North Carolina Gazette.

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STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the autumn of 1817, when the woods were bright with the variegated hues which follow the light touches of early frost, a mounted traveler was pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lonely forest in the western part of New York. He had ridden three miles since seeing a human habitation, and he had two to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy looking valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift-running stream, and, on reaching the water, he permitted his thirsty horse to stop and drink.

At this moment a man came out from a cluster of bushes into the road or horse path on the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his appearance there was nothing that indicated hostility or wicked design. He was of medium size, compactly built, with intellectual features and a certain air of gentility—seeming rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport than a professional hunter. All this the mounted traveler carefully noted as he crossed the stream to continue his journey, and when they came together a pleasant salutation was exchanged.

"Fine weather for traveling, sir!" remarked the man with the gun.

"And for hunting, also, I should suppose," smiled the other on the horse.

"Yes, there is game enough," returned the other, "but I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear for my day's work thus far, and that is almost useless to me, because I have no means to take it away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you could spare five minutes or so I would like you to see the bear; it is only back behind the bushes, some two hundred yards from here."

"I will not only look at it," replied the traveler, dismounting and fastening his horse, "but if not too heavy will take it and carry it along for you, seeing I am going your way."

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manner, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keep up the conversation, inquired where the other was from, whither journeying, etc.; and learned in reply that the latter was a merchant in Albany, and was traveling partly for his health and partly with a view to making an extensive land purchase for future speculations.

"Well, here we are," said the hunter, as the two emerged from the dense thicket through which they had slowly forced their way into the open woods; "and now I will show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever saw. Observe where I point with my rifle."

He stepped back about ten feet, raised his piece to his eye, and aimed directly at the traveler. There was a flash and a report, and the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

This might or might not have been the first crime of the hunter. As the traveler fell the rifle slipped through his hands, and he shook from head to foot; yet he ran to his victim, and robbed him of his pocket-book, purse, a gold watch and chain, some curious seals, a diamond breast-pin and a diamond ring, which he fairly tore from his finger. Then he dragged the body into the thicket, plunged through the bushes, mounted the traveler's horse, and dashed away from the awful scene.

* * * * * * *

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty years.

In the year 1837 there lived in New York a banker and millionaire whom we will call Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion, splendidly furnished, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, who was about to marry a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were being made for the happy event.

One day, as the millionaire was conversing with a gentleman from another city, he observed that the latter turned suddenly very pale, and began to tremble.

"My dear sir," he said, in a tone of sympathy; "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause alarm. If you will be kind enough to excuse me for a few minutes I will take a walk, and return in better condition."

In ten minutes he did return, reported himself quite well, proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and took his departure.

It was about a week after, that one night the banker was sitting in his library when a servant entered and handed him a letter. He opened it in an indolent and indifferent manner; but he had not read a dozen words before he rose up with a start, turned pale and trembled. He finished the note, and for moment bowed his ghastly face in his hands. In a moment he seemed to force into calmness, by iron firmness, some terrible emotion, and succeeded in addressing the servant in an ordinary tone.

"James, who gave you this letter?"

"A man, sir; he said he would wait for an answer."

"Then I suppose he is waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a light tap at the door; the servant opened it, ushered in a stranger, and withdrew. The visitor was about sixty, of rough appearance and coarse attire. He wore green goggles, and his clothes were soaking with rain.

"Take a seat," said the banker, pointing to a chair.

"No, I'll stand," was the gruff reply. "You got my letter, and of course you know my business."

"You allude to this, I suppose," said the banker, producing the letter just received.

"Yes."

"I do not understand it; you have made a mistake."

"No; no mistake at all. I was present twenty years ago, and saw you, Stephen Edwards, shoot the man, and if you deny it I will have you in prison before morning; if you go to playing innocent and refusing my terms, I'll take care to see that you die, stretching hemp."

The banker, in spite of himself, turned pale, and staggered to a seat.

"What do you want?" he groaned.

"One hundred thousand dollars—not a cent less."

"I cannot give it—it would ruin me."

