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dec 27 1873

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OFFICE COURT HOUSE SQUARE,

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nov 4

AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

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july 8 tf

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Residence in Fork of Edisto,

ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be promptly and carefully attended to.

July 28

The Image Seller.

BY SHIRLY BROWNE.

'Images, images! Please buy my images!'

Four words of English were all that Francesco Reedo could speak; a pale, slim strippling, with great dark eyes, and a complexion stained with the olive of his native land. But he had a pleasant smile, and the glimmer of his white teeth from door to door was like the wave of a friendly hand. And although his linguni command of the language was but small, he could understand a deal more than he was able to express.

So that not unnaturally, his brown face flushed scarlet, as he stood with his tray of images at Mrs. Topthrone,s door, and that matron screamed out to her youngest hope, who had opened it:

'One o' them dirty, thiavin' forigners with his nigger face and his parley voos as I wouldn't trust in the same rooms where my spoons was—no, not for nothin'! Send him about his business! Tell him we don't want none of his trash!'

And poor Francesco turned away, mortified and dejected.

It has been a long, sultry summer day, and as yet Francesco had sold nothing. The image tray was heavy—so was Francesco Reedo's heart.

'I will once again,' he muttered to himself, in his native language. 'Once—and then, if I prove unsuccessful, I will accept my fate!'

At the next house he paused with his musical cry of 'Images!' *im ages!* Please buy my images!'

A young girl came to the door fresh faced, like a daisy, with blue, pleasant eyes.

'Oh, enamma,' she cried, 'what pretty, plaster images! May I buy one?'

Francesco's eyes brightened, the pleasant smile came back to his mouth, as he loosed a little statuette of a child's figure from its abiding place

'*Bella figlia*,' he uttered, holding it up and the girl bought it.

'Won't you have a drink of water?' she said, artlessly. 'It's a warm day, and you look tired.'

Francesco smiled and nodded.

'*Grazie!* he cried; '*molti grazie signorina*.'

'I don't understand you,' said the girl, laughing; 'but here is the water.'

'Rosamond,' said the voice of a plump, kindly faced matron, who came by just then, 'give the poor fellow a piece of that cake you baked this morning. I'll warrant it won't come amiss. Are you hungry, my boy?'

Francesco smiled and nodded again, and Rosamond Ellis watched him, with an amused smile, as he eagerly devoured the home made cake and drank the cool water.

Francesco Reedo shouldered his burden again, an trudged away. Mrs. Ellis and her daughter, Rosamond, forgot all about the poor Italian wanderer in half an hour—but Francesco's memory was more tenacious.

'Hold!' he said to himself, 'she was like an angel, with those soft, pitying eyes. She bought of me, and paid me my price—she gave food and drink Rosamond! Rosamond! She shall be my saint, my fair divinity! And the name upon the door was E-l-l-i-s, *Ellis*. I will not forget. I am poor and friendless, but I remember the fable of the Lion and the Mouse. Some time I may be able to thank my Rosamond with the blue eyes.'

It was a foolish sort of a day dream but what else had Francesco Reedo to amuse himself with?

The lamps along the street were lighted, when he returned to his dismal home in one of the narrowest and most swarming of the down town streets. The landlord, a burly Neapolitan, who kept a grocery on the lower floor, stood at the door, in his shirt sleeves, smoking a long clay pipe.

'How goes it, my friend!' quoth he Francesco shook his head.

'There's a letter for the, within,' said Antonio, 'a legal letter, with seals of red wax. Courage, my friend perhaps thou art come into a fortune"

And he laughed loudly at his own wit.

Antonia Cosari was a true prophet, although he pretended to no gift of second sight—and as Francesoo sat reading the letter that told him of his inheritance on the death of a distant relation, of a large estate, he felt almost as if he were in a dream.

'Rich!' he muttered to himself. 'I! that but an hour ago was selling images through the streets! I, the owner of the villa Paggiole! I, the landlord of peasants without number! But hold! I shall not leave the country where my good luck came to me that would indeed be blind folly! I am but seventeen, I will make myself a learned man—a son of all nations!'

So began the second chapter of Francesco Reedo's life!

'Mother I had better see the landlord myself,' said Rosamond Ellis, wistfully. 'I don't believe he will be hard on us, just as we have buried poor father,'

Mrs. Ellis shook her head—a head now grizzled over by the snows of care and sorrow more than of years.

'Poor child, you do not know what landlords are made of,' she sighed.

'Besides, it is not old Mr. Murray who owns these houses now. They have been sold to a stranger—a foreigner, I think, as I have heard.'

Whoever it may be,' said Rosamond, bravely, 'he must have a human heart within his bosom. I will tell him our story. I will beg him to wait for the rent a little while. And, mother, I think he will consent.'

