

## ON THE ROAD AND BY THE BEACH.

"The Road," as a technical term, has borne very different significations since this mother tongue of ours was first invented. In the old mother country, when a man took to "the road," he became a highway robber. When a gentleman "tried the road," he drove a coach-and-four over a well-beaten turnpike in advance of the "jarveys" of the day. When a laborer fell back on "the road," he became "a tinker;" not by any means a mender of pots and pans, but a peddler, and mayhap what our police call a sneak-thief. When a poor mother and her children were "on the road," it was certain that they had been turned out of house and home by a scoundrel of a husband and father. In this meridian, and in our day, people who take to "the road" drive fast horses on the dusty avenues which lead from the settled portion of the city to the upper end of Manhattan Island.

It is a dreary pastime. The overworked New Yorker may not unreasonably seek a mild form of recreation by driving his family out of an afternoon on the only country roads which lead from the city into the country. But alas for our peace and comfort! democracy has its rights and the means of gratifying them; and a prize-fighter's horse will kick up as much dust as a bank director's. Instead of being, as the "nouveaux riches" fondly imagine, fashionable drives for the aristocratic portion of our people, the avenues leading from the city northward are the resort of all that is least admirable in our motley population. Jim and Jack, who belong to the class which the law designates as "loose, idle, and disorderly persons," are the prominent characters on "the road." They have 2.50 horses, and they pride themselves on the discomfort of their vehicles, the savagery of their costume, and the number of victims whom they have run over. Every fine day Jim runs a race with Jack to the infinite discomfort of Cotton Pork, Esq., who is taking Mrs. Pork and the little Porkers out for a quiet drive. Whether Jim beat Jack, or Jack beat Jim, the Pork family must eat the same amount of dirt. Who are they—bloated aristocrats, indeed!—that they should complain and seek to curtail the privileges of the untried democracy?

Sometimes Montmorency De Rohan Trevelyon condescends to drive out on "the road." Him do Jack, Jim, and Bill conspire to provoke, driving their short-tailed cobs athwart the proud nose of his thorough-bred, and filling that of his owner with dust. Not even the nobility of Trevelyon can long endure such a provocation. A time comes, sooner or later, when he takes up the gauntlet, and a mere hint—with rein, voice, or whip—is given to thorough-bred that he may "navigate." He, bursting with almost human jealousy and pride, begins to air his mettle; Jim and Jack must now show of what stuff they are made. To the credit of our great unwashed be it said that they seldom decline a fair race. Jim drives a butcher's cart, and often leaves sirlains at Trevelyon's door; Jack has lately enjoyed the genial hospitalities of the Governor of Sing Sing. But "the road" has this at least among the characteristics of a better place—it is no respecter of persons. Jack and Jim, behind their cobs, are the equals of Montmorency De Rohan Trevelyon; and if his horse be the slowest of foot, they are his superiors. Sometimes Fate thus decrees. Generally, however, as the female novelists say, blood will tell in the end, and, as our artist depicts the scene, it is Jim or Jack who swallows the dust. At any rate, both tear along "the road" at a furious pace; dashing over horses, men, women, and children, if they chance to be in the way; and choke Mr. and Mrs. Cotton Pork without the least compunction.

Rumor—that very scandalous dame—will have it that Mr. and Mrs. Cotton Pork are not the only representatives of fashion who are regular patrons of "the road." It is said that the muse of history has been seen behind a fast horse struggling faintly to talk in a simoon of dust. It is whispered that several millions of capital embodied in a light palolet have been recklessly endangered by a race with a fast oysterman. These scandals may pass; but when gossip dares to assert that the pillar of pure orthodoxy and the largest contributor to benevolent institutions has been seen laying the whip on a light bay with a view to outstrip an indecent dealer in market produce, it is time to stop its mouth and change the subject.

Brown knows better than to seek exercise or pastime on "the road." He—the rascal—has already fled the city. Accident—the merest accident—induced him to select Moonshine Bay as his summer retreat. It chanced that the Miss Smiths were there. Emma adores riding; Emily loves riding; Lucy can not live without riding. What more natural, then, than that Brown should ride out of a summer evening with the Miss Smiths on the hard sand beach? There are no Jacks or Jims there to disturb the delicious pastime; and if they were there, there is no dust to be swallowed. Nothing underfoot but the hard, clean beach, and now and then a soft piece of sward; nothing above but the bracing sea air coming swelling from great Atlantic depths, rebounding from the rough force of the surf. No sound is there but the roar of the breakers and the chirrup of insects; for if Brown does now and then drop behind when Emily reins up to enjoy a particular effect of the moon, they do not converse in tones loud enough to break the great silence of the scene. Ah me! what a delightful thing it is to have a gallop on a good horse by the sea-shore, with a lovely girl to share the pleasure!

