectful bow, the producer of confectionery remarked: "To your service, madam."

"I want a New Year's cake, something very pretty, of a new design that has not yet been seen; something that everybody has not got."

"I am very sorry that madam did not come a day sooner, as my most elaborate New Year's cakes are sold. At no other season have we been so successful with our New Year's cakes, as this year. Permit me to show you two cakes which I have made to order." Stepping to another showcase, he uncovered two richly ornamented cakes, with a self-satisfied air.

"They are beautiful cakes, the prettiest I ever have seen; they are just what I want. Can you make the same, and deliver them in time?" exclaimed Mrs. Hunting.

"I could not, madam; the ornamenting requires a great deal of time."

"Now suppose you sell these cakes to me, and make two others, not quite so ornamented," observed Mrs. Hunting, archly.

"I don't see how I could do it; they are intended for Mrs. La Monte. She ordered two cakes for fifty dollars, and left the design entirely to me. She wishes something very handsome, as she expects a visit of two Counts from Paris, relatives of the family—but," looking at his watch, "it is only eleven," said he, and I think that I can make two other cakes, not quite so artistic in design, but which will also look well. It is fortunate that Lady La Monte has not yet seen these cakes, and that I am thus enabled to accommodate you. When do you wish to have them sent home?"

"Immediately," commanded Mrs. Hunting, for fear that Mrs. La Monte might see them, and persuade the accommodating confectioner to let her have the cakes, and that she would thus be deprived of having the handsomest New Year's cake in the city.

"Allow me, madam, to recommend to you some of my wines, imported expressly for the New Year's table. It is the genuine Tokay and Johannisberger of the Prince of Metternich's estate. I have sold to our first families of the

Tokay, at sixty dollars a dozen bottles; but the Johannisberger, the very finest wine in the market, costing eighty-five dollars a dozen, was entirely disregarded. New Year's callers ought to be treated with the *best* of wine by those who can afford it. Shall I send madam a case of each as a sample?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunting, lost in thought. If other rich families will furnish Tokay, it will not do for Mrs. Hunting to offer only Catawba or Rhine wines."

"Is there anything else that I could furnish for the New Year's feast?" asked the subtle proprietor, very politely.

"Nothing more. Be sure to send the cakes, the Tokay, and the Prince Metternich's wine, home soon."

"In one hour it shall be delivered," and with a very smiling countenance he closed the door after his wealthy customer, remarking to his employees, "It is lucky that the husband of that lady has the talent to make plenty of money; else the *prospects* are that they would end their *old days* in the poor-house."

Mrs. Hunting felt very happy that she had succeeded in securing the two cakes intended for Mrs. La Monte, a formidable rival of display, one not easily to be outdone—"but this time she will have the advantage in the show of New Year's cakes. Could she only manage to have the two Counts call at her house on New Year's day, see the grand cakes, and taste of the celebrated Tokay and Prince Metternich's estate wine, her happiness would be complete. But how manage to get those Counts to her residence? If Charley would be here, he could do it, for he has talent to mingle in gay company. I will telegraph for him. But no, it is too late; and beside that, it is best to leave him among the snow-clad mountains of Maine, where his chances for squandering money are not so great. His father deplores his extravagant habits. He calls him the leech of his purse. But I hope he will reform, and also give up the whim of paying court to one of my servant girls, the best I ever had." A heavy sigh

escaped from her troubled heart, and she stepped in a fruit store to buy some Malaga grapes.

Grandfather Hunting pulled the bell pretty lively at the front door of his son's residence, but no one appeared to answer the call. "So it is," said he, somewhat out of patience, "all the daughters out riding for the benefit of their health, instead of working, and the mistress also away buying cakes which ought to be baked at home, and thus the servants all by themselves in the house, and a man can freeze really to death outside, before they open the door. But let me see: all the latch-keys are nowadays made of one pattern, perhaps my night-key will fit this lock." Applying it, the door opened readily; he entered the hall and seated himself, unobserved, before the hot-air furnace.

The girls were yet in the parlors, not working, but talking.

"I tell you, Augustine, it is more than unreasonable, it is a shame, for three full grown girls to take a pleasure ride, and leave us to clean the parlor for them, to receive their company, when they know the very large washing and ironing that we have to do this week. I tell you, to wash and iron those narrow-plaited white skirts, and to flute them, makes my arms ache; and they will not help in the kitchen, either. I have a good mind, when my week is up, to pack my trunk and look for another place."

"Ellen, do not do that: it gives a girl a bad character to change so often, and you can not tell whether you will do better; if the work is hard, let the pay be good; be good-natured, do all you can do, and ask the mistress for higher wages. If she is satisfied with your work and your behavior, she will gladly pay you all you ask; then save your earnings until you have a nice little sum, and commence a little candy and pop-corn store," observed Augustine, earnestly.

"You Germans are always for money making, while we Irish do not care so much for money as our rights. Is it right for the misses to take a ride to-day and leave us to

clean the parlors, when they know the big job of washing and ironing we have on hand?"

"I admit," answered Augustine, "that it is not quite right; but they are in a position to do very much as they please, and they *do* as they please."

"That is just like you; you always take their part," observed Ellen, shaking her head. "I really believe that you have set your cap for Charley Hunting, and consider yourself one of the family."

"Why, Ellen, how can you talk that way to me! Have you ever seen that I did with a word, a look, or action, try to win the good graces of that young man; if anything, I avoided his presence, and if he lingered where we worked, I lectured him, like a good mother would an idle son, who does nothing but spend money and get in all kinds of scrapes. *I despise an idler*, be he young or old. I consider idlers the most dangerous beings to the welfare of society. I can not respect them, and I never will love a man whom I can not respect. The *prospects* are, whoever marries Charley Hunting, or a man of his habits, will lead a woeful life. A thousand times better to live and die an old maid, than marry a man of that degraded stamp, even if they are clothed in fashionable clothes and surrounded by wealth."

This was said with so much energy that Ellen exclaimed:

"Augustine, stop! Say nothing more, for my Patrick goes occasionally on a spree, and you could convince me that it is wrong and would be best for me to break off with him, but it would break my heart. I love Patrick with all his faults, and will go it blind."

"Everybody does according to his inclination and understanding," observed Augustine, sadly, as she resumed the cleaning of the grand mirror.

Ellen, too, commenced to work, scrubbing vigorously the stone before the fireplace. She stopped occasionally and looked at her fellow-servant, with admiring and envious eyes.

"Augustine," said she, in an affectionate tone; "look in

the mirror and see how beautiful you are. I never have seen a girl of such splendid figure. You are just of the right height. Your waist is narrow, your bosom full, your neck queenly, your arms round and dimpled, your hands, notwithstanding their hard work, are small and beautifully shaped; your brow is high, your cheeks rosy, and your lips red as coral, your teeth are like pearls, and your wealth of hair with its golden hue, your brilliant complexion, and your large dark-blue eyes, with their celestial light, speak of purity and kindness. You will, one of these days, be a grand lady, and I have no doubt a good one."

"Ellen, you are quite a flatterer," remarked Augustine. "I am not half as beautiful as you paint me. The little personal attractions that I possess, I attribute to the physical exertions which I make, and to the thoughts which occupy my mind, endeavoring to render them pure and noble, just as my mother always taught me. God bless my mother! Her lessons to me are of incalculable value: they consoled me and still cheer me in my hours of trial. Every day I am more convinced how well she understood human motives, human weakness; how easy it is to go astray and fall; how difficult to come back to the right path, and rise to an honorable position. '*Beware of the first false step*,' said she, 'and nothing will aid you so much in avoiding it, as a constant occupation; have a calling, be it ever so humble, but let it be considered *honest* by all men; work diligently, work gladly; thank God that you know how to work, and that you have work.'

"See, Ellen," continued Augustine, a smile beaming on her beautiful, intellectual face, "you grumble because you have so much work to do; yet it never occurred to you, that you owe to that very work your excellent health and vital strength; and that renders you, even without education, a good, sensible girl. It really gives me pleasure to see your good appetite."

"Yes, Augustine, you are right there, I am a very hearty eater," and both the girls laughed.

"Have you ever noticed," said Augustine, moving the chair to another mirror which she commenced wiping carefully, "how very little our young ladies eat. The best the market affords is brought to the house. I take special care to cook everything savory, and it is served in an inviting manner, still they hardly touch it. The little they do eat does not agree with them. What is the cause? Nothing, but that they do not take sufficient exercise; *they do not work*, and that is the reason that they grow weak and are continually ailing. They are the best customers doctors can have."

"That's it," ejaculated Ellen. "They are sufficiently punished for their laziness, and that also explains to me why their hair does not grow as thick and long as yours and mine. That is also the reason why they must have false —." She could not finish her sentence—a loud knock was heard on the front door.

"Ellen, please go and answer the call," requested Augustine.

Ellen opened the door, and the letter carrier stood before her. "Are you asleep in there. I have been ringing the bell and knocking for half an hour."

"We are in the parlor, and that is the reason we could not hear the bell. What have you?"

"A letter for 'Fräulein Augustine Müller,' no postage."

Ellen took the letter and hurried to her friend, exclaiming joyously: "Augustine! a letter for you from Germany, no postage to be paid."

"A letter for me from home and the postage pre-paid! That is a good omen!" She jumped from the chair, the shock unloosened her hair, which fell in great profusion around her shoulders. Standing erect, and grasping the precious letter with great eagerness, she looked truly beautiful, and fascinating, as she devoured the contents of that letter. Gradually, the color of her face changed to a deadly hue. She pressed her hand to her heart and fell lifeless on the floor.

Ellen, greatly alarmed, uttered a shriek of distress, and called loudly, help! help! Wringing her hands in despair,

she cried: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and all holy saints, what shall I do?"

The grandfather who had been still unobserved in the hall, quickly stepped into the parlor, and at a glance comprehended the situation. "Girl, don't make so much noise," said he, calmly; "But bring me, as quick as you can, a pitcher of cold water and some brandy."

The girl did as directed, and the old gentleman applied the restoratives in quick succession. Slowly animation returned, and in a few minutes, with the aid of Ellen and the kind-hearted old Mr. Hunting, Augustine was able to reach her room. "I am *unwell*," said she, in a faint voice. "I must lay down and rest."

"Do," said the grandfather. He was about giving the order that a fire should be made in the grate or stove, when to his great chagrin he noticed that the room was not provided with either grate or stove. "What a niggardly furnished room this here is! What a poor bed!" feeling the hard mattress and the scanty covering. "They spend thousands of dollars to furnish their parlors and reception room nowadays, but not so many cents for the servant girl's room. That is a bed," said he, to himself, "not fit for a dog to rest on, stay here," said he to Ellen, and assist your room-mate. "I will explain all to the mistress when she comes."

"Yes, sir," answered Ellen, willingly. She then began to undress the weak and still fainting girl, and while unlacing the shoestrings and garter, she kindly remarked: "You better leave on your stockings to keep your feet warm; let me help you to put on your flannel night-gown. I am glad it is so long, let me wrap it around you. Your hair is loose and wet, I will dry it and put it under your cap. *That's it*. There is my pillow, too, to raise your head higher. Now, try to sleep."

"Thank you, thank you, dear Ellen," said Augustine, faintly, "you are very kind, please hand me the letter." She pressed it to her lips, and with a calm smile beaming on her beautiful, yet pale face, she soon fell into a tranquil slumber.

CHAPTER II.

OLD Mr. Hunting was still waiting for his daughter-in-law. He began to feel lonesome, and to pass away the time, he went all over the house. He could not but admire the splendid pictures which hung on the walls, the well filled library, the gorgeous and soft carpets, and the costly furniture; but what pleased him most, was the kitchen and dining-room. All the kitchen utensils were not only clean but highly polished, the tables and floor shone brightly; there was not a spot to be seen, everything around testified that the girl who worked there worked well and gladly; "and still," pondered he, "the same girl, that does so well the work on which the comforts of the family so largely depend, is in this grandly furnished house provided with a room that has neither fire-place nor stove and I question if it had either, whether she would be allowed to have a fire. I can not efface from my mind that poor scanty bed with its hard mattress; it felt as if it were filled with splinters or kindling wood. There is much complaint about servant girls, but I begin to think, from what I have heard and seen to-day, that the blame is not all on one side. Families demand much comfort from their female help, and give none or only sparingly in return. They overload them with work, and they themselves will give no helping hand; the consequences are natural: the girls look upon their employers as unreasonable, and without feelings for their welfare, and reciprocate with interest."

Mrs. Hunting came home in a very good humor, being still delighted with the purchase of the New-Year's cake, the Tokay and Johannisberger wine of the Prince Metternich estate. "The Prince of Metternich's wine," thought she, "will be highly appreciated by our New-Year's callers, and if only those Counts from Paris who will visit the La

Monte family would honor her residence with a call, and drink of the Prince of Metternich's wine, and relate it then to their host, the proud La Monte—that would gratify her pride and vanity."

She entered the parlor, and great was her astonishment to find that the room was not yet in order. Ellen was on her knees, scrubbing lively and weeping most pitiously.

"What does this mean," exclaimed the mistress in anger. "I'm gone these two hours, and you have hardly done a thing. Where is the other girl, and why do you cry?"

"Oh! madam, do not scold me,"—a fresh burst of tears stifling her voice.

"Girl, what is the matter with you? What are you crying for? Are you out of your senses?" Her tone was still angry, but somewhat subdued.

"I cry because Augustine took sick; she lies in her bed with the face turned toward the door, and it is an Irish tradition, that if a person gets sick and lies down with the face turned toward the door, they never will leave the bed alive. Poor Augustine, so young, so beautiful, to die in a foreign land, without a relative, without a friend! No, I will be her friend, and bring our priest to attend her and give her the holy sacrament."

"You alarm me," said Mrs. Hunting. "What ails Augustine? Say!"

"I can not; to relate it would make me sick too, it is dreadful to take sick so suddenly. Grandfather is in the house, he can tell you all about it."

Mrs. Hunting felt quite relieved when she heard that her father-in-law was yet in the house—there is nothing like it, to have a man in the house when there is trouble.

"Grandpapa, where are you?" called Mrs. Hunting.

"In the kitchen."

Mrs. Hunting went there. "What are you doing in the kitchen?" asked she, good naturedly.

"I am admiring the kitchen utensils, how clean and pol-

ished they are, and I am calculating what labor it must have required to bring them to such perfection."

"My cook is an excellent girl, I never had one like her, I am sorry to hear that she took ill; she was well this morning; what did happen since I was gone? The other girl cries and thinks that the cook is dying."

"Nothing unusual happened except that the girl received a letter from Germany, which so affected her that she fainted. I revived her and assisted her to her room; but what a poor room you have for your girls, and what a wretchedly poor bed! The mattress is as hard as if filled with paving stones; and such scanty bed-covering, and no facilities to warm the room. How could you be so negligent of the comfort of your servants!"

A deep blush mantled the face of Mrs. Hunting; she felt that the accusations of her noble father-in-law were well founded, and humbly replied:

"I have often thought that the room was not good enough, and ought to be provided with a better bed and bedding, but it always escaped my memory. I will attend to it forthwith."

"Do, and practice the religious teachings, 'Do unto others as you would others to do unto you,'" remarked the old gentleman, feelingly.

Both left the kitchen and went in the sitting-room, where they were met by the daughters, who had just returned from their ride. They kissed their mother and grandfather very affectionately.

"Mother," asked they, in one voice, "is dinner ready? the ride gave us a sharp appetite."

"No," answered the mother, "the cook took ill, and there is nothing done. Ellen is yet cleaning the parlor."

"The cook is sick and no dinner ready! Who shall cook the dinner?" asked the daughters, bewildered.

"You will cook the dinner to-day," said the grandfather.

"Why, grandpapa, we don't know how to cook a dinner; we never kindled a fire in a stove, we never peeled a potato, we never made dough. We would burn and cut our fingers

and soil our clothes;" looking at their dainty hands and pretty clothes. "We would rather do without a dinner than cook one."

"And how long can you do without a dinner?" asked the grandfather, sneeringly.

"We can not tell," said the young ladies, laughing. "We have never tried."

"I pity you and those who will marry you. You don't know how to cook even the plainest dinner and must depend solely upon others; or else you are compelled to go to a boarding-house, or to a restaurant, where you have to pay tenfold above what it would cost at home, if prepared by your own hands."

The young ladies were greatly astonished to hear such language from their grandfather: they never had known him to speak to them thus. At last they said: "Grandfather, don't be angry with us, it is not our fault if we do not know how to cook a dinner: we never have learned it, we never have been brought up to it, but we understand other things, of far greater importance."

"And what is it?" asked the old gentleman, quickly.

"We know French, Greek, Latin, besides our English language. We know mathematics well, we can draw nicely and play beautifully on the piano, and have also some knowledge of astronomy, which is our latest study."

"All very nice," replied the grandfather, "if you are preparing yourselves to become teachers of foreign languages, drawing, or music masters, or astronomers; but as your aim is to get married and become wives of farmers, mechanics, merchants, or some other professional men, *it is your first duty* to know how to cook, to wash, to iron, to scrub, to sweep and dust a room, to make up a bed, to sew, to darn, and to put everything to the best use; to know the value of money, and the value of time. Then you can safely rely upon yourselves, and becoming wives and mothers, you will find your reward in true happiness and real contentment. To sacrifice all this on the altar of fashion and outward splendor,

would be not only ruinous to your health and constitution, but also an impediment to marriage, and a stumbling block to genuine success.

"I do not blame you for not knowing how to prepare a dinner, but I blame myself, my son, and your mother, for giving you the wrong education; of that which you ought to learn the most you learn the least. It is a sad mistake, and must receive our serious attention to rectify it, without delay."

All listened attentively to what grandfather said, but only the words, *an impediment to marriage*, rang in the ears of Mrs. Hunting, for, next to her vanity to outshine everybody in show of style, there was no other wish so dear to her heart, as to see her daughters well married; "they were beautiful, graceful and socially charming; many worthy young men paid them attention, still none of them *proposed*. Did they know that her daughters, so resplendent in the parlor and reception-room, were domestically helpless?" Her thoughts were interrupted by the appearance and voice of her husband.

"Why," said he, "you all look so serious; has anything happened?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Hunting; "the cook took ill, and there is no dinner ready."

"That is bad business," remarked the husband; "then, the *prospects* are that I can have no dinner at home to-day?"

"Yes, dear, you had better dine down town to-day," motioning to take his father with him.

The good-natured and accommodating husband understood what his wife meant, and readily said: "Yes; I will go and dine at Beininger's; father, do please come with me, Beininger furnishes capital dinners."

"No doubt he does, and charges a capital price," remarked the old gentleman. "No, I thank you, I prefer to dine at home; I will go; my good old housekeeper will be waiting with the dinner."

Both father and son left the house somewhat dissatisfied.

"Edward, my son, expect me to-morrow evening, I have

much on my mind to say to you," said the father when parting.

"I will wait for you, father," replied the son, with a respectful bow.

Arriving at Beininger's, he saw two beautiful cakes taken on a litter from the store. "What fine cakes! What is the price of them, Mr. Beininger?" asked Mr. Edward Hunting, carelessly.

"Fifty dollars," answered the confectioner.

"Fifty dollars!" said Mr. Hunting to himself; "they who pay fifty dollars for two cakes must have more money than I have."

Another gentleman of a business like appearance, who just stepped into the place, overhearing the conversation, asked the confectioner: "How much did you say those cakes cost?"

"Fifty dollars," was the prompt reply.

"And who is the fortunate purchaser?" asked the man of business, smilingly.

"Mrs. Edward Hunting."

"Ah, so!" he ejaculated, and proceeding into the dining room, took a chair near Mr. Hunting.

"What have you ready?" asked Mr. Hunting of the polite and attentive waiter.

"Nothing ready, sir; here is the bill of fare; raw, broil or roast, anything you see on the list, in ten or fifteen minutes."

"Well, then, order a surloin steak broiled, well done, fried potatoes, bread and butter, and a small bottle of claret."

"Yes, sir, I will be quick;" and off went the waiter to execute the order.

Mr. Beininger, when receiving the order for the claret—the wines being under his personal charge—immediately stepped up to the gentleman and remarked, that he had just now received from Hungary the famous Tokay, and the Johannisberger, wine from Prince Metternich's estate, asking

if it would not be desirable to try a bottle of either, instead of the claret.

"What is the difference in the price?" asked Mr. Hunting, showing some interest.

"Only four dollars between the Tokay, and six dollars between the Johannisberger."

"So you ask more for Johannisberger than for the Tokay. It is strange, for Tokay is rarer and better wine than Johannisberger," remarked Mr. Hunting.

"The Johannisberger that I offer is imported direct from the Prince of Metternich's estate, it cost more"—was the ready reply.

"I see, I see," rejoined Mr. Hunting, sarcastically; "the Prince's name attached to the wine demands a higher price, even if of an inferior quality. Never mind, Mr. Beininger, just send me the claret."

The suave proprietor gracefully withdrew to execute the order, muttering to himself: "What a difference there is to sell to those, who have their bills paid by others, than to those who pay themselves."

While waiting for dinner, Mr. Hunting took from his breast-pocket a small memorandum book, and on looking over its contents, he suddenly started.

He discovered, to his greatest dismay, that a note, which, as he thought, would only fall due in three days, was matured the next day, and that, being New Year's day, he was compelled to take it up immediately, this very same day.

In spite of his efforts to conceal his feelings, his face grew a shade paler; but looking around, and observing as his neighbor at the table, Mr. John James La Monte, the cashier of the bank where the note matured, he soon addressed that gentleman:

"Glad to see you; it is very disagreeable to dine alone."

"Very," was the curt reply of Mr. John James La Monte.

"Ah! what does this mean," pondered Mr. Hunting. "These cashiers of banks measure their friendship only by the length and depth of one's purse, and as soon as they find

one in difficulties, they seem to put on airs." In the same familiar tone, he therefore observed:

"Beininger seems to be a very popular restaurant and confectioner; he is undoubtedly making money."

"He is even doing more," was the dry reply.

"What do you mean, Mr. La Monte, by 'he is even doing more?'"

"I mean that he is not only making money, but he keeps what he makes. Is not that doing more? And are there many in this city who do as much?" asked Mr. La Monte, meaningly, looking Mr. Hunting full in the face.

Mr. Hunting felt the cutting remark, and the searching look, but he kept his countenance, saying,

"Yes; to make money, and to keep it, is a science which few only have learned to put in practice."

"It is no science at all; it is a very simple matter, a matter of thought and will only," rejoined Mr. La Monte.

The dinner was served: both gentlemen set to work and dispatched their meal quickly; both were busy with their thoughts; both were in a hurry to get to their offices. Mr. Hunting was continually thinking about the note that matured in an hour or so; "hence, I must improve," thought he, "this opportunity, perhaps at dinner he will be in a better humor."

"Waiter, please bring another tumbler," and receiving it, he filled both glasses. "Mr. La Monte, drink some of my claret, and touching the proffered glass, he said: 'to your health!'"

"No, I thank you, Mr. Hunting, for this kind honor; I never drink claret, it don't agree with me; and beside that, it is my rule not to drink anything except water during business hours."

"Very precautions," remarked Mr. Hunting, "but I think hardly necessary for a gentleman of your excellent habits."

"Good habits are acquired only by being cautious," answered Mr. La Monte promptly; laying down his napkin and leaving the table.

Mr. Hunting filled another glass of claret, emptied it in one draught, and quickly followed Mr. La Monte.

The cashier noticed this movement. "Poor fellow," thought he, "he can hardly take time for his dinner and drink his claret; I pity him, yet he ought to be punished, for they are too extravagant, buying fifty-dollar cakes and paying enormous sums for other fancy articles in the same proportion." He slackened his steps and soon was joined by Mr. Hunting.

"Mr. La Monte," said this gentleman, quite earnestly, "I have a great favor to ask of you to-day."

"Anything but money, for our vaults are empty."

"I do not want money; but, I would request you to protect my note, which matures to-day. I did not provide for it, as I thought it due in three days hence; it is a sad oversight on my part; I will make it good the day after to-morrow."

"What is the amount of that note?" asked Mr. La Monte with an air as if he were entirely ignorant of the transaction.

"Only six thousand dollars."

"Six thousand dollars is a large sum in these days," exclaimed the cashier. "I am sorry that the bank is not in a position to protect your paper."

Never did Edward Hunting hear those terrible words, to protect your paper; and they were like so many daggers piercing his heart; a chill passed over his whole body, and cold sweat drops gathered on his brow. It was a terrible blow; but mastering his feelings he continued:

"Mr. La Monte, I am not in the habit of asking favors, but when I do ask one, I expect it to be granted."

"Well, I don't know Mr. Hunting, of late you have asked the bank frequently the favor to discount your paper, to a greater extent than you were entitled; to be sure, you never have asked us to protect your paper; and even if you would, I doubt if we would have done it; as it is against the rule of the bank; now, it is entirely out of the question, as the bank is exhausted of ready money."

Mr. Hunting felt that it was useless to make any further appeal. He bowed very courteously, and left the cashier, muttering at the same time, "Yes, yes, friendship is only dealt out according to the length of our purse."

In the mean time Mr. La Monte ejaculated, while on his way to the bank:

"The idea! For a man in his embarrassed position to keep a palatial residence, fast horses, and servants in livery, his wife buying fifty-dollar cakes, and beg of me to protect his note! Every day my wife reproaches me because we can not live in such a grand style as the Huntings. Upon my honor, if it were not for his children's sake, I would be tempted to go to extremes."

Mr. Hunting reached his office. The bookkeeper, greatly excited, immediately came forward, saying:

"I am very glad, Mr. Hunting, that you did not come any later. The note for six thousand dollars, which matures to-morrow, must be paid to-day, and we have only half an hour to provide for it."

"I am aware of it," answered Mr. Hunting.

"What is to be done? where are we to get so large an amount in so short a time?" asked the bookkeeper anxiously.

"How much money is there in the bank to our credit?"

"Our bank account is overdrawn four dollars and forty-nine cents," answered the bookkeeper.

"How is that? There was a balance this morning."

"Yes, there was; but that fashionable confectioner, Beinger, sent in a bill amounting to one hundred and ninety-five dollars for sundries bought by Mrs. Hunting, and so urgent was he for the money, that I thought best to fill your signed check for that amount, and let him have it."

"Please, let me see that bill?"

The bookkeeper handed the bill to his employer, keenly watching him.

"Great God!" exclaimed Mr. Hunting in great despair, "is it possible that my wife should buy two cakes for fifty

dollars, and two dozen bottles of wine for one hundred and forty-five dollars; but so it is, here is the bill, and I saw the very cakes on their way of delivery, and so did La Monte, and if my ear did not deceive me, he even asked, who bought them. What time did you give Beininger that check?"

"Half-past twelve," answered the book-keeper.

"Then Beininger received the cash for the check, before the cashier went to dinner; this explains clearly the cashier's conduct toward me. *Wife! thy extravagance* will shorten my days and send me dishonored to the grave," moaned the unhappy man.

"Mr. Hunting, compose yourself, don't give away to such extreme grief," begged the sympathizing bookkeeper; besides there are only twelve minutes left to take up that six thousand dollar note, which, above all, must receive our immediate attention."

"You are right, Wilkins, that note must be taken up at once. How much money have we on deposit in our Eastern bank?"

"Nine hundred and eighty-one dollars, and there is an Eastern draft here for fifty-one dollars, making a total of one thousand and thirty-two dollars," replied the bookkeeper.

"Please, hand me my Eastern draft book." Receiving the same, he wrote, with a clear, bold hand:

"Pay to John James La Monte, cashier, or order, six thousand dollars, and signed, EDWARD HUNTING."

"Mr. Wilkins, please, take this draft to our bank, to pay my note; take also this ten dollar bill, to pay the exchange, if demanded. Don't ask me any question, but hurry and bring that note."

There was no time to be lost; the bookkeeper walked as fast as he could, reached the bank in nick of time, and handed the draft in payment of the note due.

There was a whispering behind the screen; the faithful bookkeeper began to feel very uneasy, and thought, "what if they should refuse that draft, for they know as well as I do,

that we have not as much money in our Eastern bank as the draft calls for. What would be the more disastrous to our house, to have the note go to protest or have the draft returned marked *no funds*." He had no further time for reflection, for the cashier said to him, "We have no need for Eastern exchange, we want currency or city certified checks."

"It is not in our power now to bring you currency or certified city checks, but if there is a discount on Eastern drafts, we will, of course, gladly pay it."

"Well, I will charge you only a tenth," answered the cashier.

The bookkeeper gladly handed in the ten-dollar bill, received four dollars and the note in return, and left the bank, rejoicing.

"Well, Wilkins, have you got the sign of misery in your hands?" ejaculated Mr. Hunting in a strange voice.

"Do you mean the note?" asked the bookkeeper, greatly alarmed by the strange looks and tone of Mr. Hunting.

"Yes, my boy," answered Mr. Hunting, at the same time filling a large-sized tumbler with good old brandy, and putting it to his lips.

"Good God!" exclaimed the bookkeeper. He made one bound, snatched the tumbler from his employer's hands, and threw it, bottle and all, out of the window in the rear of the building.

"What insolence! What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Hunting, greatly enraged. "I know that I am not master in my house, but I will be still so in my counting-room."

"Sir," exclaimed the bookkeeper, "I would rather die than treat you with disrespect; but I am only doing for you what you did for me years ago, when you picked me up a drunkard, treated me so kindly, trusted me, whom none else would trust. What I am, and what I have, I owe to your timely assistance; and now is my turn to repay that kindness. Shall I abstain from doing my duty? No, never!"

"Don't be alarmed, Wilkins; I am not going to get drunk. I only took some of that brandy as a stimulant. You must

know that I have overdrawn my Eastern bank account several thousand dollars, and that I am at a loss how to make that account good before my draft is presented. I managed to make a plausible excuse for making that draft of six thousand dollars, by writing the cashier of the Eastern bank that I inclosed a draft of fifty-one hundred dollars, to be placed to my credit. He will quickly perceive that the draft I inclosed is only fifty-one dollars. If the draft would, in fact, be fifty-one hundred dollars, with the actual deposit of nine hundred and eighty-one dollars, I would be entitled to draw six thousand, and leave a small balance. It is a trick, it may answer the purpose; but it is unworthy of a gentleman. It depresses my mind, and so I need a stimulant to buoy me up. It is a pity that you threw it out of the window."

"The prospect is that if you had taken more of that stimulant, it would have entirely prostrated you, instead of buoying you up, and you would not have been able to state what you have done," remarked the bookkeeper, earnestly. "Here is that note. Now let us consider, without stimulants, how to provide for the prompt payment of that draft. I would suggest writing to the cashier of the Eastern bank myself, inclosing that fifty-one-dollar draft as a draft for fifty-one hundred dollars. The day after to-morrow you can telegraph that your bookkeeper made a mistake, that the draft should have been indicated in the letter as for fifty-one, without the hundreds, and asking him to honor your draft nevertheless, that funds are forwarded to make the account good."

"You are a noble fellow, Wilkins. Yes, you may destroy my letter, and write one yourself. I feel humiliated and disgraced to set you such an example. It was a terrible struggle, but I had to save my paper, and through it my credit. O, those happy days! when I could give a note and honor it promptly, and without any difficulty. They will never return!"

"If you reflect and reason calmly, the *prospects* are that they will," said the bookkeeper, hopefully.

"To *reflect* and reason *calmly* is beyond my power. I am so harassed, the responsibilities which I have contracted depress my mind, I am always in hot fire. I get nervous, and then I feel a desire, no, a necessity, to have recourse to stimulants. It is a pity you threw that genuine liquor out of the window. I must take some of it. Suppose, Wilkins, you go and bring a fresh bottle, please, do; you can get the best at ———"

"Please don't tell me where I can get it; I would rather have my legs cut off than to go and buy intoxicating beverages for *you*. It would yet be the greatest of all misfortunes that could happen, to drink brandy or wine as a stimulant; the quantities needed will increase and your power of usefulness will decrease. As the head of a family, as the head of a house, and as one of the leading citizens, it is your most solemn duty to reflect, reason, and act without a stimulant. If you feel nervous, lay down and take a rest; sleep, a refreshing sleep will give you more strength and genuine comfort, than all the brandies and wines in the world; take the time to rest, and to sleep, if you feel nervous and discontented; it is the best remedy to recover self-command, and to command others well, we must have the power to command ourselves."

"Well spoken, Wilkins!" exclaimed Mr. Hunting, "you are right and I will follow your advice," reclining on the sofa.

"Do please, Mr. Hunting; it will do you good; I will finish and mail the correspondence, and also make out a full statement of our affairs; the books are balanced for this year."

He stepped forth from behind the desk, took his shawl to cover his employer, put a few more coals in the grate, and stirred the fire into a bright, cozy flame. Mr. Hunting was soon asleep.

Wilkins proceeded with his work; his thoughts were busy with the past, the present, and the future; a heavy, oppressive sigh escaped from his breast and tears—those noble

messengers of peace and comfort—stole silently down his cheek.

"I know," said he, "from bitter experience how those feel who are disappointed in their fond hopes and expectations, and who have been thrown from their height of ambition and pride. As my dearly-loved Bella peremptorily refused my hand and heart, and so crushed my fondest hopes, my happy prospects, I felt, first humbled and mortified, then a bitter indignation arose, and, to keep up and stimulate this feeling, I had recourse to liquors. First a tumblerful answered the purpose, then two, three, and finally this taking liquors as a stimulant only grew into a craving appetite for more and more. And what became of me? I sank down lower, day by day, in the estimation of my fellow-men, until I ceased to be a human being; and if it had not been for the timely help of that noble man who sleeps yonder, I don't know what would have become of me, a thief, a robber, an outcast of the world! Edward Hunting! with veneration do I utter thy name, thou hast been my savior. No priest, of whatsoever creed, knew how to appeal to me with a more fervid eloquence than you did, to reform and save me from utter ruin and degradation. I mourn and weep to behold you, the kind and charitable man, on the threshold of becoming a drunkard.

"God, thou Father of mankind, creator and preserver of this vast universe, I pray and implore Thee to avert this calamity from my unhappy friend and benefactor, for it is the most terrible punishment to become and be a drunkard, a *walking*, and often a *rolling* shame to mankind, a human being with *bestial* desires, void of all the nobler and better feelings, with love, and knowledge of right and wrong consumed and erased by that burning fire."

A flow of tears interrupted this heartfelt prayer, and with the same fervency he continued:

"Thou merciful and loving Father, whose mercy and kindness are revealed in everything, save men from drunkenness, that they may remain what thou hast created them—

human beings, and be useful to their fellow-men, and recognize Thee as the *giver* of all that is *good*, to render praise and thanksgiving only to Thee. And now, heavenly Father, sustain me in my work and endeavor to save this man, my benefactor, from becoming what I have been.

"Bless me, heavenly Father, with perfect health, wisdom and an unblemished will to do good, while sojourning on earth, that my soul may return to the heavenly regions unsoiled, and exist in everlasting bliss.

"Praying is noble, it ennobles us; but to act noble, is the noblest of all. I will consecrate my life to serve him who has saved me from an ignoble destruction. My thoughts, my energy shall be entirely devoted to him and his. Wherever I can reach, directly or indirectly, I will endeavor to cause sunshine and no clouds."

Finishing his mail, he lightly stepped from the counting-room, hurried to the Post-office, deposited the letters, and quickly went back to his office, setting himself to work to write out a complete statement of credit and debit. He had just finished, when Mr. Hunting awoke, rubbing his eyes, saying:

"What time is it, Wilkins?"

"Half past five, sir. You seem to have slept soundly," observed the book-keeper.

"Yes, thank you, I have slept well, and feel much refreshed, and able to carry my load of cares, responsibilities, and uncertainties. Did you mail the letters?" remarked Mr. Hunting, anxiously.

"Yes, sir, I did, and am now ready to lay before you the inventory complete, showing exactly our doings of the year just closed, with its results and bearings on our commercial future."

Slowly Mr. Hunting arose from the sofa, went to the washstand, and washed his hands, face and head. He took a tumblerful of water, and said, "Water, after all, is the only real refreshing draught. Water shall, henceforth, be

the only liquid that I will drink, until I shall again enjoy the blessing of being master over my desires and self."

"That is a noble resolution," exclaimed the faithful bookkeeper, joyfully. "May God sustain you in your resolve."

"Fear not, Wilkins; I will be firm, and the Almighty Father will sustain me. Now to work."

Wilkins opened the great ledger, and pointed out:

"The last year's inventory shows that the estimated market value of your real and personal property amounted to three hundred and forty-nine thousand, nine hundred dollars and fifty-two cents, as follows:

REAL ESTATE.

Private residence and lot.....	\$ 60,000.00
Four dwellings and one tenant house and lots.....	50,000.00
Unimproved lots in various parts of the city.....	25,000.00
Pew.....	2,500.00
2,000 acres of land in Kansas and Ne- braska.....	10,000.00
Total real estate.....	<u>\$147,500.00</u>

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Household furniture, including pi- anos, pictures and library.....	10,000.00
Carriage and buggy.....	2,000.00
Three horses, harness and saddle.....	2,500.00
Stock of merchandise.....	115,220.23
Book account.....	67,771.36
Cash on hand and in bank.....	1,000.00
Store and office furniture.....	2,500.00
Dray, express, wagon.....	800.00
Two horses and harness.....	600.00
	<u>\$202,400.59</u>
Grand total.....	<u>\$349,900.59</u>

"Say three hundred and forty-nine thousand, nine hundred dollars and fifty-nine cents. The real estate has materially declined in value, owing to the extraordinary high rate

of interest our government pays, and, besides, your dwelling and tenant houses are very much out of repair, and in consequence they are half the time unoccupied, and when occupied, the tenants are of such character that they do not pay one-eighth of the rent specified. The books show that we did not collect rent enough to pay the taxes on that property, and your own private residence, although it cost more than \$60,000, would not bring near as much; and the unimproved lots, valued at \$25,000, are still surrounded by a poor neighborhood; as for the land in Kansas and Nebraska, it is hard to tell whether it is actually worth as much as invoiced last year. Until now, all this real estate has been of no revenue, if anything, it is a drawback, as the taxes have to be paid out of the funds of the business."

"Your views are, in the main, correct; but, I think that the land in Kansas and Nebraska is of far greater value; railroads have been built in their neighborhood, and who can tell whether a city will not spring up on its very border, its value would then be of millions," exclaimed Mr. Hunting, enthusiastically.

"It may and may not, but that is a matter of a far-off future; it is the present we must guard well, the future will take good care of itself; *to be successful*, we must avoid deceiving ourselves; that we are much wealthier and have greater abilities than we really possess. Most of the misfortunes that befall men in every station of life, may be traced back to them for having overrated their strength and ability; let us not be among their number; let us know our exact strength and then use it judiciously," remarked the bookkeeper, earnestly.

"I believe that a merchant improves his standing by showing a good front; just put the real estate down at the same figures as last year and add ten per cent. to the value of the unimproved lots and land in Kansas and Nebraska," said Mr. Hunting, determinedly.

Mr. Wilkins made no reply, but made the proper memorandum on his list.

"Our sales of last year amounted to four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, but owing to the very close competition, the shrinking of values, the occasional loss of debts, and the fact that we can not cash our purchases in ten or thirty days, and have the benefit of the cash discounts, the net profits are very small and barely sufficient to pay the rent, clerk and book-keeper's salaries, National, State, county and city taxes, and sundry expenses.

"The capital of the house has been this year reduced by the following cash which was drawn, viz:

Edward Hunting, Esq., personal expenses including gifts of charity.....	\$2,000
Charles Hunting, personal expenses, including lawyer's fees, etc	8,000
Family expenses including doctor's fee, salary for coachman, professors of music and foreign languages, gardner, servants, dry goods bill, millinery bills, dress-maker bills, shoe makers bills, grocers bills, butchers bills, tailor bills, confectionery bills, hair dressers bills, and other sundry bills amounting to....	21,801.38
Margins paid on Erie.....	\$4,000.00
Margins paid on Adam's Express.....	3,500.00
Margins paid on U. S. Express.....	4,800.00
Margins paid on North Carolinas	2,200.00
Margins paid on Tennessees	4,400.00
Total amount of margins.....	\$18,900.00

At this enumeration Mr. Hunting exclaimed: "That was gambling on a large scale! I was tempted to do it, in order to increase my gains, to meet the *great expenses of my family*, but it was a *fatal step*, a mistake that I will never forgive myself."

"Yes, it was misfortune; not only did the business lose a large sum of cash which it could hardly spare, but also the benefit of your attention; your mind was entirely occupied with Wall Street, the rise and fall of stocks; you became nervous and then commenced to take stimulants which

deprived you of judgment and good sense. Thanks to the Ruler of Heaven and earth, that you have resolved to abstain from this habit, taking stimulants," said the book-keeper, with much earnestness.

"Yes, Wilkins. Wall-street gambling and drinking intoxicating liquors shall be with me a thing of the past. Please proceed with your statement."

Leonheart Overbeck overdrew his account.....\$1,550
Henry Fastleben..... 1,918

"What," exclaimed Mr. Hunting, "those young men could no longer get along with their fixed salary of \$2,000, and overdrew their accounts to such large amounts."

"You must bear in mind, Mr. Hunting, that both of these young men are, to some extent, your partners. Your agreement with them is to give them \$2,000 salary a year and a certain per cent. of the net profits made in the business during the year. As partners of Edward Hunting nothing was good enough for them. They changed their respectable and comfortable boarding house, and went to a first-class hotel; they had to have diamond studs, gold watch and chain, diamond rings, and very fine and fashionable clothes, cut and made by the most fashionable and dearest tailor in the city, and, being thus handsomely attired, they could not afford to stay at home to read useful books, and improve their minds with knowledge. No, they had to go around, and even hire a buggy and drive around to all kinds of places where money is not spent but squandered, all of which made great inroads on their salary, and when that did not reach, they drew on the anticipated profit; but there was no profit made last year, and they are, therefore, your debtors, and poor debtors at that."

"What do you mean by that, Wilkins?"

"I mean by that that both Overbeck and Fastleben will, under the present arrangements, *never* be able to pay you that amount, as their efficiency for this business is forever

gone. They have reached the pinnacle of their ambition, to be partners of the house, and as partners they need not work so hard. Let others do it, they have worked enough; they will come an hour later in the business, take then the morning paper, read it with great ease; if a customer comes, difficult to wait upon, they call one of the clerks; as for attending the stock, that is out of question, we must have stock boys for that purpose, and as for taking a trunk full of samples, go out in the country, make sales to reliable firms, and secure all the trade they can, as they did before they became partners, in any shape whatever, that idea never enters their mind. It would be below their dignity, and whenever a man thinks that his dignity will be ruffled by hard work at his legitimate business, his usefulness is not to be relied upon."

"Then, you think the arrangement entered into between me and both those young men to be of a mutual disadvantage?" asked Mr. Hunting, seriously.

"Decidedly so," answered Wilkins, promptly. "These young men thought that you had to have them, and by entering into such arrangements, you confirmed their opinion which makes them extravagant, overbearing and careless. Far better would it have been for them and you to let them try elsewhere, or they to start for themselves in business at some rising place, with which they could have gradually grown up. You could then have extended to them a fair line of credit on short terms, which would have compelled them to live economically, in order to meet their payments promptly, and enlarge their credit and means,—that would have worked to a mutual advantage."

"I will reflect on what you said, Wilkins; did we draw anything more to be deducted from the capital?"

"Yes, sir. Five thousand and eleven dollars interest paid as discount on our notes."

At this item of expenditure, Mr. Hunting's face grew pale, and he nervously exclaimed "Is there anything more to be deducted from the capital?"

"I am glad to say that that is all," answered Mr. Wilkins.

"Well, how much do you make the whole amount?"

"Exactly fifty-nine thousand and one hundred and eighty dollars and thirty-eight cents."

"It is a large sum, a very large sum to lose in one year," said Mr. Hunting, in a depressed tone.

"It is, and it is seriously felt in our business, for we must take into consideration that although the ledger shows a large capital, only a little of it is active. Your real estate, amounting to \$147,500, brings no income, except that you save rent for your private residence, which, however, is counterbalanced by the tax and repairs. You have to pay to keep that residence in proper order. The same can be said of the rest of real property, so that the amount of \$147,500 is of no avail to the business. Of your personal property there has to be deducted for

Household furniture.....	\$ 10,000
Horses, harness, carriages.....	4,500
Store, office furniture.....	2,500
Business wagons, horses.....	1,700
Total.....	\$ 18,700
Add to this the loss of.....	59,181 38
Total.....	\$ 77,581 38
Deduct now from the personal property of.....	\$202,400 59
The above sum.....	77,581 38
Total.....	\$124,819 21

Now, from the sum of \$124,819 21 has to be deducted at least \$20,000 from the stock, which is not active, and \$15,000 from the outstanding debt, which is not reliable. It is good as long as it is nursed, by collecting a part and furnishing more goods, or at least as much as there is collected. This \$35,000 has also to be deducted from the sum of \$124,819 21, leaving the pitiful sum of \$89,819 21, say eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and nineteen dollars and twenty-one

cents active capital to supply the following fixed expenditures for the year:

Store rent.....	\$ 4,500
Salary to Frank Wilkins, bookkeeper.....	2,000
" Leonheart Overbeck, salesman.....	2,000
" Henry Fastleben, salesman.....	2,000
" Joel B. Brown ".....	1,200
" Ulrich W. Jones ".....	1,200
" Anton Goldfinger ".....	800
" Frantz Martinowsky, porter.....	600
" Patrick O'Brien, hostler.....	450
Horse feed, shoeing, and wagon and harness repair, estimated.....	350
Insurance.....	1,000
National, state, county, and city tax.....	5,500
Water rent and private watchman, stationery, and sundries.....	1,000
Total.....	\$22,600

Add to it your private and family expenses, and the load is too heavy for the active capital. The *prospects* are that if the proper remedies are not promptly applied, it will break down and carry the house with it in its fall," said the careful bookkeeper, with energy.

"Not so loud, not so loud," exclaimed Mr. Hunting, in a whisper; "some one may overhear us. You draw a gloomy picture. It makes me shiver to contemplate it in details. It is very unpleasant, very disagreeable, mortifying, and annoying to find that we are not as rich as we supposed to be. You have dissected and analyzed my affairs cleverly. They show me that I am a poor rich man; poor, because I live in a style far above my means and income."

"That's it, that's it!" exclaimed the bookkeeper, assentingly.

"I felt all the time that I did not make enough of money to warrant such expenditures. I tried to curtail them, but we married men can not always do as we like: then I embarked in that damnable business (excuse that oath) of buying Erie, Adams Express, United States Express, North Carolina, and

Tennessee State bonds on margin. If there is anything demoralizing, robbing a man of his better self, and making a rogue, scoundrel, and scamp of him in the shortest space of time, it is to enter Wall Street and buy and sell on margin. Thousands have fallen by the tempting ray that illuminates the whole country to allure the young and old, the rich and poor, and such importance has it assumed that its doings are telegraphed every minute throughout the day. Could all the victims of Wall Street rise in one body, it would be the most formidable army that history ever recorded, and could those millions of tongues relate their anxieties, their trials, and the horrible crimes that they have committed on account of Wall Street, the whole nation would cry out with one voice that such demoralizing speculations as are conducted in Wall Street should be prohibited by the Legislature. Let me hope that a statesman will be born who will devise, and, through his matchless eloquence, carry a measure through our national legislative bodies to rid the country of that '*monstrous demon*' that corrupts the best men of our land, and whose doings have a blighting effect on every man, woman, and child, to the remotest part of our vast domains. It is a living curse to the nation, and it ought to be blotted out and suppressed. The sooner the better.

"Would to God it had been suppressed before my time," continued Mr. Hunting, scornfully; "then I would have retained the love and confidence of my noble father."

At these words the bookkeeper leaped from his high stool, greatly alarmed, exclaiming: "What, Mr. Hunting, you do no longer enjoy the love and confidence of your noble old father! that is a great misfortune, for I have calculated that he will advance the sum so urgently needed to cover the draft on our Eastern bank."

"You miscalculated then, Wilkins. It would be useless to appeal to him for help. He heard of my speculating in Wall Street, and he threatened to disinherit me and mine if I do not cease speculating in any form whatsoever, in Wall Street or outside thereof. I gave him my word of honor not to

speculate any more, but he dismissed me, tauntingly saying, 'A man who buys on margin and speculates in Wall Street, his word of honor can not be firmly trusted in. *I will watch you.*' Wherever I go these words haunt me. Still I can not blame my father. He is right. I deserve his mistrust, and if I would now call on him for assistance, that mistrust would be strengthened, and he would not assist me, but say, 'You brought yourself into that trouble; now help yourself; work out your own salvation; paddle your own canoe, my boy; you are old enough.' No, it would be worse than useless to appeal to my father for a loan."

"Where, then, will we get that large amount of money in so short a time to provide for the draft?" asked Mr. Wilkins, knitting his brow and scratching his head.

"That is a serious question, where to get the money in time to cover the draft. If the draft should come back marked '*no funds here,*' it would greatly injure my credit here and East. I have now already to pay one per cent. a month, while last year I could get my paper discounted with seven to eight. This shows that the business world knows my affairs well. It is unfortunate that Mrs. Hunting purchased to-day such expensive cakes and wines, and that Beininger collected the check so promptly. If it had not been for that, our cashier would have protected my note for a few days; but he, no doubt, thought if that man's wife buys fifty-dollar cakes and such expensive wines, let him meet his note promptly. I, in his place, would have acted the same. It is wonderful what effect such a small affair has on the prosperity of a man."

"But this is no small affair, for a wife to buy such expensive confectioneries."

"Stop!" interrupted Mr. Hunting; "You may tell me all you please about our business, and *our prospects* in business; but as regards my home affairs, I beg you to be silent."

The bookkeeper's face plainly showed his indignation, but he calmly said:

"Mr. Hunting, it is very painful to me to allude to your

family matters, but as a sincere friend to your house, I feel it to be my duty to point out to you the great danger that threatens your business. The active capital is greatly reduced by the extraordinary large expenses of your family. We are drifting to utter ruin! Yes, this very day we had to overdraw our Eastern bank account, to save our note from protest; and now we are at a loss how to meet our draft in time. Had the expenses of your family been ten thousand dollars less last year, we would not now find ourselves in such a dilemma. You have stated, yourself, that you were compelled to make more money, in order to meet the expenses of your family, and that you were tempted to speculate in Wall street; and still—"

"And still!" interrupted Mr. Hunting, in a commanding voice. "I beg you not to refer to my family expenses; that is exclusively my affair." His cheek flushed with anger as he continued: "If the active capital is not sufficient to produce enough to cover the expenses, it shall be reinforced by the sale of all my dwelling and tenement houses, and unimproved lots."

"That would be very damaging to the credit of your house. Now your notes are negotiable, because the money-lenders know that you possess unincumbered real estate; but sell your real estate, and your paper will be rejected, unless it be sustained by collaterals as good as the money loaned, or indorsed by unquestionably good names. Where will you get such collaterals, or such indorsers?" asked the bookkeeper, respectfully.

"You are always looking too far ahead, and have, constantly, the dark side of the question before your vision. Matters are not so dark and gloomy as you see them. My house is still strong, and, with one prosperous year, all will be well," exclaimed Mr. Hunting, proudly and hopefully.

"No one is more anxious than I to strengthen our house financially, and to see it prosperous and great; and for these reasons I appeal to you to check your expenses in every quarter. Retrench! retrench the outlays! A dollar saved

is a dollar earned. It is hard to earn dollars now, when competition is so very great. The only hope we now have is to keep what we possess; and to accomplish it, we must curtail our expenses everywhere, or our capital will, in a short time, be exhausted. I beseech you, for your sake, and the sake of those you love and cherish, *check, retrench, and curtail* expenses in every direction, or else we are lost," implored the bookkeeper, earnestly.

Mr. Hunting felt moved by the earnest appeal of the young man.

"Mr. Wilkins," said he, "do you believe that only curtailing my expenses will save me from ruin?"

"That is my firm conviction," answered the bookkeeper, readily.

"Then, suppose I commence with you. Your salary shall, from this date, be reduced to fifteen hundred dollars per annum, instead of two thousand, as paid heretofore," said Mr. Hunting, earnestly.

"I am perfectly satisfied with the reduction, and hope that this policy will be adopted and carried out, not only in your business, but also at home. You will save then the trouble and the humiliation of calling at the bank, with hat in hand, requesting to have your note discounted, and of paying one per cent. per month for the favor."

"You are right, Wilkins. I have grown ten years older in this year. My expenses shall be checked and curtailed everywhere, but not your salary—if anything, it shall be increased, for you have rendered me a service to-day for which I feel very grateful."

"Please do not mention it, for I never will be able to repay you for what you have done for me when I was an outcast," exclaimed Wilkins, his eyes filling with tears.

"Don't allude to that dark period of your life: it is forgotten by all except you. And now let us close. You may meet me here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and perhaps the mail will bring us some large drafts which will cover our

overdrawn Eastern bank account," said Mr. Hunting, cheerfully, as he put on his overcoat.

"I wish we could hope for such a remittance; but the *prospects* are gloomy, as our large outstanding debts are settled by note, and all of them discounted; and the small amounts are generally paid by our customers when they come to the city, or are sent per express. It would only disappoint us to look to that quarter for as large an amount as would balance our draft," remarked the bookkeeper, as he placed his books in the great iron safe, and locked it carefully.

Wrapping his shawl around him, and turning off the gas, both the employer and the employé left the place of business for their respective homes, bidding each other good night.

CHAPTER III.

"THANK God, that it is over," soliloquized the bookkeeper, as he left Mr. Hunting. "For months I have been waiting for this interview. I feel happy that Mr. Hunting at last recognizes the pressing necessity of reducing his expenses. I will eat now with a greater relish, and my sleep will be sound and refreshing. No! not to-night! that unprovided-for draft will disturb this night's rest. Where to get the money to protect that draft in time? that is the question."

Mr. Hunting, too, was busy with his thoughts:

"It is wonderful, that that very young man whom I, six years ago, picked up, a confirmed drunkard, reasoned with, and reformed, should this day have rescued me from the same road, which leads only to disgrace and misery. Good deeds are not only rewarded in heaven, but also on earth. What is wealth compared to the feeling experienced from the performance of a good deed? Nothing. What is a man

who neglects the opportunity of doing good? He is like a tree without leaves, like a ship without a compass, the least storm uproots and destroys him. To *retrench my expenses* shall now be my main aim, so that I shall not be compelled to devote all my time, my thoughts and energy, to *money-making* in order to meet the great outlays which vanity dictates, and fashion demands. Let me not only be a money-making man, but a man also whose heart beats for the unfortunate, whose hand is always ready to help those who can not help themselves, whose voice is always heard denouncing abuses that oppress the many and benefit the few. Let me, above all, set an example, in my mode of life, worthy for others to imitate."

He reached his residence, and found it illuminated.

"What does this mean? Have we some grand company? I hope not; I am not in a mood to entertain them."

He entered the hall, and heard one of his daughters exclaim, "It is papa!" and immediately commence playing on the piano, in a very creditable manner, "Hail to the Chief."

It was his favorite air, but this evening it did not accord with his feelings, and his thoughts ran somewhat in this wise: "I have been, of late, a very poor chief, to have lost fifty-nine thousand dollars in one year, and to have been lectured by my bookkeeper, whom, out of charity, I took into my employ; to have overdrawn my bank account by the thousands, and not able to plan where to get the means to cover that draft. Bah! I am not worthy the name of 'Chief'; I am a dreamer! I must awake, and do my whole duty, as a husband, a father, and a citizen."

He stepped into the sitting-room, listened attentively to the music until finished, and then praised its execution.

Myra, the most affectionate of his daughters, left her seat, and going to her father, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him with all the fervent love she really felt.

"Pa," exclaimed she, in a silvery voice, "I am so glad you are home. You are late this evening, and I began to feel uneasy."

"Yes," rejoined Miss Agnes and Miss Blanche; "we have something to show you, something very beautiful, very rare and artistic, that mamma bought."

Mr. Hunting was not at all anxious to see the "very beautiful, very rare and artistic" article. Still, he felt uneasy. Perhaps his wife had bought some costly jewels. And that thought made him ask:

"What is it that you pronounce so handsome?"

Agnes was about to answer, when Myra laid her hand on her mouth, saying:

"You must not. Mamma wants to surprise papa with it to-morrow."

"I wonder what it can be?" asked the father, looking at Blanche.

"I will tell you, father. It is an exact copy of the crown of France, and a figure representing the Imperial Prince of that country. Now guess what it is, father," exclaimed Blanche, with an arch smile lighting up her beautiful features.

A sigh escaped the father's manly breast, as he answered:

"These must be the cakes that caused me so much trouble and anxiety."

"Where is mother, and why is all the gas lit?" asked the father.

"Mother is in her room; we have lit all the lights, because this is New Year's eve, and our house looks so handsome when illuminated; the French plate windows shine and the lace curtains show to a great advantage," answered Agnes, proudly.

"Well, daughters, that may all be very pretty, but it don't look so beautiful when the gas bill is presented to your poor father."

"Poor father! exclaimed the young ladies, in one chorus; "you are not a poor father; you are rich; everybody says so."

"Everybody don't know my circumstances as well as I do; we must henceforth be saving, and remember the great lesson: 'waste not,' 'want not,' and it is very bitter to want,

especially when brought up in affluence. We must economize, if we do not wish to be reduced to want and poverty. Please turn off the gas and let only burn the usual lights," said the father, in a decided tone, when he saw his daughters hesitate. "Yes, turn the gas off quickly, it injures my eyes."

The gas lights were turned off as directed. Entering his wife's room, he found her in a bad humor, and as she did not welcome him, he said, affectionately:

"Please, dear, hand me my slippers."

"A husband that comes home as late as you do, must wait on himself," was the curt remark of Mrs. Hunting.

"When a husband has a wife that spends as much money as my wife does, then he is compelled to stay longer at his office," said Mr. Hunting.

"That is your old story," she replied.

"Wife, you spend too much money."

"You ought to see how other ladies spend money; when calling to-day at Beininger's, I saw two beautiful cakes for fifty dollars, intended for that proud Mrs. La Monte, but I obtained them; for my husband can afford to have as nice cakes on the New Year's table, as the La Montes," said Mrs. Hunting, triumphantly.

"In that you are greatly mistaken; we will talk of this some other time; let us go to supper, the children are waiting," said Mr. Hunting, offering his arm to his wife, who petulantly said:

"By-the-by, don't expect much of a supper, for the cook is sick. I told Ellen to make tea, and buy some rolls at the baker's, which she did; but soon after went out with her beau, and I presume by this time the tea has got cold."

"And why did you not let our daughters attend to it?" asked the husband.

"Why, Mr. Hunting! how can you say so? Our daughters to go in the kitchen and attend the stove and prepare the tea!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunting, in great surprise.

"I see nothing wrong in it, that our daughters should go into the kitchen, attend the fire of the stove, and prepare the

evening meal in the absence of the cook," remarked Mr. Hunting, with sincerity.

"Yes, if they would have gone in the kitchen to do manual labor, they could not have played for you as they did this evening—'*Hail to the Chief*'—was it not splendid?" remarked the wife and mother, proudly.

"Yes, dear, it was; but it would have pleased me much more, this evening, if they had made some nice, tender biscuit, some baked apples, and a good cup of tea, as you used to make just after our marriage. It was a great mistake that you did not continue to superintend the cooking; you could have then brought up the girls to prepare our meals in a good style, and we would not now be so dependent on the cook."

"You talk just like your father; you would have me to be a cook and our daughters kitchen girls. These old-fashioned times are gone by, when the wife and the daughters spent their time in the kitchen; we have, nowadays, something else to attend to," answered the wife, emphatically.

Mr. Hunting made no remark; they entered the dining-room, where the daughters were all assembled, shivering with cold. They were complaining that Ellen went out, and did not attend to the furnace, that the fire went out, and the whole house was getting cold, no fire in the stove, and that the tea was cold.

A cold room and cold tea for supper, on a cold December evening, is very cheerless, and so it proved with Mr. and Mrs. Hunting and their three accomplished daughters; they sat silently at the table; the husband and father was reflecting on the remarks of his wife: *the old-fashioned times are gone by, when a wife and the daughters spend their time in the kitchen.* We have, nowadays, something else to attend to; but of what does that something else consist? of superfluous refinement, of outward show, of high sounding but empty words and empty deeds? of reckless rivalry, who could appear the grandest and who could spend the most money, *not for charity*, (when it comes to give for charity everybody is poor),

but for a thousand follies that fashion creates, the greatest tyrant of civilization; I wish the fashion would come out that every wife and daughter was to cook the meals for their husbands and brothers; there would be sound sense in that, and fashion would for once render humanity an everlasting benefit, for robust health, cheerfulness, unity of action and a prosperous, long life, would be the great result. Reader, what do you say to that fashion? I see in my mind's vision an approving smile on every male countenance, and the ladies, they, too, would have no objection, if it would only be the fashion. The prospects are, if that fashion would come in vogue, many a husband would be saved from bankruptcy; many a household that is now broken up, would be saved in harmony, and many despotic Biddies, who, under the present mode of living and education, rule tyrannically over those who can not help themselves, would change their overbearing manners.

"To-night we can experience how those poor people feel that have no fuel to make a fire, or provisions to prepare a meal," said the father to his children.

"It must be awful to be so poor!" exclaimed Blanche, her eyes filling with tears.

"So it is," remarked the father. "Years ago, before you were born, I often visited the worthy poor, and assisted them with money and advice."

"And, now, you do not visit the poor, father?" asked Blanche, earnestly.

"No, I don't. I pay every year a fixed sum to the relief association, to be distributed as the directors of that excellent institution think best."

"I am glad, papa, that you do remember the poor," rejoined Blanche, enthusiastically.

"Still, I prefer the mode you first adopted, to assist the poor by visiting them personally and giving them your advice, for advice is often worth more than money," said Agnes, looking at her father as if to ask, "am I not correct in that?"

"You are right, Agnes. To do charity properly we must give it our personal attention, take the whole circumstances of the poor into careful consideration, and try to devise some honorable means by which the poor can again become self-sustaining, for that is true charity to help so that they can help themselves. I have done it in several instances, and it makes me feel happy when I think of their happiness, of which I have been the main cause."

"And why not continue?" asked the young ladies, jointly.

"Cares, great cares deprived me of that pleasure. You have no idea what great responsibilities rest on my shoulders; how much I have to attend to, and what a strife the most of life is, and daily it grows more difficult for me to earn the vast means it costs to supply our wants," answered the father, mournfully.

The sisters looked at each other and their mother, for they never before heard their father speak thus.

"Yes, the times are hard," said Mrs. Hunting; "but I hope that Agnes and Myra will be married next year, and then our expenses will be less."

"The times are not hard," remarked Mr. Hunting. "We make them hard, and, as for our daughters, *they shall not marry in haste and repent at leisure*. No, not if I can prevent it," said the father, feelingly.

The meager repast being over, and the house getting almost unbearably cold, each member of the family repaired to their respective sleeping-apartments, after wishing each other good-night.

The young ladies, on reaching their room, carefully closed the inside shutters, let the heavy curtains down, and bolted the door. Then one of them peeped under the bed to see whether some one did not hide himself. Finding everything satisfactory, they began to unrobe. At first they loosened their hair, and hair that was not theirs, which they laid carefully by the side of a very large quantity of hair-pins, which explains where the uncountable millions of hair-pins that old and New England furnishes, go to. Then they

unloosened their skirts and unlaced their corsets. When taking the last article of dress off they breathed with great relief. "What a comfort," said Agnes, "to lay that corset aside. My lungs are imprisoned when I have that corset on, but one must wear it in order to have a pretty waist and bust. We women are poor creatures. We must wear a great many things in order to appear according to fashion, which is often injurious to health. That heavy waterfall makes my head ache, but one might as well be without a head as without a waterfall *nowadays*."

The sisters thought that she was right, and Myra, standing before the mirror, exclaimed: "Agnes and Blanche, what do you think is the prettiest about me?" The sisters looked up and laughed at such a question.

"You see those dimples on the top of my shoulders. Come and kiss them."

"You are very considerate to give us that permission. But you had better go to bed, or else you may catch cold, and we will do the same," said Agnes, turning the gas lower. They all retired, spoke of their morning ride, their poor dinner, their grandfather's lecture, the cakes with the crown of France and the imperial prince, the Tokay wine and the wine of the Prince of Metternich's estate, the father making believe that he was poor, the very poor supper, mother's great desire to get them married, father's usual caution, what they will wear to-morrow, what color of ribbon they will put in their hair, and whether a natural flower from the hot-house will not appear prettier and different than any of the other young ladies of their station will wear, who will call to-morrow, and whether the two Counts from Paris arrived at the La Montes; they would like to see them, they never have seen live Counts, although they have read about Counts. Such and other similar things they spoke until they fell asleep. They rose in the morning with the same thoughts of vanity, and fell asleep with the same thoughts, but to think of God, to give Him thanksgiving that He has saved them another day in health and prosperity,

never entered their refined minds. Still the blame is not theirs, but their parents', and let us hope that they will be spared from the fatal consequences.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunting reached their sleeping-apartment in silence. Both were busy thinking; the husband over his overdrawn bank account, and the wife in regard to marrying off Agnes and Myra. At last she said: "Mr. Hunting, you had better remember that our Agnes is already twenty years of age, Myra eighteen, and Blanche sixteen. It is now time that the oldest should get married and settled in life."

"There is no hurry," answered the husband. "It is one of the misfortunes of society now, to marry the girls too young. There is plenty of time. If the girls marry when they reach the age of twenty-three and twenty-four, then their physical and mental capacities are more fully developed, and the *prospects* are that they will get better mated, and lead a happy married life."

"The Lord save me that I should keep my daughters unmarried until they reach the age of twenty-three or twenty-four. That would be awful. What ideas for a father to entertain—to let his daughters remain single until they reach the age of twenty-three or twenty-four! Mr. Hunting, I really believe—"

"Don't, Mrs. Hunting," pleaded the husband; "spare me this argument. I am weary in body and spirit. I need repose. I need to collect my thoughts on other important matters."

"Can there be anything more important," interrupted the wife, "than to think and to talk about marrying off at least two out of three marriageable daughters?" and Mrs. Hunting continued on the same topic for some time, but her husband did not hear her. He was lost in thought, continually asking himself: "Where, oh! where will I get that money to cover my draft!" He undressed and sought his bed, but he did not rest. The oppressive anxiety to conceive some plan where to make a raise of the sum to make

his bank account good, tossed him about like a frail ship on a stormy sea.

Mrs. Hunting would have slept, if she only could, but she had to keep awake in order to let her servant girl, Ellen, in; but Ellen was in no hurry to come home; she knew the family needed her services, for, Augustine being sick, no one in the house was able to kindle a fire in the stove or furnace but herself; hence she could do very much as she pleased, and she pleased that evening to let her mistress wait till midnight to open the door for her.

Mrs. Hunting was greatly exasperated at the long absence of her servant. "No, said she, "she is not my servant, I am her servant." This is what I call slavery, and so it is slavery; *the worst slaves are those who are lazy*; if you want to be free and independent, *be active*, use the wondrous senses and the matchless mechanical construction with which nature has so richly endowed men and women for some great purposes, but the first must be, to wait on yourself well, so that your personal comfort shall not depend exclusively on the whim of another.

At last Mrs. Hunting heard the welcome knock at the side door; she lifted the window, and asked, "Is it you, Ellen?"

"Yes, mum," was the short response.

Mrs. Hunting would have gladly requested her husband to step down stairs and open the door, but his rule was not to open the door for any servant who came home after ten, and so firm was he to carry out that rule, that his wife knew it was useless to awake him; so she went down herself, saying, "How hard it is to get along with these girls; one sick and the other out till midnight."

Hardly was the door open when Ellen asked, "Missus, have you been up in Augustine's room?"

The mistress blushed, for she had not, and said, "You are a nice friend of hers, knowing that the cook is sick and alone in her room, and to come home so late."

"And sure I did not think of it, or I would have come home sooner," said the girl, innocently.

"Go, now, and make a fire in the furnace that the house may get warmer, and that some of the hot air will reach Augustine's room; also make a good cup of tea for her, and you may bring me a cup of tea, I am cold from waiting for you."

"Yes, mum; I will have the fire and tea ready soon." Laying off her bonnet and shawl she went to work, saying, "That just suits me, for I feel like drinking two cups of tea, and might as well while I am about it fry me a few eggs; when eggs cost seventy-five cents a dozen they seem to me to have a better taste; I am fond of fried eggs, especially since Augustine taught me to fry them turned over."

In double quick time she kindled the fire in the stove, fried half a dozen eggs and quickly dispatched them. "Sure," said she to herself, "if it would not be so late, I would fry another half dozen; now let me drink a cup or two of tea, and then take a cup to the mistress and to poor Augustine."

She served herself with a cup of good hot tea, exclaiming, "There is nothing like it, when one feels hungry than to eat half a dozen fried eggs and drink a fresh cup of tea; mistress and Augustine will like this tea, it is real good," and she took a cup of tea to each as directed.

CHAPTER IV.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle bow;
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know,
Then come and sit where never serpent hisses,
And being set I'll smother thee with kisses."

Shakespeare.

At twilight Augustine awoke from a feverish sleep. She listened when the clock on the nearest church steeple struck.

She counted five. "Is it in the evening or morning? how long have I slept?"

From the hum in the house and on the street she judged it was evening, and the growing darkness soon convinced her that it was. Her room, and the only room in the house, was not furnished with gas; there was no candle in the room, and she felt it not advisable, in her feverish state, to leave her bed and try to find a candle. She waited; "perhaps her mistress or one of the daughters will call and see after her condition; if not, Ellen will surely come." But neither of them came. Mrs. Hunting and her daughters were too busy with their worldly fashionable affairs, to think or take the time to look after their poor cook. As for Ellen she had Patrick on the brain, he took up all her attention; in his presence she really forgot her room-mate, and so poor Augustine remained in darkness, on her couch, uncared for and forgotten. Slowly passed the hours, and Augustine felt it keenly that none of the ladies in the house, for whom she had worked so faithfully, done always her best to please them, and added as much as was in her power to their comfort and happiness, and now, she being sick, none came to see whether they could give her some assistance or relief. For the first time she felt that she was a *stranger* in a strange land, and *alone*. No mother near to whom she could confide her hopes and her fears, her joys and her sorrows, and receive that motherly caressing and a mother's consolation in return; no father near who would shield her with his protecting arm, no sister and no brother who would feel for her and on whom she could rely in the hour of need, no uncle or aunt, no cousin or distant relative, that would take a heartfelt interest in her welfare. She had no one in this great country, and at these thoughts she wept silently, and moistened the pillow with her tears. "No," exclaimed she, "I must not give way to grief and feel myself neglected, I am not alone, *God* is with me, He is my *Rock*, in Him I put my trust, and if this sickness should become serious, and my mistress and her daughters should still neglect me, I will

apply to be taken to the hospital, and if any body wrongs me I will apply for protection to the judiciary; blessed be those who provide hospitals for the poor stranger, *blessed be the American Judiciary* whose righteousness is world renowned."