"Just as you say," rejoined the other, moving toward the door; "you know what follows if I go away."

"Old stay! you must not go yet!" cried the wretched man, in terror.

He argued, pleaded, implored for mercy at a less fearful cost. At last—seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he refused—he agreed to the terms. He also promised to meet the stranger with the required sum on the following night, in front of St. Paul's Church. Both were punctual to the time, and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars changed hands. A month later there was a tremendous run upon the bank of Stephen Edwards, and it failed and closed. Then the sheriff was set to work by eager creditors, and all the property of the late millionaire was seized and sold, leaving him a beggar. Fashionable friends deserted the family, and the proud nobleman refused the hand of the ruined banker's daughter.

In the very midst of this disgrace and tribulation, Edwards met the man who had turned so pale and become so agitated in his presence a short time before.

"I rather think you do not know me," said the gentleman, bowing.

"Your face seems familiar, but I cannot place you," returned Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection, then, for I wish you to know me. About six weeks ago I met you on business, and you observed that I turned deadly pale."

"Ah, yes, I remember you now."

"Let me tell you why I was thus affected. My eyes had just chanced upon a curious watch-seal which had belonged to a merchant named Phillip Sydney, who was shot in the western part of the State some twenty years ago; and, looking at your features closely, I knew you to be the villain who perpetrated the deed."

"Merciful God!" cried the other, with blanched cheek and quaking form.

"Yes, I knew you," continued he, "and a week later, disguised, I had an interview with you in your own mansion. You remember that?"

"But," gasped the trembling wretch, "did I not pay you your own price to keep my fatal secret?"

"Yes; and with that very money, and what I could command, I was enabled to buy up enough of your bills to make that run on the bank which broke it, and ruined you."

"And what wish you, now that I am ruined?" asked the banker with the calmness of desperation.

"Now that I have had my revenge, I want you to know that I myself am the man you attempted to murder and did rob. I am Phillip Sydney. Behold the scar where your ball struck and glanced;" and he lifted his hat and showed the scar.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other. "God be praised that you are still living!" and, unable to restrain his emotion, he burst into tears. "Oh, sir," he continued, "you have taken a load off my conscience—a weight from my soul. Though poverty and disgrace are staring me in the face, I am happy in the knowledge that I am not guilty of murder—happier than I have been for twenty years, with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth. It was my first and last crime, and I have never been able to tell how I was tempted on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me as you will—only, I pray you, be merciful to my innocent family."

"I forgive you," said the other, extending his hand; "you have been fearfully punished already. And as God has seen fit to preserve us both together, let us hope that it is for our present and future salvation; and let us endeavor to deserve the blessings we receive. I will restore you enough to keep you and your family above want; and, for the rest, I trust that we will at last be prepared to render an account of our stewardship."

Phillip Sydney kept his word, and with a fresh start in the world, and a now easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated another respectable fortune, much of which he spent in acts of charity.

Phillip Sydney died in the year 1848, and Stephen Edwards in the year 1851, each cherishing for the other a warm and enduring friendship, unbroken to the day of Sydney's death.

Is not truth stranger than fiction?

EUGENIE.

In reference to the late visit of the ex-Empress of France to the Pope, the Rome correspondent of the New York *World* says:

I had not seen the Empress of France for twenty years. She was then in the full brilliancy of her beauty—a young wife, a young mother, a young Empress. During all these intervening years of her grandeur and vicissitudes I have never lost the memory of her rare beauty. Whenever I have thought of her during these last years, I have pictured her as a quiet, handsome, melancholy widow, dignified and elegant. But no such agreeable personage appeared the other day. She was dressed quietly enough, in a very simple, ugly, English, black-cloth costume. The skirt was extremely short, without flounce or any other trimming, except a broad, black braid. This costume had a long, loose jacket, and she wore a simple English hat of felt. Her feet were trim, and she minced about on her toes and high heels. But she was painted red and white and black. Her eyes were darkened, and also the eyebrows and eyelashes, and you could see the paint on her lips. Then, upon her head was a reddish, blonde wig. "Why, she wears a peruke!" was the whisper among the hidden observers. There was no mistake about it. You could see the peruke form in the front hair. This false hair was waved over the forehead and arranged in long tresses at the back. Her head looked like a well made up barber's block. In her hand she carried a large yellow cane of the style of the coquettish marquise canes of the days of Louis Quatorze. She carried it as a caprice, not as a support; for she played and toyed with it, pointed at the pictures, and twirled it in her hand. I did not go into the mosaic factory when she did, nor into the Pianco-theka; but I was told that she went through the mosaics in a few minutes, evidently feeling no interest in the curious work, and paid little attention to Baron Visconti's explanations. She seemed preoccupied, if one can say so, with nothing; not bored, but certainly not interested, full of *minauderies*.