## WHAT HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY IN OUR VILLAGE.

THERE came one day to stop with Mrs. Quirk, the boarding-house keeper in our village, a pale, slender youth, who seemed to have glided into the place like a spirit. No one saw him arrive—not even his landlady, I believe; he appeared, as it

were, and wandered up and down our street, and through our woods, with something ghostly in his air. He was very beautiful—something like what Hylas must have been when the river nymphs twined themselves round his delicate limbs, and bore him to their fountain palaces. A fine spirital head, almost drowning, as it were, in billows of rich golden hair. Large, deep-blue eyes, so tender yet so shy, that they looked like large summer stars bathed in the falling dews. Delicate white hands, and small elastic feet. He was, in fact, far too beautiful for a man; nevertheless we were all in love with him.

His habits were strange. A pretty river ran through our village—one of those sweet New England streams, brimmed with rustling sedges and quiet water-plants, and rich with the blue forget-me-not and the crimson lobelia. Here he would spend the greater part of his days, dipping his small white hand into the water, weaving wreaths of the wild blossoms that grew around him, and watching the swallows, as they drove, like flying leaves, through the air.

He pursued none of the amusements usual to youths of his age. He neither fished, nor shot, nor rode. Sometimes he would be seen with a book in his hand, but this was unfrequent; the greater portion of his time was spent by the bank of the little river. He seemed to pass the life of a bird, resting in the sunshine, and drinking in the breath of Nature.

Who was he? No one knew. He avoided all intimacies, and rarely spoke even to good Mrs. Quirk, who, to do her justice, left no means untried to penetrate the mystery in which he had shrouded himself. All we knew was that he called himself Henry Aspen, and came from New York. With this scanty information we were fain to content ourselves; but every now and again, as some of us young girls saw him pacing down the street, with his beautiful eyes bent upon the ground, and his rich hair falling in long curls over his shoulders, we would wonder among ourselves as to his past history, and unanimously come to the conclusion that he had been crossed in love.

The summer went by, and autumn had already kindled its early fires in the woods, and we remarked that, day by day, the youth Aspen became paler and paler, and walked with a feebler step. He now might be seen, day after day, creeping to the river-side, where he lay nestled into some nook where the sun shone, with closed eyes, and cheeks that seemed as wan as the lilies that grew near them.

One fine autumn evening, when the sun was sinking behind the mountains, which shone like blackest ebony against his fiery disc, we beheld Mrs. Quirk issue in a state of unusual agitation from her house, and run across the road to the doctor's. In a few minutes she reappeared, accompanied by our good physician, when both hastily entered her house. Something was evidently the matter. What could it be? Was the poor youth taken ill? Some sweet eyes became moist with tears at the very thought of such a contingency.

In less than an hour the doctor issued from Mrs. Quirk's door. He looked so grave and sad that we knew that death was in our village.

Some of us questioned him, but we could get no information save that Henry Aspen, as he called himself, had died suddenly of the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs. The doctor returned evasive answers to every other question we put to him. He paid a visit to the telegraph-office, however, that evening, and then we knew that something must transpire.

Sure enough the very next day a carriage dashed up to Mrs. Quirk's door, and a lady and gentleman got out and hurried into the house.

Poor people! thought we; the father and mother, of course. God console them in their affliction!

There was a funeral the next day, and we could see in the depths of a large carriage two pale, sorrowful faces, mourning for the lost child.

Conceive our astonishment, on the very next day, which was Sunday, to hear our pastor, the Rev. Lima Bean, invite our prayers for the soul of Lucy Henrietta Aspen, who died on the evening of August the—, 1857.

Henry Aspen, therefore, was a woman! We learned the story afterward. She had been forced into a match with a man she detested, by her parents; she truly loved a young naval officer who was far away at sea. On the morning of the wedding she disguised herself and fled. To our quiet village, there to mourn and die. Peace be with her!

## MR. JAMRACH'S COLLEGE FOR YOUNG BEASTS.

Beyond the leading articles of my newspaper, in which I am a connoisseur, I seldom look at any other part of it. Though I constantly aim at reading high compositions, and strive to avoid all other, I often peruse things not bargained for or expected; and in this manner, I can not tell exactly when, a paragraph met my eye purporting that a certain tiger broke loose on a certain day, from the premises of Mr. Jamrach, the celebrated importer of wild beasts in London, England, ran into the streets, and began to play certain pranks; the result of which was, a certain boy conveyed wounded to the London Hospital, and a protracted struggle between the escaped beast on the one hand, and a certain man, armed with a crow-bar, on the other; the contest eventually ended in the discomfiture of the wild beast and her ignominious return (it was a lady tiger) to her prison cage. So I made a note of it, determining in my own mind that I would beat up Mr. Jamrach some fine day. The resolve remained some time in abeyance, and might have continued so some time longer, were it not for a certain announcement which again came in my way, to the effect that a fine rhinoceros had arrived at Mr. Jamrach's seminary, preparatory to undergoing such a course of educational training as should make the animal fitting society for the

beasts of a civilized menagerie. Not knowing how long this educational course might last, to Mr. Jamrach's I went without further delay.