And this more than everything else induces the emigrants to make this country their home. If our Southern States wish to enjoy the great benefit of immigration, they must make it a point that the emigrants are hospitably treated and encouraged, and if they have some litigation, that strict justice, tempered with mercy, is meted out to them. The author mentions this as a *sincere friend* of the South, and hopes that it will be accepted in the same spirit and not misconstrued.

Augustine felt greatly relieved, for she trusted in God and knew that she was in a country where the poor and disabled are provided for and protected by the public authorities. Her lips moved in prayer; she implored that the Heavenly Father might soon restore her to health, so that she may continue to work and not become a burden to public expense.

"God, thou Father of mankind, my *Rock* and my *Hope*, bestow on me that earthly bliss, that I may always be able to support myself, and not be in need of the help of others! Help me, thou everlasting Spirit, that I may be able to help myself. Amen!"

Exhausted, she sank on her pillow and slept with the innocence of an infant, a sweet smile passing over her comely features. She dreamed of her childhood: of the grand castle on the Vistula, where she was born, of her tall commanding father with his *royal air*, of her angel-like mother, of her young clear-headed brother, of the many servants in livery, of the elegant carriages and splendid horses, of the costly furniture and of the respectful attention she received from all near her parental home; of the stern face of the gendarme reading the warrant of arrest to her father, Count Ulrich von Mardeck; the ejection of the family from the castle; the cold treatment of former friends and neigh-

bors; their arrival in Berlin, assuming her mother's name; their pinching poverty; her emigration to America, not as Countess of Mardeck, but as Augustine Müller; her hopeless endeavor to get a situation as governess; her resolve to become a cook; her correspondence with her mother; her last letter just received. At the thought of that letter, she awoke, and beheld Ellen standing before her, with a lighted candle in one hand, and a cup of tea in the other.

"You must have been dreaming some pleasant and some terrible dreams, for you seemed to smile and weep. How do you feel? I bring you a cup of tea."

"I feel much better, I thank you. Who told you to bring me a cup of tea?"

"The mistress," answered Ellen, promptly.

"I can now respect her again," said Augustine to herself. "What time is it, Ellen?"

"The clock just struck half-past twelve, but I can not go to bed yet, for I have to make fire in the furnace, and after that I'll drink a cup of tea and perhaps fry me a few eggs. Augustine, you had better eat a few fried eggs; fried eggs, turned over in good butter, as you have taught me to fry them, are real good. Shall I fry you a few?"

"No, Ellen, don't make too free with the eggs. Eggs now cost seventy-five cents a dozen," said Augustine, in a warning voice.

"And who cares if they do cost that much, the mistress is rich enough to buy them, and I am healthy enough to eat them; she is gone to bed and will not know anything about it," remarked Ellen, laughingly.

"It is wrong to be wasteful with your own or with other people's property. Eggs at seventy-five cents a dozen should only be used as a luxury; if you are hungry eat bread and butter, there is plenty of it in the pantry."

Ellen looked up sharply and shook her head with a meaning as if to say, "to be so careful and saving may do in Germany, but here in America it is not necessary; here is more thrown away than eat; this is the land of waste."

And she was not much out of the way in that view, for there is unquestionably great wasting in the kitchens, great wasting in the management of our mercantile and manufacturing establishments, extraordinary wastefulness in our public affairs, but the greatest wasting of all is in the cultivation of our lands, which are allowed to run down, with the same recklessness as a worthless spendthrift spends the inheritance of his ancestors and ends his old days in the poor-house; may our farmers look well to their lands, manure them richly, and give the land time to recover, else they or their children will feel the negligence.

Ellen handed the cup of tea to Augustine, put the candle on the table and left the room, closing the door with a slam.

Augustine noticed this and said, "There is nothing that people dislike so much as telling them the plain truth squarely in the face. Has she a right to fry a few eggs at this hour of the night? And a few eggs with her, means at least half a dozen, which cost now thirty-seven and a half cents; there may be a few bad ones among them, which increases the price of the good ones. I do not like to see people unreasonable, be they rich or poor, employer or employee." She drank her tea with great relish, and joyfully exclaimed: "Thanks to Thee, Thou Builder of all the worlds, that I feel better. As soon as Ellen comes up, I will go to the kitchen and prepare a good breakfast for the family. I presume they had yesterday a poor dinner and a poor supper, for nobody in the house is able to cook a meal. The men are to be pitied who will get those young ladies for their wives. How helpless they will be in household matters, and although they occupy a high position in society compared with my present condition, I would not change with them, for I am brought up to *put my trust in God* and not in vanity. I can rely upon my own strength and exertions and feel not ashamed to make a living by it. The science of cooking well and economically, is an art, though so much despised and neglected by women. It is their greatest stronghold; it is the power behind the throne. The wife

that knows how to cook well and economically, has a stronghold on the affections of her husband: he feels and gladly acknowledges that he has in her a real helpmate, who husbands his earnings to the greatest advantage. Well-prepared food gives him health and strength. Mutual love makes of that husband a giant; he goes forth in the world a host in himself, and returns victorious in whatever he undertakes. The wife shares with him his earnings and his glory in peace, and so should it be in every household in this wide universe." She jumped from her bed, quickly put on her underclothing, took her scissors, and broke the ice in her water-pitcher to wash her hands and face; she combed her hair and put it up in two long braids, which she pinned cross-ways. That done, she put on her dress and apron and went to the kitchen, where she found Ellen busy, frying eggs.

Ellen was quite surprised to see Augustine, and exclaimed: "Don't lecture me; you see I only fried three eggs instead of six, as I first intended."

"But there are the shells of more than three eggs," remarked Augustine.

"So there are. I eat six fried eggs when I came home this evening," answered Ellen, somewhat confused.

"And what time was it when you came home," asked Augustine, smiling.

"It was about twelve," said Ellen.

"And now it is about one, so you eat nine eggs before going to bed. Ellen, I said yesterday when we cleaned the parlor that your digesting powers are good, and if you will feel well to-morrow morning, I will confess that your digesting powers are the best in all America."

Ellen took this remark as a very great compliment, and said: "Now I will go to bed. Good night, or good morning, which, Augustine."

"With you it is good night, with me it is good morning." Being alone, Augustine Müller, born Countess von Mardeck, took the letter which she had received the previous morning and read:

"MY DEAR BELOVED DAUGHTER:

"Since my last letter to you, *our prospects* have greatly improved; the long delayed and continually postponed trial of your noble father has at last taken place before the highest tribunal of the land, charges being made as a positive fact that the Count Ulrich von Mardeck had been conspiring against the government of his country, and that the confiscation of his estate and the merciless expulsion of his family was just. To listen to the prosecuting lawyers, the case of my noble husband looked desperate and gloomy, but when my kind-hearted able brother Joseph, who has given this case years of careful investigation and study, commenced his argument of defense, he refuted the charges as utterly false. He clearly showed to the court that the Count Ulrich von Mardeck was and is not guilty of the charges so skillfully set forth; he convinced the court beyond a shadow of a doubt that the relatives of the noble Count were at the bottom of the charge of this great crime, in order that he should lose his estate, and his wife and children become homeless; they have done it in order to avenge themselves on him because he has married me, Paulina Müller, a plebeian, upon which they looked as a great disgrace to their house and family. For nine successive hours did the *great advocate* speak, and with such fervent eloquence, that the spectators and even the judges wept in sympathy for the Count Ulrich von Mardeck and his unfortunate family. His descriptions of the sufferings of the Count in prison, where darkness and dampness deprived him of his eyesight and crippled him with rheumatism. How blind and crippled he was discharged from the prison on bail, how he was waited on and supported by his feeble wife, who earned her living with the needle—the daughter in a far-off land earning her living as a cook—and the only son a homeless wanderer on the earth.

"The court can not restore the sight and health to the father, but the court can and will, in the name of justice restore to the father his good name untarnished, so that his

children should not have reason to be ashamed of their noble parent.

"Hardly had your learned uncle finished his masterly argument when the judges declared, unanimously, that the Count Ulrich von Mardeck is not guilty, that he is restored to all his titles, rights, and his estate, but that this decree has to be fully approved by His Royal Highness, the King.

"Your father has not been informed of the decision of the court, as my dear brother thinks he had better be gradually prepared for it, else the good news may prove a sad shock to his feeble health.

"Good as this news is, I have still better news to write you. Our dear Karl, who has joined the Prussian navy, has rapidly advanced, and is now the commander of the man-of-war King William I.; but as his letter is very lengthy, and of great interest, I inclose it with mine. Hold yourself in readiness to start at a moment's notice to your native home, to your loving mother's arms, who longs to embrace and kiss her darling daughter. Be calm, and keep in good health. I would write more, but my emotions overpower me. My eyes are filling with tears. Be careful, be hopeful, and *trust in God*. This the sincere wish of your

"Most affectionate, loving mother,

"PAULINA MULLER.

"P. S. Your father is asleep while I pen this letter, and, in his dreams, calls your name."

"But will the King sanction the decision of the supreme court?" asked Augustine herself. "'Don't put your trust in kings,' is the old adage, and it may hold good in this case. Let me not be too hopeful, but Karl's letter shows substantial success. Let me also read that letter once more carefully." She read:

"On Board of the man-of-war King William I.

"MY DEAR PARENTS:

"When I bade you good-bye, I told you that you would not hear from me until I had well succeeded in life. More

than a thousand times did I regret of having made this resolution, for it deprived me of the great pleasure to hear from you, and especially from my dear sister Augustine, but to be a *man* worthy of the *exalted name*, I had to keep my resolution, if once taken.

"I redoubled my exertions in the Prussian naval service, advanced very rapidly, and am now the commander of this man-of-war. I owe this great success not only to my perseverance, but mainly to the classical education which I obtained through the pecuniary assistance of my noble sister Augustine. But I shall feel humiliated as long as I have not richly repaid her offerings and savings in my behalf. It was a great sacrifice for her to go to a foreign country, to leave father and mother, to work as a cook and send home her earnings to pay my schooling. If I had known this I would have preferred rather to be a wood-chopper and a water-carrier than to have my education paid for with the hard earned money of my poor sister Augustine.

"I expect an order to visit the American waters before sailing home, and, if so, I will bring dear Augustine home to her native land in my own vessel.

"My cruises have mostly been without much personal danger, except a week ago, when an unexpected storm suddenly set upon us. Nothing but the skillful management of our strong and noble vessel saved us from a watery grave. I felt that many a stout vessel and crew must have perished in that dark and gloomy night, and the next morning I kept a sharp lookout for any signs of wrecked vessels. Suddenly I espied a dark object, tossed hither and thither by the still high-going sea. I directed my vessel toward it, and saw a man faintly clinging to a spar. He was utterly exhausted. I gave order to lower a boat, but before this could be done a high wave swamped the man, who, letting go his hold, disappeared in the dark waters.

"None shall perish when Augustine's brother is near,' and with these words and her name on my lips I leaped from my vessel to save the drowning man. As he arose again I

grasped him, and kept him above the water until the boat was lowered, and reaching us, took us, though utterly exhausted, safely to the vessel. The man had fainted. After applying some restoratives, animation returned. He opened his eyes, and looking wildly around, as if to say, 'Where am I?' he fainted again. He now lies prostrated with brain fever in my cabin. All attention and care is shown to him, and there is some hope of his recovery. To judge from his appearance and some papers, I think him to be an American. His name is Augustus —, as we found a letter addressed to him under that name—the latter part being blotted out.

"I inclose also an order on the Admiralty for three hundred thalers, which I hope my parents will accept as a token of my love and great esteem. Acknowledge the receipt of this letter at once, and give me full particulars of your health and welfare, and also send me all the letters you have received from my darling sister Augustine, with her full address. Direct your letters, Karl Müller, Commander of the man-of-war King William I., and hand them to the Admiralty, which will be forwarded to me with the official communications.

"Hoping that this will find you all in good health, and that you will remember me in kindness, I am

"Your loving son,

"KARL MÜLLER.

"P. S. Please do not omit to write immediately, and also to send me all the letters of dear Augustine, with her address, to whom I send my love."

"Karl's letter is glorious; it is just like him to risk his life to save another's. I am glad that he at last appreciates what I have done for him; but who can that Augustus be? The eldest son of this house is called Augustus; he is a captain and now with his vessel in the East Indian waters. Would it not be strange if that Augustus is the son of Mrs. Hunting? Let me await events, and do as my dear mother directs: to be

calm, cheerful, and to *trust in God*. And now I'll go to work as usual."

She hid these precious letters in her bosom, near her heart.

While being occupied with her work in the kitchen, she muttered to herself:

"To-day is New-Year's day, and the family ought to have something better than usual for breakfast. Let me see what to prepare. I guess I will make one gold and one silver cake; it takes only twelve eggs for both; then I'll take six eggs and make some nice omelets, filled with jelly. Also have some butter biscuit, light and tender, and a small roast of veal; good coffee with hot cream."

Many a bachelor who rests not on a bed of roses, and passes his life lonely and gloomily, would have taken courage to propose, if they would have seen that beautiful girl in her plain and simple attire, lightly and gracefully making the cakes, the omelets, the biscuit and the roast. All was looking so inviting, and especially to have it served by such hands. There is something fascinating to behold a neat, tidy maiden working skillfully and without much ado in the kitchen, preparing the meal for the family.

The morning bells rang clearly, and many a fire-cracker could be heard on the street, fired by the boys in honor of New-Year's day. Misses Agnes, Myra, and Blanche were the first to arise. The well-heated rooms were evidence that Ellen had returned, but what especially heightened the glee of the young ladies was the sweet and scented odor which came from the kitchen.

"Good!" they exclaimed, "the cook is well and is cooking something nice for breakfast; what a comfort it is to have a good cook in the house."

"It is even more than a comfort," remarked Myra.

Agnes smiled, and said:

"Myra thinks of the substantials."

"You may well call good prepared food the substantials of life, for they promote health and make one feel good-natured, besides increasing our physical and mental powers."

"Myra, be careful, or I shall call you an epicure," remarked Agnes, in a sneering tone.

"I am no epicure, but I claim that good eating is essential to good health and success in life. Did not Napoleon the Great say that he lost the battle because the dinner did not agree with him? If a simple dinner had such an effect on that great man, how much more must it affect a man of less intellectual power and greatness?"

"I have not given this matter much attention," interrupted Blanche, "still I agree with Myra, that if one eats good, one feels good. Since yesterday morning, I have not had one thing well prepared to eat, and I can say that I don't feel near as well as usual; so hurry, please, that we get done and go to breakfast."

The sisters finished their toilets, and met their parents in the sitting-room, reading the morning news. They exchanged the morning salutations, and repaired to the dining-room. The table with its snowy white linen, each tumbler adorned with a fringed napkin, the polished forks and knives with the silver handles, and silver spoons tastefully arranged, would have caused to smile even the most ill-natured, while on each end of the table stood a silver and gold cake, with the inscription, on the first:

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

And on the gold cake:

AND A GREAT MANY OF THEM!

A bouquet of natural flowers stood in the center of the table hightening the truly beautiful sight.

"Augustine is quite an artist; none but those who possess great natural taste, could set a table so handsomely," exclaimed Agnes, enthusiastically.

Mr. Hunting started, and said to himself:

"Those cakes are very beautiful, and the mottoes very appropriate, but they are not worth fifty dollars."

The roast of veal, the omelets filled with jelly rolled and

powdered with sugar, were served hot; also, coffee and cream and biscuit.

"What a real nice breakfast this is," remarked Blanche; everything tastes so well.

"Yes," observed Mr. Hunting, "that girl cooks well."

"Papa, please hand me another piece of that silver and gold cake?" asked Myra, the youngest of his daughters.

The father served her as requested.

"Thank you, pa; why are those cakes called silver and gold cakes?" asked Myra.

"Because one is white and the other is yellow," answered the father.

"And how are they made?" questioned Myra.

"That is more than I can tell."

"Mamma, how are those cakes made?"

"Daughters, you had better think of your music, French, Latin and drawing lessons, than how silver and gold cakes are made; you never will be called upon to make a cake, but you may be requested to play a piece and come in fashionable society, where French and Latin is spoken, and I wish that you shall know it well," answered the mother, in a disapproving tone and look.

"I do not see any harm in it, if you will explain to our daughters how a silver and gold cake is prepared," ventured Mr. Hunting to his wife.

"I do see harm in it; if I explained it to them, the next will be that they want to make them, and then there will be no end to it; my daughters have no business to cook. I told you yesterday that those old fashionable times are gone by when ladies worked things in the kitchen; they have in these days something else to do," answered Mrs. Hunting, somewhat sharply.

"And may I ask what that something else is?" questioned the husband, sarcastically.

"To elevate ourselves and through that elevation elevate humanity," answered the wife, very condescendingly.

"That is a noble aim, but I fear that you will not succeed,

or make only slow progress at best, as long as you step from your proper sphere, *that of making home a paradise*, and no home can be a happy one, where women are ignorant or unwilling to do housework," answered the husband, earnestly.

"Indeed, Mr. Hunting, you are placing a very great value on housework; you seem to consider it the very keys of heaven," exclaimed Mrs. Hunting.

"Not the keys of heaven, but the keys to human welfare on earth. Recollect, last night, our cheerless and cold house, and poor supper, and compare it with our comfort this morning, our good breakfast prepared by the hands of our hired girl. Now suppose we were not able to hire, or we could not get them, or they would have been unwell to work, we would have had again a cheerless house, no breakfast fit to eat; some one of the family would have taken sick, or if not sick, be in ill humor, and the sick and ill-humored are the last persons to elevate themselves and through their elevation elevate others. To be able to elevate ourselves, we must be well and industrious, not too proud to work, be that work whatever it may be, as long as it is an honest pursuit; not to be vain, and to give more attention to what we get *in* our heads than *on* our heads."

"Please, husband," interrupted the wife, "let me eat my breakfast in peace, and do not philosophize so much, every thing will adjust itself in the course of time."

"So it will; if civilization can not accomplish it, there is the higher law, *early graves and many of them*, and if that is not sufficient to weed out the worthless quickly enough, then there will be another overflow and inundation, and the world will again become peopled with a new race that will not be so fashionable to abuse the laws of nature, and become a burden instead of joy to each other. Looking continually for their rights, always talking about the future and neglecting the present, that is the style now in vogue."

The ladies made no remarks, and thought the head of the family was laboring under mental excitement. They finished the breakfast in silence. The young ladies were the first to

leave the table, they went to their room to commence their *reception toilet*. The head ornamentation, of course, was first begun with. We doubt whether the architect of Notre Dame, at Strasbourg, has given more thoughts to the grand steeple of that celebrated church than our young ladies did when they arranged their waterfalls on this grand occasion; suffice it to say, the waterfall was high, so high that a five-inch hair-pin was not long enough to pin it on the side to the natural hair. Nothing shorter than a six or seven-inch hair-pin would answer to keep the substantial waterfall in its place, but such hair-pins were not at hand. Ellen must go and get some. But poor Ellen was sick; nine eggs fried and turned over, eaten at midnight, before going to bed, was more than even Ellen could stand. It was out of question to leave the bed, and it was not advisable to send Augustine, for good cooks are scarce, and the grocer might know of a place where they want a good cook and where better wages would be paid; it would be risky (what a punishment to live under such apprehensions). The coachman was therefore pressed into service, to "go and buy at the nearest grocer's three cards of six or seven-inch hair-pins, and if he could not get them at the grocer's, he surely would find them at the notion stores."

Tom made a sour face to go and buy hair-pins, "he was not hired for that; still he had no objection to go, and accommodate the young ladies, but if he can not get them at the grocer's he don't know what a notion store is."

The young ladies explained to him what a notion store meant. It is a store that keeps small ware of great utility; no place could well get along without a notion store; but somehow Tom could not comprehend it, and had his doubts whether he could find such a store, and such long hair-pins.

"You are not such a block-head, Tom," remarked Agnes good naturedly. "Here is one dollar, those pins will cost a quarter; the rest you keep, and treat yourself to anything you please."

Tom's face brightened, as if by magic. "Yes, madam, I

know now what a notion store is; it is a thread and needle store," exclaimed he, in a glee. "I know where there is one." Off he went, and returned quickly with six and seven inch hair-pins.

The waterfalls were built according to the latest fashion, and being well pinned no accident was apprehended.

If there is any fashion that deserves to be stamped as *abominable* it is those *waterfalls*; for to wear such a weight of questionable stuff on the head must cause headache, and brain disease; and as a natural consequence prevent the growth of hair. If this *abominable fashion* will long continue the *prospects* are that the fair sex will become bald-headed.

After their heads were duly ornamented, then came the task of lacing the corset, another article of fashion that can be called the faithful ally of the destroying Angel, which undermines the health of the ladies. We will pause here to say nothing about tight, pinching shoes, and the firm pressing garter, that obstruct the circulation of the blood; and direct now our attention to Mr. Edward Hunting.

CHAPTER V.

"Awful it is to wake in sorrow,
Awful it is to have no money
To meet a note due to-morrow."

THESE lines give a faint idea of the feelings of Mr. Hunting. He awoke in sorrow, and felt gloomy and unhappy, on account of his largely overdrawn bank account. The fear that his draft might be returned hovered around his mind just as the fear of the miser, that some one will rob him of his possessions; there was only one ray of hope to get money on New Year's day, and that was by the mail, from his customers that owed him. He went to the post-office, and

met his faithful bookkeeper, Frank Wilkins, who was there for the same purpose; his only hope depending on this morning mail.

"Good morning Mr. Hunting, I wish you a happy New Year."

"Thank you, Frank; thank you, I wish you the same. Is there a large mail for us this morning?" inquired Mr. Hunting, anxiously.

"Yes, there is, but the letters look as if they contained no drafts," answered Wilkins, promptly.

"Come with me to the counting room, we will open the letters there and see," said Mr. Hunting.

They reached the office, and opened the first letter, which read:

"MESSRS. EDWARD HUNTING & Co.:

"Gentlemen—Your statement is at hand, and found correct. We admit that it is sixty days over due, and are really sorry that we can not remit you your just claim, but the facts are that all our customers, *mostly rich farmers*, who owe us for months, don't pay us, because they hold their produce until they can get better prices, and as the market is dropping they may not sell for some time. As soon as we collect we will remit you at once.

"With the compliments of the season we are, gentlemen,

"Yours truly

"SLIWOWITZ & Co."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Hunting; "Sliwowitz & Co. wrote that letter? they are among my oldest and most reliable customers. It is strange that Sliwowitz & Co. should send us such a letter, when we send them a statement with the request to remit."

The bookkeeper read the letter again, and said:

"They seem anxious to pay, but have not the money; this is owing, exclusively, to the present evil that our farmers, nowadays, are not contented to be producers but want also

to be speculators; and as trading is overdone, since every village and cross-road has two stores more than can well be supported, the farmer is independent of the store. If one will not trust him for all he wants, and wait for pay until it suits his convenience, the farmer not only does not pay his bills when due, but he buys from some other store, where for competition's sake all possible credit is given to him. Sliwowitz & Co. know this, hence they are lenient with and humor those rich farmers, and are thus not able to meet their obligations."

"You are correct in your views, Wilkins; that is the way it works, and yet that same farmer claims to be a religious man, prays devotedly that the infidel should be saved, while he himself commits a willful sin against his neighbor, by keeping means in his possession which do not belong to him, but to a fellow-man, to whom such means is *his all*, his capital, his credit, his good name, the very tools with which he supports his family. *Verily there is a great wrong in it*, if parties that can pay their indebtedness promptly, do not do so. Please, Wilkins, proceed with reading the other letters."

The book-keeper opened another letter and read:

"MESSRS. EDWARD HUNTING & Co.—*Gentlemen* :

"Your statement is received. What is the use to send me a statement? Don't I know that I owe you and it should have been paid long ago? I think of my indebtedness to you, wherever I go. Says I, Hunting & Co. should have been paid by this time. Therefore, what is the use to send me a statement when I am thinking of it all the time. I am good for it, for every dollar that I owe. I have five thousand dollars out, by *good farmers*, but they will not sell their corn and other stuff, and I have to wait for them. You shall have your money as soon as I will get it. Do not be uneasy, and do not send me a statement.

"Your honest debtor, IRA T. SIDER.

"N. B.—Have a good stock for the coming spring and I will buy a large bill of you, because you have indulged me."

"That *nota bene* gives the key to that man's affairs. I guess he indulges the farmers too much, that they should be under obligation to buy of him, and being a good natured man, they take unusual advantage. See, please, how old his account is," said Mr. Hunting.

Wilkins quickly opened the safe, took the index and ledger, and referred to page of Ira T. Sider, saying: "Sider is getting very sour, that account runs since last March, and there is yet a small balance unpaid since January, about a year ago."

"Please, make a note with pen and ink on his page, that this account is to be gradually closed, inform so the salesman who generally fills his orders or waits on him."

The book-keeper took the pen and was about making the memorandum, when he hesitated and remarked: "Mr. Hunting, would it not be better not to make such a memorandum on the page, since your instructions are that if any one of our competitors come to inquire about the standing of one of our customers, to say nothing for or against them, but merely to open the ledger, and to let them form their own conclusions from the records of the account?"

"You are right; that memorandum would attract attention, but I can not help it. I do not want that any one should be deceived. I can not recommend any as entitled to credit whom I do not want to give credit myself."

There was nothing more said. The memorandum was made as directed. The credit of Ira T. Sider was annulled, and a merchant without credit is like the earth without the sun; everything withers, and gloom prevails there.

The rest of the letters were opened, but they contained no drafts—only promises to remit soon.

Both employer and employee were silent. Both were busy thinking where to get the money to cover the draft which was issued to take up the note. Wilkin's eyes filled with tears, and despair spread over the face of the unhappy merchant. He arose from his chair, walked rapidly up and

down, buttoned up his overcoat, and left his place of business without saying a word.

The faithful bookkeeper watched his movements, and looked anxiously. He then prayed, "Thou Infinite Being, be with him in this great hour of trial, and save him from disgrace and destruction! But where is he going? what will he do in such a state of mind? perhaps he is on his way to take some stimulants; let me follow him, for if he breaks his resolution of yesterday he will surely become a drunkard."

He quickly closed the safe and the counting-room, and followed, at a respectful distance, his despairing employer, who, when passing the St. Charles, stopped and hesitated, as if to enter the bar-room, but he changed his purpose and passed on. He reached the St. James, and went on. He reached the St. Nicholas, and still went on his way. He reached the St. George, and did not stop at either of those gilded saints, to worship them. Wilkins felt a great relief, but there were two more saloons to pass on his way home the "*Senate*" and "*Do you Smile?*" where they retailed American brandies, good and indifferent, out of genuine French bottles, but Mr. Hunting did not stop at the "*Senate*" nor at the place with the sign "*Do you Smile?*" He went straight to his home, with a fixed purpose on his mind.

Entering his bed-room, which was on the second floor facing the street, he found his wife looking out of the window, so much interested that she did not notice the entrance of her husband, who took off his boots, and putting on his slippers made himself comfortable.

The wife turned around, and seeing her husband putting on his morning gown, said, "That is all you know, to make yourself comfortable and easy, and your family is suffering. I tell you, sir, I suffer when I think of our carriage horses and harness, how shabby they looked compared with the carriage and horses of the La Montes. They just passed here. Mrs. La Monte had a new velvet cloak, which must have cost at least three hundred dollars. I was foolish for not buying

it. Now she has it. She even had the impudence to look up to see whether I noticed it. What an unfortunate woman am I to have a husband who continually begs that I should not spend so much money! Sir! henceforth I *will* buy whatever I want and fancy, regardless of your appeals and implorations, to be saved such feelings as I now experience."

"Madam!" exclaimed the husband, with a tremulous motion, "how much do you suppose that my expenses were last year to keep you and the family up in such style as your vanity dictated?"

"I do not care to know!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunting.

"You do not care to know, as a wife and as a mother? It is your duty to know the amounts of money it takes to supply your extraordinary wants. As a faithful wife and as a good mother, it is your *most solemn duty* to take into consideration whether your husband can afford to spend so much.

"You do not care to know," continued the husband, in a quivering voice. "You do not care whether your husband becomes a bankrupt, yourself and children homeless and outcasts. You do not care for the future. You do not care for anybody or anything as long as you can satisfy your vanity. Your husband, yourself, sons and daughters, and everything thing else, may go to destruction, but you must shine and outshine everybody as long as there is a dollar left to do it with. O God! what a future is there for me and mine if this continues!" He went to the library, which was in the adjoining room, opened a book-case and brought forth a skull and other parts of the human body. He placed them on the table, and grasping his wife's arm, and drawing her toward the table, he cried: "See, woman! behold these bones and that skull! In their days they, too, were covered with flesh and skin, and now they serve in the cabinet of the researching student, or are the nests of worms. That what you now behold, I and you will be in a few short years. Why be so vain that you should hasten on the time of your husband to become what you now see? Why give way to vanity to such an extent that higher duties are neglected,

for, *know it*," and at these words he struck the table with his fist with great violence, which made the dead bones rattle, "*know it*, that our children are worthless. Charles is a gambler, and our daughters are helpless creatures. Augustus, our oldest, was raised before the demon of vanity took hold of your body and soul, and therefore he is a useful member of society. The others will be lost, if you do not solemnly resolve to become a better woman, a woman who belongs to God and not to the devil." His lips moved, but he could not utter another word. His eyes wandered strangely, and he sank exhausted in the nearest chair.

The wife trembled like a leaf; the grinning, ghastly looking skull, the vehement words and actions of her husband overwhelmed her with fear and anxiety. She fell on her knees, grasped the feverish hands of her husband, and kissing them fervently, called loudly out, "Edward, what is the matter with you? speak to me." But he did not notice her nor her words; his lips moved and uttered no sound; his eyes wandered strangely. "Edward, my dear Edward! speak, tell me what you want; I will do all that you want me to do." He heard not her appeals; she wept and called out again and again: "Edward, dear Edward! recognize me once more; command me, I will obey like a wife should a good and wise husband. Edward, thou' my first and only love, behold me, your wife, your Kate, is kneeling before you, a penitent wife." He did not hear, nor see her, for reason seemed dethroned. The wife became greatly alarmed; she threw herself around his neck and kissed him with all the ardency of a woman's holy love. "Edward, my love; Edward, my husband, father of my children, behold, it is me, your wife, who promises before God and these dead bones, to be a good wife, who will sincerely care for your welfare." The ardent caresses, and at the words *father of my children*, the greatly excited husband recovered his presence of mind, and faintly said: "Bring me some water."

Never did Mrs. Hunting wait on her husband as gladly

and quickly as she did on that occasion. She not only brought water, but also a washbowl and towel.

"Do, dear, drink and wash yourself; how could you excite yourself so?"

Mr. Hunting made no remark, but drank some water and washed his hands, face, and head.

The wife assisted him, and fluttered around as a mother does when the baby stands for the first time on its feet.

"Do you feel better, dear?" asked the wife, affectionately.

"I feel somewhat better, but my head is yet very heavy. Too much anxiety, too much care on my mind; but why mention it to you; you do not care what loads of responsibilities I have to carry, as long as I am only able to pay your bills."

"Forgive me, my dear husband; if that has been my failing, and if I was too careless of your means, still I do not think that I have spent more money than other ladies do of our standing," pleaded the wife, earnestly.

"And how much do you think that you did spend last year for yourself, daughters, and house expenses?" asked the husband.

"Indeed, I have no idea; I never gave it a moment's reflection; how much did we spend?"

"Nearly twenty-three thousand dollars!" exclaimed the husband, with a clouded brow.

"Twenty-three thousand dollars is a very large amount, is it not a mistake?" inquired the wife.

"No; we have vouchers for every dollar of that large amount. Such large expenditures have forced me into doubtful speculations, and I have lost largely and my position as a merchant is very critical, and nothing but a providential interference and great economy on our part, will save me from ruin," said the husband, sadly.

"Can you not make a loan to carry you over the critical period, until your assets will be available?" asked the wife.

The husband looked sharply up, thinking by himself how natural it seems to spendthrifts to loan money, and even

when they get it, to spend it as carelessly as if it were not worth while to keep it. They lull themselves into the belief that they will always be able to make a loan, never for a moment thinking that the interest and their own carelessness consumes their substance, and before they are aware of it, they can make no loan at any rate of interest.

"I tried," said he, to make a loan yesterday, in order to meet one of my notes of six thousand dollars;" and then he told his wife of his going to Beininger for dinner, how he met the cashier, and how they both noticed the costly cakes taken out of the store; how the cashier particularly inquired for whom those cakes were, and what they cost; that he asked the cashier to accommodate him and hold his note over for a few days; how flatly he was refused, and how he felt to be at that man's mercy. "He spoke words," said he, "that went like daggers into my heart. I felt humiliated beyond endurance. I reached my counting-room and found Wilkins lamenting that there was only half an hour left to raise the six thousand dollars to meet the note matured. In this moment of desperation, I mailed a fifty one-dollar draft to our Eastern bank as one of fifty-one hundred dollars. Our account on that bank is small, and consequently I have overdrawn it to a large amount. If, therefore, I can not raise the money to-day, to remit it to the bank, then my draft will be returned, stamped 'no funds here,' and that will not only injure my credit East, but also here."

"What is that cashier's name who treated you so contemptuously," asked the wife.

"John James La Monte."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunting, "you had to bow so low before Mr. La Monte; and he glorified in your humiliation, and would not accommodate you after all?"

"Yes, it is the very La Monte whose wife you wish to outshine. The confectioner Beininger presented his bill for cakes and wines at the office before he delivered them. My bookkeeper gave him a check, with which he immediately went to the bank; and thus the cashier knew that you spent

fifty dollars for cakes and one hundred and forty-five dollars for wines. He no doubt thought, and justly too, that if a man has a wife who spends one hundred and ninety-five dollars for cakes and other things, he ought to be able to meet his notes promptly; and if not, his wife would have no business to be so extravagant, and that, therefore, I had no right to call on him for any accommodation. If my draft is returned with 'no funds here,' I will be looked upon as a merchant capable of doing most anything in order to make a *raise*, to keep up an extravagant establishment and live in a grand style. If this impression once prevails in the business world, my credit is gone, and a merchant without means and credit can not succeed; he has to succumb. My position is truly critical. Time flies, only a few hours more are left me to raise this money, and, oh! where shall I go to cover my draft?" His head fell on his breast, and he wrung his hands in despair.

The wife became alarmed for fear that this great mental strain might dethrone her husband's reason, and again she begged and implored her husband.

"Edward, my darling," said she, "don't despair. See here!" and with these words she opened a drawer of her bureau and took from it a casket of jewels. "Here, take these jewels, my diamond rings, my diamond breast-pins and earrings," taking them from off her fingers and ears; "take them, pawn or sell them, I need no other jewel, no other ornament, but my wedding ring. To see my husband free of all cares and anxieties and respected by all, is my only wish!"

The husband was dumb-founded. He hardly could believe his own eyes, and he had to pinch himself to ascertain whether he was asleep and dreaming, or whether he was actually awake and this his wife who proposed to pawn or sell her jewels in order to save him from disgrace. While this passed through his mind, his wife, noticing his silence, cried: "Do, my dear husband, take these jewels, dispose of

them as you think best, and only see that you can cover your draft so that it is not returned."

"Thank you, my dear wife, for your very kind offerings, since it must be a great sacrifice for you to part with your jewels."

"I part with them gladly to save the good name of my dear husband," answered the wife, her eyes filling with tears.

The husband arose from his chair and, opening the costly casket, took from it one large pearl necklace, brooch and earrings to match, one gold and pearl necklace with brooch and earrings to match, one gold necklace, bracelets, earrings and brooch to match, one diamond set, gold watch and chain and several charms of great value, among which there was one piece representing two hearts, set with costly diamonds and with an enameled eagle spreading his wings over them. This was his first present to his wife. At the sight of it, and at such a moment, and for such a purpose, he felt keenly his truly sad and deplorable position. Tears burst from his eyes, and he exclaimed:

"No, I can not and I will not take these jewels!"

He stretched out his open arms toward his wife who rushed to him, covered him with kisses, and both wept.

"God, Thou kind Father of all, help my dear husband, help us in this our hour of great need," prayed the wife from her innermost soul. "Help us! help us!" A sudden thought passed through her mind—self-reproach. "Why should God help me now? Have I ever thought of God in my prosperity, have I ever helped others that I should be now worthy of His help?" No, then, she did not think of God; she went to the "meeting house" not to pray and give thanksgiving to the Almighty Father, but only to show her elegant attire and costly, glittering jewels.

Yes, many a good wife and many a good and obedient daughter had stayed away from the house of worship, because they looked so poorly dressed compared with the grand lady, Mrs. Hunting. Had she been charitable? No, she had no time for poor people. Her mind was occu-

pied only with beautifying her person, in order to be envied by her sex and admired by the other. Was it right for a wife and mother to set them and her neighbors such an example? What claim had she on *God's grace now*? Surely none. Forsaken by our Heavenly Father, what are we poor depending creatures? Nothing but dust, which the wind blows in the river, and hence is carried into the ocean, a bed for the salted waters, to be cleansed from its impurity in the course of uncountable centuries.

"Thou great God, be merciful unto me. I confess that I have been a sinner, that I have not fulfilled my mission to be a good wife and a good mother, that I have not been what a woman should be, an 'Angel of Peace.'

"Thou Omnipotent, hear my prayers, spare us from disgrace, prolong the life of my husband and myself, that we may live according to Thy precept: '*Man and wife shall be one*,' whose duty it is to lead a model life, for their own sake, the sake of their children, their fellow-beings, and for the sake of Thy Holy Spirit, of whom we are a part."

A gentle knock was heard on the door. Both husband and wife hastened to wipe their tears to conceal their emotion.

"Come in," said Mr. Hunting. It was Agnes.

"Papa, there is a lady in the parlor, who wishes to see you alone."

Mrs. Hunting started. She did not say anything, but asked herself, what does this mean? A lady coming to the house, wishing to see my husband alone!

"You must be mistaken, Agnes," said Mr. Hunting to his daughter, "when you say that the lady wishes to see me, and alone. I do not know of any lady who has business with me so urgent as to call on a New Year's day at my house."

"No, papa," answered Agnes, "I am not mistaken, she clearly said she must see you alone."

"I am really in no humor to see any one to-day. Go and ask her whether she could not come to-morrow morning

here, or later in the day to my counting room," said Mr. Hunting.

Agnes left the room to do her father's bidding.

"I wonder who that can be?" asked Mr. Hunting.

"I can not tell if you can not," answered Mrs. Hunting. But it seems strange that a lady should come to the house, and request to see you alone. Edward, it would kill me, if I would find out, that you have secrets before your wife."

The husband sprang to his feet, and in an angry tone exclaimed: "Kate, how can you have such thoughts of your husband. Your husband has no secrets before his wife, for I wish and expect to do as I want to be done by." He was about to ring the bell and give an order, when Agnes reappeared, and said:

"Papa, the lady says that she will leave the city this evening, and she wishes to see you before her departure."

"Then, please, excuse me to her that I can not come down in the parlor, but show her up into my sitting room, where I will meet her;" and turning to his wife, he said, "come with me to meet the lady who wishes to see me alone. I have no secrets before my wife I am afraid she should know."

Well would it be for the whole human family, if every husband and every wife would cherish such holy principles, and live according to them.

Entering the up-stairs sitting room, they found a middle aged lady, neatly dressed. She arose from her seat and made a very respectful bow before Mr. and Mrs. Hunting, who returned the courtesy with equal respect and grace.

"Mr. Hunting, do you not recognize me?" asked the visitor, in a voice full of emotion.

"No, madam. I can not call to mind when or where I have seen you," answered Mr. Hunting, after looking sharply at the stranger.

"Do you recollect, when about fifteen years ago, you had a tenant by the name of Mrs. Ida Lothimore, a widow with two sons and one daughter, who was at that time too poor to pay her rent? For many months you indulged her in not

paying the rent; then you came and gave her verbal notice to leave the premises. But when that poor widow related to you her poverty, her helplessness with three dependent children, tears stood in your eyes, tears of sympathy for the poor helpless widow and orphans. You said, never mind the rent, just stay in this room, without paying any rent until you are able. You opened your purse and handed that poor woman two twenty-dollar bank notes, saying at the same time, I loan you this money, start with it some kind of a business that will support you and your children honestly, and whenever you are able to pay me back the money, you can call at my place of business. You left without waiting to receive thanks from that poor widow who now stands before you,"—she could not proceed, sorrow mingled with joy overpowered her, and she wept tears of heartfelt gratitude and joy.

"Be seated, madam," exclaimed Mr. Hunting, greatly moved. "Don't weep; calm yourself; I am still the friend of the needy."

"I know it," responded Mrs. Ida Lothimore, "and that is another reason I called to see you. Please have patience with me, I can not proceed," and a fresh burst of tears stifled her voice. At last she recovered herself, and said: "Those two twenty-dollar bills enabled me to move, with my children, to the State of Texas, where I had a very wealthy brother living, unmarried, but alas! wedded to the cup. He hated the very sight of a woman, and would not receive me; but at last he permitted me, for the sake of my children, to remain on his premises. I attended to his comfort, to the best of my ability. With the help of the Almighty, and my own feeble efforts, I succeeded in making him abjure that dreadful vice, the ruin to all. He led a useful life and assisted me in educating my children. My sons are now master mechanics in my adopted State, my daughter married a very good and very wealthy planter, and they are now on their way to Europe to spend their honeymoon. I intend joining them in New York, but I could not leave the land of my

birth before visiting and planting flowers over the grave of my departed noble husband. I could not leave this city before seeing you, my great benefactor." She grasped his hands and kissed them. "Thanks, again and again, for the kindness you have shown to me in the hour of need, for you have saved me and my children from degrading poverty. Through you my noble brother—may his ashes rest in peace!—was saved from a drunkard's grave. He left me and my children his vast estate, worth a million of dollars. I am really at a loss what to do with so much wealth, and am resolved to use it for charitable purposes; and, knowing from personal experience that you are a gentleman who feels for the unfortunate, I take the liberty of depositing with you here ten drafts, each for ten thousand dollars, payable to your order at New York. I request you to loan out this money, in sums not exceeding five thousand dollars, to worthy young merchants, and young mechanics who wish to start in business for themselves, giving them such time as your judgment will approve of, and not charging them a higher rate of interest than four per cent., said interest to be payable quarterly, and as soon as collected to be given to helpless widows, on the sole condition that if they have children under age, to have them learn a trade in a well-conducted establishment, whose head is known to be a good moral man, and who abhors intoxicating drink."

Mr. Hunting did not take the ten ten-thousand dollar drafts offered him. He looked at the noble woman in a bewildered manner, and said:

"Madam, I thank you for the great compliment paid me, but the trust and responsibility is too great. You had better intrust your donation to some one more capable, and better than I am."

"My noble benefactor, you are no stranger to me. I know that the trust is in safe and good hands," and pressing the drafts into his hands, she continued: "You need not give me a receipt, but send me a copy as entered on your ledger,

and direct it to Mrs. Ida Lothimore, Grand Hotel, Paris, France."

Then, turning to Mrs. Hunting, she said in a very affectionate tone:

"Madam, will you do me the great kindness to accept this draft of ten thousand dollars, payable to bearer, as a token of admiration for the wife who uses her influence in behalf of the poor, and who makes of her husband a philanthropist?"

Mrs. Hunting grew pale, and stammered out:

"Ma—mad—madam, you are very kind, but——"

"Please, say nothing," interrupted Mrs. Lothimore, "but take it. It is a great pleasure, a great pleasure, indeed, to me," and pressing the draft in the hands of Mrs. Hunting, she quickly left the room and the house.

A carriage was in waiting, which she entered, and ordering the coachman to drive on, she gave way to her own thoughts and emotion.

"O, how glad am I that this interview is over! How careworn that good man looks; and his wife, how she felt the sting of self-reproach. It is true it cost me ten thousand dollars, but what are ten thousand dollars to me? I will not leave my children too great an inheritance, *for too much money only spoils them*. Let me leave them less money, but more of a good example, and above all, a good name; a good name is a fortune in itself."

Mrs. Hunting seemed as if rooted to the spot. The words, *as a token of admiration for the wife who uses her influence in behalf of the poor, and who makes of her husband a philanthropist*, haunted her, for she knew that she had not been good to the poor, that, on the contrary, she had oppressed them wherever she had the least chance. The poor seamstress not only had to sew for her at the very lowest price, but she had to call half a dozen times before she could receive her hard-earned money, notwithstanding her tearful appeal to the proud and overbearing woman.

How often had she told the servant girl when Committees

called for the relief of the poor and needy, to tell them that the mistress was not at home; and even how she had reproached and found fault with her husband for subscribing so liberally to the "Relief Fund;" and how often she had scorned and driven away from her house the poor woman begging for a piece of bread to keep her children from starving.

"I charitable and good to the poor! It is mockery," exclaimed Mrs. Hunting. "Ha! that former beggar woman only wished to taunt and mock me! Let me hasten after her and give her back this money. It burns my fingers like living coals."

She rushed down stairs, and to the front door, which was just opened by a New Year's caller. She saw Mrs. Lothimore enter her carriage and drive away.

"Too late! too late!" groaned the unhappy woman, when she returned to her room. "What shall I do with this money? I am not entitled to it."

Self-reproach again tormented her, and, wringing her hands in despair, she bitterly cried:

"What has been my life! Void of every noble thought and action, I have only striven to gratify my vanity at the expense of my husband, who has nearly become a bankrupt. The welfare of my children I have trodden under my feet, and set them and my fellow-beings an example, to think of which I shudder. If I should die to-day, am I prepared to cross the dark river which meets us beyond? No! no! My friends—and are they friends?—would follow my remains to the grave, not to show their respect, but merely to obey fashion and custom. And who, then, is going to follow me beyond the grave, to stand at my side when called upon for final judgment? Not my friends, nor my wealth, nor my costly garments and jewels. All these are left behind, they can not follow me. Good deeds only which we have done on earth go before us to the throne of the Great Judge, to counterbalance our shortcomings. Good deeds are not only rewarded in heaven but also on earth. Have I not witnessed that forty dollars given by my noble husband, fifteen years

ago, to a poor widow, saved a human being from a drunkard's grave; were the means to educate three children and keep them on the path of usefulness and virtue? They made of the poor helpless widow a millionaire, and she now comes to the rescue of other poor and despairing beings, among whom I may count now my good husband. The very ten thousand dollars she gave me, were, without doubt, intended for him. At all events, it don't belong to me; I don't deserve it," and turning toward her husband, she called. "Edward, dear," but he did not hear her, for he was lost in thoughts, in holy thoughts, *for he communed with God.*

"Eddy, my darling," called she again in her most affectionate tone. He turned around, looked at his wife, with his eyes full of tears, and said: "Did you call me, dear?"

"Yes, dear, please take this draft of ten thousand dollars. I have no right to keep it, for I have just done the reverse of what Mrs. Lothimore said; take it, my husband, and cover your draft, and make your bank account good."

At the words "cover your draft, make your bank account good," Mr. Hunting started, for there was no time to be lost, as the Eastern mail was about closing. He took the draft on condition that his wife should draw on him for the amount, whenever she chose.

"I will," answered the wife, "but only for charitable purposes."

"I will now go down town and mail the draft to my Eastern Bank and telegraph all particulars. You, dear, go in the parlor, to receive the New-Year's callers, the daughters will need your assistance," said Mr. Hunting.

With a light heart and quick steps Mr. Hunting went down town to his counting-room, deposited the one hundred thousand dollars in his safe, and made an entry in his Ledger, giving credit to Mrs. Ida Lothimore, of Texas, for one hundred thousand dollars, said money being deposited with him, to be loaned in not larger amounts than five thousand dollars, on approved paper, to worthy young merchants and mechanics who would wish to start in business for them-

selves, on such time as his judgment, or a board of trustees, appointed by the aforesaid Mrs. Ida Lothimore may think best, and not to charge the debtors with a higher rate of interest than four per cent. Said interest to be payable quarterly, and as soon as collected to be presented to helpless widows, on the condition that if they have children under age, they are in duty bound to have them learn a trade, in a well-conducted establishment, whose chief is known to be a good moral man, and who abstains from strong and intoxicating liquors.

That done, he wrote a letter to the Eastern bank cashier, inclosing the ten thousand dollar draft, hoping "that the mistake made in their last remittance would be excused." He also wrote the following telegram:

"Through an oversight I have overdrawn my account largely. Please honor my draft, funds forwarded to-day.

EDWARD HUNTING."

He mailed the letter and forwarded the telegram.

On his way home he was reflecting on what had occurred since last night. His feelings had undergone a great change: yesterday he went home in a depressed and despairing state of mind, all cloudy and gloomy before him; to-day, his steps were buoyant and full of hope, and oh! how grateful did he feel to his brave and noble bookkeeper! On the very brink of becoming a drunkard, he had been saved by that man's timely and earnest appeal and interference. He recalled to his mind his resolution and promise, not to take any liquors, the bookkeeper's joy, and how he bravely passed all temptations on his way home that night.

What, above all, would Mrs. Lothimore have thought of him, if he had fallen a victim to the cup and she have found him in such a state at his home! Would she have intrusted him with her donation, to make glad many a sorrowful heart? No! Having had full trust and reliance in his honor and character, she would have felt so disappointed in

her charitable purposes, that she would have very likely changed her mind altogether. Now, it was within his power to render the homes of at least twenty families happy and contented; and twenty happy families are already a solid foundation of a State. From small acorns grow large trees, and that one act of his charity and kindness, rendered to the once poor and needy widow, had been a seed, bearing hundredfold fruits. Had he not himself received his reward, by being enabled to cover his draft and save his credit? Truly, *every act has its own reward; as you will sow, so you will reap.*

CHAPTER VI.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

If there is any day in the year which ought to be the day of reflection, the day of reasoning, the day when noble resolutions are formed, it should be the New Year's day. Merchants who have balanced their books, showing no headway, ought to reflect, reason, and resolve how to stop the leaks, else their frail ship will sink, sink when they are old and feeble, and unable to swim against the current and swift tide. Young men who are so fortunate as to have steady employment, and have saved nothing from their last year's earnings, ought to resolve on that day to live less extravagantly, to wear not so fine clothes, and to have in some good and reliable saving institution something laid by for the rainy days of life, when sickness, unforeseen misfortune, or old age, render them unable to work. What a blessing to have then a source to draw upon, and to be thus saved from being dependent on relatives, or even become a person of *public charity*. Every young man, be he rich or poor, ought to be careful of his means, and remember that fools squander their money, but the wise husband it, and use it for beneficial and

noble purposes. Young men ought to be the staff and shield of their old parents, their sisters, their younger brothers; and to become useful members of society. What a blessing to all, when a father or a mother can proudly and conscientiously say: "Our sons are useful members of the family and of society." They are pillars on which the welfare of the family and of the State may safely rest. To be such a son, one can not be a spendthrift or dreamer, but he must turn his quarter twice before he decides to spend it; one who dreams not with his eyes open, but who works with a fixed purpose.

The New Year's day should be the very day on which bachelors should decide to give up single blessedness and become double blessed, by entering the holy shrine of matrimony, for no man is complete unless he marries, and when he is married and happily mated, his best qualities are drawn out to his own great benefit and to that of humanity. If men wish to prosper, live happy, make their mark in the world, and not pass away like a shadow on the wall, let them seriously look around to find the right person, and marry, and thus fulfill the wise precept, "Marry and multiply." A married life is the only true life to live.

The New Year's day should also be the day for heads of families to review, calmly, the past year, to see where and when mistakes were made, and to make a note of it, in order to avoid them in the future. If they know, after mature reflection, that their children do not associate with the right company, to reason with them in time, ere it is too late, and remember that a kind word goes further than a harsh one.

The New Year's day should also be the day on which the more favored, the more fortunate, should remember the less favored of his family, not to give them money, for that would degrade them, but to assist them directly and indirectly so that they, too, might get along better in this world. And if they have so decided upon, let them remain firm to carry out their noble resolution. Even if they receive no thanks, but ingratitude in return, they will have one great satisfaction,

that of having done their duty toward those who possess a claim on them through family ties.

New-year's day should also be the day on which the poor at large should be remembered and appropriations be made for the coming years and as the year advances, not to decrease, but rather increase the benevolent gifts, thanking God that we are able to give, that we are the givers and not the suppliants.

New-year's day should also be the day to make a last will and testament, especially if the estate is large; and when making our will, it would not be amiss to remember Mrs. Ida Lolthimore's wise words: '*It is not my intention to leave to my children too much of an inheritance, for too much money only spoils them.*' Let us leave them less money, but more of a good example, and, above all, a good name. A good name is a fortune in itself. Remember also the public institutions liberally, and your name as benefactor will go down to posterity.

New-year's day should also be the day to examine ourselves in a religious point of view. The beast which pastures on the field, or is fed by the hand of man, is not endowed with that blessed intellect, to think of the *great hereafter*; it is man only who is so blessed, and therefore shall we not reason and reflect on that which concerns us the most—the *life beyond the grave*? Can sins be forgiven? We have our serious doubts. Sins can be removed only, and atoned for, *by sincere repentance and a multitude of good deeds*. If this view is correct, then it is within the power of every one to be purified of their sins, *through sincere repentance and through a multitude of good deeds*; and every one, be he ever so poorly educated, or so poor in means, has it within his power to repent, to do good, and thus the soul will return *pure* to the *Great Spirit*, the giver of all that is good.

HOLINESS.

Be holy, man, the Lord commands,
 Like angels, goodness love;
 Lift up thine eye, thy heart, and hands,
 To God enthroned above.
 In yonder sea of starry light,
 Where pure Seraphim shine,
 Immerse thy soul with pure delight,
 Let holiness be thine.

To man, to God's own image cling
 With love's refulgent fire;
 The true and good to man to bring
 Let be thy heart's desire;
 For wisdom live, for virtue glow,
 With God thy soul entwine,
 An angel be on earth below,
 And holiness is thine.

The choicest gifts, all joys divine,
 By holiness are won;
 It's bliss from virtues sacred shrine,
 Salvation's precious sun.
 The hallowed soul with rapture sings
 The Lord's eternal praise,
 She soars aloft on golden wings
 To heaven's purest grace.

Dr. Isaac M. Wise.

CHAPTER VII.

PHILANTHROPY.

The love of mankind
 Is thine,
 Of which none will rob thee,
 And God will love thee.

"I am back again, as you see, Mrs. Hopewell," said Mrs. Ida Lothimore, entering a poorly furnished room, without a carpet, but a very cleanly scrubbed floor. There were two large bedsteads, and under them could be seen beds on rollers for the little ones to sleep on, a large table, a few chairs, one large wardrobe, an old-fashioned clock on the mantelpiece, a stove and the kitchen utensils, besides a small foot-bench for grandmother, comprised the whole furniture. There were no ornaments to be seen, except two elegantly bound volumes of Shakspeare and Webster's unabridged dictionary. The grandmother Hopewell had a very large and beautiful Bible open on her lap, reading with great attention. She looked up and greeted Mrs. Lothimore with a friendly bow, saying, "Daughter, give Mrs. Lothimore a chair. Excuse me, I will be done directly."

The daughter was surrounded by four children, two boys and two girls, who looked the very image of cleanliness and health, resembling their mother in beauty and gracefulness. She arose and handed a chair to the visitor, saying, "You must excuse my dear mother for being so rude to let you wait, but it is her rule never to answer a question or give any attention to anything else when she reads the Bible until she gets through."

"She is excused," remarked Mrs. Lothimore. "Are these all your children, Avelina?" taking, at the same time, one of the volumes of Shakspeare in her hand, and reading on the

fly-leaf, in a good hand-writing, "Presented to my dear wife and children, on the day I leave for the field of battle to defend my country, by their loving husband and father, Richard Gardner."

"Yes, Mrs. Lothimore, these are all my children. Soon after you left I married a young man by the name of Richard Gardner, and every two years I presented him with a child. The oldest is a boy, and now thirteen years of age. We got along well. He was a saddler by trade, and earned twenty-five dollars a week. But when the war broke out he was one of the first to volunteer, and he fell while storming a strong position of the enemy."

The eyes of Mrs. Lothimore were filled with tears, when she asked, "And how did you manage to support yourself, children and grandmother?"

"Mr. Hunting is our landlord, and when he saw how poor we were, he gave us free rent for some time; he bought even each of my boys brushes and blacking, and gave them some money to peddle newspapers. He recommended me to his wife, to do some sewing; but there was no getting along with her. She was very unreasonable, and often she let me feel my depending condition. I tried to bear up with it for some time, but at last I would not sew for her any more. Then I became a washwoman for a family, that brings me the wash to the house on Monday, and calls for it on Friday. They pay me regularly, and with that money, and with what my boys earn, we make our living."

"But don't the Government pay you a pension?" inquired the visitor.

Mrs. Gardner blushed, moved her chair toward Mrs. Lothimore, and whispered, "I could get a pension, but I can get along without it; and as our Government is very much in debt, I want to contribute the *widow's mite* toward canceling that debt, which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. My mother often scolded me for not applying for the pension, but I would not have it. I feel for my country."

"So you do," said Mrs. Lothimore, "and I wish that our

honorable Senators and House of Representatives would feel for their country as you do; then our colossal debt would melt away like the March snow under the July sun. But if we read the proceedings of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, we must come to the conclusion that our Senators and Congressmen no longer legislate for the welfare of their country, but that they legislate to enrich themselves and their special friends."

"Indeed!" Is that your candid opinion?" asked the soldier's widow.

"It is my candid opinion; and I sincerely hope that I might be mistaken," answered Mrs. Lothimore.

"I hope you are, for the sake of our country, for the sake of the struggling poor and laboring class," exclaimed the widow Gardner.

"If that is true, that our Senators and Congressmen use their exalted position to enrich themselves and a few others only, at the expense of our country, then my good father sacrificed his life in vain; for a country where the people choose such representatives is not worth defending," exclaimed the oldest boy, who had been attentively listening, his glowing face and bright eye betraying the interest he felt already for his country's welfare.

"Richard! Richard! will you stop talking such words," admonished the mother. "You must excuse him, Mrs. Lothimore, but the boy is so forward; I really believe that I must lock up Shakspeare and Webster, for the boy reads too much. As soon as he returns from his boot-blackening and newspaper selling business, he takes a hold of Shakspeare, and if he can not make out a word he refers to Webster's dictionary, sure to find the meaning. I have no objection for him to know something, but for my son to say that the country is not worth saving, because there are some unworthy men in the Senate and Congress!—don't let me hear you again use such treacherous words," said the mother.

The boy blushed and hung his head, in confusion.

Mrs. Lothimore, noticing his embarrassment, kindly spoke to him: "So, you like Shakespeare, Master Richard."

"Very much," answered the boy, readily.

"Which of his productions do you like the best, and what defects or faults could you point out?" asked Mrs. Lothimore, showing great interest.

"I like all his productions, they are splendid. I am too young and inexperienced yet, to point out any defects; but one I can point out as a manifest wrong, namely: in the 'Merchant of Venice,' where he made Shylock representing a Jew, and by that he has stigmatized a whole race. I used to look upon Jews, from that very picture of Shylock, as a people not worthy of respect or confidence, but my own observation has already taught me that they are, on the average, as good as any people. There is a man in this town by the name of Peter Brown, with whom I have dealings, who is not a Jew, but who is every inch a Shylock, as described by Shakespeare. This proves that men of Shylock's character can be found in every community, be they Jews or Christians."

The mother of this young critic looked at Mrs. Ida Lothimore, as if to say, What do you think! but Mrs. Lothimore made no remark, looking with great interest at the boy. She noticed particularly his well-formed head, his high arched brow, and his large and brilliant eyes. "That boy," thought she, "will make his mark in the world, if he lives to be a man. He is provided with the right weapons to hew his way to an honored distinction, for those who have a thorough knowledge of the Bible, Shakespeare and Webster's Dictionary, have it within their power to become statesmen, orators and great authors."

A great author is the best educator of man.

Not only Mrs. Lothimore and Mrs. Gardner had listened to Richard's critic of the "Merchant of Venice," but also grandmother Hopewell, who liked to hear her grandson give his opinion, for he was just like his departed father, of a clear and comprehensive mind, always coming to the point.

"Yes," said she, "our Richard is right; Shakespeare ought to know better than to make of a Jew a Shylock, a people, who can claim Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, and many ancient and modern great men, whose wise words have and still illuminate the whole civilized world. I have just been reading in the blessed Bible about the prophet Samuel when the Israelites clamored for a king. He said to them, 'You want a king,'—no, I can not relate it. Richard, step here and read this passage to Mrs. Lothimore, read it aloud, as you do in the evening, when we are all together. I am sorry, Mrs. Lothimore, that you are going away so soon, else you ought to spend the evening with us, and hear our Richard read Shakespeare. He reads it in a style and manner so that you could see the different characters pass right before you. In our gloomiest moments, when we were cold and hungry, those books, when read by our Richard, were our only comfort and hope. Little did my good son-in-law think when he presented us those books, that they would be our greatest comfort." She could say no more, removed her spectacles, and wiped off the tears that moistened her withered cheeks.

Richard took the Bible readily, found the chapter, and read in a clear voice:

"And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king.

"And he said, This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you. He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen, and some shall run before his chariots.

"And he will appoint him captains over thousands and captains over fifties, and will set them to sow his ground and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots.

"And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers.

"And he will take your fields and your vineyards, and

your oliveyards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants.

"And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyard, and give to his officers, and to his servants.

"And he will take your men-servants and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your sheep, and ye shall be his servant."

After Richard had finished reading, the grandmother exclaimed:

"Was not Samuel a great prophet! The lives of millions of human beings could have been saved if the people of Israel had followed the advice of Samuel, and appointed no king.

"Now look at David. Are not his psalms grand and elevating! They can not be improved; they are sung now on every solemn occasion, and Solomon's wise sayings should be followed in most every stage of our life. Mrs. Lothimore, prolong your stay in our city one day, and spend this evening with us. Our Richard will read about Solomon, who was indeed a wise man; and his people of this day must possess a great share of his wisdom, to withstand so successfully the abuses which were heaped on them. Shakspeare ought to have spared them, and created a Shylock without christianizing him a Jew."

Mrs. Lothimore looked surprised to see the old lady take the part of the Jews with such an energy and earnestness. "Who would believe it," run her thoughts, "on entering this poorly furnished room, seeing these poorly clad people in their humble occupation—the grandmother too feeble to work, but watching the children—the daughter a wash-woman and the boy a bootblack—and yet to hear such wise comments on the works of the greatest poet England ever produced!"

Mrs. Hopewell again begged her visitor to spend the evening with them, but Mrs. Lothimore, kindly and reluctantly, said:

"I thank you, Mrs. Hopewell, for your very kind invitation; but my arrangements are such that I can not postpone my traveling. Let me ask your boy what he intends to do now. He is getting too big and too smart to sell newspapers. Have you thought of that, Richard?"

"I have, madam," was the boy's prompt reply.

"And what are you intending to do?"

"I intend to learn some useful trade, for a trade well mastered is a good capital," answered the boy, earnestly.

"How would you like to become a machinist? My sons have large machine shops, and there you could advance rapidly, for they would give you every advantage, on my recommendation."

"I thank you, madam, for your great kindness; but I can not leave my mother, grandmother, and the children, since I am the oldest, and must be with them," answered Richard, thoughtfully.

"So you shall, for it is my intention that all of you shall move to the State of Texas, and make your home on my plantation, which is large enough to hold three such cities as this," said Mrs. Lothimore.

Richard looked up quite astonished and remarked: "That must be quite a large plantation."

"So it is," answered Mrs. Lothimore, "but I ask you now, if you will go there."

"I will," answered Richard, "if mother will."

"I will if grandmother will go with us," said Mrs. Gardner, looking at grandmother.

"My children, I will go wherever you can better your condition, but when I am dead, and you are able, see that I am brought back here, to be buried beside my good husband," and the old lady began to weep.

"Grandmother, grandmother, do not weep," exclaimed Richard, pleadingly, "you know we all love you and will always do our best to make you feel happy."

The old lady looked up in her tears, placed her hand upon the head of her devoted grandson, and blessed him.

"Yes, Mrs. Hopewell," said Mrs. Lothimore, "we will all be so happy in our new home. We will talk of the past, and often spend our evenings together and hear Richard's reading."

"That would be nice, and I know you would like it, too," exclaimed Mrs. Hopewell.

"But where will we get the money to pay the traveling expenses? I have saved thirty-nine dollars, and that will not be sufficient," asked Richard, despondently.

"Never mind, my boy, I will see that your traveling expenses are paid. When do you think to be ready to start for your new home, Mrs. Gardner?" inquired Mrs. Lothimore.

"Not before the first of April," answered the widow.

"Then, please, give me paper, pen and ink, and an envelope." Richard soon had his writing desk at hand, and Mrs. Lothimore wrote:

"MR. EDWARD HUNTING, ESQ.:

"*Dear Sir*—The bearers of this, Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Hopewell, were my former neighbors, when I too resided in your house. They have decided to move to Texas and make their home on my plantation, where their sons will work in my sons' machine-shops, and, no doubt, will become good machinists. As soon as they deliver to you these lines, please pay their passage to my plantation. Give Mrs. Gardner fifty dollars, and Mrs. Hopewell the same sum, before they start, and charge the whole to the interest fund.

"Very respectfully yours, ever grateful,

"IDA LOTHIMORE."

She folded the letter, placed it in an envelope, and sealed it. Then, handing it to Mrs. Gardner, she said: "There, Avelina, whenever you are ready to start, take this letter to Mr. Hunting and he will give you tickets which will convey you and your whole family to my place, and now I must be off." Turning to Mrs. Hopewell, she said: "You have given me, this morning, correct information about Mr. and Mrs.

Hunting; he is still the whole-soul hearted man, but somewhat careworn, while Mrs. Hunting has pride, envy, and idleness clearly stamped in her features; all her actions have shown it so far, but let us hope that she will become a better woman, and do honor to her sex."

"You are always hopeful," exclaimed Mrs. Hopewell.

"So I am," answered Mrs. Lothimore. "Here, grandma, take this," and she handed her two twenty dollar bank notes, "buy yourself something for a New Year's gift."

"Mrs. Lothimore, how can you throw your money away in this manner, and give me so much? I will not take it," remonstrated Mrs. Hopewell.

"I can afford to make you a present of it, in memory of days gone by," and the good Mrs. Lothimore placed the money in the Bible.

"Thank you, then, my good old neighbor. I will buy something for my granddaughters," said Mrs. Hopewell, joyfully.

"Avelina, for you I have purchased a nice sewing machine as a New Year's gift, and to-morrow a shoemaker will call on you and take measures for you, your mother, and your four children, for shoes and boots. You need not pay him, as I have settled with him. Now, good-bye, all of you, and if you have anything to communicate to me, address Mrs. Ida Lothimore, Grand Hotel, Paris, France."

"Mrs. Lothimore, I should feel very bad indeed if you were to leave us without drinking a cup of coffee with us. Do us the honor. Quick, Bertha; stir up the fire in the stove; Richard, be bright, and bring from the cellar a few chips for kindling; and you, Laura, set the table; take a clean table cloth, and our best cups; Bertha, grind some coffee. Be quick, children, be quick," commanded Mrs. Hopewell.

Mrs. Lothimore was delighted to see the granddaughter Bertha, a girl of eleven, and her sister, Laura, of about nine years, go to work to prepare the coffee and set the table,

while Richard, singing on his way, went for the kindling wood.

"I hardly can spare the time," remarked Mrs. Lothimore, "but as you consider it an honor, and as I always wish to honor the aged, I will stay a little longer. I am pleased to see you hold your children to work."

"Yes, Mrs. Lothimore, we teach them how to be useful, it is a blessing to them, and a blessing to us. Bertha will be a good cook; see how quick she is, and how she watches the water to put the coffee in the pot at the right time, and to see that it does not overboil. Good coffee can be cooked with half the quantity of coffee if one knows how to prepare it. We poor people must find it out, in order to save."

"And if the rich do not wish to get poor, they must also be saving," remarked Mrs. Lothimore.

Mrs. Gardner was busy pressing a small piece of butter into a wooden mold, representing a rose. This done, she took from the large wardrobe a small box containing six silver teaspoons and a beautiful silver butter knife, while Laura took a few china cups from the corner of the wardrobe, which seemed to contain all the treasures of the family.

Bertha poured out the coffee, the mother cut very neatly some good home-made bread, and placed some preserved peaches on the table, besides the adorned butter, with the silver butter knife, and napkins as white as snow; the little girls placed the chairs around the table, and Mrs. Gardner invited her mother and the guest to take seats, Mrs. Lothimore declining to take the seat at the head of the table, but accepting the one to the right of Mrs. Hopewell.

"What excellent bread you have, and how good are your preserved peaches and your coffee; it is better than the coffee I drank at the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, where we paid five dollars a day for board. There is nothing like good home-cooking," said Mrs. Lothimore.

"Avelina makes very good bread and knows how to preserve fruits; as for our coffee, Bertha is very careful to make it good, for she knows that her grandmother is very fond of

coffee. I never did eat a meal in a hotel. When I was married, and that is now about fifty years ago, in those days they had no wedding tour; we got married and went to house-keeping at once, and I have done so ever since."

"Things have changed since that time very much," observed Mrs. Lothimore.

"So they have; everybody must travel nowadays and make a show, even if it takes the last dollar to do it with," said Mrs. Hopewell, in a complaining tone.

"Mother is right," remarked Mrs. Gardner. "Since you have moved away from here, people got to be awful extravagant. I really can not see where some of them get the money to do it with. Have another cup of coffee, Mrs. Lothimore?"

"No, I thank you, your china cups are very large, larger than I ever have seen them," observed Mrs. Lothimore.

"These cups, the silver spoons and the silver butter-knife, were a wedding gift, from my husband's employers and his fellow-workmen. He thought the world of them, and so do I. If it had not been for the great kindness of our landlord, Mr. Hunting, we would have been compelled to sell them; it would have broken my heart to do so, for I never will forget how happy and proud my good Richard felt when this gift was presented to him, with a touching speech by one of his colleagues, and how grandly he responded.

"Avelina," said he to me, 'I can not express to you how happy I feel, and how proud I am of these presents, for they convey to me plainer than words can express, that I have done my duty toward my employer and fellow-workmen; always take good care of them, they must become a family heirloom.'"

