

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Timeo Danaos Et Dona Ferentes.—Virg.

never recovered from his injuries, and is to-day a hopeless invalid, suffering excruciating torture and continual anguish. His generosity—perhaps his sense of atonement—prevented his prosecuting the girl, and she made her escape to New Orleans. Arriving here, she took apartments on Toulouse street, between Rampart and Burgundy, where she still resides. She is yet very young, certainly not more than seventeen at furthest, and her vindictive and savage fury when excited is a terror to all her acquaintances.

It is strange that beneath an exterior so fair and beautiful should be concealed the elements of such lawless violence.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

[World London Dispatch]  
WALES AND LORNE.  
The Whole Truth About the Royal Scandal.

LONDON, July 29.  
There is a story running about like wildfire in the upper circles here, which would seem to indicate a little, "in our royal family, arising out of the unequal match" lately contracted in it. As I happen to know the truth of the matter, I will give you the rumor first, and then the version. Rumor asserts that on the late opening of St. Thomas Hospital by the Queen, the Marquis of Lorne, accompanied his wife, the Princess Louise, to the waiting-room prepared for the royal family previous to the ceremony. According to the story, the Prince of Wales, seeing him there, desired one of the lords in waiting to inform him that his presence was contrary to etiquette. That functionary however, replied that he could only convey such an intimation on the express command of the Queen.

Upon this the Prince approached Lord Lorne, and himself made the communication, and, in consequence, the latter left the apartment and remained outside in the corridor, not entering the room set apart for the "suite." So much for report. Now what happened was this: On approaching the waiting-room, Lord Lorne himself dropped his wife's arm and stopped, saying to the Prince of Wales, who was standing at the entrance, "I suppose I don't go in here?" To this the Prince replied, "Did not the Queen tell you to come in?" On which the other answered, "No, and therefore I shall remain outside," which he did, the Prince standing there also and conversing with him, as if purposely to support him. You would be amused to learn what an amount of comment and discussion this miserable story has raised here, and how angrily the expediency or otherwise of the union which has given rise to it, is fought out over again. In a common-sense point of view, there seems something both absurd as well as little that Lord Lorne, who has been allowed to marry into the royal family, should not be fully admitted a member of it. The public would not in the least object, and one would suppose that the royal family would, out of respect for their own selection, be the first to especially desire it.

A RAT IN A DAIRYMAN'S STOMACH.

An old darkey in the Fourth district, New Orleans, has daily for months past selected the door-step of a prominent residence for his noon-day nap. Being driven off one day he comes the next. With his head thrown back and his mouth wide open, he snores away, to the exceeding discomfort of the inmates. Called to the door by this disgraced diaphanous a few days since, the lady of the house concluded she would try an experiment. For this purpose she procured a small piece of ice and dropped it into the huge orifice that served Sambo's mouth. It disappeared like a shot, and with a cough and a snort, Sambo started to his feet.

"Ugh?" he cried, as the ice sent violent thrills through his stomach.

"What dis?" and his finger clutched nervously the afflicted part.

Just then some one cried out in the house that a big rat had run down "Uncle Sam's" throat. This added terror to his pain. He rolled on the banquet and cried lustily for help.

"Fore God, missus, he's gnawing out'n me. I feel him. Oh, golly, he's kill'n me," and the whites of the darkey's eyes protruding like saucers, and the convulsed and anguished face, showed that real pain was strongly enhanced by his imaginary terror.

"Oh, golly, how he do jump and kick about," and Sambo again gave himself up to a paroxysm of lamentation.

"Drink warm water, Uncle Sam, and draw him," the lady suggested.

Without a moment's hesitation Sam started for the water-pipe. He turned on the crank and the water started. Sam glued his lips to the nozzle until his sides were puffed out like an inflated balloon.

"How do you feel now, Uncle Sam?" the lady inquired as Sam staggered back to his seat.

"I feels he's drownded, missus; but here's what trouble'd the child; he don't dat rat gwine to get out'n here?"

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trellis-work, hid in the bloom of roses, the old man sat of afternoons and watched the sun's decline. No one else was ever seen in the house—no one ever crossed the threshold; and so he lived, a homeless, sad old man, in a lonely house.

But one day, not a great while since, the neighbors saw that the blinds in the house were closed. The old man had not appeared on the streets for weeks, and the grass had begun to grow from the cracks of the marble slabs at his door, and it began to be whispered about that the old man was dead.