Though ignorant of the number of that gentleman's residence, I took it for granted that the name of one who had conquered a truant tigress and led her back to captivity, could not be hid under a bushel, and that he would be certainly known to people thereabout. I was not mistaken. Almost the first boy I met directed me to a shop where chirpings and cooings and growlings innumerable fell on my ear, and certain stuffed specimens of natural history placed in the windows would have satisfied me I was in the right place at last, though the name of Jamrach had not been printed in large letters over the door. Mr. Jamrach presented himself in the form of a stalwart German—one whom a prudent lion or tiger would not care to meet, provided a crow-bar were at Mr. Jamrach's disposal; for I subsequently had to learn that a crow-bar stood in the same relation to a tamer of wild beasts as a cane to the hands of a pedagogue. The object of my call was soon explained. I wanted to know all about the wild beasts, his pupils; to study their course of education; to familiarize myself with their habits; whether they took kindly to human discipline or not; whether they remembered favors; and, in short, any other collateral points which the master might be kind enough to indicate. He entered into my views at once, and I herewith take a public opportunity of thanking him for all his civility.

"I have only small animals here," he said; "birds chiefly, as you will perceive. But come with me a little way down the street, and you shall see my large pupils; they are only distant from here about three hundred yards."

So away we went. Arrived at a court-yard, I found myself between two rows of cages. There were not many animals on that part of the establishment. A condor of the Andes, moping sulkily in her cage, had one side of the court-yard pretty nearly to herself. Passing on, I came to a ladder, leading to a sort of loft. That ladder Mr. Jamrach told me to mount, which made me ask whether the rhinoceros was to be found up there? My informant explained.

"She is not up there," replied he; "she is below in a den; but through a hole in the flooring you will have to see her."

Down through the hole I peeped, and there, in a den, sure enough she was, nibbling hay with much complacency. Mr. Jamrach now went away, handing me over to the guidance of his keeper—the keeper, I mean, of his wild animals. This keeper was a man almost as worthy of being studied as the animals under his charge. A very small man, indeed; yet to him I found the credit was due of catching and bringing back the stray tigress. I found him full of anecdote; and I, making the best of my opportunity, began to question him about his system of education, and the peculiarities of his pupils. I asked him first about the king of beasts, of course. It was easier, he told me, to gain the confidence of a lion than a tiger; yet tigers and tigresses would occasionally have very pretty ways. "That very tigress which escaped," said he, "knew me well, and seemed to be very fond of me. Often, when I was passing the front of her den, she would thrust out both paws, and beckon me toward her."

"And did you accept her invitation?" said I.

"Often; and putting her paws one on either side of my neck, she would caress me."

"Lions and tigers are often gentle enough while in their dens," continued he; "but if by chance they break loose, their natural ferocity again possesses them. They forget all friendship then, and one must show them no favor or mercy. There is only one way to deal with them."

"And what is that?"

"Knock them on the head at once—stun them. That is how I served the tigress. I felled her with the blow of a crow-bar. For a time she lay like a thing dead, and when she recovered well enough to walk, oh! what a tussle we two had! She showed her teeth, and pulled one way—I showed my crow-bar, and pulled the other way. She did not half like going back, I assure you; but I got the better of her at last."

"And did she ever forgive you?" asked I.

"There was an end to her invitations and caresses, I should imagine."

"Not a bit of it," said the keeper; "she forgave me, and after a few days we were as good friends as ever."

"Her memory must have been indifferent," I ventured to suggest. "Probably she forgot about it."

The keeper smiled and shook his head. "The memory of lions and tigers is good enough," said he; "I will give you a proof of it. Look at those cages. You will observe we have to clean them out with an iron rake, through an opening below the railings. Now it is a very common trick of lions and tigers just imported to lay hold of the rake, and bite it and break it. That had habit must be altered; there is no dealing with a wild beast vicious after that fashion. We have a certain cure," continued he; "and when I tell you what it is, you will no longer doubt that lions and tigers have very good memories. We make the rake hot in a fire, and a lion or tiger, after biting it once, never bites it a second time."

At this period of the narrative a short grunt from the imprisoned rhinoceros caused me again to look down through the hole. But the lady had by this time made herself invisible. Not liking to be stared at, as it would seem, she had shrunk away to the farther corner of her den, where, shrouded in darkness, my inquisitive eye-glances could no longer follow her. The keeper was indignant. What business had she to be thus coy and retiring to a gentleman formally introduced?

"So ho, Mouta!" said he, calling her by her Indian name—for she was a denizen of the Ganges—"I'll teach you better manners."