"And so they should," said Mrs. Lothimore. "God bless Mr. Hunting. God bless all those who are kind and indulgent to the poor."

Both the mother and grandmother responded with a hearty Amen.

Mrs. Lothimore rose from the table, thanking her entertainers very kindly for their attention. "Here, Bertha, here

Laura, because you are good girls, I make you a present of this," presenting each with a ten-dollar gold piece. "Don't spend this, but keep it, and whenever you see it, *remember* what I now tell you, never to have any secrets before your mother. *Girls who wish to succeed well in this world must not have any secrets before their mothers.*"

"Yes, madam," answered the little girls, grasping the shining gold pieces and kissing the giver's hand.

Well would it be if young ladies rich, or poor, would make a note of this: *to have no secrets before their mothers*, then their *prospects* of genuine happiness will grow brighter as they advance in age; and not become dim and dreary through the *fatal* mistakes, brought on by having had secrets that their mothers should not know.

Mrs. Lothimore, kissing the children and their parents, bid them an affectionate good-bye.

"God bless her and protect her! God will bless and protect her, because she blesses and protects others," exclaimed Mrs. Hopewell, with tearful eyes.

The noble philanthropist went to her hotel, thanking the Heavenly Father for His grace, to have given her the means and the wisdom to make people happy. It is a heavenly joy, but only a few on earth try to seek it. Reaching her hotel, she packed her trunk, paid her bill, and soon left for the depot, where she took the cars going East to meet her beautiful daughter, the happy young wife and attentive husband, on their bridal tour to Europe. And while they travel over sea and land, observing the wondrous scenes, the reader will again enter with me the palatial residence of the good-hearted Edward Hunting.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SERVANT in livery accepts the cards of the New-Year's callers and introduces them in the parlors, announcing their names. Miss Agnes, Miss Myra and Miss Blanche, are most splendidly attired. All that art could do to set off their beautiful persons to the best advantage has been done, and they looked truly bewitching in their costly becoming garments, ornamented with jewels of great value. There was nothing wanting to make them perfect, but good health. The tight lacing, the tight shoes, the heavy waterfall and the want of physical exercise, had undermined their health, which a close observer could readily perceive. Mrs. Hunting too was in the parlor, very richly dressed, but she looked somewhat pale and pensive. Her eyes wandered with displeasure upon the grand cakes; the one with the crown of France was not yet disturbed, but the one being ornamented with the image of the Prince Imperial of France was already attacked, and one cut more would have demolished the prince. One bottle of Tokay and one bottle of Johannisberger wine from the Prince of Metternich's estate stood guard. She was not thinking whether the Counts from Paris had arrived and would call on her. No, she thought of Mrs. Ida Lothimore, of her words and action; how she forced the ten thousand dollars on her.

"Was she in earnest, or were her words spoken to mock her; and that because she was now worth a million of dollars, she had flung, so to say, the ten thousand dollars to her for a double purpose: first to humble her, and secondly that if her husband needed financial assistance, to render it to him by this means, and thus to repay him his kindness."

The more she reasoned and reflected over the whole matter, the more she became convinced that Mrs. Lothimore entered her house fully informed in regard to her husband's affairs,

and her real standing in society, especially her hatred and overbearing manner toward the poor. Who had any reasons to call her illiberal, unreasonable and oppressive?

"Yes," said she to herself, "that Mrs. Lothimore, before she called on my husband, saw her former neighbors, who still live in my husband's tenant house, and there she no doubt saw that seamstress Gardner, who used to sew for me, and whom, because I envied her beauty and gracefulness, I was delighted to annoy and even to plague. But she gave me the slip and I do not blame her, for I made matters hard for her. She had now a chance to give her opinion about me to Mrs. Lothimore. Yes, there is no doubt in my mind, that whatever Mrs. Lothimore has said she did to mock me, and well has she succeeded. But there is one good thing connected with it; it saved my husband's credit, and with three marriageable daughters on hand, it is absolutely necessary that the husband's credit and mercantile standing be good."

Mr. Hunting, too, was in the parlor, observing his daughters and their very elegant dress.

"Daughters," said he, "do you know that princesses could not be dressed any richer than you are? It needs a royal income to keep up this splendor and style."

"And are we, papa, not as good as princesses?" asked Agnes, smilingly.

"No doubt that you are; but I am no king, nor have I a royal income. I am only a merchant, whose income is not fixed, but depends greatly on chances. I can not afford to dress you so extravagantly; and besides that—"

He could not finish, for Messrs. Overbeck and Fastleben were announced. Mr. Hunting's face grew dark when he beheld these two young men. They were dressed in the very height of fashion; their diamond studs and rings shone brilliantly; their linen and clothes were the finest that the marts of the world produce; they seemed to have come direct from the barber, and that useful artist had, no doubt, for an extra quarter, given them a few extra touches; at least

so it appeared. They bowed very gracefully to Mrs. Hunting, and no less so to the young ladies, who seemed much pleased at their call. Myra and Blanche waited on them with cake and wine, and took particular pains to mention that the wine they offered was the genuine Johannisberger, from the Prince of Metternich's estate.

"No doubt, a present from the Prince himself to the family," observed Fastleben, with a twinkle in his eye, to which Overbeck responded, "As a matter of course."

They drank to the health of Mrs. Hunting and the young ladies, and putting the empty tumblers down, they said:

"This is capital wine, the best we ever drank."

Mr. Hunting noticed all this, and thought of his faithful bookkeeper, who only yesterday made his remarks in regard to the overdrawn salary.

"He is right," thought he by himself; "young men who put on so many airs as these two, when they know, as well as I do, that the very shirts that cover their backs are not their own; and to come here"—he looked out from the window and noticed a carriage in front of his house, "no, they did not come on foot; it would not be grand and stylish enough for them; they must ride, and pay ten or fifteen dollars for a few hours. And all this comes from money that does not belong to them. They are poor debtors, and the prospects are that if I do not have a fair talk with them, and make some new arrangement, the money they owe me will be lost, and they, too, will be lost. I confess that I have been careless, but I'll strive to have matters straight again, as they ought to be."

Mrs. Hunting, approaching her husband, placed her hand lightly on his shoulder and said, in a low tone: "See, Edward, would not Mr. Overbeck and Myra, and Mr. Fastleben and Blanche, make real nice couples; look at them as they walk up and down the parlor, don't they look handsome?"

"Very, indeed, in their fine clothes, which they will have as long as I am able to pay for them," answered the husband, meaningly.

Mrs. Hunting looked up, saying: "Why, my dear Edward, you do not mean to say —"

"Never mind, now, interrupted the husband, we will talk about this some other time."

Miss Agnes stood at the music-note case, leisurely looking over some notes, but occasionally she threw a glance at her sisters and the young men. "I am not mistaken, both Overbeck and Fastleben are fops," said she to herself, "real gentlemen have less jewelry about them, and place not so much value on their clothes and looks; they have higher aims. There is Frank Wilkins, he does not wear jewelry, and though he dresses very plain, yet he looks noble, and he seems to be a man of great self-command. Nobility is stamped on his features. He did not call on us last year, and I wonder whether he will call on us to-day. I have seen him only twice this year; he was very polite to me, though not friendly, when I called for some money at the counting-room. I wonder what could be the reason, he always used to be friendly to me; perhaps it is because we draw so much money, more than father could well spare; but it is not my fault; we must dress well; it is the style, and one might as well not live than not to be in style."

Overbeck and Fastleben hovered around Miss Myra and Miss Blanche, like bees around roses. They talked of the fashions and new styles, of skating and balls; how and where they intend to spend the coming spring and summer, whether at Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, Yellow Springs, or Put-in-Bay. Long Branch, the young ladies thought, would be the most desirable and fashionable. Fastleben opined that Saratoga was the most desirable and fashionable of all those places. "The wealth of the country," said he, "is represented there." Overbeck smilingly put in, "We certainly must be there."

Such and similar was the conversation between the young people, who reckoned without the host, and that host was Mr. Hunting, who was determined in his mind to make Overbeck and Fastleben give a full account of their expenses, and

also to cut down his family expenses to one-third of the former years. The visiting of watering places was, therefore, out of question, and the Saratoga trunks would have to remain that season, undisturbed in the store room.

Other New Year's callers were announced, among them Frank Wilkins, Esq. At the mentioning of his name, both Overbeck and Fastleben started. They did not like the bookkeeper, for he knew them too well, and was not afraid to tell them his opinion freely, without reservation, though with courtesy. Overbeck and Fastleben soon left, and Wilkins had the ground left all to himself. Miss Agnes waited with marked attention on the bookkeeper, and offered him a glass of wine. It was the Johannisberger, of the Prince of Metternich's estate. "Ah!" thought Mr. Wilkins, "these are the grand cakes and the costly wines that took the last penny in the bank to pay for it." He took the tumbler in his hand, saying: "A happy New Year! may health, wealth, and contentment be the constant companions of the family, and our house." He tasted the wine, and put the tumbler down, nearly as full as when offered. They all understood why he did not drink, for he had signed a pledge to abstain entirely from drinking any beverage whatsoever.

Agnes had some slight recollection of having heard that Frank Wilkins had been once a confirmed drunkard; but that he took this pledge and kept it ever since. She respected him not only for this firm resolve, but admired also his quiet, unassuming manners, his thoughtful bearing, and the language he used in his conversation. He was, in the eyes of Miss Agnes, a model of a young man, and so he really was. He had only one fault: he was shy of women; he was afraid to trust them; they say one thing and mean another; they are fickle. At least such was his experience, and he was, therefore, on his guard, and well might he be. He involuntarily blushed and become confused in the presence of Miss Agnes, whom he thought to be not only very beautiful, but also very intelligent, and, above all, to be a

thoughtful woman who reasons calmly before she acts, a merit which Mr. Wilkins very much admired and valued.

"It is quite a long time since we had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Wilkins, at our house," said Agnes, pleasantly.

"Nearly two years since I had that pleasure and honor," answered Mr. Wilkins.

"Two years is a long time to deprive your friends of the pleasure of your visits," rejoined Agnes, suggestingly.

Wilkins blushed still more, and he stammered: "I live very retired; after my day's work is over I return to my boarding house, where I pass the evenings mostly in reading."

"And who is your favorite author?" asked Agnes, curiously.

"At present I read Humboldt's *Cosmos*. I think it to be a great work, and it is quite a pleasure and gratification to follow that great man in his arguments," remarked Mr. Wilkins, earnestly.

"Have you ever read Humboldt's *Cosmos*? If not, read it, for you will find it very instructive."

"We have his works in our library, but none of us took the time of reading them. I must and will do so now, on your recommendation," said Agnes.

Wilkins blushed again, for he noticed that the young lady pronounced the word *your* with great consideration, even with affection.

"Quite an honor to me; but I presume you prefer reading poems. Who, then, is your favorite poet?" asked Mr. Wilkins.

Miss Agnes blushed. She hardly read any works; her time passed away in taking her lessons on the piano, in French, Latin and drawing, and when the evening came, she was fatigued, not so much from her studies, as from her tight lacing, the tight fitting shoes, her heavy waterfall, and her want of bodily exercise. She felt, generally, unwell and was glad when she could rest. Her sisters felt no better, and

though they had a splendid library, containing books of the choicest authors, they never, or very seldom, touched them.

Agnes blushed, and so should every young lady blush, who has the opportunity of reading good books and neglects to avail herself of such a great privilege, for good books are the only teachers that teach us without laughing at our ignorance.

"I am too busy with my studies to read any works particularly. When I get through with my lessons, I read the daily papers, and especially those articles which refer to woman's suffrage. What do you think of that question, Mr. Wilkins?" asked Agnes, suddenly.

"It is a great question, in which every male and female ought to interest themselves, for it concerns the welfare of both sexes. Neither of them can be benefited without the other sharing in the same benefit. Neither of them can be injured without the other sharing in the injury. There is too much neglect, too much misery, too much viciousness existing now, that we could claim society, under the present rules and regulations which fashion dictates, as being well organized. Only yesterday, I met an old school-mate, who appeared to be greatly distressed. I asked him the cause of his seeming unhappiness, and he told me that his wife had presented him that morning with the fifth daughter. I laughed, and said: 'Well, what of it? You have two boys!'

"'What of it?' exclaimed he. 'To have five daughters in the house, oh! it is dreadful!'

"And would it make any difference if you had five sons and two daughters?"

"'Yes,' answered my old school-mate, 'the *prospects* would then be much better, but to have five daughters—' he sighed deeply, and scratching his head, exclaimed: 'Five daughters!'

"I looked after that father wistfully and put myself the question, Why should a father sigh, when he is blessed with

a daughter? She is created perfect as man and to be equally as happy. Why then should her chances for happiness be less than that of a man? Why should society be so organized as to make a woman so dependent on support? Why should woman be the chosen and not the one who chooses? She ought to have the same right to go forth in the world and embrace a profession whichever she feels herself best adapted to; and if she is ready to marry, she should have the same privilege as man to choose her partner for life, and not be compelled, as now, *through the false delicacy of society*, to wait till some man comes along and proposes. What is the girl to do but to accept. He is not exactly her choice; she has her misgivings whether he will make a good husband; but what is she to do? She knows that she is in the way at her home, or if not in the way, her parents wish to see her settled in life; and she accepts, thinking she may fare worse, or remain single for the rest of her life. This is not only a mistake of society, but an absolute cruelty, which explains the many unhappy marriages. If by woman's suffrage we only could gain this point, that women might choose their life-mates as well as men, then I am for woman's suffrage with might and main," remarked the bookkeeper.

"Mr. Wilkins," exclaimed Agnes, warmly, "you possess the qualities of a great man, for you have a clear head and a good heart. A man, though with a clear head, but without heart to feel for the less favored, will not achieve anything very great. He must have both, a clear head and a good heart, which you have. Please, proceed in giving me your views on that great question—woman's suffrage."

Wilkins was perplexed. It came to his mind that she might say one thing and mean another, and wish to practice on him the old maxim, "the wise flatters the fool, but the fool flatters himself." He, therefore, concluded to evade any further questions on that subject, and addressing the young lady, said:

"Indeed, Miss Agnes, you flatter me by your remarks; but I have said all I intended and perhaps more than I in-

tended to say on that question, and I apologize to you for having been so plain."

"But I venture to remark," exclaimed Agnes, "that you have not spoken enough on a question which concerns so greatly the welfare of humanity. You have only given me a glimpse of the light that shines within you on such an important matter. You owe me no apology of having spoken plainly; for that is just what I admire. Some gentlemen have a way to clothe their thoughts in such a high-toned language that it is difficult to comprehend them. Do, please, Mr. Wilkins, proceed," and she moved her chair nearer to him.

Poor Wilkins wavered. Her appeal was so sincere, and beside her large, beautiful, black and lustrous eyes, with those long silken eye-lashes, resting on him in admiration, completely upset him. It put him off his guard, and he lost his self-command, which he so highly valued, and proceeded, so to say, against his own will:

"Miss Agnes, you give me more credit than I am entitled to, for I doubt of having so much light on this great question as you suppose. That much, however, is sure, that the politics of the whole country will be purified, and we will have purer and wiser men to legislate and direct our public affairs as soon as women have the right to vote."

"How so?" asked Agnes, with great interest.

"Under the present regime a primary election is held to elect delegates whose duty it is to nominate candidates for the respective offices, and when these nominations are once made, the party will vote for the nominee whether he suits them or not. Party interest demands it, only a few are independent and do not vote for the unworthy candidate, but the independent voters are so few that their lost vote is hardly felt. You will thus perceive that the election of delegates is a matter of great importance, and yet only a few citizens attend the primary meetings, and the nomination and election of delegates are often influenced by most unworthy means. In that way we elect men to high and responsible positions, who

neither can be looked upon as being able to fill those positions, nor as honest and truly patriotic citizens. But if women once will be vested with the ballot, the primary meetings will be attended by the best citizens we have, in order that the right delegates should be sent, who will nominate men of ability, of known integrity, and of good character; for every husband and every brother will be liable to have his wife or his sister elected to an office, and they will see to it, that the men who are elected are real gentlemen, so that their wives sisters may have good and honest colleagues. This alone will be a great gain to the country at large, but there are other great benefits that will arise from woman's suffrage. Men will try to legislate wise, and with greater impartiality; for in the presence of women, the better qualities are brought out of man. He is more careful of what he says and does; besides, woman will not remain so inactive, so secluded, and limited in her callings; *being equal before the law*, and dependent on her own merits, she will seek other avenues for an honorable living, and will be found as able to compete in every calling that her physical strength will permit her to follow, with the sterner sex, and, in many instances, will do it even more successfully. Then the high value, which women place now on their good looks will be curtailed; they will no longer depend to such a great extent on beauty, in order to secure a husband, but depend more on their good character and usefulness. The extravagance of dress will greatly decrease; the number of happy marriages will increase, and vice, misery and viciousness will be lessened. Such a result all good men desire, a result which sooner or later must be accomplished; whether woman's suffrage will accomplish this great aim, is, of course, a question; at all events it is worth trying."

Agnes listened attentively, and when Wilkins concluded, at all events it is worth trying, she said: "Would to God that all men would think as you do; then we poor females would be emancipated, and fathers would not deplore the birth of a daughter as your friend did."

"I know that I have spoken too plain!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins; "do please excuse me."

"Mr. Wilkins, Talleyrand once said that language was created to disguise our thoughts. It may very well suit the turbulent French, but we here in America, who aim at a higher civilization, a civilization not of deception, *but of truth and happiness*; so that God in heaven and the good men on earth will love and admire us; and in order to attain such elevating civilization, with *solid truth and happiness* as its foundation, we must use language not to disguise our thoughts, but to speak as you have spoken. I am grateful to you. There, take my hand for eternal friendship."

Wilkins blushed. He trembled, his heart beat with unusual quickness, but notwithstanding all this he grasped the outstretched hand, and was almost tempted to cover it with kisses that would have sprung from his heart to his lips.

Frank Wilkins, thy days of bachelorship are numbered, if thou wilt not stand better on thy guard!

Mrs. Hunting watched Mr. Frank Wilkins and her daughter Agnes in their animated conversation. She did not like Wilkins. "It was he who always pointed out to her husband that the house expenses were steadily growing larger; larger, in fact, than the business could afford; but why should she dislike him on that account? Was he less of a friend because he had warned her husband of the approaching danger! No, he was right; men should live economically, so that they may have ample means to conduct their affairs, and not be compelled, like my husband was, to bend almost his knees before that bank cashier, John James La Monte, and to be refused the favor after all. What a humiliation for my good-hearted and noble husband to ask a favor of, and to be refused by, Mr. La Monte! But it shall never happen again, if I can prevent it." She approached the young couple, and greeting Mr. Wilkins, she pleasantly remarked, "What topic is it you both seem to be so greatly interested in?"

"Woman's suffrage, an important and great question for our times," answered the bookkeeper.

"Really, I am pleased to find in you, evidently, a champion of our sex."

Mr. Wilkins very respectfully bowed, and after a few more remarks on this subject, finding it to be getting late, he arose from his chair to take leave.

"Mr. Wilkins, you are not going to leave us so soon," said Miss Agnes.

"I must be off, it is getting late."

"Take supper with us, Mr. Wilkins," said Mrs. Hunting, in an inviting tone.

Mr. Wilkins was greatly surprised at the invitation. Mrs. Hunting, the proud Mrs. Hunting, to invite him, the poor bookkeeper, to supper, was something that he never expected. He was about to decline the invitation when he saw grandfather Hunting enter the parlor.

"There he is, the only man," said he to himself, "who I know can help us in our trouble, to make the Eastern bank account good. I will stay, and urge Mr. Hunting to ask a loan of six thousand dollars of the old gentleman, to cover that draft; and, if necessary, make the appeal myself, in order to save the good name of the house." This passed through his thoughts and he replied:

"A very great honor, but I—"

"Don't, Mr. Wilkins, we will not accept any excuse," interrupted Miss Agnes. "You must spend the evening with us, and give Ma your views on the great question, woman's suffrage."

Mr. Hunting now joined the little group, and asked: "What about woman's suffrage?"

"Mr. Wilkins has given me his views on woman's suffrage," said his daughter; "Ma has invited him to take supper with us. He hesitates, but I want him to spend his evening with us."

"I did not know, Frank, that you ever tried to solve that great riddle, woman suffrage. Yes, you must take supper

with us, and spend the evening here," said Mr. Edward Hunting, in a kind tone.

Supper being announced, Miss Blanche took grandfather's arm, Myra that of her father's, and Agnes that of Mr. Frank Wilkins, who seemed greatly pleased with the honor of escorting the young lady to the dining room.

Mrs. Hunting superintended the supper table in person. The chandeliers throughout the rooms were all lit, and the many lights reflected to a great advantage the resplendent toilets of the young ladies. The grand mirrors, the rich carpets and costly furniture, all combined to make a grand effect.

Supper was served by Augustine, who was dressed in her neat calico-dress, with snow-white apron, and neat collar and ribbon. Her hair braided and gracefully arranged, with her fresh and beautiful complexion, made her look even more beautiful than her richly dressed young mistresses. She passed around the tea and cream, muffins, brown, light and tender, sweet butter, cold meats, cut in thin slices, baked apples, some preserved fruits, which comprised the evening meal.

Grandfather Hunting noticed Augustine particularly, and exclaimed:

"I am glad to see you; I did not think that you would recover so soon. You must have had some extraordinary news to have produced such an effect on you."

The poor can not afford to be sick, they must work, and nature kindly assists them to recover their health quickly.

"Yes," said Augustine, respectfully. "I was much frightened by the news, for my only brother, who is a commander of a ship, came near losing his life when trying to save a wrecked sailor, whom he found floating on a spar in the midst of the ocean."

She wished to say more; but noticing the displeased looks of Mrs. Hunting, who ordered her, in a sharp voice, to bring a pitcher of water, she quickly left the room to perform her mistress' bidding. Mr. Wilkins, who had also particularly

noticed her, followed her with admiring eyes. Agnes noticed this look of admiration.

"On my way," remarked grandfather Hunting, "I met a bright looking newspaper boy who offered me the evening papers with, 'Here, sir, is the latest edition; all about the great storm at sea; hundreds of ships lost, great loss of life, and of property! have a copy, only five cents. It is the latest edition, only five cents!' Are you sure that it is the latest edition?" asked I. "Yes, sir, when Richard Gardner says anything it must be true!" I merely relate this to show how enterprising and manly some of our newsboys are."

"Father, you know the mother of that boy," said Mr. Hunting.

"You must be mistaken, Edward."

"I am not mistaken; you will, no doubt, recollect several years ago, when you and I were out to find real and worthy poor, we met a widow by the name of Mrs. Gardner, with four children and an old mother to support. I made her a present of a few months' rent, and gave the boys some money to buy newspapers and provided them with brush and blacking, to go out and try to earn something, and I have no doubt that the very boy you met is the son of widow Gardner."

"Now I recollect," exclaimed the grandfather, "the boy looks very bright and promising."

"The whole family gets along well, now. Their prospects have greatly improved, owing to a singular incident. Before the husband and father went into the army, he presented his wife and mother with Shakspeare's works, Webster's dictionary and a Bible, which the boy reads aloud to the family in the evenings. This makes them more intelligent, and they consequently get along better in the world," said Mr. Hunting, earnestly.

"The boy reads splendidly," remarked Mr. Wilkins. "I had the pleasure of hearing him read when I called there to collect the rent. I doubt whether there is another boy

in the whole State who can read so beautifully as that very bootblack and newsboy."

"Mr. Wilkins, are you not too enthusiastic about that boy's reading?" inquired Mrs. Hunting.

"Very likely not," observed the grandfather; "poor boys are more painstaking than rich boys. You have Shakspeare's works complete, in two volumes, in your library; I have seen your Charles with the book in his hands, not reading, but merely looking at the engravings; and thousands of others do the same. They read, perhaps, a few pages, and then they are done with the great Shakspeare. But it is not so with that boy; he reads as often as he has time, and no doubt the mother and grandmother encourage him, and thus, through constant practice and good mother-wit, he has become an excellent reader."

Mrs. Hunting listened carefully to what the grandfather said. She was angry because Mrs. Gardner's son, a bootblack and a newsboy, should be praised, in her presence, as being a better Shakspeare reader, and knowing more about that great author, than her son Charles. Still, she could not deny that such was the fact. Charles did not read any books, he had something else to do.

What that something else was, we shall state in one of the following chapters.

"Speaking about poor people," said Mr. Edward Hunting, "you will perhaps remember, father, a good many years ago, a certain Mrs. Ida Lothimore, one of my tenants, who had lost her husband at a boiler explosion in his factory. She owed me the rent for several months, but I made her a present of it, and gave her permission to live in the house without paying any rent until she were able to do so; and besides, I gave her two twenty-dollar bills to start herself in some business."

"Yes, Edward, I remember the case. I thought that you were then a little too liberal."

"The money I gave to that widow," continued the son,

"enabled her to move, with her little ones, to the State of Texas, where she had an only brother, very wealthy, unmarried, but wedded to the cup. He seemed to have a great dislike to women, and, no doubt being a disappointed lover, he drank to drown his disappointments, and would not, at first receive his sister; but, for her children's sake, he allowed her to settle on his plantation. She watched over his welfare, succeeded in making him abjure liquors, and finally he became again a useful man. He assisted her in educating the children, and died a short time ago, leaving his vast estate to his sister and her children. To-day this very Mrs. Lothimore called on me to thank me for my kindness to her in her hours of need, and informed me of her great prosperity. She is now worth a million, and has deposited with me one hundred thousand dollars to be used for charitable purposes."

At the words, "deposited with me one hundred thousand dollars," Wilkins dropped his fork and knife, and looked with amazement at Mr. Hunting, exclaiming, "One hundred thousand dollars did you say, Mr. Hunting?"

"Yes, Frank, one hundred thousand dollars! That once poor and almost forsaken Mrs. Ida Lothimore left with me, for the purpose of loaning to worthy young mechanics and worthy young merchants, who wish to start for themselves in business, sums not exceeding five thousand dollars, on approved paper, bearing four per cent. interest, said interest to be paid quarterly, and as soon as collected to be distributed among widows, who, if they have children under age, are in duty bound to have them learn trades."

"That is what we may call charity on a grand scale!" said the grandfather, enthusiastically. "Is she in town? I would like to go and see her."

"No," answered Mr. Hunting; "she left this evening for New York, to meet her daughter and rich son-in-law, and is to accompany them to Europe on their bridal tour."

"That is the way of this world; those who were once poor get rich, and those who were rich become often poor, if

they are not careful as regards their expenses," remarked grandfather Hunting, looking at his daughter-in-law, who felt the well-merited hint.

She blushed, and said: "Grandpa, have another cup of tea?"

"No, I thank you; I am not done with the first cup. Blanche, please go in the hall; you will find on the hat-rack my overcoat, and in my overcoat pocket you will find the evening paper I bought. I want to read about that great storm on the sea, whether it was on the Atlantic or Pacific ocean. You will please excuse me if I read the paper at my meal, but I have lost nearly all my teeth, and have, therefore, to eat slowly, and I generally read while eating to wile away the time."

Miss Blanche brought the paper and resumed her seat, while Agnes passed around the baked apples.

"Take this, Mr. Wilkins; it is the nicest," pointing out the best of the lot.

With some, such little attention would be a small matter, but with a young man like Mr. Wilkins, who for eight years kept himself aloof from female society, it had a great effect. He blushed, and stammered: "Very kind—thank you."

Augustine entered the room, bringing water, and poured some in each tumbler.

"Merciful God! what do I see!" exclaimed the grandfather, and he commenced to read, from the evening paper:

"An unusually severe storm has swept over the Pacific ocean. Hundreds of vessels were wrecked and disabled, among which we notice *The Monarch of the Sea*, owned by citizens of our city, and commanded by Captain Augustus Hunting, a son of one of our most esteemed old citizens. All on board were lost, except one sailor and the captain, who clung to a spar to keep themselves afloat. The sailor was picked up and brought to San Francisco. He furnished us with the particulars. Nothing has been heard as yet

from Captain Hunting, who, we hope, is also safe, and in good hands."

The paper fell from the hands of the good old man, and he bowed his head mournfully to his breast. The father wept in silence, and the mother wrung her hands and moaned:

"My son! my poor son! My noble Augustus! will I ever see him again!"

The sisters, too, clamored, and called loudly out: "Our good brother! will we ever see him and embrace him again!"

"You will!" exclaimed Augustine, in a clear voice. "Your son Augustus has been saved by my brother Karl."

All looked up at the noble girl, when she continued:

"The man whom my brother rescued, at the risk of his own life, from a watery grave, is no doubt your son Augustus!"

"Child," ejaculated the grandfather, "let me see your letter, or that part of it which refers to the storm," and he stretched forth his hands to receive it.

"My letter is written in German, but I will translate it," said Augustine, turning toward the kitchen.

Mr. Hunting noticed her movement, and said:

"Come with us to the library; I will furnish you with writing material."

They all left the table and repaired to the library. Wilkins was swept along to the library without even knowing it. The kind attention and gracious manner of Miss Agnes, the invitation by the proud Mrs. Hunting to supper, the news that one hundred thousand dollars had been deposited that day with his employer, now the news of Captain Augustus Hunting being saved by the timely assistance of the brother of the servant of the house—all this bewildered him, and he found himself, with all of the family, in the library.

Augustine translated quickly that part of the precious

letter which referred to the incident, of so vital importance and so much interest to the family, and read:

"My cruisions have mostly been without much personal danger, except a week ago, when an unexpected storm suddenly set upon us. Nothing but the skillful management of our strong and noble vessel saved us from a watery grave. I felt that many a stout vessel and crew must have perished in that dark and gloomy night, and the next morning I kept a sharp lookout for any signs of wrecked vessels. Suddenly I espied a dark object, tossed hither and thither by the still high-going sea. I directed my vessel toward it, and saw a man faintly clinging to a spar. He was utterly exhausted. I gave order to lower a boat, but before this could be done a high wave swamped the man, who, letting go his hold, disappeared in the dark waters.

"None shall perish when Augustine's brother is near," and with these words and her name on my lips I leaped from my vessel to save the drowning man. As he arose again I grasped him, and kept him above the water until the boat was lowered, and reaching us, took us, though utterly exhausted, safely to the vessel. The man had fainted. After applying some restoratives, animation returned. He opened his eyes, and looking wildly around, as if to say, 'Where am I?' he fainted again. He now lies prostrated with brain fever in my cabin. All attention and care is shown to him, and there is some hope of his recovery. To judge from his appearance and some papers, I think him to be an American. His name is Augustus —, as we found a letter addressed to him under that name—the latter part being blotted out."

She had hardly concluded, when the grandfather stepped to her, and laying his hand on her head, blessed her and kissed her brow. "You *must* be a noble daughter," said he, "to inspire a brother to do such noble deeds; whenever you

are in need of a friend call on Zadock Hunting, and he will gladly be at your service."

"Thank you," exclaimed Augustine, blushing at the action and words of the noble old man.

"Here, Augustine, take this diamond-cluster ring as a present of me, in memory of this evening, when your information saved us all from the most cruel apprehension," exclaimed Mrs. Hunting.

"I thank you, madam, for your kindness, but I never wear jewels," answered Augustine, modestly.

Mrs. Hunting felt humiliated at the refusal, and said to herself: "Once in my life I wished to give something, but I was refused."

All were astonished to see Augustine refuse such a splendid and costly ring, and at the way and manner of thanking her mistress.

"A good reason why she don't wear jewels is, because she is a jewel herself," thought Mr. Frank Wilkins, as his eyes rested on the tall and graceful form, with a face beaming with health, intelligence and cheerfulness.

The grandfather looked with admiration and pride at Augustine, and said to his daughter-in-law: "Kate, if you want to do something for the girl, then give her a better room and a better bed than she now has, that would be a real benefit for her at present."

"Yes, grandpa, Augustine shall have as good a room and bed as any of my daughters; come, Augustine, I will show you your new room."

They all left the library, except Mr. Hunting and his father. Mrs. Hunting, Blanche and Augustine, went to the new room. Miss Agnes, Miss Myra and Mr. Wilkins, returned to the parlors.

Myra opened the grand octavo piano, played the "Star Spangled Banner" with great effect and execution, and received the applause of her sister and Mr. Wilkins.

"Come, Agnes, play 'The Last Rose of Summer,' you play that piece so nice; do, please, Agnes," begged Myra.

"I do not feel like playing, after having heard such bad news about poor brother Augustus," said Agnes.

"Augustus is all right by this time," answered Myra; "come, play."

"Miss Agnes, please play a piece; I am very fond of music; music is the language of the heart," said Mr. Wilkins, sentimentally.

Miss Agnes commenced to play. At the first touch of the instrument, Mr. Wilkins perceived that the young lady was an artist of great merit; she played the opera "Martha," as he never heard before. When she had finished, he exclaimed: "You have played that opera better than Gottschalk, or Thalberg, whom I have heard playing that very same soul-inspiring piece. I am proud that we have so great a native talent in our city, and that you, Miss Agnes, are entitled to such distinction."

"You do me great honor by comparing my playing to that of Gottschalk and Thalberg; it will require a good deal of practice before my playing can be compared with those great masters. Do you play, Mr. Wilkins?" observed Miss Agnes.

"My ear might have deceived me, but I believe that you play fully as well as those great artists. I play only on the guitar," answered Mr. Wilkins.

"Do you!" exclaimed both the sisters, joyfully. "There is brother Charles' guitar which he presented him; he took a few lessons, then got tired of it," remarked Agnes, bringing the guitar. "Please, Mr. Wilkins, play a piece, I think the guitar to be such a splendid instrument, especially if one can sing and accompany the song with the sweet strains of music."

Mr. Wilkins readily took the guitar, tuned it, and commenced to sing and play, in a rich tenor voice, that splendid song:

"THOU ART SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR!

"I know an eye so softly bright,
That glistens like a star of night;
My soul it draws, with glances kind,
To Heaven's blue vault, and there I find
Another star as pure and clear
As that which mildly sparkles here.
Beloved eye, beloved star,
Thou art so near, and yet so far!
Beloved eye, beloved star,
Thou art so near, and yet so far!

"That eye so soft, like violets blue,
A treasure bears of morning dew;
And when its light entranced I see,
What joy, what pain possesses me?
A world, where I would gladly dwell,
Is that bright orb I love so well.
Beloved eye, beloved star,
Thou art so near, and yet so far!
Beloved eye, beloved star,
Thou art so near, and yet so far!

"If closed at last that radiant eye should be,
No more the day will dawn for me;
If night should dim its laughing light,
Oh! then, for ever, ever 'twill be night!
Those eyes that brightly, softly shine,
For me the Sun and Moon combine.
Beloved eye, beloved star,
Thou art so near, and yet so far!
Beloved eye, beloved star,
Thou art so near, and yet so far!"

Never were the parlors of the Huntings filled with such beautiful music and song as that evening, when Frank Wilkins sang his "Thou art so near, and yet so far." Mrs. Hunting and Blanche hastened quickly to the parlors, but only to listen to the last strain of that truly splendid composition.

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the ladies. "You sing and play beautifully."

"I heard only a part of it," said Miss Blanche. "Please sing and play it again, Mr. Wilkins."

"I will, on condition that you, too, will sing and play," answered Wilkins.

"Agreed; we will then sing a duet."

Mr. Wilkins repeated the piece, and sang even better than before, and none admired him more than Miss Agnes. The mother observed this, and thought by herself, that they would make a pretty couple. But had she given her daughter such a classical education and refinement of manners only to marry a poor bookkeeper? No, there was something better in store for her.

The ladies again applauded, and Blanche took the note-case, selecting "Robert le Diable."

She took her seat at the piano. Agnes and Myra invited Mr. Wilkins to accompany them, which invitation he gracefully accepted. Blanche played well, and the singing was splendid, especially that part of the opera where Isabella says:

"All the vows made to me.
Yet once thou bent before me,
And now I kneel to thee.
Pardon! pardon!
No pardon for me.
Let thy pity now awaken,
For my heart is breaking.
Oh see my despair! oh see my despair!"

"Sublime! sublime!" exclaimed the mother. "Still I do not like to hear that piece; it makes me feel so sad; a woman ought never to be so suppliant. What do you think of it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"It is grand, I think. Meyerbeer has, by this one opera, made his name immortal."

"I do not mean the opera. I referred to the supplication of the woman represented in that piece."

"That is natural, and whatever is natural is proper."

"You do not comprehend me. I mean whether you think it womanly for a woman to throw herself on her knees and

implore love and pardon?" asked Mrs. Hunting, somewhat confused herself at this rather novel question.

"It is womanly for a woman to supplicate as it is manly for a man to supplicate," answered Wilkins, readily.

"I see," observed Mrs. Hunting, "that you are in favor of placing woman on the same social standing with man, no more and no less."

"Exactly so," remarked Wilkins.

"Blanche, please take these keys and go in the dining-room; open the side-board, where you will find some Malaga grapes. Take some to grandpa and papa, and you, Myra, please go in my room and prepare my writing materials, as I wish to write some letters to-night."

Both the young ladies made their courtesy to the visitor, and left to fulfill their mother's wishes. Miss Agnes arranged the notes, while Mrs. Hunting addressed Mr. Wilkins:

"If woman will be placed on the same social standing with man, what, in your opinion, will be the benefits to society, and who will be most benefited, man or woman?"

"The benefits to society will be incalculable by having woman vested with sovereignty, for then the whole people, both sexes, will, for the first time in history, rule, and we need the combined wisdom of men and women to legislate and deliberate, so as to avoid war, that demon of liberty and prosperity. War, the parent of tyranny and endless misery, will involve a nation in oppressive debts, under which we have to labor for ages.

"When the whole people will be represented by the wisest and best, then dynasties will be swept away as if by a volcano. There will be no favorite families; there will be no standing armies; there will be no legislating to enrich a few at the expense of the many; there will be less discontentment, and consequently less chance of war; the avenues of peace will be enlarged as they never were enlarged before."

"What do you mean by the enlargement of the avenues of peace?" asked Mrs. Hunting, eagerly.

"I mean '*Free Trade*,' to buy in the cheapest market and

sell in the dearest; by increasing the number of canals to the lakes and sea borders; by improving all our navigable rivers, and by legislating wisely in regard to passengers and freight transport, by rail and water.

"This will make farming the most profitable and honorable calling, and we will have fewer large cities, but more prosperous and picturesque villages, less dusty hills and uncultivated fields."

"And do you really expect such great results from woman's suffrage?" asked Mrs. Hunting, in a doubtful tone.

"Most surely; if not at once, but gradually. Woman, being *equal before the law*, will step forth from her baneful seclusion, and gradually we will find the places now occupied by the sterner sex filled by women. What are those men then to do who lost their occupations, but to turn their attention to agriculture and to develop the mineral wealth of our great country. They will soon perceive that the successful farming depends on easy and cheap communication, by water or rail, with the marts of the world; and when it will become apparent that it is necessary to the welfare of farming, it will be done. Successful farming makes every other calling prosperous," rejoined Mr. Wilkins, energetically.

Blanche entered the parlor, saying, "Ma, pa wishes to see you, if you can make it convenient."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Wilkins," said Mrs. Hunting.

"Certainly, madam," answered Mr. Wilkins; "I must go now, it is getting late," and he bid the ladies good evening, who accompanied him to the door, especially Agnes, who invited him very kindly to call soon again.

"*Charming, very!*" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, when he reached the street, "is Miss Agnes. I almost fell in love with her; such eyes and such splendid bearing, and her playing; it was enough to turn my head and to love again as I once loved. But I am now eight years older, not so hasty; it would be folly for me, a bookkeeper, to love that young lady, court and marry her. I judge from her action that she would not object to become Mrs. Wilkins, but what has

Frank Wilkins to do with a wife, who is raised and brought up as Miss Agnes Hunting? My salary of two thousand dollars would not be sufficient to pay for the wardrobe she is used to wear. I admit that for my sake she would be willing to dress plainer, but would she be willing to live in such a small cottage as my earnings will only allow me to provide? And suppose her love for me would even sacrifice all this, for a sacrifice I must consider it, will she be a helpmate? Will she be able to do the duties of a wife, cook my meals and attend to my home comfort? No, even if she has the will to do it, she is unable to do so. She was not educated to become a wife, that is, a helpmate; she is educated to fill the station of a grand lady, to *be* a grand lady, and, therefore, she must marry a grand husband who has a grand income. Then only the *prospects* are that she would be happy and make a husband happy. But as my income is not grand, I can not support a grand establishment, for which Miss Agnes has been reared from her childhood. Agnes, whatever sparks thy flashing eyes have thrown into my heart, they must be quenched at once; there is nothing like *reflecting and reasoning calmly*," soliloquized Mr. Frank Wilkins, when he reached his bachelor's room.

CHAPTER IX.

"My son," said the grandfather, "when I was here yesterday, I told you that I would call on you this evening. I have much on my mind to tell you, and I am glad that I have now an opportunity. Listen carefully, for my words concern the welfare of the whole family."

"I am all attention, father," answered Mr. Edward Hunting, respectfully.

"You will, no doubt, recollect your boyhood's days, when

your good mother lived, and attended to our wants; our neat rooms, plainly furnished, and ornamented with natural flowers, tenderly cared for by your sisters and yourself; our plain, but well-prepared meals, prepared by your kind mother and sisters—and how good they tasted, and how happy the days passed, each busy with our occupations. There was no trying to outshine and to outstrip any one on our part. We lived and worked, our only aim being to do our duty toward God, ourselves, and our neighbors. God blessed us with health and prosperity. Our fellow-men respected and trusted us, and we enjoyed everything that makes life happy. Your mother, whose spirit now rests in peace, has had the joy to see her daughters all married to worthy men, and you settled and well established in life. All went well as long as we lived like good, plain American citizens; but when fashions crept in among us, and a man had to live in a house like a castle; when he had to have fast horses, and servants dressed in livery; when the wives and daughters had to dress like duchesses and princesses, and to be educated in the same style, to lead a life of empty splendor; when we ceased to be plain American citizens, only aiming to raise our children in the fear of God and obedience to the law, to do honor to themselves, their relatives, and the community at large; when we exchanged our substantial comfort, our substantial advancement of civilization, for imaginary comfort and a demoralizing civilization—then our real happiness vanished and our troubles commenced, gradually depriving us of comfort, of health, of usefulness, and, above all, endangering our *honesty and honor*. No man can be honest and honorable *who lives above his income*. He is compelled to resort to fraudulent and disgraceful measures in order to meet his daily growing wants."

The son blushed, and the father noticing it, remarked: "Is that not so, Edward?"

Mr. Edward Hunting thought of his Wall-street speculations, and of his over-drawn bank account, now providentially provided for, and answered: "Yes, father; a man.

who lives above his income can not remain honest and honorable, in the fullest sense of the word."

"I am very glad that you admit that as a fact," replied the father; "for now I have hopes that you will draw in your sails, draw in your reins, and not go it so fast, and will come back to the old style of living in comfort and peace, with yourself and with your wife and family, of which the pursuit after great wealth, and your extravagant mode of living, had deprived you."

The old gentleman paused to wipe the tears from his eyes, and then continued, in a lower, but more affectionate voice: "Yes, my dear son, draw in your sails, which expand too much, else the least storm will disable your ship and you will founder with your dear ones, in the evening of life; *keep closer to the shore* and teach your children to swim, to paddle their own canoe; I could not help blushing for shame and indignation when I saw yesterday, how helpless the whole family was, when they heard that the cook took sick. You and they, with all your wealth, had to be without a dinner or else to go to a restaurant. To have three full grown daughters in the house and not one able to prepare a dinner, is enough to make a saint swear, and as our young men nowadays are not much of saints, we can imagine how they will swear and carry on, after they are married and find their wives so helpless in matters on which the comfort of life depends."

"But I am in hopes that my daughters will marry men who are able to keep servants," remarked Mr. Edward Hunting.

"There is nothing so uncertain in life, as that girls will marry men who will be able to keep servants to do their work. Take yourself for an example. You live to the fullest extent of your income, of course your children share it with you and become used to this style of living. Now, after your death your property will be divided into five shares, among your children, after deducting an equal amount of your wife's dowry; each child tries, of course, to have a

home of its own, can that home be so grand with one-fifth of the estate, as the parental home was? *No!*"

"But my daughters may marry men who have also property of their own, and that property with my children's inheritance or my wedding gift may enable them to live in the same style as they were used to in their parental home," remarked Mr. Edward Hunting.

"They may," responded the father, "but very likely they will marry young men whose parents have lived as extravagantly as you, and who notwithstanding their good will, are unable to render them any pecuniary assistance; if anything, they, like you, hoped that by their marriage with your daughters they would strengthen themselves financially, and thus both families find themselves deceived. They can not live as grandly as they have been brought up in their childhood. Their home becomes comfortless; they blame each other, each considering himself deceived. A coldness springs up between the young couple which gradually cuts the link as man and wife. It is not their fault but their parent's, who lived too expensively, who did not teach them to work and become self-relying, who did not set them the example of husbanding their means and to live in humility. If you, my son, will continue to live in the same style as you have of late and will not exhort your daughters to do housework, and make themselves generally useful, you may expect to see your daughters unhappy wives, who will soon seek again your house as their home; there to live until death will relieve them of their unhappiness."

"Father, I implore you, do not continue to draw before me such a picture, it makes me feel sad, it would break my heart," exclaimed the kind-hearted Edward Hunting.

"It is as painful for me to draw such a picture as it is for you to listen to it, but as your father, as the grandfather of the children, it is my most solemn duty to warn you, to beg of you to change, or at least modify, your mode of living, and to follow the example of your parents. Live as I lived, plain and unpretending, but have genuine comfort, comfort wrought

by your own hands, the hands of your wife, and by the hands of your children."

Mr. Edward Hunting started at the words "comfort wrought by your own hands, by the hands of your wife, and by the hands of your children." What comforts did his children ever provide for him? *None whatever.* With the exception of Augustus, they had been to him a source of great trouble. His son Charles was a spendthrift, his daughters passed their time between dressing and taking their lessons, and besides complaining always. The doctor was a constant visitor at his house. He had nothing else to do but to wait on his children and foot their bills. That was the comfort his children wrought for him, a comfort which made him old before his time. He sighed deeply for he felt oppressed in his mind.

The father hearing the sigh, exclaimed: "My heart aches to hear you sigh as you do. There is something that oppresses you. Is it the severe loss of money in your Wall street speculations? Let that not annoy you, for you have still ample left, and you shall receive your full share of my property."

"Please, don't refer to that, father," begged the son. "Whatever I have lost in Wall street, has been a gain, a real gain to me, for it has taught me the great lesson, not to embark into any enterprise outside of my legitimate business. As for your property, I hope that God will spare you yet many, many years, to enjoy it yourself. I sigh not because I have lost some property, or because I want more than I have. I sigh because I fear that I have not done my fatherly duty toward my children. I have not given them the right education, and that thought makes me feel very unhappy."

"I am rejoiced to hear that it is that which oppresses you!" exclaimed the father. "Now, there are good *prospects* that you will see your children as well brought up as any children, for all you need to do is to be *just and firm*. Chalk out as you would like to have your children to be; inform your wife of it, secure her co-operation, and then remain firm as

the granite itself, to carry out your views in regard to their future; but know first yourself what you would desire and what would secure their happiness. *Build no castles in the air.*"

"You are right, father, it is one of my weaknesses to be too sanguine in my expectations, and to reach out too high, higher than I can reach without the greatest effort. Let me expect less, I will then be saved from disappointments."

"Now you come back to reason!" ejaculated the father, joyfully. "A good general does not put his entire army at once in action; he keeps some in reserve, to be used only in critical moments, on which success often depends."

"Yes, for the first time in my life, do I realize to a full extent the great responsibility which rests on my shoulders, as a husband and a father. It is my duty to manage my household so wisely, that I will be the possessor of a good wife and of good children, who act their part well!" exclaimed Mr. Edward Hunting, speaking more to himself than to his old father.

"It is truly glorious to hear you, my beloved son, come to such wise conclusions. There is no nobler title than *that man is a good and wise husband and father*. There is no greater blessing on earth than to be the possessor of a *good wife and good children*. Come, my dear son, come to my arms; your words have relieved me of a heavy burden of cares, of fears, and deepest apprehension. Your words have made me twenty years younger!" exclaimed the father, opening his arms.

The son rushed into his arms, and embracing his aged parent, affectionately, he cried: Father, I have suffered much of late; bless me."

"You have suffered much because you lead an unnatural life. I bless you; may peace reign supreme within you, within your wife and your children, and may you all fill your mission, pleasing before God and men. Amen."

A gentle knock was heard on the door. "Come in," said the grandfather, and Miss Blanche entered the room with a

plate of Malaga grapes, for the father and grandfather, as her mother had bidden her.

"Grandpa and papa, mamma sends you some Malaga grapes; please, take some," asked the young lady, gracefully.

The grandfather selected a nice bunch of the proffered grapes, and gave it to his son, saying: "Here, Edward, take these grapes, as my offering of good understanding between us, and you may rely that I will assist you to the best of my ability, in your resolution."

"Thank you, father!" exclaimed the son; I accept this noble fruit in the spirit it is given; may God be with us."

"God is with those who try to act godly," answered the father, promptly.

"Blanche, please tell mother that I wish to see her."

"That is the way to do it," remarked the grandfather. If a husband wishes to be successful, he must, to a certain extent, secure the good-will and co-operation of his wife, especially when the question of the education of their children is concerned."

Mrs. Hunting entered, saying: "You wish to see me, Edward?"

"Yes, my dear; I wish to speak to you in the presence of father, about the future welfare of our children."

"I am glad you will," answered the wife, taking the chair proffered by her husband, and seating herself near to his side.

"My father has just pointed out to me a very important fact, that we are doing our children a great injury, by living in such a grand style, that it takes all my experience and my estate can earn to supply our wants. How can we expect that our children, after they are settled down for themselves, without the experience and with only one-fifth of the estate I possess, can live in the same style as they were used to in their parental home? It is unnatural to expect that they should be happy, when they are compelled to do without this or that comfort, which they enjoyed from their earliest

childhood. Just as little as we can expect that a plant, when removed from rich to poor soil, will grow and flourish as well as it would in its original ground, so little can we expect to see our children happy when they have to exchange their parental home, for one not so splendid and grand."

"But I hope," returned the mother, "that our daughters, through their personal attractions, through their accomplishments and family connections, will marry men who possess wealth enough to set up house-keeping as they have been used to at home, and beside that, I have great hopes that your estate will so vastly increase, that in a few years hence, each child will have as much as you now possess."

"These are great expectations. There are few young men as rich as you suppose them to be. Everybody is apt to consider himself richer than he is in fact. I, myself, labored under that impression until I came to analyze my affairs. Then I found out my mistake, and I am glad I did. I shall manage, now, my affairs only to the extent of my actual capital, and the *prospects* are that that capital will not be much increased, for the profits are small and the expenses are large," answered the husband, earnestly.

"We mothers deserve to be pitied. First, the trouble we have to raise our daughters and to educate them; then, there is the care and anxiety to see them settled in life. It is no wonder that it is getting fashionable to have no children, or as few as possible," said Mrs. Hunting, meaningly.

The grandfather started at these words, and exclaimed:

"I almost deplore that my life has been spared so long as to live and see the degeneration of the present age. It has become an every-day talk, as being fashionable not to have any children. But, no, it is foul play; it is murder in the first degree; it is a crime that cries before God and men, and is, besides, the social evil, the blackest spot on modern civilization. But how can it be otherwise when a woman of your intelligence, of your social standing, finds it difficult to marry off her daughters? The very means you have used to marry them have defeated your object. You live so

grand, you dress them so grand, that you have frightened off the young men who are looking out for helpmates. Extravagance has made marriage almost impossible, and those who had the courage to marry have their hands full to keep up fashionable appearance; and to have children, they look upon as a misfortune, and they war against nature and villainously destroy God's blessed gift, children."

He paused, made a few rapid steps across the room, and stopping suddenly before his son and daughter-in-law, he said, in a calm and firm voice:

"You, my son, and you, my daughter, and thousands like you, who are the leaders of fashion and give the tone to society, are, to a large extent, responsible for the depravity which now exists and is so rapidly increasing, through your great display of wealth and expenditure, through the aristocratic education you give your children, an education which teaches that work and labor are degrading and burdensome, and that the highest attainment is to look well and to worship fashion, not God."

He paused and hesitated, but with a great effort proceeded:

"The present mode of educating and bringing up your daughters is as destructive to society at large as a civil war. Civil war has the effect of killing neighbors, impoverishing the country and retarding the progress of civilization. Wives who do not know the art of cooking and house-keeping, who place before their husbands ill-prepared food and unclean rooms and bedding, which are the cause of sickness and death before the allotted time—wives who dress too much in silk, satins, and other fineries, impoverish the land, and many of our modernly educated daughters don't live long enough to become wives and mothers. They become something else which swells the ranks of demoralization, destroying the health and honor of our youth throughout the land."

He paused again, buried his face in his hands, and woefully exclaimed:

"To-day we behold one man's daughter fall and one man's

son become the victim. To-morrow we may behold our daughter fall and our son become the victim. Bad morals will lead step by step to the State-prison or to the gallows, and all, *because marriage is made impossible*, through your extravagance, and through the wrong education which you give your daughters."

The old gentleman had to pause again, for it seemed to him quite a task to say so much, and say it so plainly; yet he continued with the same energy:

"Only yesterday I witnessed the domestic helplessness of your accomplished daughters. When they came home from their morning ride there was no dinner prepared. The cook was sick, and they themselves could not prepare a meal, and you, my daughter, were too fashionable to go into the kitchen and cook a dinner, and so to teach your daughters how to do it."

The door was open to let the hot air in from the hall. A favorite cat of Mrs. Hunting's had entered the room.

"See!" exclaimed the grandfather, "that cat—and a cat is acknowledged to be one of the falsest creatures of creation; still that very cat will catch a mouse, and maneuver around it so as to teach her young kittens to catch a mouse, and so fulfill her mission. And you, a woman, God's most beautiful creation, his best gift to man, will be false to your calling! Know it, and remember that it is the man's duty to follow his pursuits, in order to provide the necessary means for his family, for the hearth he has founded; but it is the wife's duty also to take care of and make pleasant that home. And no home can be pleasant where there is no dinner because the cook is sick."

"Am I right?" asked the grandfather, trying to stand as erect as his old age would permit.

"You are right, grandfather," answered Mrs. Hunting, meekly.

"Will you, henceforth, prepare the meals for your family, and instruct your daughters in that great art, which is the promoter of health and of domestic happiness?"

"I will see," answered Mrs. Hunting, in a hesitating tone.

"You will see!" ejaculated the old gentleman, his eyes flashing with anger. "*Qui timide rogat docet negare.*"

Mrs. Hunting knew that whenever her father-in-law quoted Latin he was very angry, and so she was prepared for the worst.

"Ah," said he, "you will see! No; you *shall* see that if your daughters are not, henceforth, dressed plainer, and work several hours every day in the kitchen, under your supervision, as true as my name is Zadock Hunting, I will disinherit them, and the bulk of my estate, worth at least two hundred thousand dollars, I will bequeath to establish a mission, and an abode to reclaim and provide a home for fallen women, for there your vanity will drive your children, my poor, pitiable granddaughters."

He sank exhausted in a chair, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed like a child.

"Father, calm yourself," exclaimed Edward Hunting. "Do not grieve so, for it breaks my heart to see it. I admit that we have made a mistake by not bringing up our daughters to know more of domestic affairs, and of usefulness at home. But we, especially my dear wife, are not so blamable; it is society. Everybody does it, and we are, more or less, in the same boat. A few only enjoy the great blessing of having, like ourselves, a father who points out so plainly our mistakes and the probable consequences. Rest assured, my dear father, that your words have made a deep impression upon Kate and me.

"They have, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Hunting, in a subdued voice.

"They have made such an impression that you will see," remarked the old gentleman to Mrs. Hunting.

"I said, 'I will see,' because my mind was then not fully made up whether it be really necessary that my daughters should do manual labor, for to cook and do other housework is manual labor; they will lose some of their gracefulness,

and especially their small and delicate hands, which are so much admired, will show the toil they undergo."

"Small, delicate hands are unquestionably very beautiful, but to a wise man they are not half as pretty as hands not quite so small and delicate, but which are used to work, and which can produce something useful," answered the grandfather, calmly.

"Grandpa, you must not be angry with me if I do not acquiesce in your opinion at once, as regards teaching my daughters how to cook and do housework. It has been my wish and aim that they should learn only that which ladies of first rank should know," said Mrs. Hunting, with a self-satisfied air.

"Now I see! now I see!" exclaimed the grandfather, "that you are not to blame for the way and manner you raise your daughters. You do not consider yourself the wife of a plain American citizen, but the wife of a duke, and you a duchess, and your daughters, Lady Agnes, Lady Myra, Lady Blanche. And why should a duchess and her daughters trouble their minds about such small matters, as cooking and house-keeping? Too much money is the root of all evil, or let me better say: the belief of having too much money is at the bottom of evil, for your husband stated this evening, that after carefully investigating his affairs, he finds himself not really as rich as he supposed himself to be; and that is no doubt the case with most of the people who thus deceive themselves and fall into *fatal* errors."

He paused, and noticing the cat, which was sitting on Mrs. Hunting's lap and licking her mistress' chin and hand, turning around and looking angry at him, he smilingly said:

"To see that cat looking at me so viciously, one would suppose that she understands me and dislikes me, because I speak out my mind so plainly; and plain talk, especially when it is true, is not popular, even a cat frowns at it;" then he continued in a more earnest tone: "Yes, my daughter, you are not a duchess, your husband is not a duke; he is only a plain American citizen, a *good citizen*, and to be a good

citizen is a great title, and to be the wife of such a man is more than to be the possessor of a coronet. It is a thousand times better for you to be the good, self-relying Mrs. Hunting than the Duchess Hunting, who has to depend on the whims of her servants."

He paused again, took out his watch to see what time it was, and continued:

"As for your wealth, don't pride yourself on that, for nothing in the world is more unreliable than riches. They have wings and fly away before one is aware of it. The most woeful sight is to see an impoverished man or woman who were once rich, and being used and brought up in affluence and wealth, without an idea of work, they are utterly helpless and so become a burden to themselves and society. If you love yourself, if you love your children, don't set them the example to pride themselves and to rely on riches, for it is a weak pillar, which often, at the most critical moments of life, gives way, and throws those who relied on it in the dust. There are only two pillars upon which we can rely for support; one is our Heavenly Father, the other is *industry*, coupled with good habits; and with such pillars, the future here, and the future hereafter, is safe. But it is getting late, and I bid you good night."

"Father, don't go home to-night, there is a storm raging without and you might catch cold. Stay with us, and beside I feel very unwell; I like to have you near me," said Edward Hunting.

Both the father and the wife looked at the son and husband, when, to their great alarm, they observed that he was growing pale and haggard. Both started up, each took hold of his hand, which seemed to grow hot and cold in succession.

"What ails you, dear Edward?" exclaimed both, with anxiety.

"I can not tell. My heart palpitates strangely, and my feet are growing cold; my head is dizzy; I must go to bed." He arose, but kept himself on his feet with great difficulty.

He began to undress, but was unable to do it alone. The aged father assisted him with trembling hands.

"Shall I send for the doctor?" asked the wife, tearfully.

"No," answered the grandfather; but go and make a cup of tea, half tea and half boiled milk. Bring me, also, a jug of hot water, and warm a blanket over the furnace register," commanded the grandfather, calmly.

Mrs. Hunting quickly left the room to do the old gentleman's bidding, and said to herself:

"I hope Augustine is not gone to bed yet; but if she is, I will not call her—I will do it myself. It will please my dear husband and grandfather to see that I do not consider myself a duchess."

Entering the kitchen, she found the room dark, and no fire in the stove, but was much pleased to see kindling wood and coal, ready for use the next morning, near the stove.

"Augustine is a good girl," soliloquized Mrs. Hunting. "See how nicely she prepares everything for the morning. She will make a good wife. What did I say? She will make a good wife, because she prepares kindling wood and coal for the morning's fire! Am I not silly for saying that?" and she began kindling the fire in the stove. But somehow it did not burn. "Once I knew," said she, "how to kindle a fire in the stove quickly; but what is the matter with me? I can not do it now. Is it because I am out of practice? It must be so." She fanned the fire with her dress, she kneeled before the stove, and blew her breath, but the wood would not kindle. She used all the paper that was in the kitchen, and even went in the library for some old newspapers, but the more paper she stuffed in the stove, the more she obstructed the draft. She could not get the fire started; she had to give it up. "I guess I better call Augustine. But no, I will see whether I am so helpless. I will cook the tea on the gas." She quickly selected a suitable pot, and held it over the burning gas, but poured more water than needed in the pot, so that it took as much longer to boil.

"My arms ache from holding that pot," said she to herself. "What tiresome work cooking is!"

At last the water boiled, and the tea was ready. But now the milk had to boil also. She took another pot, and poured the milk in it. Having found that she made a mistake by putting too much water in the first pot, she now took only as much milk as she thought would be necessary, never, for a moment, thinking that such a hot fire as burning gas would burn the milk and spoil the taste of the tea, which it actually did.

She brought the tea and gave it to her husband. "Here, my dear husband, I bring you a cup of tea. I made it myself."

The husband took the tea, but to save his life he could not drink it; it had the smell of gas, and the burned milk besides. He handed the cup of tea back to his wife, saying, in a feeble voice, "I thank you, dear, I don't feel like drinking tea."

Mrs. Hunting tasted the tea, and felt mortified when she tasted it.

The grandfather did not taste the tea, but he judged from the peculiar scent of it. "But, daughter, where is your jug of hot water? your warm blanket? *The life of your husband depends on it, to get him into a nice perspiration,*" pleaded the grandfather. "Why not awake your daughters; please be quick, time is precious."

"Don't wake the daughters, call the cook," said Mr. Edward Hunting.

"Yes, call the cook," requested the grandfather, saying to himself: "Thank God that there is a cook in the house, so that I can get a cup of tea fit to drink, a jug of hot water, and a warm blanket; that is all that is necessary to get the blood in nice circulation."

Mrs. Hunting with a heavy heart went to Augustine's new room and gently called her, "Augustine, Augustine!"

"Who is there?" answered the girl, readily.

"It is me, Mrs. Hunting, please get up and make some tea

and a jug of hot water. Mr. Hunting is sick and wants it," answered the mistress.

Instantly Augustine arose, put on her dress and left the room, asking at the same time: "Anything else besides tea and a jug of hot water?"

"Yes, a warm blanket."

"Then, please bring me the blanket, while I make the fire." She went to the kitchen and was greatly surprised at finding the stove filled with paper and smoked wood. "That good-for-nothing young man must have returned to-night, and went to work to cook his hot brandy, or whatever they call it," said Augustine, angrily pulling out of the stove the cindered and partly burned paper.

Mrs. Hunting brought the blanket. "Shall I warm the blanket on the hot-air furnace," asked she.

"I guess the fire in the furnace is out by this time. I closed the register before I went to my room, in order to keep the heat in the house. I will see directly, as soon as I have kindled the fire. But, who was at the stove; did Mr. Charles come back?"

"I was trying to make a fire in the stove, but the kindling wood seemed wet and would not burn; but what has Charles to do with the stove," asked Mrs. Hunting, inquiringly.

"When Charles is at home, he frequently comes in my kitchen to cook some brandy, and when he finds no fire, he tries to kindle one just in this same way."

The mother made no reply, and thought of the words of her husband when he so severely blamed her that their children were helpless creatures. "See," exclaimed she to herself, "how handy this girl kindles the fire; with all my intelligence and knowledge of fashions and the world, I could not make that fire burn."

Augustine took the blanket, went in the hall, opened the register, but a blast of cold air came up; she quickly closed it again and came back to the kitchen, saying: "The fire in the furnace is out; I will make the blanket hot inside the oven. She went in the cellar, kindled a fire in the furnace,

brought an armful of kindling wood and an empty earthen jug. In less than no time, a good cup of tea, a jug of hot water, and a thoroughly warmed blanket, were found in Mr. Hunting's room. The grandfather took the tea from Mrs. Hunting's hands, saying: "Now, please bring me a couple of towels and some brandy, if you have it in the house." He tasted the tea, and said, "Here, my dear son, drink this tea, it is good, drink it as hot as you can."

The son drank the tea, exclaiming; "Ah! this is good, I feel it."

"In an hour you shall have another cup; now let me wrap that warm blanket around your body, keep it on pretty tight, stretch out your limbs," and wrapping the hot jug in a towel he placed it to his feet. He covered him well, took some of the brandy and washed his head and face. "Inhale some of it, Edward," said he, drying his face and head; he took his hands and rubbed them well with the same liquid.

"Thank you, my good father, I feel quite relieved; you are quite a doctor."

"Don't say anything, my boy, but sleep; if you can sleep, you will soon be well. And you, my daughter, go to your room, and try to sleep. I will watch here, resting on the sofa."

Mrs. Hunting hesitated, and objected to this arrangement, but the grandfather pushed her toward the bed, and exclaimed:

"Res est sacra miser."

Mrs. Hunting moved at once toward the door, muttering to herself:

"Grandfather is out of patience, because he quotes Latin."

When leaving the room, the grandfather requested her to see that a pitcher of water was left at the door.

"I will bring it myself. But please, tell me what you were saying in Latin."

"Nothing particular; only, a suffering person is a sacred thing. And now, good night!" He went to his post to watch over his son.

CHAPTER X.

"Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards.—*Pope.*

"JOHN JAMES LA MONTE, why, what is the matter with you?" asked the cashier himself, after the bookkeeper of Edward Hunting & Co. had left the bank, with the note of six thousand dollars in his hand, which was paid with a draft on the Eastern bank for the same amount. "To give up the note for this piece of paper which, I feel almost certain will be returned unpaid, is almost inexcusable." He twisted his moustache vigorously, and continued: "I feel that I am growing weak of late; I follow more the impulse of my heart than the dictation of my head. This may bring me into serious trouble; a great financier must have neither heart nor feelings for any one but his own interest, the substance of which is money." He tapped the bell, and the man of all work answered the call, respectfully waiting for orders.

"Peter, go and hitch up my horse, and bring my buggy to the barber Bauntain; tie the horse to a post and cover him with a blanket, but bring the whip inside of the barber-shop, where I will be waiting."

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, and Peter left.

The cashier glanced carefully over the accounts of the receiving and paying teller, and after having the books and other valuables placed in the colossal vault, which he carefully locked, he went to the barber Bauntain. This was not a very fashionable but a respectable place, where the oldest citizens and their grown sons enjoyed the comfort of a smooth shave and a chat of past times, present and probable future; for the barber Bauntain was long established, knew

all the families and men of distinction who had raised themselves from obscurity to commanding positions, and also the families and men who had fallen back from commanding positions to obscurity. He knew more than that; he knew the causes of both, and freely conversed whenever his patrons felt like having a chat about the ups and downs in life.

"How do you do, Mr. La Monte," said the proprietor, pleasantly; "my chair is ready for you."

"How do you do, Bauntain; I am glad you are disengaged and can give me a shave," and, placing himself in the chair, he said, "you must give me an extra fine shave to-day, and fix me up in French fashion."

"Of course, I will. You expect great company, to-day?"

"Who told you of it?" asked Mr. La Monte, quickly.

"Let me see, who was it that said you expect two Counts from Paris. Well, I declare I can not call it to mind," remarked the artist of the razor, innocently.

"Did my son pay for his hair-cutting?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"Your son was not here these two months, and whenever he gets his hair cut he pays. I wished to charge it to you, but he would not have it, saying that he was carrying out your instructions, 'to pay as he goes along.'"

Mr. La Monte enjoyed a double pleasure; for one, that it was not his son who had informed the world, that he expected such distinguished visitors, and for the other, that his son would not make any debts, but remembered, even in such a little matter, his instructions *to pay as he goes along*.

"Any particular news to-day?" asked Mr. La Monte? not out of curiosity, but from sheer habit. It was his habit to ask for news, and he considered it even to be a part of a cashier's business to hear the news, even if they were rumors; there is something in a rumor. A cashier must keep himself posted; he must note everything and use every particle of information to form correct conclusions.

"I felt very bad to-day; very bad, indeed, to hear that one of our oldest families is in great trouble," said the able

barber, pausing, and expecting that his patron would ask him the name of that family, and what kind of troubles they were in, but the cashier remained silent, yet all attention.

"I refer to Mr. Edward Hunting. There was a rumor that he came near having his note protested to-day, and that he is very much embarrassed as regards money. He has a good deal of trouble with his son, Charles, who returned from college entirely spoiled and demoralized. He spends lots of money and gets into all kinds of scrapes, which, of course, will annoy and trouble any father."

"And how was it that the son returned from college, so entirely changed in his character and habits?" asked Mr. La Monte, carelessly.

"Bad company, sir; bad company has done it, whisky and lewd women put on the finishing touches," answered the barber, sharpening vigorously his razor. "It is a shame that they permit, at those places of learning, drinking shops and those gilded butterflies, who mislead young men and ruin them forever," remarked Bauntain, feelingly.

"You are right; strong beverage and degraded women are two formidable foes against a weak principled young man," observed Mr. La Monte.

"I should say there are even a great many old men who hardly can withstand the temptation," said Bauntain.

"Now, Bauntain, I would like to know whether you say this from experience," asked the cashier, laughingly.

"Why, no; whatever I know is only from observation and not experience. I observe as I go along," replied the barber.

"And remember what you hear?"

"If it is worth remembering—shall I shampoo your hair, Mr. La Monte?"

"I would like to have my hair shampooed, but it is growing cold and I have quite a ride before I reach my house."

The bank porter entered, saying, "Mr. La Monte, I brought your horse and buggy and hitched it before the door, where shall I put the whip?"

"In the corner—did you cover the horse?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"Yes, sir. Anything else that I can do?" asked the porter, respectfully.

"No, Peter, I thank you, nothing more."

Peter made a bow and left.

"This is the last shave I'll give you this year. How quickly the year has passed around!" remarked the barber.

"Yes, sir; the last shave this year; the time passes quickly when one is busy as you are, coining money."

"Mr. La Monte, don't make fun of me. I would like to make money as some people I know of are making. Just think of my high rent, the expensive gas bills, fuel, newspapers on file, and then the high wages of my hands, to say nothing of taxes and my house expenses. Deduct all that and the balance left is small. I wonder on which side of the ledger the balance with most people will stand this year? O! the expenses are too large that a poor fellow like me could make anything handsome."

"I presume you have a good deal of expenses," observed the cashier.

"I should say so; my expenses have nearly doubled since the last few years, while the income is about the same, yet I do not complain, as long as my family and myself are enjoying good health, and I am earning enough to keep me free of debts," said the barber, with great earnestness.