At last, one day, the neighbors went in, (they were poor people, but kindly and true.) Sure enough, he was dead. He laid pallid and stark on a pallet of straw. There were a few scattered chairs around the room and a plain table. One only object arrested the eye. Near the body was a rich casket, set in mother of pearl and gold. Jewels flashed from the costly lid, and wreathed in the dust of diamonds were engraved the "Lilies of France" in a coronet of gold. They opened the box and there flashed on their eyes the Bourbon diadem. It was stolen on the night of the 16th of August, 1833, when Charles X. abdicated the throne of France in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux. Underneath it a manuscript, written in French. It contained only these words: I am Charette, the Vendean General. Maria of Savoy was to have been my wife. She was taken from me and given to the Comte d'Artois. I could have forgiven this, but she deserted me when I needed my help and assistance. I revenged myself and procured her overthrow, and am happy since he died in exile.

This was all. Over his life silence now draws a veil. His wayward passions, his inward conflicts, none can estimate. Lonely and sad he perished in exile; none could appreciate his injuries; let none judge too harshly of his life.

Being in possession of the foregoing facts, the Times yesterday dispatched a reporter to the New York branch of this Bureau, and he had an interview with H. W. Davies, the Superintendent. That gentleman very courteously conversed on the topic, and corroborated the statement. He also said, after mentioning the return from Europe of Mr. Pinkerton, whom, by the way, he had not seen since, that Forrester is yet in Scotland, hiding from the agents who are on the alert to seize him. This Bureau, continued he, is in direct communication with the police and authorities on the other side of the ocean, and although the fugitive may, for a time, elude their vigilance, in the end he must be caught. Mr. Pinkerton, he said, laid his plans carefully for the capture; but they have thus far been without great result. The man, however, is shut up within the area of Britain—a much smaller field to operate in than the North American Continent is. The understanding between Pinkerton's people and the New York police is that if the former catch Forrester the latter will have him tried upon the Nathan murder charge. If he be acquitted of this crime, the police will turn him over to Pinkerton, who will send him back to serve out his thirteen years in the prison.

"This," said Mr. Davies, "is what Forrester hates to do, and to avoid which he would take any chances. If he were to be in this room with us now, I know the man's character so well, that I believe he would attempt to get out, even though I levelled a revolver at his head. He would prefer death to imprisonment. When he is run down, take my word for it, he will fight hard."

A LAW FOR THE SOUTH AND ANOTHER FOR THE NORTH.

The Washington Patriot says: "It is semi-officially announced by the Commissioner of Pensions that in administering the act of Feb. 14, 1871, granting pensions to the survivors of the war of 1812, when witnesses testify to the loyalty of a claimant, their own loyalty must be shown by the certificate of an officer of the United States Court, a United States Commissioner, or an officer of the Internal Revenue Bureau. The rule applies only to the South, and no question is raised at the North. By this bigoted regulation there is to be one law for the Northern people and another for the Southern. According to the usual form heretofore in similar cases, a claimant was required to make oath that he had at no time rendered "aid and comfort" to rebellion, and to prove the same by the affidavits of two disinterested witnesses, whose credibility had to be certified to by the clerk of a court of record. But now the Southern soldier is obliged to prove the loyalty of his witnesses by a certificate which may be impracticable to obtain. A claimant may be able to establish his rights by twenty witnesses, and if they happen voluntarily or compulsorily to have aided the rebellion, then the veteran who fought for his country is excluded from a pension. Human ingenuity could hardly devise a more wicked contrivance to deprive old Southern soldiers of their just rights. It is not only mean, but malignant, and draws a discrimination between the veterans of the North and South, which every candid mind will denounce as outrageous. These men were engaged in a war against a foreign foe nearly half a century before the rebellion commenced, and yet they are pursued with all the vindictive malice of recent enemies. This is a sure way of keeping the wounds of strife open, and it could only have been contrived for some such unworthy purpose."

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]  
A NEW-ORLEANS SENSATION.  
Death of a Mysterious Old Man who Possessed the Bourbon Diadem.

