North Carolina Gazette.

Published by J. H. Myrover, No. [illegible] Aspie Street, Fayetteville, N. C.

VOL. VII.—NO. 13.] THURSDAY, [illegible]BER 30, 1879. [WHOLE NO. 313.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

North Carolina Gazette.

J. H. MYROVER,
PUBLISHER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year (in advance)	$2 00
Six months " "	1 00
Three " "	50

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square (9 lines solid nonpareil)	one insertion	$1 00
" " " "	two "	1 50
" " " "	one month	2 50
" " " "	three "	5 00
" " " "	six "	9 00
" " " "	twelve "	15 00

Longer advertisements charged in proportion to the above rates. Special notices 25 per cent. more than regular advertisements.

Home Circle.

Hope is the nurse of youth, [illegible]

Dryden.

IN THE SHAWANGUMS.

Mr. Slingerland Valentine sat in his capacious arm-chair, his hands resting on its broad arms, his forehead puckered up into a nest of wrinkles, his eyes staring with intense, puzzled thoughtfulness out through the window of his room into the beauties of the park beyond.

"I wonder what ever possessed me," he thought—"I do wonder what ever possessed me? Here I am, fifty-seven years old, and fool enough to imagine I couldn't get along the rest of my life as well as heretofore, and must go and actually ask pretty little Effie Herman to marry me—marry me!"

As if the idea was appalling, Mr. Valentine arose from his chair, and began a restless, desperate sort of promenade around his room.

"Not that she isn't the sweetest little creature that ever lifted a pair of blue eyes to a man's face—a dainty, flower-like girl, whom anybody would love; but to think—why, what a confounded fool I've been, and I old enough to be her grandfather!

A stern, half-indignant look came to his eyes, and he paused a minute, as if to more fully appreciate the folly of his position.

"Of course it's impossible the child cares for me; of course it's my money—that has won her and the consent of her mother. Well," and the hale, robust old gentleman drew a long, deep sigh, and plunged resignedly into the depths of his Turkish chair again. "Well, there's no getting out of it now. I'm not the first man that has made a fool of himself over a pretty face, but'st thy soul, Slingerland Valentine, you certainly were supposed to know better!"

And then he solaced himself with a cigar, while, in another room, in a pretty little cottage not far away, Effie Herman was sitting in the vine-wreathed bay-window, making an exquisite picture of herself among the swaying foliage, and looking very bewitchingly frowning as she flashed a glance from her blue eyes across the room at her mother sitting stately and elegant in her gothic-back chair.

"I never hoped to hear such nonsense from a child of mine, Effie. The thing is not waiting to marry Mr. Valentine. Why, he can give you everything in the world you can think of. To be his wife means a bridal tour to Europe; to be mistress of his magnificent mansion on Fifth avenue; to dispense hospitality at his Long Branch villa; to have command of all that is luxurious, elegant, in every sense. And you don't want to marry him!"

Effie pouted her red lips.

"No, I don't! Mamma, your side of the picture is very tempting, but my side all the time keeps showing me a fat, bald-headed, stumpy old man, who wears false teeth, and pads his coat, and tries to look and act as if he were twenty years younger than he is. Mamma, I don't want to marry him at all!"

And something very like a sob came piteously from the girl's lips.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Mrs. Herman said, severely. "You shall not be allowed to throw away such a chance for the sake of sickly sentiment. You know what a struggle my life has been, on account of poverty and obscurity, and I resolved, years ago, to save you from a like fate."

Effie opened her blue eyes widely.

"Poverty, obscurity, mamma? Why, I think we have a lovely home, and enough of everything—"

"That will do, Effie! You need bring no imaginary arguments to confute my assertions; and, as far as Mr. Valentine is concerned, your word is pledged, and the wedding day set for July 25."

Then a sudden little resolution shone in Effie's eyes, and she ceased toying with the swaying spray of strawberry plant.

"Mamma, I have told you, as kindly as I know how, that I do not want to marry that old gentleman; but, as you seem to take no notice whatever of my wishes, I will not marry him!"