"Good health and to be free of debt is a mint of wealth. Willing hands and an active brain, with an honest and fixed purpose, will gradually produce wealth enough to keep a family in comfort," said Mr. La Monte, leaving the chair, well pleased with his shave and the remarks of the barber. He paid Mr. Bauntain, wrapped himself in his overcoat, lit a cigar, put on his fur-lined gloves, took his whip and soon drove briskly home. On his way home he thought, "Who can have told in the barber shop that I expect company from Europe, and that Mr. Edward Hunting's note came near being protested? I feel certain that none of my employees are tell-

tales. So, Charles Hunting got spoiled while at college; I tremble to send my only son there; that barber, Bauntain, is right, the authorities should see to it."

He drove on in silence. His thoughts wandered back to the past, when he left his widowed mother's home, a stripling of nine years, and went to the large city, poor and unknown. He had no friends and no one to rely upon but himself, yet he dreamed of great wealth and a great name. Had his dream been realized? had he accumulated wealth? had he gained a great name? *Not yet!* But he had every reason to be satisfied with himself, for thousands who had started in the world to seek their fortunes like himself did not succeed so grandly as he did. To whom or to what did he owe his success? To one simple word, a word he had mastered well—*no!* He could say a firm *no* to himself, and that *no* had saved him from being thrown in company to which his better self objected; that same firm *no* made him drink water instead of wine or liquors; that same *no* made him wear coarse clothing instead of fine and costly ones, and so he was enabled to save his earnings; that *no* gave him a good character, and his employers gradually advanced him until he rose from a clerk boy to the honorable position of cashier in the bank; and being in such a responsible position, it was of great value to the bank to have a cashier who could so timely and well say *no!*—either an emphatic or gentle *no!* The bank flourished under his management, and he felt safe and secure in his position.

Still he was not happy. He had made the great mistake of marrying a girl of aristocratic family, who looked upon it as a sacrifice to marry him, whose family was so much inferior to hers. The wife knew that by marrying her he had succeeded to the position of cashier in the bank, of which her father was a large share-holder, and who used his vote and influence to make his son-in-law cashier of the bank.

Mrs. John James La Monte had a way of letting her husband feel that to her he owed his elevation in the bank and

society, and often, when her husband would object to her extravagance, and reproach her for passing her time in idleness, she would say: "Sir, you must know that I am a born Bottwell, that my ancestors were the first settlers in this city, and that I am used to live in such a fashionable style. We had our servants and our carriages, and you can see my mother this very day out on the avenue in her carriage, driving a span of beautiful horses. You ought to be careful about what you say, sir! I am a born Bottwell, while you, sir, are only La Monte, whose mother was a washwoman."

In vain did the husband plead to his wife not to use such language in the presence of their children, two daughters and one son; in vain did he contend that through his management only of the affairs of the bank its shares had advanced fully thirty per cent., which made her father so much richer; in vain did he illustrate that a woman could be a washwoman and still a lady.

But Mrs. La Monte was proud of being a born Bottwell, whose mother can be seen daily on the avenue in an elegant equipage, and he, her husband, whose mother had been a washwoman to make a living, should bend his knees in humility before her, the born Bottwell. This was the sore and dark spot in Mr. John James La Monte's life. It made him feel very unhappy, and whenever his wife commenced holding up before him that she was a born Bottwell, and he only a washwoman's son, he took his gun, went into the rear of his house, and commenced target-shooting; and as his wife almost daily alluded to the difference in her caste and family, he had sufficient practice in target-shooting. He had become one of the most expert shots in the country, and would take a nail, stick it in a tree, and, at a distance of two hundred feet, drive the nail in the tree with the ball.

The unhappy husband felt that he had to make an end to his wife's upbraidings, and quietly went to work to find out who the ancestors of this proud family had been. Indeed, it gave him much pleasure and gratification to learn, that the mother of all the Bottwells had been a rag-picker, and old

Mr. Bottwell himself, had driven a team of dogs through the city, gathering bones and other kitchen refuse, which were carefully assorted and sold to soap factories. Under the careful management of old Mr. and Mrs. Bottwell, this picking rags and gathering bones became quite a business, and this was the foundation of the great wealth of the Bottwell family, who would sneer at the washwoman's son, and consider everybody beneath them.

Mr. John James La Monte, with these facts in his possession, quietly wrote out an article, headed:

"Reminiscence of some of our Old Families."

By an Early Settler.

He vividly described the hardships which some had to endure, in order to keep the wolf from the door, and particularly how old Mother Bottwell looked with her sack on her shoulder, and a stick with a sharp hook, in her hand, picking out of the gutter every bit of rag or paper, and with what eagerness she went through ash piles, and other heaps of refuse, to find something for the sack on her shoulder.

He went on to say how old Mr. Bottwell looked with his team of dogs, and how he had to help the dogs to pull up hill the wagon with its greasy and well-filled barrel. The writer stated, at the same time, that he did not mention this out of disrespect for the good old couple, but for the benefit of their descendants, who should know their origin and ancestry, and not feel so haughty and overbearing toward their fellow-men.

La Monte managed to have this article inserted, as a contribution, in one of the morning papers, which was delivered at his house, and which Mrs. La Monte always read.

In the evening, when the husband returned from his business, he found his wife greatly changed in her manners toward him. She kissed him with more ardency and invited him to make calls with her on several of her old school friends, a thing which she had never done before.

"That article of mine," chuckled the husband, "was a good dose. How careful my wife placed the paper out of my sight and reach, so that I should not read it; and having once commenced to make researches in regard to ancestry, I will now try to find out who *my* ancestors were."

With the same energy and perseverance, that made him what he was, he set to work and was delighted to find that he was of French nobility, that his ancestors were the Counts La Monte, who had distinguished themselves on the field of battle as well as in the cabinet of State; and more than that, his fourth generations of cousins were living under the very same name and title, in possession of the old family castle and estates.

He did not hesitate long, and wrote another article, under the same heading:

"Reminiscence of some of our Old Families, continued."

By an Early Settler.

He described the efforts the Count Francis La Monte, who had been banished from his country, had made in order to support his family; how ~~he~~ purchased a large tract of land, which he successfully cultivated; how the title deed had proved to be valueless, and how the family, after many tedious and unsuccessful lawsuits, had been ruined. He went on to say, that the mother of the present La Monte had been a washwoman, and supported herself and children by hard, yet honest work. How she had set such good example to her children, and sacrificed all to give them a good education; and that John James La Monte, the efficient cashier, under whose skillful management the stocks of the bank had so greatly advanced, was the son of that very washwoman, and that the present Count Pierre La Monte, Senator of France, was a cousin to the La Montes in America.

The same skillful management on the part of the husband made the article appear as a contribution in the same

paper, which his wife read every morning, and she did read the article once, twice, thrice, and was overjoyed to find that her husband was a nobleman by birth.

In the evening, when her husband came home, his wife rushed toward him, embraced him and called him Count John James La Monte.

"How is the noble Count, my husband?"

Mr. La Monte pretended not to understand what his wife meant. She told him of what she had read in the paper.

"There must be a mistake," said he, putting on a serious face.

"No, there is not," and Mrs. La Monte brought the paper and read aloud the article referred to.

"And what of it," said Mr. La Monte, "I am neither better nor worse for that. I am an *American citizen*, honored and trusted by my fellow-men, and that is title enough for me."

"Yes, said the wife, "it may be title enough for you, but I'd rather have you to be a Count; I always thought that I was born to marry a Count. I married a Count without knowing it." She again embraced and kissed him, calling him "Count La Monte, my noble husband!"

Mr. La Monte, though his wife had ceased to annoy him by continually boasting of her ancestry, did not gain much by the result of his researches. Contrary, his troubles now really began. Mrs. La Monte was determined that her daughters should not marry, except a Baron, Count, Lord or Duke. "Their mother being a born Bottwell, and their father a Count, why should they marry plebeians, though they be American citizens of good moral habits, and having a useful occupation."

The husband reasoned in vain. He explained that titles were humbug; that they belonged to the past ages, and were against the spirit of the present age; that the only title now existing was the one of *merit*, and that the titled nobility had become so degenerated in principle, as well as in physical respects, that marriage with them should be avoided.

But Mrs. La Monte, as a born Bottwell, could not be per-

suaded. She wished to see her daughters married to some titled noblemen, and discouraged every overture that was made by young men for the hand of her daughters. The husband grew uneasy on account of it. He commenced corresponding with his European relatives, and gave them a sketch of the family tree. His letters were promptly answered, and he invited two sons of Count Pierre La Monte, Senator of France, to honor him with a visit, and that very New Year's eve he expected the distant cousins Count Louis La Monte and Count Murat La Monte. He was not satisfied with himself that things had taken such a turn, now that those Counts had arrived, for he had no confidence in titled nobility, and had a presentiment of evil.

He reached his house. A servant was waiting at the gate, opening it promptly, with a respectful bow, which showed that he feared and respected his master; for a man who can say so well, "no," his "yes" is of greater consequence. Everything around the premises was in the best order: every tree was carefully wrapped in straw to protect it from the severe cold; all the walks through the park-like front and rear yards, which comprised about five acres of ground, were cleared from snow; the stables and out-houses were beautifully built and kept in the neatest order. The bowling alley and target-shooting grounds were not far from the house, and under the direct supervision of Mr. La Monte. He liked to practice in both, and encouraged his son and daughters to do the same. The consequence was that they enjoyed good health, besides becoming really experts in shooting and nine-pin playing.

Mr. La Monte ran over the grounds quickly to see if all was in order. He entered also the stables and the carriage house, but great was his surprise to see there an elegant and elaborately finished new carriage.

"Jim!" called he loudly. The coachman trembled at the tone of his master's voice.

"Sir, to your service! Anything wrong? ventured the frightened Jim.

"When was this new carriage delivered?" demanded Mr. La Monte; sternly,

"This afternoon. Also a new set of harness, trimmed with gold."

The face of Mr. La Monte became livid with rage, and he exclaimed:

"You blockhead, did I not instruct you never to say more than just what you were asked? I did not ask you anything about the harness; I asked you only about the carriage. Now go to your work, and in future remember that you are to answer only what you are asked."

The man was glad to leave the presence of his employer, for he knew when Mr. La Monte was angry he could swear and scold like a trooper.

"So, my wife ordered, after all, a new carriage, and even a new and costly harness, against my positive will and order, and all this because my cousins, the Counts, are coming. This is what I call paying dear for having the honor of a visit by Counts. I had a kind of foreboding, and have seen only the beginning of it. I must be careful of everything I now say, and keep calm. Fools allow themselves to be carried away by anger, and quarrel. Wise men suppress their wrath, and rule then as they please."

He entered the house, and was gracefully and very kindly received by his wife, who looked at him sharply to ascertain whether he was angry, for she knew that he had been in the carriage house, and seen the new carriage, which she had bought against his order.

"You look tired, my noble husband," said Mrs. La Monte, in her most affectionate tone. "How have you been, to-day?"

"I am somewhat tired, but my health is good. The visit of the Counts only worries me, and I sincerely hope that their visit will be mutually pleasant," answered the husband, thoughtfully.

"I do not see why you should have any misgivings about

the visits of your cousins, they are noblemen and will do us honor," observed the wife.

"They may be only noblemen by name and not in fact," replied Mr. La Monte.

"I think I know why you feel uneasy and dread the visit of our distinguished visitors. It must be that you apprehend that they will cause you great expense, and these thoughts make you gloomy. But I assure you, my noble husband, that our household expenses will not be larger than usual; the only expense their visit will have entailed, is the new carriage and harness I have purchased, which cost only two thousand dollars beside the old carriage and harness."

"You agreed to pay two thousand dollars and give up our old carriage and harness which were as good as new?" exclaimed the husband, greatly excited.

"Don't be angry, my noble John, I know it is a high price, but the carriage and harness are splendid. Believe me, as a born Bottwell, I am a good judge of carriages and harness. My dear mother always did pride herself on her equipage, and she was right; there is nothing that gives a family such distinguished appearance as a grand carriage and superb horses in splendid harness. It looks really royal and is just what a born Bottwell, whose husband is a Count by succession, should possess," said Mrs. La Monte, in her most graceful manner.

"Nonsense," responded the husband.

"Don't say nonsense, my noble husband, for to have an elegant carriage and beautiful horses in rich harness, is not nonsense; it is something grand and very stylish."

"My word nonsense does not refer to your remarks about the horses, carriage and harness. It is well enough to possess them if one can easily afford it. Nonsense referred only to your words and the stress you put on of being a born Bottwell and I a Count by succession," remarked the husband, quite sarcastically.

"Now, my noble husband," said Mrs. La Monte, in her most tender and graceful tone and manner, "you will not be

angry with me if I tell you what I intend to do. I am going to call on my father and request him to present me with two thousand dollars to pay the difference on that new carriage and harness."

"I am glad you told me of your intentions. Spare yourself the trouble and humiliation, for your father is a practical man, who looks at matters in the proper light. He will say, 'Theodosia, my child, if your husband was opposed to buying a new carriage and harness, you had no business to do it. It is the duty of a good and obedient wife to be guided by her husband, especially where such a matter as money is concerned. I can do nothing for you; you have your husband, he is your protector, and if you are not unreasonable, I have no doubt that he will provide for your comfort to the best of his ability.'"

"Mr. La Monte, I beg to differ with you. My father is a Bottwell. He will not treat his daughter in such a manner," said Mrs. La Monte, proudly.

"I know your father is a Bottwell, but he does not pride himself on his wealth. He prides himself of being a good successful business man," remarked the husband, meaningly.

"I do not understand your remarks," said Mrs. La Monte, thoughtfully, "but they have a deep meaning, no doubt; you never utter a word unless you mean something by it; I will reflect on your advice."

"Yes, my wife, reflect; reflection makes us wise, reflection would have convinced you that the old carriage with the old harness would have answered much better than the new, for when the Counts will see our new carriage and the new harness they will think 'this family has never had a carriage and horses before, and bought this new one in honor of our visit.' How much better would it have been to have kept our old carriage and harness, which looked besides more respectable by being used as the old family carriage, and people of the old country observe such little matters more than we are giving them credit for."

Mrs. La Monte felt sad. The words, and the manner in

which they were spoken by her husband, convinced her that the old carriage and harness would have answered a better purpose than the new. She was now very sorry that she made the exchange, paying two thousand dollars besides, and admitted to herself that her father would not have presented her, under those circumstances, with two thousand dollars to pay for the carriage, but that he would have spoken to her as her husband said.

Mr. La Monte noticed her silence, and could readily guess the thoughts which passed through his wife's mind.

"Not only would the old carriage and harness have answered a better purpose, but we would have saved two thousand dollars. These two thousand dollars, with the accumulated interest, would have amounted, in ten years, to four thousand dollars, a snug little sum to give to our son, who, by that time, will be ready to start for himself into business," said the husband, in his forcible, convincing manner.

"I am really sorry that I have acted in this matter against your will and counsel. I have a good mind to drive down town in your buggy and see whether I can not get my old carriage and harness back, and return the new one, even if I have to pay some consideration for the trouble I have given to the carriage and saddle-makers," said Mrs. La Monte, in great sincerity, turning toward the bell to summon a servant and give the necessary order.

"Do not undertake to get the old carriage and harness back. It would be a vain effort, as the carriage-maker and saddler have, by this time, included the profits on their sales in this year's gain, and would not feel inclined to give up what they made. A bargain is a bargain, and why should they undo it? Dealing is not a child playing," remarked the husband. "Let it remain now as it is, but, in future, make it the rule of your life not to do anything against the wish or advice of your husband. It will save you from mortifications, unnecessary expenditures, and humiliations," remarked the husband, in a calm tone.

Mrs. La Monte blushed. She felt angry with herself, and thought that her husband was right in his views, that he knew the ways of the world, and that she ought to obey him, and she concluded to do so henceforth in everything—but her daughters should not marry citizens of their native land.

"No, they shall become titled ladies, or remain single for life."

"Where are the children, and what are they doing?" asked the husband.

"Winfred is in his room busy with his geological studies. He is filling up the room with all kinds of sandstones, chalks, iron, ores, and coal, and so intensely is he occupied in the formations of the various mineral objects that he does not speak to any one, and does hardly take time to eat his meals."

"This shows that he enjoys his studies. They are very interesting, and will no doubt prove profitable to him in his advancing years," observed the father.

"Rosalind is still very gloomy, and Viola is dressing to receive her noble cousins, the Counts Louis and Murat La Monte."

"Rosalind is still very gloomy!" exclaimed the husband. "It is a riddle to me why she is so down-cast. Can you solve it, Theodosia?"

The wife made no answer, and looked perplexed. The husband noticed it and said:

"You do not answer my question, and no answer is also an answer. I take it for granted, therefore, that you know the cause of Rosalind's grief, for a grief it is, whether real or imaginary."

"I think her grief is real and deep, for she loves a young man whom she knows we will never consent that she shall marry," observed Mrs. La Monte.

"What! my daughter Rosalind in love with a young man whom she knows we would not consent that she should

marry!" ejaculated the father. "Pray, wife, tell me the name of that young man. Do I know him?"

"His name is Charles Hunting, the son of Mr. Edward Hunting."

The husband and father jumped up from his chair as if a rifle bullet had pierced his heart, and exclaimed:

"I implore you, say no more. It is enough for me to know that our beautiful Rosalind, the gentlest maiden ever born, should love Charles Hunting, that demoralized young man who never has done an honest day's work in his life, and who, though young in years, is old in vices and bad deeds. Better, far better, that my beloved daughter Rosalind should die of a broken heart than become the wife of Charles Hunting, the companion of the very dreg of society."

He nervously strode up and down the room, and tearing out his hair, he muttered:

"What a blow! what a blow!"

He stopped suddenly, and said to himself:

"Courage and calmness enable men to tame ferocious tigers and lions. Courage and calmness shall enable me to cure Rosalind of her love, by convincing her that the man she loves is not worthy of her love."

The door opened and both daughters made their appearance. Rosalind, the oldest, was tall and graceful. Her features plainly indicated intellectual development, a kind heart, yet firmness of purpose. Her eyes were large and of a dark and lustrous blue. Her hair was of a light color, and tastefully adorned with a natural rose. She wore no jewelry or ornaments, except a narrow piece of velvet ribbon, which she wore around her swan-like neck, fastened by an anchor. Her whole attire was plain and unassuming, but even this, heightened by her brilliant complexion, made her appear truly fascinating and lovely.

Viola was not quite as tall as her sister, but what she lacked in tallness, she made up in roundness of figure; her waist was narrow; her bust full and supported by compact shoulders and plumb round arms; her neck was slender; her

face was round as an apple, with a dimple on her chin; her lips were red as coral, but too thin to be called beautiful; her mouth was also too large; her eyes were black, her hair and eye-lashes of the same color, which contrasted well with her alabaster-like complexion, giving her a charming freshness. Unlike her sister, she was elaborately dressed in the most costly garments and of the most fashionable cut. She wore diamond earrings, a large diamond brooch fastened a lace collar of great value, a gold necklace, set with diamonds, with a gold acorn, a heart and an anchor set in pearls, were attached to the necklace as charms and graced her neck; her fingers were ornamented with clusterous diamond rings; she had a bouquet in her hand, and when entering made a profound bow before her father.

"This is a bow of deep humility," said the father, with displeasure.

"It is a bow which I intended to make before my *august* cousins, the Counts Louis and Murat La Monte," answered Miss Viola, archly.

"Such a bow is not becoming to an American girl, whose manners ought to be graceful and plain, in harmony with our republican mode of living; such a bow is no doubt expected in the land of royalty, but in this land of the free, where every one is a sovereign, a bow should be only a bow of graceful civility, and not a bow of humility," observed the father, earnestly.

"I am very sorry, pa, that you do not like the bow I made. I have been practicing it before the mirror the whole day, and now you declare it unbecoming," and she made another one of those profound bows before her mother, who, on the contrary, was much pleased and said:

"Viola, I am delighted with the bow you make; the grand ladies of honor could not make a more graceful and finished bow before their royal mistress, the Empress of France, than you made now; keep on practicing it, for I hope to live and see you well established in one of the ducal castles of France, and even appointed as the first lady of honor to the empress,

wielding an influence that will be felt not only in Europe, but over the whole world."

At these words the black eyes of Viola shone brightly, her thin lips became somewhat pale and tightly compressed, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, ma, how happy, how very happy I will then be! And when you and pa will visit me, how grandly I will receive you! My carriage must be of gold and my servants dressed in purple velvet, trimmed with gold borders, a *chapeau* with gold fringes on their heads. My establishment shall be royal in all its appointments," remarked Viola, in a matter-of-fact tone and manner.

The mother nodded approvingly to the remark of her daughter Viola, and thought "the blood of the Bottwells predominates in her veins, she will be a baroness, a countess, or even a duchess. What a happy mother am I to have such a daughter!"

The father looked and listened carefully to what his daughter Viola said, and felt grieved at the display of so much vanity. He said to himself: "It is one of the misfortunes of life, if husband and wife do not co-operate in the education of their children. My wife is preparing Viola for a life of disappointments, which will end in misery. I must rescue her at every sacrifice, or she is lost. I hope that those foreign cousins of mine are real gentlemen, and not wolves in sheep skins."

"Rosalind, why do you look at me so, without saying a word?" asked Viola, haughtily.

"I look at your toilet; you have said so much that you hardly would listen to what I would say were I to speak," remarked Rosalind, in a sweet but sad voice.

"I always listen to what you say, although I can not agree with you in your opinions, for you were not born for the great world, you were born for the cloister, and where I fear you will end your days," said Viola, sharply.

"Listen, then, but do not get angry at me, for I mean to speak plain. Your toilet represents you as an overdressed

girl, who puts on all the plumes she possesses. Look at your costly lace collar, pinned with that heavy diamond broach, and on that same lace collar rests your heavy gold necklace, and the charms of your necklace cover almost your diamond broach. Your hair, too, is not—"

"Please, say nothing of my hair; my hair is well arranged—it suits me," said Viola, interrupting her sister Rosalind.

"I will then say nothing more as regards your toilet, but I will say that you are as vain as a peacock, and your dreams of the future are as vain as they are foolish; for I consider it foolish to bend one's mind and energy on obtaining glitter and outward show, and to bend the knee before titled personages, whose ancestors were either flatterers to kings and queens, or murderers on a great scale, who could slaughter men by the thousands, and help to blot out a whole nation from the face of the earth; and as a reward of their flattery or their great butchery, they received titles, and their children, who bear the titles, would this very day slaughter in cold blood, thousands and thousands of their fellow-men in order to retain their titles and their ill-gotten rights, to tax and to live on the fat of the land."

"Rosalind, Rosalind!" exclaimed the mother, "what language! I hope that you will keep your thoughts to yourself, and not utter them in the presence of your cousins, the noble Counts Louis and Murat La Monte."

"Proceed, my dear child," said the father, encouragingly.

"Yes," said Rosalind, almost speaking to herself, "the titled nobility have been and are the blighting spirit of human progress and civilization; they have and do rob still the people of their rightful possessions; they rob them of their sons, to play soldier for their amusement, and so to stand in the way of liberty, and at their commands and mere whims are let loose as so many demons to dance the carnival of death. Nations are plunged into mourning and the whole world suffers on account of the whims and

follies of the titled nobility—and still nobility is fattened, flattered and courted.

"And would you, my sister, like to be one of them? Would you like to have a vehicle of gold, purchased by the sweat of the brow of the people? Would you like to have a servant in livery behind your carriage, and some one riding in front, announcing your ladyship's coming?"

Viola smiled and nodded her assent.

"And you would like to rule and lead an idle life of glitter and falsehood?"

Viola frowned at these words.

"You need not look so angry at me, for you can not deny that such is your hope and your expectation," said Rosalind, in a firm yet sweet voice.

"What right have you to live on the hard-earned means of others, and to give nothing but bad examples in return? for to dress as extravagantly and to live as expensively as you would live if you could, and to be idle beside, is truly a bad example.

"What right have you to detain men as servants, and to mark them with the dress of servitude? Man has been created to cultivate the earth, and to make a paradise of it; he has not been created to be a servant in livery, and to play the soldier, and destroy what peaceable citizens have cultivated and built."

"You would then have no nobility and soldiery, but corruption and anarchy," replied Viola, with energy.

"Look at our glorious country!" exclaimed Rosalind.

"Well, look at it! look at it as it is, with impartiality, and you will admit that corruption is no stranger in our land," responded Viola, promptly.

"I admit that there is some corruption, but whatever there is, has been imported from abroad, like the fashions and dissipations practiced by the titled nobility of the old world. But we have no anarchy here, and never will have as long as our free press and our *free public schools* exist; they are

the bulwarks of liberty and public order," said Rosalind, enthusiastically.

"But you admit," said Viola, "that there is corruption in this land, which you call a glorious one."

"I admit it; but even the sun is not free from spots. The land of our birth is a glorious one, but its glory is not complete, yet it will be complete as soon as woman is vested with the right of suffrage; for then the majority of our citizens will not be indifferent as to who gets into office; the whole people will be represented, and impartiality will rule supreme."

"Rosalind," exclaimed the mother, "please, spare me from hearing your views, or rather, your notions of woman's rights, or woman's suffrage. I think it not to be lady-like, even to speak of it. Women are well enough off as they are, and you would rob men of their prerogatives, and women of their womanhood. Rosalind, I am almost ashamed of you, and if you will not cease thinking and talking of such unbecoming matters, I'll become old before my time."

"Mother, I will not speak any more, in your presence, of woman's suffrage, although I sincerely believe it to be the duty of every woman in the land. I beg to differ with you when you say that women are well enough off as they are. The press and the statistics of the country show that thousands and thousands of women are making only a poor living by their labor, that thousands and thousands of women are outraged and outlawed by the viciousness of men and the custom of society, that thousands and thousands of women die before their time in consequence of poorly-paid labor and neglect. My heart beats in sympathy for the unfortunate ones of my sex, and also those of the sterner sex, who too suffer through the sufferings and wrongs of those of whom they are, and of whom they should be a part."

"I command you to put an end to your reasonings and arguments. You make my head ache," exclaimed the mother.

Rosalind said no more. Tears gathered in her eyes, and

mournfully she turned to her father, who rose from his chair, and kissed her brow, saying:

"You have my sympathy in your great and noble thoughts. Try gradually to win your mother's sympathy, too."

"Thanks, my noble father," and Rosalind left the room.

Winfred, the only son, entered soon afterward. He was a tall young man, well built, with dark brown hair, which curled naturally; his brow was high and pensive, his eyes were dark and expressive, his nose of Roman shape, his lips well formed, and supported by a firmly-set chin; his complexion was dark and healthy, and the daily exercise in nine-pin playing and target shooting had made him muscular and of steady nerves. He respectfully bowed to his father, and turning to his mother and his sister Viola, he asked:

"What is the matter? Rosalind is in the hall, and weeps."

"Your sister Rosalind," answered the mother, in a displeased tone, "is burdening her mind with matters unbecoming a young lady of distinguished birth; and you, my son, if you will keep yourself shut up in your room so much, with your books and mineral stones, you too will become gloomy, and cause your mother sorrow. Viola, come to me, and kiss me; you are my pet. Rosalind and Winfred wish to become great scholars, but will never know what happiness is, and how to enjoy it. You have the right conception of life, just like myself."

Viola kissed her mother, but it was not a kiss coming from the heart, for girls who are as vain as Viola, can not love sincerely; their affections are divided between love of dress, show, glitter and flattery. They kiss only with the lips, but without the heart.

Winfred was about saying something to his mother, when he noticed a sign from his father, and kept silent.

"Please, can I and our Winfred have a cup of tea before we ride to the depot to receive and bring home our foreign guests?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"I presume tea is ready. Viola, go and tell Mrs. Wehlen to serve the tea for you, pa and Winfred."

"Ma, I don't like to go into the kitchen. I don't like to see the old cook with her gray hair sticking out from under her white cap, and with her long and bony hand and fingers. Whenever I see her it takes my appetite, and I can not eat anything. She looks horrible," said Viola, with an expressive shake of her head.

"Viola, beware how you speak of aged people, especially of Mrs. Wehlen. She is a second mother to you all, to none more than to you. She has nursed you as a baby, and in your sickness, and you owe her, so to say, your very life. Only for her you would sleep now in the graveyard," remarked the father, earnestly.

Viola seemed displeased that she should be under such great obligations to Mrs. Wehlen. When, therefore, she opened the door and observed Rosalind, she said,

"Please go in the kitchen, and tell Mrs. Wehlen to serve the tea for pa and Winfred."

Rosalind went to the kitchen, and Viola smilingly stepped back in the room, whispering to her mother, "Ain't Rosalind a goose?"

"Quite so," was the mother's reply to her favorite daughter.

Rosalind opened the door, and announced that the tea was served.

"Can I take tea with you, pa?"

"If your mother does not object," responded the father.

"I don't object," said the mother. "You may take supper with your father. Myself and Viola will take supper after we are dressed."

Mr. La Monte, Rosalind and Winfred, on entering the dining-room, found Mrs. Wehlen waiting, with a letter in her hand, which she tried to place in Mr. La Monte's hands, who said:

"Mrs. Wehlen, if by this letter you wish to inform me that you intend to leave, I will not accept it."

"Yes, sir, I wish to give up my situation and go house-keeping with my son."

Mr. La Monte started at these words; and the man whose judgment was so clear, who could in a moment decide what course would be the best to pursue, even under the most difficult circumstances, whose yes or no made or unmade many a business house, almost trembled at the idea that the cook was going to leave. Neither his wife nor his daughters knew anything about cooking, and where to get a cook who would bear up with the unreasonable demands and overbearing treatment of his wife.

"I hope, Mrs. Wehlen, you will change your mind as to leaving, and continue to make your home with us," said Mr. La Monte, in a very kind and almost imploring tone and manner.

"It is now twenty years that I have been under your roof, but I never could look upon it as my home, although I have nursed all your children and taken care of them, you and Mrs. La Monte, in sickness, to the best of my ability. I have worked faithfully, but, nevertheless, I was made to feel through these many years that I am a servant only whose feelings and whose comfort need not be respected," remarked Mrs. Wehlen.

"I know you have been very kind to my family, and I am truly sorry that you have not been treated with the consideration you are entitled to; but I need not say whose fault it is. For my part, I have done all in my power to reward you for your good services in my family. Look in your saving bank book, and at your son, who, under my directions, has become a young man of whom any mother might be proud."

"I know and acknowledge that you have been very kind to me. I have not forgotten, and never will, under what distressing circumstances you found me in that cold garret-room, nearly frozen to death with my little boy. Through your timely assistance I recovered my health, and my child was placed in good hands. You took me into your house as cook and paid me well, though you had to submit, on account of my ignorance, to many inconveniences. You placed my

boy in your bank, watched over him like a father over his son, that he should not go astray, and to you he owes what he is to-day," and the cook bent down to kiss her master's hand, which he quickly withdrew.

"Don't," exclaimed Mr. La Monte, "you are under no obligation to me; we are square. You have watched over my children, I have watched over your son; you gave me and mine comfort, and I gave you what will make you comfortable in your old age. Say no more about it, but go to your work."

Mrs. Wehlen did neither move nor speak.

Mr. La Monte was angry because the cook did not leave and go to work; he was angry with himself, that he, the able La Monte, who was used to be obeyed at a wink, should now be disobeyed when he had spoken in so many words, disobeyed by an old woman, whom he had rescued from starvation, and of whose son he had made a man, now a teller in the bank. He was angry because he could not punish such disobedience, but had to take it lightly, so as not to make matters unpleasant; for he thought, and very correctly so, how unpleasant it would be without having a cook in the house who knew how to prepare palatable morsels to satisfy the inner man.

"Yes," said he to himself, "it is all very nice to have a beautiful house, with rich carpets and elegant furniture, rare paintings and a library of choice books, a piano and a wife and children to play. Poetry, and music, and ladies handsomely dressed, is all very nice to behold, but when the inner man clamors for something well-prepared to eat, and it is not given, all these niceties lose their charm. Mrs. Wehlen must remain, because she is my commissary-general. Many a well-appointed army suffers defeat because the commissary-general is deficient, and many a family have been ruined for this very reason. I would be a poor chief if I and those depending on me should suffer on that account. Mrs. Wehlen must remain; the commissary department must remain in

good order, else distress and sickness will overtake my little army and its efficiency will be destroyed."

Turning toward the cook, he said in his most patronizing tone: "Mrs. Wehlen, I can hardly believe that things should be so annoying in my house as to cause you so much grief and trouble."

"I did not wish to trouble you, Mr. La Monte," answered Mrs. Wehlen, "and have kept all the abuses I endured to myself, hoping that when the mistress would get older and the misses been grown up, there would be a change for the better; but instead of that it is getting worse. In former years it was only the mistress, who was unreasonable in her demands and hurt my feelings with words and action; but now, Viola also is trying her best to increase my trouble and annoyances, for she treats me with real cruelty. I could stand it from her mother, but from her whose life I have saved, is more than I can stand. My strength is giving way and I feel that under the present circumstances, I must give up my position, or I'll become consumptive, and so hasten my death; even now, I am only the shadow of my former self. No, I can not remain. For twenty years I have been faithfully working for your family; is it then unreasonable, if I ask your consent to leave and to enjoy with my son the fruits of my labor?"

"Your demand is reasonable, but as we expect great company, you ought at least remain until our visitors are gone. In the meantime I will look around and see where we can get another cook to fill your place," remarked Mr. La Monte, in a still kinder tone and manner.

"I will remain only on two conditions," answered Mrs. Wehlen, firmly.

Mr. La Monte looked at his cook, when she spoke of conditions, but soon saw that if he wished to retain the services of his good old cook, he would have to make up his mind to consent to any conditions she might ask. He bit his lips, for he felt humiliated that he, John James La Monte, the great cashier, the best financier in the whole State, whom public

opinion had pointed out as the only man capable of filling the office as Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, should now be compelled to tally with his cook, in order to induce her to continue in his service. *It is sad*, that such should be the case; he had foreseen it, and often requested his wife to raise their daughters more domestically; to make them more useful in the kitchen, and not so much in the reception-room and parlor. But whenever he alluded to it, she would repeat the same old story: "Sir, you must know that I am a born Bottwell, and have not been brought up in such a manner. My mother never would allow her daughter to do such vile work as to cook, or have anything to do in the kitchen. My mother is good authority, she has been the most fashionable lady in her day, and even now, her black span of horses, in the costliest harness, attached to a royal-like carriage, can be seen every day on the avenue. My mother does honor to the Bottwell family; her granddaughters shall not be degraded by working in the kitchen. No, they shall not—not as long as she lives, for she is a born Bottwell, and knows what is proper, while he does not know anything about it; and how could he know how a rich man's daughter should be brought up, being a washwoman's son; the idea that her daughters, the grandchildren of a Bottwell, should cook, were an outrage even to mention it."

"Yes, I have foreseen this, and have warned my wife, but she would not listen, and now I have to humble myself before this woman or suffer even worse. Let me choose the least of the evils."

"And what are the conditions?" asked Mr. La Monte, with forced politeness.

"The first, Viola shall cease to talk to me with disrespect, and that her mother shall not encourage her to abuse me; and the second that I shall be permitted to receive my son's visits twice a week and go with him every second Sabbath to the house of worship."

Mr. La Monte's face grew pale at these conditions, reasonable as they appeared, but they were hard for him to comply

with. First, he had no authority over his daughter, Viola, for whenever he reproached her the mother took her part, and as he did not wish to be humiliated before his children, and above all to avoid scenes, he had given it up as a useless effort to make Viola act lady-like toward the servants, and especially toward Mrs. Wehlen. As for the son visiting his mother at the house that would make it only worse, for Mrs. La Monte disliked poor people and might treat young Otto Wehlen with coldness. The son would also soon notice that his mother had not as good a home in his house as the young man had supposed, and beside it would give his young and able bank teller an insight how matters worked in his house, and that Mrs. La Monte was not as nice a lady as she appeared before the world. All this passed through his mind when he said:

"Suppose you leave matters as they are until after our distinguished visitors have left."

"I would rather have a definite answer to-day," remarked the cook, "for I have been waiting anxiously, for months, to speak to you about this; and either to permit me to leave your house without giving you any offense, and so to think me ungrateful, or to stay and have the permission to see my son oftener at this house, since for the last three times when I went to see him at his boarding house, I did not find him. To be kept away from my son for such a length of time, makes me sad and ill."

The father looked at his children. Winfred looked sad, and Rosalind tried to suppress her tears, but nature was stronger than her will, and the tears fell one by one over the pale cheek of the noble girl.

Mr. La Monte was deeply affected by this scene. A woman nearly fifty years of age, who had become gray in his service, and done more for his children and for his own comfort than their own mother, pleading to him for a better and more humane treatment, and permission to receive her only son, in his house, twice a week, and to go with him to the

house of worship, was too much even for John James La Monte, the man of "No."

"Yes," said he, finally; "Mrs. Wehlen, just continue to make your home with us, and I will see that everything goes on properly in the house. I will inform your son that he has permission to call and see you every Sunday and every Wednesday, and, if you choose, you can go with him, every Sabbath, to the place of worship."

"I thank you; God bless you and give you peace and plenty of this world's riches," answered Mrs. Wehlen, and left the room.

"Poor woman," said Rosalind, "she suffers much, mother and Viola hurt her feelings whenever they have the least chance."

"Stop!" exclaimed the father, in a commanding tone of voice; "if you can not say anything good of your neighbors, say nothing, for that is the best you can do for them. Make it one of your most cherished rules through your life never to say anything bad of your neighbors, unless you are directly questioned by some one who has the authority to ask and expect a truthful answer. If you follow my counsel, then the *prospects* are that you and others will be saved from a multitude of troubles."

Rosalind readily promised to follow her father's advice, and, by way of changing the subject of their conversation, she said to her father:

"Is it not strange that I have never seen Mrs. Wehlen's son, though I knew she had a son?"

Mr. La Monte did not seem or wish to notice her remark, and, instead of answering his daughter, he simply offered her some more dry beef, a hint for Miss Rosalind not to put any more questions on the subject.

"Winfred," said the father, "after tea you will go with me in our carriage to the depot, to receive our visitors and escort them home."

Very soon afterward Mr. La Monte and his son were driving to the depot to receive their relations. Miss Rosalind

had bidden her father good-night, since she wished to retire before he returned.

Mrs. La Monte, accompanied by her daughter Viola, repaired to her dressing-room and commenced dressing for the reception of their noble cousins, the Counts Louis and Murat La Monte.

Miss Viola assisted her mother in dressing, who lamented that her hair was getting so thin, that she had hardly enough left to attach the false hair of which she had an immense quantity, and some extra questionable stuffing besides.

"Yes, ma, your hair is getting very thin. It must be because you wear such a heavy waterfall. Your head perspires too much, preventing the growth of your hair, and, besides, injuring the roots of it."

"Child, you speak nonsense. It is not from wearing such a love of a waterfall my hair grew so thin; it is from something else," remarked the mother, with a sigh.

Viola noticed both the remark and sigh, and asked:

"Ma, what, then, did cause the loss of your hair, of which as you say, you had so plenty in your younger days?"

"Because I had so many children," answered the mother.

"You never had more than three children, ma, that I know of," observed Viola.

"Thank God I had not more than three, and that is one or two too many. If I had only one child I would now be much prettier, and not have had so much trouble. I would not have been obliged to have that old Mrs. Wehlen in the house to wait on you while you were teething and had the hooping-cough, the measles, and scarlet fever. What a time she had of it when you were all sick! Well, she thinks she has done a great deal for me to have nursed you all so well. But what comfort do my children give me for all this trouble? Winfred tries to solve the formation of coal, iron, and other ores, while Rosalind is for woman's rights. You, Viola, are my only comfort. You assist me in dressing.

I think you have arranged my hair real nice. Now hand me my new fifty-bone French corset."

Viola took the new corset in her hand, and was surprised to find it to be of No. 19, while her mother required a No. 25 corset.

"Ma," said the daughter, "there must be a mistake. The corset is only No. 19, while No. 25 is the size you wear."

"Child, there is no mistake about it. I have selected purposely a No. 19 corset, and will lace so much tighter. I had all my fine dresses altered to that size. I must appear fifteen years younger when the noble Counts are in our house."

Mrs. La Monte looked in the great mirror before her, and was well pleased with her waterfall, resembling a small-sized pillow. She then commenced to put on her corset, which was quite a task to lace together.

"O, ma!" exclaimed Viola, "how can you press yourself so together? you can not breathe;" noticing her mother's face became livid from the obstruction of breathing.

"Don't fear, I will be able to stand it; you must know, that I am a born Bottwell. When I will, I will—even if it should cost my life;" and in an angry tone she added: "If I had not had so many children, I would now have a small and neat waist; and if I had not that old cook in the house, who cooks so well, I would not be so fleshy." Mrs. La Monte continued to lament, "that she had been a great goose for having had so many children, and allowed such a good cook to stay in the house, all because Mr. La Monte liked to live so well; he ought to do like other gentlemen, to go outside of the house and get his comfort; she wished she had never been born, than to have lived and chosen such a cruel man for her husband; but she ought to have known better, before she condescended to marry him, a washwoman's son." Such, and similar language, did Mrs. La Monte, the born Bottwell, use in the presence of her daughter, who looked and listened in amazement at her parent, who was angry because she could not wear a No. 19 corset, with ease and comfort.

"Viola, please hand me the box of Persian lily-white and

my powder brush; my face is unusually red, on account of tight lacing;" and she began to powder her face vigorously. Then she took her handkerchief and wiped slowly the powder from her eye-lids and lips, which she rubbed and pressed together to produce a better red. She took a little mirror in her hand, to have a better look at her face, when all at once she uttered a most unnatural shriek of distress. Viola hastened to her mother's side, and breathlessly asked: "Ma, what ails you?"

"Viola, look!" and she wrung her hands in despair; "Viola, come and see, but no; light all the gas in the room first; don't look at me, but do as I command you. O, dear me! O, dear me; what a misfortune! what a calamity!" moaned the unhappy woman. Viola lit the burners with nervous rapidity, and came pretty near, in her over-haste, pulling the chandelier down, and setting fire to the house.

"Now, ma, the burners are all lit, what is the matter, tell me; can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, child, come near to the light; look on my brow; do you notice this line; is it a wrinkle?" asked Mrs. La Monte, in great distress.

"Why, no, ma, it is no wrinkle, it is only because you have powdered your face so thickly, and made a streak with your handkerchief on your brow," answered Viola.

The mother felt relieved, and said: "How glad I am that it is not a wrinkle, and that my brow will look so placid when the Counts arrive."

She put on her dress, but it was also quite a task to hook and lace it.

"All Mrs. Wehlen's fault; she cooks so good, and it tastes so well, that I eat so heartily and grow so fleshy. I have a good mind, notwithstanding Mr. La Monte's entreaties, to send her off; but no, I better keep her until the noble Counts are gone. I hope she will cook good enough for the Counts, I presume these noblemen are good judges of a table. I wonder what Mrs. Hunting will say, when she will hear that two Counts, from France, our relatives, will spend the

holidays with us? I told it at Beininger's when ordering the New-Year's cakes; and when at Bauntain's, the barber, where I bought a bottle of his hair tonic, I managed to impart to him that I expected two Counts from Paris, cousins of my husband. Beininger and Bauntain will drum it out, and by this time the whole city will know, that two noble Counts will honor us with their presence; but there is one thing which troubles me, that Beininger did not furnish me with as elaborately ornamented New-Year's cakes as I ordered, although he charges forty dollars for two cakes; but who cares for the money, my husband is rich, and a born Bottwell should have all she desires. Viola, please hand me my jewel-case."

The mother opened the jewel-casket and assorted her jewels, which were of the most exquisite workmanship and costliest stones. "Now, what shall I wear, my pearl jewels, my gold jewels set with pearls, or my diamond set?" It was quite a task for Mrs. La Monte and her daughter to decide which jewels to wear for the great reception of their noble consins, the Count Louis and Murat La Monte. At last Mrs. La Monte decided to wear the diamond set, for in it she looked the most brilliant, and a good deal, as she well knew, depended on the first impression which she would make on her noble relations.

At last the grand toilet was finished, and mother and daughter were admiring or criticising each other in the grand mirror. They then commenced practicing those profound bows, of which Viola had given already an idea and sample to her father, and, no doubt, would have continued until midnight, but for the timely arrival of the carriage. Mrs. La Monte gave one more look in the mirror, implored her daughter to tell her if there really were no wrinkles on her brow, and if she looked well enough to appear before her august cousins. Being assured satisfactorily by her daughter, both ladies repaired to the reception room, and took their positions, Viola especially, so as to be enabled to make her profound bow with all the grace at her command;

both were on the *qui vive*. Mrs. La Monte's heart was beating quickly, the door was opened, but she did not dare lift her eyes. Viola, seeing her father and brother coming alone, asked:

"Pa, why, where are our cousins, the noble Counts, Louis and Murat?"

"That is more than I know," answered the father, with ill humor. "We came to the depot, and had to wait nearly fifteen minutes before the train arrived, but neither myself nor Winfred saw anybody who could resemble the Counts. I called their names, and asked the conductor whether he noticed two gentlemen on the train who resembled two French noblemen, but he said he was sure that there were no such gentlemen on the train. To make sure that we did not miss them, we went to every principal hotel, looking over the register, but found no such names entered on the hotel books."

The news that the Counts had not arrived was a great disappointment to Mrs. La Monte and Miss Viola; both of them seemed as if thunder-struck. The effect on Mrs. La Monte was terrific. Her face changed to a deadly pale, and her eyes flashed fire; her lips were tightly compressed, and her nostrils expanded. She wrung her hands in great despair, and exclaimed:

"Woe is me! Woe is me! What will the world say when they will hear that the Counts did not arrive? But I know who is to be blamed."

"Who, ma?" asked Viola, quickly.

"Your father," answered the mother. The Counts, on their arrival in this country, have, no doubt, been informed that your father is the son of a washwoman."

"Silence! Silence!" cried Mr. La Monte, in a loud, commanding voice. "You have said enough." He motioned his children to retire, which they did at once.

"I will be silent when I please. I have not said enough. You must know that I am a born Bottwell," exclaimed Mrs. La Monte in her rage.

"I know you are," and the husband whispered in her ear, "*and your ancestors were rag-pickers and kitchen-refuse gatherers!*"

At these words the proud and overbearing Mrs. La Monte dropped down to the floor, a senseless body.

Mr. La Monte looked at his wife with mingled feelings of pity and contempt, saying:

"Thy pride, thy overbearing disposition, thy vanity, have embittered my very existence. I have been your victim, and what is worse, I am to blame that I, as a man with god-like capacities, have not exerted my powers more persistently to change your character for the better." He felt her pulse, and said, "It is nothing but tight lacing."

He took out a pocket-knife, and carefully ripped open the lacing of the dress and corset, loosened the rest of the garments, and took a glass of water, with which he sprinkled her face. The wife soon recovered her consciousness, saying:

"I feel fatigued, I wish to retire."

Mr. La Monte called Viola, and directed her to assist her mother to her room.

Mr. La Monte remained for some time in the reception-room, thinking what possibly could have prevented his cousins from not arriving this evening.

"If they do arrive," said he to himself, "and can not give a satisfactory account, I shall have lost my confidence in them as gentlemen."

Then he turned off the gas and went to the library, where he selected Hogarth's Works, and began reading the story of "Industry and Idleness."

"Yes," said he, "my wife and daughters are too idle, and idleness is the mother of all evil."

He was about to retire, when all at once he heard a voice singing, only a short distance from his house, in a charming baritone, "What is a home without a mother." Mr. La Monte was quite enchanted; he noiselessly opened one of the shutters, but was greatly surprised to recognize Otto Wehlen, who was serenading his mother.

Viola was yet in her mother's room. She also heard the splendid song and opened partly the shutter. The clear moonlight enabled her to see a young man of noble mien, standing near the house. She did not understand the words of the singer, and turning to her mother, said:

"Ma, I guess one of the Counts is serenading us." At these words, Mrs. La Monte jumped from the bed, wrapped her dress and shawl around her, and slyly looked with her daughter Viola out of the window.

"O, ma!" exclaimed Viola, in a suppressed tone, "what a beautiful young man, and what a voice! Oh, it is enchanting!"

"Yes, daughter, you are right; he is a fine looking fellow, and I hope he is one of the Counts. I would not have any objection if he would fall in love with you, and you with him, and so become the Countess La Monte."

"Ma, if that young man looks as handsome in day time as he appears now to me, and if he is as good as he is pretty, I would marry him, even if he were not a Count," remarked Viola, earnestly.

"Hush with such nonsense, Viola, I am ashamed of you to hear you talk thus. Close the shutter and go to bed, or else you will surely catch cold," said the mother.

But Viola did not close the shutter. The young man took his flute and commenced playing choice pieces, which he continued for some time.

Viola listened with her whole soul and became so enchanted, that in her enthusiasm she even applauded the singer.

The mother pushed Viola from the window, sternly commanding her to go to bed.

Viola said nothing, but retired to her room. She could not help thinking of the beautiful serenader.

"I wonder," said she to herself, "whether it is one of the Counts. It is a stranger, for I am sure I never have seen him before; but Count or no Count, I will set my cap for him. What a love of a moustache he has, and how charm-

ingly he sings and plays! She did not fall asleep for some hours, but even then her sleep was disturbed by dreams of the charming singer.

It was late in the morning when Viola awoke, and her thoughts were still occupied with the young man she had seen the night before.

"I must ask pa whether he knows him," said she to herself. She dressed quickly and went down stairs, where she met the whole family in the dining-room.

"Good morning, pa; good morning, ma; good morning, Rosalind; good morning, brother Winfred. A happy New-Year to you all," said Viola, gracefully.

The parents, sister and brother returned her salutations. The mother kissed her, saying:

"You must have rested well, for you look much refreshed this morning."

"Yes, ma," answered Viola, "I have slept well and had such pleasant dreams."

"What about?" asked the mother, quickly.

"About that handsome young man we saw last night, and his enchanting singing and playing," rejoined Viola, quite enthusiastically.

The mother frowned, and said:

"Child, let me not hear you alluding to that young man, or even think of him, before you know whether he is one of the expected Counts. For all we know, he may only be a young American citizen, and of lowly birth."

She wished to say more, but breakfast was served, and Mr. La Monte, laying aside the morning paper, motioned his family to be seated.

Mrs. La Monte served the coffee and Mr. La Monte the substantials, which consisted that morning of beefsteak, fish balls, rye bread, and biscuits with good butter.

"Pa," said Viola, hesitatingly, "did you hear the serenading at our house last night?"

The father answered affirmatively.

"Did you see the young gentleman?" asked Viola, looking at her mother, whose brow was getting clouded.

"I have seen him," answered Mr. La Monte.

"Do you know, pa, who he is?" continued Viola her questions.

"Viola, will you have some more of these steaks or some of the fish balls?"

"No, I thank you, pa," answered Viola, blushing deeply at this rebuke.

The morning meal was taken in silence; all left the table as soon as the father arose from his chair, each following their own pursuits.

Mr. La Monte and his son went playing nine-pins, and at target shooting. Rosalind repaired to her room to write an article on "Woman's Suffrage," with the intention of contributing it to the papers. Viola went in the parlor, opened the piano, and played all the pieces which she heard the previous night.

Mrs. La Monte sought her rooms to look at her jewels and her wardrobe, which she almost worshiped. Great was her surprise to see the cords of her dress and corset cut. "Yes," said she, "when I fainted, my husband, no doubt, took his penknife and cut the cord. It is just like him; he is not very ceremonious when he gets angry. So, he knows that my great-grandmother was a rag-picker, and my great-grandfather a bone-gatherer! It is awful to think of it, that the Bottwells should ever have been so low! This is even worse than being a washwoman's son! O, if those Counts would only come!"

She heard the wheels of a carriage, and saw her husband in his buggy, driving toward the city. "Ah!" said she, "Mr. John James La Monte leaves the house without bidding me good-bye—all my grand-parents' fault. He will now put on airs toward me. But he shall not do it, for I am a born Bottwell, one of the present Bottwells, whose mother has an *equipage* fit for a princess. Yes," said she, proudly, "I am a born Bottwell, one of the present Bottwells, and my daughters

shall marry none but noblemen of the most aristocratic families of Europe.

"How fortunate it would be if the Count Louis and the Count Murat would come to-day! Perhaps they have missed the train, and may come this forenoon." Acting upon these thoughts, she called her son Winfred, and told him to order Jim to harness the horses to the new carriage, adding: "And you will accompany me to the depot; perhaps the Counts will come to-day."

"Ma," observed Winfred, "please do not think so much of those Counts. A Count is not better than any other well-behaved and educated man."

"You are exactly like your sister Rosalind, natural plebeians. Just go and do what I tell you; I will soon be ready to start."

Winfred ordered the carriage, and in a few minutes Mrs. La Monte observed the team before the front door. It was a splendid turnout—Jim in his new livery, the new carriage, and the horses in their new harness; even Mr. La Monte felt delighted. But no, there was something wanting—a coat-of-arms painted on the carriage. "What was her family escutcheon? What could she select in honor of her ancestry? a woman, represented with a stick in her hand, gathering rags, or a man driving a team of dogs? No; I will adopt the coat-of-arms of the La Montes, and have them even on the buttons of my servants in livery." Such were the thoughts of Mrs. La Monte, when she was dressing for her drive. She was in doubt what jewelry she should choose to wear on such an occasion, hoping to meet the Counts at the depot. "I look somewhat pale," said she, regarding herself in the mirror; and no wonder: last night's disappointment and tight lacing would have affected most any lady, of even less vanity and pride. "Let me see; I will wear my black jet set, with the large cross." She did not wear the cross as an emblem of religion, but because it was fashionable.

At last her toilet was finished, but she did not leave her room without looking over and over again in the grand

mirror, which reflected her whole person. Then slowly and majestically she entered the carriage, and ordered Jim to drive to the depot, and on her return to pass Mrs. Hunting's residence—but very slowly—as she would probably call on that lady this morning.

Jim made a very respectful bow, closed the carriage door, and drove rapidly to the depot. Mrs. La Monte got there in time to see that her expected guests did not arrive, and Jim, according to instructions, slowly drove past Mrs. Hunting's residence, Mrs. La Monte looking out of her carriage, which, as the reader knows, was duly observed by Mrs. Hunting, to the great gratification of her rival, Mrs. La Monte.

Mr. John James La Monte drove, meanwhile, to the city. He was evidently in search of somebody or something, since he selected the most unfrequented parts, passing many narrow alleys and crooked streets. To judge from the expression of his face, he seemed to be disappointed in his search; when, to his great surprise, he saw a beautiful horse, splendidly caparisoned, in charge of a man, evidently a hostler, and waiting for his master. Involuntarily he stopped his buggy.

"A nice horse you hold there, a fast horse I should suppose?" observed Mr. La Monte to the man.

"Yes, sir, the best horse in the country, a second 'Dexter,' your Honor," answered the hostler.

"And who is the fortunate owner?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"Otto Wehlen, Esq.," was the prompt response.

Mr. La Monte experienced a strange sensation creeping over him when he heard the owner's name, and that the horse held by the hostler, should belong to the teller of his bank.

"And where does that gentleman live," asked Mr. La Monte.

"Here, in this house, in the second story. You go up stairs and turn to your right. There lives old Mrs. Goldrick. You'll have to go through her room; and you will reach a small piazza; knock on that door, and Otto Wehlen, Esq.,

will open the door himself, for he keeps no other servant but me."

Quick as lightning Mr. La Monte jumped from his buggy and hurried up stairs. He knew Mrs. Goldrick; she was the same widow with whom he had placed the boy Otto Wehlen, some fifteen years ago, but he had never taken the time to visit the place again.

Mrs. Goldrick was quite surprised when she saw Mr. La Monte enter her room, who at once, and without any politeness, asked: "Where is Mr. Otto Wehlen's room?"

"I am glad to see you, Mr. La Monte; a happy New Year to you; how well you look! it is many years since I had the pleasure to see you in this very room, although there has not been a day that I have not thought of you, and thanked you for the great favor you have bestowed on me, for placing in my hands that boy, who has grown up to be quite a gentleman."

"I wish to see him," remarked Mr. La Monte, somewhat out of patience.

"You will have observed, Mr. La Monte, that since you have been here, Otto has made great changes in this house. He is now the sole proprietor of this building, and owns besides nearly the whole block; but please, be seated."

Mr. La Monte took the proffered chair and sat down, listening with his ears wide open. Mrs. Goldrick continued: "Otto said, 'now' Mother Goldrick, you shall have your two rooms all to yourself; I am going to build an addition to the house, two stories high; the lower part shall be occupied by the janitor of my houses, and a stable for my horse; but up stairs, I will have three rooms for myself. You shall live rent free; all you'll have to do, is to keep my rooms in order; besides I'll pay board as usual.' Otto; excuse me for calling him only Otto, but I think I have the right to call him so, for as you know, I raised and nursed him. Well, Otto went to work building, and you will be quite surprised to see his rooms. He has taste, for I never saw such fur-

nished rooms in my life, and in my young days I have seen many nicely furnished rooms."

"I presume Otto receives pretty gay company in his nicely furnished rooms," asked Mr. La Monte, with a *non chalance*.

"Lord bless me, no; he never has anybody call on him, except his professor of music, and an old learned Jewish Rabbi, who instructs him in Latin and Hebrew; Otto is a great scholar, he is a great student, and will be, one of these days, a great man."

Mr. La Monte did not hear the last remarks of old Mrs. Goldrick. What was uppermost in his mind was, where does Master Otto Wehlen get all the money to buy whole blocks, build and furnish such rooms, keep a horse and a hostler, and the Lord knows what else.

"Please show me the way to his rooms," asked Mr. La Monte, politely.

"Everybody who visits Otto must pass my room." She opened a door which led to a small piazza, and knocked on a door. Young Wehlen opened, and grew deadly pale, as he saw his employer standing before him. Mr. La Monte said to himself: "I guess I have caught a great rascal, but if this young man is dishonest, I have lost my faith in mankind."

"Walk in, sir, walk in, sir," exclaimed Otto, "tell me the whole truth, don't keep anything from me, tell it to me at once. Please be quick, sir; suspense is terrible; you must know it is all I have on earth!"

Mr. La Monte was quite bewildered when he saw the princely furnished rooms. They were three in number, one leading into another, with large drawing doors, painted in fresco, representing the four seasons of the year, while the rear wall of the last room had the Niagara Falls painted on the entire width and height of the room. The cataract looked grand, for the rooms were lit by sky light, with curtains which were properly drawn. The floor was covered with velvet carpets, and corresponded well with the frescoed walls. The furniture was of rare workmanship; there was

also an octave piano, a guitar, flute, and several book-cases. On the table laid an open book of Hebrew print. The occupant of this suit of rooms was dressed ready to go out, with the exception of his morning-gown, which he yet wore, but it was unbuttoned, since he intended to change it for his dress and overcoat. The morning-gown was of a very rich material, lined with costly furs.

All this Mr. La Monte observed at one glance. He was meditating what to say, and how to act toward the young man.

"You are splendidly fixed up here, Otto; I would say, almost extravagantly," observed Mr. La Monte.

"Yes; but all loses to me its charm, without my mother," answered the young man.

"What do you mean by that, Otto?" asked the employer, in surprise.

It was the young man's turn to look surprised. "Then my mother is well?" he said; "nothing happened to her. When I saw you coming I thought my mother were sick. I have not seen her, though she called several times at my house. I serenaded her last night, and when she looked from her window I was almost frightened. She looked so pale and careworn, and that made me now think that something serious had happened to my dear mother, the only living relative I have."

"Nothing is the matter with your mother. I passed this house and observed a beautiful horse, held by a very polite hostler; I asked him the owner's name, and was answered: 'Otto Wehlen, Esq.,' so I thought I would step in and see whether the esquire would not sell the horse. I wish to buy a horse for my son Winfred, and yours I think would suit him," said Mr. La Monte, good naturedly.

"No, I can not sell the horse; next to my mother it is most dear to me," said Otto Wehlen, earnestly.

"You would not sell the horse even to me?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"No, I will not *sell* it to you, for money can not buy it;

but if you think you can not get a horse to suit your son Winfred, I will make a present of it to him, and will feel happy if you and he will accept it."

"So, no money can buy the horse? Do you know, young man, that there are only two classes of people who use such language; the horse jockey and the nabob. But for you, a young man whom I have brought up, such language is unbecoming," said Mr. La Monte, reproachfully.

Otto blushed and remarked: "I have not spoken in a boastful manner; I really value the horse very highly, and would not part with it for any consideration."

"I never knew you were so fond of horses," observed Mr. La Monte, lost somewhat in his own thoughts.

"You will, no doubt, recollect," answered the young man, "when you first took me in your employment, that I was a feeble boy. The doctor advised me to exercise as much as possible. I took every morning long walks, and saved all my earnings, until I was able to buy a horse, that very horse you have seen and praised so highly, and every morning and evening I went out riding. I rode in most every direction of our suburbs; and one day I observed several acres of rocky hills, which overlook the whole neighborhood. The thought struck me to become the owner of this land, and immediately I set to work to ascertain the name of the proprietor. I went to him and asked if he wished to sell his land. He was willing to do so and I bought it, finding the price quite reasonable, nay, even very cheap. This bargain proved to be a very lucky speculation. Some large builders in search of a suitable quarry, chose my land, and I have leased it to them for the last six years. They pay me a good price, and so I have been enabled to live as you have observed, very comfortably, and would even feel happy if I only could induce my mother to live with me, but she will not leave your house; and all this I owe, so to say, to a certain extent, to my horse; therefore my reluctance to part with it."

Mr. La Monte listened in astonishment and surprise to

all he heard. He felt humiliated that there should be a young man in his employ who had grown, so to say, from a boy to manhood under his very eyes, and now at once, had become wealthy; lived like a nabob: and all this without having the slightest knowledge of it. "John James La Monte, you are not half so wide awake as you thought you were!" exclaimed he, silently.

"I am glad you have been so fortunate in your investments, and I am not at all astonished that you value your horse so highly; but why did you never mention this to me before?" asked Mr. La Monte, earnestly.

"Because you never asked me what I had done with my savings, and you did not wish to be told anything by your employees, except they were asked to do so."

"Yes," admitted Mr. La Monte, "such was the case." He walked about the room, and noticing the Hebrew books, he said: "Otto, please tell me what are you doing with those Hebrew books?"

"I am now studying Hebrew in order to be enabled to read King David's psalms in their original language, and to sing them accompanied by the harp. It will be a pleasure to me to be able to do so," answered the young man, enthusiastically.

"And before whom will you sing and play King David's psalms?" asked Mr. La Monte, with a smile.

"Before whom?" asked Otto Wehlen, astonished at that question. "I will sing the psalms and play, like King David did, before God; and give thus thanksgiving to Him for the many favors he has so richly bestowed on me."

"You are very religious, but why study Hebrew? You could give thanksgiving and pray as well to *Our Heavenly Father* in our own language?" remarked Mr. La Monte.

"Of course I could, but it seems to me more solemn to sing and accompany those sacred songs with sacred music, such as only the harp can produce; beside that, I wish to read the history of the Jews, their laws as Moses gave them; with all the sayings of their prophets, in the original lan-

guage. There are, unquestionably, great literary treasures buried in the Jewish books, which may prove valuable to me."

"This explains to me why you are so very friendly to our Jewish customers, you always treat them with marked respect," observed Mr. La Monte.

"I admire them because they have bequeathed the best code of laws, the most correct conception of God, as the one who is invisible, who is the King over all the kings; who alone rules the universe, and beside him none; who, though the *most omnipotent*, still the most insignificant creature can look up to Him for mercy and grace, without the assistance of any one; and mercy and grace shall be meted out to those who pray for it, if they deserve it, for *God is just*."

"Are these your doctrines?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"Not yet; I am only reflecting on them. I am still holding to the religion of my mother, but I must confess to you that I am much displeased with our priests. They are no longer ministers who preach a sermon which will make us better men. They mount the pulpit, but not prepared to deliver a sermon that will touch the heart, and open the fountain of tears, to flow in sympathy for suffering humanity. Our priests have become *political hucksters*, and flatterers of the rich. The really religious instructors are becoming rarer daily. We have no pulpit orators, and the consequence is that the churches are generally empty. The people are enlightened, they do not want to be humbugged when they go to a church; they wish to hear a sermon that *touches their better feelings*; they do not wish to hear a political harangue, nor a theatrical performance. They finally quit the church altogether, give it up, like myself, and, as I do, stay at home, trying to unravel the great question which concerns us most—religion and the existence beyond the grave—in the Bible, or other great works."

Mr. La Monte listened to the young man with great attention. He fully agreed with him as to the ministers of our day, that they were either of inferior ability, or were too lazy to prepare their sermons, which are now delivered bung-

lingly and in a disconnected manner. No wonder, then, that two-thirds of the congregation take their nap while the minister delivers his dry sermon.

Mr. La Monte, while examining the fresco paintings, and especially the one representing the Niagara Falls, suddenly asked his receiving teller:

"What is the length, width, and height of these rooms?"

"The three rooms are one hundred feet in depth, twenty-five feet wide, and twenty feet high; the floor is sound-proof," answered Otto Wehlen, promptly.

"Is this your own conception in architecture? and why did you build in this part of the city?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"I built these rooms at the suggestion of my music professor, and a very intimate friend of mine, an artist, who executed these fresco paintings for me, which I think are very creditable. As for building here, this part of the city suits me best, because it is retired. I live here undisturbed, and have my morning and evening meals nicely prepared by Mrs. Goldrick, who, with the aid of the hostler, keeps these rooms in order," answered Otto.

"It is very strange that a young man like you should desire to live so retired, and see so little of the world," said Mr. La Monte.

"There is nothing strange about it. I live here just as plain as when I was poor, depending on my salary. The only difference is in these rooms, which my income enables me to possess, and which are furnished with every comfort. I look for happiness within myself, and not without. I am not secluded from the world, for I have all the leading newspapers and magazines on file, which I read regularly, and am thus well posted in the daily doings of the whole world," explained Otto, taking hold of a small table, and rolling it from the corner into the center of the room.

On the sides of this table were two wings, which, by a touch, flew out straight, stretching out like two arms. He lifted the cover of the table, which divided in the center, and laid the parts on the wings, thereby displaying several lead-

ing journals. Opening a drawer beneath, there were all the most popular magazines.

"You will notice, Mr. La Monte, that I have all the world's doings recorded before me, and of which I constantly avail myself."

The young man folded the table with the same quickness he opened it, and returned it to its place.

"That's what I call practical," exclaimed Mr. La Monte.

"It is of my own contrivance. I drew the plan, and had the table made. It answers the purpose well."

"I don't see, Otto, how you had the time to do all this," remarked Mr. La Monte, in an inquiring tone.

"I have plenty of time. I devote eighteen hours to activity, and six to rest. I rise every morning at five o'clock, and, after taking a bath, read the morning papers, take a cup of coffee, and then take a horse-back ride for an hour and a half. I then come home, eat a hearty breakfast, and walk leisurely to the bank, where I remain till four. On reaching home I take another bath, read the evening paper, drink a cup of tea, and ride again. Coming back in the evening, I eat my supper, and then devote the remainder of the evening to literature and music. Precisely at eleven I retire, and sleep soundly for six hours."

"And how do you spend Sunday?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"Sunday I used to go to church, but since I could not find a minister who preaches a sermon worth listening to, I generally remain at home, and devote the day to reading and correspondence. I received a letter yesterday from Paris, from my friend, the artist, which contains some information that will interest you," and the young man opened his bureau and brought forth a letter, which read as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND OTTO:

"It is a year to-day since I arrived in this gay capital, if dissipation can be called gay. All classes appear happy, but the more I see of this people, the more I am convinced that

there is a deep demoralization and discontent at the bottom of society at large.

"What really pleases me is the cleanliness prevailing in the market stalls, and the butchering of animals for daily consumption, which, however, is not original, but borrowed, to a large extent, from the Jewish health laws, which that ancient people practiced before Paris existed.

"I finished my painting of the Falls of Niagara last month, for the Count Pierre La Monte, who is a clever, good-natured old gentleman. But his two sons, Louis and Murat, are wayward boys, if wayward is the proper word to convey to you the idea that they are gamblers, forgers, and libertines, who glory in their exploits of robbing females of their virtue. The old gentleman was very glad to accept the invitation of your Mr. La Monte, for it will relieve him of the two mill-stones that hang around his neck.

"The young Counts, Louis and Murat, consented to visit their American cousins, in order to get a fresh supply of money from their father, and because it promised a new field for their rascality.

"If I am not mistaken, you once told me that the cashier La Monte had rendered to you and your mother great services, and I think you should apprise that gentleman what dangerous characters he is about receiving into his family.

"I contemplate visiting Berlin, Prussia, next month, and will give you my impressions of that city in my next.

"Hoping this letter will find you in the enjoyment of excellent health, and that you will remember me with kindness,

I am your sincere, grateful friend,

JULIUS SOLOMON."

"Who is that correspondent of yours? Is he reliable?" asked Mr. La Monte, with suppressed curiosity.

"He is a young man of excellent character. I became acquainted with him in my morning walks among the hills of our suburbs, where he went every morning and evening, for the purpose of sketching. It was he who pointed out to me

the advantage of purchasing those twenty acres of land. I laughed at the idea of purchasing rocks, on which not even a peck of potatoes could be grown, but he said: 'to a large, growing city, rocks are of much greater value than potatoes; potatoes grow everywhere in abundance, and can be transported cheaply, but not so with building-stone.' My friend reasoned so well that I made the purchase, and his prophecy has been verified. Our acquaintance grew into a warm friendship. I assisted him in his early studies, and even advanced him the money to visit foreign schools, to perfect himself in his chosen profession," related Otto, frankly.

"Where are those twenty acres of yours located, Otto?" asked Mr. La Monte, with great interest.

"They are located at the grand entrance of the Metropolitan Park. I will show you," and he again opened his bureau, took out a map, and showed exactly where his land was located. "All those lines you observe drawn with red ink, mark the boundaries of my lots."

Mr. La Monte could not suppress his astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Why, Otto Wehlen, these lots would sell for three hundred thousand dollars under the auctioneer's hammer!"

"I am well aware of it. I have been offered half a million dollars for them, one-half in cash, and the balance in one and two years' time, bearing six per cent. interest, and secured by a mortgage on the property. But I declined to sell, preferring to hold on to it until the Park is completed, which will increase its value considerably," said the teller, quietly.

Mr. La Monte appeared completely bewildered. That this young man, who was once so poor that, had it not been for him, he would have been compelled to go barefooted and half naked in even the coldest weather, should now be the possessor of so valuable a property, and yet leading a life so modest and unassuming that even he, who saw him daily, had not noticed the slightest change in dress or bearing.