Few of the residents in the lower part of the city of late years but are familiar with some of the incidents we are now relating. They have often seen in the twilight of summer evenings a singular apparition. Suddenly, on the banquet of Music-street, he appeared an old man, with long gray hair and clad in the costume of half a century ago. The garments were faded and worn, but revealed a richness which in earlier days was more fitted for a Court than an American metropolis. He was a very tall man, although a hunchback, and but for the deformity would have been of gigantic proportions. In the breadth of shoulders, the deep powerful chest, and long nervous arms, resided marvellous strength, while the lower limbs, fashioned in magnificent strength and beauty, arrested attention and commanded admiration wherever he appeared. He spoke to no one, looked at no one, but in the silent abstraction pursued his lonely walk far into the night. Years went by, and night after night little children paused in their play to watch the receding figure of the lonely man.

It must have been forty years ago that he first came among us. He looked middle aged then; but as the years flew by the sturdy frame remained flexible and active, but the hair grew gray and his face was seamed with wrinkles.

He lived in a little brick building that set back from the street. Wild vines crept over the crumbling tiles and wreathed fantastic shapes on the chimney tops. In the yard beautiful flowers bloomed all the year round, and their rich perfume made the air sensuous and sweet. At a window shaded by a

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]  
A BEAUTIFUL DEBON.

In going through the parish prison a few days since, the attention of the reporter was attracted to a young girl, apparently not more than fifteen years of age. She had fair nut-brown hair, and a complexion fresh and white as milk. The mild blue eyes were singularly soft and intelligent, and her whole appearance indicated the free joyous characteristics of youth and happiness. Yet this amiable looking creature, this fair, delicate Minerva, of slender form and ingenuous face, is said to be a devil incarnate. She was not a prisoner, only a visitor to the institution, and when the reporter saw her she was conversing with a noted burglar; indeed she says she is a cousin of Pete Munday's, and goes under the sobriquet of Lily. She is almost as fair and delicate as one.

Her career is a remarkable series of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. About a year ago she lived in San Antonio, Texas, and for some real or fancied misconduct received a severe castigation at the hands of the man with whom she was living.

Burned with resentment, and conscious of her inability to cope with him in physical strength, she waited until the next night, when he was asleep, and then locking the doors of the room and closing every avenue of escape, she prepared for a work of horror almost impossible to conceive. On one pretext or another she sent out the inmates of the house away, and procuring paper and other inflammable material, built a funeral pyre around the bed of the sleeping man. This done, she set fire to it, and locking the door behind her fled to the house. The man woke up when the house was full of flames, and in escaping from the room was literally roasted. One side of his body was burned almost to a cinder. He has

count from last year's production so much as to him seems good in arriving at a probability for this year. If the crop falls off 600,000 bales—that is, if it turns out to be 3,700,000 bales—and the consumption in the world shall be 500,000 bales more than this year's, then it follows surely that the surplus at the end of this year will be reduced by 1,100,000 bales at the end of next year. How much would that leave to go into the next year with?

"Of course any statistical problem of this sort is subject to the perturbations of price of cotton and of goods, stimulating or restraining action, and, therefore, the end must be indefinite. But to merchants and manufacturers there is matter worth thinking of in the important facts that we present, and the suggestions that they carry."

THE RUTS OF LIFE.

Get out of them, if you wish to live long, if you wish to avoid the lunatic asylum, if you wish to escape suicide or a miser's death. Men and women must have recreation, must have amusement, must have diversion. It is wholesome for the mind to break away from its daily vocation or employment every night. The man who goes from his counting-house or his workshop at the close of the day and does not leave it behind him, but sits at the family table in moodiness, brooding over past occurrences, weighing probabilities, casting conjectures, laying plans, and when the meal is over sits thinking, thinking by the hour, and goes to bed to toss and tumble and worry, cannot live long; the brain or the heart must give way, and he will drop dead in the street, as many a business New Yorker has done within a few years past.

In the Island of Cuba, the wagon roads lead over hills made of limestone; the wheels have run in the same track for generations, and have worn into the solid stone that the hubs scrape the surface, and there is no getting out of the rut until the bottom of the hill is reached. So in the lives of many, the mind, under the influence of worldly care, gets to run in a particular track; in other cases, the occupations are of such an insufferable sameness from one year's end to another, that its workings become mechanical, and out of these lines they cannot work at all; hence the stupidity of such a large portion of the farming population of all countries—the peasants of England and Ireland and France, and Germany and Russia as well.