"Wait a bit," said he to me; "I'll go down and stir her up; I'll make her go forward."

I begged of him to do no such thing: it seemed to me sheer recklessness. Smiling, he bade me have no concern. Then, as a schoolmaster might have seized his cane to correct a stubborn boy, or a huntsman his whip to check the barking of an unruly dog, so did the usher of Mr. Jamrach's educational establishment lay hold of an instrument proper, I suppose, for the correction and management of rebellious rhinoceros. It was a murderous-looking thing, rather like a long tomahawk.

Down through the floor the complacent usher bobbed. Bang went the tomahawk, right and left, and with many a snort and grunt, forward, in a position where the light could shine upon her, came the rhinoceros. I beg the reader to have no manner of anxiety for her comfort. Having regard to the thickness of her skin, the tomahawk, murderous though it looked in the abstract, could not have much hurt her. Now, for the first time, I perceived that the nose horn, from which the specific name of the animal is derived, had well-nigh disappeared—the inviolable result, I was informed, of keeping these animals in captivity. They are in the habit of rubbing away the point of the horn against the hard sides of the den, faster than the horny matter can be produced at the base.

Passing now near a row of cages, in which some little animals were confined, I felt a soft velvety touch on the back of my hand. Looking round, I perceived a creature, not quite a monkey, but something that way inclined. I was sagacious enough to imagine that it might be one of the lemurs tribe, prevalent in Madagascar—a supposition which my guide confirmed. It was begging, poor little thing! for something to eat. Lemurs, like monkeys, are great adepts at eating. Among the smaller animals, a pair of jackals struck me, they were so benignant and innocent-looking. I shall doubt the teaching of Lavater, if what the keeper told me about the jackals was reliable. He gave them a very bad character indeed. They would bite and scratch, and do the utmost mischief in their power. To make pets of them, and let them run loose about the house, would be impossible; for, among other evil propensities, they were given to cat-killing and cat-eating.

Mr. Jamrach's college numbered among its inmates a goodly lot of monkeys. There they were, of many sorts and sizes, grinning, chattering, and making wry faces. For the first time in my life I discovered where monkeys came from—I mean whereabouts in London, after their importation. I am somewhat of a monkey admirer. I have always had a leaning that way, and many times have resolved to increase the number of my family by one of those little wood-people. In my ignorance, not being cognizant of the monkey mart, and applying to happy-family men and organ-grinders for information, the whole subject of monkey-traffic was enveloped in such studied mystery, that I began to despair of ever adding one of these caricature presentments of humanity to my household circle. The price of monkeys is not so outrageous after all, if one goes to the right mart for them. Department and carriage count for a good deal, I find, in the market value of a monkey, even more than personal appearance; and now, in testimony to the superior attractions of monkeys of the softer sex, I am happy to inform my readers that lady-monkeys fetch a higher price in the market than gentlemen monkeys. Ring-tailed monkeys, I was informed, stand the climate almost better than any other. The blue-faced monkey is rather more gentle. Therefore, between a ring-tail and a blueface lies my choice whenever I go into the monkey-market as a purchaser. But to tell the truth, after what I saw at Mr. Jamrach's, I do not know that a monkey shall be my first choice, except I can procure one with a certificate of good character—a contingency not very probable, by-the-way. A kangaroo was recommended to me as a very pretty pet—one had just been sold at Mr. Jamrach's for fifty shillings (\$1250)—and an opossum appeared to be all gentleness. Sweet little things they are, I was informed, when well treated. Who would be cruel enough to treat them ill? Alas! I thought me of opossum rugs, now being introduced as articles of luxury into this country. A certain proprietor of an opossum rug (price \$40) told me, as a recommendation, that not less than eighty skins were sown together in the manufacture of it. Alas! poor opossums.

"You must have a somewhat dangerous life of it?" remarked I. "Are you not afraid sometimes?"

He smiled. "Not of beasts and birds," said he; "but the snakes, ugh! I don't like them particularly."

"Do you deal in snakes, too?"

"Of all sorts and sizes. I understand the ways of them pretty well, but now and then strange snakes come here, the ways of which I don't quite understand. Of all snakes, I hate puff-adders most. A short time since forty puff-adders came here in a box. I had to remove them one by one, put them in different boxes, and send them to various quarters. I didn't half like the job, I can tell you."

"You handle them with tongs, I suppose?"

"We have not a pair of tongs on the premises," replied he.

"How do you catch them, then?"

"Seize them between finger and thumb, and hold them fast. That's the only way to deal with them."

"Do you wear gloves?"

"Yes, very thin gloves. Thick gloves would interfere with the nimbleness of one's fingers. A snake would easily bite through many such gloves as I wear; but I fancy leather, however thin, would catch some of the poison. A puff-adder is the ugliest snake I know of. His ways are as ugly as his looks. The rattlesnake I don't mind; he is a gentleman—a fair dealing fellow. Before he bites, he gives you warning by sounding his rattle twice. You may safely touch him after one rattle; but after rattling the second time, stand clear, or you are a dead man."