THE LEGEND OF THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

This ancient legend—the dream, perhaps, of a Syrian hermit—shows that the Cedar of Lebanon, the timber tree of the temple built on Zion, was held in the highest estimation by the ancients. The story proceeds that Seth received from the angels three seeds from that tree, which he beheld still standing on the spot where sin had first been committed, but standing there blasted and dead. He carried the seeds home, placed them in the mouth of the dead Adam, and so buried them. Their future history is curious. Growing on the grave of Adam in Hebron, they were afterward most carefully protected by Abraham, Moses and David. After their removal to Jerusalem, the Psalms were composed beneath them; and in due time, when they had grown together and united in one giant tree, they, or it—for it was now one tree—a cedar of Lebanon—was felled by Solomon for the purpose of being preserved forever as a beam in the Temple. But the design failed, the king's carpenters finding themselves utterly unable to manage the mighty beam. They raised it to its intended position and found it too long. They sawed it, and it then proved too short. They spliced it, and again found it wrong. It was evidently intended for another, perhaps a more sacred office, and they laid it aside in the temple to bide its time. While awaiting for its appointed hour, the beam was on one occasion improperly made use of by a woman named Maximella, who took the liberty of sitting on it, and found her garments on fire. Instantly she raised a cry of alarm, and, feeling the flames severely, invoked the aid of Christ, and was immediately driven from the city and stoned, becoming in her death a pro-Christian martyr. In the course of an eventful history the predestined beam became a bridge over Cedron, and, being then thrown into the Pool of Bethesda, it proved the cause of its healing virtues. Finally it became the Cross, was buried in Calvary, exhumed by the Empress Helena, chopped up by a corrupt Church, and distributed.

UNREELING A PULLBACK.—A most amusing scene was witnessed on K. street the other day. A lady with a vigorous pull-back skirt and an elaborate polonaise was walking up K. from Fourth street. In that unaccountable outside pocket which the fashion prescribes shall be trained to the rear and hung as low down as possible upon the last-named garment, she had a new, full spool of thread, just purchased, evidently. An end of this, escaping from the open pocket, caught the eye of a K. street gamin—six or seven year-old specimen. He deftly caught the end, and, holding to it, found that it reeled off without the promenader being aware of it. He at once "squared" himself, sailor fashion, in the middle of the walk, and as she "paid off" he hauled in hand over hand, to the infinite amusement of half a hundred men who witnessed the operation. In a brief time the line reached clear up to Fifth street, from near Fourth, and as the lady stepped out on the flagging to cross the street, the end ran off, and she went on with the empty spool, blissfully unconscious of the merriment behind her back at her expense. The cruel men—and by this time a hundred had seen the unreeling process—began to speculate upon the look of blank astonishment which must have overpowered her countenance when, on reaching home, she found the spool empty which she could assert was full when she purchased it.

—*Washington Chronicle.*

HUMORS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Kendall, for some time Uncle Sam's Postmaster-General, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village post-master:

"Sir: This department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up. Respectfully yours, etc." "Sir: The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, yours, etc."

Kendall, not appreciating his subordinate's humor, wrote again: "Sir: Your appointment as postmaster is revoked; you will turn over the funds, etc., pertaining to your office, to the successor." Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied: "Sir: The revenues for this office, for the quarter ending September 30th, have been 95 cents; its expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine, 1 dol. 05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance."