Mrs. Ellis shook her head, sorrowfully; she knew more of the world than did her daughter.

'At least, I can but try said, Rosamond. 'Kiss me mother, and wish me good luck.

And thus the fatherless young girl, dressed in deep mourning, sailed forth upon her uncertain expedition.

The agent sat as usual, in the little outer apartment. "It is not usual; but then, yours is not a usual case. May I come and see you to morrow evening?'

He came, and with him he brought the deeds of the little brick cottage

'For me to sign?' Mrs. Ellis vaguely asked.

'No, madam, for you to keep. They are a present.'

'But do—'

'Stop just a moment, please,' said Mr. Reedo, quietly, 'and let me tell you a brief tale of a poor, wandering Italian, who came hungry and athirst to your house, selling images. You bought one of them.—I see it on the mantal now—you gave him food and drink. With that day the luck of his life turned, and he has never forgotten it. Keep the deeds in memory of that kind action.'

So Francesco Reedo left them.

But he came again in a few days—and yet again—and Rosamond learned to listen for his footsteps, and colored up with delight when she heard the welcome accents of his voice.

Just a year afterwords they were married, and on their wedding day, Francesco Reedo told her, with tender light in his eyes:

'My sweet saint, I hvve loved you ever since you gave me that drink of cold water on the steps.'

Getting Them Out.

A family named Prather, says the Detroit *Free Press*, occupying a house on Croghan street, have paid no rent for three months, and the landlord has been trying to get them out. He took away the front steps as a gentle hint, but they lived right on. Then he got hold of the front door key, but they went around to the side door. The landlord then put a carpenteuer in the parlor to make repairs, but the family moved into the kitchen, and were still happy. After due consideration the landlord took the windows out of the parlor and bedroom, but the family had a good stove and plenty of wood. Next after learning that he hadn't discouraged his tenants, the owner of the house went in and removed all the doors and windows; leaving the pure air of heaven rushing through the old coop like a runaway mule. He thinks they they will leave in a day or two, but it is doubtful, as pedestrians who passed the house in the afternoon saw the children playing horse in the windows and the father seated on the bed mending a rat-trap.

The Secret of the "Blue Closet."

A more charming little wife or a happier little home than George Burton had, seldom falls to the lot of any man.

His Annette and the cheery, blithe some cottage of which she was the mistress, so wonderfully became each other, and got to be so associated in his fancy, that it is hard to tell which he thought smiled upon him the sweetest welcome on his return to them for rest after the burdensome labors of the day.

George Burton was a hard-working lawyer. Day in and day out he was busy studying and trying cases. It was only at home, in the evenings, that he could call his time his own, and spent it as he chose, which was usually in reading or talking to Annette. But even then he kept a "den" supplied with law-books and other implements for work, whither he would retire, on occasion, to consult with some importunate client.

That room was Annette's aversion. When George shut himself up in it he was lost to her for the rest of the evening. She called it the "Blue Closet;" but, unlike the hapless Fatima, she felt no wish to explore its secrets. Perhaps it might have been different had her husband kept the door locked and the key in his pocket.

It was one of George's working evenings, and Annette went to spend an hour with her chatty little neighbor, Mrs. Cherrup, hoping her husband would be disengaged by the time she got back. But on her return, the door of the Blue Closet was still shut, and a light streamed through the keyhole.

With a sigh of disappointment, Annette was passing on to the little parlor to wait till George's work was done, when she heard the sound of voices, one of them a woman's, broken with sobs, the other that of her husband, in low and earnest tones. She distinguished the words "deceiver" and "villain," uttered by the former, followed by some thing that sounded like a remonstrance on George's part.

Annette had never known what it was to be jealous, and was not more curious than the average of her sex; but for once she felt an unaccountable desire to penetrate the secrets of the Blue Closet. It is hardly probable she would have peeped through the keyhole, though possibly she might have stayed to listen longer if the opening of the door had not put her to flight.

She heard the footsteps of George and his visitor along the passage, and the opening and closing of the hall-door as they went out together. What could it all mean? No lady clients had ever called there before. Then the sobs, the passionate exclamations, George's earnest remonstrance—all taken together perplexed her entirely.

She sat down and tried to read, but the words had no meaning. Half an hour elapsed, and George did not return. She began to feel uneasy, yet wouldn't admit as much to herself. What was there, after all, in George's going out with the strange lady? At that hour it would have been rude not to see her safe where she was going. Still, Annette would have much preferred it had George been at her side at that moment.

She hardly knew what impelled her toward the door of the Blue Closet. Somehow it possessed a strange fascination for her. It stood open, and a light was burning within. She entered, and approached her husband's writing-desk. On it lay an opened letter. Between her and George there were no secrets, and she took it up mechanically. The words were traced in a woman's hand, and purported to be written by an absent wife to her husband. "Dear George," the letter began; and, after going on to announce the writer's intention soon to rejoin him from whom she had been so long unhappily separated, it wound up with "Your Affectionate Wife."