"And do you intend retaining your position as teller in the bank?" asked Mr. La Monte, anxiously.

"I certainly do, as long as my services are appreciated by you and the other officers of the bank," answered Otto, promptly.

"Then you do not intend going into business for yourself?" asked the cashier again.

"I do not. My intention is to follow my usual occupation, and to live just as though I had not made that fortunate purchase."

The two gentlemen appeared lost in thought for a short time, when Otto continued:

"Please, excuse my rudeness; we had become so interested in our conversation that I had forgotten to wish you, my noble benefactor, *a very happy New Year!*" He brought a bottle of excellent wine, and, filling two tumblers, he offered one to Mr. La Monte, saying:

"To your health, and the health of your esteemed family. May God shield you and them from every evil!"

"Thank you, Otto, thank you. I drink to your health and to the health of your excellent mother," responded Mr. La Monte.

Both drank the wine and made ready to go, Mr. La Monte inviting Otto to be sure and call every Sunday and every Wednesday at his house, as his mother expressed the wish that he should do so.

"Did she," exclaimed Otto, joyfully. "For years I have been begging her to give me leave to visit her, but she would not allow it, saying, 'you might not like it.' I tried to convince her that it would make no difference, but she persisted that I should not call to see her at your residence; and I am now truly glad that she has changed her mind."

"Does your mother know of the wealth you now possess?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"My mother knows that I have bought some land, but she has no idea of the value; I did not inform her of it, thinking that the good news might affect her health."

"You have acted very wisely, for most people who can bear adversity will break down under the shock of sudden prosperity, and especially is that the case with women," remarked Mr. La Monte, giving his hand to the young man and bidding him good morning."

Otto Wehlen left also, soon after his visitor, comfortably dressed for his morning ride. He found the man leading his horse up and down the street.

"A happy New-Year to you, Mr. Wehlen," said the hostler, respectfully.

"Thank you; the same to you, Patrick," and taking out his purse, he said: "Patrick, if you will promise me not to go on a spree, but to buy something handsome, something useful for your sweetheart, as a New-Year's gift, I will give you some money as a New-Year's present."

"Not a drop, sir; not a drop will I drink."

"You will not drink a drop, but a whole bottle," remarked Mr. Wehlen, laughingly.

"No, sir; last night my sweetheart made me sign a pledge, not to drink any intoxicating liquors. Ellen is a smart girl, and the way she talks to me! and Ellen is an honest girl, too. She said that another girl, by the name of Augustine, who is in the same house with her, warned her not to marry me, because I go occasionally on a spree—but Patrick McLaughlin shall never be seen drunk; he will be worthy to make Ellen his wife and have you as his master."

"That is right, my boy, keep your pledge, and marry your Ellen as soon as possible, she will help to keep you on the right path. There, take this twenty dollar bill, and buy your Ellen something nice."

"Thank you, squire; don't be afraid, the bar-tender shall not change this bill or get any of it; but Ellen shall get a nice shawl, as a New-Year's gift, before the sun goes down to-day."

Otto Wehlen mounted his horse and was soon seen galloping off toward the suburbs of the city. He was a splendid rider, and many were the ladies who followed him with their

admiring eyes, as he passed them on the avenues. Mrs. La Monte, who met him, when returning from the depot, without her guests, remarked to her son:

"Winfred, did you see the elegant looking rider passing us, perhaps he is one of the Counts?"

"Yes, mother, but he is no Count, he is the teller in father's bank," answered the son.

"You don't say; only a teller in my husband's bank and the owner of such a horse! Perhaps he stole the money in the bank and bought that horse; I must tell your father of it. This young man needs watching," remarked Mrs. La Monte.

"I do not think the young man is dishonest. He looks like a perfect gentleman, and is a great many years in father's bank," answered Winfred, earnestly.

Mr. La Monte went direct from Otto Wehlen's home to the telegraph office, and telegraphed to his Paris banker:

"Are Count Louis and Murat La Monte men of good moral character and entitled to be believed on their word of honor? Telegraph at once, strictly confidential. Signed,

JOHN JAMES LA MONTE."

After requesting the operator to send the answer as soon as received, to his residence by a special messenger, he took his way home. His thoughts were busy and a heavy sigh escaped his breast as he said to himself: "My wife will not reproach me any longer for being a washwoman's son. I will henceforth command respect at every cost. I am anxious for the answer from Paris, so as to arrange my plans."

Reaching his residence he changed his clothes, to receive the New-Year's callers.

Mrs. La Monte, Miss Rosalind and Miss Viola were very appropriately dressed, but Viola and her mother wore more jewelry, than ladies of refined taste would have thought proper.

Many were the New-Year's callers that honored the cashier La Monte with their calls. Among them were also some of those bank depositors who always renew their notes, and whose very mercantile existence depends on the whim of the cashier. They were among the friendliest and most devoted New-Year's wishers of the cashier La Monte.

Messrs. Overbeck and Fastleben also made their appearance. The cashier knew them to be the partners of Edward Hunting, and looked at them suspiciously, as he noticed that they tried to win the good graces of Rosalind and Viola.

Rosalind was about to ask the partners of Mr. Edward Hunting in regard to his son. The father guessed what his daughter was about to ask, and quickly stepping to Overbeck and Fastleben, asked them very pleasantly whether they had come out on horseback or in a carriage.

"In a carriage," answered Overbeck; "and with horses," added Fastleben, who was under the influence of too many New-Year's drinks.

Mr. La Monte noticed it, and motioning his daughters away, he whispered to Rosalind:

"It seems that every one who belongs to the house of Edward Hunting is drunk."

Rosalind looked at her father with surprise.

"O God, my mother has told my father of my secret, that I love Charles Hunting. Now my sufferings will increase. I received the first blow by that remark, 'It seems that every one who belongs to the house of Edward Hunting is drunk.'"

Overbeck and Fastleben soon left, and Miss Viola escorted them to the door. Just as she was about closing the door, she observed a solitary horseman entering the gate, and that rider to be no other than the beautiful serenader. Viola laid her hand on her heart to stop its violent beating, so excited was she to behold him again who impressed her so favorably, and who now on horseback appeared even grander than before. Such a handsome, manly face, with such a love of a moustache, such a manly form, and such

chivalrous mien, she never beheld before. She trembled like a leaf, and ran to her father, breathlessly exclaiming:

"Pa, a horseman—the same gentleman who serenaded us last night—just came in by the gate. Do please, pa, tell me who he is."

Mr. La Monte left his chair quickly, saying to himself, "A great crisis is near at hand," and he hurried to receive his bank teller in person, and escorted him, not into the parlor, but into the reception-room.

Rosalind observed the quick motions of her father, and said to herself, "Some one of distinction must have arrived. Let me see who it is," and she followed her father, who noticed her coming, and said:

"Rosalind, please go to Mrs. Wehlen and tell her to please put on her Sunday attire, and call in the reception-room."

Rosalind went to the kitchen, but for once did not find Mrs. Wehlen there. She hurried to her room, and found Mrs. Wehlen dressed in her best clothes.

"Mrs. Wehlen, my pa wishes to see you in the reception-room."

Mrs. Wehlen quickly arose, and went to the room as directed.

As soon as she entered the room her son rushed toward her with a joyous exclamation, "My good mother, a happy New-Year to you," kissing her hand, ardently. The mother kissed his brow, ejaculating:

"Thank you, my darling son. God bless you. Amen."

"Was I not prompt in executing your order, Mrs. Wehlen? I went down town purposely to convey to Otto your desire to see him often," remarked Mr. La Monte, in a fatherly tone.

"You have always been very kind to us," answered Mrs. Wehlen. "I do not know if we can ever repay your great kindness."

"How have you been, my dear mother?" asked the son, affectionately.

"I have been very well, only I began to feel lonesome, as I have not met you several times when calling on Mrs. Goldrick. How is she?"

"Mrs. Goldrick is well, and sends you her respects. Mother, you do not say anything about my serenading you last night?"

"Bless me, was it you that sung and played so handsomely last night, and that serenade was meant for me? If I had known it I would have gone down in my night-gown and kissed you. You are a good son, a noble boy," and she stepped to him and caressed him, as only a loving mother knows how to caress.

Viola quickly entered the room, and looked with indescribable astonishment to see Mrs. Wehlen caressingly play with the curls of the young man who so enchanted her. She soon recovered her presence of mind, made a courtesy before the young man, and, turning to her father, said:

"A cable despatch from France has been received. Here it is. Please sign the receipt."

While Mr. La Monte signed the receipt, Mrs. Wehlen improved the opportunity, and took her son by the hand and introduced him to the young lady, saying:

"Miss Viola, I have the pleasure to introduce to you my only son, Otto Wehlen."

"Heavens! what a blow!" thought Viola. "That splendid young man with whom I am in love—I know that I love him, for he is constantly before my vision—is the son of *our cook*, the woman whom she had mistreated in the most cruel manner, before whom she had not tried to restrain her temper, and from whose eyes she had wrung tears of agony and despair. All this flashed through the mind of Viola, but she made before the son of the cook, Otto Wehlen, that profound bow which was intended for the Counts Louis and Murat.

Young Wehlen was surprised at the bow of humility, and looking upon that bow as a token of respect to his mother, as not so much to himself, he reciprocated with a bow of

the greatest respect and consideration, which delighted Viola, and she blushed deeply as she felt that young Otto looked at her with admiring eyes, for the young lady made as favorable an impression on the young man as his presence did on her.

The quick practical eye of John James La Monte readily noticed what was going on, and thought *Otto Wehlen is trump*. He has mastered the great life lessons—first, to say *no*! second, to keep his own counsel, and, to crown the whole, he has perfect health, and his estate will, in a few years, be worth about a million of dollars. He is a capital fellow, and to have such a young man as son-in-law is "*trump*." His young friend, Julius Solomon, must be a man of correct observation, for the information as regards my cousins is confirmed. "The telegram," and he read it again, which consisted of these four words, *We recommend great caution*, "settles it that the Counts Louis and Murat are dangerous chaps, and my house must not be open for them.

"Viola, here, take the message-book, and tell the man that there is no answer to this telegram."

Viola took the book, made another respectful bow, and left the room.

Rosalind entered and announced that Grandmother Bottwell had honored them with a call and was lamenting that the Counts from France had not arrived: "And she wishes to see you, pa, immediately, to give her an explanation."

Rosalind was in such haste to summon her father that she hardly took time to observe the presence of Mrs. Wehlen and the young stranger.

"Miss Rosalind, allow me to introduce to you my son Otto," said Mrs. Wehlen.

Rosalind came forward and extended her hand to him, saying: "I am very glad to know you. The son of Mrs. Wehlen may well be proud of such a noble mother."

Otto gently took the proffered hand, and thanked Miss Rosalind for her kind allusions to his mother, and assured

her that it was his aim in life to make a return for the great blessing.

Mr. La Monte arose, and invited Mrs. Wehlen and her son to accompany him to the parlor, to be introduced to Grandmother Bottwell and the rest of the family. Mrs. Wehlen excused herself, but urged her son, who appeared reluctant, to accept the invitation.

On entering the parlor, which was illuminated with two very large chandeliers, Grandmother Bottwell was discovered sitting in the middle of the room, and reflected in two grand mirrors which reached from the floor to the ceiling. Her face was wrinkled with age, and was profusely powdered and painted in the vain attempt to hide the deep furrows of time. Her hair, which was naturally gray, was frizzled and colored, except at the roots, where the dye failed to reach, and she had ingeniously fastened a waterfall to the top of her head, which was bald. She was so loaded down with her finery that she could hardly walk, and made herself still more ludicrous by her efforts to appear young and fascinating.

"John," said she, in a broken voice, "where are your cousins, the Counts? Daughter, what are their given names?"

"Count Louis and Count Murat," answered Mrs. La Monte, promptly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bottwell, "your cousins, the noble Counts Louis and Murat La Monte."

"I have just received a cable telegram which explains their non-arrival satisfactorily," answered Mr. La Monte.

"So they, or their friends, have sent an ocean telegram, explaining their non-arrival," observed Grandmother Bottwell.

"Yes; friends have telegraphed," said Mr. La Monte, and wishing to cut short the conversation on that subject, he introduced, with marked civility, Otto Wehlen, Esq., to his wife and his mother-in-law. In introducing him he mentioned the name Otto and Esquire loud, but the name Wehlen

was pronounced in so low a tone as to be scarcely heard by the ladies. They fastened their eyes in wonderment on the good-looking young man.

Mrs. La Monte, wishing to say something, remarked: "The name of Otto is now a very honored one, being the given name of Count Von Bismarck, the great Prussian Premier."

"He is more than that; he is the greatest statesman of our age!" observed Otto Wehlen, with enthusiasm.

Mr. La Monte was afraid that the conversation would lead to the disclosure of the fact that Otto was the son of his cook; he, therefore, requested Viola, in a loud tone, to play her new piece for their guests.

"Which piece do you mean, pa?" asked Viola, naively.

Mr. La Monte gave his wife an appealing look for aid, which flattered her into promptly saying: "Viola, your pa means the crowning march of the 'Prophet,' by that great composer, Meyerbeer."

Viola was delighted that she should play that piece. She had practiced it the whole year.

"Otto, will you please assist me to open the piano." Otto bowed to the ladies and went with Mr. La Monte to open the piano; but before doing that he withdrew the piano-stool and adjusted it to the right height.

Mrs. La Monte observed the movement, and was greatly pleased with it. "That young man is a gentleman," said she, to herself. "Now, come to think of it, he is the horseman I met this morning, and whom Winfred spoke of as the teller of my husband's bank."

Winfred just entered the room, and was motioned to by his mother. "Winfred, is that young man at the piano not the horseman we met this morning, who, you said, is the teller in your father's bank?"

"Yes, ma, he is."

Viola now struck the first notes, and perfect silence prevailed. Otto stood attentively at her side, turning over the leaves of the music book as she progressed in her playing.

Viola was pleased to have him near her, and glanced up

several times to catch the expression of his face. When the grand march of Meyerbeer was finished, the performer was warmly applauded, and Otto gallantly conducted her to her father.

Grandmother Bottwell complimented her granddaughter on her fine playing, and said that Viola played full as well as she herself did when she was a few years younger. She stepped up to the piano and commenced to play "Yankee Doodle," expecting to receive applause for the effort.

All felt that Grandmother Bottwell was making herself ridiculous, except Mrs. La Monte, who thought that her mother looked really well in her trailing silk dress, her low waist, adorned with a rose, and with her diamonds, when playing the piano.

Mr. La Monte looked for his wife, leaving Otto and Viola alone, who were mutually well pleased to have the field all to themselves. They conversed about songs and music, and Viola even gathered courage to compliment Otto on his last night's serenade, which she thought was superb.

"I have serenaded my good mother," answered he. "Had I known that I was honored with such beautiful listeners, I would certainly have sung the serenade of the opera 'Alessandre Stradella.'"

Viola's heart fluttered at these words; she blushed and tried to look in another direction, not daring to meet the glance of him who now fathomed the effects of his words on her. He too blushed and felt a strange sensation. It was the holy feeling of first love. They both loved each other.

Mr. La Monte noticed, with pleasure, the signs of love between the young couple.

"That's right," said he. "I hope they will progress and soon tie the silken knot of marriage. I don't desire a better son-in-law than him, with his good health, good habits, good business knowledge, and besides backed by a million of dollars in real estate; such son-in-laws are scarce nowadays. I really hope that nothing will happen to prevent such an excellent match for Viola," and he turned to his wife,

saying: "It is tea time, I think you ought to invite mother to take tea with us."

"I prefer to wait and serve the tea after that young clerk is gone," answered Mrs. La Monte.

Mr. La Monte bit his lip, and said: "I have invited the young man to tea; he is my guest."

"Invited him without asking me for permission, sir! You must know that I am a born Bottwell, and know all about etiquette. I do think—"

Mr. La Monte became alarmed; he was afraid of a scene and called Rosalind, whispering to her:

"Please tell Mrs. Wehlen to set the table for two persons more than usual, grandmother, and her son will sup with us."

Rosalind, like a good daughter, asked no questions, but went to carry out the order. Mrs. Wehlen was delighted, her cup of happiness was full: to think that her son, once the poor orphan boy, should now be the invited guest of the banker. What great happiness it must be for a mother to see her son honored! What were all the years of suffering compared with this great joy she now experienced!

Mrs. Wehlen quickly set to work to rearrange the supper-table, saying: "Dry beef and toast is not sufficient for supper this evening," and she prepared a few omelets and muffins, calling also Jim to go in the hot-house and cut a few flowers to make a couple of bouquets, for Grandmother Bottwell was fond of them.

Rosalind, helping Mrs. Wehlen who was all excitement and bustle, returned soon to the parlor and announced that supper was ready.

Otto and Viola were promenading the rooms, very gracefully. Music was still the theme of their conversation, but their eyes spoke their thoughts plainer than words could convey.

Viola remarked, "So you know the opera 'Stradella,' I have that opera in my note case, arranged for song and music. Would you please sing and play it?"

"Not without the consent of your mother," answered Otto, promptly.

Viola, without giving any answer, turned toward her mother, saying, in a graceful manner:

"Ma, our guest can sing and play the opera 'Stradella.' Will you have any objection for him to play it?"

"Not at all, my child. I am very fond of opera music; but tea is ready."

Viola did not stop to listen to anything more, and said:

"Mr. Otto, you will, of course, take tea with us," taking his arm at the same time.

Mr. La Monte overheard the invitation, and said, "Of course, Otto, you must take tea with us and spend your evening here," and took his wife's arm. Winfred invited his grandmother and escorted her to the dining-room; Otto and Viola followed, and Mr. and Mrs. La Monte closed the dazzling procession: Grandmother Bottwell dazzling with jewels, Viola dazzling with youth and jewels, and Otto feeling proud with Viola on his arm. Truly, Goethe was right when he wrote those words:

"Der Jugend gehört die Welt."

"To youth belongs the world."

At the head of the table sat Mr. La Monte; to his right the grandmother, to his left Mrs. La Monte, next to her Rosalind, Viola, Winfred and Otto.

Everything was well arranged on the table, and many a compliment was made as to the most excellent cooking, but Otto missed one very important ceremony, that of saying grace before eating. He felt inclined to say grace himself, but thought of the old advice: "When one is in Rome he must do as the Romans do." He prayed in silence, unobserved.

"Mother," said Mrs. La Monte, "Why did not father come with you?"

"Your father would not come because he calls everything vanity. To go and visit a friend is vanity; to go to the opera

is vanity; to go to church is vanity; he even calls me, in his ill natured moments, vanity; and, to use his own words, 'Queen of Vanity.' My husband is a very cruel man, everything is vanity with him, except 5-20 and 10-40 bonds, and shares in your husband's bank. That is what he calls worth having; that is what he admires and gives his attention to; everything else is vanity. Had I known your father as well as I know him now, I would never have married him. Forty years have I suffered what no pen can describe, for my husband who only worships money—who only lives for it, never did care for his beautiful and accomplished wife," said Grandmother Bottwell, looking around with an air as if to say, Am I not what I claim to be?

Mr. La Monte felt sad, very sad indeed, at the words and manner of his mother-in-law. "That is what I can expect to hear from my wife in a few years," said he to himself. His father-in-law was an intelligent and practical man; but he, like a thousand other husbands, did not take the time to educate his wife; that is to reason with her in time, as to her vanity, and other excesses, which the wife indulged in. He, like a thousand other men, was too anxious to get wealthy; and when he had succeeded, and become a rich man, he was still yearning for something else, for worldly honors. So he passed his time, and the wife grew gray in vanity, and in unreasonableness, instead of being a comfort to him in his declining years. She was a thorn that pricked him, and often he had to complain of his wife's silliness and vanity. But it is he who was to blame, for it was his duty to educate his wife up to his standard, and not to neglect her intellectual development. It is the most solemn duty of every man to educate his wife, and to assist her in keeping up with him in mental development and knowledge; and if the wife has neither the capacity nor the will to do so, far better for the husband to become less rich, and less prominent in society, but he should concentrate all his mental energy and powers for the education of his children, and dedicate all his free moments to the purpose. But to do justice

to Mr. La Monte, such were the thoughts that passed his mind, when he had listened to his mother-in-law's remarks.

Mrs. La Monte, too, felt very unhappy at the remarks of her mother. She considered them unlady-like, to say the least, and, wishing to efface the impression they had made upon the hearers, she observed:

"Why, mother, you are saying all this about my father in a joke. He is one of the noblest men in the country."

"Child, you are mistaken; you do not know your father as well as I do."

Mr. La Monte became alarmed, for fear his mother-in-law might again indulge in her abuses against the unhappy husband and grandfather, and quickly took hold of the plate containing the dried beef, cut in slices, saying, in the most respectful manner:

"Mother, allow me to wait on you with some of this beef."

Mrs. Bottwell did not deign to answer. She only motioned with her hand and head, no. Mr. La Monte then took the plate with toast, saying:

"Do me the honor, and take some of this toast. The piece on your plate got cold while you were speaking. Do, please, take the bottom piece on the plate."

"Don't urge me so, John. I am used to having my own will," said Grandmother Bottwell, almost angry.

"That is the trouble," thought the son-in-law. He then said, "When I have guests at my table, I like to see them eat heartily, else I must think that they don't like my supper. Please, have some milk on your toast, mother. Do, please take some of this hot cream; the toast is a little too dry."

Grandmother Bottwell allowed her son-in-law to pour some milk on her toast, and then said:

"What was I saying? You do not know your"—she could not finish, for Mr. La Monte now urged her, in his kindest manner, to have some sugar on the toast, and commenced to explain how toast ought to be eaten. "When dry, it ought to be buttered, but only with sweet, not salty butter. If the

toast is served with milk, it had to be powdered with sugar. Grandmother must have some sugar on her toast."

For the sake of keeping Mr. La Monte quiet, she allowed him to put some powdered sugar on her toast, and commenced again:

"Child, you do not know your father"—

Mr. La Monte was determined to prevent her from abusing her husband in the presence of his family, and said:

"Grandmother, you do not seem to eat; the toast must not taste well to you. Have a muffin, with fresh, sweet butter. They are very good. Do me the honor, and eat."

"John, please, do not harass me so much. I am used to having everything my own way. When I want anything, I will ask for it," said Grandmother Bottwell, firmly.

The son-in-law, finding that his strategy did not answer its purpose, resigned himself to listen to Mrs. Bottwell.

"Child, you do not know your father as well as I do. Your father is an unreasonable man, a cruel man, at least to me. I intended to have a pair of velvet slippers made for myself, lined and trimmed with fur, and with velvet rosettes, set with genuine emeralds and other beryl stones. I told your father of my intention, and you ought to have heard how he cried, 'Vanity! Vanity!' Then he commenced to swear (he swears, since he is an alderman), but all in vain. I ordered the slippers, and had them made exactly as I told him. The bill was sent to him for payment. Yes, he paid, but he swore, and had the audacity, nay, impudence, to call me, his wife, Mrs. Bottwell, the mother of Mrs. John James La Monte, me! a model of a wife,—no, I can hardly say it—he called me, *a vain old goose!*"

Otto could hardly restrain himself from laughing right out. Mr. La Monte's face was red with rage, while his wife and children blushed. Mrs. Bottwell, noticing the change in the various countenances, continued:

"But I do not care a fig what he says. I have my slippers, with the handsome rosettes," and she stooped, took off one of the slippers, and showed it to the company.

This was more than Mr. La Monte could stand. He arose, and the company soon followed his example. Mrs. Bottwell put on her slipper, took Winfred's arm, and lifting her dress in front so that both the rosettes could be seen, sailed out with the rest.

The family went to the parlor, where Viola reminded Otto of his promise to play the opera *Stradella*.

The widow's son sat down by the piano, his voice echoed throughout the house, and in the hall stood Mrs. Wehlen, listening, with a happy heart, to the splendid singing and playing of her son. She felt gratified in her heart to hear the applause and praise which Mr. and Mrs. La Monte, with their daughters, bestowed upon her son. She clasped her hands together, and gave thanks to the Heavenly Father, who is the Father of all, and who protects the widow and the orphan with special grace.

Otto Wehlen had finished his song; the young people were looking over the note case, selecting different pieces which they intended singing together. Winfred took his fiddle, which he tuned with a skill that plainly proved he knew how to handle that charming instrument. Rosalind took a seat at the piano. She was not as dashing a player as her sister, but she played more feelingly.

"I will play *Norma*," said she, "and then you, Mr. Otto, and Viola will sing a duet from the opera of *La Travietta*. Winfred and myself will accompany you."

Rosalind played "*Norma*" with so much feeling that she was moved to tears. Otto observed it, and said to himself: "That young lady has fine feelings and mourns for some dear friend." He applauded even more enthusiastically than he did her sister.

Grandmother Bottwell did not like the piece, "where one had to cry, she liked music that makes one feel merry."

Mrs. La Monte said: "The opera '*Norma*' is one of the finest compositions, but she agreed with her mother; it made one feel sad to hear it. The children will now play something merrier."

Winfred gave the sign with his bow, and the duet began. It was somewhat difficult for Otto, for he had never before sung with a young lady in a duet; but Rosalind and Winfred were excellent accompanists, and came promptly to his assistance. As the duet reached the most interesting part, the door bell was violently pulled. Mrs. Wehlen being still in the hall, listening to the duet, quickly opened the door. A lady with disheveled hair entered, pushed Mrs. Wehlen aside, and rushed in the parlor. Seeing Mrs. La Monte, she threw herself on her knees before her, exclaiming:

"Mrs. La Monte, on my knees I implore you to allow the good Mrs. Wehlen to come to my house and help me to nurse my sick baby."

The young people paused in their performance, being thus strangely interrupted by the late visitor. They saw a young woman of great beauty and evidently of good family connection, kneeling before the lady of the house, and heard her saying:

"Mrs. La Monte, think of the time when your children were sick and how good it was to have help and assistance. You yourself related to me how Mrs. Wehlen nursed your children, and that she saved the life of Viola. I have done my best to secure such a help as Mrs. Wehlen, but did not succeed; for love or money, I can not keep a servant, and I am so helpless in my domestic work that I do not know how to prepare the least food for my baby. He looks so strange to-night, I am afraid he will die, if I do not get help to nurse him. O, God! why am I so helpless! Archy will die, because I am ignorant of house-keeping. Archy! Archy! what will your poor mother do without you!" and the unhappy young mother wept. All were deeply moved, but none so much as Otto, who looked and listened with great attention.

"Mrs. La Monte, I beg you, grant my request, have pity on my only child, allow the good Mrs. Wehlen to stay with me only a day or two until my boy recovers. I will bless you for your kindness."

"Mrs. Emerson, you have no claim on me; we are only neighbors, and as a neighbor you ask too much. Mrs. Wehlen is my servant."

At these words Otto stepped forward and said, in a commanding voice:

"Madam, Mrs. Wehlen is your servant no longer."

Mrs. La Monte rose from her chair quite enraged, and looking with contempt at the young bank clerk, she said:

"Sir, you are perhaps not aware that you are speaking to Mrs. John James La Monte, who is a born Bottwell, or are you crazy, like the woman kneeling before me?"

"I am aware that you have the honor to be the wife of John James La Monte, Esquire, and are a born Bottwell. I have the honor to be Otto Wehlen, the son of Mrs. Wehlen. I never make an assertion I can not back with facts. Mrs. Wehlen, my mother, is your servant no longer." Then turning to the young weeping Mrs. Emerson, he said: "Arise, madam, my mother will go directly to your house and help your baby."

Mrs. Emerson left the room as suddenly and unceremoniously as she had come.

Mrs. La Monte could not recover from her surprise and astonishment, that the young man whom she had so much admired when he was serenading his mother, when she saw him on passing her on the avenue, or when in attendance of her daughter Viola at the piano, the young man who was so graceful and accomplished, and who was a guest at her table, and Mrs. Wehlen's son, had spoken to her in such a commanding voice: "Mrs. Wehlen is your servant no longer."

Mr. La Monte was very angry to see that matters had taken such a grave turn.

"Grandmother Bottwell's foolish talk and action at the table, and the heartlessness of his wife toward that unhappy and despairing Mrs. Emerson might prevent Otto from offering his hand to Viola, and he would lose such an excellent son-in-law."

Little and unimportant matters are often in the way of

success, and even reduce wealthy families to a degrading poverty.

Otto, addressing Mr. La Monte, said:

"Sir, I hope you will not be angry with me, I am only doing my duty."

"I am not angry, but think that you acted hastily; escort your mother to Mrs. Emerson, she lives close by, let her see the child, and do all she can for it, then bring your mother back to my house. I will consider it a personal favor if you will do as I direct."

Otto made no reply, but seemed lost in thought.

"Rosalind, Rosalind," called the father, "please go and call Mrs. Wehlen; tell her I wish to see her."

Rosalind did as directed, but could not find Mrs. Wehlen, and reported so to her father.

"Then she has already gone to Emerson's."

"Where does Mrs. Emerson live?" asked Otto, quickly.

"Rosalind, you, Viola and Winfred will please show Otto where the Emersons live. You can stay there and assist the unhappy lady, who has so much trouble with her help. Poor woman, she thought Mrs. Wehlen was our servant. Mrs. Wehlen is like one of the family."

"So I always thought," observed Otto, "but I did not like the tone and language Mrs. La Monte used in regard to my mother."

Grandmother Bottwell thought it was about time for her to go home, and ordered her carriage. Mrs. La Monte assisted her to put on her velvet cloak, her furs, and her fur hat, and at last Grandmother Bottwell was seated and wrapped up in her rich and gay afghan. The coachman was about starting, when she called Mrs. La Monte, who had to see whether she had both her velvet rosettes, with those costly stones.

"Yes," said Mrs. La Monte, "I felt them. The rosettes are in their place."

The mother left without kissing any one of her grandchildren. Her thoughts were busy with her dresses and

jewels. She could not love anything else but her gaudy ornaments, and she spent all the time with beautifying her debilitated body; her *spirit* was neglected, and only lingered within her, but *did not live to act*.

We now dismiss Grandmother Bottwell. She is past redemption, and the sooner she sinks into the grave the better for her and mankind, whom she has disgraced with her presence. And old Mr. Bottwell, whose greatest ambition had been to accumulate wealth, who held the controlling stocks in the bank, with his 5-20s and 10-40s, and who became, in the eleventh hour of his life, an alderman, only to secure the public funds as deposits in his bank, let him pause for a moment, and behold the wreck of his wretched wife. It is not her fault; it is his. He has corrupted his wife by his great desire for wealth. He practiced vanity before her every moment of their married life, but never charity; he never prayed; he never acknowledged God before her; nothing but money; and finally it became a habit with her to spend money, not for charity or any other good purpose; no, all the money she spent was for her own self, on the altar of vanity.

Poor old Bottwell! with all your great wealth you are poorer than the poorest laboring man who earns, by hard work, only a dollar and a quarter a day to support a large family, and yet, nevertheless, he is richer than you, for he has a wife who *feels* for her children, for her husband, and her neighbors, a wife who feels that she has a great duty to perform, that of setting a good example to her children and neighbors. That poor, unlettered laborer, and his uneducated wife, fulfill this duty: they are industrious, and, though poor, do not complain; they divide even their little with those still more in need, and so teaching their children to be charitable to their fellow men.

Old Mr. Bottwell was never inspired with such ennobling thoughts. He knew that a man's happiness depended, to a large extent, upon having a good wife; he knew that a man should be charitable, and give good examples to his fellow-

men; he knew that it was a man's duty to advance public prosperity, knowledge, and happiness among the great masses. He knew all that, but he did not heed it; his only aim of life was to get rich, and the more wealth he accumulated the poorer he became. He felt that though wealthy he was still poor; he felt that his wife was only a burden of annoyance and vexation to him; of his daughter and grandchildren he did not see often, for he never cared much for them. They were not money, and it might cost something to pay them a visit. By the community at large he passed as a nobody, for he never was known to do one good act for the public welfare. Old Mr. Bottwell, notwithstanding his ability and his wealth, was a blank—a mere shadow. Alas! we have many such "Bottwells" who retard public prosperity and happiness, but let us hope that they will see their shortcomings, and reform, so that their number might become less.

Miss Rosalind, Miss Viola, and Winfred were ready to accompany Otto to Mrs. Emerson's. Both sisters wore the gay colored dress so becoming to make a neighborly call. Nubias white and soft as the fallen snow, with a neat blue border, were tied around their heads, brightening their complexion, especially that of Viola, who felt very happy when Otto offered to her his arm, which she gracefully accepted.

The moon shone in full majesty, the air was clear and refreshing, and the ground hard frozen. The young people enjoyed the walk. Rosalind, on the arm of Winfred, walked ahead, deeply engaged in reviewing what had happened at their house. Both thought that their mother was not treating their father well. Both agreed that their ma laid too much value on titles, and both were glad that those Counts had not arrived. They had something to say about their grandmother, and how unbecoming she had acted.

"It is fortunate," said Rosalind, "that Mr. Wehlen is a gentleman, and will not relate to others what he has seen and heard to-day in our house. Yes, Mrs. Wehlen can be proud of her son; but if he knew how Viola has treated his

mother, he would not pay so much attention to her," observing, by a turn of the road, the young people in a very animated conversation.

Otto requested Viola to inform him in regard to Mrs. Emerson.

"She is the only daughter of Mrs. Badheart," said Viola, "and has been married about fifteen months, her parents presenting her with a completely furnished house at her wedding. Mr. Emerson is an assistant secretary in an insurance business; an easy-going sort of a man, who dresses very fashionably; goes to his business at ten o'clock in the morning and returns at two, and spends considerable of his time after that hour at billiards. He is said to affect poetry, and consumes an immense number of cigars to aid him in his efforts. I don't think much of Mr. Emerson; he is so weak and uncertain. I have heard that he was the cause of his parents losing the greater part of their money. Am I going too much into particulars?" asked Viola, looking up into his eyes.

Their eyes met, and the heavenly flame of love united two souls!

Otto and Viola were no longer mere friends; it was the old story of love at first sight.

"No, no; give me full particulars. I am listening to you attentively."

Viola clung still closer to the manly arm, and proceeded: "The Emersons, somehow, did not get on well; they had a great deal of trouble with their domestic affairs, and Mr. Emerson takes his meals away from home. Mrs. Emerson dined with us, but ma thought she overstepped the bounds of etiquette in making a practice of it. Then your good, self-sacrificing mother went to their assistance, and aided Mrs. Emerson in her household duties, of which she is totally ignorant; and since her baby was born, your mother has been more with Mrs. Emerson than with us. Ma thought she was doing too much for them, and objected." Viola paused; they had reached the house.

On entering, they found everything in the greatest disorder, the room cold, and full of smoke. Mr. Emerson, in his dressing-gown, was stirring the fire; the grate was full of ashes, and an empty coal-scuttle stood by the fire-place. A cradle, containing an infant, a boy of nearly six months, stood in the room—a beautiful, bright-eyed child, but showing plainly the almost criminal neglect of its mother. It had the colic; a little tea timely given and good attentive nursing would have probably saved the child; but Mrs. Emerson, like thousands of her sex, did not know how to cook even a cup of tea, or how to nurse a child. It was no wonder, therefore, that the baby should have grown seriously sick. The child was dying, when they entered the room.

The mother, on her knees before the cradle, watched her baby with despair and hope plainly written in her face. The child was dead. It is impossible to describe the mother's despair and grief.

"Archy, why did you die?" she cried; "what shall I do without you? You were all I had on earth. Archy! Archy! would I had died instead of you! Oh, God! take me to you," she prayed, "let me be with my child, my darling!"

She began to weep; but all at once she arose from her kneeling position, rushed toward her husband, grasped him by his arm and cried: "You, Plato Emerson, are no man; you are not worthy of having a wife; you were not able to manage a household; you are the murderer of my child! I will strangle you," hissed the bereaved woman, with glaring eyes, and grasping his neck. She had lost her reason.

Otto hastened to release the husband from her grasp, or else the woman would have strangled the father of her child. She then rushed from the room, left the house, and with the speed of a deer, hastened toward her father's home. The fresh air somewhat revived her reason. She reached the house and violently pulled the door bell. Mr. Badheart looked from the window to see who was ringing and knocking so violently.

"It is Magdalena," said he to his wife, who had already

retired, being unwell, and went down stairs to open the door. He started back, as he beheld his daughter, who rushed up stairs in her mother's room, loudly exclaiming: "Archy, my Archy, is dead! You have killed him, you, mother, are the murderess. You did not teach me housework; you made me a helpless creature, I could not attend my child and nurse it as I ought to. I had no sisters or brothers, and you know *why!* You told me of it, you instructed me in that terrible secret." The young mother fell on her knees; her lips moved in prayer. The fountain of tears, which had dried up in her and nearly upset her reason, commenced to flow again. The poor mother found relief in prayer and tears. Blessed are those who can weep when they mourn.

Mrs. Badheart, conscious-stricken at the sight of her daughter and at the name of *murderess*, received such a shock that she never recovered, and in a few days was a corpse, buried near her only grandchild.

Mrs. Emerson never returned to live with her husband. The lawyers managed, for a round fee, to get the couple divorced. Mrs. Emerson soon died of a broken heart, and Mr. Badheart, who ought to have known better than to allow his wife to practice prevention, was in his old age, alone, without a wife, without a child, without grandchildren. He felt lonely and dreary, and daily prayed for death to come and end his misery, for it is terrible to live alone, unloved and uncared. At last he died, and there was none left of the family of Badhearts, their wish and aim of having no children had been completely fulfilled.

Let those who act like the Badhearts take a lesson of this sketch, for the laws of nature know of no compromise. To what extent this evil is practiced is a question of vital importance to the whole nation; if only one-half the reports are true that the medical fraternity exposes, then it is highly necessary that this crying evil should receive prompt legislative action, and to make all those connected with this villainous practice liable to punishment and to serve a long term in the penitentiary. Let the clergy for once bury their

differences, and give their whole attention to a crime which cries before God and man; let them use their pulpit eloquence to denounce that hideous crime which undermines, with a death certainty, the future existence of a great people. Let the press thunder forth their protest against a practice which makes every honest man and woman blush with shame. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* "Let justice be done though the heavens should fall."

Plato Emerson felt greatly relieved on being released from the infuriated grip of his bereaved wife. He made no effort to recall her, but exclaimed:

"If such is married life, I have enough of it. Always complaints, always troubles; for one ounce of comfort I get a ton of vexations and irritations! The greatest suffering which I experienced is that my boy has died," and he stepped to the cradle, saying: "Poor Archy, it is a pity that you died, you would have been a great poet, whose poetry would have delighted the world;" turning to Rosalind, Viola, Winfred and Otto, who stood near the cradle, "Yes, my kind visitors, my son, if he would have lived to become a man, would have been a second Shakespeare. I would have given all I possess to save him. Archy Emerson would have done great honor to me! He died for the want of good nursing. Somehow we can keep no servants, and my wife don't know how to work herself. They know that the lady of the house is helpless, and can not do without assistance, and are, therefore, so unreasonable," and Mr. Plato sighed, deeply.

"Otto," said Mrs. Wehlen, "you will please escort the children home, and try to return to the city before it becomes much later. I will stay here, wash and dress the corpse, and remain on watch until some of the relatives of the family come."

Otto did not like to leave his mother behind, but, under the circumstances, he had to be satisfied. He escorted the young ladies and their brother home. They were all sad, and their thoughts were busy with what they had seen and heard. Viola especially was unhappy, for she, for the first

time, realized the obligations she was under to Mrs. Wehlen, for she knew that her mother was as ignorant of domestic duties as Mrs. Emerson, and if it had not been for Mrs. Wehlen their house would have been as desolate as hers.

"How unreasonable; how unlady-like have I been toward Mrs. Wehlen," she mentally ejaculated. "I hope she will forgive me. O, what will her son think of me when he is informed of my treatment of his mother!" This seemed to trouble her more than anything else, for she loved Otto, as well as a nature like hers was capable of loving.

They reached their residence in silence. Otto would not enter the house, but bid them an affectionate good-night; thanking them for their courtesies, he mounted his horse, and handing the hostler a ten dollar bill, he said:

"Here, my good fellow, is a ten dollar note; as soon as Mrs. Wehlen returns from the Emerson's, go to the nearest livery-stable and hire a carriage, and bring her and her baggage to my residence in the city. She will direct you how to find it."

Jim took the ten dollar bill, and promised to do as he was directed. "But," said he, "I do not think that Mrs. Wehlen will leave the house, she is a part of the family. So, you are her son? I did not know that she had such a fine son."

"Will you be sure to hire the carriage, and bring my mother to the city?" asked Otto, in an earnest tone.

"Of course I will," answered Jim.

"Whatever is left of the ten dollars, after paying the costs, you can keep as a present."

"Thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Jim.

Otto rode slowly home. The past, the present and the future seemed to appear before his vision; he thought of his childhood. He had a faint recollection of the lonely garret, and its scanty furniture; of his almost despairing mother; of Mr. La Monte's visit to the tenement house, in search of a young or middle-aged person, who could perform household duties, and who was blessed with the gift of patience; who could hear, see and feel wrong, and still perform her du-

ties silently; how his poor mother was pointed out as the person who possessed all these rare qualities; and how she was engaged.

"Realize my expectations, and you and your child shall never know want," had been Mr. La Monte's words.

He vividly remembered how his mother threw herself on her knees and thanked God that He had heard her supplications, and sent that man as a protector for her and her child. How she prayed that God might give her strength, and endow her with patience.

He drew in the reins of his horse, and exclaimed: "It is strange that I never thought of those scenes so distinctly before." And he rode on and reflected how he was left in charge of Mrs. Goldrick; how he clung to the dress of his mother, and entreated her to take him with her; how she weepingly told him that she could only see him occasionally; that his new father had appointed Mrs. Goldrick as his guardian. How well Mrs. Goldrick treated him, and how nicely she equipped him for school, with something for recess in his school bag; and when he reached the age of thirteen, and was admitted as one of the employees in the bank; how Mr. La Monte lectured him on honesty, and how strictly he remembered his command: "*Not a pin dare you take!*" How he took him to the jail, showed him all the dark cells and prisoners, and then, when they left the dreary place, told him, "Remember, my lad, all those prisoners you have seen, and the thousands you have not seen, have commenced their career by stealing first but the value of a pin; then they went in bad company, and now will, in all probability, end their days in prison." How he took the Holy Bible, opened the immortal book and made him take a solemn oath, that he would always be as *honest as the purest gold*. "Now, my lad, said he, "whenever you see the sky; whenever you eat or drink, remember your oath, of being as *honest as the purest gold*."

A happy smile illuminated the handsome and manly face of Otto Wehlen, as he exclaimed:

"Thank God, I have kept my oath, and can say with a certainty that I will be always an honest man. 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

The reflecting young man reached his house before he was aware of it. Patrick was waiting to receive the horse, and said:

"Squire, if the blessings of a young girl have the power to make a man happy, I will be the happiest man in the world, for Ellen was so delighted with the broache shawl I made her a present of, that she could hardly thank and bless me enough for it; and her friend Augustine thought the shawl beautiful. She presented me with a cup of tea, saying: "Sir, keep your pledge, to abstain from intoxicating drinks, and you will live a happy life, and become a grandfather, respected by all. "If you would not get angry with me I would suggest that Augustine would make the prettiest and best Mrs. Otto Wehlen in the world."

Otto knew that Patrick was speaking, but did not hear him, as his mind was still busy with the past; the beautiful face and the bewitching manners of Viola were uppermost in his thoughts. He reached his comfortable apartments, where Mrs. Goldrick served tea in a few moments, and waited on him with the care of a loving mother. Mrs. Goldrick noticed that he was absorbed in thought, and soon left the room.

"Alone!" exclaimed he, "I am always alone; these are the same rooms in which I have passed my time so pleasantly for years; and yet why do I feel so lonely to-night?"

He walked up and down his room in an abstracted manner, but soon sought his couch. "Now I know why I am so lonesome," he exclaimed; "for God has ordained that man should not be alone. The time has arrived to heed this admonition. Viola! on the wings of the wind I send thee a kiss." He uttered a short prayer, and soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SINNER'S TEAR.

My soul is sore with grief and pain,
My sins depress this frame of dust,
I know I am a mortal vain,
And Thou, O God, art great and just.
"The suns to Thee impure appear."—
My God, behold the sinner's tear.

The sting of guilt, O horrid word!
Dejects my heart to nameless woe,
I know Thou art my righteous Lord,
And I—the passion's hunted roe.
"Too great my guilt, too great to bear,"
My God, behold the sinner's tear.

In silent nights I groan and sigh,
I wet my couch with tears so hot.
At early morn I pray and cry,—
Forgive my sins, forsake me not.
"Be gracious Lord, my prayers hear,"
My Father, dry the sinner's tear.

Repentance wounds the contrite heart,
Consumes my bones, bedims my way;
Transgressions bid my joys depart,
And darkness hides the light of day.
"Have mercy, Father, see my fear,"
My God! behold the sinner's tear.

Dr. Isaac M. Wise.

CHARLES HUNTING, who is not an entire stranger to our readers, was one of those young men who are petted and favored by their mothers. Mrs. Hunting was one of them. Her Charles had his own way; she praised him in his presence, and when the father was going to punish him for mis-

behavior or ill manners, she always took her son's part. When he was eight years of age, she bought him a velvet suit, a ruffled shirt with gold buttons, and a velvet cap with a feather. He was dressed dandy-like, and soon imitated and assumed the air of such a one. His mother gave him also a purse with money, and soon he learned to spend it as carelessly as his mother and sisters. When the son called too frequently on Mrs. Hunting for money, she referred him to his father, who said: "My son, you have all you need at home; you want no money until you know the value of it; but I fear you will never know it until you are compelled to earn it yourself." Charley was not pleased with his father; his mother had given him already too much money, and he was used to have money and to spend it. He again appealed to his mother, who spoke to her husband, and told him not to be so cruel to the boy, but to give him some pocket money. Mr. Hunting, being naturally very kind, and seeing the boy so dejected, gave Charley a five dollar note; but five dollars was not much money for Charley, and as his father would not give him any more, Charley stealthily crept in his father's room, when the governor was asleep, and took some money out of his father's purse, either more or less, according to the amount of money he happened to find in Mr. Hunting's purse. He practiced this for a long time until he was caught in the act. There was a fearful scene, the father going to punish him severely; but there was again the too indulgent mother, who not only pleaded for her favorite boy, but threatened her husband with all kinds of vengeance, if he should punish her boy, her dear Charley.

Mr. Hunting brought henceforth no money home, but Charles bought what he wanted on credit and had it charged to his father, who was weak enough to pay his bills.

The time came when Charles was sent to one of the eastern colleges to complete his education.

Mrs. Hunting received letters from her son, of which her husband was entirely ignorant. Charles implored her to send him money. "All the students had money, only he was

as poor as a church-mouse." The mother was too proud that Charley should be the poorest of his class-mates, and sent him secretly money. Charles now was in his glory. With plenty of money, and none over him to restrain and keep him on the right path, he, with other young gentlemen of his kind, had a jolly good time, and as the place of learning abounded with glittering drinking shops and glittering dames, these degrading places were visited oftener than the lecture-rooms. Charles graduated with some distinction, but in the matter of depravity, rascality and gambling, he could have graduated as an *accomplished blackguard*.

There was much rejoicing when Charley returned from college, but his father felt uneasy, for he saw that his son had the sign of fast living already stamped on his features. Charles visited his old friends, idling away his time in debaucheries and mischievous acts. At last his father asked him, whether he had decided what profession he was going to follow.

"That of a lawyer," answered the son.

Mr. Edward Hunting at once secured his son the great advantage of reading law with one of the best law firms of the city. "If Charles only now would be steady, he could become a first-rate lawyer, and an honor to himself, his parents and the bar."

But Charles Hunting was, as we have seen, spoiled from his early boyhood. He had been spoiled by receiving a nickel too much when a mere boy; by his mother interfering with her husband when he wished to punish him for some misdeed, and so the son had grown up to manhood. Every whim of his had been fulfilled, and he had generally done what he pleased. It pleased him, therefore, to visit disreputable places, instead of remaining in the office and trying to master his profession. It pleased him to stand on the corners and exchange glances with gamblers and women of the town, who paraded their sickly bodies, covered with silks, satins, laces and feathers, to entice men in their abodes, where they rob them of their manhood, where they ruin their

health and constitution, and make of them soon the most accomplished rascals.

Charles Hunting was no stranger to them and their haunts; the consequence was that he needed a great deal of money, for the sirens require money with which to purchase fineries to cover their glaring defects. The unhappy father supplied him with a reasonable amount of pocket money, in order to prevent him from contracting any debts, but he was disappointed; the sharks and the Shylocks of society were already after the young scamp, and advanced him money at a fearful rate of interest. Charles began now to gamble on a large scale. He made no secret of it who he was and with whom he associated; and to use his phrase, he did not care a d—n for any body. He was armed with a revolver, and was often engaged in *melées*, in one of which revolvers were drawn and one of the gamblers killed.

In this much boasted of and enlightened age, in this age of civilization, it wants *downright murder* before the authorities interfere to protect the good morals, life and property of the community.

How can it be otherwise, when the very police-force, no, the very city government, is nominated by the gamblers and patrons of the prostitutes. The people have no time to attend to such an important duty as the nomination of public officers, who should set a good example by their virtuous living and honorable acts, and who should suppress crime in its thousand forms. No, the people have not the time to do their duty to protect themselves from corruption which is spreading around them. Money making takes up all their attention; they must make money in order to supply their great wants; the wife and even the children are so extravagant. It takes so much to live; they must make money; they can not take the time to attend to higher duties of life. The extravagance of the day, the wrong education of our children, especially that of girls, makes marriage almost impossible to young men of limited means, and thus prostitution, *that germ of all crime*, increases to such an alarming ex-

tent, that fathers and mothers who have sons and daughters, and hope and pray to see them virtuously settled in life, tremble in their innermost heart for fear that they may be enticed by the dazzling crime that surrounds them everywhere.

But this is the enlightened era, the era of mercy, the era of forbearance, the era of human weakness, the era when men and women, who move in first-class society, let their houses for the purpose of prostitution, well knowing that prostitution is the *hot bed* of destroying the young men, and raising a brigade, no, a mighty army of criminals, who overflow this beautiful land with crime in its most terrible form.

Not only do gentlemen and ladies let their houses for such a detestable traffic; nay, even *clergymen* who are landlords are known to let their premises for such a degrading purpose, and these gentlemen and these ladies call themselves religious people, and have the hardihood to extend their hand in greeting to honest men and women, who are not so rich, but are real gentlemen and ladies.

But what is still worse, these clergymen who let their houses for such a purpose and go there occasionally themselves to collect the rent, should possess the impertinence to mount the pulpit and preach before the congregation a sermon to beware of sin when they have assisted in establishing a *hot bed* of sins!

This is not an enlightened age, this is not the age of true civilization, when marriage is obstructed, when it is getting very fashionable to have no children, and those children that are born and permitted to live are surrounded everywhere by houses of ill-fame, which, in many places, are actually found opposite the free public schools, and the statistics will show that girls of twelve years are admitted by the proprietors of those abodes, and yet our modern civilization permits all this.

This is the era of human weakness, when men have not the moral courage to speak their minds freely, and tell the public of their shortcomings.

This is the age in which we have forgotten the cardinal principle, *that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure*; and we suffer, therefore, its dire consequences.

The pistol shot fired in the gambling hall, and the fact that a man had been killed, induced the police to arrest the participants of the affray, who were marched off to the station-house. All said that Charles Hunting was the one who fired the fatal shot. Charley now became alarmed, and informed his parents of his dangerous situation. The whole family was aroused, and went to the rescue of the son. It was bad enough to have him known as a fast boy—he passed under that name—they said that he was only casting his wild oats. But to have him tried and convicted as a murderer and hung was terrible, and so Mr. Edward Hunting, his father Zadock Hunting, and all their influential friends called on the authorities privately, and begged to have the young man released, but one of them was firm and would not give his consent until old Mr. Zadock Hunting pleaded, saying, "Behold in me a man of three-score, with one foot in the grave. Let me die without that pang of shame. My grandson shall leave this neighborhood. Remember that we were school-mates, and that we are both grandfathers." The man in authority was moved, and justice cheated of her rights. Charles Hunting was released on the condition to leave town and become a better man.

The lawyers were then called to aid, and, for the consideration of five thousand dollars, the relatives of the murdered man did not prosecute, and thus the matter was, so to say, hushed up, and Charles Hunting sent to the State of Maine, to skate on the Lakes.

Arriving in the city of Bangor, he put up in a first-class hotel. For a few days he abstained from drinking, card-playing, or visiting places where the sirens abode. Having no mother or father at hand to fill his purse, he found himself soon without money, and wrote home for a remittance, but money was getting scarce with Mr. Edward Hunting as we have seen in the opening part of this *"Tale of Real*

Life," and Charles Hunting, for the first time in his life, felt what it was to be without money. He was despondent, and his conscience commenced to trouble him. He felt a little remorse at his career. "Let me end my life; I am not worth living," ran through his thoughts. He opened his traveling-bag, took from it a loaded pistol, went before the mirror, placed the weapon to his right temple, and was about to fire, when the beautiful and lovely face of Rosalind La Monte appeared before his vision, appealing to him not to commit such a crime.

"Rosalind! Rosalind!" he exclaimed, laying aside the loaded pistol, "for thy sake I will not do this act; it would grieve you that I, thy beloved Charles Hunting, should have died by his own hand, a *suicide*. Rosalind, thou good and noble girl, for the first time I feel that I really love you. I can not be entirely lost to noble feelings; there must be something good yet in me, to be loved by such a noble girl.

"Rosalind, for thy sake I will live and try to reform; but can I reform? Away with me to the wilderness, and there lead the life of a hermit, repent of my sins and become a better man!"

He took pen, ink, and paper and wrote:

"MY DEAR BELOVED ROSALIND:

"I am awful despondent since I left my place of nativity, and, for the first time in my life, realize the life I have been leading. For the first time since many years do I feel my cheek blush with shame; for the first time in my wasting existence do I fully comprehend your noble devotion to me. You love me with the same purity; with the same holy love we have pledged each other when walking so confidently together to the high-school, when we were both so very happy and looked forward to a happy future which seemed to await us.

"Alas! the force of circumstances has misled me. I could not withstand the power of the tempter. I have fallen, fallen to the lowest ebb of society. I am looked upon

as the degraded son, and, what is more, I *am* a degraded son, an outcast, a scamp, but, notwithstanding all this, you still love me as though I were the Charles Hunting of old, with health and character unimpaired.

"Noble Rosalind! how can I ever repay your devoted love? I hear a whisper within me—it is conscience, which exclaims: '*By reforming, by becoming a good moral man, an honest man, a useful man, a man who fears God and loves his neighbors, who does as he wants to be done by, then you will be worthy of her devoted love.*'"

"O God! why have I not listened to the same conscience before? why have I been so wild? why have I allowed the thistles to grow within me so high and so fast that they have overspread the flower of conscience, so that it could not grow and enable me to love justice and to act rightly.

"I thank thee, my *Heavenly Father*. Thanks, a thousand thanks to thee, my dear beloved Rosalind, for thy love, for thy devotion, for the confidence you have reposed in me, always urging and always hoping that I would reform. Yes, dearest being of my life, I must reform. I owe it to myself, I owe it to my dear parents and friends, but, above all, I owe it to you, my darling Rosalind, to you, my "*Beacon Light*," you, who have warned me of danger, you, my beloved, whose loving devotion will rescue me from final destruction. Through you I hope to become reformed. I implore you to pray for me, that God, in his great mercy, be with me in my efforts to become a good man.

"Rosalind, pray for me, and may thine and my prayers and supplications be graciously received before the throne of Grace. Amen.

"Good-bye, my darling Rosalind. If I possessed the whole world I would gladly give it in exchange for a loving kiss from your forgiving lips.

"Your unhappy but hopeful, loving

"CHARLES HUNTING."

He quickly placed the letter in an envelope, directed the same, and was about to lock his traveling bag, when he heard a great noise and confusion in the hotel. "What is the matter? is the house on fire?" He opened the door, caught one of the rushing waiters, and asked: "Tell me what is the matter."

"Matter enough," answered the waiter, "Two Counts, two live Counts have just arrived from Paris, France."

Charles Hunting looked at the waiter in amazement, but he soon recovered from his astonishment, recollecting that he was in Bangor, Maine, where the arrival of Counts was an unusual event.

"You seem to doubt what I have said," exclaimed the waiter, "just step in the office and look at the hotel register, and you will observe the names of Count Louis La Mon—, or some such name."

"Is it La Monte?" asked Charles Hunting.

"Yes, sir; that is the name. Why, do you know them?" asked the waiter, in a more respectful manner.

"I know their connection," remarked Charles Hunting. He went to the office, and saw on the hotel register the names of Count Louis La Monte, of Paris, France, and Count Murat La Monte, of Paris, France.

"Sure enough," said he to himself, "here are the cousins of Miss Rosalind La Monte; I will postpone my trip to the wilderness to become a hermit, and make the acquaintance of these Counts, first." Turning to the hotel clerk, who stood on his great dignity, as all hotel clerks, with a very few exceptions, do in this country, he asked him: "Where are these Counts that have just arrived?"

"Why do you ask, sir?"

"Because I know their relations; and because I speak French fluently, and can be of some service to them."

"So you know the family, and speak French," exclaimed the hotel clerk, coming down somewhat from his high dignity. "I will go with you to their rooms and introduce you, and you may, at the same time, ask them what we can do

for their comfort. Confound it, it was my intention to learn French, but I always postponed it," remarked the dignified clerk, conducting Charles Hunting to Count Louis La Monte and Count Murat La Monte, whom Mrs. John James La Monte so anxiously expected.

Young Hunting introduced himself to the noble strangers—*noble by name*. They were delighted to find one who could converse so fluently in their own tongue and knew their relatives. They spoke of their arrival in Boston, and that having heard the French war vessel, *La Fayette*, was in Portland, they visited that city and called on the commander, who was an old school-mate, drank one bottle of champagne more than they ought to, and when arriving at the depot, stepped on the train going East, instead of West, soon fell asleep, and that they now found themselves in Bangor, instead of Boston; that they were expected by their relatives in a few days, and would now be prevented by their unforeseen mishap.

"Well," exclaimed Charles Hunting, "the mishap is not so very great."

"Yes, it is," interrupted the Counts, "Madam La Monte will be greatly disappointed, and also the young ladies, Mademoiselles Rosalind and Viola, who expected us to spend New-Year's with them."

Charles Hunting experienced a strange sensation. It was the pang of jealousy, and that green-eyed monster made him hate these French Counts, with all the intensity of his unbridled nature.

"Why should Mademoiselles Rosalind and Viola feel disappointed; did they, too, extend the invitation?" asked Charles, carelessly.

"Of course they did," exclaimed Count Louis, "can you describe to us how the mademoiselles look?"

Charles Hunting looked up, and eyed carefully the two strangers before him, and concluding as Greek to meet Greek, he commenced to describe, very minutely, both Rosalind and Viola.

The Frenchmen listened attentively. Count Murat took from his breast-pocket a small album, and showed Mr. Charles Hunting the photographs of the young ladies, saying: "You have described them well, they must be charming mademoiselles."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Charles, to himself, "those Counts are already in love with the young ladies; I guess I have to give up my going to the wilderness and becoming a hermit. It won't do to leave the field entirely to these noble Frenchmen, with their polished manners, and their titles, which sound so grandly to most of our American young ladies. I must be near at hand, else my beloved Rosalind may be induced to give her hand to one of those Counts." He doubled his fist, and bit his lips at the probable consequences, but quickly mastered his feelings, and smilingly said: "Charming is not the word, they are beautiful, they are bewitching; you are fortunate of having been invited to their palatial residence, where beauty, wit, poetry and music dwell," and the young man eagerly watched the features of the Frenchmen, to see what impression his words would make on them. He felt another pang of jealousy, for he readily could interpret their thoughts, "that will be a rarity for us epicures."

The Counts felt very sorry of having made the great mistake of going East instead of going West, and spoke of taking a special train, in order to arrive on time, at their cousin's, John James La Monte and family.

Charles Hunting listened with his ears wide open, saying: "*These chaps* must have plenty of money. I must relieve them of some of it, and I must keep them away as long as possible from the La Montes." Acting upon this conclusion, he said: "You had better stay over night, you seem to be fatigued, and a good night's rest is absolutely necessary to recover your vigor and freshness."

He rang the bell, ordering a bottle "the Golden Wedding," and treated his acquaintance in a jolly manner, who, in return, did not stand back in drinking or jesting. "By Jove," said he, to himself; "I always thought that I could drink wine in

wholesale, but these chaps beat me." He rang again the bell, the waiter appeared, and bowed. "Bring two more bottles of 'the Golden Wedding,' and charge, henceforth, all I order, to the noble Counts."

At these words the waiter made a still more respectful bow, and soon appeared with two more bottles.

"Tell the proprietor, that the noble Counts wish four rooms, one leading into another, and you will bring my baggage into the last room, as they wish to have me near them, to interpret what they say."

"Yes, sir," was the waiter's very courteous reply.

After the noble Counts and the noble Charles Hunting had finished another bottle of "Golden Wedding," they began to feel jolly.

Charles Hunting, Esquire, rang the bell again, and his summon was quickly answered by the same polite waiter.

"Man of the white apron, listen carefully to what I order—

A SUPPER FOR THREE.

Oyster stews, raw oysters, fried oysters, and young chicken broiled—not burned—one breast of veal, one roast of beef—say three pounds, well done, and juicy green peas, salad—potatoes, fried, boiled and mashed; some pan-cakes, dried toast, muffins, biscuits, bread, butter, fruit, tea and coffee, and two more bottles of 'the Golden Wedding,' all to be charged to the noble Counts—*be quick.*" Turning to the strangers, he said, in his most affable manner, "I have ordered four rooms, leading one into another, one of which I will occupy, to suit your convenience and interpret whatever you may desire. I have also ordered supper to be served in one of the rooms, and now let us dress for the evening meal." Without waiting for a response, he withdrew, with a courteous bow.

"That young man is evidently of good family, else he would not have the accomplishment to command as he did," remarked Count Louis.

"You are right, he knows how to command; the question is, whether he obeys those who have a right to command him;

if I could know that, I could form a correct opinion with whom we have to deal," observed Count Murat.

"We will find it out very easily, after we have spent an evening with him. Now, let us change our traveling dress," said the brother, opening a trunk, and selecting some clothes for both.

They had hardly finished their toilet, when the drawing doors were thrown back, and an inviting table stood before them, teeming with all the niceties the establishment could afford.

Mr. Charles Hunting also presently made his appearance, dressed in evening costume, becoming well his tall, commanding, and manly form. Since his interest demanded it, he acted very pleasantly, and looked like an accomplished gentleman.

"I hope the supper I have ordered will please my distinguished friends," said Mr. Charles Hunting; "please be seated. I see," exclaimed he, snapping his fingers, "I have made a great mistake by ordering oyster soup, which is an English dish. Great Britain is very proud of her oysters, but it seems that only the Anglo-Saxon race appreciate them."

"You have made no mistake in ordering oysters, we like oysters, served in any manner," said Count Louis, smilingly.

"I am glad, very glad indeed, to learn that you like oysters; they are very nourishing. With an Englishman they are a common food; but foreigners who eat oysters are men of the world, who have the moral courage to taste other food beside what their own country produces. The common flock of men would not eat anything they have not seen at their parental table; you have emancipated yourselves from such narrow views, and I congratulate you most heartily; but now let us drink to your health and future happiness."

The tumblers were quickly filled and emptied, and the conversation became general.

"You will observe," said Charles Hunting, assuming the air of an instructor, "that in this country, public roads and highways are not so well constructed, and streets not so well paved, our houses not so strongly built, as they are in France.

Our waiters and public servants lack that polished politeness for which France is world-renowned; but to compensate us for all that, you will find, that this is the land of beautiful women; every one of them is a perfect model of beauty and natural grace; every one of them is fit to mount the throne and become an accomplished empress. I now propose, that we drink to the health and future prosperity of the American ladies."

The tumblers were again filled, and the young men drank the toast, standing.

"Now, let us fill again our glasses, and drink to the health and uninterrupted happiness of the ladies of France."

The Counts readily assented to this, and drank another glass of "Golden Wedding," which soon began to have an effect on them. They felt extremely jolly, and the hours passed pleasantly in eating, drinking, and smoking. At last Charles Hunting proposed to play a game of chess.

"No," answered the Counts; "we do not find any pleasure in the play of chess; but let us play a game of cards."

"Anything you please; I have dedicated my time to you, while I remain in this city, although I prefer playing chess. There is more science in chess than in any other game," remarked young Hunting, condescendingly.

"Card playing is more amusing," contended the noble Counts, and commenced playing at five dollars a game, with privilege to increase the stakes. Mr. Charles Hunting had not his purse with him, "however, they can make a memorandum as they proceed, and settle when done playing."

It did not take our fast young America, to observe, that he had two as accomplished gamblers before him as ever emigrated from Paris, La Belle France; but accomplished as they were he was more than their equal. When the morning hours dawned, the noble Counts Louis and Murat La Monte, paid Mr. Charles Hunting thirty thousand francs, in the shape of drafts, on Boston and New York banks, which Charley sold soon, with a good discount, to a broker, who previously telegraphed to ascertain whether they were all

right. Receiving a satisfactory answer, Charles Hunting received the net amount agreed on; and with so much money in his possession, he forgot his resolve to reform and become worthy of the devoted love of Miss Rosalind La Monte.

"No," said he to himself, when his conscience appealed to his better self; "no, I will not leave these Counts, as long as they have a franc in their possession. Let them be stripped of their money, and their power of mischief with the La Montes is forever gone; I know by experience how a gambler feels if he has plenty of cash. He feels as proud and self-relying as a successful military chief. His impudence opens the door for him in the best society, and he mingles there with the appearance of a real gentleman, misleading the unexperienced and good-natured; but let a gambler lose his money and have no credit, he is crestfallen and perfectly helpless, he sees relief only in suicide. As soon as I will have cleared out these Counts, I will leave them, banish myself in the wilderness and remain there, until I am certain that I am free from my vices and feel the moral courage to live an honest and useful life. Then I'll return to my native home, throw myself before the lovely Rosalind, implore her forgiveness, make her my wife, and lead a virtuous and useful life."

The Counts felt very unpleasant over the loss of thirty thousand francs in one night. They felt humiliated beside that they were two against one, and, nevertheless, lost so heavily; "but they must win that money back at all events." They did not show to their new found friend their feelings, much less their thoughts. After a late breakfast, they took a sleigh ride in the truly picturesque country which surrounds that inland city. They were delighted with their ride, and ate their dinner with a good appetite. At about five, they again engaged a sleigh to drive about town and see the sights worth seeing for such a trio.

Charley was now in his glory. He had plenty of money and could treat, and treat he did princely. The Counts and those whom they visited praised and made a hero of him.

At about nine they returned to their hotel, ordered a good supper, drank some champagne, and agreed to play also a few games at cards.

Charley observed that the Counts were up at all kinds of tricks and he watched them carefully, in order to avoid unfair playing, while he skillfully practiced a trick or two worth a dozen of theirs.

The tide of the play turned against the Counts and they began to lose large sums; they were angry and in unguarded moments terrible oaths escaped their lips, which Charley duly noticed.

He came to the conclusion that these young men were dangerous to deal with, and capable of most any act to carry out their plans.

On they played, until the gray of morning, and the Counts had to pay to Charley nearly twenty thousand francs. They paid their debt, but not with the same dignity and calmness they did the night before.

A heavy snowstorm set in, blockading the roads, and preventing all communication—a good excuse to the Counts Louis and Murat to postpone their visit to their relatives. Besides, they wished first to regain their fifty thousand francs, and, if possible, to win more.

Weeks passed in playing and dissipation. The Counts lost all their money, nearly one hundred thousand francs. Charles Hunting had won it, but of all this money, only one fivethousand franc draft was left. The rest had been spent in company with the Counts and other boon companions. The first were so anxious to regain this draft that they even planned to rob him of it, in his sleep.

Charley noticed that something serious passed through their minds, and questioned them about it. The Counts admitted that their means were exhausted, and asked him for a loan of five thousand francs, promising to repay the amount as soon as they would reach their cousin John James La Monte.

Charley stated that they had been living very extrava-

gantly, and that five thousand francs were all the money at his command. "But," said he, "I expect a remittance from home to-day, and will go to the post-office directly to see if the letter has arrived. If I receive the expected money, I will gladly accommodate you with a loan; otherwise, I am very sorry—," leaving the Counts to themselves, to digest at leisure on what he had done and said.

The Counts were furious with rage and indignation. Louis exclaimed:

"He is the most accomplished confidence man I ever have met in my life. How cunningly did he ingratiate himself into our favor, and with what a matter-of-fact air did he order everything, and pay for it with our money! Really, it was worth while coming to America, to make the acquaintance of this young and handsome rascal, with his aristocratic air and impudence!"

Murat coincided with his brother, and said:

"All very well, but we must expect that he will inform us that his expected remittance did not arrive. What are we to do in order to get ready funds? That is the question now."

"The great question!" remarked Louis, folding his arms in Napoleon Bonaparte's style, and standing lost in thought.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "We will telegraph to our cousin John James La Monte for a draft of one thousand dollars."

"I am not in favor of telegraphing," replied Murat.

"Why?"

"Because it will produce a bad impression. Our cousin is a banker, and if you ask a banker for money, you'll touch his soul," answered Murat, promptly.

"But we will then have an opportunity of seeing whether he is a large-hearted man, or one of those who have money, but no soul to feel for a fellow. Yes, I will telegraph for five hundred dollars, and if it is not sent, we must try to get passage on the man-of-war Lafayette, and cruise with the captain until he returns to our native home."

Murat made no further objections, and the telegram was sent.

Charles Hunting, when leaving the post-office, was told by the clerk that there were several letters for him, some of which had been waiting for him these last six weeks.

"Did you not see them advertised?" he asked.

"No, I did not," answered Charley, taking the letters. He recognized his mother's handwriting, and quickly opening the one which bore the latest post-mark, he read:

"MY DEAR SON CHARLEY:

"Your prolonged silence makes me and the whole family very uneasy. I hope and trust that no serious misfortune has befallen you, and that the reason of your silence is only because we have not complied with your request to send you money. But I have explained to you the reasons fully, and you ought to have acknowledged my letters, even if they did disappoint your expectations.