At this period of the narrative I could not help

fancying that it would be better to leave puff-adders, rattlesnakes, and others of the poison-tooth tribe, alone to crawl in their native wilds. I doubted whether the curiosity of noticing such animals in captivity would justify the danger to human life involved. As our conversation proceeded, I found that even puff-adder and rattlesnake traffic admitted of a plausible defense, on the score of utility to man. These creatures are distributed among physiologists and others who study the effects of poisons. Many of the puff-adders, for example, just alluded to, were taken to Germany by the keeper, my informant, and disposed of as I have mentioned. I had kept English snakes myself. Harmless creatures enough they are, except to the frogs. A person unaccustomed to the ways of common snakes would never credit their gorging power—how they manage to swallow, with apparent ease, frogs larger than themselves. Now, rattlesnakes and puff-adders, nay, I believe, poison snakes generally, according to the testimony of my informant, do not care much about gorging. Occasionally they will swallow a mouse or a bird; but it is not their regular way of feeding. They suck the blood of their victims.

"You remember the Amsterdam salamander?" inquired Mr. Jamrach. Of course I did. Was I likely to have forgotten that strange creature? Did not I pat the salamander, and smooth him down, proud in my own conceit that in after-time I might boast how I had seen and touched that mysterious beast? It is a pity I should destroy a pretty illusion which may be lighting up the imagination of the reader. Did the salamander burn me? Did he live in a furnace? Did his eyes dart fire? Oh no, none of it. The Japanese salamander is a sort of huge water-newt, without scales, slimy to touch, like an eel. His natural food is fish, and if thrown into furnace flames, after the manner of the fabled salamander, he would find himself very much out of his element. I learned that, subsequently to my visit to Amsterdam, the solitary salamander touched by me is cheered by the presence of another—come all the way from Japan to keep him company.

"By-the-by, I'll tell you an anecdote of that fellow," said Mr. Jamrach. "Salamanders exist nowhere except in Japan, and even there they are scarce. Still, a Dutch medical man, some time resident in Japan, was fortunate enough to collect eight of them—a little fortune, if by chance he should succeed in bringing them alive to Europe. With traveling salamanders, as with invading armies, the commissariat is the chief difficulty. Picture to yourself creatures requiring fresh-water fish, and plenty of them, all the way from Japan! To provide a tiger's daily meal all the way from Bengal is not the easiest matter; but it must be a trifle less in comparison with the difficulties of the Dutch doctor. Well, to sea they went, doctor, fresh fish, and salamanders. Whether the voyage was longer than usual, or the salamanders' appetites waxed sharp under change of air, I don't know. One by one the fish were appropriated, and the salamanders began to make signs for more. What was to be done? Only one thing; and I grieve to narrate it. Salamandrine cannibalism was resolved upon. Salamander number one first fell under the commissariat knife, and being distributed in parts, his former companions ate him. Salamander number two next shared a similar fate, and others subsequently, up to number seven inclusive. Land, however, hove in sight, and fresh fish were soon procurable; so salamander number eight found his way in safety to Amsterdam."

I must really gossip no longer, particularly as I hope to visit Mr. Jamrach's college again. Let me conclude by telling any lady who may desire such a beast as a pet rhinoceros, that she must be prepared to give some twenty-five hundred dollars for the same. Should her tastes incline to the possession of a tiger, the lady may at times, when the tiger-market is glutted, procure one for—say five hundred dollars, cash down; no discount, and no abatement. But I am informed that fifteen hundred dollars is a far more probable sum. As regards lions, they are somewhat cheaper, I believe; but if any fair reader wishes to have a lap-lion, I will make it my business to inquire for her.

COMMON SENSE.

SHE came among the gathering crowd,  
A maiden fair, without pretense;  
And when they asked her humble name,  
She whispered, mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,  
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;  
And, when they sneered, she simply said,  
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long and reasoned loud  
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious;  
While she, poor child! could not divine  
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,  
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;  
She studied authors not so deep,  
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,  
I find all have their proper places,  
And Common Sense should stay at home  
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

PAUL DRAYTON'S CHARM.

It was a very warm day in July. The streets were quiet, parched, deserted; the city was out of town; only those whose business or poverty was imperative dared admit, by personal presence, that they were not at Newport, Niagara, or Saratoga.

Among the last was Paul Drayton, a young physician, struggling his way to that doubtful fortune that sometimes, after many years of toil and

deprivation in the midst of a great city, rewards the skillful practitioner.