His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondent, as the American editor, who writing to a Connecticut brother: "Send full particulars of the flood" (meaning an inundation at that place), received a reply: "You will find them in Genesis."

Very satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Elendon's note to his friend, Dr. Fisher, of the Charter-house: "Dear Fisher: I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. Your sincere friend, Eldon. (Turn over). I gave it to you yesterday."

When a member of Lord North's administration, Fox one night took the liberty of walking into one lobby, while his chief went into the other. As he sat upon the ministerial bench next evening, one of the door keepers handed him a note. Upon opening it, the rebellious politician read: "Sir:—Her majesty has thought proper to order a new Commissioner of the Treasury, in which I do not find the name Chas. James Fox. North."

As a rule, a man with a grievance is too proud of his wrongs to be laconic, but here is an exception to the rule. "Sir:—I was a lieutenant with Gen. Stanhope when he took Minorca in 1708, for which he was made a lord. I was a lieutenant with Gen. Blackeney when he lost Minorca in 1755, for which he was made a lord. I am a lieutenant still!"

HOW BISMARCK PARRIED AN INSULT.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* tells the following rather apocryphal story:

The favorite names now for bulls and dogs are Trochu, and Bismarck—the latter especially, to show the hatred borne to the German Prince, Bismarck *nom d'un chien!* After the Franco-German treaty of peace had been signed, Prince Von Bismarck, while on his way home, stopped one night in a chatean in Lorraine. An admirable pointer, evidently the pet of the house, lay basking on the rug before the large wood fire of the dining room. Dinner was ordered. The prince sat at the table, his feet toward the fire, sipping coffee. The family, too, had wheeled their chairs to front the fire. An officer entered and began, "Prince Von Bismarck"—— At this name the dog looked up inquiringly. This movement did not escape the prince's eye, and the prince, suspecting the truth (Bismarck *nom d'un chien!*), said, in a tone of command, "Here, Bismarck!" To the embarrassment and consternation of the family, the dog rose and laid his head on the prince's knee. The prince took a lump of sugar from the sugar-dish and gave it to the dog: "Poor fellow! I see you have good teeth and good claws; try your best to use them as I have done mine, in your master's service, and God keep them for us both, poor fellow!"

IN THE TUNNEL.—The train on the Western & Atlantic railroad had stepped at a small station, and a beautiful young gentleman, with a linen duster, a pair of tight boots, and a smile, had led into the car a blushing damsel of eighteen, with a ravishing hat, and a piece of court-plaster underneath her lovely mouth. They took seats, gazed at each other, smiled and talked, and every old gossip in the car had her eye upon them. He opened a book and turned the pages, while she looked out the window. Tunnel Hill, Ga., was in sight. The train dashed through a section of inner darkness. When the other end of the tunnel was reached she was looking out the window, while he was turning the pages. But the court-plaster was on his chin—not hers; the edges turned up and the center not smoothed down; it seemed to have been hastily deposited. All the old gossips made a note on't. She looked at him, saw the court-plaster, rubbed her own chin, blushed and whispered to him. He put his hand up to his chin, brought down the court-plaster, took out a cigar and fled to the smoking-car. In the distance rose the grim defiles and solemn curves of Tunnel Hill, Ga. The conductor entered the car with his new steel punch. The car-boy shouted "Lozengers!"

NYE AGAIN.—Just before Secretary Chase resigned the Treasury in the summer of 1864, Horace Greeley, being in Washington, was asked who he thought would be a good successor to the important office. "The best man I can think of," replied Greeley, "is Jim Nye." "You cannot mean it. What in the world is there to recommend him?" "Just this," answered the journalist. "I've known Nye for a good many years. He's always borrowing money, and I've never known him to pay a dollar back. Now, if he could be in the Treasury, he'd keep borrowing in his old way, while nobody could get anything out of him, and the result would be that the Treasury would be full all the time—and the Treasurer would be 'full' too—and things would go on swimmingly."