"My son, your conduct gives me pain, and bows me down in deep sorrow. To have a son who has been so kindly and indulgently treated, and now, when his mother informs him of the severe illness of his father, not to write a letter of sympathy, not to inquire after the health of that father, is, indeed, a carelessness, a heartlessness, which is almost unpardonable. When I see how anxious the inhabitants of our city are to learn the state of health of your noble father, how the reporters of the press daily inquire and publish the doctor's report, when I see that they evade, as much as possible, passing our house with wagons, so as to make no noise, my heart weeps in sorrow that my son should look upon the sickness of his father so lightly. Charles, you are sinning against your parents, you are sinning against yourself. You have a father of whom you have every reason to be proud. His name is held in high estimation by the whole community. Every one feels sorry that he is sick, and every one prays and wishes that he may soon recover, and his life be spared for many years.

"The rich old Mr. Bottwell is also sick, but none cares for him. Why? Because he has led a selfish life. He never did care for the welfare of his fellow-men. With all his talent, and with all his money, he never did a particle of good to the community, while your noble-hearted father was the foremost in every public enterprise and good deed.

"And have you really the heart to tarnish such a noble name? If there is a spark of manly honor left within you, let it kindle into a bright flame which will show you the right path. *Reform!* my dear son. I implore you, I beg of you, to become an honorable man, and no man can be truly honorable unless he has some useful occupation. Idleness leads him into misdeeds, and gradually makes of him an outcast, a by-word to society. I appeal to your better nature to renounce at once, but with a firm resolve, the life you lead at present. Shun your companions as you would shun hissing serpents, the poison of which is death.

"If you value your future happiness, if you value the good name you inherit, if you have any regard for your mother's happiness and her life, then heed my advice *at once*. Don't postpone it. Delay, in such vital matters, is dangerous.

"We have not as yet received any news whether your brother Augustus has been saved from his wrecked boat or whether he lost his life. O, my trials are great! my soul mourns, for I feel that I have been a vain sinner, who has neglected to do the duties which God has intrusted to me. May God, in his great mercy, forgive my sins, and if I should see you, my son, reformed, a better man, I will look upon it as a sign that the Great Father in Heaven has heard my prayers and seen the *sinner's tear*.

"Reform, my son, and you will make your poor suffering mother happy as she has never been before.

"While penning these lines Miss Rosalind La Monte called to inquire after your father's health; also whether we had received any letters from you. My son, I felt greatly mortified to say that we had not received a letter from you. She seemed much concerned about your prolonged

silence, and expressed the sincere hope that no evil had befallen you. She requested me to remember her to you in kindness.

"Charley, if you would reform and become worthy of being the son of Edward Hunting, then the *prospects* will brighten. Miss Rosalind La Monte would become your wife, and your happiness forever secured.

"I must close this letter, for I hear the steps of the good and kind-hearted Dr. Dettmann, and wish to be present at his visit to your noble, ailing father. May our merciful God speedily restore him to health! Amen! O, may the contents of this letter re-echo within you until you comply with my motherly request! In your hands lays my future happiness and the number of days of my life. Will you act the dutiful son?

"Your affectionate mother,

"KATE HUNTING.

"P. S. I am happy to state that the able Dr. Dettmann has given permission to your kind father to write you a letter. You can, therefore, expect one by the next mail."

Charles Hunting had finished his letter. Tears were gliding down his cheeks—tears of repentance and contrition; his heart was bleeding. "*Sinner's tears*, flow on and purify me, wretch that I am! Rosalind, in this carnival of dissipation I have again forgotten you, forgotten my promise to reform, forgotten even to mail you the letter I wrote." He took the same from his breast-coat pocket, opened it and added:

"P. S. Just when finishing the above letter the Counts Louis and Murat La Monte arrived at the same hotel where I am stopping. Have been living pretty fast ever since they are here. I am a saint compared to them, but I will reform. My noble father shall be my pattern, and you, my dear Rosalind, my hope of future happiness. Let the seraphim appeal before the throne of Grace that my wish and hope be fulfilled. Adieu, dearest object of my life."

He directed the letter, and, when handing it to the clerk, he was told that the mail just arrived had brought for him another letter. He recognized his father's handwriting. "No, I will not read this letter here, but wait till I reach my room." He hastened to his hotel, and even did not notice the Counts when passing their room, who looked at each other as much as to say: "You see the rascal; he knows that we have no money, and now he hardly notices us." A servant entered and handed them a telegram, which read:

"Cashier of State Bank will pay you five hundred dollars on presentation of this dispatch.

"JOHN JAMES LA MONTE."

The Counts felt greatly relieved. They at once went to the bank, and, after having received the money, took the first train West, without bidding Charles Hunting good-bye. He did not notice their departure, so absorbed was he with the contents of his father's letter, which, though lengthy, we will give in full:

"DEAR SON:

"The weary trials and bitter disappointments of late, to which *you* have added the lion's share, have finally brought on me a severe sickness. For many weeks have I been prostrated by a nervous fever, which threatened my life, and which has been saved only through the careful attention of our excellent friend and physician, Dr. Dettman, and the watchful nursing of your good mother, sisters, and my aged father. God bless each and every one of them for the care they have so affectionately bestowed on me in the moments of danger and sickness.

"God be praised for His grace, that I am permitted to live to write you this letter, and that I may be spared a few years yet to carry out my plan in regard to you and your sisters' welfare. My estate and income have been greatly impaired through the extravagance and carelessness of my family. But let me draw a veil over the past; let all be

forgiven and forgotten—let me and mine do our whole duty now, to protect the present and secure a happy future.

"Heretofore I have conducted my business and domestic affairs with foreign help, while you, your sisters, and even myself and wife, were doing nothing but spending money, in many cases foolishly. This must be changed, and the following programme strictly adhered to:

"You and your two sisters will take the places of two of my principal clerks, Overbeck and Fastleben. Every day, precisely at half-past seven, you and two of your sisters will open the business and see that the porters and boys clean and dust the premises. All the orders and correspondence with customers of the firm will be attended to, either by Agnes, Myra or Blanche; only two of them shall work at a time in the store, and change from day to day with the work at home. Every one of my daughters must henceforth prepare the meals for the family—one day Agnes, the next day Myra, the third day Blanche. At half-past twelve dinner will be taken at home; at half-past one they will return to the office and remain until 6 p. m. After supper there will be an intellectual entertainment, consisting of music and good reading, to which such friends of the family will be invited as I and your mother may invite or permit to be invited. In this manner we will then save the large salaries of clerks, etc., and have our work done much better, for we will do it ourselves. This employment will keep you and your sisters pleasantly engaged, and save you from committing follies, which idleness encourages. Work is the true promoter of health and happiness; it assists wonderfully to develop our better qualities and to keep our passions in check, and no man can expect to lead a happy life unless he has the power to govern his passions.

"As a good father, it is my most solemn duty to keep my children employed, so that they may have the benefit of that great promoting power of health and happiness. I have marked out the plan of our future mode of living, and will not deviate from it one iota. If you wish to act in *good faith*

as above stated, you can come home and I will give you the details of your department, and you shall share in the glory of restoring our estate to a firmer position than it has ever been before.

"I wish to impress on your mind that if you conclude to accept my programme, I expect you to behave, as it is the duty of every young man. No disturbing element will henceforth be permitted around me. I treat everybody kindly, and have, therefore, the right to expect the same in return, and those who will not reciprocate will be banished from my presence and memory as unworthy of my kindness and attention.

"My son, impress the above lines on your memory, for they have been accepted by me as the Eleventh Commandment, and will be religiously observed and kept, for whatever misfortunes have befallen me, I can directly trace them back to the one cause, of having been too indulgent and undecided in my actions. The word '*no*' I have not used, and therefore have had to suffer all the dire consequences. *No* is a great word in life; it is the stepping-stone to great success; it is the key which locks the door to Hell and unlocks the gates to Heaven. Well would it have been for your reputation had you practiced this great word '*no*.' I would have been saved from the mortification of having a son who courts the painted sirens and '*fights the tiger*'; a son who, notwithstanding he was born and reared under the most favorable circumstances, endowed with health and intellect, with a classical education, is still a '*nobody*,' while thousands of foreigners come to this blessed land, and with a limited education, without a knowledge even of our language, climate or soil, become foremost in agriculture, in mechanical arts, in commerce and banking, and even literature and political economy. They build up cities as by magic, and make the whole land flourish and re-echo with the hum of activity and industry. But you, my son, are not one who builds up, but one who destroys and desolates.

"I command you to reform.

"I must close, for I begin to feel very weak; my hand trembles."

"Wishing you well, I am your father,

"EDWARD HUNTING."

"MY DEAR SON CHARLEY:

"With the permission of your father, I add to this letter that I fully concur in what your father has written. We ought to try to work as much as possible ourselves, and not be so dependent on hired help. Come home; make yourself useful, and share with us the happy, peaceful life we will henceforth lead.

"This is the sincere wish of your loving mother,

"KATE HUNTING."

"This is indeed great news," exclaimed Charles. "My mother consents that her daughters do manual labor! Let me not stand back, but hasten home and redeem my name through good behavior and usefulness!"

CHAPTER XII.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life

With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age;

And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,

That one for all, or all for one, we gage,

As life for honor in fell battles rage;

Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost

The death of all, and all together lost.

—*Shakespeare.*

FOR nearly twenty years did the family of La Monte enjoy the comfort of having a cook, who also filled the position of housekeeper, superintending the other servants, and manag-

ing so admirably as to keep the house in good order. Mrs. La Monte would sometimes scold the good Mrs. Wehlen, but she never made any complaint to Mr. La Monte, so when he entered his house he always found the utmost harmony prevailing.

Mrs. Wehlen caught a severe cold on the memorable night of her visit to the Emersons, when the poor baby died, and was now confined to her bed. It was fortunate for the La Monte family that Rosalind had been accustomed to assist Mrs. Wehlen in her duties, for she now had to fill her place.

Mrs. La Monte was very unhappy. She had many things to vex and displease her. The Counts Louis and Murat had not come; her mother had acted so strangely at the supper table; and then the idea of the son of her servant being invited to take tea with *her*, a born Bottwell! She also felt vexed that her housekeeper was ill, because she had no one on whom to vent her displeasure. Besides, her daughters were in love, and suffering the agony of uncertainty as to whether their love was reciprocated, which made them quite gloomy and cheerless.

Viola did not confide to her mother the secret of her love for Otto Wehlen, but it was observed with what kind attention she, the proud Viola, waited on Mrs. Wehlen, whom she had so much abused. Her mother noticed how careful she was of her appearance when Otto visited his mother, and Viola's assiduous attentions to the sick housekeeper were attributed to her affection for the son. It was mortifying to Mrs. La Monte to think of losing caste by an alliance so degrading to her family, the Bottwells. She took an early opportunity to inform her husband of her suspicions.

"And do you think that the young man loves Viola?" was the anxious query of the husband.

"Not that I know of," answered the wife; "but Mrs. Wehlen is now sick, and of no further use to the family. Have her removed, and then that young man will be deprived of the opportunity to visit our house."

Mr. La Monte would not consent to this, saying that Mrs.

Wehlen worked faithfully for them for nearly twenty years, and should not now be removed from the house, but should be treated as one of the family.

"Do you mean, sir, to keep Mrs. Wehlen in the house against my will!" exclaimed Mrs. La Monte, and added, in a still more angry tone: "You must know, sir, that I am a born Bottwell, and you are—"

"Stop!" interrupted the husband. "You are a born vanity, and have a heart that feels for nothing but vain and empty show; you would sacrifice religion, parents, husband, children, friends, and even virtue, on the altar of vanity! Nothing is right with you, if vanity is not gratified. Vanity like drunkenness, grows and grows, if the passion is not checked."

Mrs. La Monte tried to argue, but the husband waved his hand and said: "*Check your vanity*; don't boast so much as to your birth, your good looks, your wealth and education, for it would not bear an examination: it is full of glaring defects. But if you wish to shine, then shine as the *gem*, of being a faultless, good and wise woman, who honors her husband, a good mother, who endeavors to set before her children a good example; a wife with a sweet temper, with love of order, with a clear judgment, fearing and loving God; a wife who loves the truth, and is an example to her neighbor. If you and your mother would be all this, then you could have some claim of priding yourself as being a born Bottwell; but as it is, what have you to boast of? Did your father or your mother ever accomplish anything, either intellectually, or with the wealth they possess, to promote the welfare of your fellow-men? I pause for an answer."

But Mrs. La Monte made no reply; she bowed her head mournfully, and the husband continued, in a reproaching yet kinder tone:

"All you ever have done was to spend money and abuse me, when I endeavored to check your unnecessary expenses. All your father ever did was to make money. He bought bonds, on which there are no taxes, and kept them; the rest

of his money he used in banking and broker business, exacting as high an interest as his victim could stand. But as for him to subscribe liberally, according to his wealth, for building more railroads, for enlarging our canals, for erecting a church, or to help at least to pay the debt of the same, so that the taxation on the pew-holders might be reduced, giving the poor man a chance to join the congregation—all this is out of the question with him; or to donate liberally to the Relief Fund, to the Home of the Friendless, to the Strangers' Home, to the Orphan Asylum, or other charitable institutions. Your father never gave a cent, and, I presume, he never will. As for your mother, she passes her time before the mirror, and spends all the money she can get for fineries and show. I doubt she ever gave one cent for charitable purposes; she lives in the continued desire to shine, setting an example of demoralizing extravagance. Yes, to such an extent has her vanity grown, that she must have her shoes made of velvet, trimmed with furs, with rosettes; adorned with diamonds and other costly stones. Think of it! A woman of her age, to dress as she does, to lift up her dress in front, so that her costly shoes might be seen! No, still more; her vanity drives her to such an extreme that she must take the shoe off at the supper-table and pass it around to be admired by the company!"

The husband made another pause, strode up and down the room with rapid steps, watching his wife who gave vent to her anger and mortification:

"I wish I never was born, then at least I would have been spared of marrying a man, who says that my father, my mother, and even myself are *nobodies*. Shame, shame on you, to treat a wife in such a manner!"

"It is a shame for a husband, who neglects his duty, to educate his wife, at least to make her sensible to her faults and false pride. You pride yourself continually of being a born Bottwell; but I wish to show you that you have no reason whatever to pride yourself on your birth; you have read in the papers a sketch of your ancestors, and—"

"Please, spare me about my ancestors," exclaimed Mrs. La Monte, imploringly.

"You have no reason to be ashamed of your ancestors; your great grandfather and great grandmother were poor, but honorable and industrious people. They were producers, and not extravagant consumers, like the present Bottwells; they respected the feelings of their fellow-men and were no doubt ready to give a helping hand to the needy, a virtue which neither your parents nor yourself can claim."

"What a fault-finder, what a lecturer you are; your mother must have had a good tongue," ejaculated Mrs. La Monte, sneeringly.

"I will find fault and lecture until Mrs. La Monte is not only a lady in appearance, but a lady in fact," answered the husband, firmly.

"And does Mr. John James La Monte claim to be the perfect gentleman?" asked the wife, mockingly.

"John James La Monte does not claim to be a perfect gentleman; he *aims* to be one, and hopes to succeed in his endeavor," replied the husband.

"I hope he will soon reach the elevated point of being a gentleman, so as to comply to the reasonable request of his wife, to remove a servant from the house who is sick and, therefore, of no further use to the family."

"The request is not reasonable and, therefore, Mr. La Monte is gentleman enough not to comply with your request. Reflect on it, whether it is just and right to remove Mrs. Wehlen from our house in her present condition—she who has lived with us for so many years and helped to raise our children and beside—"

"Don't say anything more to me. I will not listen to you, nor will I speak to you until Mrs. Wehlen has left our house. I am a born Bottwell, and when I will, I will!" exclaimed Mrs. La Monte, emphatically, and left the room.

Days passed on, but Mrs. La Monte would not listen to any remarks which her husband made. She would not speak to him. The children looked on in dismay, and deep gloom

prevailed in the house. Only when Otto came to see his mother there was a streak of sunshine, for Mr. La Monte managed it always so that the young man prolonged his stay.

Matters went on in this way until Mr. La Monte became tired of it, and lost his patience, and resolved to cure Mrs. La Monte of her whim. Coming home from the bank, he opened every bureau, and taking out the fine dresses belonging to his wife, he took them and, after examining them with great attention, threw them on the floor. He also took all the white linen, and shook each piece separately.

Mrs. La Monte looked on in great amazement, saying to herself, "Is my husband getting crazy that he tosses my fine dresses and costly underclothing in such a manner?"

Mr. La Monte took hold even of the box containing the fine laces, opened it, and commenced to shake rudely a handkerchief worth two hundred dollars.

"Mr. La Monte," exclaimed the wife, "what are you looking for?"

The husband made no reply. He took hold of a superb Honiton lace collar, and shook it even more rudely than the handkerchief.

"Pray, husband, what are you looking after? What do you wish to find?"

"*Your tongue!*" answered Mr. La Monte, good naturedly, "for the Counts are coming."

"The Counts Louis and Murat La Monte are coming!" exclaimed Mrs. La Monte, joyfully.

"Here is a telegram I have just received," answered Mr. La Monte, handing his wife the dispatch from Bangor.

Mrs. La Monte read it, and grew deadly pale.

"What! are the noble Counts so poor that they have to make a loan of five hundred dollars? There is some mystery about this. Perhaps they suffered shipwreck, and became reduced."

"Yes, they got wrecked, but not shipwrecked, through gambling and reckless dissipation. I have it from good

authority that they are corrupt and consummate rascals. If that information is correct, the shorter they make their stay in our city the better it will be for the reputation of our family," said the husband, earnestly.

"I hope you are misinformed, and that they are real gentlemen, will fall in love with Rosalind and Viola, and marry them. What happiness for a mother, to have her daughters married to two Counts!" exclaimed Mrs. La Monte, hopefully.

"There is your vanity again! Your vanity would induce you to marry your daughters to those Counts, whose home is beyond the sea, and you would be separated from them. I am certain that both Rosalind and Viola can marry young men from our neighborhood who are noble by nature, and will make as good, and even better husbands. Then they need not leave home and this land when they are married," said Mr. La Monte, earnestly.

A gentle knock was given on the door.

"Come in," said Mrs. La Monte.

Viola entered the room, dressed in a blue velvet riding-dress, with no other ornaments but large white pearl buttons of the best quality, set closely in the front of her slender waist, and on her arm sleeves. Her head was covered in becoming manner with a black-silk beaver hat; she was putting on a pair of dove-colored riding-gauntlets, and under her arm she held a riding-whip, the handle of which was ornamented with gold, nicely engraved. The young lady looked very beautiful, and was somewhat in haste to be off, as she expected a very pleasant ride and gay company.

"Pa," said she, in her most winning tone, "you have perhaps forgotten your promise to take a horseback ride with us this afternoon. Rosalind and Winfred have already mounted their horses, and mine is getting restless. Will you honor us with your company, or shall we go alone?"

"Very acute," muttered the father to himself, with a smile, and addressing his wife, he said, "Please, take a ride with us; we will wait till you are dressed."

"No, husband, I thank you. I wish to put my wardrobe

in order. Viola, the noble Counts Louis and Murat are coming. Ain't you glad?"

"I do not care much for their visit. They have disappointed us, and even given no explanation, which has lowered them much in my esteem."

Mr. La Monte felt happy to hear his daughter express herself thus, and thought, "She has good reasons, she is setting her cap for a real nobleman. The closer I observe Otto Wehlen, the better I like him. He is a capital young man. Viola, is my horse saddled?"

"Yes, pa, everything is ready," answered Viola, promptly.

Mr. La Monte, when bidding his wife good-bye, said, pleasantly: "Have you nothing to give me before I leave?"

"Since you have looked for my tongue so cleverly, I will give you a kiss." The husband smiled, when he received the kiss, yet it was a kiss of mere form. Mrs. La Monte was too much occupied with her vanity to be capable of kissing heartily, and Mr. La Monte was too busy making money, to love as he should. He did not ask for the kiss, for the sake of love, but for the sake of peace; and it is our firm conviction, that no man can become a diplomat and a statesman of the highest order, except he has been married many years, especially to a woman like Mrs. La Monte. In order to illustrate this assertion, we refer our reflecting readers to the administrations of President Buchanan and President Lincoln. Behold the helplessness of the bachelor Buchanan, and the skillful tact and dove-like patience of the married Lincoln. His married life made it a necessity to manage his home affairs with diplomacy and great patience. He grew up with it, and became the *giant* of diplomacy, through patience.

Patience is one of the greatest gifts that man possesses. Patience to bear unreasonableness—patience to listen to the thousand follies, one is compelled to hear—patience to overcome ourselves in the hour of temptation—patience to study—patience to wait till our turn comes—is indispensable to develop our capacities and make of us able and happy human

beings. Reader! whoever you may be, learn and practice patience. You will find it a safe staff as we hobble daily to our grave.

Mrs. La Monte looked from the window after her husband, son and daughters, and proudly exclaimed: "It is, after all, nice to have children! How knightly Winfred looks, and how charming Rosalind and Viola appear on horseback. If the Counts would now come and see them, I am sure that they would fall in love at first sight."

"Where shall we ride?" asked Mr. La Monte.

"Pa, let us ride to the new Metropolitan Park. I have heard so much about it, and have never seen the grounds," said Viola, archly.

"We might ride there as well as anywhere else," observed the father, turning his horse in that direction, and chuckling to himself: "Matters work satisfactorily. Otto said he would ride out this afternoon to the new park; the young people, no doubt, made an appointment; I have no objection. Otto will make a good husband and knows how to arouse the better qualities in Viola. It is wonderful how she has changed since she is in love with the young man. She appears now, more like an angel than the unreasonable maiden she used to be."

Viola was very happy to see that her father so readily consented to her request. "Otto will also come; he said so, in his conversation," and she was anxious to see him on horseback, where he appeared to his best advantage.

Rosalind and Winfred rode ahead; Rosalind listening to her brother, who explained to her the different strata of every hill they passed.

Mr. La Monte rode at the side of Viola, and asked her, "How is Mrs. Wehlen to-day?"

"Much better," answered the daughter. "I never knew what a lady-like woman she is; so patient, so resigned, so hopeful of the future, and not at all proud. Since I am waiting on her, I have become convinced that it is very foolish to be so proud; for we are poor, depending creatures;

the least mishap upsets us, and we are helpless. I thought so when visiting grandfather Bottwell, and noticed his helplessness and agonizing pain. All his wisdom, and all his wealth could not give him help and repose. God only above us, can help him, but He does not seem to hear his prayers. Poor grandfather, I hope he will soon recover; but there is one thing, pa, that I would like to ask you," said Viola, slackening the step of her horse.

"What is it, daughter?" asked the father, affectionately.

"Why did the papers report daily about Mr. Edward Hunting's sickness, and state now joyfully that he is considered out of danger by the very able Dr. Dettmann? Why is there no report and no interest taken about grandfather Bottwell? He is a much older and wealthier man than Mr. Edward Hunting. Pa, can you explain it to me?"

"Yes, Viola. Your grandfather, though a much older and wealthier gentleman than Mr. Edward Hunting, has not used his talents and a portion of his wealth for the welfare of the many; or, in other words, he has not been public spirited. He used all his vast means for selfish purposes. He has taken no interest in the prosperity of the community, further than what directly interested him, and is so considered by his fellow-men. Having taken no interest in them, they now take no interest in him, while Mr. Edward Hunting, by always being a charitable, public-spirited citizen, endeared himself, through his kind acts, to the community. He set a good example, and the public sympathize with him in his ailment, and hope for his recovery. The press only reflects public opinion. My child, *now mark what I say*: The world is a mirror. If you show the mirror a pleasant face, the mirror reflects back a pleasant face; if you show the mirror a sour, peevish, wry face, the mirror reflects back just such a face. In due time, we pass for what we really are, no more, no less. Public opinion seldom errs; it is the verdict of combined wisdom," said Mr. La Monte, in great earnestness.

"Now I comprehend the meaning; when the people say,

like they often do in the cars when they go or come from their business, 'this town will not get another start until we have a good many *first-class* funerals,' and by that they mean that such rich men as grandfather Bottwell, who do nothing for the advancement of their city's prosperity, should die. Ain't this horrid, to wait for a man's death," exclaimed Viola, looking at her father, as much as to say, 'What do you think of it?'

A cold shudder passed through Mr. La Monte's frame, for his conscience said to him, "You are also a rich man, who does nothing for the public welfare. As a wealthy man, it is your duty to use your wealth for the advancement of commerce and the prosperity of the many. If you continue to hoard money, and do no liberal act, the people will joyfully hear of your death, for you are an obstruction, an impediment to public prosperity." Recovering from his conscious review, he said, "Yes, daughter, it is horrid to contemplate that the public should actually wish one to die, but it only shows what a useless life those rich men lead. Truly we live in an age of activity, when it is expected that the rich should use their wealth to push forward commerce, and with it, improvements. To stand back is considered almost a crime. Onward! onward! is now the motto of mankind. Let your presence be felt for the good of the many, or at least be a part of the great body that adds to the knowledge, wealth and happiness of humanity. Fail to do this, and you might as well be under a mound, filling the mission assigned to our bones, to become again a handful of dust, to be mingled with the vast earth and vapor. Truly nothing is lost in this wondrous creation; everything *must*, of its own free will, fill its mission. Failing in it, it must perish before its allotted time, and become again chalk and vapor, unhonored and forgotten by all."

"Papa, see! see!" exclaimed Viola, excitedly.

"What, my daughter?" asked the father, quickly.

"Yonder, on the top of the hill, I see Otto on his horse, waving his hat to us," answered Viola, giving her horse a

touch with her riding whip, and galloping forward in that direction.

Mr. La Monte was taken by surprise to see his daughter Viola so delighted at the sight of Otto Wehlen, and with what joy she hastened to meet him. He spurred his horse to keep up, but Viola was ahead, and greeted Otto before the father reached them, who, however, gladly noticed the happiness of both when they met.

Rosalind and Winfred joined the party, and all were delighted with the beautiful spring weather, and the romantic scenery that presented itself to their view.

Otto was well informed about the plan of the projected Park, and explained to them, in full detail, all the contemplated improvements. He said: "It will be one of the grandest Parks in the world, and the people will flock here with their little ones to enjoy God's great gift, *pure air*. Parks are the lungs of a city; every ten squares ought to have, at least, a ten-acre Park, with plenty of walks, and shady trees, and water spouts, to please the sight, and amuse the little ones."

"Are you the friend of the people?" asked Viola, looking admiringly at Otto.

"I am, and hope always to be," answered the young man, promptly. "But why do you ask?"

"Why," exclaimed Viola, blushing and hesitatingly, "because I would like to see you loved and honored by all."

"You make me happy, very happy, by your remarks," observed Otto, joyfully, and continued, "but to —" He could not finish his sentence, for his horse felt the rider's nervousness, and gave a quick start, which Otto did not check, and Viola gladly galloped at the side of him she loved.

Seeing that they were far ahead of Mr. La Monte, Rosalind and Winfred, they mutually reined in their horses, and Otto said: "To be loved and honored by all *should be the aim of all*, and those who enjoy the great bliss of being loved and honored by all must feel happy; but it would not com-

plete my happiness, except I were loved and honored by you, Miss La Monte, as my darling wife."

"It fills my heart with proud emotion to be solicited by you to become your wife. You have my consent, if you can get that of my dear parents," answered the loving maiden, gently, deep blushes mantling her cheeks, and her beautiful eyes filling with happy tears.

"Then let us seal our betrothment with an *everlasting kiss*," exclaimed Otto, happily, wheeling his horse nearer to the beloved Viola, who unhesitatingly accepted the first kiss from him who possessed her heart.

On they rode, over hill and dale. They no longer noticed the beautiful scenery which surrounded them; the whole world, with its responsibilities, was forgotten by the young couple; they talked only of *their holy love*, their happiness now, and their happiness to come.

Swift as the wind, and his horse foaming, Winfred followed them, exclaiming: "Why, where are you riding! We are now miles away from home; it is getting late; father said you should return."

"Did he?" answered Viola. "Our ride is so pleasant that we hardly noticed the distance and the time."

"You must have enjoyed your ride and the scenery wonderfully, not to notice how late it was getting; and not even to hear my call."

"Yes," added Otto, with a happy smile, looking at Viola, "we have been enjoying our ride finely, and will now often take an exercise, as the season advances; won't we?" he asked, archly.

"Of course we will, if pa will allow it," answered Viola, nodding her head.

"You ride too fast for me," observed Winfred. "When I take a ride, I ride slowly, in order to take in the scenery, and to speculate on geology as I pass on."

"Geology is a very instructive study," remarked Otto, "and one that requires a good deal of observation and

research, but which richly repays for investigation and care."

Winfred now gave his views on this subject, and thus conversing, they reached their residence. Otto did not enter, but requested Viola to remember him kindly to both mothers.

Mrs. La Monte, who was waiting for her children, was delighted to see Viola so overjoyed and happy, the healthful ride making her look even more beautiful. She kissed her daughter, saying, "Viola, you must have enjoyed your ride splendidly. You look as beautiful and happy as a bride. O, if these Counts were only here to see you; one of them would be sure to fall in love with you, and make you the Countess La Monte."

Viola made no reply. She felt sad when she thought of the great disappointment she would give to her mother, to hear that she was not the bride of Count La Monte, but of Otto Wehlen, whose mother was their cook. For the first time did she look upon her engagement with Otto in this light. "He, the son of Mrs. Wehlen, her betrothed and future husband! But what of it? Is not Otto a gentleman of fine culture and good habits, and is his mother not a good and honest woman? What more should a girl desire but to marry a young man of good health, and of good character, whom she loves, and whose parents, though poor, are honest and respectable?" With these thoughts, and without even taking off her riding suit, she hastened to Mrs. Wehlen, who, for the first time since her sickness, was sitting in her chair. Entering the room, she said in her most winning voice: "Mrs. Wehlen, papa, Rosalind, Winfred, and myself took a horseback ride, and we met Otto, who commissioned me to give you his love."

"Thank you, Viola. You are very kind to have called on me even before you changed your riding dress. How is my dear son?"

"He is enjoying very good health, and is the most accomplished horseman I ever met," observed Viola.

"Thank God, that I have a son who, whatever he does,

does it well, so your good father informs me; and to a mother, it is the greatest blessing on earth to have good and useful children."

"Mrs. Wehlen," said Viola, in a very meek and humiliating voice and manner, "I have, in my foolish moments, often offended you, and said and done many things to hurt your feelings, for which I feel very sorry and repentant. I now ask your forgiveness and pardon."

She could say no more, but threw herself upon her knees, and grasping the meager, hard-worked hand of Mrs. Wehlen, she covered it with kisses, while tears were flowing down her beautiful cheeks. She moaned and cried: "Forgive me! forgive me!"

"Arise, my child; calm yourself; you are forgiven, for you have amply repaid me by your great attention and kindness through my sickness. Now, don't cry; it makes me sad to see you weep; for having, with God's assistance, saved your life, I always looked upon you as my child, my daughter."

"And I am your daughter. Your noble son has to-day asked me to become his wife, and I have consented, and am forever his. Kiss me, mother," implored the repenting maiden, embracing Mrs. Wehlen, most affectionately.

Mrs. Wehlen could hardly believe her senses. "Viola, the proud Viola, betrothed to her son, and she, the poor, the despised Mrs. Wehlen, to be now the mother-in-law of Mrs. John James La Monte's daughter! How mysterious are the ways of Heaven, for surely the finger of God is in all this. What next?" thought she, trying to collect her mind.

The door was violently opened, and Mrs. La Monte entered, apparently in ill humor. Seeing her proud daughter, Viola in the embrace of Mrs. Wehlen, she was for the moment dumbfounded, but soon the wrath which had for some time been raging within her, broke out, and with the words, "You good-for-nothing old witch, you are bewitching my daughter; you have bewitched my husband, who will not remove you from the house. I will kill you, and get rid of

you," she sprang with the agility of an enraged tigress toward the mantel-piece, and grasping the iron poker, was about hurling it at the head of the innocent Mrs. Wehlen, when Viola quickly took hold of her mother's uplifted arm, and in a firm voice said:

"Ma, for God's sake, don't! for I am Otto Wehlen's bride!"

The poker fell from the hand of Mrs. La Monte.

"My daughter, the grandchild of the Bottwells, betrothed to the son of my cook!" She uttered one unnatural shriek of pain, and fainted.

Mrs. Wehlen and Viola quickly assisted and tried to revive the unhappy Mrs. La Monte. Mr. La Monte heard the shriek of distress. He hastened to Mrs. Wehlen's room, and seeing his wife lying senseless on the floor, he exclaimed:

"Mrs. Wehlen, Viola, what is the matter?"

He took a pitcher of cold water, and bathed the face and head of his wife. "Tell me what has happened." But Mrs. Wehlen and Viola remained silent.

The wife soon recovered her consciousness, but her eyes looked vaguely and strangely around.

"There is no justice," she exclaimed, "there is no God, else I would not have married the son of a washwoman! And now my daughter wishes to marry the son of a cook! There is no justice, there is no God!" moaned she, tearing her hair.

"Theodosia, calm yourself. Remember that you are a *Christian woman, a born Bottwell*, whom it behooves to be resigned and calm. You show too much weakness. Don't lament so. Collect yourself. Arise, and look up to Him, our Heavenly Father. Don't tear your hair. As a human being you have no right to do so, for you are *God's image*. As a Christian it is your duty to be meek, to be resigned, to be merciful unto others," said the husband in a tremulous voice. But these words had no effect on Mrs. La Monte, the born Bottwell, and she began to weep as if her very heart would break.

Mr. La Monte paused, but suddenly clapped his hands and exclaimed:

"I hear a carriage coming. I guess the Counts have arrived!"

At the words, "The Counts have arrived," Mrs. La Monte ceased crying. She quickly dried her tears, and adjusted her dress. Mr. La Monte offered her his arm, saying:

"I will assist you to your room, where you can make your toilet. Rosalind will assist you." Turning to Viola, he said, in a commanding voice, "Viola, go at once to your room, and dress as for an evening reception. When done, come to the reception room."

"Yes, my child, go and do your best to appear well before the noble Counts. You always have been my good daughter, and you will, to please me, give up this notion to marry the son of an old cook, when you might as well marry a Count, and become the Countess La Monte," said Mrs. La Monte.

The father gave a sign to Viola not to make any reply. After escorting his wife to her room, he hurried to the stable, and ordered Jim to harness the horses to the carriage as quickly as possible, and to drive to the front door. "Be brisk, my lad," said he.

Mr. La Monte then went to the front door, and pulled the door-bell violently. He took his night-key, opened the door, and said, in a loud voice:

"So, grandfather is worse, and sends for us. Did he wish us to come?"

He paused, and then continued:

"You say he did. Well, just hurry back, and tell him we are coming directly."

When closing the door, he had the satisfaction to hear Jim coming noiselessly with the carriage. He hurried up stairs to his wife, saying:

"The Counts did not come; the carriage we heard was from grandfather."

"I heard the bell, went to the stairs and listened to all. Poor father! I am sorry he is not getting better. But must I go there to-night? Would it not answer as well for you and Winfred to visit father, and to let me know how he is?"

Gladly would Mr. La Monte have staid at home with his wife, but he knew it to be necessary to give her a change of air, and, while doing so, gradually to inform her that Otto Wehlen were an excellent young man, of great ability and an unerring good judgment; that he were five times richer than himself, he being worth only two hundred thousand dollars, while Otto Wehlen was worth a million in real estate; and that Viola would make a splendid match, and that all the young ladies of the city would envy her. There was another reason for not having his wife at home that evening—because he expected Otto to ask their consent to the betrothal of their daughter Viola, and if Mrs. La Monte were not prepared, she might treat the young man with disrespect and contempt, and insult him in such a manner that he would consider it as being against his own manhood to solicit her consent any further, and so spoil his great game.

All that passed through Mr. La Monte's mind when he said:

"No, dear; father sends for us, and it is our duty to go."

"Then I will dress and go; but Viola must go with us; I will not leave her at home with that witch Wehlen."

"Of course, Viola will go with us."

This just suited Mr. La Monte, for he did not wish Viola to be home when Otto came that evening. He quickly went to Viola's room, knocked on the door, and said:

"Viola, I and mother will visit grandfather this evening; dress yourself to go with us. I am in haste, please, be quick." He then sought Rosalind, and said:

"Daughter, as soon as I, your mother, and Viola have left, you will go to Mrs. Wehlen, and try to excuse your mother for her harsh treatment and insulting words. Don't leave her until we return, and if Otto should come, you may inform him, in the course of conversation, that grandfather feels worse, and has sent for us. I request you not to leave Otto alone with his mother this evening, and manage it so that Otto leaves the house before eleven. Inform Winfred

of all I said, so that he may assist you in carrying out my instructions."

"Yes, pa, I will do as you direct," answered Rosalind, receiving a kiss from her father in return.

Mr. La Monte then went to the coachman and said: "Jim, you will drive very slow to the Bottwells and back. In case Mrs. La Monte should order you to drive faster, do so; but make up by driving to and fro, for I do not wish to return before eleven."

"Yes, sir," answered Jim, respectfully; but after Mr. La Monte left he went on soliloquizing: "Mr. La Monte is a rich man, but not for all his money would I have a wife like his. For weeks she would not talk to him, and I wonder how he made her talk again. Now, he comes and orders to harness the horses to the carriage as quick as lightning; then he comes again and orders to drive very slow, and if Mrs. La Monte would order to drive faster, to do so; but to make it up in driving about, since he does not wish to be back before eleven. It takes a wiser head than mine to unravel the riddle; but I am satisfied he knows what he is about, for to keep that wife of his out of mischief, he must be a very smart man."

Mr. and Mrs. La Monte and Viola soon made their appearance, and entered the carriage. "Jim, this is rather a dark night; you will please drive with great caution. Keep your eyes on the horses and road," commanded Mr. La Monte.

"Yes, sir, I will be careful," was the respectful response of the coachman.

Viola was very sad, and suppressed a deep sigh when she looked out from the carriage window. She beheld Otto galloping toward her house, and would gladly have given up all her jewels, which she so highly valued, if she only could meet him in the cozy room of Mrs. Wehlen. Mr. La Monte, too, observed the young man riding toward his house, and thought how well he had guessed that the young man would come and pop to him the great question. "How disappointed Otto will be," said he to himself, "when he does not find us

at home; but so it is, when one has neglected, from the very beginning, to educate his wife, and impress in her mind that by her marriage the husband's welfare must be her first consideration, and that his word must be respected by her as a law of 'Mount Sinai.'"

"Who is riding there?" said Mrs. La Monte, observing Otto.

"I guess one of those mounted policemen whom our municipal government has lately appointed for the suburbs. It was a measure advocated by your father on my suggestion. I have drawn up the resolutions for him," said Mr. La Monte.

"My father has influence enough to carry any measures in the council. If he only would have turned his attention to politics, he, no doubt, would have become the President of the United States. How well it would have sounded, 'President Bottwell!' But I think you are mistaken," continued Mrs. La Monte, "the rider I have seen looked to me like that hateful son of that hateful Mrs. Wehlen."

At these words, Miss Viola broke out in tears, such as angels weep, for they were her first tears of deep sympathy for her future husband, and she exclaimed: "Mother, your disrespect and contempt toward my dear, beloved Otto and his mother is breaking my heart; it is killing me!"

"I don't care if it does. You had no business to fall in love and engage yourself to that young man, who is the son of a cook, when your cousins, the Counts Louis and Murat are expected every minute; and one of them will, no doubt, lay his heart, his title, and his fortune at your feet, and you would become the Countess La Monte, and perhaps even the first Lady of Honor at the great Court of France. Foolish girl! you have thrown away your fortune, and disappointed your mother in her fondest expectations! Viola, once I have loved you as my dearest child, for you were more like me than the rest; but now, as the bride of Otto Wehlen, I hate the very sight of you!" and the angry mother lifted up her hand to strike the once beloved and now despised Viola.

"Pa!" exclaimed the unhappy daughter, "please order Jim to stop, and let me out. Ma hates the very sight of me. I wish to wander in the wide world, so that she might never see me again!" taking a hold of the door knob, and trying to open the door.

Mr. La Monte quickly removed Viola's hand, and ordered: "Jim, drive as fast as you can to my bank; be quick, my lad."

"Yes, sir," was Jim's prompt response, who said to himself: "Is that man crazy, or his wife, or his daughter, or am I crazy? Orders and counter-orders! But I must stick to my mother's advice, who said, 'Jim to retain a place long and with good wages, a servant must promptly obey and ask no questions, for those who possess too much wealth, are always somewhat cracked in their notions.'" Jim let the spirited horses feel the whip, and drove on with such a speed as to give the occupants of the carriage no chance to talk, the carriage jolting from one side to the other, and compelling them to keep their position on the seats.

The bank was reached, but Mrs. La Monte declined to leave the carriage. She wanted to visit her father; she had no business in the bank. "Theodosia, be reasonable," pleaded the husband. "You and Viola are much excited, and can not, therefore, call on your sick father, beside that, I want to show you something that is worth a million of dollars, and which, if nothing happens, will soon belong to the family."

"Then we will be millionaires?" asked Mrs. La Monte, quickly.

"Of course we will," answered Mr. La Monte, reaching forth his hand and assisting his wife and daughter from the carriage. He opened the bank, locking it quickly after him.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. La Monte, "it is so dark and dreary here."

"Do not be afraid. I will soon light the gas," remarked the husband, looking for a match.

Mrs. La Monte said to herself: "At last, I see a ray of hope, for as soon as my husband is worth a million of dol-

lars, he must move his whole family to Europe and assume the title of his family, and become Count John James La Monte, and I the Countess La Monte. Let, now, Viola marry that Otto Wehlen, if she pleases; but she will not move to France and share in our glory, a million of dollars. What a pile of money! and what can we not purchase for it!"

As soon as Mr. La Monte had lit the gas, his wife exclaimed: "Please, be quick and show me that which is worth a million dollars and will soon belong to the family."

"Not yet. There is a story connected with it, which I must first relate; please, be seated," rolling a comfortable arm-chair to his wife, and one to Viola.

"Now listen," and he commenced: "About twenty-two years ago, there was a young man, of good address, and of good habits, of an excellent character and high aspirations, but of humble birth. He mingled in the best society, and saw a young lady, who belonged to what is called a first-class family. She was handsome, and could sing and play on the piano beautifully. She conversed charmingly, and her whole bearing was graceful and highly accomplished. The young man thought: 'that young lady, so beautiful and so angel-like in appearance, will make a good wife.' He courted her, proposed and was accepted, married and went to housekeeping, but lo! that accomplished young lady was entirely unacquainted with the duties of housekeeping. She did not know how to sweep a room, how to make up a bed, how to kindle a fire, how to prepare the simplest meal. They hired servants, but the angel-like young lady had a bad temper. She scolded the servants from morning until night. The servants left. None would stay where the lady of the house was unreasonable and quarrelsome. Daily they had to advertise for servants, and daily they changed. At last none would answer the advertisement, and the house of the young couple was one of disorder and discomfort, dissatisfaction and discontentment. Finally the young wife proposed that she would return to her parents, and if the husband declined to make his home also with her

parents, he could go his own way; she had enough of married life.

"The young husband reasoned with his wife, and performed himself the greatest part of housework. Soon time passed on, and the young wife became a mother of a beautiful daughter. The father was in hope that this young plant would awaken in the young mother's breast a new energy, an energy to be more self-relying, to be less vain, and to do the household duties with a good will; but alas! that accomplished young lady had a mother who, for vanity's sake and downright laziness, disliked to have children, and managed to have only one, which *one* she instructed to be sure and have not more than one child, because to have more children deprive the mothers of their beauty, and beside children were such a bother, such an expense, that one were compelled to have more servants, with whom it were so difficult to get along; that one might as well have no children and thus save the money and spend it on their own dresses and jewels. The young wife well remembered her mother's advice and instructions, and treated the young infant with cruel neglect. The young husband thought different; his heart would have broken if that little innocent being would have died, for he looked upon the life of that infant as the only salvation of his married life, as the only hope of getting along with the young wife, the former *modern, accomplished* young lady, who as a wife, his helpmate, a mother, could not and would not cook even a cup of tea for the babe, when suffering with colic.

Mrs. La Monte buried her face in her hands, and closed her eyes. She saw her own past before her vision. The husband proceeded:

"To save the life of the baby a good housekeeper was indispensable. The young husband, almost despairing, hunted for such a housekeeper, and at last found one, a poor widow-woman with a little boy. He made a bargain with her that if she would take good care of his baby and his household

affairs, he would take good care of her boy and try to raise him to become a useful and honorable citizen."

"Please, stop," exclaimed Mrs. La Monte, "I did not come here to hear a story."

"It is not a story, it is a *Tale of Real Life*," answered the husband, promptly. "That poor woman helped to raise three children, who are now their parents' hope and pride."

"And what became of the boy whom the young husband took charge of?" asked Viola, greatly interested.

"That boy is now a young man of great ability and exemplary habits, and who has invested his savings in unimproved real estate, which, through most fortunate circumstances, is now worth a million of dollars."

"And what is that young man's name?" asked Viola, nervously.

"Otto Wehlen," answered the father.

"Otto, my Otto, a millionaire!" exclaimed Viola, rushing toward her father, and repeating the question.

"Yes, my dear daughter, it is your betrothed. I most heartily congratulate you," ejaculated the father, true happiness beaming on his face.

"Otto Wehlen, the son of Mrs. Wehlen, a millionaire!" exclaimed Mrs. La Monte. "And I, a born Bottwell, the wife of a husband who is only worth two hundred thousand dollars! There is no justice! there is no God! I wish I had never been born! I wish I would die, to be spared to see my daughter married to the son of a cook, and that cook now to live in grander splendor than myself! Death, come and end my misery," moaned the personification of vanity.

The husband looked at his lamenting wife, and was, for the moment, but only for the moment, at loss how to pacify and win her consent to Viola's engagement with Otto Wehlen, and, above all, to induce his wife to treat the mother of their future son-in-law, if even only with common courtesy.

He opened the great bank safe, and brought forth a large map of the contemplated new park, spread it out on the table, and said:

"Mrs. La Monte and Viola, please step here, and I will show you the million of dollars I have referred to."

Viola approached the table, not so Mrs. La Monte. The husband continued:

"To-morrow we may expect the noble Count Louis and Count Murat La Monte."

At these words the wife looked up. Mr. La Monte noticed it, and continued:

"When the noble Counts arrive, we will have to show them our real estate possessions, which, unfortunately, are not large, as mine and your father Bottwell's wealth mostly consists of United States bonds (a perfect godsend for those who do not like to pay taxes). The noble Counts, being accustomed to see large land estates, will consider us rather poor. But, fortunately, Otto's wealth consists of land property, being not less than twenty acres near the new park, and as we may now consider Otto as one of the family, his property may be looked upon as our own, and you had better, dear," addressing his wife directly, "come and take a look at this map, so that when you take a ride in your grand new carriage with the noble Counts, you may point out to them these lots which belong to your future son-in-law. Please, come. It is very important, for the day after Viola's marriage, I will resign my position as cashier in the bank, in favor of Otto, and become the president of the bank. I will then ask a leave of absence, and Mrs. President La Monte, with her husband, will go to Europe to visit the Count Pierre La Monte and his family. But in order to be well received, we must now show to his sons that we are among the millionaires of our native land."

This was said with so much eloquence that it produced a magical effect on Mrs. La Monte. She approached the table to look on the map, in order to be well informed where the lots were situated belonging to her future son-in-law.

Mr. La Monte took special pains to point out the great advantages of this property, and according to his calculation it was worth even more than a million of dollars. "But," said

he, "what pleases me most about this piece of property is that it lies at a point where every one who enters the Park will see it, and every one will say, 'that valuable piece of property belongs to Cashier Wehlen, who married a daughter of President La Monte, a grandchild of the Bottwells.'"

Mrs. La Monte was so delighted with the pretty picture which the eloquence of her husband drew before her, that she even kissed him, exclaiming enthusiastically, "I feel so happy, because every one will envy us," and addressing her daughter, she said, "Viola, you will now be four times richer than your poor mother."

"You are mistaken," remarked her husband, "you must remember that your parents are worth over half a million of dollars, of which you are the sole heir. With that and my property, you are as rich as Viola will be. Let me also remark that when we are in France, and like it there, we may make that country our future home, and to please you, my dear, I will assume the titles of my ancestors."

"Then I will be the Countess La Monte!" exclaimed the wife, joyfully.

"You shall be called Countess La Monte, and I hope to introduce you at the Royal Court of France with all the dignity due"—he had it on his lips to say "due to an American citizen," but American citizenship was at a discount with the born Bottwell, of whom, alas! we have a great many in this country. So the husband said, "due to your exalted position as a noble Countess of France."

Mrs. La Monte was now very happy. Her husband gladly observed it, and said, "In order to carry out my plans, the marriage between Otto and Viola is indispensable. Do you now, with your own free will, consent to that union?"

"I do," answered the wife, promptly.

At these words, Viola embraced her mother, covered her with ardent kisses, and thanked her.

"If you do consent to this marriage, and do not wish that Otto should break his partial engagement, you must make

up with Mrs. Wehlen. Do as Viola did; beg her forgiveness, for you have acted wrong toward her."

"Could you not do it for me?" asked Mrs. La Monte.

"No, I can not; you must do it, and secure her forgiveness and friendship before she sees her son. I will assist you, however, if you so desire."

"Then I will see Mrs. Wehlen to-night. You will go with me to her room, and put in a good word for me, if necessary."

"I will," said the husband, looking at the clock. "Why," said he, "it is nearly a quarter to eleven; let us now drive home; it is too late to visit the grandfather." He folded the map, placed it in the safe, and locked the same. They soon entered the carriage, and Mr. La Monte ordered the coachman to drive briskly home.

With what different feelings did the occupants of that carriage now drive home! Each of them was hopeful and happy, made so through the intellectual power, patience and masterly tact of the husband and father. And you, my noble reader, if you sincerely wish to become successful in your honest calling, you must persevere in your endeavors to obtain intellectual power. Plenty of patience and masterly tact, coupled with good health and good habits, is the surest road to success.

When they reached their home, Rosalind told her father that soon after he left she went to Mrs. Wehlen, whom she found weeping and crying as she had never seen her before. "She lamented most piteously," said the daughter, "prayed to God and implored that the spirit of her departed husband might look down upon her in this trying hour, and pray for her, to give her strength and wisdom to act righteously toward you, her benefactor. I have tried my very best to pacify her, but could not succeed. All at once we heard some one approaching the house on horseback, and I exclaimed, 'Mrs. Wehlen, your son has come; please stop crying, or he will feel so unhappy.' 'Yes,' answered she, quickly drying her tears, 'he must not know what I suffer. I suffer

gladly for him.' Otto soon entered the room and kissed his mother. He noticed her depressed state of mind and her tears, and questioned her with great anxiety as to the cause of her unhappiness, but she said that her tears were tears of joy; that she gave thanksgiving to God for having restored her to health, and so permit her to live and see her son praised and honored; that she felt very proud because Otto treated her with so much respect and attention. She also told him how Viola, without taking off her riding suit, came at once to her with the compliments of Otto, and how Viola had praised him, and that all this made her feel so happy."

"How long did Otto remain with his mother?" asked the father, anxiously.

"About half an hour; his mother requested him to go in the reception-room, or parlor, and play to me. She desired to be alone, as she felt tired and wished to sleep. I then went in the parlor and we played and sung until near a quarter to eleven, when he left for his home."

"You are a noble girl, Rosalind. By-the-bye, this afternoon I received a letter for you. See what confidence I have in your good sense; I did not even break the seal; here is the letter just as I received it."

Rosalind looked at the address, and recognizing at once the hand-writing of her dear beloved Charles Hunting, she bid her parents good-night, quickly went to her room and read Charles' letter, which we have laid before our reader in a previous chapter.

Rosalind read the letter once, twice, thrice, and each word seemed to give her new life and hope. She kissed the precious letter, and falling on her knees she prayed from the inmost recesses of her soul:

"God, thou Heavenly Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard my prayers and granted my supplications, that my dearly beloved Charles should turn from the path of ruin to the path of virtue, usefulness, and righteousness, and become a worthy son under thy holy vision; an honorable man who lives up to thy gracious precepts, a lord of earthly creation,

who subdues the wilderness and makes the earth bloom like a paradise, who acknowledges thee, thou great Omnipotent and merciful Ruler, as the God of all creation, the Father of mankind, the Giver of all that is good."

Tears, those tears that heal and make us hopeful, fell fast down the maiden's cheek, who continued with the same fervency:

"I thank thee, my gracious Father, for the great goodness that thou hast bestowed on men, to be hopeful, to long to pray to thee, and for thy heavenly mercy; that thou hearest their prayers, if they are sincere and come from a pure heart, which bears no malice toward the rest of thy children, but which aims to *do unto others as they want to be done by*. I thank thee God, my Rock, my Hope, for the happiness here, and the happiness *hereafter*, when my soul will return to thee, the Giver. I thank thee, *Holy One*, for the bliss I enjoyed to read this letter from him I love, and to whom I am betrothed in my heart. Thou Sovereign of the Universe, be with him in his resolve to become a nature's nobleman, who endeavors to act God-like."

The door opened and Viola entered. Seeing her sister on her knees praying, she approached her and falling herself, too, on her knees at her sister's side, she said: "I, too, feel like praying; but I can not pray. I have never tried to pray; my mother always discouraged me to pray. She said only poor people and fools pray. You, Rosalind, have not listened to her advice, but allowed yourself to be instructed by that good Mrs. Wehlen, and now you can pray so beautifully, and it seems to do you so much good. You look happier and handsomer after you have prayed."

Rosalind arose, and drying her tears, she said, "It is a heavenly bliss to pray. When I pray, I feel myself nearer to the Throne of Grace. I behold, in my vision, the great Jehovah, surrounded by thousands of seraphim who sing the *sweetest, the most heavenly melodies*. The soul bows in humility before the King of all the kings, before the Cause of all the causes, and I return to myself inspired with the

love for God, with the love for my fellow-creatures, and the heavenly light, I have seen, rests on my features. That celestial luster makes me look beautiful without powder and paint," said Rosalind, looking like a priestess of old.

"You look more like an angel than a girl of twenty; the very rustle of your dress seems to be full of dignity and resignation," remarked Viola.

"I feel that God has created me for a great purpose, which is nothing less than to make man happy. Woman is, therefore, God's appointed guardian of man's happiness—woman is God's earthly angel, and, as God's angel, she must be pure, good, dignified, forbearing, forgiving; and being all this, she is fully able to fulfill her mission, for which the All-Wise has created her," was the prompt reply of Rosalind. "But why do you remain on your knees, you do not pray; and why do you wish to pray, Viola, whom I have never seen praying before?"

"I am so happy, and I wish to thank God for my happiness, and don't know how," answered Viola.

"Poor sister, I pity you, that you do not know how to give thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father; you must request good Mrs. Wehlen to teach you how to pray; she can pray more fervently than our gay-looking, new minister, who mounts the pulpit with the air of a star actor, and reads and preaches like an uneducated back-woodsman. No wonder that half the pews are empty, and the occupants of the other half become so little interested by the senseless and bad delivery of the officiating minister, that they get drowsy, and some of the worshipers take their comfortable nap, from which they are aroused only by the welcome benediction of the fashionable minister," said Rosalind, earnestly.

"You are a good critic, Rosalind; if it were not for the fashion to be seen at church, to admire and criticise our dresses, I would just as well stay at home, for I never remember anything of the prayers and sermon; they seem so dry," remarked Viola.

It is the fault of the preacher, who does not select the right

text; he ought to draw a picture of '*Real Life*,' show before his hearers their own daily acts, so full of sins, the consequences of which are immorality, misery, and unhappiness, filling the land with crying shame and crime. Why do our ministers devote so much time and thought to save, as they say, the heathens in foreign lands, when right in their midst, around them, they have a large field of great sinners to work upon!" exclaimed the pious Rosalind, with great energy.

"What denomination do you refer to? I hope that you do not mean"—

"I mean," interrupted Rosalind, "every denomination, be they Jews or Christians, of any sect. The ministers, with a very few exceptions, do not do their duty toward their congregations; they most shamefully quarrel among themselves, about tenets, doctrines, and dogmas, and in consequence of all this controversy, the flock intrusted to their spiritual care, becomes demoralized, and society loses the benefit and great advantage of true, enlightened religious instruction, which arouses the better qualities of men, which softens the heart and brings us nearer to Heaven." The noble maiden paused, a heavy sigh escaped her breast, when she continued, in a deep, mournful tone: "Where are those happy days, when the people had pastors who preached and practiced *humility* and *piety*? But, alas! now our pastors and our places of worship are mere bazars of fashion, where not the seed of humility and piety, but the seed of vanity is sown, and takes such a deep root, that it actually threatens to destroy all that is good and noble in man. Through *vanity*, thousands of mothers neglect their children, who die an early death, or become *brutes covered in fine clothes*—who have not received those great lessons to love God and their fellow-men—and those refined manners, which only a good mother can impress on the mind of the child. Through *vanity*, thousands of households are made miserable, and whole families rushed to ruin. To gratify *vanity* thousands of men become dishonest, and thousands of women sacrifice, on the altar of vanity, their priceless possession, '*Holy Virtue*,' and what is worse,

their number is daily increasing, and our modern civilization has baptized this crime '*The Social Evil*.' This is all it can do; it has not *the moral courage to do more*; modern society is too busy making money, for it takes a great deal of money to live up to fashions and gratify *vanity*."

Rosalind again paused, heaved another sigh, and continued, in a still more earnest and solemn tone: "*Vanity*, thou faithful ally of the evil spirit, thou hast well succeeded of late, and carriest thy banner high, for thy followers are countless legions. Thou hast enlisted in thy ranks a large number of two of the most powerful representatives on earth—'*women and priests*.' The one aims to shine and outshine; the other grasps, with a firm grip, for political power; and consequently the first neglects her womanly duty, and the other the celestial calling, and society at large is looking on, gaping in idleness.

"Charles Hunting, my dear, beloved Charles, bad as you are, or have been, I forgive you, for you are the victim of vanity; you are the victim of society's criminal neglect. Thy vain mother took not the time to warn you against temptation, and society; our fashionable society, our advanced civilized society, kindly permits temptations, in their worst forms, to meet you at every corner—yes, even opposite the very college—to allure the sons, the future hope of our country, to ruin and shame! Dear Charles, you are the victim of vanity; you are the victim of our modern civilization. May my pure and holy love for you redeem you, and rescue you from an ignoble destruction; and may some powerful pen —"

"Rosalind," interrupted Viola, "please stop with your remarks, or I will surely get the headache."

"You here, Viola! I did not notice you; I was speaking to myself," exclaimed Rosalind, and all of a sudden grasping Viola's arm, she asked: "Did you hear all I said?"

"Yes, I did," answered the sister, frankly.

"Then you know now that I love Charles Hunting?"

"That explains to me your sadness, and your beautiful

prayers, and the good understanding that existed between you and the good Mrs. Wehlen."

"Viola, it is a riddle to me why you now call Mrs. Wehlen 'the good Mrs. Wehlen,' and treat her so kindly, whom you formerly so much disliked and ill-treated."

"It is no riddle; I love her son, and from the day I began to love Otto, I also began to like his mother, who, in a few weeks, will be my mother-in-law, for I am the bride of Otto Wehlen," said Viola, blushing.

"I congratulate you, sister, for Otto Wehlen is a noble young man; but I pity him, that he has chosen you as his wife, for you are too vain to make him a good wife, and your vanity will, in a few short weeks, let him feel that he is the son of a cook, and you a born La Monte, a grandchild of Bottwell," said Rosalind, earnestly.

Viola became livid with anger, and said: "Rosalind, you ought to know me better than to think that I will be so silly, and treat my husband in such a manner!"

"Viola, I know you, and as your oldest sister, have a right to say to you that you are a very proud and vain girl—one that likes to make a grand show, and prides herself on her birth and station. Otto being only a bank teller, unable to gratify your vanity, you will get angry, and lash him with your tongue, as you have often done to the good Mrs. Wehlen."

"Rosalind, you are mistaken; Otto is not a mere bank teller; he is worth a million of dollars."

"Otto Wehlen worth a million of dollars!" exclaimed Rosalind, greatly surprised.

While Viola relates to her sister all that has passed between herself and parents in the carriage, and in the bank, the patient reader will visit the good Mrs. Wehlen.

Poor woman! After Mrs. La Monte had left the room, she picked up the poker, and was thinking what a terrible effect a blow from such a weapon, in the hands of an enraged woman, would have had on her. "She would have murdered me," she said, "if it would not have been for the timely

interference of Viola—and Viola my future daughter-in-law! Is this a dream, or reality? Viola, the proud Viola, the daughter of the proud Mrs. John James La Monte, to be the bride of my son, Otto Wehlen! Truly, the ways of God are wondrous. But shall I consider it a blessing or a curse? If it comes from the hand of God, it is a blessing; but to stay now any longer in this house is impossible.

"Mrs. La Monte has called me an old witch, and will treat me as a witch. She would burn me alive, if she could, sooner than to become related to me by the marriage of my son to her pet daughter, Viola. I must leave this house, for my life is now in danger; but what an effect will my leaving the house have on my dear son's *prospect* in life? Will he not lose his position as a teller in the bank? will it not interfere with his marriage to Viola? and to break his engagement with the girl he loves may make him miserable for life; for Viola is beautiful, and of fine manners, if she wishes to be, and young men, in spite of all, will love beautiful and graceful maidens.

"No, I can not leave this house yet; my dear son's welfare demands that I should stay and suffer; but, O God! how long yet!" exclaimed she, weeping. The good mother wept as she never had wept before.

Rosalind, the noble Rosalind entered, and seeing her confidential friend weeping and lamenting, inquired the cause of her distress; but Mrs. Wehlen could or would not tell; and as Rosalind, too, was very unhappy, on account of the prolonged silence of Charles Hunting, she felt like weeping, and none being at home except her brother, she could now cry to her heart's content. Only the arrival of Otto made them cease crying, for both were anxious to suppress their grief and appear cheerful. But notwithstanding all this Otto noticed that both had been weeping. He questioned his mother, but she avoided the question as well as she could, and Otto as a good son and real gentleman did not press his question. "But why should Rosalind cry? What should trouble her young and beautiful mind? Did she know of

his engagement to her sister, and did she perhaps envy her? No; she did not know of the engagement or else she would have congratulated him. Something else must trouble the young lady." All this passed the thoughts of young Wehlen and he was very anxious to see Rosalind leave the room, for he wished to inform his mother of the important step he had taken; but Rosalind was an obedient daughter. She remembered her father's instructions and stood guard, like one of Napoleon's body guards; Mrs. Wehlen also wished to congratulate her son, but thought she had better not in the presence of Rosalind. Both mother and son waited that Rosalind should leave them to themselves, but Rosalind kept on conversing about this and that, and Mrs. Wehlen readily guessed that Rosalind remained in her room by direct instruction of her father, for she knew Mr. La Monte's ways. "Perhaps it is better," said she to herself, "not to converse with Otto about his engagement. I am too excited, let me await events and become calm. Whatever Mr. La Monte's faults are, one thing is sure, he always manages for the best of all." Reflecting on this she soon became satisfied in her mind, and requested Otto to go in the reception room or parlor and play to Miss Rosalind, as she felt fatigued and wished to sleep.

She was left alone, and exhausted nature kindly assisted her to a refreshing repose. All of a sudden she started up, greatly alarmed, for the dim light of the room revealed to her the form of Mrs. La Monte, in her night clothes. "O, God! she is coming to murder me while I sleep!" She was on the point of giving the alarm and to cry for help, when she saw, to her great relief, Mr. La Monte, accompanying his wife. She felt safe, for he would not allow that a hair of her gray head should be touched.

"Mrs. Wehlen, are you awake?" asked Mrs. La Monte, in her kindest tone.

"I am, madam, and at your service," answered Mrs. Wehlen, promptly, greatly surprised at the tone of her mistress.

Mrs. La Monte now stepped to the bed, and said in the

same kind tone: "Lay down Mrs. Wehlen, and let me cover you; John, please turn the gas to a brighter flame." The husband promptly did as requested.

"Mrs. Wehlen," continued Mrs. La Monte, in a still kinder tone and manner, "I come to beg your pardon and forgiveness for all I have said and done to you, not only this evening but through the many years." She could say no more, a flood of tears burst forth from her eyes—tears flowing in imploration of forgiveness—tears as we never expected to see flow from the eyes of Mrs. John James La Monte, the born *Bottwell*.

Mrs. Wehlen was greatly surprised to see Mrs. La Monte, the proud Mrs. La Monte, the born *Bottwell*, the worshiper of vanity, asking her, the despised Mrs. Wehlen, pardon and forgiveness, and with such tears!

"I must be dreaming," exclaimed Mrs. Wehlen to herself, confused and bewildered by what she saw; but Mrs. La Monte now grasped Mrs. Wehlen's hand and covering the same with kisses, she exclaimed: "You good and noble woman, pardon and forgive me, I implore you, for I have sinned against you, I have sinned against my sex, I have sinned against God, for having been so base, so cruel toward you, you who have raised my children to man and womanhood, and have so faithfully supplied me and mine with thousands of comforts which I have never recognized until now;" another flood of repenting tears was flowing down the now pale cheeks of the proud Mrs. La Monte, who again implored: "Forgive me, pardon me, Mrs. Wehlen, forgive me or my heart will break."

Mrs. Wehlen made no reply. She withdrew her hands from Mrs. La Monte's grasp, and clasping them firmly together with her gray hair which had become loose, hanging in thick profusion and covering her bare skeleton-like shoulders and neck, and with her eyes uplifted, she prayed in a clear but sad voice:

"Thou God, my Heavenly Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast in Thy merciful kindness spared my life to enjoy

this great favor of having my good intentions and patient labor fully acknowledged by my mistress. Thou great Ruler and just Judge, who knowest the secrets of every heart, Thou art my witness that I forgive my mistress for every wrong she has done to me. I forgive her with the same readiness and purity as I hope that my sins and shortcomings will be forgiven by the Great Spirit who makes and unmakes all that exists, by one command.

"Thou great omnipotent and everlasting God, I pray to Thee, calm the stricken conscience of my repenting mistress; let that heavenly light, *'goodness and peace,'* shine within her, that she may become a worthy shepherd on earth, one who does not worship before the shrine of vanity, but before Thy heavenly shrine, one who supplicates Thy favor and Thy grace, and endeavors to be pure before Thee. Thou all-seeing Power, grant her and the rest of womanhood and mankind that great bliss which comes from the very throne of Thy Grace, not to be occupied so much with vanity and dust of the earth, but to look for *real* happiness heavenward, and to become inspired with Thy Goodness, with Thy Wisdom, and with the love of justice. Amen."

Mr. John James La Monte heartily joined to this amen.

When Mrs. Wehlen had concluded her eloquent prayer—eloquent because it was poured out from her heart—Mrs. La Monte embraced and kissed her, saying: "I thank you for your noble forgiveness, and your noble prayer in my behalf. Henceforth we will be like two mothers, and we are now two mothers related by the dearest family ties, for you have given me your noble son, and I give you my dearest daughter," exclaimed Mrs. La Monte, with great affection.

"It is a great happiness and a great honor to me," answered Mrs. Wehlen, greatly moved.

"You will catch cold, dear," said Mr. La Monte to his wife, turning the gas lower. "We will all now be happy; but let us retire; it is past midnight," and bidding the good Mrs. Wehlen an affectionate good-night, both husband and wife left for their room. Mr. La Monte was saying to him-

self: "I have made pretty good use of to-night in referring to Mrs. Plato Emerson and her dying Archy, when imploring for Mrs. Wehlen's help. There is nothing like knowing how to put everything to a good advantage. I declare it served my purpose well to-night. Viola is now sure of having Otto as her husband. He will make a capital husband, a capital son-in-law, and his capital of one million of dollars I can reckon as belonging to my own estate; yet it is strange that Otto does not realize it himself, to be worth a million of dollars. But what pleases me most is to have seen my wife for once shed repentful tears, and I have now greater hopes than ever that she will finally become a good wife; it is getting time she should, for I am entirely broken down in my efforts to manage my domestic affairs in harmony and contentment."

On reaching the room he sank in the nearest chair, saying, "Theodosia, please hand me a bowl of water and some of my handkerchiefs," his voice growing fainter and his face very pale.

"What is the matter?" asked the wife, with unusual attention.

"My old trouble, palpitation of the heart," answered the husband. He undressed, and put the wet handkerchiefs on his left breast, moistening them with cold water in quick succession.

"Can I assist you?" asked Mrs. La Monte, affectionately.

Mr. La Monte was not accustomed to be asked by his wife whether she could do anything for him, and was, therefore, greatly surprised at even such a simple question.

"No, I thank you. Please retire. Cold water will gradually calm the main organ, and as soon as I feel better I, too, will retire."

The wife did as requested, and said: "John, I have not felt so happy for years as I do to-night. It must be because I am now at peace with Mrs. Wehlen. And her prayer, oh! how beautifully she prayed, and how pious she looked! I, too, will try to pray, and become a good woman." Bidding

her husband "good night," she retired, and soon fell asleep.

Mrs. La Monte slept; a deep silence reigned in the house. All the members of the family were asleep, except the husband, who continued to apply cold water to his palpitating heart. Tears stood in his eyes, and a heavy sigh escaped his manly bosom when he reviewed this day's work. Nothing unusual had happened while performing his duties in the bank; but he thought of the struggle with his wife this afternoon, and the means he had to resort to, to make his wife speak to him. He thought of his horseback ride; his conversation with Viola about the *first-class* funerals; how he managed to give the young couple a chance to come to a good understanding; the terrible scene in Mrs. Wehlen's room; his masterly tact to make his wife leave that room; his ordering the carriage; his ringing the bell, and making believe that there was a messenger at the door; the ride in the carriage; the scene at the bank; the closing scene with Mrs. Wehlen.

"O, God!" exclaimed he, "what means have I to employ in order to have quietness and harmony in my house, and to prevent accidents, and even destruction! No wonder my heart is diseased, and I may expect every moment the messenger of Death."

He paused, and a tear dropped into the washbowl before him. "Yes," said he, "this is a tear of sadness, and of oppression. I suffer since the first month of my married life, and none know of it but myself, my God, and perhaps the departed spirit of my good mother. Who would have thought of this life of misery, on beholding Miss Theodosia Bottwell, in her superb wedding attire, standing with me before the officiating minister, admired by the whole congregation, and myself envied by every young man, as the husband of Miss Theodosia Bottwell, the *accomplished* young lady, and sole heiress to a large estate? It was considered a great prize, and I thought I had secured complete and everlasting happiness; but *alas!* the great *vanity* which Mrs. Bottwell has infused in the very nature of her daughter, the

great defects in her education, of being domestically helpless, made my married life a life of misery, a life of constant struggle, to keep matters at least *in statu quo*; and with all my energy and ready mother-wit, I could not succeed in making my wife a good wife, a wife as I hoped Miss Theodosia Bottwell would be."