Paul Drayton was twenty-seven. Five years had he fought his battle against poverty and bigotry. Slowly, year by year, he had added to the number of his friends and patients; but not among that class who could pour wealth and fame into his hands; blessings and praises were his in abundance, but Paul Drayton remained poor. Night after night had he plotted and planned with his young wife. They had built castles together, and with a laugh had watched them topple over on their heads. They were brave hearts; but the years swept away and there came no change, and Paul viewed with an unquiet gaze his increasing family and stationary income.

"I doubt, Lizzie," he would say to his wife, "my ability to rise, when I see all those who started with me now above me—those whom I know in my own heart are my inferiors. How should I feel but as a fatalist, who looks upon himself as one of the foredoomed?"

"No, no, Paul! not so hard upon the great Wisdom; let us rather look upon the world as the fools, who are more easily led by ignorance than by good sense. Courage, Paul; the years will soon fly over, and I shall yet see you Professor Drayton, spurning any thing less than a hundred-dollar fee."

The little wife laughed, and Paul smiled for sympathy. Over their frugal breakfast had they been talking; and now Paul rose—"Away, again," said he, "to sit like a spider in my web and watch for flies. Good-by, Lizzie. I hope one of those hundred-dollar customers will come along to-day. Good-by, babies!"—and Paul strode away to his office. He sat over his desk, pen in hand:

"Sixty-five dollars for the month of June. I am growing rich. Fifteen dollars per week, of which six only goes for house and office rent, leaving the princely sum of nine dollars to feed and clothe five persons. How long will it be till I save enough to retire? Five years of my life have gone, and I am so much nearer the mark than before"—and Drayton took from his pocket ten little golden dollars, and spread them over the desk. "Ten dollars, which is exactly two dollars per annum!"

"For the love of God, young gentleman, give me something to buy food!"

Drayton turned quickly, to see a tall, gaunt woman, of apparently seventy, standing by his side. Her large, bony hand grasped a stick, and hair, almost of a silvery whiteness, straggled out from under a woolen hood. Drayton gathered up the coin he had so lazily displayed, and replaced it in his pocket. There was a greedy glare in the eye of the old woman, and a look of physical strength about her, that naturally hastened such an act. He turned his chair and looked upon her. "Here," thought he, "is a real case of poverty, to whom my sixty-five dollars per month would be wealth; to her the pittance that lies in my pocket would bring weeks of happiness. Why should I not give it to her? Will not her blessing bring to me more than I can receive in its outlay?"

The woman stood motionless, gazing into his eyes as though she read every thought, and but waited the realization.

"But no," argued Drayton; "should I give her such a sum it would lead her to extravagance—more money, perhaps, than she has possessed for years. I will give her part.

With this he placed in her hand a golden dollar. The eyes of the woman glistened. For a moment she looked doubtfully; then, closing her hand quickly, found some mysterious opening in her dress as a receptacle for it. Without a word of thanks she hurried away, followed by the astonished eyes of Paul Drayton, who expected a shower of blessings for his liberality.

It was plain enough. The woman believed she had received the coin in mistake; and in her anxiety to get away before discovery forgot her thanks.

It was, as I have said, a very warm day, and Paul Drayton sat by his desk and thought. He thought time was slipping away, and he wearing into the best years of his life; he thought of his educated tastes, which every day were to be smothered, because poverty forbade their indulgence; he thought of the sweet wife at home, toiling and uncomplaining; and he thought, why should he not better himself by some bold, even if unprofessional, step? Why should he not see his name at the head of an advertisement of "Drayton's Invigorator and Dying Man's Preservative," or "Drayton's Life Pill?" Why should he care whether the Academy approved, as long as wealth resulted. He saw the sellers of "Magnetic Pills," and the "retired physicians, whose sands of life had nearly run out," riding in their carriages and building palaces. Could he not do the same? If the people wanted cannabis indicus, opium, and chloroform, let the people have it; and Paul took from his desk the material to compound a medicine that should astonish a world, and bring him wealth boundless as his desires.

"A stimulant! All the world wants stimulating. Mankind knoweth not half his powers. Stimulants will call it out," said Paul, as he mixed the opium and cannabis indicus. "Chloroform for dilution; it is revivifying," and he poured in the liquid ether. "Drayton's Revivifying Elixir. One Dollar per Bottle. The very smell will raise the dead," and Paul, with pestle and mortar, rubbed together the ingredients that were to form his wonder-working compound. As the aroma of the chloroform rose about him and filled the room, Paul rubbed away, making

"the gruel thick and slab;" and with every rub rubbed away his dread of the Academy of Medicine. Visions of gold danced through his head. He would be a second Swaim, or Brandreth, the patron of the press, the spender of half a million per annum in advertising. The name of Drayton should be heard over the earth. How delicious the perfume of the chloroform! How the compounder would be blessed! A slight

noise at his elbow made him turn; and again the old woman stood by him.

"Good gentleman," said she, "you gave me this moment a coin of gold."

He nodded assent.

