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A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

Within the hollow silence of the night
I lay awake and listened. I could hear
Planet with punctual planet chiming clear.
And unto star star cadencing aright.
Nor these alone. Cloistered from deafening
sighs,
All things that are made music to my ear,
Hushed woods, dumb caves, and many a
soundless mere,
With Arctic mains in rigid sleep locked tight.
But ever with the chant from shore and sea,
From singing constellation, humming thought,
And life through time's stops blowing vari-
ously,
A melancholy undertone was wrought;
And from its boundless prison house, I caught
The awful moan of lone eternity.

A Sister's Devotion.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France
there were many deeds of daring perform-
ed, even by women, and many noble ex-
amples of affection exhibited.
The very streets of Paris were deluged
with human blood, but near the guillotine
it ran in gushing torrents.
One dark morning an unusual number of
the aristocracy had been marched forth,
and countless heads rolled from the block.
A gaping multitude stood by, and with
shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were
about to be butchered.
Among the assembled multitude that
dread morning were two females. One of
them was plainly clad, while a cloak was
thrown around her, with which she kept
her features nearly concealed.
But a close observation would betray the
fact that the woman had been weep-
ing.

Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she
gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a
shudder passed over her frame as each shock
of the glittering knife severed the head from
the body of some one who had been unfor-
tunate enough to fall under the ban of the
leaders.

The face of the woman was very beauti-
ful, and she was young—certainly not more
than sixteen or eighteen years of age.
The other female was quite different in
character. Her face was fair, but there was
a brazen expression about it. She was
dressed in rags, and as each head fell she would
clap, and in various ways express her de-
light, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat who re-
fused me charity when I humbly sued to
him."
Each expression of the kind would create
a laugh from those who heard her. But
any thoughtful person must wonder how
one so young could have become so depraved.

The first female watched this creature for
a few moments, and then, pressing her
way to her side, she laid her hand upon the
shoulder of the wretch, and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at
once?"
The female in rags turned about with a
look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh,
and replied:
"Of course I would."
"Follow me, and you shall be."
"Enough. Lead on."
It was with considerable difficulty that
the females extricated themselves from the
crowd; but they did so at length, and then
the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"
"Oh! I'm called Pauper Marie."
"You live by begging?"
"Yes; but what's your name, and what
do you want?"
"My name is Marie, the same as your
own."
"Are you an aristocrat?"
"It does not matter. If you know where
we can find a room lead me to it, and you
shall have gold."
The pauper led the way into a narrow
and filthy street, and then down into a
cellar, and into a dark and filthy room.

He had been torn from her side but
a few hours before.
After the exchange had been made the
pauper looked on the stockings and shoe-
less feet and ankles of the lady, and said:
"That will never do. Your feet are too
white and delicate. Let me arrange mat-
ters."
In a few moments Marie was prepared
and in the filth and rags she emerged into
street.
She now took her course back toward the
guillotine and at length reached the square
where the bloody work was still going on.
Gradually she forced her way through
the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came
to the scaffold.

She even forced a laugh at several re-
marks she heard around her, but those
laughs sounded strangely.
She now stood within a few feet of the
platform.
She swept it with her eyes.
Her brother was not there.
The cry was now raised: "Here comes
another batch!"
Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt
a faintness come over her as she heard the
tramp of the doomed men approaching.
The crowd opened as the body of men
passed.
Marie gazed among them.
A low cry escaped her.
Her brother was there.

But he walked proudly and fearlessly
forward, and ascending the very steps which
led to the block.
Up to this time the strength of poor
Marie had failed her, and she was unable to
put her resolve into execution.
But now a sister's love swelled up in her
breast, and she recovered her strength.
She sprang forward, bursting through the
line of guards and ran up the steps.
Grasping her brother by the hand she
cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the
aristocracy that are to die."
"Away, woman?" exclaimed one of the
butchers.
"No. I will not away until you tell me
why my brother is here, and thus bound."
"Your brother?" was the echo.
"Yes, this is my brother."
"Well, who are you?"
"I am Marie. Don't you know me?"
"The Pauper?"
"Ay!"
"But this is not your brother?"
"It is. Ask him!"
Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a
scornful gaze upon the maiden, but a light
passed at once across his face, and he mur-
mured:

"Oh, my sister!"
"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre
of the supposed pauper, advancing near
her.
"It is."
"But his name is known differently."
"Then you are mistaken. He is my
brother. Ask him."
"Does Marie speak the truth?" asked
Robespierre.
"She does."
"And you are not de Nantes?"
"I tell you I am her brother."
"Why did you not tell us this before?"
"I attempted to speak, but was sil-
enced."
"But you might have declared your-
self."
"You would not have believed me."
"But your dress?"
"It belongs to an aristocrat. Perhaps to
him for whom I was mistaken."
Robespierre advanced close to young
Nantes and gazed earnestly into his face.
Then he approached Marie, and looked
steadily into her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor
girl. She trembled in spite of her efforts
to appear calm. She almost felt that she
was lost, when the human fiend, whose
word was law, turned and said:
"Release the man."
The chains were instantly removed, and
Antonio de Nantes walked down from the
scaffold, followed by his sister, while the
shouts of those around rent the air, for
they supposed it was a commiseration who
had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through
the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading
Marie.
They had scarcely escaped it before the
poor girl fainted from the intensity of her
feelings.
The brother scarcely knew what to do,
but a hand was laid on his arm, and a voice
said:
"Bring her to my room again. She will
be safe there."
The brother conveyed her to the apart-
ment of the pauper, and asked of her:
"Have you seen this female before?"
"Yes, I know all about it," returned the
pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to
save her lover. She has done it and I am
glad."
Before the noble sister had returned to
consciousness the brother had learned all.

When she did so they both sought secure
quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl as
had been promised.
"Do you think Robespierre was really
deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.
"I think not."
"Then why did he order your release?"
"He saw your plan. He admired your
courage. Could a fiend have done less?"
"Perhaps this was the case. But if so it
was a deed of mercy, and the only one that
man ever did."
"You are right."
Antonio de Nantes was not again arrest-
ed, and lived happily with that sister, who
had no nobly periled her own life to save
him by representing the "Pauper of
Paris."
"PAPA," said he, as he was shown
some pictures in a book Santa Claus had
left him, "Papa, why does camels have
such big hunches on their backs?"
The information received not being
very satisfactory, he at length solved
the difficulty himself. "Why, I know,
"papa," said he; "it's so's they'll be
camels!" Which must be the reason.

Terminate Commerce. — Defeat of the Reagan Bill — The Substitute Proposed.

The Committee on Commerce of the
House of Representatives at Washington,
decided on February 18th, by a vote of
nine to six, to report a substitute measure
practically defeated by this action. The
new bill proposes to make the same laws
which are applicable to railroads engaged
in transporting freight between different
States also apply to the operations of
steamboats, lake vessels and other water-
crafts. It provides for the appointment of
a Board of Commissioners who are to have
supervision of the entire subject of the
transportation of freight from one State or
Territory into or through other States and
Territories, and to examine into any com-
plaints that may be made by the public of
unfair action on the part of common car-
riers of any class that are engaged in this
important business. Unjust discrimination
is forbidden under severe penalties, and in
case any of the transporters or transporta-
tion companies fail to redress any substan-
tial grievances brought to the attention of
the commissioners, proceedings are author-
ized in the United States courts. If the
proposed new law is found to be not fully
effective in furnishing remedies for any of
the real evils that have grown up in con-
nection with the management of transporta-
tion between different States it is made
the duty of the Commissioners to suggest
additional legislation, and to obtain and
furnish to Congress all information relating
to the operations of railroads that is likely
to prove useful and important in this con-
nection. This bill provides much more
appropriate and just methods for accom-
plishing such reforms as may be needed
than the Reagan bill and with some amend-
ments may be acceptable to the transpor-
tation interest of the country; or at
any rate, will serve as a basis for action,
should the plan suggested last winter be
adopted by Congress, and definite legisla-
tion be deferred until a commission of ex-
perts shall be able to thoroughly investigate
this complex subject and report their mat-
ure judgment upon the matters at issue.
There is no question that a more intelli-
gent conclusion could be reached in this
way, and one that would be more valuable
to all the interests involved. On general
principles legislative action is hardly to
be recommended where it involves the
trouble of forty millions of people and
capital aggregating forty-five hundred mil-
lions of dollars.

Stories of Bears.