A STORY OF SOMNAMBULISM.

James H. Prior, of St. Louis, according to the *Globe-Democrat*, has an adopted daughter of thirteen years who performs wonderful gymnastic feats in her sleep. Finding her room vacant one night, Mr. Prior began a search, which resulted in discovering her walking along a narrow iron railing which protected a gallery running the entire width of the house. When she reached the end of the railing she deliberately turned and walked back. This feat she performed several times with grace and apparent carlessness. In the meantime Mr. Prior came to himself, but fearing that if he moved it would startle the girl and she would fall to the paved yard below, he remained quiet while she continued her perilous walk. In a few moments she appeared to be satisfied, and carefully stepping to a chair, reached the floor and glided slowly by Mr. Prior, down the hallway, into her apartment and bed, where she was soon sleeping sweetly. At another time Mr. and Mrs. Prior found that the girl had crawled through the skylight, and was promenading the length of the roof ridge. She was walking with her arms hanging listlessly by her side, and her head inclined forward, as if she was looking immediately in front of her feet. The moon was shining brightly, and the white, lithe form of the sleeping girl could be seen a mile distant. There was a chimney half way to the ridge, and sometimes she made detours to the right or left, going completely around the obstruction, regaining the ridge and traversing its entire length. Once she leaned on the chimney and seemed absorbed in deep meditation. Each time she reached the end of the roof it appeared to be her deliberate purpose to walk off, but she always checked herself when within about a foot of the edge, and, slowly turning, carefully retraced her steps. Twice she descended on the incline of the roof, each time returning to the ridge very rapidly, as if she had met with something that excited her fears. Several times she gazed up as if looking at the stars, or listening to some distant sound. Suddenly, while at the point of the ridge, which she had first reached, she began to descend in the direction of the skylight, taking each step with great caution, and making slow progress. When she had nearly reached the opening Mr. Prior quietly withdrew. In a few moments Laura followed, proceeding at once to the garret stairs and disappearing down the dark passage. Mr. and Mrs. Prior followed, keeping behind her as closely as possible, but before they could reach her she was in her own room and composing herself in bed.

A MIRACLE BY PAGANINI.—The following is from a paper by Kate Field in the February *Scribner*, on "A Morning with Sir Julius Benedict." The composer says of Paganini:

"He was a wonderful fellow, and some called him the devil. He was even imprisoned and had his violin taken away from him because he was supposed to be such a dangerous character. One day, a great lady in Rome said to him, 'Signor Paganini, I understand that you can execute an air on one string of your violin?'

"'Madame, you have heard the truth,' replied the great virtuoso.

"'Will you allow me and my friends to hear you?'

"'Certainly.'

"So the great lady gave a reception, at which Paganini was invited to perform his violin trick. After actually playing the prayer from Bossini's 'Moses in Egypt' on one string, Paganini was thanked by his hostess, who said, 'Now, Signor Paganini, as you do wonders on one string, can you perform on no string at all?'

"'Most assuredly,' answered Paganini.

"'Will you, for me?'

"'With pleasure.'

"A day was set, the great lady invited a number of friends to assist at the miracle, and when all were assembled, Paganini failed to appear. News came soon that he had that day left Rome. This was his performance without any string, and his retort to the social queen who had treated him as a mountebank rather than as an artist."

WIFE, WIDOW AND BRIDE AT FOURTEEN.—The Alton *Telegraph* recently contained an account of an event which was certainly most novel:

The office of the county clerk was invaded on Saturday by a wedding party in search of a marriage license. The affable clerk proceeded to fill out the necessary document, and inquired the ages of the candidates for matrimony. The groom's was given as thirty-four, while that of the bride was stated to be only fourteen. This statement caused a stay of proceedings, and the clerk informed the parties that it was against the law to issue a license to a woman under eighteen, without the consent of her parents. Thereupon the father of the bride, who was one of the party, stepped forward and said the bride had his full and free consent, that she had already been married once and had buried her first husband. The astonished clerk, rightly thinking that a would-be bride of such ripe experience didn't need any legal protection, hesitated no longer, but made out the necessary document, and the bridal party went on their way rejoicing. Maid, wife, widow, and married again, all within fourteen brief years, seems to be crowding things a little. What a history that woman will have by the time she is fifty.