And the blue eyes flashed, and a scarlet stain came on both cheeks.

Mrs. Herman laughed lightly.

"You foolish child! What weight do you imagine your words have with me? You will not marry him? Effie, you will, and that settles it!"

"No, mamma, it does not settle it; for the very next time I see Mr. Valentine I shall tell him so!"

For a second Mrs. Herman grew pale with anger; then she looked coldly, sternly at her daughter.

"You will not dare to do it against my positive commands. I will myself see Mr. Valentine, and prepare him for any insanity you may dare to perpetrate; and while I am pushing forward the preparations for your marriage, and Mr. Valentine is superintending the re-furnishing of his seaside villa for your occupancy, you will be sent into the country to your Aunt Hepzibah's—a quiet, stupid place—where you will speedily come to your senses, and learn to thank me for having saved you from yourself."

And, twenty-four hours later, Effie Herman was en route for the mountain farmhouse away up in the Jersey Shawangums, and Mrs. Herman was coldly congratulating herself.

"She shall marry him! If there is any understanding between her and Frank Fielding—which I have once or twice imagined—I have effectually put a quietus on that. My letter to sister Hepsy contained strict orders that no living soul, male or female, was to be allowed to see Effie, except members of her own family; [illegible] me—so there's no danger on that score. And two or three weeks will work wonders. She will be glad to come back, and finish the season at Long Branch and Newport as Mr. Valentine's bride, and go to Europe in the winter."

And then Mrs. Herman leaned back in her chair and indulged in a little cat-nap, composed and calmed by the plaudits of a good conscience.

* * *

Such a place as the Berrian farm, up in the Shawangums! Effie had all her life imagined it the most dreary, desolate, forsaken place in all the wide world, and her rapture knew no bounds when she found that it was the very ideal of picturesque, romantic, luxurious loveliness, and that Aunt Hepsy was a genial, jolly soul, brimming over with good nature and good sense; that Uncle Zebedee was worthy to be her husband, and that the girls—Jessie Dunbar and Gwen Comfort—were just the very ideals of loveliness, and prepared to make a pet and plaything of their beautiful, dainty city cousin, who somehow (they did not quite understand) was in a sort of disgrace, on account of a rich suitor she would not accept. [illegible]

[illegible] in the country was just perfect. [illegible] Mr. Valentine, and [illegible] happiness [illegible] in her resolution to "never, never marry him, under any circumstances, she nevertheless contrived to have a very good time with Jessie and Gwen, uncle and auntie, and—one astute Mamma Herman had quite forgotten in her inventory of things at the farmhouse, or, if not quite forgotten, had at least placed an innocent estimate upon.

However, they became astonishingly good friends [illegible] and before a month had passed Effie had confided all her sorrows to her handsome, sympathetic cousin, who asserted her vehemently that it was an outrage that she should be so deliberately bargained for, and that, were he her counselor, and she followed his advice, she would stick to her resolution, and never give her hand where she could not give her heart.

And then he looked at her in an eager sort of way, and Effie dropped her eyes, and that was all there was about it.

[illegible] Effie herself was working [illegible] Herman's behalf, for Mr. Valentine had not at all taken it amiss when she informed him she had sent "Effie dear" up among the mountains for a few weeks' recreation, so that she might be bright and fresh-spirited for the wedding. Indeed, in his own heart, he felt considerably relieved, and was gayer in his own spirits than he had been for many a day.

Until, very suddenly, a terrible attack of rheumatism seized him and put him completely at the rather doubtful, though well-meant, mercy of his hired servants, and in sheer rage and despair Mr. Valentine telegraphed to his sister-in-law, away up in Vermont, to come and look after him.

"If only I had been able to nurse you, dear Mr. Valentine!" Mrs. Herman cooed, sweetly. "But Madam Grundy would be sure to be disagreeable. If only you were married now, just imagine how devoted dear Effie and I would be! As it is, I do really think the best thing you can do is to send for Mrs. Grey."