A young bear was lately sent as a present
to Mr. Cross of Liverpool. Mr. Cross says
he was a funny little fellow about the size
of a large rook puppy, and a very know-
ing customer. When I took him out of his
cage he would sit on his haunches, turned his
head and inspected the monkeys in their cage.
The monkeys did not know what to make of
him. They did not show the same symp-
toms of alarm as when a snake is brought
in, but they paid Mr. Bear very great re-
spect, not even making a face at him.
When let out of their cage they took good
care not to come on the ground, but invari-
ably got on the chairs, cage or mantle-
piece, always keeping one eye on the in-
truder. The bear was very inquisitive,
and walked about the room on his short
bony legs and pried into to everything.
What amused him most was to scratch up
the matting forming the hearthrug, and to
hunt for something. This is his natural
instinct, to turn over stones, etc., to catch
beetles, worms, etc. His great delight was
to get somebody's finger into his mouth; he
would then immediately begin sucking most
vehemently, making a peculiar noise all the
time, as if much gratified.

It was necessary, however, to keep one's
finger in the middle of his mouth, as other-
wise there was a chance of being nipped
smartly by his canine teeth, which were
quite large enough to hurt. He was very
intolerant of cold, and would, if he could,
get under the grate and rake about among
the ashes, sometimes even getting his fur
singled.

I tried to teach him tricks, and began by
making him stand upright in the corner of
the sofa. The little rascal, however, would
not learn anything, and his education
finished by his making a fierce rush at me
and my boxing his ears.

To the servants a bear was a bear, and it
was very amusing to hear the shindy they
kicked up when in the course of his pere-
grinations about the house Mr. Bear met
them on the stairs or went into the kitchen
to warm himself. He had very peculiar
eyes, very pig-like and cunning, and he was
fond of coming up to a visitor, staring him
steadily in the face, as much as to say,
"Please give me something; I think you
had better." He would eat almost any-
thing, but his favorite diet was bread, milk
and sugar. I am sorry to say I was obliged
to send him back to the garden of him, and
like to have made a companion of him, and
I am certain, as he was very tame, he
would soon have become obedient.

Appropos of bears, I do not think that I
have ever put on record the story about the
bear who managed to get loose at the gar-
dens at Liverpool. At daylight one fine
summer's morning the watchman reported
to Mr. Bartlett that there was something
alive underneath the chairs, which, as
usual, had been piled up after the visitors
had left. When Mr. Bartlett came to look
at the chairs, it was quite apparent that
there was somebody or something alive in
the pyramid. Watching carefully among
the legs of the chairs at last two black eyes
were seen; these were apparently the bear's
eyes, and one of them was found to be
missing. The difficulty now was to get the
bear back into the pit. The chairs were
removed one by one till the bear remained
unconcealed. My gentleman then got up
on his hind legs and showed symptoms of
becoming nasty.

and ran along the parapet, over the eaves
in which the hons at that time lived. When
he got home to his bear-pit he evidently did
not like to jump down, so he reared him-
self on his hind legs, and swinging himself
backward and forward began to swear in a
bear-like manner. While the stupid old
bear was making a fool of himself in this
way, Mr. Bartlett took a run at him, and
knocked him clean over into the bear-pit
with the stump end of the broom. He laid
there a long time with all the windknocked
out of him. At last he got up, shook him-
self, and sneaked off into his den, where he
lay mumbled for several days, but ulti-
mately came out none the worse for his ex-
peditions among the chairs or his tumble
backward into the bear-pit.

Though bears are very good climbers, yet
it is a mercy that they cannot jump, or
otherwise they would have long ago jumped
out of the bear-pit from the top of their
pole. Some years back a young man, on a
sixpenny day, had an adventure with a
bear. I suppose the heat of the weather
(or other disturbing causes) made him drop
his best holiday hat right into the bear-pit.
The stupid fellow at once got down into the
bear-pit, all hitting on the top of a big bear
who was coiled up sleeping in the sun.
The bear got up, and taking the man by the
shoulders, began waltzing around with him.
Luckily the man kept his feet, and nothing
happened, as the keeper drove off the bear
and let the man out of the side door. He
forgot, however, to take his hat with him,
but left it in the cage; the bears, of course,
took it up. The cool impudence of this
man was greatly to be wondered at, as next
day he actually sent a bill to the society
for a new hat.

"Ra-ayther Washy, Sir."