"I thought," she went on, "that you might have given it in mistake. My first impulse was to benefit by this error; my second, to return and ask if you knew the value of your gift."

"It is yours," answered Drayton. "I knew its value when I gave it."

The woman's eye wandered from Drayton about the room. "You do not look as though you were rich," she said, as if the remark were more to herself than to him.

"No," he answered, smiling; "I am not rich. I am perhaps poorer, in proportion to my wants, than yourself."

"Strange," she muttered, "strange; the millionaire, who can not count his wealth, refuses me copper; the poor laborer gives me gold!"

"There is nothing strange, my good woman, in this. So goes all the world. When I am possessed of a thousand, I shall wish to make it ten; when I have ten, I shall struggle for a hundred."

"Yes, most true. You are, I see, a philosopher—a student of human nature." She spoke as though she was alone. "Why should I not? He is a physician; to me it has only brought sorrow and trouble. Why should I not? Am I not accursed before God and man? Look!" she continued, staring vacantly at Drayton, and stripping her long arm to the shoulder. He started. Before him stood a most terrible case of leprosy! Never before had he seen the disease, but in a moment he knew it.

"Yes," she said, "start! I am one of those wretches for whom your skill has no healing. I have wandered over the broad earth for aid; I have spent wealth which would have made my age luxurious in seeking it; but here I stand—seventy-eight years are upon me—and your dollar all I possess in the world."

Drayton slipped the other nine into her hand.

"This is madness!" she muttered. "Madness, surely! No sane man would act thus!" She turned the coin over, looking at Drayton, and biting her lip till the blood started.

"Did you not say you were poor?" answered he. "Do I not see you are unable to labor? You have now my earnings for five years. Take them—you are welcome. I have health and strength; I owe nothing. They are yours, freely."

The woman walked backward and forward across the room for a few minutes. A smile of triumph came over her face. "Yes," she said, "I will take them; they will save me. I can be healed yet!" She made a sudden movement to the door, but stopped and looked toward Drayton. "Yes! yes! he should have it; it is for him. Here!" she continued, coming forward, and unfastening her shawl, "I shall give you what is greater than all wealth; to me it is nothing—to you it is wealth, fame, and happiness."

While speaking she drew from her neck a little bag, made, apparently, from a scrap of oiled silk, where it had hung by a black cord. "Take this," she said, "take this! My father was a Norwegian; this was given him by a drange, a midnight spectre, on the peak of the Hallingskarre. It will cure all disease when placed in the right hand of the sick or dying. While there is life you can save. It will only be powerless upon yourself. Take it!"

Drayton looked smilingly upon the little dirty bag that lay upon his desk, and turning to it, undrew the mouth, and commenced to examine its contents. A single bit of parchment of about four inches was all. This was scrawled over with a number of irregular characters, written in red, and a seal in the centre, of the same color, looking as though it had been impressed with the end of the naked finger.

"Runic, I suppose?" he said, aloud, and turned to the woman for a response. She was gone!

Drayton threw the bag carelessly into a drawer of the desk, with, "Crazy! I thought she had something wild-looking about her. Some quack will get my ten dollars; and that will be the end of all the good it will do her. However," he continued, opening the drawer, "I shall take the bag home; it will be a droll story to tell Lizzie, and she must see the charm." With this he put the oil-silk bag in his pocket.

Over his supper Paul told the story of the old woman, and displayed the bag. Lizzie took it very unwillingly in her fingers, giving it a suspicious look—not on account of the charm, but a reasonable doubt as to its cleanliness. She turned it about, and, looking inquiringly at Paul, nodded toward the window, which was significant to saying "Throw it in the street!"

"Oh no," said Paul, "I must keep it to show; it will be an illustration of my story."

"Your story, Sir," responded Lizzie, "I think will tell bad—that a poor fellow, with a wife and three children, gave ten dollars, the last he had in the world, to a traveling beggar woman. That ten dollars would almost have bought me the silk dress you have been promising these three years."

Paul pocketed the bag and the reproof together, and stopped Lizzie's mouth with a kiss.

"I do not know," she said, going to the bedside, "what is the matter with Jennie to-day. She has not seemed well; she would eat no supper."

The father approached the bedside and looked at little Jennie, a fair, blue-eyed child of three years. She was feverish. He felt her pulse.

"She has eaten something that has disagreed with her. She will be well in the morning."

In an hour or two Jennie began to toss restlessly in bed, and soon she was seized with violent retchings. An attack of infant cholera morbus—that rapid and fatal summer enemy of children—was upon her. Every thing that the father's skill could suggest was tried; the aid of another physician was called at the last moment—he could do nothing better than had been done; and the first dawn of morning saw the weeping parents stand-

ing by their little one, watching every moment expecting its last breath.

Oh, Superstition! where hast thou not thy votaries? Who is there can stand before the world and say he is not, in some one thing, thy slave? Drayton thought of the old woman's gift, the bag.