He paused for a moment, wetted the handkerchief again, and after applying it to the still palpitating heart, he continued: "But have I resorted to the right means to cure my wife from her great vanity! Have I not rather encouraged it by my own struggle and strife to become still wealthier—the only aim which I have followed during my life?"

And indeed this had been his only aim, for he had taken no interest whatever in the public welfare. He would not serve as a member of the school board, because there was no money in it; he would not become a trustee of his congregation for the same reason, and besides it required time and attention; let others do it. His wife did act and think as he did, with the only difference, that she tried to spend what he made.

The consequence was that the finer feelings, the feelings of *charity and kindness* which God has planted in every human breast, slumbered within Mr. and Mrs. La Monte. Nothing but the eloquent appeals of the religious instructor could have aroused them, but the religious instructor of their fashionable church was also a fashionable priest; none of your old-fashioned pastors, who preached a sermon of *humility and piety*, and who spoke their minds plainly to their congregation, and who made them *quake*—no, the fashionable minister had a fashionable audience sitting before him, and they might take offense if he should preach them a sermon of solid truth, showing their shortcomings; their great vanity, and where it leads to; their uncharitableness, their deception, and the thousand falsehoods practiced during the week. The fashionable minister, even if he had the ability of preaching a sermon like the old-fashioned pastors, who would

made their hearers *quake*, lacked the moral courage to do so, for he was a fashionable minister, preaching before a fashionable audience, full of vanity, and that vanity he duly flattered. He told them in the best language he could command, that they were the best people, and particularly his congregation—they were the perfection of humanity—he gave them a graceful benediction, and Mr. and Mrs. John James La Monte went home from church, their *charity and kindness* not awakened by their religious instructor. But was not Mr. La Monte to blame? Why did he not take a lively interest in his congregational affairs, become a trustee, get well acquainted with the man who is his and his family's spiritual teacher, and sound him to see whether he be worthy of such a position? Why did he not give some practical hints to the minister, as to the suitable sermon for the people? But no, Mr. La Monte did not take all this trouble—and there are thousands like him—and so our religious instructors become vain, careless of their exalted position and degenerate; and this is one of the evils of our day, of which Grandmother Bottwell and Mrs. La Monte, the born Bottwell, are the fruit and manifest result.

With these, or similar thoughts Mr. La Monte retired. He felt better and prayed to God to assist him in his efforts to make a better woman of his wife; to prolong his life until he would see his children well settled, and then to gather him to his fathers, but not suddenly, as those affected with heart disease generally die. With that prayer still on his lips he fell asleep.

The most inspiring and the most invigorating hours of our earthly existence are, unquestionably, the hours of morning, especially the spring months of April and May, when nature is clad in its brightest colors; the earth is one vast field of sweet perfume, the rising sun illuminating as if by magic, the firmament and the fields in their different hues, while myriads of birds sing their morning praises before the *Great Creator* who created everything perfect and for a useful purpose, which men in their dark ignorance can not comprehend.

To rise early and walk forth to observe this morning grandeur, is one of the blessings of life. The enjoyment is still heightened if one is fortunate enough to possess a spirited horse and to ride three hours before breakfast, and inhale the fragrance of field and meadow—to allow one's senses to partake freely of the feast of natural poetry that meets us wherever we turn. Under these beautiful influences, the chest enlarges, the lungs breathe freer and healthier, one's eyes see clearer, one's ears hear better, one's reasoning powers becomes stronger, for we can not help to reflect on what we see; we can not help but to recognize God as the creator of the incomprehensible creation, and as the Father of mankind, and with this recognition impressed on the tablet of our hearts, we must return from our morning walk or ride, healthier and better men and women. We perform our daily duties better than if we had slept later and missed the soul inspiring morning scene.

There is great wisdom and truth in the German saying:

Die Morgen Stunde
Hat Gold in Munde.

"The morning hour has gold in its mouth."

The author of this work knows from personal experience that whatever success he has achieved in life, he can directly trace to the habit of rising early in the morning, to which he was encouraged by his mother.

[God bless my mother for the noble example which she has impressed on her son in early childhood, an impression which only death can efface!]

This habit of early rising enables the writer of *Our Prospects, A Tale of Real Life*, to attend to his extensive business throughout the day, and after business hours to take bodily and intellectual exercise, of which the pages of this book are a representation, and the author sincerely hopes that the reader will find this work instructive and entertaining.

After the eventful night in the house of John James La Monte, they overslept themselves, and failed to see the

rising sun in all its glory. Mrs. La Monte was the first to awake that morning. She thought she heard a vehicle coming toward the house, and partly opened the window-shutter. There she beheld an old dilapidated omnibus, drawn by a pair of horses, with hardly strength enough to stand on their legs, still less to draw the old omnibus, the driver, two passengers, and a couple of trunks. Who is coming there?" said Mrs. La Monte to herself. "I hope not some poor distant relations of my husband's family." The old horses at last reached the front of the house, and two foreign, suspicious, sickly-looking individuals stepped from the omnibus, trying in vain to straighten their thin, stork-like legs, which seemed as though they were suffering from rheumatism. Mrs. La Monte observed all this, and exclaimed: "What morbid-looking fellows they are! The poet Thomson could well say:

'Of morbid hue his features sunk and sad,
His hollow eyne shook a sickly light.'

"But who can they be? Perhaps the servants of the noble Counts. I would not have such dissipated-looking servants about my establishment." They rang the bell; the chamber-maid answered the call, and quickly ran to Mrs. La Monte's bed-room, announcing that there were two gentlemen in the hall who spoke French, and all she could make out was Le Comte Louis and Murat La Monte.

Mrs. La Monte was thunderstruck. Are those the Counts Louis and Murat La Monte for whose reception and entertainment she had made such great preparations? Was it for those God-forsaken looking men that she had exchanged her good old family-carriage and harness, and paid two thousand dollars to boot? Was it for those sad and forlorn-looking creatures that she had pressed herself in a No. 19 corset instead of No. 25, in order to appear to a better advantage? Was it to those men who evidently had left their marrow, their manly fire and energy, on the field of dissipation, to whom she wished to marry her beautiful daughters? and all

because they bore the noble title of a Count? Her idea of a Count was to see in him the highest type of manhood. "My husband, though the son of a washwoman, would outweigh a baker dozen of such Counts." All this passed through her mind when the chambermaid announced their arrival. Recovering from her reflections she said to the servant:

"Please show them into the reception-room, but say nothing to them."

"Of course not," remarked the servant. "I can not speak French."

Mrs. La Monte turned toward her husband, but seeing how soundly he slept, she felt it a sin to awake him; besides, she remembered the doctor's instruction that whenever Mr. La Monte should be affected with the palpitation of the heart, and fall asleep, he should, under no consideration, be disturbed, else it might prove fatal.

"No, I will not awake my husband for the sake of those Counts, for the sight of them convinces me more than ever that my husband is a wise man. He is more than that; he is a good man, though he is only the son of a washwoman. I begin to feel that he is wiser and better than I am, although I am a born Bottwell. If I think of his story, no, not the story, but '*The Tale of Real Life*' as related by him in the Bank, he is a better husband than I deserved, for I have been a vain, unreasonable woman, but thank God I see now my error. That wonderful prayer of the good Mrs. Wehlen had such great effect on me; my husband must build a chapel on the grounds and I and Mrs. Wehlen will go there daily to pray. It will be so odd to have a chapel of our own, something different from our neighbors, but now, what shall I do with those Counts. I will see Rosalind, she learned French in order to be able to speak to the Counts when they came."

Acting upon these thoughts she went to Rosalind's room and found her daughter lost in her morning devotion. She waited until the daughter had finished her prayer, which she poured out from her sad but hopeful heart with such

eloquence that even her mother felt moved. She kissed her and admired her praying, saying: "Now I comprehend why you are better liked, by all you come in contact with than myself or Viola. It is your beautiful praying; praying as you pray, ennobles you, and you act nobly. That Mrs. Wehlen has indeed been good to my children. Rosalind, the Counts Louis and Murat have arrived; just think, they came in an old omnibus and look more like two vagabonds than Counts. Your father is still asleep, I do not wish to awake him for he had again the palpitation of the heart, what is to be done?"

"You alarm me, ma," exclaimed Rosalind. "Pa had again the palpitation of the heart. Oh ma! we must not be so contrary to papa's will, else —"

"Don't say anything, I know what you mean," interrupted Mrs. La Monte, "but the Counts are in the reception room. I will leave them to your care. Is Viola yet asleep?"

"Yes, ma," answered Rosalind.

"Let her sleep; she looks much handsomer when she is allowed to sleep, until she awakes by herself," remarked Mrs. La Monte.

Rosalind looked at her mother, as much as to say, "What do you mean by that?"

"I presume you are aware that Viola is engaged to Otto Wehlen, Esquire, who is worth a million of dollars."

"I am," answered Rosalind, "and congratulate you, ma."

"I thank you; now give up thinking about Charles Hunting and try to win the youngest of the cousins. Count Murat seems to stand yet firm on his legs and his eyes don't seem so hollow. He is also tall, so are you, and you will make an excellent match; you will be the Countess Murat La Monte, the gracious and kind Countess; yes, give up thinking of that good-for-nothing Charles Hunting," said the mother, earnestly.

"Why, ma, you, only a few moments ago, said they look more like two vagabonds than Counts, and now you recommend me to try to win one of them as my husband. All I

will do is to honor them as the guests of my dear parents, not because they are Counts, but because they are distant relations and guests. Do you wish that they shall breakfast by themselves, or shall they breakfast with the family?" remarked Rosalind.

"I leave it to you," answered the mother. "I will now go and dress, and when my morning toilet is finished, I will come to the reception-room, where you will introduce me to them, in your most graceful manner."

Mrs. La Monte left, and Rosalind repaired to the kitchen. She gave her orders for breakfast to the new cook in so kind a manner, that she at once secured the good will of that indispensable artist. She then examined the rooms which were prepared for the Counts months ago, and found them in good order; from there she went to the reception-room, and received, in tolerable good French, her French cousins, in such dignified and lady-like manner that she enraptured both the Counts. They exchanged glances, which meant: *there is a prize.*

They thanked their American cousin in the politest French manner, and hoped that they did not disturb the family in their morning slumber.

Rosalind promptly responded, that they were usually early risers, but that her father had suddenly felt unwell, and only at the break of morning fallen asleep; but that she hoped he would, by noon, be able to appear before them, and enjoy the pleasure of receiving them as his distinguished guests.

Rosalind rang the bell, which the chambermaid answered.

"Please show these gentlemen to the suit of rooms, on the third floor; and then please tell Jim to meet me here." Turning to the Counts, she said:

"The noble Counts will have their apartments shown by this maiden, and their baggage will be sent to their rooms directly." Bows were exchanged, when they left the room.

Rosalind being left alone, said to herself: "So these are the Counts, on whose account there was made so much ado by ma and Viola? I must admit that I do not like their

looks; they seem to have a way to converse with their eyes. They exchanged glances, and did not King Solomon, the wise, say: 'Beware of those that blink and exchange glances with their eyes?'"

Jim entered, and offered his services.

"Jim, parlez vous français?" asked Miss Rosalind, with a smile.

Oui, Mademoiselle Rosalind. J'ai été avec une famille à New Orleans, où j'ai appris le français," answered Jim, with a pretty good French accent.

"I am glad you do, for our French cousins, the Counts Louis and Murat La Monte have arrived. Take their baggage to their rooms, and offer them your services. If they should occupy too much of your time, ask my pa to furnish you with an assistant in the stable; be a good lad, Jim; pa will give you something extra, on my recommendation."

"Shall I put on my black pants and white vest, and livery coat, or wait on them in my working clothes," asked the coachman, and man of all work.

"In your clean working clothes," answered Rosalind, promptly.

The Counts, when reaching their apartments, were much pleased to find them so richly furnished and supplied with all the modern improvements. "This looks like comfort," exclaimed Murat.

Louis made no reply to this remark, but said: "Mademoiselle Rosalind is the prettiest young lady I ever have seen; it is a great prize."

"It is a rare Rose, and one that is not to be plucked," answered Murat, in an earnest tone.

Louis looked at his brother quite surprised, that he, who usually made light of woman's beauty and virtue, a matter of easy conquest for him, and which, in many cases, was no idle boast, should use such words—"a rare rose, and one that is not to be plucked."

Both brothers opened their trunks, and went to work to unpack their effects. Jim offered his services. "Bring me a

bowl of warm water," was the first request, and promptly executed by Jim.

They then commenced to shave, in a masterly manner; Murat took special care to pomade his moustache and imperial to the right point. His head of hair which was yet well preserved received also a great deal of attention. He put on a steel breast-plate, covered with linen, which served a double purpose, to enlarge his chest and to serve as an protection for bullets, and also the stiletto of some unerring hand who had a deep wrong to avenge. He chose his best clothes, which were made so as to cover his bodily defects. When his toilet was finished he did not look like the same man. His brother Louis also tried to set off his shriveled, ungainly body to the best advantage, but he did not rely so much on his steel covered breast-plate, his pantaloons, vest and coat, stuffed with wadding. He relied more on the power of his eyes. He could look supplicating, sad, melancholy, threatening, imploring—with a telling effect, just as his interest demanded.

"Yes," said he, looking at his tall, well-formed, good-looking brother; "it is all well enough as far as it goes, to be tall, to have a broad chest, even if a part of it is artificial, to fill the clothes well, and stand straight and firm in the boots, but all this will not achieve as much as the *eyes and the tongue*; the eyes are the orbs to *entice*, and the tongue to *delure*, that is my *forte*."

He took from his breast pocket a small wallet containing two vials: one filled with the deadliest poison, and the other with a liquid for the purpose of drawing the skin together. He opened the latter, took a small piece of fine linen from the same wallet, poured some of the liquid on it and very carefully washed his eyelids and sockets. He kept his eyes closed untill the liquid dried, which seemed to burn quite sharply, but the man who wanted his orbs to shine for the purpose of destruction, bore bravely under the pain. After this process was over the eyes of Count Louis La Monte seemed not so hollow. He practiced a little before the mir-

ror. Now he looked as if admiring, now sad, now with reverence or imploring looks.

We leave this accomplished fop with the best of our commendation to fathers, husbands and brothers, and if they have any such fops visiting their homes, under any pretensions, let them be shown, in the politest manner, the door, and if they do not take the hint, apply some harsher measures. They must use this precaution to save the good name and honor of their daughters, wives and sisters. Precaution is, therefore, necessary when such fops are about, plotting to rob what is dearest to men, the good name, the virtue, and the honor, the crown of the family adorned with the only *real jewels*, VIRTUE and HONOR.

Mrs. La Monte was in a great dilemma as to which corset she should wear—No. 19, or the No. 25? The Counts did not impress her favorably enough to squeeze herself into a No. 19 corset and to show a neat waist. She therefore decided to wear the No. 25 corset, but all her best dresses were altered to the size to suit corset No. 19. Therefore, if she would wear the No. 25 corset, she could not wear her fine and elaborately trimmed dresses. She was angry with herself for having her best dresses altered. But it could not be helped now, she had to decide to wear her common dresses with corset No. 25; "but why am I so much troubled about it? these Counts are, after all, only strangers to me; it is to please my husband only I ought to try to appear beautiful and not so much before other men, be they even Counts," said Mrs. La Monte, earnestly, to herself (sensible at last), and with these words she quickly laced herself in the No. 25 corset, which was tight enough, the Lord knows. Then she put on a black Alapaca dress of the finest texture, which was trimmed with broad, black silk-velvet ribbons. Her ears and neck were ornamented with the jet ear-rings, chain and the large cross, but on her fingers she put her costly diamond rings. She powdered her face and took a good look in the mirror, to see whether a wrinkle had appeared on her brow.

over night, and had the satisfaction to see neither wrinkle nor a sign of it.

Proudly and joyfully she exclaimed: "My brow looks as placid as only a brow of a born Bottwell could look!" She felt whether her ample waterfall was well pinned to her natural hair, and finding that appendage of so much anxiety and care well fastened, she was about to ring the bell, when she noticed Rosalind stepping in on tip-toe, in order not to awake her sleeping father.

"Ma," whispered she, "I have given Winfred his breakfast. He now wants the keys of the safe, to send them to the bank. Please let me have them."

"Your father always has the keys under his pillow, and the moment you touch them he will spring up, bewildered and frightened. Let them do without opening the safe to-day," observed Mrs. La Monte.

Rosalind looked at the French clock, which stood on the mantelpiece, to see what time it was; and observing a piece of paper, as if put there for a purpose, she quickly took it, and read, in her father's handwriting:

"You will find the keys of the safe in one of my boots. Please do not awake me; and see that there is quiet in the house, for I need undisturbed repose."

Rosalind soon found the keys, and motioned to her mother to come with her in the hall. "Breakfast is ready," she said, "and we had better invite the Counts to the table. Afterward I will show them the grounds, and in the meantime pa may awake and take charge of them."

Mrs. La Monte was well satisfied with her toilet; she also felt somewhat hungry, and was, therefore, anxious to be introduced to the Counts and the breakfast table. She readily assented to Rosalind's proposition, who sent Jim to announce that breakfast would be served as soon as it pleased their Lordships.

The Counts being ready, allowed themselves to be con-

ducted to the reception room, where Rosalind introduced her mother to her noble cousins with all her native grace.

Mrs. La Monte was happy, for she made her often-practiced profound bow to her entire satisfaction. Count Louis seemed particularly pleased with her grand bow. They repaired to the breakfast table; Mrs. La Monte motioned Rosalind to take her seat at the head of the table; opposite her sat Count Murat, while Mrs. La Monte took her seat on the side of the table, having Count Louis as her *vis-à-vis*, who was much pleased, and glanced at Mrs. La Monte with admiring eyes. The born Bottwell felt flattered, and did not discourage, but returned the compliment, and said to herself: "What artists the French are in dressing; they do not look like the same men. Murat is the handsomest, but too much reserved. Count Louis seems to be the politest of the two."

Count Louis, the accomplished libertine, detected at a glance that Mrs. La Monte was an extremely vain woman, and all he needed to do was to flatter her vanity—point out some imaginary or real faults of her husband; assert that she was born for something better than to love and be married to such a man; that he loved her, and would make her happier—and then, gradually, he could gain such an influence over her that she no longer would belong to her husband; that she would no longer have a will of her own; that he would own her body and whatever soul she had. Oh! if he only could speak English, or she understand French! it would be an easy task. Thus reasoned the Count Louis La Monte when he accepted from Miss Rosalind a cup of coffee, and a piece of toast from the jeweled hand of Mrs. La Monte, and with the politest manner said, in French: "*Merci, Madame!*" accompanied by admiring and fascinating looks, greatly flattering Mrs. La Monte, the born Bottwell. It was well for her, and well for her children, that she had a husband who knew how to take care of his wife's honor, else she would have been lost, and died a harlot.

CHAPTER XIII.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand
Pity me; then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will better think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

—Shakespeare.

THERE was great rejoicing at the house of Edward Hunting, Esq., for he was able, for the first time since many weeks to leave his room, and drive down to his business, accompanied by his wife and his three daughters. As soon as they reached the office, his son Charles hastened to assist his parents and sisters from the carriage. All the employees greeted their employer with joy and great reverence, but none more than Frank Wilkins, for through the long sickness of his benefactor the duties of the chief fell on his shoulders, and he did not spare himself, to do the very best for the house of Edward Hunting. He insisted that all the clerks in the house should make it their highest aim to fix the old stock up, and sell it to the very best advantage, and not keep on buying new goods, and let the old goods lay, which with some little care and attention could be sold as well as new goods. He illustrated his assertion by referring to the terrible sand storms of the coast of Scotland.

"The weather is inviting," said he; "a man goes to the

beach expecting to have a pleasant walk, and to enjoy the sight of the waters, and perhaps to see some sailing vessels. All at once a breeze sets in, which gradually becomes a wind, and the thin fine sand begins to be blown up, tossed hither and thither. At first it covers only the boots of the pedestrian, then it reaches his ankles, his knees. He tries to get away from the sandy ground, but the wind blows stronger, and the sand whirls around the unfortunate man; he can not make another step. The whirl of sand buries him alive, only a few hairs sticking out of it, showing after the storm is over that a man was buried there." And he continued with all the eloquence he could command: "It is the same with a merchant; he keeps on buying, expecting to make a profit on his purchase; from each purchase there remain some goods, and thus the old goods accumulate. At first it don't amount to much, it reaches only up to the boots, then to the ankle, and soon the knee. It begins to obstruct the smooth movements of the firm, and gradually the house becomes swamped, and is lost out of sight, like the man caught in the sand storm."

Such and similar illustrations had such an effect that the clerks of Edward Hunting did try, and succeed in selling a good many old goods.

Frank Wilkins was also vested with the veto power, and nothing could be purchased except signed by him. This power he used pretty freely, and the consequences were that when Mr. Edward Hunting came to the store he found the cleanest stock he had for many years; the same was the case with his outstanding debts. Frank Wilkins fired letter after letter to the debtors of the firm, and succeeded in collecting many an old account, and having made only small purchases, the house was in a very good condition, and the bookkeeper was very happy that he could show such a good statement. Mr. Hunting thanked his bookkeeper for the excellent management of the business during his sickness, as also all the clerks and the rest of his employees, for having done their duties so well. Overbeck and Fastleben stood near their

convalescent chief, and felt that Mr. Hunting did not treat them with his former urbanity.

"Mr. Overbeck and Mr. Fastleben, I would request you to get five pocket ledgers, and enter alphabetically what we have in stock, and on each floor. I will be here to-morrow at ten o'clock, and wish to have the memoranda made out by that time;" and turning to his bookkeeper he said: "Frank, I invite you to take tea at my house this evening."

The bookkeeper blushing accepted the invitation.

"Charles, before you come home this evening, please buy the five-o'clock edition, and hand it to me as soon as you reach the house."

"Yes, father," answered Charles, "Is there anything else you wish me to do?"

"No, I thank you," and Mr. Hunting left for his residence.

The young ladies were much pleased with Mr. Frank Wilkins's invitation to tea. "They would have, now, a musical entertainment that evening."

Frank Wilkins was also much pleased to spend the evening at the house of his employer, and to be in the company of Miss Agnes, for he could not deny that he loved Agnes. The sparks which her beautiful eyes had thrown in his heart on that *ever-memorable* New Year's eve, he was not able to quench, notwithstanding that he *reasoned and reflected very calmly*. His time, like that of Otto Wehlen, had arrived, *not to be alone!* The voice of nature called, loudly: "Get married, young man!" and Agnes, with her beautiful eyes, her beautiful person, her graceful manners, was continually before his vision. Often and again did Frank Wilkins think, if Miss Agnes Hunting would only have been raised less extravagantly, with a less classical and more domestic education, he would muster courage, propose and marry her and live so happy in each other's love; and if they would be blessed with babies, their happiness would be complete. But as she was used to extravagance and idleness, not used to domestic work, and expecting to marry a grand husband,

with a grand income, Frank Wilkins shrunk back, and decided to remain a bachelor, plotting along, dissatisfied with himself and his doings.

There are thousands of young men like Frank Wilkins, who would like to marry, and who have seen the girl they would like to make their wife; but there are the same objections which kept Frank Wilkins at bay, and they remain unmarried.

Miss Agnes, too, well remembered that happy New Year's eve, when she listened to Frank Wilkins' clear views on woman's suffrage, and his splendid singing and playing. His manly bearing, his refined language, his love for music, when he said that "music was the language of the heart," stood vividly before her, and her own heart spoke for him the language of a holy, devoted love. She hoped that something might happen to improve his chances in life, so that he might become her husband, with *prospects* to support her in the style she had been reared. She loved him, and would have gladly become his wife, but then there were the calmer moments, when she viewed the *prospects* of a marriage with him from a business point, and she tried to suppress her love for Frank Wilkins, on account of his small income and poor *prospects*. Something, therefore, had to happen before she could marry him.

Almost every evening, when Miss Agnes entered the parlor, and noticed the hour of the clock, she would say to herself: "This was the hour when Mr. Frank Wilkins was here; on that chair he was sitting, and oh! how interesting was his conversation!" She would look at the stars and moon and feel sad, for she was *alone*. Her heart yearned to be with Frank Wilkins, to share with him his joys and his sorrows, his hopes and his disappointments.

"*Alone!* I am always alone! I have none to love and none to caress, who appreciates and reciprocates my love," would Agnes exclaim, in those moments which reminded her of Frank Wilkin's visit. "The birds, those natural musicians of creation, will not sing so beautifully if they are alone. They,

too, cleanse themselves with their peaks, gather food, build comfortable nests, and mate, passing their existence lovingly, and give daily praise to the Most High. Why should I, a young woman, be doomed to remain alone?" *Ha!*" exclaimed she, "I now begin to comprehend why many of us are doomed to remain *alone* and unmated. It is because we wish to build our abodes too costly, and are not contented with our natural beauty, but try to improve it with artificial means, which, besides being expensive, renders us unfit to be useful and to enjoy genuine happiness. Would to God it were the fashion to live plainer, and less expensive! I would, then, readily give up the styles and fashions, live more humble, and marry Frank Wilkins, for then we could live on his earnings."

There are thousands of young, marriageable girls in this genial land whose time has arrived, *not to be alone*, and who think and speak as Agnes thought. But what are they to do? They are only helpless girls; they look to their parents, to their brothers, to their teachers, to their spiritual guides, to the *law-givers*, and those who execute the laws, for the right example. Poor sufferers! what do you behold but *vanity! vanity!*

The father is shortening the number of his years in his great effort to make more money, in order to gratify the clamor of vanity; and if disappointed in his effort, he becomes a drunkard, a beast, a sot.

The mother complains that she is losing her beauty, and using all her energy—yes, and vitality—to appear prettier and better than she really is, is sacrificing all that is dear to God and man, merely to make as great, or even a greater show than her neighbor.

The brothers will no longer remain on the farm, and become farmers, the healthiest and most independent profession on earth; nor will they become mechanics. It is too slow a means to make money. They flock to the cities, and become clerks, pedlars, lawyers, doctors, flatterers, and many of them, out of dire necessity, *sharp* cheats.

Many of the teachers have their thoughts too much occupied how to manage to have their salaries increased, instead of bending all their energy toward one great aim, to give the children a sound and thorough education.

As for the spiritual teachers, we can count on our fingers how many real spiritual teachers there are in this vast country. The ministers, with a very few exceptions, and these exist in every denomination, are the *vainest* class of men we have. Their *vanity* is so great that it makes them forget their exalted calling; their *vanity* makes them fight among themselves like fighting-cocks; their aim is only to obtain power in the Church, and still more, *political* power. These men, under whose charge the congregations are rapidly becoming demoralized, have no fear of God, nor do they observe the laws of God and man.

And these ministers, who so signally fail in their duty toward their flock, have the impudence to find fault with the Constitution of the United States because it says nothing about God—that instrument which was framed by men who had more reverence for God and were more pious in their feelings than all the ministers combined, of our time. They would alter the Constitution of the United States, put the name of God and Christ in that instrument, not for the benefit of humanity, but for their own benefit, for self-aggrandizement, to satisfy their *vanity* and love of power, and then to rule and devastate this land though every spot of it become soaked with the blood of its children, and the whole country wrapped in one veil of mourning.

Thank God that the majority of the American citizens understand their high game and say: "Hands off! *Church and State must forever remain separated in this great Republic!* And every good man and good woman who feels for the welfare of his fellow-beings, and hopes to see peace reign supreme in our dear beloved country, will join with the author in a hearty amen.

They *have* to look to their law-givers and to those who execute the law for help and assistance, to get married when

their time has arrived, *not to be alone*; but, alas! our law-givers carry with them to their high office the *vanity* practiced at home. There is only one class of men who have the right to speak to them plainly and warn them of the consequences which their vanity and extravagance will result in, and these men are the ministers; but we have shown, and the "*signs of the times*" will bear witness to what we assert, that the priests of our day are a failure; they fail in their calling because *they are vain*; they follow the banner of *vanity*, and not the banner of *humility and piety*; and if they do not improve their ways, it will be best for society at large to dispense with them altogether. Let the elders who are good and wise preach before their congregations the word of God, with the ten commandments as the foundation, for those who strictly observe them in the fullest sense are good men and women, and can reasonably hope to be well mated when the time arrives, *not to be alone*. They then will lead a happy and useful life, and after death be graciously received by Him who is the creator and the preserver of the universe and the redeemer of mankind.

Frank Wilkins, before going to the house of Mr. Edward Hunting, stepped in the post-office to see whether there were some letters in their box, and great was his joy, to find a letter directed in the handwriting of Augustus Hunting, with the post-office stamp of San Francisco. He hastened to Grandfather Hunting to tell him of the good news, and also, whether it would be advisable to show the letter to Mr. Edward Hunting in his convalescent state.

The grandfather was delighted. The long expected letter from his beloved grandson had come at last. "I will read the letter, and then tell you whether we will keep the contents to ourselves for the present, or whether we will let Mr. Hunting know them."

He opened the letter, and rapidly glancing over the contents, he exclaimed: "He must know it at once," and immediately started with the bookkeeper to his son's residence.

Agnes received her grandfather reverently, and Frank

Wilkins with unaffected pleasure and gracefulness. The young man noticed it, and felt a strange flutter in his breast.

They had hardly exchanged the common courtesies about the weather and the *prospects* of the weather, when they heard Mrs. Hunting call: "Agnes, please come up stairs; let Mr. Wilkins come, too."

The young people, when reaching the room, found the whole family assembled; and in great joy. Mr. Edward Hunting handed the letter to Agnes, saying: "Read it aloud, daughter." And she read:

"MY DEAR PARENTS:

"I presume you have been informed, through the public press, of the great storm which raged on the Pacific Ocean, and destroyed my noble vessel. All perished except one sailor. I have been rescued by Karl Müller, the noble commander of the man-of-war King William I., who, at the risk of his own life, saved me from a watery grave. For months I have been sick with brain fever, and, through kind treatment, I am at last out of danger, and sufficiently recovered to pen you, my dear, beloved parents, this letter, which I hope will find you all in the enjoyment of good health.

"Commander Karl Müller has told me, that he has a sister, named Augustine Müller, who went to America, became a cook in some respectable family, and sent nearly all her earnings to the old country, for the purpose of paying for the schooling of him, her only brother. The brother, however, did not know of his sister's sacrifice until he graduated from college, and so great was his mortification, that he left his home, never to write to his parents or come back until he had well succeeded in life.

"As soon as he advanced to the high dignity of the commander of the man-of-war King William I., he informed his parents of his success, and requested them to let him know the address of his sister, Augustine Müller; since he had orders to visit the American waters, and intended to bring his sister home in his vessel.

"I would earnestly request you, to exert yourself to the utmost, to find the sister of my life-preserver; and if you should be so fortunate as to succeed, please invite her to your house, and treat her as one of your own daughters. From the description the brother gives me, she must be a very beautiful girl, and well-educated.

"Once more I request you to try to find Augustine Müller, and to treat her with the greatest kindness.

"I am in haste, mail closing.

"Your most affectionate, obedient son,

"AUGUSTUS HUNTING.

"N. B.—Give my love to my good sisters, and brother Charles."

Augustine was now called and made acquainted with the contents of the letter. Her prophecy had been true. The Augustus rescued by her brother was Augustus Hunting.

Grandfather Hunting opened his wallet, and, taking from it five-twenty coupons to the amount of two hundred dollars, he said:

"Augustine, take this; go and buy something you would like to possess."

Augustine declined to accept the gift, and said:

"I thank you, sir. You have done enough for me by asking Mrs. Hunting to give me a room and bed for myself, for it was not pleasant to sleep with another girl."

"And on such a hard mattress," added the grandfather, smilingly.

"But you must take these coupons; they are as good as so much gold," exclaimed the grandfather.

"No, I thank you, I will not accept them. But, fearing you might feel offended, I propose to go with you to-morrow afternoon and buy something to replenish my wardrobe, since I expect soon to go home to my native land, and I will take these presents with me in remembrance of the good and noble grandfather Hunting," said Augustine, almost moved to tears.

The grandfather quickly stepped up to the noble maiden and, kissing her brow, he said:

"Here is my hand that, God sparing me, I will go with you to do the shopping, and I will be as happy as I was when buying the wedding dresses for my daughters."

Augustine left the room. She was overpowered with happiness. Daily she could now expect her noble brother Karl, who would take her home in a vessel of which he was commander.

"What joy to return to the native land, and to be received by their noble parents with joyful hearts and open arms!"

Whenever such thoughts passed before her mind, she had to weep, but they were happy tears, each of them worth the jewels of the crown of England.

Supper was soon served, but instead of Augustine, Agnes served the meal, which consisted of dry and milk toast, home-made bread, fresh butter, strawberries, and tea with boiled milk.

"Don't give me any toast, Agnes," said the grandfather. "I can not eat it on account of the loss of my teeth. Just give me a thin slice of that home-made bread."

"Frank," continued the grandfather, "taste that bread, it is home-made. Agnes made the dough, and superintended the baking. I think it delicious. It is better than all the cakes in the world."

At the name of cakes Mrs. Hunting blushed, and thought of the time when vanity made her so foolish as to pay fifty dollars for two cakes. She thanked God that she was no longer so vain.

Her thoughts were occupied now with the happiness of her husband and her children, and the welfare of her fellow-beings—not with the fashions, or envying Mrs. So-and-so because that lady dressed prettier and drove in a handsomer carriage. "Thank God," exclaimed she, "that I am no longer occupying my mind with such trifling matters; I strive now for higher aims: to please God, to please my husband, to be a good and watchful mother, and a real

charitable woman, loved by God and my husband and honored by my children, friends and those who know me best."

"That is my goal!" we hear you say, reader—and it is a noble one.

Frank Wilkins gladly accepted the home-made bread which Agnes offered him. After tasting it, he said: "This is indeed good bread, an honor to the hands that can prepare such a loaf of bread."

Miss Agnes was happy to hear her bread praised by him whose opinion she so highly valued.

Mrs. Hunting then told that her daughters were now preparing the meals for the family, that they changed every day; that each of them had the honor to cook, and that the family never before enjoyed such well prepared food as now.

"Blessed are those hands that do their own work," said the grandfather, with much feeling.

"So they are," remarked Mr. Edward Hunting, "and especially if every member of the family sincerely endeavors to do his or her part to add to the comfort, knowledge and wealth of all. Such family is fortified against the accidents and misfortune of life, and can defend their home well against want and extreme inconveniences, for they are self-relying; they work one for all, and all for one. Peace and blessing rule in a family where such principles are in vogue. By the by, Frank," continued Mr. Edward Hunting, "while on this theme, to-morrow two of my principal clerks will be discharged, and two new clerks will take their places."

"Do you mean Overbeck and Fastleben?" asked the book-keeper, quickly.

"Yes, Frank, and Miss Agnes, Miss Myra and Miss Blanche are going to take their places, with the understanding that Monday Agnes has to stay at home and cook, and assist in housework; Tuesday, Myra; Wednesday, Blanche, and so from one day to the other. In this manner all my daughters will learn how to cook; they will know the value of money, when they see how hard it is to earn money, and will be

careful in spending it. It was for that purpose I ordered to have every article, on each floor, noted down, in the pocket ledgers, so that my daughters should be enabled to find easily what article was wanted, and on what floor to look for it."

Frank Wilkins was greatly surprised at what he heard. "Is it possible that Mrs. Hunting, the proud Mrs. Hunting will allow that her daughters should go and work at the store?" It was unexpected to him to hear and to see that Mrs. Hunting's daughters could cook and make such good bread and to wait so gracefully and so happily at the table. But that they should go to the store and work there, and the proud Mrs. Hunting have no objection, was more than he could comprehend.

"It will give me great pleasure to see the young ladies take an active part in our business, but what will the world say, when they hear that the daughters of Edward Hunting, Esq., are clerks," exclaimed Frank Wilkins.

"The world has nothing to say in this matter, the world has a right to expect, and does expect from each man, woman and child, good behavior, which can only be attained by having a pleasant occupation, and my daughters will consider it a pleasant employment to assist their good father in his business, and if we do not take good care of our business the business will not take care of us. Therefore, every male and female of the family shall assist and make themselves useful to the best of their ability to promote the success of the business to which they look for support, and not leave, like it is now generally the case, the whole load to the husband and father, under which many, no doubt, break down, for they are not properly assisted by those to whom they have a right to look for support. If anything, their idleness and extravagance undermine the good name and capital of the house, and when the main support breaks down, the whole family sinks, and often sinks out of sight to rise no more. No, my family shall not sink, but stand before the world, not proud, for fools are proud—not proud, but wise! Wise enough

to look within themselves for happiness—wise enough not to be ashamed to work—wise enough not to squander their means for tinsel and tassel—wise enough not to be the slave of fashion—wise enough not to be vain—wise enough to know and to acknowledge God as the only source of hope for happiness here and hereafter—wise enough to know that the right life to live, is to *live virtuous* and to be usefully occupied—wise enough to practice all those virtues, not from compulsion, but from their own choice, from their firm conviction, that only through *industry, virtue and charity* they can attain genuine happiness, enjoy the respect of the world, and the love of God," said Mrs. Hunting, eloquently.

Grandfather Hunting laid down his knife and fork, and, seeing that all had finished their meal, clasped his hands together, and lifting his eyes heavenward, he prayed, in a tremulous voice:

"Thou, my gracious Father, I thank thee for the great blessing that thou hast permitted me and those here assembled to eat in health the cereals and fruit that thou, in thy loving kindness, so bountifully allowest to grow, and givest men the wisdom to prepare them, sweet to the taste and invigorating to the body. I thank thee, thou great Creator, for the manifold blessings that we receive from thy Holy Spirit. I thank thee for the heavenly joy that I now feel for having heard the wife of my son, and the mother of five children, express so beautifully the true aims of life. Bless her, thou gracious God, prolong her life, give her strength to carry out her views. '*Transeat in exemplum*,' yes, may it go into good example. Bless my son with health, peace, and prosperity. Bless my grandson Augustus, restore him to perfect health. Bless all my grandchildren, and keep them on the path of virtue and honorable usefulness. Bless the young man who is now with us with good health, that he may continue to lead a useful life, and be a good example to others. Thou great and omnipotent God, I implore thee, save mankind from temptations, be with them in the moments when they are tempted to do wrong. Save them, thou gracious

Father, from sin, make mankind better than they now are, that *vice* should cease to exist, and *virtue* rule supreme: Be merciful unto us for our shortcomings, and unite humanity to recognize thee as the *only God*, to give thanksgiving to thee, and sing thy praises in one united grand chorus. Amen."

All rose and left the table. They were moved to tears by the eloquent prayer of this noble patriarch. Frank Wilkins grasped the hand of the old gentleman, and thanked him for remembering him in his eloquent appeal to the Most High.

"Pa, shall we go to the parlor?" asked Miss Myra.

"No, my dear daughter; to the library. To-night is our reading night, not for music," answered the father, kindly.

"I thought, because being honored with the visit of Mr. Wilkins, we would rather play on the piano this evening," remarked Myra, naively.

"Frank, which do you prefer to hear, good reading or good music?" asked Mr. Hunting.

"I enjoy both, and if this is the evening appointed for reading, I would be happy to partake in the pleasure."

They assembled in the library, and, as soon as every member was present, Charles Hunting, not the Charles Hunting of old, but the thoroughly reformed Charles Hunting, took a volume of Shakespeare, and commenced to read *Romeo and Juliet*, which he of late had studied, and knew almost by heart.

"Charles, please, stop for a moment," exclaimed the grandfather, and turning to his son and daughter-in-law, he said:

"Would you have any objection to invite Augustine to this feast of intellectual entertainment?"

"Not at all, not at all," exclaimed both. "I am glad, grandpa, that you have mentioned it," said Mrs. Hunting, leaving the room, and in a few moments she returned with Augustine, whose beautiful face beamed with happiness.

"God bless my brother Karl for this happiness. I owe it

to his noble act," thought Augustine. Yet through her alone he had become what he was.

"Augustine," said Mr. Hunting, "please, consider yourself as one of my daughters, share with us all our pleasures, and be with us every evening, either at our musical or reading entertainment, and do not wait to be invited."

Augustine thanked Mr. Hunting, and with a graceful bow, took the proffered seat, which the grandfather kindly offered her.

Charles Hunting continued to read with much feeling, and at some of the passages he closed the book and recited them with the spirit of the hero whom the work represents. When he concluded, he received from the whole company a hearty applause, in which none partook more freely than the grandfather. He stepped to his grandson, and, kissing him fervently, he said:

"Your reading and declamation have made me happier than I have been for a very long time. Here," and taking an old-fashioned time-piece from his vest pocket, he continued, "My dear Charles, I present you this watch, my faithful companion for sixty years, given to me by my grandfather when I was a young man of seventeen, on the condition to accept as my motto, 'C. C. C.,' which should stand inscribed on my heart as chastity, cheerfulness, and charity, and in order to observe this motto, I had to be industrious, and to have *noble aims*. This grand motto made me what I am, and even at the age of seventy-seven, I am enjoying comparative good health. Now, will you accept these three C.s as your motto, with the watch I present to you?"

"Yes, my good grandfather, I will," said Charles, moved to tears.

Then he went to his room. On reaching the same, he threw himself in a chair, and wept as if his very heart would break. What was it that moved the young man so deeply?

His love for Rosalind had made him feel his degradation, the result of his former doings. On his arrival at home, he

sought an interview with his beloved Rosalind, which she granted. In his absence, Rosalind had grown even more beautiful and dignified than she had been before.

When he beheld her so beautiful, so noble in her bearing, he fell on his knees and implored her to forgive him for having trifled with his pledge, to love her, *and her only*; to forget the life he had led, and to seal that forgiveness with a kiss.

He rose to receive the kiss, but she motioned him from her presence.

"Touch me not! for I am virgin. Touch me not! for thy lips and thy body are impure. You have embraced *creatures* who, for a price, allow themselves to be embraced by thieves, housebreakers, cut-throats, jail and penitentiary birds, by murderers, and all kinds of degraded human whelps. *Touch me not!* for you are impure. It takes nature seven years to renew the crust of the human body, and seven years you have to wait for that kiss. If I find that you have for seven years truly repented, and become an honorable man in the fullest sense of the word, then I will gladly forgive you, and if you then ask me to become your wife, I will join you in wedlock with my whole heart and with my whole soul," and without another word she had left him as if rooted to the spot.

Charles Hunting now, for the first time, loved the noble Rosalind La Monte as he had never loved before. He found relief in the historical fact that Father Jacob actually served the deceitful Laban twice seven years for the beautiful Rachel. "He will wait seven years, let nature renew and receive his true repentance in the new frame, and after seven years marry the noblest of all maidens, Rosalind La Monte. Grandfather had presented him with the old souvenir and requested him to accept his motto, 'C. C. C.'—Chastity, Cheerfulness and Charity; but why did not his grandfather give him that great motto before? It would not now be necessary to wait seven years before he could hope to obtain Rosalind's consent to become his wife.

"Yes," continued he in a tremulous voice, "why did not my grandfather speak to me before about chastity; why did he leave that important instruction to our priest, who as time proved, was himself a wolf in sheepskin; a robber of chastity, who robbed women of their virtue, whenever opportunity would permit. Woe to me now, that I had such a moral and spiritual instructor! No wonder I became an *impure* man." He left his chair, and strode up and down his room; he balled his fist and cried: "*Damn* those priests who use their garb and their exalted position for a demoralizing purpose! What made of me a libertine and a gambler is because, as a young man I caught one of these ministers kissing and embracing a handsome married woman; and when I threatened to denounce him he mockingly said: 'None will believe you; I am a minister of the church. But, young man, take my advice, and enjoy yourself while you are young.' Those words from *our minister* fired in me the demon, and I became what I was. Rosalind, my dear Rosalind! thou art a true priestess; thy purity shall make of me a pure man."

He paused, reflected and continued: "How the words of my noble old grandfather inspire me to 'chastity, cheerfulness and charity!' Why? Because they came from his very heart. Our minister, too, occasionally spoke about chastity and charity, but there was no heart in it; for how can a commander inspire his troops with bravery when he himself is a coward? How could the minister inspire his congregation with morality, with charity, with piety, when he himself practiced immorality? When he was an uncharitable and an impious man?"

"C. C. C. I shall always see and remember, when looking at this watch, and when feeling it in my pocket; it shall lay under my pillow when I sleep, and be on my body when I am awake. I will become the champion of Chastity, and therefore will *watch the ministers with lynx's eyes*. I will be cheerful for that is the next I need. I will be chari-

table, for charity ennobles man, and I want to be noble, to become truly worthy of the noble Rosalind La Monte.

"Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love and love-born confidence be thine."

—Pope.

When Charles Hunting left the room Frank Wilkins took from the library the Book of Job, and after reading with a fine pronunciation, several passages, he gave his views on that immortal work, which tries to solve the riddle, why do we often see, that bad men and women, who have no feeling for neighbors, get along finely, and prosper in this world while many good men and good women, who feel for their fellow-beings, have continually up-hill work; continually to swim against the current, and are always in trouble how to make both ends meet.

The grandfather said: "Success in life depends, to a very great extent, on small insignificant matters, which, if neglected or lightly treated, will undermine *our prospects* of success. Such as sleeping late in the morning; eating or drinking a little more than we ought; coming a little later to our business; paying our bills a little later than the specified time; being a little unattentive to our business; living in a better house than we can afford; dressing a little better than our income permits; being a little uncivil, or ill-treating and neglecting to recognize those who held the ladder on which we have climbed up to a commanding position. All this is little in itself, but it has a wonderful effect on our success; and the very people who are so good to others, are not good to themselves. They neglect to do their *duty* as they should, and hence they do not succeed in their efforts as they ought; while those who are considered as being noxious to others, are good to themselves, and watch all these little matters. As small streams will make a large river, so do these little matters add to the great success.

"But there are other matters which secure success," the grandfather continued, "and these are: to see quickly the advantages to be gained; to catch, at the first tide, the ad-

vantage; never to get out of patience; never to become despondent, and to lament; always to be hopeful and cheerful; always striving, with intelligence, and an energy which admits of no failure. And, yet, there is one more thing indispensable to achieve great success—*marriage*; but married to those we love, and who reciprocate our love; who gladly forego a thousand comforts and conveniences, and suppress a thousand desires, which the loved one is not able to fulfill. To be so united in love that they shoulder, with one will, the cares and trials of life; and when disappointment overtakes them, to be still *one in hope*, and like one in action; one encouraging the other *onward! onward!* with the banner of success before their vision, then they will, in spite of all, *conquer* success from the very jaws of fate. Such a couple will raise a large family of children, and become, through them, a power in the community; whether for evil or good, depends how they were raised in their early childhood—what impression the mother, the father, the teacher, and *the religious* instructor have made on them—what examples their neighbors gave them. If they were bad, they become bad through the wrong education and the examples they saw. They are naturally good, for they have in their very nature the intensity and the sincerity to succeed and to hope; and in a nature where intensity and pure love exist, and is garbed with a healthy body, a man or a woman is a two-edged sword, that will hew out success where thousands of others, better than themselves, have failed. This is my way of reasoning to solve the great riddle, why the bad often succeed where the good have signally failed," concluded the grandfather, with a satisfied air.

All were lost in thought, for the grand old patriarch not only reasoned well, but also spoke forcibly. Every word went home to those who listened.

"Yes," said he again, "to achieve great success in life, it is our duty to get married, when the time has arrived, not to be *alone*."

At these words Miss Agnes started, for they were her

thoughts. Frank Wilkins felt, also, a strange emotion; for ever since the pleasant New Year's eve which he had spent at his employer's house, and so unexpectedly received from Agnes' glorious and beautiful eyes the sparks of love, he had tried to quench them with the heavenly dew of *calm reasoning and reflection*; but somehow he could not succeed, and the sparks brightened into a bright flame of love for Agnes. He kept it to himself, but he was discontented and unhappy; he felt that he was *alone*, and now the words spoken by the grandfather, "when the time has arrived, not to be *alone*," had a powerful effect on him, and he listened with all attention.

"Yes," repeated the grandfather, turning toward Frank Wilkins, and almost addressing him, "when the time has arrived, not to be *alone*, then it is our time to look around and get well mated."

Involuntarily, as by an impulse, Frank Wilkins looked at Agnes Hunting, and Agnes Hunting looked at Frank Wilkins. Their eyes were at that very moment lit with the heavenly light which is a part of the very light of God, *the light of pure love*. Their eyes met, they felt like being electrified, and the holy light united them as one. Both felt the joyful shock, both blushed, and both listened as the grandfather said:

"Yes, children, to become happy and achieve success, get well mated, when the time has arrived, not to be alone —"

He was interrupted; there was a violent ringing of the bell, which Ellen answered. It is the same Ellen who ate the nine eggs, fried in butter and turned over—the way Augustine had taught her to fry them; but she had not attempted again to eat nine of them just before going to bed. Ellen looked tidy, and happy as a bird, for she was a bride, engaged to the same Patrick referred to in the opening part of "*Our Prospects*." Ellen's cheek bloomed as a rose; joy reigned within her, for Patrick did not go on any sprees; he kept his pledge like a *man*! and she had reason to expect that he would make a good husband. A telegraph carrier

stood before the door, and said: "There is a telegram; please sign it." But, unfortunately, Ellen could not write; so she took the dispatch and book to the library.

Mr. Edward Hunting read the dispatch aloud:

"Have recovered complete health, sail with Karl Müller, in his vessel, to New York. His sister Augustine is in your house. Expect us both anon.

"AUGUSTUS HUNTING."

There was great rejoicing in the family. The wife kissed her husband, the grandfather kissed his son and Augustine, and Myra kissed Blanche. Frank and Agnes felt like kissing, too.

It being now late, Frank Wilkins took his departure, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hunting, Agnes, and the grandfather escorting him to the head of the stairs. Soon the ladies retired, but the son and father returned to the library. Both were silent, for both were busy with their thoughts, thinking of the *never* to be forgotten New-Year's eve. What changes for the good of all have they achieved since that memorable evening! Mrs. Hunting, no longer the vain, proud woman, who has her thoughts continually occupied with the glitter of the world, and who thinks it a disgrace for her daughters to cook and make themselves generally useful in the house. The daughters, no longer ailing, and dressed up like dolls, but healthy, in consequence of the bodily exercise, and by endeavoring to make themselves useful and earn the bread they eat. They no longer play the ladies, to be waited on, but wait on themselves and try to help others.

Charles, who gave them so much trouble, and caused them so much anxiety, is now on a very fair way to become a useful and honorable man.

"Edward! Edward," exclaimed the grandfather, almost overpowered by his deep emotion; "I can not tell you how very happy I feel this evening, to see you, my dear son, recovering your health; *you*, who are so dear to me, and who,

through his kindness and public spirit, has endeared himself to a large community; to have heard your noble wife, for she is noble, and may God bless her, expound the true aims of life so beautifully to the family. Your daughters, so good, and so willing to render us happy. Charles, how beautifully he reads and recites; he is in love with Rosalind La Monte, whom I well know. She is a noble maiden, a woman, as God has created woman to be. If she will take him as a husband, Charles will become one of the most honorable, prominent and useful men in the whole State. The lad has good metal within him, and the good and beautiful Rosalind is the only person who can make his metal ring for the benefit of his fellow-men. And now the news that Augustus is coming, and brings the brother of Augustine with him, fills my cup of happiness; but it is not full yet," continued the happy grandfather, "there is one more reform we have to bring about, and which is nothing less, than that our women folks shall not wear tight and thin shoes, shall not wear tight garters, shall not wear any corsets, and above all, do without the waterfall, which is, besides imposition, a great injury to their health."

The son interrupted his father, saying, smilingly: "That will be a hard nut to crack."

"I know it," answered the old gentleman, "but nevertheless, we must try. I hope that after we shall have reasoned with our women folks, and shown them the injurious effects of such dressing, they will gladly accept our good advice."

Since the sickness of his son Edward, the grandfather had made his home with his son, and soon both retired.

Frank Wilkins, on reaching the street, and feeling the genial air, seeing the stars and the full-shining moon, exclaimed: "The stars and the moon seem to shine brighter and grander to me to-night, than usually. Everything I now behold seems to please me better, and invigorate me with a power I have never felt before. Why is it?" asked he mentally. "Is it because I love? I love Miss Agnes Hunting, there is no denying it. For months, I felt a strange longing

to be nearer her. I could not comprehend what it really meant, but to-night it has been disclosed to me that I love her—love Agnes with my whole heart—love her now, because she is not so vain as she has been months ago—love her, because she dresses plain and is unassuming—love her, because she knows how to cook and to make a loaf of nice bread—love her, because she is not too lazy or ashamed to do housework. Agnes Hunting will now make a good wife, and a good wife is the best companion of a man, as soon as he begins to feel lonesome and *alone*.

He reached his room, which was very plainly furnished. No other ornament but an engraving of Alexander Von Humboldt, framed in walnut, graced the wall. There was also a cage containing a canary bird. As soon as he entered the room the little bird lifted its head, flapped its wings, and gave a joyous exclamation. It pleased Frank Wilkins very much, and he exclaimed: "How happy do I feel to notice the joy of my bird! but how much happier will I be when coming home from my daily work to be received with open arms by a loving wife and darling children! Yes," said he, "that will be nice, and is the right life to live; this being *alone* is lonesome enough to get tired of one's self."

He walked up and down his little room, paused for a moment, and then continued his measured steps, lost in deep reflection.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "my time to get married has arrived. Agnes Hunting will make me a good wife, and I will try to be a good husband; but getting married takes money, of which I have only sparingly. To help to marry off my five sisters, the expenses of my dear mother's sickness and her funeral—those expensive funerals! I never had an idea before that funerals were so expensive—have reduced my savings considerably, yet I do not feel sorry for the money I have spent. I have done my *duty*, but I miss the money now to start in some kind of business that would support me and my family, and enable me to furnish a few rooms; but how can I increase my capital? I have it now.

I will ask Mr. Hunting for a loan of five thousand dollars from the funds of Mrs. Ida Lothimore, and to go as my security; with this money and what I have still left, I can go into business and have done with boarding and, what is even worse, being *alone*." With these thoughts and a prayer he fell asleep.

"She looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew."
—Shakespeare.

The morning sun rose in all its inspiring glory, and so rose Miss Myra, refreshed by a healthful sleep and pleasant dreams, dreams of love and a happy future. She quickly dressed herself, saying: "To-day is my time to work in the kitchen. I want to beat Augustine and Ellen, to be the first in the kitchen, have my fire made, the coffee-pot on the stove, and the potatoes peeled and sliced in the frying-pan. Oh! how glad I am that I know how to prepare a breakfast all by myself!" Her neat toilet being finished, she looked in the mirror and seemed well pleased with her clear complexion and full rosy cheeks, blooming with health and happy animation. "That house-work which I used to dislike so much is not half so hard as ma made it out, and, besides, it makes one feel so nice; one has such a good appetite." Reaching the kitchen she went to work in good earnest, and soon the morning meal was ready. All the members of the family were ready to eat their breakfast, but the grandfather was not to be found in the house. They waited; at last he came.

"Where have you been, grandpa?" asked Myra, somewhat low-spirited, for her nice breakfast had got pretty nearly spoiled by waiting so long.

"Where have you been, father?" asked Mr. Edward Hunting.

"I took a walk down town and requested the barber Bauntain to call at the house."

"That's right!" exclaimed the daughters in one voice,

"for we wish to have our hair cut short, and bid those heavy waterfalls an affectionate good-bye. Let those who are *vain* enough to sacrifice their health and happiness wear their waterfalls, their tight corsets, and their tight and thin-soled shoes; we are done with such apparels, thanks to you, our noble grandfather, to you, our noble parents, and to our loving Heavenly Father, for having appointed you as our guardians, who reason with us so wisely that we can not help but admit that your views, if carried out, would lead us to genuine happiness," said Agnes; Myra, and Blanche fully assenting.

Breakfast being over, the young ladies repaired to their rooms to put on their "business suits," made of a good quality of alapaca. The skirt was just long enough for the wearer, and very full; the plaits were equally divided; the waist was made so as to button in front, and the rear part was sewed to the skirt. This enabled each young lady to dress herself without the help of another. The sleeves were not too tight nor flouncing, with no trimming whatever, except a few pretty jet buttons.

"Myra and Blanche," said Agnes, "please give me now all your corsets, all your false hair and stuffing, and your garters. I will pack and store them away, never to be touched by us again as a matter of ornament or dress. Here," and she handed to each sister a strip of elastic full an inch in width and about half a yard long, with a well-made button-hole at each end, "take this as a good substitute for a garter. You will find on your hose a button which I have sewed there, and also a button on the upper part of your pantalets. By buttoning this strip of elastic to the hose and the other button referred to, you will find it will keep the hose up better than a garter, and not hinder the circulation of the blood."

The sisters smiled at the pains Agnes had taken to find a good substitute for the garters, and thanked her for her great thoughtfulness. They then brought their corsets, false hair and stuffing which used to make up "the love of a

waterfall. "By storing this useless appendage away we show to each other and to the world that we are emancipated from that greatest of tyrants, 'Fashion,'" said Myra and Blanche, with great earnestness.

Agnes replied: "Yes, my dear sisters, we are emancipated, and this emancipation will improve our health and our usefulness; now let us dress." In less than no time they were found in their comfortable dresses. "What a blessing to have so loose a garment on one's body! O, that corset! how it used to imprison my lungs! and the waterfall! it was awful to wear it and the false hair!"

Myra and Blanche both agreed that Agnes was right.

There was a light knock on the door. Myra opened. It was grandfather.

"Come in," said she, with all her natural grace.

The grandfather was perfectly delighted when he saw his granddaughters in their *business suits*.

"Now you look like girls who can do something, and not be incumbered with—what you call it?"

"A waterfall," answered Agnes.

"And be laced so tight that you can hardly breathe, and have hoop-skirts and other fixings to load you down. Now you are dressed like sensible girls, and when you will have your hair cut, your toilet will be O. K. But, by the way, Bauntain, the barber, is waiting. Where do you wish to have your hair cut?"

"In the adjoining room," answered Blanche.

The grandfather left to conduct the useful artist to the room mentioned. Mr. Bauntain, being naturally a close observer, could not help uttering, when he passed through the grandly furnished rooms:

"Splendid! Splendid!"

The grandfather heard him, and said:

"Mr. Bauntain, they are too splendidly furnished. It is the misfortune of our day to have everything so splendid, and it is another reason that you have so many old bachelors

to shave—I would not say to cut their hair, for unmarried men become quicker bald headed than married men."

"That's so, that's so!" exclaimed Mr. Bauntain.

When they entered the room, they found Miss Agnes already waiting. The barber was taken by surprise to see Agnes in so plain and matter-of-fact dress, for he had known her since her childhood, and her hair had never been cut by any other hands than his.

Miss Agnes noticed the barber's surprise, and said:

"I presume you are surprised at my plain and unassuming dress. Well, I and my sisters have got rid of vanity, and,

"Fools are vain,
The wise are plain."

We wish to become wise and useful, and hence our dress will be such as is most convenient and consistent with our health; besides, we will not lose so much time, and what is still better, our thoughts will not be occupied so much with fineries and dress. Fashion, nowadays, compels women to consume two-thirds of their time in dressing and undressing. No wonder they neglect the higher duties which they owe to God and their families."

Bauntain, who had been listening with his ears wide open, said:

"Miss Agnes, I have seen a great many changes in this city since I am established in business, but such a change I did not expect to see and hear. I must admit that I often thought you dressed too gay and extravagantly; a virtuous citizen's daughter has no business to dress like —" he did not finish his sentence, but went on cutting the hair more lively, noticing the mistake he made, for he was talking to a young lady, and not to a young man.

Agnes noticed his embarrassment, and kindly said:

"I know what you mean, and you are right, too. But you will never see us dressed so gaily again, for we are going to *constantly* occupy our time, either in the store as clerks, or at the house as cooks and chambermaids."

"Miss Agnes, you do not mean to say that you and your sisters will work as clerks, cooks, and chambermaids in the house of your father!" exclaimed the astonished barber.

"Exactly! just what I mean," answered the young lady, promptly.

"Now I have again confidence in our ministers, since they have succeeded in rescuing three sisters from that *baneful sin, vanity*."

"No ministers had anything to do with our reform. Our good father, mother, and grandfather reasoned with us until we were convinced to be the worst slaves on earth, when worshipping fashion."

"So, the ministers had nothing to do with your reform?" asked the barber, in a tone as if lost in thought.

"Nothing at all," answered Agnes, promptly.

"You will perhaps smile when I say that nine-tenths of all our ministers pocket their good salary, and give their congregations nothing in return but discord; one-half of the congregation is dissatisfied with the minister, for they feel that they are being humbugged; the other half like the minister who flatters their vanity. It is the old story, that when the people quarrel among themselves, the tyrant rules and cheats. It makes me sad and angry to see the doings of our ministers."

"Mr. Bauntain, ain't you mistaken when you say that the ministers are not doing anything for the welfare of the people? Don't I read, almost every day, that they assemble in convention to consult how best to advance and implant religious feelings in their fellow-beings? There is a synod here, and a synod there."

"Yes, our ministers like to travel, and to be *away* from home; beside, they have no expenses. They manage, somehow or the other, to get a free pass on the railroad, and quarter themselves in the slickest manner, in some good family. They assemble in convention, but accomplish nothing but discord, and the best part of our population lose their respect for the ministers when they read the proceedings of the con-

vention, and the foolish resolutions they adopt. You see, Miss Agnes, I am a religious man, who thinks, who reflects, and observes as he goes along. I read, and I listen to the remarks my customers make, and they are of the best of society. My shop is visited by aged judges, by the ablest lawyers, by the greatest bankers, by the best merchants, by our prominent manufacturers, and promising young men, and they talk among themselves, and even to me, about these things. I don't think much of those synods and conventions. All the benefit mankind derives from them I can put under my finger nail."

Agnes said: "Please be quick, Mr. Bauntain, for my pa wishes us to be punctual at the store."

Mr. Bauntain used his scissors vigorously, and in a few moments Agnes was done, who said when leaving the chair: "How light and nice my head feels!"

Myra took her turn. When taking her seat the barber said: "Why, Miss Myra, how tall you are growing; if you keep on you will be the tallest, and even the handsomest of your sisters."

"Yes, I am growing tall, and beautiful," answered Myra, naively. "It is because I am cooking, washing, ironing, scrubbing, sweeping and dusting the rooms; and do it gladly."

"Do you recollect when I for the first time cut your hair?"

"Yes, I do; I was so afraid, and cried; and you gave me a stick of candy, which I threw away, for fear of soiling my dress," said Miss Myra, smiling.

"I recollect it well, and since that day I have not offered a stick of candy to the children, but tried to pacify them with words. Yes," said he, as if speaking to himself, "I am the barber who has seen a generation grow up and a generation go down to their final resting place, leaving nothing to posterity but an elaborate grave-stone, which their money has purchased. There is old Mr. Bottwell, now lying very low; how much good could that man have done with his talent and wealth, to the community at large!"

Grandfather Hunting now entered the room. "Please be quick, Mr. Bauntain, the girls must be punctual at their business."

The barber set to work; the old fire of youthful energy, seemed to have been awakened within him, by those few words, and in less than no time Miss Myra and Miss Blanche had their hair nicely cut. They looked like boys, but pretty, nevertheless.

Mr Bauntain was going to leave, when Mrs. Hunting entered the room and requested him to wait until she had seen her daughters off, since she wished to have her hair cut also by him.

The barber, when alone, gave vent to his feelings:

Well! well! well! What next? Mrs. Hunting too, to go without a waterfall!"

The same carriage, with the same horses, and the same coachman, which grandly wheeled before the palatial mansion of Edward Hunting, Esq., at the opening part of *Our Prospects*, wheeled again before this gentleman's residence, with the only change that there was no livery. The door opens. Three young ladies appear; they are the same: Agnes, Myra and Blanche. But how different is now their dress; they have laid aside those rich silk dresses and velvet cloaks; those rich head coverings and corsets, and false hair—

Which importation

Impoverishes this nation.

And which is one of the main causes why our young people can not marry when the time arrives, not to be alone.

But were they less beautiful without those fineries, which in the opening part of this *Tale of Real Life* were so highly valued by these young ladies? Yes, they were fully as beautiful, and even prettier; for health bloomed on their cheeks, and kindness, love and desire to be useful, shone brightly from their eyes. The door is not closed quickly after them, for Mrs. Hunting loves now her daughters, as she never loved them before. They are no longer to her a burden of anxiety and oppressing care; they no longer tease her from

morning until night to obtain this or that; if anything, they say, "Ma, we can do without it. Let us keep our money so that our noble father may not again be compelled to bend his knees before the cashier, John James La Monte, to ask a favor, and be refused. No," said they, "let us keep our money, so that our good father need not borrow money from anybody."

The mother appeared on the front door-step to see her daughters off. She kissed each of them as she never kissed them before, for being no longer a vain woman, her love was not divided, but concentrated. She loved her husband and her children with her whole heart and soul, and this same holy love made her also love her neighbors; "for were they not also husbands, wives, fathers and mothers, with cares and hopes like herself?"

It is an undeniable fact that neither man nor woman can sincerely feel for their fellow-beings, unless they are happily married, and blessed with good children; only when the husband becomes a father, or the wife a mother, are the nobler feelings fully awakened within them, and they become less selfish, and more benevolent and forgiving.

Mrs. Hunting again and again kissed her daughters. She was almost moved to tears—tears of joy—to have daughters who were willing to assist their father in earning the means for their living.

The grandfather, too, entered the carriage. He was the happiest of all, for he was the minister who reformed them; who cleansed them of their vanity and made of them reasonable human beings, who are not a curse, but a blessing to each other. His lips moved in prayer, for he gave thanks to God, who has created everything perfect.

The horses were about starting when Myra said:

"Ma, you need not do anything in the kitchen. As soon as I receive my pocket ledger and instructions, I will come back and prepare the dinner, for to-day is my turn," and happiness illuminated her beautiful face.

"Tom, drive slowly," said the grandfather, "for I can not stand fast driving."

Tom drew in the reins at once, and the spirited horses strode proudly through the streets. Hundreds of pedestrians stopped, looking astonished to see the young ladies in their plain dress, for in this land of extravagance such plain attire as the young ladies wore was an unusual sight, and it attracted great attention. Among those who observed the carriage and the occupants, was also Miss Viola La Monte; who was out shopping, buying her wedding outfit.

"Why, said she, "those are the Huntings! how reduced they look. Am I not a fortunate girl to have a rich father and grandfather, and my Otto, a millionaire? I am sorry that sister Rosalind would not go with me, to assist me in selecting my wedding dress. It is strange that Rosalind would, under no consideration, leave the house, even when mother commanded her. It is strange, for she is usually so obedient."

When they reached the business place of Edward Hunting his daughters left the carriage, and were about entering the private office, when one of the clerks respectfully informed them that they could not enter, as Mr. Hunting had given orders not to be disturbed by any callers.

"Would you please announce us?" said the grandfather, handing the young clerk his card.

The clerk returned and said: "In a few moments you may enter."

When they finally entered the office the young ladies noticed Overbeck and Fastleben, who left by the rear door; and it seemed to them as if they had been weeping. They heard their father say, in a somewhat excited tone and manner: "Remember, you can only enter again this house and ask for an interview, by making the solemn promise."

Mr. Hunting received his father with marked respect, and turning to his daughters he said: "Now, daughters, when working in the store you can not look upon me as your father, but as your employer, your chief; who expects that

every one does his duty. It is against my business rules to allow my employees to chat together, or to read newspapers during business hours. Nobody can leave the business during that time, without my permission; and in my absence, Mr. Wilkins will replace me. I dislike tell-tales, but expect to be promptly informed of any willful negligence, or even dishonesty. Here are your ledgers, with the necessary memoranda. Now, try to master, as soon as possible, your duties, each in your respective department.

"Charles," continued the father, "show Miss Agnes, Miss Myra and Miss Blanche Hunting the wardrobe, where they can put their shawls, hats and parasols; show them, also, the stock in each department; when that is done, Miss Myra has the permission to return and prepare dinner for the family." Without another word, he left them, and turned toward his bookkeeper, asking, "Did the mail bring us any particular news to-day?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bookkeeper, "Ira P. Sider has failed; but he does not owe us much. I kept sending him statement after statement, and drew on him several times in sums that I thought he could pay; and so his indebtedness to the house has been considerably reduced."

The grandfather and Myra came now, to say, that they were going home. The son escorted his father to the carriage with the utmost reverence and respect.

At the door stood Overbeck and Fastleben, crest-fallen. Myra noticed it as she stepped in the carriage, and felt a deep sympathy for them, especially for Overbeck. She thought mentally, "How different those young gentlemen appear to-day than when they called on us last New Year's. But do not I look different too, and how authoritatively papa spoke to us, but I presume it is all for the best."

Overbeck and Fastleben, after a very animated conversation, returned to the store, and asked permission to see Mr. Hunting in his private office, which was promptly granted.

On entering, they found Mr. Hunting busy writing, but he

laid down his pen and said: "Have you reflected on my lecture, for a lecture it was?"

"We have, sir," answered both, with one voice, and Overbeck continued, "you have spoken to us like a good father, and we now see that we have been living fast, and that if we do not at once change our habits, *our prospects* to gain success in life will grow dim; we now solemnly swear before God, and you, noble sir, as our witness," and Overbeck and Fastleben lifted up their right hands, and said in a tremulous voice, "we now solemnly swear, that we will never drink any intoxicating beverages; that we will never play cards or make any bets, that we will sincerely endeavor to lead a virtuous life, and to be *truthful* men before God and our fellow-beings. Amen."

"So may God help you," responded Mr. Edward Hunting, drying the tears in his eyes.

"Will you be so kind as to give us a letter of recommendation, since we intend to go to the far West, to find employment, and get a fresh start," asked the young men.

"I will do more than that. You may go out West and find a good place which promises to become a large city, and there start a business under the name of "Overbeck & Fastleben," but without being fast. I will advance each of you the sum of five thousand dollars, take your individual note, payable at my option, bearing three per cent. interest per annum, said interest to be punctually paid every three months. This will give you a cash capital of ten thousand dollars, and I will, if necessary, give you also a credit of five thousand dollars in my house, on one, two, three and four months' time, and let you have the benefit of my influence in the market; all this will I do for you, if you will henceforth be and act like men, of whom their relatives, acquaintances and country can be proud," said the kind-hearted Mr. Hunting.