Annette staggered as if under a blow. She had not known George long before their marriage. He had come from a distant city, and they had met as strangers. But he had shown himself in all things so true and noble that she would not have hesitated to stake her life up on his honor. And now, to find that he had another wife—that she was *not* his wife! the thought was maddening.

One feeling took possession of her. She must flee from that house on the instant. To remain longer in it would be to add to her disgrace.

She hastened to her room, hurried on her bonnet and shawl, and without stopping to consider whither she should go, with rapid steps passed out of the door, and turned her back upon the home where hitherto she had known nothing but happiness.

"Go back, Ponto," she said, to a magnificent Newfoundland dog that came bounding to her side.

Go back, poor fellow," she added, more kindly; and a tear fell on Ponto's shaggy head as she patted it gently at parting.

The night was dark, and the place was just remote enough from the city to render it unsafe, at such an hour, for a lady to go out unattended. But Annette heeded not the danger. Her heart was breaking with a trouble that left no room for any other.

Suddenly a light flashed in her face, and two men sprang into the path before her.

"Your purse, watch, and jewels!" exclaimed one of them, laying a rude hand upon her shoulder, while the other kept the gleam of his lantern turned up on her.

Before Annette dared or had time to cry out, trusty Ponto had the first ruffian by the throat, and before assistance could be rendered by his accomplice, the latter was grappled by one far more than his match in strength and courage. In short, Ponto, who had thought it wise to follow his mistress, in spite of orders, and Ponto's master, who was returning after escorting his charge to her destination, had just been in time to rescue Annette from her fearful peril.

"What, in Heaven's name, brought you here, Annette?" asked George, after assistance had come and the robbers had been secured.

"Can you ask," she replied, "after that terrible letter?"

"What letter?"

"The one I found on your desk, just now, from your former wife!"

"My former wife!"

The truth flashed on George's mind.

"Why, Annette, you were never silly enough to believe that letter was addressed to me! It was one that fell into the hands of a poor lady who came to consult me this evening, and which is addressed to the man whom she has hitherto believed her husband, by a former wife, as it would seem. The scamp, it appears, is named George, like myself. It would be a fortunate thing if my unhappy client would turn out to be as much mistaken as you have been."

Annette wanted to cry and beg George's pardon, but he kissed away both the tears and the words; and when, leaning on her husband's arm, she crossed the threshold of her still happy home, Annette promised herself never again to pry into the secrets of the BLUE CLOSET.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

The soul is strong that trusts in goodness.

Humanity, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights.

There is nothing on earth divine besides humanity.

A good man enlarges the term of his own existence.

To have ideas is to gather. To think is to weave them into garlands.

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.

Ingratitude is always a kind of weakness. I have never seen that clever men have been ungrateful.—Feothe.

God gives manhood but one clew to succes—utter and exact justice; that he guarrantees shall be always expediency.

Th eonly way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them in pretty plain terms the consequence or injustice.

I had rather never receive a kindness than never bestow one. Not to return a benefit is the greater sin, but not to confer it is the earlier.—Seneca.

What has surprised me most in history is to read of so few kings who have abdicated their thrones—not above a dozen or two at the most.—Sterne.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were we ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.

The happines of life may be greatly increased by small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little kind acts of attention.

A Fickle Woman.

In 1749 occurred an odd episode in John Wesley's life. On one of his missionary journeys he had been taken sick at Newcastle, where he was nursed by Grace Murry, one of his female "helpers," a handsome, clever widow of four-and-thirty, Wesley himself being twelve years older. He asked her to marry him. She seemed amazed, and replied, "This is too great a blessing. I cannot tell how to believe it. This is all I could have wished under heaven." Wesley, quite naturally, took this as a formal betrothal. But Grace had not long before nursed John Bennett, a Methodist preacher, of about her own age; and Wesley was soon astounded by a joint letter from Grace and John, asking his consent to their marriage Then ensued a comedy lasting for months, the like of which no playwright has ventured to put on the stage. Grace would have been quite content with either of her lovers, were it not for the other.

But, contray to all example, it was the absent one whom she wanted. When Wesley was with her she longed for Bennett; when Bennett was present she longed for Wesley. How many times she broke and renewed her engagement with each it would be hard to tell. "I love you," she said to Wesley, "a thousand times better than I ever loved John Bennett; but I am afraid if I don't marry him he'll run mad." That very evening she promised herself again to Bennett. A week after she told Wesley she was determined to live and die with him. She indeed wanted to be married at once; but Wesley wished for some delay. Grace said she could not wait more than a year. A fortnight later she met Bennett, fell at his feet, and acknowledged that she had used him ill.