Clad in a blue army blouse, a check shirt
and a tattered pair of gray trousers, John
Green, a cripple, wearing a thick growth of
tangled hair and beard, hobbled, with the
aid of a creaking crutch, to a position in
front of the Police Court bench and saluted
Justice Duffy in seaman style.
"John Green. Drunk in the public
street, and causing a crowd to collect?"
queried His Honor, in stern tones.
"Well," answered John, as he slowly
passed his fingers through his long beard,
"I'd say, if I was a makin' my affidavit, it's
about kereet, as far as the first part goes,
but the last of it is ra-ayther washy, sir."
"What! Do you mean to say—"
"I mean to say this here, that when I
gets my money and pays for my cargo I kin
take as much aboard of 'is here craft as I
like, s'long as that's room for it, an' I kin
steer fur any port I like s'long as I don't
run foul o' nothin'," said John, taking a
reef in the rather long sleeves of his blouse.
"Why the officer says you ran foul of him
said the Court.
"Well, he's a little out o' his reck'nin',
Cap. As fur the gamins, well they kept
well astern, sir."
"You are a seafaring man, are you not?"
queried the Court.
"Aye, ay, sir, a seafarin' man as run
high an' dry on land a scuddin' afore the
wind," said John, adding in a lower tone,
"an' durm me of this here aint the drest
port I ever got inter."
"How long is it since you made your last
voyage?" asked the Court.
"Since I fell from the yard an' broke this
here leg."
"You have no employment and no
home?"
"No, sir; not since I left the ship."
"Well, how do you manage to live?"
asked His Honor.
"Same as most other people, by eatin'
and drinkin'."
"I guess you drink more than you eat,
John," said His Honor.
"Well, when I gets a bite o' rations I
stows it away, an' when a drop o' grog's
handy I sends that down ter float the
rations."
"I'm afraid you're a tough old salt," said
His Honor.
"These be tough old things, cap," said
John.
"I'll give you a home for the next three
months. Are you satisfied?"
"Aye, ay, sir! The skipper is boss an'
I allus obeys orders. So farewell. I'll steer
clear o' you hereafter," answered John as
he picked up his crutch from the floor and
sailed away toward the prison van.

How he'd do it.

Several men were gathered at the door
of a blacksmith shop on Cass avenue, De-
troit, the other morning, when a school-boy
not over nine years of age came along with
tears in his eyes, and one of the group
asked:
"What's the matter, boy—fall down?"
"N-no, but I've got a hard 'rithmatic les-
son and I expect to get llicked!" was the
answer.
"Let me see, I used to be king-bee on
fractions,"
The man took the book, turned to the
page, and read:
"Rule 1—Find the least common multi-
ple of the denominators of the fractions for
the least common denominator. Divide
this least common denominator by each de-
nominator and multiply both terms of the
fractions by the quotient obtained by each
denominator."
He read the rule aloud and asked if any-
one could understand it. All shook their
heads, and then continued:
"Well, now, I think I should go to work
and discover the least common denominator
of the fractions. The least common denomi-
nator of the fractions is 12. I will divide
12 by the denominators and punctuate the
thermometer."
"So would I!" answered every man in
chorus, and one of them added: "I've
worked 'em out that way a thousand
times!"
No one of the men, all of whom were in
business and had made money, could even
understand the working of the rule, much
less work examples by it, and yet it was
expected that a nine-year old boy should go
to the blackboard and do every sum off-
hand.

The Yankee Marksman

The following took place during the
Revolutionary War. Lord Percy's regi-
ment was about to commence firing at a
target on Boston Common one day, when
an awkward looking country boy, who
had outgrown his jacket and trousers,
came up.
"Now, my boys, for a trial of your skill,"
said Lord Percy; "imagine the mark to be
a Yankee—and here is a guinea for
whoever hits his heart."
Jonathan drew near to see the trial.
When the first soldier fired and missed,
he slapped his hands on his thighs, and
laughed immoderately. Lord Percy
noticed him. When the second soldier fired
and missed, Jonathan threw up his hands
and laughed again.