And Mrs. Grey came—a plump, cheery, comely little lady, with soft, shining brown hair, all in waves and ripples, and merry, intelligent eyes, brown and big, and a sweet, vibrant voice, the very sound of which held a comfort and strengthfulness in its soothing tones.

She was a born nurse, and a born housekeeper, and even in his sick-room Mr. Valentine was conscious of the noiseless running of the domestic machinery, while in the many pleasant, confidential talks they had, her good common sense was always apparent.

"It's no wonder Jack worshiped her—poor fellow," he thought.

"And you are actually going to be married, Slingerland? I was quite surprised when I heard of it; and a charming young girl I hear she is!"

"Well, yes, I believe I am thinking about it, Amy. Yes, Miss Herman is a very sweet, pretty little girl!"

"I'm sure you thought seriously over it before you decided; it's an important thing to do, Slingerland, and especially important when a man comes to your age and wants a young wife. I do hope you'll be satisfied."

Mr. Valentine puckered up his forehead, doubtfully.

"Oh, dear me! yes, I hope so. A man's bound to make a fool of himself once in his life, and it's happened to me later than to most. Oh, yes, I dare say Effie and I shall get on very well."

A curious little smile crept to Mrs. Grey's red lips—such ripe red lips, like luscious damask roses.

"You don't talk like the enthusiastic lover I expected to find," she said, brightly, biting her pretty lip to keep from laughing, for shrewd Mrs. Grey was quite convinced that her brother-in-law was repeating his word.

"And I don't feel enthusiastic, either," he blurted out, his face reddening under her surprised, innocent blue eyes. "The fact is, I was bewitched over a pretty face, and somebody ought to have kicked me from here to Jericho before I made a deuced—ass—yes—of myself."

Jack's widow threw down the white shade, so that the invalid should not have the western sunlight [illegible] in his eyes.

"It isn't so bad as that, I [illegible] land, is it? Well, look at it [illegible] it any more just now. Do [illegible] while, while I run down and see [illegible]

[illegible] thinking a [illegible] sorts of curious thoughts, very prominent among which was what a good wife poor Jack had, and what a decided fine-looking woman she was yet, and how amazingly he liked to have her around, and what the dickens he would do when she went away.

Up in the Shawangums the August days were royal in their pulsing ardor, and Effie and Cousin Harry had, quite some time before, decided that it was the most delightful summer of their lives, when, into all the sweetness and beauty and content, one day there came a letter to Aunt Hepsy from Mrs. Herman, saying that Mr. Slingerland Valentine was coming to see his betrothed, and that Effie was to treat him accordingly.

And, three hours later, the gentleman himself appeared, to the axe of Jessie and Gwen, and the admiration of simple-minded aunty, who ushered him, and all his glory of massive gold watch chain and sparkle of diamond studs, into the prim, cool, dark "parlor," where the chairs—six of them—sat in straight rows, and the carpet was the identical striped one that had been a bridal present—and a rare and costly one in those days—to Aunt Hepsy and Uncle Zeb.

Effie was all aflush as she went in to greet him, and her eyes were shining radiantly as she crossed the floor to shake hands with him.

And Mr. Valentine also had an unusual look in his florid face, and not a little redolentness in his eyes as he rose to meet her.

"I hope you are well, Miss Effie; you look [illegible] as usual, most charmingly. Sorry I have such a short time to stay, but—but the fact is, I just ran up on a little matter of business, you see, and I don't detain you longer than is necessary."

[illegible] rapidly, but when one takes into consideration the "business" that had brought him, it was scarcely to be wondered at—business which only the memory of Jack's plump, buxom widow made him brave enough to transact, after he was actually face to face with this blue-eyed girl.

"He means to give me a lecture, and mamma has told him what I said," was Effie's thought; "and I'll never, never marry him, and I'll tell him so—now, this minute!"

So she looked up at him, very frankly, very honestly, very bewitchingly.

"You have good reason to be vexed with me, I know, Mr. Valentine, but what I told mamma to tell you I must repeat. I don't love you, Mr. Valentine, and I cannot marry one I do not love. Please don't be angry, will you?"