More farmer's wives and daughters go crazy, out of one thousand, than of any other class, simply because of the one sameness of drudgery—of cooking, washing, cleaning, from morning to night, from one year's end to another; even the Sabbath day making but little change, and that change only the result of the extra drudge of Saturday.

And our wives, in large towns and cities, sweep and dust and arrange and wash and sew and provide, in one incessant round, summer and winter. No wonder they grow thin and careworn, and weak and nervous. Get out of the rut, all of you; pay a neighborly visit three nights in the week; or for two afternoons let there be a "let up" in the way of a drive to the Central Park, visit to the "village," an excursion on the river or in the cars, a picnic, a celebration, but best of all in the city or country, a horseback ride of an hour, or two, "there and back;" what an appetite it gives; and the weariness, what delicious sleep follows!

Get out of the rut, reader, two or three hours a week, and there will be no time lost by it in the long run; for it gives activity to the moral nature; it cultivates the affections; it wakes up observation; it exercises comparison; it gives breadth of view on all subjects; it makes a man more manly; it makes a woman more womanly; and in countless cases it would save from the madhouse!

Hall's Journal.

[From the New York Times.]  
THE NATHAN MURDERER.

Forrester Finally Tracked to Scotland.—*The Detective's Confident of Capturing Him.*

It is now over a year since Mr. Benjamin Nathan was brutally murdered in his own house, and the recollection of the dire event has well nigh faded from the minds of New Yorkers, so often and terribly satiated with tales of human suffering. But the silent watchers of wrong-doers and never-tiring searchers for them have never left the trail of the man who was suspected of having perpetrated the foul deed. From the moment suspicion first lit upon him until the present the man has been followed with unrelenting zeal.

Our readers no doubt remember well the first time that the name of William Forrester was given to them in these columns. Copies of his photograph were sent broadcast through the Union, Canada, and many countries of the Old World. He hid himself out West during last fall, moving from place to place rapidly, to avoid the sleuth hounds of the law, who were ever close upon his trail. From town to village, and from village to town, he went, until, like Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew, "the sun scarce shone twice upon him in the same province." He has many other crimes to answer for besides the Nathan murder. Allan Pinkerton "wanted" him to serve out an unexpired term of thirteen years' imprisonment in Illinois, and for a murder he had committed before. The dread of confinement for so long a term of years alone was enough to keep him moving ever. At last Pinkerton's detectives in the North, West or South, aided by the regular scouts of outraged justice, got between him and the mountains, plains and

THE COTTON PROSPECT.

The New York World, in a recent issue, editorially reviews the present aspect of the cotton market. All the would-be commercial oracles outside the Cotton States are strongly inclined to take the bear side in their views regarding the great Southern staple, and the World is no exception to the rule. It joins the ranks of those who are constantly advancing arguments to depress the market, and who hope, and perhaps believe, that the price of cotton will yet settle down to its ante-bellum level. This expectation is hardly destined to be realized. Cotton may be depressed at times, but, with the altered condition of things at the South, it cannot be kept down. High prices must be the rule, and low prices the exception, for many years to come. We reproduce, however, the views of the World, because of the two important admissions which they contain—first, that prices had fallen too low during the past season, and secondly, that the surplus at the end of the present must, by the World's own figures, be reduced about 1,100,000 bales. *Charleston News.*

[From the New York World.]

"A few weeks ago there was great excitement in the cotton market, attended by an advance in price of six cents per pound. A great part of the advance came from the fact that the price had fallen too low during the past season, and secondly, that the surplus at the end of the present must, by the World's own figures, be reduced about 1,100,000 bales. *Charleston News.*

The two abashed and mute town candidates returned to their shops with their ears hanging lower than those of a bound after losing a hare. Bernadotte and Micoulet took naturally invited them to their wedding, and they had wit enough to go, as townsmen scarcely ever neglect to enjoy what is good in the dwelling of a disdained peasant. The happy couple, happy as everybody is with as much money as good temper, labored throughout their lives to swell the contents of the soap bag, the gift of their venerable grand father.

UNPRECEDENTED CRUELTY.