"Why do you laugh, fellow," said Lord
Percy, crossly.
"To think how safe all the Yankees are,
if you must know," replied Jonathan.
"Why, do you think you could do
better?"
"I don't know; I could try," replied
Jonathan.
"Give him a gun, soldier, and you may
return the fellow's laugh," said Percy,
turning to one of the men.
Jonathan took the gun, and looking at
every part of it carefully, said:
"It won't burst, will it? Father's gun
don't shine like this, but I guess it's a bet-
ter gun."
"Why? Why do you guess so?" asked
Percy.
"Cause I know what that 'ere' dew, and
I have doubts about this 'ere,' replied
Jonathan. "But look a'here! You called
that 'ere mark a Yankee, and I won't fire
at a Yankee."
"Well, you may call it a British Regular,
if you please," said Lord Percy.
"Well, a Regular it is, then. Now for
freedom, as father says."
Jonathan raised the gun and fired.
"There, I guess that 'ere red coat has
got a hole in it!" cried he, turning to the
soldier. "Why don't you laugh at me
now, as that 'ere fellow said you might?"
"You awkward rascal, that was an acci-
dent. Do you think you could hit the
mark again?" inquired Lord Percy.
"I don't know; I can try."
"Give him another gun, soldier, and
take care that the clown don't shoot you.
I should not be afraid to stand before the
mark myself."
"I guess you'd better not."
"Why, do you think you could hit me?"
"I don't know; I could try."
"Fire away, then."
Jonathan fired again and hit the mark.
"Ha! ha! ha! how father would laugh
if he should see half a pound of
"Why, you rascal, you don't know
could hit the mark at twice that distance!"
"I don't know, I'm not afraid to try."
"Give him another gun, soldier, and
place the mark farther off."
Jonathan fired again and hit as before.
"There, I guess that 'ere regular is as
dead as the pirate that father says, dead—
three times dead; that is one more death
than the Scripser tells us on."
"There, fellow, is a guinea," said Percy,
tossing the coin towards him.
"Is it a good one?" inquired Jonathan,
ringing it.
"Now, begone!"
"I should like to stay and see them fellers
kill more Yankees."
"Begone! or I shall have to put you
under guard. Officer, give him a pass to
Charleston, and never let me see your face
among our troops again."

Lost in the Desert.

One winter's day a lad named John Wil-
son, with his father and two neighbors, all
living at Mosquito bottom, Kansas, started
for the plains on the Upper Arkansas to
hunt buffalo. Game was abundant, and
the excitement of the chase completely fas-
cinated the boy. It was his first experience
in buffalo-hunting, and he thought he would
like to follow the wild sport all the rest of
his days. When the men had killed meat
enough to load their wagons they prepared
to return, but John did not want to go
home. The hunter's camp was in the shel-
ter of a "skirt of timber" on the river's
bank. Southward stretched the vast roll-
ing prairie, and there in the distance, while
his companions were busy cooking and
packing their rations, John could see buff-
aloes and antelopes feeding. He begged
his father to let him go out and have "one
more shot." His father finally yielded to
his importunities, and seizing his gun and
ammunition he was soon out of sight on
the prairie stealing within reach of his game.
The wild creatures discovered him and gal-
loped away, but John would not give it up.
Away went buffaloes and boy, the latter
too much excited to think how fruitless such
a race must be. Before long the herd had
left him far behind. Stopping to take
breath and look about him, he found that
he had utterly lost his direction. He did
not know where he was, or which way to
go. When night drew near the men in
camp began to wonder what had become of
John. His father grew worried, and his
worry soon increased to terrible anxiety.
By dark the three were on horseback roam-
ing the prairie, shouting the boy's name,
whooping like Indians and firing guns.
But they did not find him that night, nor
the next day, nor the next, nor the next.
Then Mr. Wilson sent home as swiftly as
possible and called all his old neighbors to
come and help him hunt through Western
Kansas for his missing son. They joined
him, and kept up the search till more than
a week was gone, but all in vain.

