

"In my desk my friends will find the inscription I desire to have engraved on my tombstone. You will see to it, my dear Maurice—you who have served me so faithfully until now.

"I have but a word more to say. Marie loves you, you say; her affection is worth more than countless treasures. You will, therefore, live for her, and make her happy.

"Farewell—forever  
ERNEST."

With a steady hand the unhappy young man folded this farewell epistle; after which he wrote a short note to his adopted father. This done he burned a great number of useless papers and letters, arranged those he wished to leave behind him, and wrote an inscription for his tombstone.

Ernest then carefully loaded a small pair of pistols, closed the window-blinds, bolted his chamber door, and finally sat down to meditate, with his face buried in his hands, on his past life, and on eternity. \* \* \*

Five minutes after, the report of a pistol echoed through the house.

Ernest was no more!

CONCLUSION.

Thus ended the life of the unhappy Ernest. But few knew the cause of his despair, his fatal resolution, and his death. M. Duval, his father, concealed the truth from his daughter, and vainly strove to banish it from his own bosom. But remorse and repentance were his portion during the remainder of his life. The memory of Verginie Lordilire, of the fruit of her dishonor, and of their wrongs, was destined to rest like an incubus upon his soul.

But the punishment of the father descended not to his daughter. She was happy with the man of her choice, never dreaming that the unhappy Ernest was her brother.

Long did Maurice mourn for his friend; and even after the first burst of grief was passed, he went frequently with his young and beautiful wife to shed tears of sorrow over his grave.

The inscription Ernest requested should be carved upon his tombstone was as follows:

"IL FIT LE MALHEUR DES SIENS;  
LE DESEPOIR LIV DONNA CONSEIL,  
IL SE SUICIDA."

CURIOS ANECDOTE.

It is common to speak of the sagacity evinced oftentimes by animals, as an *instinct*, meaning thereby something different, not only in degree but in kind, from human reason. By what logic or principle we do this, it would puzzle most persons, we think, to discover. Animals show by various signs that they *reflect, remember, decide, hope, fear, love, hate, &c.*, as human beings do; and he who declares that they are not endowed with reason, though in a far inferior degree, as well as man, declares more, perhaps, than he has warrant for.

The following anecdote of some ants, related by a late naturalist, is a striking proof of the sagacity of these little animals:—A gentleman once placed a jar of treacle in a closet, into which a number of ants found their way, and speedily began to devour the treacle, of which they are very fond. He shook them all out but one, who feasted away for some time! When quite satisfied, it wished to get out, but for a long time could not succeed, as the gentleman had tied the jar by a string to a nail in the ceiling. At length it clambered up the jar, reached the string, mounted it to the top, ran along the ceiling, then down the wall, and finally disappeared altogether. What was the gentleman's amazement, in about half an hour, to see a whole swarm of ants climbing up the wall, and then down the string to the jar, where they ate up the treacle in an incredibly short space of time. When one set of them had satisfied their hunger, they descended, and another set took their place, and so on. Now, we think from this, that it is very evident that the first ant must not only in some way or other have communicated the fact of his having partaken of the treacle, but also the manner in which the jar could be reached, as certainly they could not have discovered that it was attached by a string until they had reached the middle of the ceiling—a very unlikely thing for them to attempt without some good reason.

FASHIONABLE SUICIDE.

The *Richmond Republican*, in the course of a sensible article on fashion, gives these valuable hints to ladies:

"Within a year or two past, corsets have been partially abandoned, but a substitute equally as destructive to health has been adopted. In old times, ladies used to wear just enough petticoats to keep them comfortable, and these were kept in their places by shoulder straps. But now, it is no uncommon thing to see a weekly, delicate creature preambulating the streets with six or eight skirts—some of them thick and heavy enough for horse blankets—tied tightly around her waist, thereby heating the spine, and creating a pressure upon the abdomen, that, if constantly applied to the back of a mule, would kill him as dead as Julius Cæsar in less than three months. Advise against these things and you are answered, 'it's fashionable to dress so and one had as well be out of the world as out of fashion.' Fashion, the deuce. It's fashionable for some fools to kill themselves outright and be done with it. We therefore advise those ladies who are willing, to adopt that course, instead of pursuing another equally certain, but much slower—the only difference being, that where they determine to commit suicide by improper dressing, the doctors have the benefit of their decline, and the anguish and anxiety of friends and relations are kept alive for months, while in the latter case the blow falls heavily at first, but naturally wears off and is eventually forgotten.

CLOVES.

Cloves are unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel of the bay. It is a native of the Molucca, or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers in clusters at the very end of the branches. The cloves we use are flowers gathered before they are opened, and whilst they are still green. After being gathered they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each consists of two parts, a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flowers rolled up, enclosing a number of small stocks or filaments. The other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower cup and the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly shown, if a few leaves are soaked a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flowers soften and readily unroll. The smell of cloves is very strong and aromatic, but not unpleasant. Their taste is pungent, acrid and lasting. Both the taste and smell depend upon the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste in consequence is much weakened by this proceeding.

HEROISM.—A Jat warrior appeared on the walls of Bhurtpore during the storming of that fortress, very conspicuous for his dress and resolute demeanor. A mine, which had been previously driven, sprung under his feet as the storming party advanced. His figure was seen distinctly projected some height into the air, and again precipitated into the ditch. To the astonishment of the spectators the hero rose again, rushed up the steep, entered the breach with the king's fourteenth regiment, cheered by the applauding soldiers, who cried out to save him by all means. But he would not be saved; he turned upon the Europeans, and fought in the midst of them until he fell. We are not aware that there is an incident in the history of war to equal this. Arnold de Winkelried made a path for his Swiss companions into the middle of the Austrian men-at-arms by making fast four or five spears in his bosom; but there was about this hero of Bhurtpore a power, as well as patriotic devotion, almost superhuman.