FIDELITY.—We often seem to imagine that the property of the mind resembles the property of the sea-water, and loses all its deleterious particles when once it is fairly frozen.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

STONEWALL JACKSON AND THE WIDOW'S COW.

At the age of sixteen, Stonewall Jackson was a constable of the county of Lewis, Va., with his uncle Cummings Jackson as his security. The first execution that came into his hands was against a widow living some twelve miles from the court-house. Jackson summoned a man named Charlie Post to accompany him and to assist him in driving away the cattle which he proposed to levy upon. When he arrived there he found that the old woman had but one cow, the principal means of her support. So soon as he learned this he turned to his companion and said: "Charlie, I will not levy this execution upon that poor woman's cow; as poor as I am I would rather work night and day, and pay the debt myself." Upon that he left there, and stated the facts to his uncle, his security in his official bond. He listened to his narrative and then said: "Tom, I see you were never born to be a constable, my boy; resign your office at once and I will pay the execution." Mr. Faulkner, who tells the story, says also: "I remember upon one occasion I received a telegram of the extreme illness of a daughter in Appomatox county, and communicating a message from her that she wished to make some request of me in person before she died. I took the telegram to Gen. Jackson, and asked for a leave of absence for a few days. He read it and I observed a tear trickling down his cheek, and after pausing for a few moments he said: "Colonel, I shall not refuse your request, for there is nothing now requiring your presence absolutely at headquarters; but I will announce to you the rule that governs my conduct. When I entered the army I gave myself up to my country, and however I might deplore my separation from those I love, and especially under the circumstances mentioned in this telegram, yet I would not feel myself at liberty to leave my post here. I have left all that are dear to me in the hands of my country and of my God."

ATTACK ON THE AUTHOR OF "INNOCENTS ABROAD."

The captain of the Quaker City gave in a recent lecture an accurate account of that ship's eventful trip to the Holy land ten years ago, which accurate account the captain, with some scorn, declares "Innocents Abroad" in no sense to be.

"One of the first persons," said the Captain, "who made application for a berth in the Quaker City, when in the spring of 1867 I organized this grand excursion, was a tall, lanky, unkempt, unwashed individual, who seemed to be full of whisky, or something like it, and who filled my office with the fumes of bad liquor. He said he was a Baptist minister from San Francisco and desired to travel for his health. I knew him at once; it was Mark Twain, and I said, 'You don't look like a Baptist minister or smell like one either.' I don't intend to say much of Mark Twain, but I will just relate a single incident. We always went to breakfast at eight o'clock every morning, and everybody was always punctual except Mark Twain; he was always late. One morning he came straggling in, tardy as usual, and, picking up his cup, began to abuse the coffee. He blamed the steward, he blamed everybody, and after all it turned out that the coffee he had found fault with for being so weak was an excellent cup of tea. In relating this experience in his book he says 'that passenger made an eggregious ass of himself,' and I think as much." This cut appeared sufficient for the Captain, and he proceeded to pure history, only once more attacking Mr. "Twain," and this for an outrageously libelous paragraph in "Innocents Abroad," wherein it is stated Capt. Duncan, at the great 4th of July dinner, made the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, may you all live long and prosper; steward, pass up another basket of champagne." "There is no truth in it," said the libeled Captain; "it was the speech Mark Twain was hankering for me to make, but if I had made any I would have said something sensible." [Applause.] "I used to be proud of 'Innocents Abroad,'" added the Captain, "until I discovered how unreliable it is."

GOOD WOMEN.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age. She looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. In the Church the devout worshiper and exemplary Christian. Who does not love and respect the woman who has passed her life in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness, love and devotion to truth! Such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other hearts, but a continent that joins them.

A great secret of education is to make the exercises of the body and those of the mind serve always as a recreation to each other.