Overbeck and Fastleben were quite overcome with the great generosity of their noble benefactor, and thanking him again and again, they bid him and all their former colleagues, and also to the new clerks, Miss Agnes and Miss Blanche,

an affectionate good-by. All wished them a safe journey and great success. Blanche said to Fastleben: "I will pray for you." "Do," answered the young man, greatly moved by the young lady's kindness. Another affectionate shake with their hands; and waving their hats, they quickly went to the hotel, packed their trunks, and started for the *far, far West*, where a new empire is rising as if by magic, by the hands and brains of men who have been fast in their living, but are fast no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

What could he see but mightily he noted;
What did he note but strongly he desir'd;
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his willful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

—Shakespeare.

BAUNTAIN, the great artist of the razor and shears, the acute observer and pleasant chatter, cut the hair of Mrs. Hunting just as she directed, who said: "People will think it very strange, when they see me, with my hair cut short, wearing a hat without feathers; a plain, becoming dress, without trimmings, and wearing no jewelry. They may think what they please, but I think it to be the duty of every mother to dress plain, to do without those many fixings women wear nowadays. My noble husband, and his noble old father, have reasoned with me, and convinced me that we ladies, who are looked upon as the leaders of fashion, can render humanity a lasting benefit by not dressing extravagantly, and not giving our daughters an example to have their minds continually occupied with dress, show and vanity,

which undermines their health, and unfits them for practical life." And she continued, with greater energy: "My daughters shall henceforth only aim to become useful members of society. Dress and show shall be with them the last consideration. They will earn their money, and spend it only judiciously, and for good purposes. This *carnival of extravagance and vanity* must be rooted out, or else our land will become a second *Sodom*."

The able barber listened with delight, and exclaimed: "Mrs. Hunting, you have spoken golden words. Oh! that I had the power to write your words on the sun and moon, so that all could see them! I would do it, even at the sacrifice of my life, for matters have greatly changed, for the worse, since I had the honor to comb your hair, on your wedding day."

"Yes, we have retrograded in true civilization, for demoralization has gained the upper hand; honesty is poorly rewarded, and rascality, on a grand scale, goes unpunished, and is even allowed."

"That's so! that's so!" ejaculated the hair-cutter. "There is a merchant—we have one in this city—who buys a million dollars worth of goods, and sells them cheaper than his honest competitors can buy them for. They lose half their trade, and only with *great* difficulty meet their engagements, and pay their expenses. But that merchant who bought a million dollars worth of goods, and sold them twenty per cent. below cost, fails, settles with twenty cents on the dollar, pockets five or six hundred thousand dollars by the operation, and holds his head as high as anybody, notwithstanding his great rascality—for a rascality it is, to ruin a dozen honest merchants, whose families are reduced even to beggary; yet, still, that merchant who failed for a million, who planned to fail, with a view of making money out of it, is received with open arms in the best society. The Mayor of the city, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Board of Trade, appoint him on committees of honor; and what is still worse, that same rascal of a merchant can go

again in the market and buy on credit from the identical firms (with a few exceptions), whom he had swindled—for a swindle it was; and they will receive him friendly, and even flatter him, and pat him. If that is not mercantile demoralization of the worst kind, then I don't know what is. If that is the fruit of our modern civilization, then we ought to be ashamed of it, and I, a poor barber, *am* ashamed of it."

Mrs. Hunting made no remarks, but reflected on what the barber said. "That Bauntain," she thought to herself, "is quite an able man, and he is right in what he said; no doubt there are thousands who think like him, but they have not the moral courage to say it before the public, and condemn such cheats, for cheats they are."

"How is Charley?" asked the barber, showing great interest.

"He is doing splendidly since he returned from the Lakes."

"Is he? I am truly glad to hear it; he is such a fine looking young man; but how did it happen that he reformed? Did our ministers influence him?"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Hunting, "our ministers influenced him to become what he was, our ministers ruined him!" exclaimed she, in an angry tone.

"Well, well, I have heard and seen in the public press, that ministers have ruined girls, or have taken undue liberties with married ladies, but to have ruined young men, I have never heard before."

"Charley was ruined through their example."

"Now I see, now I see," exclaimed the barber, lifting his long shears upward. "I am a man of peace, but I really feel that I could stab such a priest without mercy."

"Then you would have a good deal of stabbing to do," exclaimed grandfather Hunting, who had entered the room, unobserved, "for there is no class needing as much purification and looking after as the ministers of our day."

Bauntain looked up, surprised but pleased, and said: "Among the many gentlemen who have their hair cut and shaved at my shop is also a detective, of great experience.

He, knowing that I am a religious man, gave me some information about the dark doings of our ministers, which made me shudder. I protested and contended that he was mistaken, but the detective assured me it was the *plain truth*. Ever since I have watched the ministers pretty closely and have come to the conclusion that the detective told me the *plain truth*; and your remarks, Mr. Hunting, have still more confirmed me in this belief. Well, well, I don't know what will become of the morals of the age, if some one does not call the attention of the people to this growing evil."

Having finished his work, he put up his tools, and Mrs. Hunting took a twenty dollar bill, saying: "Please take these twenty dollars, deduct from it what I owe you for your services, and the balance give to some worthy poor."

"Really you are very kind to appoint me to distribute your charity, you better——"

Mrs. Hunting interrupted him, and said: "I will consider it a personal favor if you will take the trouble and give the balance of the bill to such persons as you think are deserving of help and assistance."

Bauntain made no further objection, took the money, thanked the kind Mrs. Hunting, and promised to see that the money should be used for the right person. He made a respectful bow and left for his business.

As soon as he had left, the grandfather said: "I have known that barber thirty-five years. He has the best memory of any man I ever have seen; he is a close observer, a deep thinker, and what is more, has the moral courage to say what he thinks. I am glad he is the barber of the family for he is a deserving man."

"He is a gentleman and does his craft great honor," remarked Mrs. Hunting.

Bauntain, on reaching his shop, found all the chairs occupied, and Mr. John James La Monte waiting. He was very much pleased to have a chance to inform Mr. La Monte of Charles Hunting having reformed, for he had heard a rumor that the young man and Miss Rosalind La Monte were in

love, but for some unknown reason, no engagement had been formed. He felt now happy to have an opportunity to speak highly of the young man to the father of the loved maiden. But Mr. La Monte was very reserved that morning. The barber had hardly soaped his face, when Jim entered, and approaching Mr. La Monte, whispered in his ear, "that Mrs. Wehlen had ordered him to take the fastest horse and ride down town, to tell Mr. La Monte to come home immediately."

Mr. La Monte felt greatly alarmed, for something extraordinary must have happened at his house, or Mrs. Wehlen would not have sent for him; yet alarmed as he was he gave no sign of it, whatsoever; and said calmly, "Jim, wait till I am done. Mr. Bauntain, please shave me as quick as you possibly can."

There was no chance for a chat, and in a few minutes Mr. La Monte was shaved. He turned to Jim, and said: "Ride home and hire a carriage of the nearest livery stable, to be in readiness at the gate of my house as soon as I arrive."

He then went to some ticket offices, made a purchase, and drove home in his buggy as fast as his horse would trot. Reaching his house he tied his horse outside the gate, and tried to reach his residence from the rear part, unobserved, for Mr. La Monte had his suspicions aroused, that Count Louis was endeavoring to win the good graces of his wife. He had observed the Count speaking, so to say, with his eyes to his wife, and would gladly have got rid of the visitors, but they prolonged their stay under the excuse that they expected remittances from their father, and beside, to have the Counts stay at his house gave such a splendor to his family. The whole aristocratic community, including every member of the upper tenths, envied the La Montes, to be so fortunate as to have the noble Counts as guests at their house. From far and near came the aristocrats in their carriages, dressed up in their finest garments and shining with costly jewels, to pay their respects to the La Montes and their distinguished visitors.

Mrs. La Monte, the born Bottwell, was now in her glory. "What was her husband? a nobody, a washwoman's son, and here were those Counts of whom the whole world—the world she cared for—made such lions of, and one of the Counts loved her, for Count Louis had learned seven English words, *so very dear* to women like Mrs. La Monte, the born Bottwell, who was born in vanity, raised in vanity, preached to in vanity, who worshiped in vanity, worshiped vanity itself, and was vanity all over. Such women are *ripe and ready* to give their all, the most sacred on earth, to the first flatterer who comes along and uses slickly the seven English words which the Count, Louis La Monte, knew now by heart, and which he uttered as often as opportunity would permit:

"You are very beautiful! I love you!"

But he had not often the opportunity to say those seven words, so very precious to Mrs. La Monte, the born Bottwell, for her daughter Rosalind, who was raised under the true religious care of the good Mrs. Wehlen, was always with her mother, as a protecting guardian. Think of it, reader, what a state of affairs, when the daughter has to watch over her mother to prevent her from committing a sin, which, next to murder, is the greatest; and what was worse than all, that mother was displeased with Rosalind's presence, and sent her on all kinds of errands, which the noble Rosalind tried to avoid, and remained on guard, with her eyes and ears wide open.

The Count Louis hated the very sight of that noble girl; she was in his way, and he determined to get rid of her for once. What did he do? When all were sitting at the supper table he excused himself for a moment. He then quickly went into Miss Rosalind's room, took the vial which contained the deadly poison, opened it, and let the poisonous vapor soak well in the pillows on which Rosalind, our dear Rosalind, generally slept. "For once I will have you out of my way; you will not awake before to-morrow noon," said the Count, to whom hundreds of the so-called aristocratic families would

have married their daughters and given two-thirds of their property besides, in preference to a good and healthy young citizen, who has hands to work, a brain to think and invent, and a spotless character.

Count Louis returned to the supper table. The quick eye of Rosalind readily noticed that he was after doing some mischief; but seeing her mother sitting at the table she did not feel alarmed, only uneasy.

Morning dawned, and Mrs. Wehlen, as usually, expected Miss Rosalind in her room, who generally arose before the Counts were awake, and came there to pray with Mrs. Wehlen, thanking God for his many graces, and imploring the Most High to protect the honor of the wife and mother, and to save their house from evil. They also had come to some understanding how to manage to keep good watch on the the Count's doings.

Mrs. Wehlen was very uneasy because Rosalind did not come as usually. She went to the young lady's room, but found the door closed. "Poor girl," said she; "let her sleep, she has trouble enough; I will be on the watch, myself."

Breakfast was ready and taken without Rosalind. Mrs. La Monte was glad, and said: "She is growing so pale, she don't rest enough; it is well that she sleeps."

After breakfast, Mr. La Monte, his son, and Viola, left for down town, leaving Mrs. La Monte, the Counts, and Rosalind who was still asleep, at home.

Mrs. La Monte repaired to her bed-chamber, and the Count Louis La Monte had the impudence soon to follow. Mrs. Wehlen duly noticed it, and, notwithstanding her great age, she run to the kitchen, took hold of the kettle of boiling hot water, and rushing in the bed-chamber, she caught the Count Louis in the act of kissing her mistress.

That was enough for Mrs. Wehlen, and, with the fury of a lioness who defends her young, she exclaimed: "You good-for-nothing scamp, if you do not clear out of this room, I will scald you from head to foot, and with a glowing poker burn your good-for-nothing eyes out of your carcass."

Nothing but the prompt interference of Mrs. La Monte, the born Bottwell, saved the noble Count La Monte from being scalded, and he took a hasty retreat.

Mrs. Wehlen now turned to Mrs. La Monte, and said to her in a calm tone: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, as a Christian woman, as a wife and a mother, to allow a strange man to come in your bed-room, and let him kiss you."

"I could not help it. He came in the room without my knowing it, and kissed me, just for fun," said Mrs. La Monte, trying to make light of what had happened.

"You can not fool me. Your vanity listened after forbidden fruit. You deserve a sound spanking, and were I your mother, I would give it to you right smartly," said Mrs. Wehlen, angrily. She gave Mrs. La Monte a look of contempt, and again she said: "Yes, it is a shame, as a Christian woman, to act as you do," and with those words, she left Mrs. La Monte to herself, went to the stable and ordered Jim, who had just returned from the city, to mount the fastest horse, ride to the city, and request Mr. La Monte to come home at once. She was now anxiously waiting for him. As soon as she saw him, she ran toward him, saying: "Sir! remove those *damn* Counts from the house."

Mr. La Monte did not wait to hear more, for if Mrs. Wehlen would *damn* the Counts, then they must be damnable fellows. He went to his room, took his revolver, which was loaded, but without caps. He put them on, and thus armed, went to the rooms of the Counts, who were startled when they saw their host coming. They had seen his exploits at target-shooting, and knew him to be a dead shot.

Count Louis, in his great alarm, felt for the steel plate on his breast.

"You villain," said Mr. La Monte, "you need not rely on your plate of steel, for I will shoot you through your brain, as I would shoot a mad dog that threatens to bite me or mine. I give you and your brother just five minutes time to pack up. Now betake yourself, or you will never leave these rooms alive." Taking out his watch, he exclaimed,

with a firmness that made them tremble, "Four and a half minutes are left to you!" holding the watch in one hand and the revolver in the other, aiming at their heads.

Never were trunks packed quicker than the Counts Louis and Murat La Monte packed theirs, that morning. "Now," said he, "I have bought for you railroad tickets and also a passage ticket, *via* Baltimore. You can not go over New York and Boston, for detectives have arrived there. You are forgers—they are after you. You will therefore leave at once for Baltimore, and from there to England, under an assumed name, and under no consideration do I allow you to address me or any member of my family, or I will punish you, with this my unerring revolver, for I am a husband and a father, who knows how to protect the home of those who are his." The blood rushed to La Monte's head, and his eyes darted forth a fire of hatred, before which the Counts trembled. "Do you understand me, and will you do and bear in mind what I say?"

"Yes, we will," exclaimed both, fearing the aroused lion before them.

Mr. La Monte then placed two of his fingers in his mouth and produced such a loud whistle, that it could have been heard for miles. Jim knew that whistle; only given by his employer when he was angry or in great haste. He ran up to the room.

Mr. La Monte called out to him:

"Is the carriage from the livery stable ready?"

"Yes, sir, it is at the gate."

"Then assist the Counts to take their trunks to the carriage. There is no time for ceremony. They have received a telegram from France to come home. Their father is very sick."

The Counts took hold of the baggage, and down stairs they went, La Monte following them with the revolver in his hand. Mrs. La Monte saw the queer procession from her window, and trembled like a leaf, for her husband was in a towering

rage. Reaching the gate, Mr. La Monte noticed a bird flying high above them.

"See that bird," he exclaimed, "I will shoot it in the right wing."

He fired his revolver, and down came the bird, shot in the right wing.

"Take this dead bird along with you to France, and thank God that you are still alive, for you had a narrow escape; but if you fail to carry out my instructions, I will shoot you through your right temple, and I am as good as my word. *Away with you!*"

He then told the hackman to what depot he should take them, and the two Counts were soon driving rapidly toward their destination.

Thus, noble reader, we dismiss the Counts finally, believing that we have rendered many a family a good service by sketching the Counts as some of them are; and mothers and fathers should, therefore, not be so anxious to marry their daughters to titled nobility. Most of them are shamefully corrupted, and their talents and wealth are greatly over-rated. Far, far better would it be for the daughter, the family, and even the State, to marry her to a young man who is only a citizen of the United States, but with good habits and a trade. Then the *prospects* are that such a union will be a happy one, and add to the wealth of the State, for the daughter's inheritance would remain in the country, and not be taken to Europe, to be squandered by some rascally nobleman.

Mr. John James La Monte repaired to his bed-room, where he found his wife, crying like a child.

"Guilty conscience cries," said he to himself.

"O, Jo—Joh—John, wh— what ha— have yo— you d— do— done?" stammered Mrs. La Monte, weepingly.

"Cry on, *Theodosia Bottwell*, cry on! Your crocodile tears will not affect me. Weep! You have cause enough to shed tears, even if they are crocodile tears. *Theodosia Bottwell* can not shed other tears," said the husband, sneeringly.

Mr. La Monte uttered the name *Theodosia Bottwell*, with withering scorn. Mrs. La Monte, noticing it, said:

"O, I wish I *was* *Theodosia Bottwell*; but you made me Mrs. La Monte, and I demand to be called by that name."

"Not by me," answered the husband, sternly. "In my eyes you are henceforth *only* *Theodosia Bottwell*, and not Mrs. John James La Monte; yet, for the sake of the children, I will permit you to stay under this roof, and bear the name of Mrs. La Monte, but that is all. *You are my wife no longer!*"

This was said in a tone and manner which convinced Mrs. La Monte that her husband meant what he said, and she knew that if her husband once made up his mind not to recognize her as his wife, her fate would be sealed, and that she was doomed to be treated by him with merciless contempt.

Mr. La Monte strode up and down the room with rapid steps. The whole past seemed to appear before his vision, and his heart wept over the sufferings he had endured throughout his married life. He could have borne all his wife's unreasonable whims, and even insulting language, but to try to break the marriage vow was more than he could bear. He doubled his fist, lifted up his hand, and exclaimed, as if speaking to himself:

"*Theodosia Bottwell*, from this hour you cease to be the wife of John James La Monte, the son of the washwoman."

He repeated it again and again, always with greater energy and determination.

Mrs. La Monte, the born *Bottwell*, became alarmed, and mentally exclaimed: "Let me beg his forgiveness, else I am lost. I can bear anything but contempt from him; to be in his eyes only *Theodosia Bottwell*, and not Mrs. La Monte, his wife, who shares with him his affection and his confidence, would break my heart."

She threw herself on her knees before the unhappy husband, and weepingly implored his forgiveness. "Don't cast me away, for I am yet your *pure wife*. I admit, that through

my foolish *vanity*, I was on the brink of falling, but the timely interference of the good Mrs. Wehlen saved me; chastise me for my flirtation, for that is all I am guilty of; chastise me, I beg you; every stroke will be a healing balm; chastise me, but don't cast me off, or I am lost; forgive me, my noble husband; punish me as you think best, but don't call me Theodosia Bottwell. Call me your wife; call me Mrs. La Monte, as I have been called by you."

"Not as you have been," exclaimed the husband; "you have"—he could not finish, for the door was violently thrown open, and Winfred entered, covered with dust and perspiration. He could hardly breathe.

"Quick!" said he; "Grandfather is dying, and he requests you to come to his house immediately. Ma, don't dress, but come as you are, else you will be too late. Quick! quick! for God's sake; I will hurry back on my horse and tell poor grandfather that you are coming."

He left the room, threw himself in the saddle, and hastened back to his dying grandfather.

Mr. La Monte placed his two fingers in his mouth and gave one of his shrill whistles, which made the hills ring.

Jim started on a trot, saying: "To-day Mr. La Monte has his steam up, he whistles like an engine. I must be quick."

Mr. La Monte called to him: "I want the carriage in three minutes before the door."

"Madam will get ready to start in two and a half minutes," commanded the husband, in a tone that made Mrs. La Monte dress as quick as she never dressed before.

Mr. La Monte rang the bell; the chambermaid answered.

"Please tell Miss Rosalind that I wish to see her."

"Miss Rosalind is asleep, and we can not even awaken her," answered the servant.

"That is strange!" exclaimed the father.

"Mrs. Wehlen is greatly alarmed, and talks of breaking the door," remarked the girl.

Mr. La Monte quickly left the room, went in the garden and took a ladder, which he placed near Rosalind's window.

He mounted the same, broke one of the windows, and soon was in the room, where he found Rosalind fast asleep; but the moment he bended toward his daughter, he noticed a strange scent emanating from the pillow: "Ha!" exclaimed he, "that rascal Count Louis, when he left the supper table, last evening, saturated these pillows with poison. This explains Rosalind's unnatural sleep. Julius Solomon gave Otto correct information about those Counts. *How careful, how very careful* we ought to be, whom we invite to our house. These were accomplished rascals. I and my family had a narrow escape."

Gently he took the pillows from beneath Rosalind's head, and threw them out of the window. This done, he moved the bed to the open window, unbolted the door, but admitted only Mrs. Wehlen, whom he told to wash Rosalind with cold water, and if she should not revive, to send Jim to Grandfather Bottwell's, and he would come home immediately.

Mrs. La Monte was already waiting in the carriage. The husband ordered Jim to drive as fast as he possibly could.

They soon arrived at Mr. Bottwell's residence, and found him in his last dying moments. His eyes were directed toward the door, expressing a sign of joy when he saw his daughter and son-in-law; he also looked for Rosalind and Viola, and a cloud spread over his pale and sunken features when he saw they were not coming. Mr. and Mrs. La Monte approached his bed, when the old grandfather, with great difficulty, said:

"Theodosia, be a good Christian woman; John," he pointed toward a newspaper lying on the table; John, see whether our bonds are genuine." These were his last words; a strange rattling was heard in his throat, one more sigh, and the spirit departed to the unknown region, to the bourne whence no traveler returns.

Grandfather Bottwell was a corpse, and what a corpse! A corpse on whose features rested not the *heavenly smile of peace*, it was a corpse which still had the impression on its features of having been a vicious, grasping, money making

and money keeping body; it was a corpse for whom a few mourned; it was a corpse that had been a corpse, when living.

Of late all good men had avoided his presence as much as possible; they knew him to be illiberal, merciless, and uncharitable. He was an impediment to general prosperity. It was through him that the projected railroad could not be built, though a committee of good and enlightened men—men who were no mere figure-heads, but who through their own exertion and wisdom had been the pioneers of their fortune, who felt for their fellow-men, and wished to see their city prosper and flourish—had waited on him. They had laid before him all their plans, the loss or profit for the city by building or not building, and had asked the old man to head the subscription list with a liberal sum. These men had used all their eloquence, knowing that if Mr. Bottwell would not head the list, a good many of the other luke-warm citizens would have had an excuse in not subscribing for the projected railroad. "If Mr. Bottwell, the man with his big pile of 5-20s and 10-40s, the large stockholder, will not pay toward the enterprise, you can not expect it from us," they would say.

But all was in vain. He was dead to any enterprise; dead to anything that would, in the least, be a benefit to his fellow-beings. He was a *living* corpse, and many there were who wished him to be a *dead* corpse, and so to have one of these *first-class* funerals.

But where is Grandmother Bottwell? Why is she not at the side of her dying husband? She is all by herself in her room, which she had not left during the sickness of her husband. She would not wait on him because he was so rude and wanted her to hand him a glass of water, without saying "please;" and even when he was dead she would not go in the room. "I have a sore in my mouth," said she, "and can not use my set of false teeth; I don't wish to be seen by any one, without them, for it makes me look so old." No, she

prefers to remain alone; besides she don't care much if her husband died. He called her, only a few months ago, a "*vain old goose*," and why should she mourn over his death? Such were her thoughts.

Mr. John James La Monte, his wife and son, stood for some moments, silently before the dead. The husband and father at last broke the silence, and said, with great emotion:

"See, and behold now this body without a spirit! What is it? A heap of flesh, horrid to the sight, which must be shoveled away, and become the food of worms. What is left of us? Nothing but our good deeds and the good examples we have set before our children and our neighbors." He paused and sighed deeply. The wife knew, and so did the son, that that corpse lying before them had left no good deeds, no good examples, behind him.

Mr. La Monte continued, mournfully:

"Theodosia, and you, my good son, —"

Mrs. La Monte interrupted him:

"O, my dear husband, don't call me Theodosia; call me wife, call me your dear wife, for I swear before the corpse of my dear father that I will henceforth be to you a good and honorable wife, not a vain woman. I will love you and try to be worthy of being your dear wife."

The husband made no answer, but took her hand affectionately in his, and said, almost overpowered with grief:

"Wife and son, does not death teach us *how foolish it is* to be so vain, so proud, so selfish, and so unreasonable? How foolish to be so deceitful as most of us are, so unmerciful and uncharitable! Woe to those who die with such a record, and leave not one redeeming act behind them. Let us pray," and with clasped hands, and his head bowed down, the husband and father, joined by wife and son, uttered this prayer:

"Thou merciful God, we, the nearest relatives to the departed spirit of this body, pray unto thee, thou all-wise and all-merciful Father, to receive his spirit graciously, and to forgive his sins and shortcomings. Be merciful, thou all-po-

tent, remember that we are only weak mortals. We pray unto thee from the innermost recesses of the soul, if the sins and shortcomings of our father and grandfather are so great that thy impartial justice can not grant the mercy for which we so sincerely pray, then, O, God, we implore thee, withhold thy judgment until we, the son-in-law, the daughter, and his grandchildren, will have used his wealth for charitable and kind purposes toward our fellow-men, and, as thy servants, have set good examples as long as life lasts. Be merciful, thou great Ruler, and let thy mercy shine on the departed spirit, and on us, his living representatives. Amen."

Mrs. La Monte shed tears such as she had never shed before. They were those tears which we shed, hoping for the happiness of another. From that moment she became a better woman. She now loved her husband with ardent affection, and never again wished to become the Countess La Monte. She was very happy to be the plain Mrs. La Monte, the dear wife of a dear husband, and so they left the house of mourning for their own home.

Winfred remained with his grandmother, trying to pacify her anger because she could not wear her set of false teeth.

"They cost six hundred dollars, and now at the funeral everybody could have seen them. What a calamity!"

Winfred, being a chip of the old block, used a little of his father's practical diplomacy.

"I have it!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. "I know how to cure that sore, grandma."

"Tell me quickly, for I wish to attend the funeral of my husband, if I can wear my teeth; if not, I will stay at home."

"Well," said Winfred, "the cure is very simple, but sure in its effect. I will get a tumbler with water, and put some salt in it, with which you will please rinse your mouth. Then I will get some honey, and, after every wash, you take a teaspoonful of it."

"Well, I will try it," answered Grandmother Bottwell. "I will do almost anything to be able to wear my teeth. It is the handsomest set of teeth in the whole country, and it

would be a pity if the people who will attend the funeral could not see my teeth. The set of teeth cost six hundred dollars. My husband was very mad and angry when he had to pay the bill. He called me 'Vanity,' but not an old vain goose. I will never forgive him for calling me *an old vain goose*! I am neither old, vain, nor a goose, am I, Winfred?"

Winfred, the chip of the old block, bit his tongue so as not to laugh.

"You must not think of that, grandma," said he. "Grandfather only said so when he was in ill humor. I will now go and bring the salt water and the honey." And off he went. He soon returned with a tumbler of salt water, honey and a teaspoon.

Grandmother Bottwell said, "I am really glad to have such a nice and attentive grandson. But, Winfred, you, too, may be proud to have me as your grandmother, for I have been, and am still, the leader of fashion. I am envied by every lady, especially when I drive in my grand carriage. Will not my carriage look nice in the funeral procession? It would be a misfortune if I could not drive out, and be with my carriage in that grand procession. I must see your father, and give him instructions in regard to the grand funeral. It must be a *first-class* funeral. Which shall I take first, the water or the honey?"

"The water, grandma; keep some of it on the sore spot," said Winfred.

Grandmother Bottwell took some of the water as directed, and immediately spit it out, crying:

"Quick, give me the honey; you can not get me to take that salty water. The honey is better, I feel it does me good. I am so glad, now I will be able to wear my six hundred dollar set of teeth. Will I not be admired with the beautiful set, in my new mourning dress, with the heavy crape veil, fastened with a large jet pin to my cozy black bonnet, and then my long jet earrings, brooch, and jet cross? I am sure that my jet cross is the largest worn by any lady, and to crown the whole, my superb carriage and horses in their

splendid harness! Will I not be envied by the whole crowd that will watch the grand procession? There must be a band of music heading the funeral. A band of music always attracts the people, and the people shall see how the rich Mrs. Bottwell looks, even at the funeral."

Winfred stood and listened with awe, for it was a sacrilege in that house of mourning, to hear his grandmother talk as she did. Not a tear did she shed over the death of her husband. How could she? Vanity, practiced for so many years, had long stifled every noble feeling in the breast of that *poor* old woman. We call her *poor*, for it is the *feeling* for our fellow-men which makes us really rich. Wealth is apt to make us poor in *feeling*, if we are carried away too much by the desire of getting still richer, or if we court other vanity beside wealth. The more we court wealth and vanity, the less we retain of the finer feelings for our fellow-men. Grandmother Bottwell was very rich in vanity, but *very, very poor* in other feelings.

Mr. La Monte soon returned with the undertaker to prepare the body for burial. He asked his mother-in-law whether she would not like to assist in the last act of kindness which we can bestow on those who have been one of the family.

Mrs. Bottwell declined, saying that she did not care to see her departed husband; "he did of late look so worn-out and emaciated, that she did not care for seeing him; he might haunt her in her sleep."

Mr. La Monte left his mother-in-law without saying another word. "'Tis awful, horrid! and this may be my lot if I don't check my wife's vanity. I have made a good commencement to-day, and will follow it up until my efforts are crowned with success," said he to himself.

Grandmother Bottwell called him back, saying: I will see now whether I have judged you correctly or not, for you must remember that I was opposed to my daughter Theodosia marrying you. I will see whether you are a real gen-

tleman, and treat me well, as the grandmother of your children should be treated.

"Please tell me what you want," asked the son-in-law.

"I wish my husband to have a *first-class* funeral. Let all the relatives of the family Bottwell be invited; and also the City Guards, of which my husband was a captain, great many years ago; but not wishing to contribute anything toward buying a new flag, he lost his captaincy; yet, for all that, they ought to turn out, and with muffled drums and the best band of music, escort their old captain to his resting place."

She had to pause, for it was difficult for her to speak without her teeth. After some moments, she continued:

"My husband was an alderman, and I hope you will see that *all* the city officials turn out. You may furnish them with carriages, if they are too stingy to pay for them themselves. See to it, that the whole police force, foot and mounted, turn out in their best uniforms, and to render the funeral procession still more imposing, let also the whole fire department turn out. While the procession moves, all the bells of the city shall ring. Do you know of anybody else, who ought to be invited to attend the funeral in order to make it still more imposing?" asked Grandmother Bottwell.

The son-in-law made no reply, and she continued:

"Yes, there are the Free Masons, they must be invited; they look so odd with their white aprons."

But Mr. Bottwell was no Mason. It was a pity he was not a member of that order, for Mr. Bottwell would have been a rich deceased brother, and that Fraternity would have turned out in a body to attend the funeral of the rich departed brother, while it neglects and only sparingly attends that of a poor brother Mason. The author mentions this, to show that *vanity* has even crept among the Order of Masons.

Grandmother Bottwell continued to speculate who else should be invited to this *first-class* funeral, but was interrupted by Miss Rosalind's appearance, who commenced to console her grandmother for her irreparable loss. But the

old lady felt no sorrow; all she did care for was to have the *first-class* funeral grand enough; and suffice it to say, the funeral was grand, very grand, yet Grandmother Bottwell was not quite pleased, as the fire department did not turn out, which would have rendered the funeral still more imposing.

Grandmother Bottwell caught a cold at the grand funeral, took sick, died, and was buried beside her husband.

CHAPTER XV.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked: but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives; so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

—Milton.

Time passed on, and Zadoek Hunting, conforming to his promise, went shopping with Augustine, who first hesitated to accept the invitation, saying she hoped that the grandfather had forgotten it; but the old gentleman assured her so kindly that it gave him great pleasure to purchase some souvenirs for her, that she finally accepted his offer.

The old gentleman, in the kindness of his heart, would have purchased everything Augustine fancied; but the noble girl was very modest in her selections, which did not please at all the grandfather. He stepped up to one of the chief clerks of the dry goods store, and said, "I see you sell here ready-made suits; please send for one of your experts in making suits; let him observe that girl who is looking at the calicoes, and calculate her size; select a traveling suit, a street, and a reception dress, at your very lowest price, and send them, with the other goods the girl may purchase, to Mr. Edward Hunting, but leave the bill here, as I will call and pay it."

When they returned home the purchased dry goods were already in Augustine's room, who was quite astonished at the three elegant suits, and informed the grandfather that the merchant had sent three suits, which she did not buy. "That is all right; I ordered them, and you will do me a great favor to accept them without any further objection. I wish to see you this evening in the reception dress, in the parlor, where we will have a little party, in honor of my seventy-seventh birth-day." This was said in such a fatherly tone that Augustine made no further remarks, but thanked the noble old gentleman for his great kindness.

A select party was assembled in the parlor of Mr. Edward Hunting. The young ladies of the house, including Augustine, were beautifully, but not too elaborately, attired for the occasion. All eyes were concentrated on Augustine, who looked the very Goddess of Beauty, and her unassuming manners made her even more interesting. Augustine, feeling that she was the observed of all, turned to the grandfather, as for protection, and said: "What piece was played on the organ at your wedding, in the church?"

"My child," answered the grandfather, "when I got married we had no organs in the church, but, nevertheless, I am very fond of music. When my son Edward was married, we had organs in the church, and they played '*Mendelsohn's Wedding-March*,' which I thought splendid."

"Did you?" asked Augustine; "if you have no objection, I

will play it on the piano, in honor of your seventy-seventh birthday."

"I will consider it a great honor;" and he conducted Augustine to the grand octave piano.

Mr. Edward Hunting, and his son Charles, at once opened the superb instrument, and Augustine commenced to play that master-piece, in a truly masterly manner.

Agnes, Myra, Blanche, Mr. and Mrs. Hunting, their son Charles, and the noble grandfather, all looked bewildered, to see and hear Augustine, their former cook, play Mendelsohn's grand Wedding-March, in such a masterly style, and even without notes. "See, Agnes," whispered Mrs. Hunting, "how erect she sits, her hands don't seem to move further than to her wrists; she is a perfect master on the instrument."

"Ma, please don't praise her so much, for Mr. Wilkins might hear you; see how he looks at her, with what admiring eyes; I am almost jealous," said Agnes to her mother, in a low tone.

While all were absorbed, almost enchanted by the strains of the music Augustine brought forth, two gentlemen entered the parlor, unobserved. They too were enchanted, not only by the beautiful music, but by the very beautiful player. Both were the very pictures of handsome manhood, tall, well-formed, with eyes beaming with intellectual power and great energy. They impressed the beholder at the first sight, that they were noble men by nature, men of activity, men who were used to *conquer* success, even if the very elements were against them. They were young men, with whom girls of eighteen would fall in love before they were aware of it. Both listened, and exchanged glances, as if to say: "What do you think of that?" The oldest of the two seemed too restless and nervous to wait till the piece was finished. He made a few rapid steps toward the piano. All now looked at the handsome stranger, who wore a strange uniform. There was a whispering: "Who is that?" Augustine looked up. One bound from the chair, and with the words: "Willkommen, Bruder Karl" (welcome, Brother Charles) — "Gott segne

dich, meine Schwester Augustine" (God bless you, my sister Augustine), both brother and sister were in each other's arms, kissing and kissing again.

"O! how tall you have grown since I last saw you," exclaimed Augustine, looking at her brother with admiration.

"And you, Augustine, have become a very Venus."

While brother and sister were still embracing, and shedding tears of joy and happiness, Augustus, for it was him, rushed into his noble father's arms. Mother, grandfather, Agnes, Myra, Blanche, and even Frank Wilkins, embraced and kissed him. "Come," exclaimed he, with tears in his eyes; "let me introduce to all of you the savior of my life."

He stepped toward Karl, but Karl took hold of him, and proudly said:

"Augustus, I have the great honor to introduce to you my dear sister, Augustine, one of Prussia's noblest daughters."

Augustus expected to see a handsome girl, for Karl had continually spoken of his beautiful sister; but she was *far*, *far* handsomer than he had expected. In fact, she was the handsomest maiden his eyes ever beheld; and he made a bow before her which would have flattered even the Empress of a mighty empire.

Augustine seemed highly pleased, and returned his courtesy with equal respect and grace.

Augustus now introduced Herr Karl Müller, commander of the man-of-war King William I., to his parents, sisters, grandfather, and the assembled company, as the savior of his life.

It is needless to say that Karl was heartily greeted by all present. There was great rejoicing, but the happiest of all was Grandfather Hunting, who now announced that in honor of the expected visitors he had purchased, in the suburbs, a villa, which he tendered to the noble commander Müller and his noble sister, Augustine, to make there their future home.

"To-morrow, with your permission, I will conduct you there, and hope that you will find the villa well appointed in all its parts," said he, smilingly.

The brother and sister thanked the noble old gentleman for his great hospitality, and promised to avail themselves of the same during their stay in the United States.

The evening passed in a happy and animated conversation; and the party broke up at a very late hour, when they all retired, happy as human beings can only be, whose hearts are full of joy.

Notwithstanding the late hour, Misses Agnes, Myra, Blanche and their brother Charles retired, they arose, nevertheless, in time to attend to their respective duties. Charles was the soul of the house; he made all the purchases, he checked all the goods that arrived and marked their price. He looked over every bill, to see that the goods were sold as he marked them, and that there should be no error in the counting of the several articles. He read the whole correspondence, and handed the orders to be filled, to the respective clerks. He also answered most of the letters. In order to accomplish so much he had established a perfect system, which had to be observed by all. Under his management the business of the firm more than doubled. He adopted the cash system; bought for cash and sold for cash. He would say to those from whom he purchased: "The house of Edward Hunting buys for cash, and buys in large quantities. To receive a share of our patronage, you have to make close prices;" and he watched so that close prices were given, or he examined the goods and substituted others, which could be handled to a better advantage. To those who purchased from his house he would plainly say: "We make you low prices for our merchandise, but we expect that when the bill is due you will remit *promptly*;" and if some of them did not remit, as agreed, he would readily write:

Gentlemen:

Your bill bought of — is three days over due. We know that you are perfectly good for all you contract, but, with your being good, we can not buy any drafts to meet our

obligations. Please remit by return of mail, or we will draw on you and expect to have our draft promptly honored.

Ready to reciprocate. Yours, truly,

EDWARD HUNTING,
per CHARLES.

And he did reciprocate; if the firm to whom he wrote such letter did not promptly remit or honor their draft, they never could buy a cent's worth of goods at the house of Edward Hunting, on credit. This rule was strictly adhered to, and the effect was very evident; the house of Edward Hunting gave no notes, bought for cash and sold for cash, and hence the great success.

But Charles was not the only one who took such an active part in the business. Miss Agnes, Miss Myra and Miss Blanche, too, were busy; Agnes as the corresponding clerk, Myra and Blanche to fill the orders of Overbeck and Fastleben, who were doing a good business, sending large orders and large remittances. Myra and Blanche wrote them in detail regarding their orders and *prospects*. In that manner a lively correspondence sprung up between the young people. Miss Agnes liked her department as corresponding clerk, for it gave her an opportunity to exchange views with Frank Wilkins on the great question of woman's suffrage, and they also spoke of questions which concerned them personally. It was the question of love, and they did no longer try to conceal that they were dear to each other. They finally came to the understanding that if the parents of the young lady were willing, they would become man and wife.

Frank Wilkins mustered courage, and asked his employer for the hand of his daughter Agnes.

"I consent, with the request that the marriage be postponed until the approaching New-Year, when you will be admitted as partner, entitled to one-fourth of the profits."

The joy of Frank Wilkins can be better imagined than described.

Frank Wilkins had hardly left the presence of Mr. Hunting, when Charles entered the office, saying: "Father, here is

a letter, just come to hand, from Overbeck and Fastleben, marked '*strictly private*.' They mailed also a very large order, but I am not in favor of filling it, as they owe the house now a little over ten thousand dollars, and beside, you went their security for the ten thousand dollars they received from Mrs. Ida Lothimore's charitable fund. In my opinion this is as much as you ought to trust them; but I am anxious to see what they have to say as '*strictly private*.' "

"Don't they remit promptly?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir, they remit very promptly, considering the terms you gave them," answered the son.

Mr. Hunting read the letter, and was so overpowered with joy, that he exclaimed, "I can hardly believe my eyes, Charles, please read the letter to me, slowly."

Charles took the letter and read:

"EDWARD HUNTING, Esq.:

"*Dear Sir:* In our former letters we have informed you that we had selected this point as our future home. We had done so, relying on the fine geographical position, and the reliable information we had obtained, that three more railroads would terminate here, and so become one of the largest inland cities in the West. We, therefore, concluded to buy one acre for our business house, and a couple of acres for each, as a private residence, as we feel the necessity of marrying and having our own household. While making inquiries to whom this vast tract of land belongs, in order to make the above purchase, we find that the land belongs to you. We most heartily congratulate you as the owner of such a valuable tract of land.

"We would respectfully request you to let us know the price for five acres, which we wish to select on three different points, to suit our purpose.

"We would, also suggest to you to have this valuable tract of land surveyed, and laid out for a large city, with broad streets and avenues. We gladly tender to you our services

to elect the right engineer, and see that he does the work well.

"We can not close this very important letter without soliciting the great favor of a favorable answer, by return of mail, to the inclosed letters, on which the happiness of our future depends.

"With respectful salutations, we are, dear sir, your ever grateful and obedient,

"OVERBECK & FASTLEBEN."

"In the letters they refer to, Overbeck asks for the hand of Myra, and Fastleben for the hand of Blanche," said the happy father.

"That is indeed great news," exclaimed Charles. "So that land in Nebraska, on which you have paid taxes for the last fifteen years, has become very valuable."

"What price would you ask for the five acres Overbeck and Fastleben wish to buy," asked the father, with a smile.

"If you intend to have them as your sons-in-law, and I can't see why you should not, for they are both healthy and energetic young men, with good business capacities, then I think you ought to write them to have those two thousand acres at once surveyed and laid out into a nice city, and in consideration of their paying the expense of the survey, and seeing that it is properly done, you will deed them five acres of the choicest part," answered the son.

"No, I will make it ten acres; what is the difference? it will remain in the family [anyhow," remarked the kind-hearted father.

Charles said, "Now I will fill their order complete and send them samples besides, of other very desirable goods we have just received."

"Do, my son," said the father, kindly.

The merchant commenced to walk up and down his office, but the room was not large enough; he needed more space to walk and keep pace with his thoughts; he put on his

light overcoat, buttoned the same, and left the office, without saying a word.

This time Frank Wilkins did not follow his noble employer, fearing he might step in the gilded saloons of the St. Charles, St. George, St. Nicholas, and similar saints which one meets nowadays on nearly every corner, to partake of drinks which unman and destroy our usefulness. The faithful bookkeeper had no apprehension, for Mr. Edward Hunting abstained entirely from intoxicating beverages, the bane of so many of our fellow-men, and the author of *Our Prospects* believes that it is the duty of every man and woman, who feel for their fellow-men, and sincerely wish the prosperity and genuine happiness of all, should constitute themselves into a committee, and use their influence to the best of their ability, to discourage drinking intoxicating beverages, throughout our blessed land.

As soon as Mr. Edward Hunting left his office, Frank Wilkins informed Miss Agnes, his dear beloved Agnes, what her father had said in regard to his becoming his son-in-law.

Agnes was very, very happy, on hearing the good news, that Frank Wilkins, her dear beloved Frank, was to become a partner of the prosperous house of Edward Hunting. "Yes," said she, "my father is a noble father; he does not act like those who keep all their property and profits to themselves, and only then give it up to their children when they no longer can keep it, when death closes their career. No, my father wishes to give his children, also, a chance to live as much as possible without oppressing cares; to share with him his income, and reserving to him the right of veto, if they should want more than they are entitled. God bless my good father!"

Frank Wilkins joined in with a hearty Amen, which the betrothed couple sealed with a kiss.

Mr. Edward Hunting, reaching the busy street, noticed with what great respect, and even veneration, he was greeted by the people. He mentally exclaimed, "This is worth more to me than millions of money, for it shows that I have not

lived in vain, for I have endeared myself to my fellow-men."

"Do you see!" exclaimed one pedestrian to another, "do you see that plain, unassuming gentleman going there? that is Mr. Edward Hunting, one of our most charitable and public-spirited merchants."

"He looks like a man who is in peace with himself, his fellow-men, and with his God," observed the other.

"So he is, and so should every man and woman try to be; but he is more than that, he is a very sensible and practical man," continued the talkative pedestrian. Having three full grown daughters, who, no doubt, consumed a great deal of money and time in dressing, he, very likely, had a sensible talk with them, and now the young ladies work at his store as clerks. When I passed his store, I noticed one of the daughters marking a dozen cases to Arkansas. So happy did she look, that I presumed she must have thought of something very pleasing."

"Perhaps the very cases she marked were intended for her future husband," remarked his friend.

"Very likely," was the prompt response; "and what of it?—will it not be better for the couple if the wife knows something about merchandising? She will be more careful of her husband's money, for she learns now in her father's business, what a power money has, especially with a merchant. It is the very life-blood in his trade."

Mr. Edward Hunting still kept on walking and thinking over the past and the present. "Yes," exclaimed he, "there is a great deal of truth in the old saying, '*cast the bread on the waters, and your children will find it.*' Those two twenty-dollar notes given by me to Mrs. Ida Lothimore had the effect that I could cover my draft, and, no doubt, saved and strengthened my credit; it enabled me to assist Overbeck and Fastleben to start for themselves in business, and as the result of that very start I now marry to them my two daughters. They being settled on my tract of land, and able, through my assistance, to keep a good assortment of goods,

will draw trade, and also help to induce others to settle there, so that my land will become very valuable, and, with the industrious habits of my children, they will be saved from ever knowing want." With such and similar thoughts he reached his residence. Before he was aware of it he had entered his house. Mrs. Hunting exclaimed, "Why, my dear husband, it is only half-past ten, and you are already at home. Do you wish your dinner?"

"No, my dear, I came home to tell you good news;" and he told his wife how Frank Wilkins had asked for the hand of Agnes, and how at the same time he had received letters from Overbeck and Fastleben, who asked for the hand of Myra and Blanche.

Mrs. Hunting said: "If you would have brought me the news a year ago, that all my three daughters were engaged, I would have felt an indescribable joy, for then my daughters were a burden to me; but now, under our new mode of dressing and occupation, it is a great comfort and joy to have them about me. Agnes admitted to me that she loved Frank Wilkins, Myra thought Overbeck looked very handsome, and Blanche was highly delighted when Fastleben paid us a visit. I am, therefore, highly pleased to see them marry the men whom they love."

Mr. Hunting returned to the store, and penned the following letter:

"MESSRS. OVERBECK & FASTLEBEN:

"*Gentlemen:* In answer to your letters, I beg to say, that you shall please engage, at once, a good engineer to survey my land, and when laying out the same in city lots, he shall reserve twenty acres for school and church purposes, to be presented to any congregation, no matter of what denomination, if they agree to build a school or meeting-house in one year after the land is deeded to them.

"To each of you I will deed five acres, which you may select wherever you choose, with the only condition that you will have to pay and superintend the survey.

"As regards accepting you as my sons-in-law, I beg to state that I will be pleased to call you such, provided you continue to observe your *solemn oath*, and win the consent of Myra and Blanche. Wishing you good health and prosperity,

"I have the honor to be, yours, truly,

"EDWARD HUNTING."

He read the letter over and finding no correction to be necessary, he copied the same in his letter copy-book, folded, sealed, directed and mailed it at once.

At the same time he wrote another letter, which we lay before the reader, since it will, no doubt, be of interest.

MRS. IDA LOTHIMORE, Paris, France.

"*Respected madam:* Having not as yet received an acknowledgment of my letters, which I have forwarded to you, I have to believe that my correspondence did not reach you; I therefore beg to state, that the one hundred thousand dollars are duly credited to you, on my ledger, for such purposes as stated by you. I repeat herewith my request, noble madam, at your earliest convenience, to appoint a Board of Trustees to control the above named fund, according to your clear and comprehensive instructions.

"Up to this date, I have only advanced ten thousand dollars: five thousand to Leonheart Overbeck, and the same amount to Henry Fastleben. I went their security. The young men formed partnership, and are now doing a splendid business. To-day Overbeck asked for the hand of my daughter Myra, and Fastleben for the hand of my daughter Blanche, to which unions my wife and myself have readily consented. Thus you can see that the money I once gave you, and which benefited you and yours, now benefits me and mine. *What a lesson should this be to men,* to practice charity, for little do we know at the time how the very charity may be returned in our favor, perhaps in the evening of life.

"Mrs. Gardner, and her beautiful and promising children,

and Grandmother Hopewell, I have furnished with all, according to your directions. I have personally attended to seeing them safely off.

"Yesterday I received a letter from Mrs. Gardner's oldest son, containing a post-office order for fifty dollars, being, as he stated, the first money he had earned in his adopted State. He requested me to buy, for this money, Shakespeare's works, and forward them at once, since he intended to establish among the workmen, and in the neighborhood, a *Shakespearean Club*. You will imagine that I have purchased and forwarded them without delay. The Club, under the management of young Gardner, will no doubt prosper, and, by the time you return to your Texas home, you will find your neighborhood greatly refined.

"Wishing that this may find you in the enjoyment of excellent health, and that the Almighty Father may prolong your life, and shield you and yours from every evil, I am, madam, with distinguished consideration,

"Your obedient servant,

"EDWARD HUNTING."

Mr. Hunting copied this letter also in his letter copy-book, and mailed the same at once.

Grandfather Hunting now called for his son and grandchildren with the carriage, to take them home for dinner. On the way home, he informed them that he had purchased a very beautiful equipage, which he had placed at the disposal of Commander Müller, his sister, and Augustus, and at eight o'clock this evening, he would send his team to assist in conveying Edward, Kate, and their five children, and also Frank Wilkins, to the villa, where they were going to celebrate the engagement of Miss Agnes and Frank Wilkins.

Agnes felt very happy, and the noble grandfather proudly looked upon his blushing granddaughter.

Precisely at eight o'clock the new team of Zadock Hunting, Esq., arrived, and Mr. Edward Hunting, Mrs. Hunting, Mr. Frank Wilkins, and Miss Agnes, took their seats in grand-

father's carriage, while Augustus, Charles, Myra and Blanche occupied their father's carriage.

Reaching the villa, they found the noble old gentleman ready to play the happy host, gracefully assisted by Augustine. A band of music was also engaged for the happy occasion, and played beautiful overtures of the most popular operas. Relatives and friends of the family had been hastily invited. All came and added, with their presence, to the enjoyment of the event.

At half-past ten the guests were invited to an adjoining room, where the delicacies of the season were served and enjoyed. After the repast Mr. Zadock Hunting said that it was the general custom on such an occasion for the bridegroom to present the bride with jewels and costly presents. But, as the Hunting family had inaugurated plain dressing, and given up wearing jewels, the bridegroom had commissioned him to distribute ten thousand bushels of coal and one hundred barrels of flour among the poor of the city, in honor of his engagement to Miss Agnes Hunting.

A loud applause followed the announcement, and the next morning the papers fully described the party given by Zadock Hunting, Esq., at his new villa, in honor of the engagement between Mr. Frank Wilkins and Miss Agnes Hunting, one of the granddaughters of the owner of the villa, and that the bridegroom, instead of making a present to the bride, commissioned the grandfather, who is a philanthropist, to distribute among the poor of the city one hundred barrels of flour and ten thousand bushels of coal; to which the editor added: "It would be well for society at large, instead of making the brides on such occasions rich presents of gold and jewelry, to honor the event by distributing the necessities of life to the poor, as above chronicled. It would comfort thousands, and thousands would pray for and bless the betrothed couple, and charity, being one of the brightest jewels of humanity, would surely shine brilliantly from the eyes of the bride, if she wore it in her heart."

Not only did Frank Wilkins and Agnes Hunting enjoy the

scene and the happiness of spending the evening in each other's society, but also Augustus and Augustine had a pleasant chat. Augustus related his exploits on the turbulent sea, the various countries he had visited, the customs he had observed, and gave his views on the advantages and disadvantages of the various nations. One thing especially had pleased him in China and Japan—their simple, yet comfortable houses.

"Such houses as they have can be cheaply built," said he.

"And where are the advantages, if they are so cheaply built that the laboring man and the mechanic will only earn less and have less to do?" asked Augustine.

"The advantages are that nearly all can live in their own houses; and in being so constructed that it only requires very little time and exertion to keep them in order, they can devote more of their time to mental and physical exercise and enjoyment," answered Augustus.

"Yes," rejoined Augustine, "our present mode of constructing a house is too complicated; there are too many stairs, too many rooms, too many closets, and too many windows. Everything seems to be built on such a useless, grand scale."

"You express just my views, dear Augustine."

At the word *dear*, Augustine looked up, and the young man blushed deeply, but said as well as he could, "I hope you will pardon me, but I can assure you that the words 'Dear Augustine,' came from my heart, for you have acted so noble toward your brother, who has praised you every hour of the day, that I loved you before I saw you; and when I beheld you last evening, and heard you play that immortal wedding march, my love for you grew so as to embrace my whole being. I am yours, with my whole heart and my whole soul, and ask the same of you in return. May I hope?"

It was Augustine's turn to blush. She was on the point of giving an answer, when Mrs. Hunting approached them, and said: "A hop is now proposed in the parlor, Augustus. I

have not had the pleasure of seeing you dance for some time. Suppose you—"

"Yes, mother," interrupted Augustus, offering his arm to Augustine, with all the gallantry of a young and well educated American captain.

Mrs. Hunting noticed this movement, and said to herself: "I did not expect that my son Augustus would escort Augustine, my former cook, and a German girl at that, in presence of all my acquaintances, to the dance—but what of it? Am I not getting vain again? Suppose she is a cook and a German girl; is she?"—she was interrupted in her soliloquy. Her father-in-law called her: "Kate, if you wish to see a pretty sight, step in the parlor and see Augustus and Augustine dance; my eyes have not seen the like."

Mrs. Hunting accompanied the grandfather to the parlor and was delighted to see Augustus and Augustine dance. They resembled more a fairy couple coming from the fairy land, just to dance and dazzle the beholders. After the dance was over, Augustus escorted Augustine to a comfortable nook in the room, where the crowd did not press them, and after having expressed his thanks for the great pleasure he enjoyed in their dance, he mustered courage to repeat, "May I hope?"

"The captain admits that my noble brother Karl has praised me before him every hour of the day, so that the captain fell in love with me, before he ever saw me. Would it not be better to wait and get better acquainted with the sister of the commander of the man-of-war King William?" asked Augustine, archly.

"What about the commander of the man-of-war King William?" exclaimed the brother, now approaching and gently touching the sister with his finger under the chin, repeating, "What about me, Augustine?"

"The captain said that you had praised me before him every hour of the day," said Augustine.

"And he wishes to praise you every *minute* of the day," remarked Karl, with a smile.

The grandfather also joined the group. Time passed quickly for the young couple. It was quite late when it was announced that the carriages were waiting. When Augustus bid Karl and Augustine "Good night," he again repeated, "May I hope?"

"I will answer you before I cross the sea," was Augustine's reply. And in a few days, she did answer. Augustine Müller, born Countess Von Mardeck, became the bride of Captain Augustus Hunting. She became his bride as Augustine Müller, the former cook of the Huntings. None, not even Augustus, did know that she was a Countess. All were pleased at the engagement, but none more than the grandfather, who gave them a deed of the villa, which Augustus and Augustine accepted only on the condition that he should make his home always with them, when they would start housekeeping.

"Of course, I will," answered the happy grandpa, "for I want to be near and at hand to rock the babies; let them come in twins."

All were laughing heartily at the grandfather's last remark.

CHAPTER XVI.

Remind me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,
When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unnerves our vital powers,
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
O, by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd, yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.—*Byron.*

WE have endeavored to impress on the mind of the noble reader that, in order to make our *prospects* of a happy life brighter, as we advance in age, we *must*, and are in duty bound—preserve our health—master our passions—abstain from drinking intoxicating beverages—from playing and betting—reflect and reason calmly—be self-relying, and trust in God—do as we want to be done by—have plenty of patience, in order to learn well the profession we have chosen—look about for the right mate, and marry when the time has come *not to be alone*—

Curtail vanity,
That demon of society—
Practice charity,
That bright jewel of humanity.

But there is one more rule to be observed throughout life, so that our *prospects* for peace of mind and happiness should not fade and grow dim. *Avoid the lawyers*; they are, with a very few exceptions, the most dangerous men to have any dealings with. *Be your own lawyer*, and by abstaining from drinking, gambling, and keeping your passions in check, by training yourself to reflect and reason calmly, *by doing as you want to be done by*, and have plenty of patience, you can examine into every case yourself, and decide against yourself rather than go to law, and fall in the hands of the lawyers, who will destroy your peace of mind, and manage to get out of you good round fees, for doing you not a particle of good; if anything, keep you in an ocean of trouble.

"Avoid the lawyers." Such were the thoughts, as a lawyer called one evening on Otto Wehlen, Esquire, with many extracts of deeds, copied from the records, and showed

him, clearly, that his twenty acres of land, near the projected Metropolitan Park, now worth a million of dollars, were to him lost, as his title was not good. "It is not worth the paper it is written on," said he; but, in consideration of a fee of fifty thousand dollars, he, the able lawyer, would keep this great secret to himself; otherwise, he would at once go to work and find the rightful owner.

Otto listened. He showed no sign of alarm, but he felt a strange misgiving, for he now remembered that when he made the purchase of those twenty acres he did not take the time to examine the title. In fact, he was too young at that time to know it to be necessary to examine a title. All he did was to read the same and examine whether so much land was marked out in the Recorder's office when he paid for it; but to go into a thorough examination of the title had never come in his mind. The land being now very valuable, he presumed, and presumed correctly, that the lawyers tried to find some flaws, to have a fat fee.

Although all this passed his thoughts, he nevertheless said: "I am satisfied that the title to my property is all right."

"I can assure you," answered the lawyer, in sincerity, "your title to the property is not worth a row of pins, and if you will not give me the fee of fifty thousand dollars, why! I will at once take the proper steps to apprise the rightful owners. However, I will be liberal, and take only forty thousand dollars from you, though I know it is throwing ten thousand dollars away; but I like to be magnanimous with my clients."

At these words the blood rushed to Otto's head, and he said: "I am not the man who bribes, and would not give you one cent for the purpose you ask. You can not practice on me your magnanimity, and call me your client."

The magnanimous lawyer looked quite surprised, and bowed himself out of the room, uttering an oath as he left. Reaching the street he was met by a fellow-lawyer, to whom he said:

"The game did not work. Did you already mail the letter to the rightful owners of the property?"

"I did; asking in return to deed to me one-quarter of all the property I find belongs to them by succession; that I would obtain from the court a decision in their favor, and receive an order from the highest court to the present owners to deliver up said property."

"That's right," answered lawyer No. 1. "It is a pity I could not fleece that young man out of a good round fee; we could then have divided our spoils, *as agreed*."

The next day Otto Wehlen did not appear at the bank. They thought it very strange, since through the many years he had been employed he never missed to be at his post. But to-day he had a higher duty to perform. It was to get his marriage license; and besides, to examine as to the validity of his title to the twenty acres, bordering the park. He engaged a clerk, well versed in the records, and went to work examining each deed; also the records of decisions of the court in regard to a tract of land which inclosed his twenty acres. Soon it was clear and evident to him that his title was not valid. That piece of property, now so very valuable, belonged to the adjoining estate, and had become through gross neglect, a separate piece of land. He examined, also, the map of the whole land, and readily perceived that the decision of the court included his twenty acres.

"That property does not belong to me," said he to himself. "Were I the judge before whom the case would be tried, I could not decide otherwise."

He quickly copied the decision of the court; took some tissue paper and traced on it a sketch of the land, from the map on file. This done he mounted his horse and went to the grounds to satisfy himself, beyond a doubt, that his conclusions were correct.

"That land does not belong to me, and the rightful owners shall have it, as soon as they demand it," were his thoughts.

A gloom passed over his usually cheerful face and spirit, when he began to realize that he was engaged to Miss Vioix.

La Monte; that the wedding was to take place to-morrow; and that Viola and her parents believed him to be a millionaire, which now, under the circumstances, was not the case.

"What will Viola say? What will Mr. La Monte say? What will the proud Mrs. La Monte say, when they hear that his property, 'his great piece of property,' as they took pride to call it, was not his; on account of deficiency in his title?"

He rode on, busy with such thoughts. "Will he be as acceptable to his dear Viola as a husband, and to her parents as a son-in-law, deprived suddenly of such a valuable possession as a million of real-estate?"

While Otto rode and was busy with his thoughts, Mr. John James La Monte called his wife, his son, Rosalind, and Viola, in the library, and then delivered, with tearful eyes, to Winfred his commission, from the Governor of the State, appointing him the first Geologist of this great State, with instructions to select his own *aids*, and commence, with as little delay as possible, to geologize the western part of the State. And the father added:

"This great honor was bestowed on him, not because he is a son of John James La Monte, a grandson of the Bottwells, but because his report on geology showed the clearest comprehension and thorough knowledge of that great science. The Board of Examination unanimously declared him, notwithstanding his young age, entitled to the honorable and responsible position."

The father had to pause. He was overpowered by joyful tears, yet mingled with sorrow. After a few moments, recovering himself, he continued:

"My children, through peculiar circumstances, and only with the greatest difficulty, have I raised you to man and womanhood. I have no doubt shortened the days of my life to accomplish it. In return, I ask of you the favor to be less vain of your birth, of your beauty, and not to pride yourself on wealth. Remember that we are all of humble

origin. As for beauty, it is only skin deep; and as regards wealth, it is the most unreliable of all. Behold, your grandfather's property consists mostly of United States bonds; can there be anything safer? For the payment of principal and interest the honor and the wealth of this great nation is pledged, and yet, in the last dying moments, your grandfather requested me to read, in a very reliable newspaper, that some of the United States bonds were counterfeit; and so well are they executed that they are detected only by very close examination. Now, suppose our bonds should prove to be counterfeit, we would be reduced almost to beggary."

Mrs. La Monte groaned at these words, and Viola mentally exclaimed: "What a lucky bride I am, that my Otto has his property in real estate, and worth a million of dollars!"

"Yes," continued the husband and father, "do not pride yourself on birth, on beauty, on wealth; it is more or less a delusion. Strive to acquire good habits—strive to acquire knowledge—strive to be just before God and man; not because you hope for applause from your fellow-men, and to receive a reward from heaven. No! *be just*; for to be *just* is to act godly. This *only* is a wealth of which none can deprive you."

A knock was given on the door. "Come in," said Mr. La Monte, and Otto Wehlen entered. He looked somewhat pale, which Viola quickly noticed. He greeted her, and the rest of the family, very pleasantly, but not with his usual cheerfulness.

"Why did you not come to the bank to-day?" asked Mr. La Monte, in a fatherly tone.

"I had very important business to transact," was Otto's reply.

Winfred now approached him, and showed his commission from the Governor as first Geologist of the State.

Otto heartily congratulated the young student, and said: "You have good news for me, but I bring you news upon which you will no doubt look as very bad news."

"What is it?" asked Mr. and Mrs. La Monte and Viola, in one voice.

"I am glad you are all assembled, so that all may hear what I have to say. It is nothing less than that my twenty acres, worth a million of dollars, are lost to me because the title thereto is *not valid*."

Mr. John James La Monte laid his hand quickly on his heart, for it began to palpitate with unusual rapidity. Viola grew deadly pale, and Mrs. La Monte gave one shriek of distress and exclaimed: There is no justice! there is no God! that I, the born Bottwell, should be threatened to be reduced to beggary, and now Viola is to marry—"

"Don't lament, Theodosia," interrupted the husband; "don't lament, wife; just as little chance there is that the bonds we hold are counterfeit, just as little chance there is, for the title to that valuable land, not to be valid. Please leave me with Otto, alone; I wish to examine with him into this case." He waived his hand; Rosalind approached her distressed mother and assisted her to her room, where she remained, trying to reason that matters might not be so bad as Otto thought.

Otto Wehlen, being left alone with his future father-in-law, minutely related what had happened: the call of the lawyer, his examination into the case, and his *firm* resolve not to contest the case before the courts. "I am satisfied in my mind," said he, "that the title is not good."

Mr. La Monte thought differently, and although under the explanation of Otto it appeared to him a hopeless case, yet the stake being so great, he was in favor of employing the best legal talent that money could procure. "There is that great lawyer, Leo Beiss, whose matchless eloquence has turned the scale of many a doubtful case, in favor of his clients," said he.

Otto listened and calmly answered: Mr. La Monte, "I will employ no lawyers, since my mind is firmly made up not to contest the case, for I have accepted as my motto, 'to do unto others, as I want to be done by.' I am convinced

that I have no claim on that property, and will not for a hundred times that amount, deviate one iota from my cherished motto. The only question I wish to ask you, whether under the existing circumstances, I am still acceptable to you, and to Mrs. La Monte, as a son-in-law?"

"You are," answered Mr. La Monte, promptly; "but I will consider it a personal favor not to take any step in regard to that property, without letting me know of it beforehand what you intend to do."

"Of course, I will," answered Otto. "Can I now see Viola and receive from her own lips, that she is still willing to become my wife?"

"It is hardly necessary," remarked Mr. La Monte, "but in order that there should be a perfect understanding between you, I will call her."

While the father continued to examine the papers, Viola assured Otto again and again, that when she engaged herself to him, she did not know he was the possessor of such vast wealth; she loved him for his personal worth, and she had not the slightest doubt that his love for her was for her alone. And so should it be with all who intend to unite in the *holy bonds* of matrimony.

While this was going on in the house of La Monte, there was great joy and happiness reigning in the house of Edward Hunting, Esquire. Augustus, Augustine and her dear brother Karl, Grandfather Hunting, Edward Hunting, Mrs. Hunting, Charles Hunting, with the three C. C. C., Agnes and Frank Wilkins, Myra and Blanche, all were assembled to receive Leonheart Overbeck and Henry Fastleben, who had arrived from their new home, bringing with them the map of the new laid-out city, explaining the great advantages which promised that it would become a large city in the course of a few years.

"But what is going to be the name of the new city?" asked they, earnestly.

"ZADOCK CITY,"

exclaimed Mr. Edward Hunting, kissing his noble old father.

All exclaimed joyfully: "Yes, that must be the name of the new city, in honor of the grandfather."

The old gentleman made no reply, tears stood in his bright eyes, and his lips moved in prayer.

The door was opened, a tall gentleman in the uniform of the Prussian navy suddenly entered. Commander Müller started from his seat, exclaiming: "Lieutenant Von Johnen, what brings you here!"

The Lieutenant saluted his superior, and said: "A special messenger has arrived from his Royal Highness, the King, with a message for the commander of the man-of-war King William I., to be delivered forthwith, which I now have the honor to deliver."

Commander Müller at once broke the royal seal, and after glancing over the contents, he read aloud, before the whole company:

"Commander Müller will, by command of his Royal Highness, the King, assume the title of Count Karl Von Mardeck, as the confiscated estate and title have been restored to his noble father, the Count Ulrich Von Mardeck.

"Commander Count Karl Von Mardeck will forthwith bring home in the man-of-war King William I., his noble sister, the Countess Augustine Von Mardeck, who has been appointed as the first Lady of Honor to her Royal Highness, the Queen, and all the honor due to the noble Countess; the first Lady of Honor to her Royal Mistress, is to be observed.

"By order of his Royal Highness, the

"KING."

All were astonished at the great news; Augustus was bewildered. Augustine noticed it, and said: "Augustus, you look alarmed; fear not, I am yours forever. I will not become the first Lady of Honor to her Royal Highness, the Queen, but become, to-morrow, with God's grace, your loving wife."

Augustus added: "And I your loving husband."

"So be it; and '*nil conscire sibi*;' to be conscious of no fault.

Only then, my children, will *our prospects* brighten for genuine and lasting happiness, here and the great hereafter," exclaimed the grandfather. "Come to me, and I will bless you."

It was a solemn scene when all received the grandfather's blessing.

"Let us now retire, and meet to-morrow at the altar, where you, Countess Augustine Von Mardeck, will become the plain Mrs. Augustus Hunting, one of the sovereigns of the United States; and you, my dear Agnes, will become Mrs. Frank Wilkins; and you, my dear Myra, will become Mrs. Leonheart Overbeck; and you, my dear Blanche, will become Mrs. Henry Fastleben; are you all satisfied?" asked the old gentleman.

"We are," exclaimed all; "and so am I, and you, my dear Charles," remarked the grandfather, seeing Charles looking so gloomy; "you will be one of Augustus' groomsmen."

It spread like wild-fire over the whole city that the bride of Captain Augustus Hunting, formerly a cook in the family, was a born Countess. This, of course, made her appear even handsomer and nobler in the eyes of all who knew and had heard of her. Long before the appointed hour the church was crowded with what is called the *élite* of society, to witness the marriage ceremonies of the different couples.

There was the proud Miss Viola La Monte and Mr. Otto Wehlen, the son of their housekeeper, who through a fortunate investment in real estate had become a millionaire.

Next, Captain Augustus Hunting and the noble Countess Augustine Von Mardeck, who when her father's estate and title had been confiscated, emigrated to America, where she served as a cook, and sent her earnings home, to enable her brother Karl to receive a classical education; who entered the Prussian Navy, rapidly advanced to the high rank of commander of a man-of-war; and who, at the risk of his life, saved Captain Augustus Hunting, from a watery grave, when his ship was lost on the sea.

They also were there to witness the marriage of the three

sisters of Augustus Hunting, who married three former employees of the house of Edward Hunting.

All this was whispered among the spectators in the church. The moment approached when the bridegrooms and brides, and relatives, were expected. The organ commenced playing, with full force, Mendelssohn's Grand Wedding-March, filling the whole church with a solemnity and joy worthy of the grand occasion. The La Monte party arrived first. Miss Viola La Monte, in her superb wedding dress and costly jewels, looked like a fairy queen. Mr. Otto Wehlen walked erect, and conscious that his good habits, his love for knowledge and impartial justice, had endeared him to God and man. He looked the very picture of well developed manhood. There was an universal murmur of admiration when these two made their appearance.

Next came Augustus Hunting and his bride. Augustine was escorted by her noble brother Karl, who looked grand and noble in his full uniform, with the epaulets of his rank.

Then, Frank Wilkins, accompanied by two of his sisters. Agnes was escorted by the grandfather.

Leonheart Overbeck, with attendants, followed, Myra being accompanied by her father.

Next appeared Henry Fastleben and groomsmen. Blanche was escorted by her brother Charles, whose features now plainly indicated health, peace and activity.

Miss Rosalind, who was one of Viola's bridesmaids, joyfully noticed his appearance.

Mrs. La Monte did not attend the marriage of her daughter Viola, since she had been unwell ever since the bad news, that their bonds might be counterfeit, and that Otto's title to "his great piece of property" was worthless.

All appeared very beautiful, notwithstanding Augustine and the sisters Hunting were only attired in white Swiss dresses, with skirts just to touch the floor. All looked happy, as only brides and bridegrooms can who love their chosen mates.

But none were happier than the grandfather and the good Mrs. Wehlen.

Both insisted that the wedding should be celebrated as of olden times: a wedding feast, good music and a dance until the gray of morning. To please the old people, the largest hall had been engaged, where all the relatives and friends of the family assembled to have a gay old time; and while the young couples, with high hopes and great expectations, enjoy themselves in the midst of their congratulating friends, the author of "*Our Prospects*" makes, before the noble reader, one of Viola's profoundest bows, bidding him an affectionate farewell.