They were married a week after. This strange marriage seems to have turned out a happy one. Bennett died in the triumphs of faith ten years later. Grace survived until 1803, dying at the age of eighty-seven. For years she was a bright light in the Methodist society. Wesley saw her three days after her marriage, and but once more on earth. Thirty-nine years after, she came to London on a visit to her son, and expressed a wish to see Wesley. He was eighty-five years old, she past seventy. What could they have to say, except "Hail and farewell!"

A Womans' Club.

At a womans' club in Ohio, such questions as the following are discussed:

1 The making and baking of different varieties of bread.

2 Cake in all varieties.

3 House cleaning, i e, how to clean a house with the least confusion, the least destruction to property, and the greatest expedition

4 Can practical housekeeping be reduced to a perfect system?

5 How should cows be fed and watered, and how should milk be taken care of to make the best quality of butter?

6 What is the best method of caning fruit?

7 The baking of pastry and baking of pies.

8 How to make and keep pickles both sour and sweet.

We commend the idea of a womans' club to our lady readers—it is a good one.

Candidates, Kissing and Measles.

We are told by a high authority that next to green parasols for their wives at seven-and-sixpense apiece, there's nothing that so charms and wins hesitating voters as the kissing of their respective infants by the anxious candidate for office. Gloomy and fearful as the ordeal may be, many an unselfish patriot has nobly borne it, animated by a glowing consideration of his country's interests. Mud pies could not deter him, nor molasses scare. But if we may believe an Englishman who has long been a candidate, an element of danger has entered into this performance which promises to send it forever. No less than three several and distinct times has Mr Horsman caught the measels through his fearless and determined kissing the babies of electors. The most resolute canvasser may well pause at this intelligence and ask himself whether it be worth while to dare measles for the sake of office.

Filthy Lucre.

"There's no such thing as money in this country!" was the exclamation of an Englishman a few years ago, after a brief sojourn in New York.

It happened in this way:

The Englishman, in the course of his business, found it necessary to obtain an advance on some merchandise. He made the usual arrangements with a large commercial house to accommodate him. On going to consummate it, and receive the cash, he was a good deal surprised when, in lieu of it, the senior member tendered to him the acceptance of the firm, payable at ninety days date. "What am I to do with this?" he inquired. "Take it to B. B. & Co. (naming some well-known bankers) was the reply. "They will give you the money at the legal rate." The Englishman did as directed. He met with no difficulty. The paper was acceptable, and although our hero did not touch the cash, he received a check for the proper amount on a neighboring bank. Thither he repaired in the full confidence of having something tangible. He was mistaken. The individual at the bank to whom he presented the check for payment seized it nervously, and in a rapid, incoherent manner scrawled some hieroglyphics on its face, and thrust it back into the hands of its astonished owner, motioning at the same time to stand aside for the next comer. The check had been duly "certified." That was what the scrawl across its face meant. In a state of suspension and anxiety the Englishman betook himself to the person to whom he was indebted, and timidly exhibited what he had to offer. To his surprise his friend's countenance brightened. "Many thanks," he exclaimed. "By the way, this amount is too large; there will be some thing over a hundred dollars coming to you," and he proceeded to fill a check for it. The Englishman groaned in spirit. It was only another "piece of paper." And then it was he exclaimed, "There is no such thing as money in this country!"—*Galaxy.*

Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis.

It is almost worth while being sick if one can only have a malady with a fine name. A lady came to me, perhaps a year ago, and gravely told me, "I am suffering from polarization of the cerebro-spinal axis." She was sure this was her malady. A certain doctor who was educated in Europe had carefully examined her case and assured her that the malady was "Polarization of the cerbro-spinal axis." The doctor advised a European trip, with the use of iodide of potassium and bromide of potassium. She wished me to examine her case and tell her what I thought of it. After a few inquires, I said, "It's the backache. You must take off your corsets, keep your feet warm and go to bed at 9 o'clock." She soon got well, but I think was never altogether satisfied with giving up that grand name for plain backache, or with exchanging iodide of potassium for abandonment of corset, or bromide of potassium for bed at 9 o'clock.

Cerebro spinal meningitis is not, as many people seem to think, a specific disease like small-pox, but exhaustion accompanied by irritation or inflammation of the membrances of the brain and spinal cord. It is a logical result of our past mode of life. We breathe a bad air, live in the shade, neglect exercise, keep bad hours, and rush things generally. Naturally, our heads and backs become exhausted, and one not and then takes on a little congestion of these parts and dies. The same disease has prevailed among the exhausted for hundreds of years, but now a new and grand name has been invented for it. No one leads a sensible life will be likely to suffer from an attack of this malady.—*Dio Lewis.*

No other living thing can go so slow as a boy on an errand.