Angry! Every nerve in his body was dancing a jubilate. Angry, to be thus gracefully, charmingly given the freedom he had come to crave.

He laughed outright.

"Can it be possible! Why, Effie, I came purposely to see if you wouldn't let me off, because, you see, my brother's widow is a very fine woman, and—"

Then Effie caught his hand impulsively.

"Oh, that is just the very thing for you, Mrs. Grey! Yes, you ought to have thought of that long ago. And I"—and delicious blush came to her lovely face—"I am engaged to my cousin Harry, Mr. Valentine, and oh, I do love him so!"

And that was the result of the trip to the Shawangums, and Mrs. Herman bit her lips in vain at the result of her own little bit of generalship.

ORIGIN OF A FORMAN POEM.—Mr. Whittier's own statement of the origin of his poem of 'Maud Muller,' is quoted by a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*. He was driving with his sister through York, Me., and stopped at a harvest field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near the stone wall stopped to answer the inquiries. Whittier noticed as she talked that she bashfully raked the hay around and over her bare feet, and she was fresh and fair. The little incident left its impression, and he wrote out the poem that very evening. 'But if I had had any idea,' he said, 'that the plaguey little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it.' To the inquiry as to the title, Maud Muller, he said it was suggested to him, and not a selection. It came as the poem came. But he gives it the short German pronounciation, as Meuler, not the broad Yankee Muller.

TOOK A DAY OFF.—A church member got tipsy the other day and in that condition was met by his pastor. Being sternly rebuked for his conduct, he excused himself in this wise: "You know, parson, that for more than twenty years I've served the Lord faithfully and well, and so I thought I'd as well take a day off."

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.

A DEAD SAVER [illegible]

"The following [illegible] in July, [illegible] was moving [illegible] rather north, [illegible] crossing down [illegible] herd became [illegible] were grazing [illegible] seem failed to [illegible] among a wing [illegible] overtook [illegible] their cattle [illegible] and soon [illegible] better with [illegible] gotta go, [illegible] allowed to [illegible] it she [illegible] his own [illegible]

[illegible] limited that they [illegible] whole herd and left the chief hanging on a tree as a warning to others in similar cases.

The poor fellow was completely overcome. They consulted apart for a few moments, and then told him if he had any explanation to make or business to do they would allow him ten minutes to do so, and defend himself.

He turned to the rough faces and commenced: "How many of you have lost?" Two or three nodded. "How many of you have children?" They nodded again. "Then I know who I am talking to, and you'll hear me," and he continued: "I never stole any cattle; I have lived in these parts over three years; I came from New Hampshire; I failed in the fall of 1857, during the panic; I have been saving; I have no home here; my family remain east; for I go from place to place; these clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer; but this is a hard country; days seem like months to me, and months like years; married men, you know that but for the letters from home (here he pulled out a handful of well-worn letters and envelopes from his wife) I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts," and he [illegible] the letters of acknowledgement, [illegible] expected to sell out and go home in November. Here is the [illegible] my good mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture," and he kissed it tenderly and continued: "Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home and send as much as you can from the cattle when I'm dead. Can't you send half of the value? My family will need it."

"Hold on, now; stop right that!" said a rough ranger. "Now, I say, boys," he [illegible] your hand, old boy; take your picture and them letters did the business. You can go free, but you are lucky, mind ye."

"We'll do more than that," said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt, "let's buy his cattle here and let him go."

They did, and when the money was paid over, and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears, being away from home under such trying circumstances, the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him helpless as a child. He sank to the ground completely overcome. An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest staging route, and as they shook hands and bade him good bye, they looked the happiest band of men I ever saw.

MAKING A FATHER'S GRAVE.