Poor John—alone on the Great American
desert! The darkness overtook him while
he was trying to guess his way back to
camp. He walked on bravely, hoping to
retrace the ground he had run over; but in-
stead of approaching the river every step
took him further away. A cold wind rose
and blew in his face, and by-and-by a sleet
storm came on, and the wet froze on his
clothes till they were stiff with ice. About
midnight he stumbled against a clump of
bushes, and curling down under their shel-
ter he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.
In the morning he got up and strained his
eyes over the prairie, but all looked dreary
and strange. He balanced a stick on end,
and determined to go the way it fell. But
there was no luck in the sign, and he started
whither, to sink down at night in another
weary sleep. On the second day he crept
near enough to a herd of buffaloes to fire
one shot, but missed his mark. The third
day and the fourth were spent in the same
fruitless wandering. In all that time, since
he had left his father's camp, he had not
tasted food; but tormented with hunger
as he was, and with the ice still clinging to
his clothes, the courageous boy trudged on,
hoping to meet other hunters—or Indians—
some human beings, whether friends or
foes he did not care, if they would only
give him something to eat. On the fifth day
his strength, which had held out so wonder-
fully gave out. He stopped on the bank of
a little stream where some stunted trees grew,
and managed to scrape together some dry
fuel, which he kindled into a bright fire by
discharging his gun into it. Here he warmed
and dried himself, and lay down and went
to sleep. When he awoke again, toward
evening, it was to see a big Indian stand-
ing near him with a gun, and the hind quar-
ters of an antelope strapped on his back.

Not to be Fooled.

"How yourself?" said John, crawling to
his feet.
There was no need of more words, for
the poor boy's haggard and famished looks
told the whole story. In a very short time
the fire was replenished and some venison
roasted, and John made a hearty meal.
The kind Indian took him to his camp, and
kept him till he was strong again, and then
showed him the way home. Three days
afterward he met his father, with the party
of neighbors who were searching for him.

A woman long famous as a raggpicker
died suddenly in Paris. While living she
looked the picture of want and desolation.
She expired alone in a filthy hovel at Mont-
martre. When found her body was half
eaten by rats. It was supposed that she
lived in abject poverty; and, so far as her
room went, it indicated to all appearance
nothing else. But presently a large sum
was found in gold and silver secreted near
her bed. It was plain that she had been
wanted for nothing. Yet she lived and
died in misery. But the strangeness of the
story does not end here. It turned out
after the discovery of the poor creature's
body that a brother of hers had been vainly
seeking her for several days. He knew
that she was a professional raggpicker, but
in that great city of Paris did not know
where she lived. During the short time
of her illness she had disappeared from her
usual haunts; and as she made no confi-
dences few knew where to find her. The
object of her search was to let her know
that she had succeeded to an inheritance of
four hundred thousand dollars. But would
she have been happier had she lived to re-
ceive it? Since she refused to spend the
store she had, what mattered it to her
whether she possessed a million or half a
dozen Napoleons? The old raggpicker had
doubtless outlived all capacity to enjoy
aught save the act of accumulation. Like
a person, who, being on a desert island and
hopeless of ever leaving it, should toil pain-
fully and without pause at the digging of
gold and gems, the woman worked labori-
ously on, even while knowing, as she must
have known, that her sole reward must lie
in the pleasure of the work. The succe-
sion to the fortune—the news of which came
with dramatic fatality as she lay cold in
death—would probably, had she lived,
have brought her no happiness since it
would have deprived her of the motive for
that exertion which was the only substitute
for happiness she knew. There will be as
many perhaps to smile at the poor rag-
picker's folly as to sigh over her misery,
and yet how many are there in our civilized
communities who do what is practically the
same as she did, to heap up what they can
never enjoy, and on whom no one thinks
of ever bestowing either laughter or pity.

A young man of about twenty-three
years of age, with neither money nor the
prospect of getting any, came to the con-
clusion that the best thing he could do
would be to marry a "rich wife" and live
on her money. Among his many acquaint-
ances was a widow lady of about twice his
age, with three children, but with a steady
income of two thousand a year. Her he
resolved to marry, and, in order to cul-
tivate her friendship, he took her presents of
flowers and fruit, and gave the children
books and rides on his horses. The lady
kindly received his attentions, gave him
the liberty of her house, and treated him
like a younger brother in every respect.
The young fellow, interpreting her kind-
ness to suit himself, and believing he had
nothing to do but ask her, ventured one
evening on the subject in the following
manner:
"I wonder very much why you don't re-
marry, Mrs. L—"
"Simply because no one wants a widow
with three children."
"I know one who would be proud to
have you and your dear children," said the
wooner, feeling the worst was well over.
"Indeed, you are most flattering this
evening."
"No, I am not flattering. I love you,
and would be proud to be your husband."
She looked coldly on him; then replied:
"You mean you would be proud to own
my money, sir. I have been vastly de-
ceived in you." Then pointing to the door,
she continued: "Leave my house, and
while I live, never dare to reënter it."