APSLEY HOUSE.

The following most remarkable and interesting particulars relating to the Apsley House, once the residence of the first Duke of Wellington, may not be generally known:

King George II., riding on horseback one day in Hyde Park, met with an old soldier, whom he recognized as having fought under him at the battle of Dettingen, and fell into discourse with him. The King finally asked him what he could do for him.

"Why, please your Majesty," returned the soldier, "my wife keeps an apple-stall on the bit of waste ground as you enter the park, and if your Majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it, we might build a little shed and improve our trade."

The King complied with his request, and a grant was given him. The shed was erected. The situation was excellent, and the trade of the old woman became brisk and prosperous. Their only son, in course of time, was articled to an attorney, and gave indications of making a figure in his profession.

After some years, the old soldier being dead, and the grant of the late King being overlooked or forgotten, the then Lord Chancellor, attracted by the eligibility of the situation, removed the shed of the old woman, and laid out the ground as the site of the present mansion.

Alarmed and terrified at this measure, and not venturing to contend with such high authority, she consulted with her son (whose articles were now nearly expired) as to the course she should take in such an extremity.

The son calmed her fears in the best manner he was able, and promised to find her a remedy as soon as the structure should be completed.

This was no sooner done than he waited on his lordship, to request some remuneration for what he alleged to be a trespass on his mother's rights.

The latter, as soon as he began to perceive that the claim of the applicant was reasonably founded, tendered some hundreds as a compensation, which, under the advice of her son, the old woman rejected; and, to make the story short, upon the next interview, the son demanded of his lordship four hundred pounds a year as a ground-rent—adding, that if he did not like the terms, he was at liberty to take his house away again, as his mother did not want it. His lordship acceded, and the house yields, to this day, the above rent to the descendants of an old apple-woman.

EUGENIE OF AMERICAN DESCENT.—The recent actions for damages for defamation of character which the Empress' mother, the Countess de Montijo, has instituted against more than a hundred journals in France have revealed the fact that Eugenie is the grand-daughter of an American. Yes, the Empress Eugenie's grandfather was the United States Consul at Malaga under Andrew Jackson's Presidency, and was also engaged in the highly honorable—though not either aristocratic, diplomatic or consular—occupation of selling groceries. This American family afterward settled in Glasgow, and the "Misses Kirkpatricks" whom he saw in Paris were its youthful representatives, and Her Majesty's very first cousins, being daughters of the Countess de Montijo's sister, the grand-daughters (like Eugenie) of the American Consul and grocer at Malaga. So there you have it. The scandal against Eugenie was, you remember, that she was born three years after the death of the Count de Montijo, and was the illegitimate daughter of a dissolute noble who traced his lineage back to the Montezumas, whose arms Eugenie has always quartered with her Napoleonic bearings, without the addition of the bar sinister. Like a sensible and honorable woman, Mme. de Montijo has shown that Eugenie was born in wedlock, that Count de Montijo descended from the Montezumas, and that she herself was the daughter of the American Consul aforesaid. There is no bar sinister anywhere around.
—*Olive Logan.*

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.—Spurgeon says: "I do not know a more beautiful sight on earth than a man who has served the Lord for many years, and who, having grown gray in service, feels that in the order of nature he must soon be called home. He is rejoicing in the first fruits of the Spirit which he has obtained, but he is panting after the harvest of the Spirit which is guaranteed to him. I think I see him sitting on a jutting crag by the edge of the Jordan, listening to the harpers on the other side, and waiting till the pitcher shall be broken at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern, and the spirit shall depart to Him who gave it. A child waiting in the darkness of the night till its mother comes to give it the evening kiss, are portraits of our waiting. It is a pleasant and specious thing to wait and so to hope."

DON'T SCOLD.—For the sake of your children, don't do it. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the everlasting complaining and fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted.

The best wife is she who keeps her husband away from temptation. The best husband is he who stands lovingly by his wife to guard, cherish and protect her. The best parents are those who teach their offspring that in all the world there is no such dear and life-lifting place as home.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.