The Sandusky (O.) *Register* relates the following story: "A little girl with tangled locks peeping from under a calico hood, clad in a dress of chintz, loitered behind as the great dusty crowd moved out of the gates of Mount Adna the other day, after they had scattered their flowers and done honor to the dead. Dreamily she gazed after them, her eyes filled with a far-away look of tenderness, until the last had disappeared and the rattle of the drums had died away. Then she turned, and vaguely scanned the mounds that arose about her, clutching still tighter the fading bunch of dandelions and grass that her chubby hands held. An old man came by and gently patted her curly head as he spoke her name, but she only shook back still farther. And when he told a passing stranger the little maiden's father had died on shipboard and been buried at sea, there was only a tear-drop in the child's eye to tell that she heard or knew the story. When they were gone she moved on further to a neglected, empty lot, and kneeling down she piled up a mound of earth, whispering as she patted it, and smoothed it with her chubby hand, 'This won't be so awful big as the others, I guess, but may be big enough so that God will see it and think that papa is buried here.' Carefully she trimmed the sides with the grass she plucked, murmuring on: 'And maybe it will grow so that it will be like the rest in two or three years, and then maybe papa will sometime come back and—' But she paused as though it suddenly dawned upon her young mind that she rested beneath the waves, and the tear-drops that sprung to her eyes moistened the little bunch of dandelions that she planted among the grasses on the mound she had reared. When the sexton passed that way at night as he went to close the gates he found the little one fast asleep with her head pillowed on the mound."

He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chilly and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.—

"SOMEBODY LOVES ME."

Two or three years ago the superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home, in R——, received one morning a request from the judge that he would come to the courthouse. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see.—The judge, quietly to them (utterly bewildered [illegible]), said:

"[illegible] you take any of these?"

"[illegible] take them all, [illegible]"

"[illegible] can you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them."

The judge singled out one, [illegible] the test, and [illegible] with the [illegible]

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T—— repeated firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and dressed and provided with a supper and beds. The next morning they went into the schoolroom with the children. Mary was the name of the little girl, whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T——, in reference to her:

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile, and have failed."

Mr. T——, said afterward, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office and said, pleasantly:

"Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman have adopted her, and I should like for you to take her place, and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face, and she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents and told her she might go to the store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered about the room. When she returned he said:

"Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me, and pick up the paper and see how nice you can make it look?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this kind of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the schoolroom after dinner with so [illegible] teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant. She went to her and said:

"Mary, what is it? What makes [illegible] look so happy?"

"Oh, I've got some one to love me," the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one had loved her and desired her affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people and lives in a beautiful house; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.

[New York Post.]

THE ROMANCE OF PENNY POSTAGE.

It is strange, but true, that a love affair should have developed the present system of postage stamps. But "Jove rules the camp, the court, the bar," and why not the post office? Sir Rowland Hill, whose death was announced recently, while on one of his philanthropic and discovery tours through England, stopped one evening at a north country inn. While sitting with other travelers warming himself at the kitchen fire, the postman brought in the mail. Among other persons who received a letter was a kitchen lassie. She took the letter from the carrier, turned it over and over in her hands, looking wistfully at it all the time, and at last handed it back to the postman, remarking: "I have no money to pay the postage on a letter from India." Rowland Hill stepped forward and said: "I will pay the postage rather than have you deprived of the pleasure of a letter," and handed her the required sum, which she received with evident gratitude and surprise. After she left the kitchen another traveler said: "That is her game; she knew all that was in that letter from certain marks that were on the outside. It was from a sweetheart in India, and before he went off they agreed upon some sign by which she was to learn if he was well, prosperous, and when coming home; and when a letter is brought to her she examines the outside and knows all that she wants to, but makes that excuse when returning it." Mr. Hill went in search of the girl, and by adroit questioning, found his fellow-traveler's guess to be correct. The girl also showed him how she deciphered the signs, telling him at the same time that she was too poor to pay the postage, and that was the reason she and her lover had agreed upon this plan. From these facts Mr. Hill inferred that the Government must annually be defrauded by such artifices of large sums, and he began planning a system of stamps which would secure to the Government a certain postal revenue. The present postal system is the result.

The eyes of other folks are the eyes that ruin us.

WEBSTER AND JENNY LIND.

Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and as a mark of her respect, and with a view to *eclat*, sent polite invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both houses of Congress. It happened on that day that several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden, and others came in, whether from the heat of the room or not, their faces were a little flushed and all looked somewhat flurried.

[illegible] the applause with which the [illegible] the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia." This took place during the height of the debate and excitement of the slavery question, and the compromise resolutions of Mr. Clay, and this patriotic air, as a part of the programme, was considered peculiarly appropriate for a concert where a head of the government and a large number of both branches of the legislative department were present. At the close of the first verse Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could sit no longer, and rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous voice to the chorus, and perhaps never in the whole course of her career, did she ever hear or receive one-half such applause as that with which her song and Webster's chorus were greeted.

Mrs. Webster who sat immediately behind him kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was no use—and at the close of each verse Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster or the audience were most delighted. At the close of the air Mr. Webster rose with his hat in his hand, and made such a bow as Chesterfield would deem a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsey's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor, the audience applauded to the echo, Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again—Jenny Lind courtesied, the house re-applauded, and this was repeated nine times.

CAIN'S WIFE.—Rev. William F. Hartshorn, of the Washington Square M. E. Church, New York city, in a recent sermon, said:

"Of the many questions asked about [illegible] the easiest to answer was, 'Who was Cain's wife?' That Cain had married there was no doubt, and there was every reason to suppose that the wedding took place after the murder. Some say that the bride was a sister, a cousin, or a niece, but it is a mistake to suppose that there were but two or three people in the world at that time. Adam and Eve were then one hundred and thirty years old. If they had no children until their sixty-first year, a learned physician has calculated that the family had numbered one hundred and thirty when Abel died. The children of these children would have numbered more than 100,000. But if, as is more likely, Abel died in his one hundred and twenty-eighth year, the descendants would have reached the enormous number of 421,000, from whom Cain could have had no difficulty in choosing a wife. These figures are based upon the supposition that Adam had only two sons. There may have been many more, though the Bible does not mention them. In that case the inhabitants of the world may have been twice or three times as many. Where this wife came from we do not know. The records say 'he knew' her in the land of Nod, but that does not necessarily mean that he married her there. This portion of the history has been unreasonably rejected because of our inability to locate the land of Nod. It is certain that Cain settled down there and lived a life of violence, lending all his cunning to draw his neighbors into wicked ways.

WHAT A SINGLE BEAN CAN PRODUCE.—The history of a single bean, accidentally planted in a garden at Southbridge, Mass., is traced by a newspaper correspondent, who figured its produce for three years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil, and when gathered in the autumn its yield, as counted, was 1,515 perfectly-developed beans from a single stalk. Now, if a single bean produces 1,515 beans, and each bean produces 1,515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,296,225, equal to 1,195 pounds, 597 quarts, or 2,390 army rations, equal to 18⅔ bushels. This would be the product of the second year. Now, if we plant this product and the yield is the same, we have a product of 5,268,058,800,625 beans, equal to 1,371,890 tons, or 42,871,572 bushels, or 548,756,068 soldiers' rations. The third planting give the steamship *Great Eastern* 92 full freights.

A BOY'S MODEL SCHOOL-HOUSE.—The Sanitary Engineer offers a reward of $500 for the best plan of a model school-house. Our small boy will contest for that prize. His working model is not yet ready, but we may state that his idea of a model school-house is one in which the teacher never licks, where recess comes five times a morning, vacations every other day, examination never; where all studies are elective and chewing gum is insisted upon; where there is co-education of the sexes, provided the girls are pretty, and where there is no punishment for a fellow save sending him to sit by the girl whom he was caught passing notes to.—*Albany Journal.*

AN EMPEROR'S LOST HEART.

Ghastly Story About Napoleon the Great.

At Plogastel, in Brittany, there is living an English physician named Thomas Cartwell, aged eighty-two years, who tells travelers a strange story, in which he says he figured as a principal actor.