On last Tuesday, our community was perfectly shocked and outraged at the recital of a chapter of horrors committed on some children, by a fiend, in the shape of one Pink Dupree from Pike county, their father. They were about nine and ten years of age, and we are satisfied there is not a place on them the size of a man's hand but there is a scar. He would whip them unmercifully and they would not shed a tear, because they were so fearful of him. In addition to the unmerciful whippings he gave them he fitted up a white-oak pole and cut some holes in it, put their thumb through it, tied them up to the side or wall of the house, and let them remain for hours. The younger of the two he knocked down with a hoe, and carried the sign on his head now, and will carry it to his grave; and the eldest has great scars on him, the effects of this monster's cruelty. An uncle of theirs came from Mississippi sued out a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Greene, and the demon Dupree, readily settled it, by giving up the children. We are glad to learn that the next Grand Jury of Pike county will look after this case, and trust the severest penalty of the law governing such cases, will be visited on him. The children speak in the highest terms of their step-mother, who is a most estimable lady, and say she always treated them with the greatest kindness, and are perfectly devoted to her.

Numbers of our citizens examined these children, and the unanimous verdict is, that it is the greatest outrage they have ever seen. The children were delighted when Sheriff Mann and Branch Bowdon took charge of them, and no inducement could be offered them to go back to their father. Without wishing to appear irreverent, we can but adopt the motto of the old Universalist lecturer—If there is not a hell there ought to be one for his sort."

Messrs. Doyal and Nannally represented the complainant, and are entitled to great credit for aiding in bringing to light this most diabolical outrage.—*Griffin Star, 26th inst.*

[From Explorations of the Nile.]  
HOW THE ARAB WOMEN PERFORM THEMSELVES.

In the floor of the hut or tent, as a chance may be, a small hole is excavated, sufficiently large to contain a champagne bottle. A fire of charcoal or simply glowing embers is built within the hole, into which the women about to be seated throw a handful of drugs. She then takes off her clothes or robe which forms her clothing, and crouches naked over the flames, as she arranges her robes to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot air bath, and the pores of the skin being open and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time the fire has expired the scolding process is completed, and both her person and her robes are redolent of incense of which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of ladies strongly at a full hundred yards distance, when the wind was blowing in their direction. This scent, which is supposed to be very attractive to gentlemen, is composed of ginger, cinnamon, frankincense, myrrh, a species of seaweed brought from the Red Sea, and lastly the horny disc which covers the aperture of the shell. The proportion of these ingredients in this mixture is according to taste.

Remark.—As I approach the youth who has something of the old man in him, so I and no less pleased with the old man who has something of the youth in him.

"Micoulet, my boy," said he, handing him a little gray bag covered with dust, "put that in your pocket, and keep your appointment at Father Hugh's. When the time comes to show your hands, plunge them into this bag, and fill them with the unguent it contains."

"But, grandfather, my skin is as dark and coarse as the bark of an oak tree. How can you—"

"Follow my advice, my boy. The wash-hall I give you is so efficacious that the most obdurate spots will not resist its action. Its use is of very ancient date, and time has not diminished its virtue."

Micoulet took the soap-bag, and resorted to Bernadotte's house. The baker and the barber were not far behind him.

Casterex first showed his fingers; they were whiter than the blossom of the dog-rose. The hairdresser then displayed his, and they looked as fresh as a lily bud just in bloom. It now came Micoulet's turn. Firmin and Casterex began to laugh as he drew his huge hands from his pocket and held them forth, when Father Hugh uttered a cry of admiration, for they were filled with bright and beautiful gold coins.

"Aha! my boy, that is the real durable whiteness which I love. Bernadotte is yours, for you have courted her without quitting your field, and you know the whiteness the most appreciable in the hands of a son-in-law."

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He knew full well the value of those little words of few letters; like his coins, he would not let them go without certain guarantees of their being properly placed. He put off the young man to the following Sunday, and meanwhile communicated the proposal to his daughter.

"Micoulet is a very nice young man," said Bernadotte. "I stop and talk with him every morning on passing his farm. He has fine oxen, good fields, and an excellent vineyard. Casterex, the baker, however, appears also to a good advantage; would it not be well—"

"Casterex, the baker!" replied Father Hugh, in a reflective mood. "By Our Lady, there is always bread on a baker's counter!"

"And tarts on the dinner table," added Bernadotte.

"I will find out, my child, what the baker means before deciding."

"His meaning, father, is plain enough. He buys every morning all that I take to town, and without higgling about the price, please you.—If I were to ask him double, he would not make the slightest objection."