No! no! It was horrible, in such a moment, to dream of the thing; that which he viewed only as a joke—as the lunacy or craft of an old beggar; he would not think of it! And yet what harm could arise from it? He knew it could not save his darling, but it could not injure her. He looked at Lizzie. Did she divine his thought? No, he would not use the bag; he would not disgrace himself before her. Disgrace! what was disgrace if he could save his child? Lizzie knelt by the side of the bed, and buried her face in her hands. Yes, she knew his thoughts, and had taken this mode to save his feelings, and give him a chance to try the charm. He would! In a moment the little bag was in the child's right hand. In the agonies of her sickness the hand was tightly shut, and Paul felt as he forced it open as though he were violating the sanctity of death. He kissed the pale forehead of his child, and again resumed his chair by the bedside.

In a few minutes Jennie stirred. He sprang to his feet. She opened her eyes. A deadly, choking sensation of hope for an instant paralyzed him. No, it could not be! It was only the revival before death. The little one's eyes turned from father to mother. "Papa—mamma," she murmured, "Jennie's very dry." Both sprang for the drink—Paul, with an entire prayer uttered in the words, "O God!" and Lizzie, with a strange cry of joy.

Jennie was raised, and took a good drink, and then pushing away the bowl, said, "Jennie's very tired." In a few moments she had dropped away in a sweet sleep. All had gone, save the weakness consequent on the attack; and the mother and father mingled together their tears. Paul covered little Jennie, and in doing so removed the oil-silk bag from the bed, where she had dropped it on rising to drink.

Paul carried it to a far window of the room, and looked upon it in the gray morning light. What strange mystery was this? Was it merely chance, or did this bit of parchment possess the mighty power claimed for it by the old woman? Oh, shame, Paul Drayton, he thought. You, the man of mind and education, rejecting the mercies of Heaven, and offering for a moment to believe in the unnatural tales of an old leprous beggar! Open the window and sling the accursed thing away from you! No, urged Superstition; perhaps, yes. Perhaps what? Perhaps there may be something in it. I shall give it another trial!

Paul returned to the bed. Jennie was sleeping sweetly; Lizzie was watching by her side; and Paul put the bag in his pocket.

Reason goes but little way against facts. Paul knew that his child was dying, and that no skill of man could raise her, and yet in a few moments she had struggled out of the very arms of death, and now only wanted rest to be the same as ever; and each time as he thought of this he would quietly draw the charm from his pocket and look upon it.

The breakfast was late next morning, for Lizzie lay long sleeping, with little Jennie in her arms; and great was the joy of the parents when they saw their sick babe of the night before propped up in her high chair, nibbling at a bit of toast. Almost was Paul about to make it a holiday, but the thought of the charm, and his anxiety to try it, took him away. It was almost mid-day as he left for his office; the sun poured down its hottest rays, and Paul luxuriated in an umbrella, and pitied a stout gentleman plodding along in front of him without one. The stout gentleman stopped to remove his hat and wipe the perspiration from the bald spot on the top of his head. While engaged in this operation the stout gentleman seemed to stagger, clapped his hand to his eyes, and down he went before Paul could reach him. He was rather too heavy for Paul to pick up by himself; he was, therefore, obliged to remain content with holding the umbrella over his head, and calling for aid, which soon came in the shape of a couple of sturdy Irishmen, from a building just being erected close by. They took up the old gentleman and bore him to a drug-store on the corner, where, Paul announcing himself as a physician, every thing was offered and used for the old gentleman's benefit. It was useless; he had received a severe stroke of the sun, and, being of a heavy habit, could not rally. The druggist looked at the old gentleman, then at Paul, and said, "Dead!"

"No," said Paul; "not yet, the artery beats. Good Heavens," he thought, "the charm! Why did I not think?" In a moment he had the little back room, where the old gentleman was carried, cleared. And hastily scratching a prescription which he pretended he wished to try, sent the druggist out to compound it. He then slipped the bag into the old gentleman's hand. The druggist was back in a minute with the mixture, and Paul dropped a trifle between the lips of the dying man. In a very few moments he opened his eyes, and setting them on the now frightened druggist, asked where he was. That gentleman responded by handing his card, which the old gentleman sat up and took, dropping at the same time the bag, which Paul very quietly pocketed, rather doubtful himself whether he was not possessed of some of the works of the devil.

"I believe I am indebted to you for my life," said the old gentleman to the druggist.

"No, no!" said that not yet composed person; "not to me; there is the one who saved you; and a most extraordinary thing too, to bring a dead man to life, with a few drops of aqua ammonia and aqua pura."

The old gentleman by this time had got upon his feet, and advanced toward Drayton with hand outstretched, which Paul heartily grasped. In a few moments a carriage was called, and, handing Paul a card bearing the name of one of the wealth-