On the 15th of May, 1821, Napoleon the Great died at Longwood, St. Helena, after causing Sir Hudson Lowe so much unhappiness that he went crazy and, returning to England, lost all his fortune in extravagant speculations in stocks. The Emperor's last companions, Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgand, and Lascases, immediately made a demand for a physician versed in the science of embalming. Sir Hudson Lowe, who shrank from no expense [illegible] in his eye. The [illegible] tened to be work, but certain instruments were needed. He required at least two assistants, etc., etc. Sir Hudson Lowe made haste to supply all his demands. He sent a boat to an English frigate at anchor in the offing, with a request for two naval surgeons, supplied with everything required for the embalming process.

One of the two persons sent was a youth of twenty years, well educated and full of ambition, and he was received on the island as assistant surgeon Thomas Cartwell. He and his comrade hastened to assist Dr. Antomarchi. About 4 in the afternoon of May 6 the work was begun. The corpse of Napoleon I. was lifted from the little bed where it had died and placed on a long marble-topped table that was still intact when, in 1858, Napoleon III. bought with Government funds the small house in which had died the man whom he persisted in making the public believe to have been his uncle. The process of embalming was not finished when night came and interrupted it. Antomarchi and his assistants agreed that the completion must be postponed until the next morning. They determined to go to bed and resume their work at daybreak. First they covered the Emperor's body with a white cloth, which they sprinkled and saturated with certain liquids to prevent putrefaction. The various internal organs that had been removed were placed in metal cups on the operating table. Then the three operators went to their rooms and slept profoundly.

They had hardly been asleep an hour when Marchand, the valet of the Emperor, knocked at Cartwell's door, calling out, "Come down, sir, quick! A great misfortune has happened!" "What is it?" said the young surgeon, appearing in his uniform. "Oh, sir, the Emperor's heart has been eaten by the rats!" It was true. The island was infested with rats. They were as thick as the English. While Marchand was out of the room, some rats had run in, and finding the heart of the conqueror of Austerlitz in a basin, had made but a mouthful of it. The valet, on returning to the room, saw them scamper away, and all that he could do was to pronounce the irreparable loss.

What was now to be done? The physicians met and consulted. It was impossible to conceal the absence of the organ that had been eaten up, the operation of embalming having been begun before witnesses who had seen it. To confess the accident was to expose Marchand to severe rebuke, and the poor fellow was already wretched enough. A happy thought occured to Cartwell. "If we could only get a sheep's heart," he suggested to Antomarchi with excessive caution. All the persons present looked at one another nervously, hesitated, and then began to laugh together like four Roman augurs. They understood one another. Marchand ran to a neighboring farm, killed a sheep and brought back its heart still warm and palpitating.

On the next day, the 7th of May, Antomarchi and his assistants, in the presence of General Bertrand and M. de Montholon, finished the embalming of the Emperor, without any persons among his suit in the least suspecting the extraordinary performance of the night before. If the story be true, and if the old retired English ex-surgeon of Plogastel is not a joker, the heart of the sheep of St. Helena has been resting for thirty-three years under the dome of the Invalides!

DENMARK'S ROYAL FAMILY.—The royal family of Denmark are now gathered at Bernstroff Castle, with the exception of Thyra, the young Duchess of Cumberland, whose little daughter keeps her at home. The future Queen of England and Empress of Russia, with their husbands and children, are together again in their childhood's home, which, though small and crowded, they have preferred for their visit to any other of the royal residences. The two Princesses, Alexandra and Dagmar, insisted upon sharing the same room as when they were children, brought up under the tender eyes of their parents, but in a house of the most frugal character. The children of the two sisters have been very happy together; and under the lime trees of the avenue are often to be seen the King, and on his arm Alexandra or Dagmar, while before or behind grandpa runs a bevy of healthy and rosy-cheeked children, playing and laughing and asking questions about everything. In the daily drives the carriages are filled to the brim with noisy youth, and often the King himself, an excellent driver, holds the reins.

He who does not look out of himself knows not the world. He who does not look into himself knows not men.

If one marches abreast with obstinate men, who will rush on guns and spikes, he must share the consequences.