"Without higgling about the price?" repeated Father Hugh, who did not do business in that fashion. "That young fellow is very much smitten! I will look into the matter, Bernadotte; as if his granny and his purse are as well stocked with flour and cash as his heart seems to be with love, we will try to make some arrangement."

Father Hugh strode off to town to see the baker, who, delighted with this proceeding, showed himself deeply enamored.

"Which of the two!" exclaimed Father Hugh to himself. "The thing works well. We will set them to competing; goods in demand increase in value."

He returned home, and, communicating the baker's sentiments to his daughter, promised her to decide quickly which of the two it would be best for her to marry.

"The baker is a very nice young man," added Bernadotte, the same as she had said of the ploughman Micoulet, "but there is another, the hair dresser Firmin. He buys something of me every day, and keeps me an hour talking about his tour through France, the yarns his stockings are made of, and my good milk chow. He assures me that he has never seen any one engaging in talking to him when he looks at me."

"The compliments of a barber?" interposed Father Hugh. "Everybody knows that they are worth it! No matter, the affair progresses; competition among three makes the profits all the greater! We will see the hairdresser, my dear, and find out what to expect from his admiration."

Hugh again returned to town, where he had an interview with M. Firmin; and, as he knew that the larger the company of buyers the more active the bidding, he invited each of the competitors to come to his house the following Sunday after Mass.

"Hump!" he muttered to himself as he canvassed the situation, "the ploughman courts my daughter, but without neglecting his work or spending a farthing; the baker is doing the same thing, loitering about the market-place, and spending his money to win the saleswoman; the barber overwelms Bernadotte with fulsome compliments and trifling presents. There is no hurry; things can be cleared up, and the characters of these gallants tested, to make them solve one of my riddles."

When Sunday came Bernadotte made herself look as beautiful as the virgin queen of a May day festival. She put on her best cotton muslin cap, calico petticoat, red starched handkerchief and morocco shoes, and awaited the appearance of her three suitors, who, on presenting themselves, the father welcomed in these terms:

"You three wish to provide a husband for my daughter, and you all cherish the same object. A custom obliges her to reject two in the selection of one—she must proceed cautiously in this even uncertain lottery. Every scholar who goes to college passes five or six years in ascertaining whether he will wear the uniform of a soldier, the robe of a lawyer, or that of a doctor. A young girl may be excused if she asks days to decide what kind of a noose she will put around her neck. Come back here next Sunday, my friends, in your best attire. I am a little particular in the interest of my dear Bernadotte, and I have all ways felt somewhat superstitious in the matter of tidiness. You must not be surprised if you see me give my daughter to the one who shall show me the whitest hands."

Father Hugh uttered these last words with marked emphasis.

II.

Micoulet was almost ready to die with grief working in the fields had made his hands drier than so much pumice stone. The baker and the barber, on the contrary, always working in butter or soap, had hands as soft as the satin folds of a duchess' gown.

The poor rustic felt that he was set aside regarding the forthcoming struggle as calculated for only city gallants. The latter, animated by equally well-founded hopes, spent a week in getting their hands in proper condition, using unguents of the most mollifying character, and they became as fragrant and as white as possible, which stimulated their pride to the highest degree.

Micoulet had not even the courage to wash his hands in the brook, so inferior did he regard himself to these town gentry. His grand-father Simon, perfectly familiar with the world ever since he had stamped through it on his old crutches, and who was covertly regarding him through his white eyelashes, comprehended his embarrassment, and came to his assistance.

Father Hugh did not say yes, and

WHITE HANDS.

This is not the story of a king, but of a humble peasant girl; the scene is not laid in a camp, but in a village at a time when Bonaparte's wars had not yet given to the simple name of Bernadotte (little Bernard) the historic glow which still surrounds it.

A man and his wife had an only daughter, and they were so proud of her that she had scarcely come into the world when they began to think of her marriage. The man, laboring with the greatest perseverance, sought to accumulate for her one of those attractive dowries which fascinate rich youngachelors; the wife seconded his efforts so courageously, grubbing in the ground all day and stitching all night, constantly preparing the bride's outfit, that she fell sick and died, not being willing to call in the doctor, that she might save the cost of the remedies.

Father Hugh, left alone with his daughter, was only the more anxious to have a son-in-law, some sturdy laborer possessing a competence, one who would insure both the prosperity of his house and the happiness of his beloved Bernadotte.

When she got to be eighteen years of