An Irishman who had commenced building a wall around a lot, of uncommon dimensions, viz: 4 feet high and 6 feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs my honey don't you see that if it ever falls down it will be thicker than it is now!"

DOUBTFUL THEOLOGY.—A friend whom we shall call Pat, "for short," tells a good one upon himself. When but an idle boy, he was called upon one day in a country school, and the question suddenly propounded to him by the pedagogue, "Patrick, how many gods are there?"

Pat was not a distinguished theologian then, and years have made him "no better very fast" in such matters—but he promptly responded, "three, sir."

"Take your seat," thundered the master, "and if in five minutes you don't answer correctly, I'll welt you."

The probationary period passed, and Pat taking the floor, hesitatingly stated the number of gods at "five, sir." He received the promised "welling," and was remanded to his seat for ten minutes further consideration.

Ten minutes up and Pat was too, and satisfied that he hadn't fixed the number sufficiently high before, he shouted, "there's ten, sir." He saw the ferule descending, and bolting out the door, cleared a five rail fence and broke like a quarter horse across the fields. Panting with exertion, he met a boy with a book under his arm, and with the look of one who desired the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

"Where are you going?" said Pat.

"To school yonder," was the reply.

"You are, are you?" said Pat quickly; "how many gods are there?"

"Two," answered the boy.

"Well, you'd better go down there; you'll have a good time with your two gods; I just left there with ten, and that warn't enough to save me from the darn'dest licking you ever heard of.—*Cleveland Herald.*

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.—A worthy deacon in the good town of F——, was remarkable for the familiarity with which he quoted Scripture, on all occasions. The divine word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial, as well as important occurrences of life, furnished occasions for quoting the language of the Bible. What is better, however, the worthy deacon made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing with his hired man who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprung from his place, leaving his swath just in time to escape having a nest of wasps about his ears.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps," was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion," and taking the workman's swath he moved but a step, when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

"Aha!" shouted the other, with a chuckle, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making application of the sacred writing, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a hay field.

GRAMMAR.—"John, parse, Girls are lovely."

"Girls is a common noun, third person, plural number and objective case."

"Objective case?"

"No, nominative case."

"Nominative to what verb?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, what follows girls?"

"John Dixon followed our girls what we've got to hum, last Sunday arternoon."

"Oh! young man! Well I should suppose they were in the objective case?"

"No, sir-ee! when I seed'em I should think they were in the possessive case, for he was huggin' and kissin' 'em like thunder."

A fellow having been charged at Stockport with imposing upon a number of women by pretending to tell their fortunes, he gave the magistrates to understand that he was both deaf and dumb. The Clerk wrote on a slate, "Can you read writing?" and the man wrote, "No." To the question, "Can you write?" he also answered in writing with "No." The foolish rogue was sent to the prison for three months.

FATTENING YOUNG LADIES IN TUNIS.—A girl after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room with shackles of gold and silver upon her ankles and wrists. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore, are put upon the new bride's limbs, and she is fed till they are filled up to the proper thickness. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a seed called drough, which is of an extraordinary fattening quality. With this seed, and their national dish cuscusoo, the bride is literally crammed, and may actually die under the spoon.

A STRANGE DESIRE.—A negro on a plantation in this neighborhood, says the *Baton Rouge Gazette*, who was supposed to be a "dirt eater," was fast wasting away, and became a mere skeleton, and all hope of saving him was given up, when it was found that he was eating rags.—He would eat his clothes, blankets, and every description of cloth; would sell his "rations" for old clothes to eat. Large pieces of wollen, cottonade, &c., were taken from him; and we learn since he has been deprived of them, that he has become quite strong and healthy; he gives no reason for this singular taste.

The following anecdote is vouched for by the friend who furnished it to us. On the night of the fire at the Hampden House, one of the gallant firemen was ascending the stairs, when he chanced to meet a colored lady, who politely requested him to convey her to a place of safety. "Convey yourself," was the laconic reply, he supposing her to be one of the waiters belonging to the house. "I'm the Black Swan," replied the lady. "Then you had better hurry along, or you'll get your feathers scorched."—*Springfield Post.*

A city miss newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know though where he keeps his plough, but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard, couldn't you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

INTENSE GRIEF.—A correspondent of the *Knickerbocker* for August, says:—"By-the-bye, speaking of the various forms in which grief is manifested, reminds me of something I heard a day or two ago. A servant-girl was talking of the loss her sister had recently sustained, in the death of a devoted husband. 'Poor Mary' said she, 'though George has been dead near six months, yet she *grits her teeth* (!) *even now*, whenever she thinks of him.'

"Sir," said a pompous personage, who once undertook to bully an editor, "do you know that I take your paper?" "I've no doubt you take it," replied the man of the quill; "for several of my honest subscribers have been complaining lately about their papers being missing in the morning."

They cultivate pumpkins so large in Maine, that it takes eight men and two yoke of oxen to haul them out of the earth. One was discovered in the Aroostook country the other day with two pipes of wine in it.

For a girl to expect to be handsome with the action of her lungs dependant on the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape, is as absurd as to look for tulips in a snow-bank or a full-grown oak in a flower-pot.

Jones says that the reason why men so often address their wives by the epithet of "dearest," is because they are so expensive. They are literally the dearest of luxuries. Jones is a hardened bachelor.

Who has the best time of it, the Pope or the Sultan—the man with no wife, or the man with two hundred and fifty.

The *Boston Post* says that two kinds of eggs are used in making "Tom and Jerry" viz: hen's eggs and nutm eggs.

A ghost, over the lines, is now called, "the trans-sepulchral essence of a departed spirit."