

her that John Bromley was an abandoned character, unfit for her to love, but served to convince her of her father's injustice; and after a succession of violent scenes, the end came, and she disappeared.

He made no search for her. His heart was well-nigh broken. His home was absolutely desolate. He devoted himself to the profession, went upon the bench, studied, labored, strove day by day, year after year, to forget, and in part succeeded.

Nevertheless there were times when the memory of the past came over him like a flood, tearing up the strong barriers he had builded to keep them back, sweeping over his soul, and laying it waste and desolate. Sometimes, in the solemn nights, he would remember the beloved wife of his early years, and would weep bitterly in his lonesome room. Oftener still, his radiant daughter would appear before him in all her young loveliness, and he would shudder as he thought what might now be her fate, abandoned to the tender mercies of a cruel world.

And so years rolled on, and he grew old fast; and when Kate Cameron should have been twenty-five, her father was prematurely old, and his mind was broken by his sorrows.

And when she threw back her veil and looked at him; when their eyes met once, only one instant, and he saw all the horrible scene before him, it was not strange that reason for the time departed. It was only strange that any life remained.

It is astonishing what command men may obtain over their features. He sat in his chair, leaning back listlessly, waiting the coming in of the verdict, and no one would have dreamed that he was more than ordinarily interested in what was going on.

The night crept slowly on. The day was approaching; and still no verdict.

The clerk had fallen asleep; the constables sat nodding on the steps that led up to the bench; the counsel had gone out, and were solacing themselves at a neighboring hotel with cigars and punch, discussing the trial and the news of the time, with an occasional joke and story by way of enlivenment. The candles had burned down, and the long wicks obscured the light, so that it was difficult to see across the court-room. The low hum of conversation had given place to profound silence, and now all was hushed, as if the same repose that blessed others, guilty or innocent, were blessing the prisoner and the court alike.

But an observer, had there been one, would have been startled at the scene which the court-room now presented in all this stillness.

The judge, from letting his gray eye rove around the room, had, when he saw that no one observed him, fixed it on the prisoner, who sat on a large chair, erect as before. She had removed the veil from her face, and sat uncovered, with her gaze fixed on his countenance. Neither could see the expression of the other's face. Each knew that the other was looking, but neither gave any indication of the knowledge. Her face was calm, but full of deep, ardent, earnest love, mingled with impending anxiety. Could his have been distinguished, the similitude would have been startling.

Slowly the night wore on. A little before daylight a stir announced the coming of the jury. As they entered, the court-room resumed its former appearance. The lights were trimmed; the constables awoke; the clerk roused himself to call over the names of the jury. But they had only come for instruction.

"In what the Court had said about character, were they to understand that lack of evidence of the prisoner's good character was presumptive evidence of bad character?"

It was a nice question, and, in the present instance, a terrible one. For a father to direct a jury in determining the character of his daughter on presumptive evidence, was a work requiring no small mental determination. But he did it calmly, repeating what he had said before, and saying in substance that though no evidence of bad character, it was entitled to its weight in connection with the other evidence in the case.

Day broke on the city, and light stole into the court-room—gray and feeble, and cold at the first, flushing up at length into the full glory of the sunrise. Men were now astonished to observe what a change the night had made in Judge Cameron's countenance. He was haggard, worn, and thin. He looked twenty years older than on the previous day. The prisoner remained invisible.

At seven o'clock the jury entered. Man by man answered to his name, and the clerk demanded their verdict.

None leaned more eagerly forward to hear it than the judge. The prisoner alone seemed unmoved. Her counsel sat with trembling hand, waiting the announcement.

It was given at length:

"Not Guilty."

(Conclusion next week.)

## Miscellaneous.

**AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.**—The Snake catcher.—When the great Napoleon was in Egypt, he determined to ascertain as much as possible about the habits and customs of the people, and among the rest, interested himself in the practice so common among the Egyptians, of snake-charming or snake-catching. One day he sent for one of these snake-catchers, "There is a serpent in this house; if you find it, you shall have two sequins for yourself, and two for your men."

The man prostrated himself and called for two buckets of water. As soon as they were brought, he undressed himself, then filling his mouth with water, and creeping on his belly like the reptile he sought, squirted it through his teeth, so as to imitate the hissing of a serpent. Having crept in in this manner through the ground floor, he placed himself before Napoleon, and said with a savage laugh, "Mafiche, Mafiche;" which means there is one. The General also laughed, and said, "How is this?" He then ordered the interpreter to explain clearly that the reptile had been seen. "I know it," replied the fellow, "I smelt him as I entered the house." "Here we are," said the General-in-Chief, "the acting is now going to begin. Well, let the serpents appear, and I will give thee two sequins more."

The man immediately recommenced creeping, and squirting water on all sides. He ascended in the same manner a staircase leading to an upper story, occupied by Bourrienne. A long dark corridor opened to several apartments. It was lighted by a skylight at the further end, and which gave a view of the country, and at the bottom of the skylight was placed the water fountain, this spot being the coolest in the house. The opening itself was sufficiently large to give, from the other extremity of the corridor, a view of the beautiful blue Egyptian sky. On attaining the landing place of this corridor the juggler paused, and betrayed emotion. He was closely followed by the General-in-Chief & a number of officers, attracted by curiosity. The General did not lose sight of the fellow an instant, and was determined, if he discovered the least trick, to take him in the act. On seeing him shudder and close his eyes, "The man is beginning his part," said the General to Junot. And in truth the snake catcher was in the most extraordinary state. Habitually pale, as all swarthy skins are, he became even paler. He called for more water, washed his body, squirted and hissed as before, but produced another hissing. He looked on each side of the landing place, made a sign with his hand to keep silent, and still creeping upon his belly, advanced to the outside corridor, which was the darkest part of it. In a short time, after squirting his mouthful of water, he exclaimed, in a low tone, "There he is!" "I should be delighted to do him the honor of hospitality," said the General-in-Chief. "But my friend, I suspect thou art laughing at us. Do you know this rascal, with hissing, has been making fools of us for the last hour, in forcing us to run without umbrellas, after the imaginary serpent?" The snake catcher continued to hiss and creep. On a sudden, a black and round body resembling the branch of a tree, appeared in relief upon the pure azure, which was visible through the skylight. It was a handsome serpent, real, alive, and about six feet long. At this sight the fellow redoubled his hissing and squirting; and the serpent, after uncoiling itself from around the fountain, hissed in his turn, but its note was much more piercing.

The eyes of the reptile shone, in the sombre corridor, with a blood colored flame. It glided along the fountain, and stopped; then a slight noise was heard; it was the reptile rising upon its tail. The snake catcher could not do the same, because he had no tail; but he raised himself half up, and made a slight motion. In an instant the reptile darted at him. He was waiting for this attack, and at very moment it was made, caught the animal with one hand round the throat which he squeezed with such violence as to force open its mouth into which he spat. The effect was magical; the reptile seemed to have received his death blow. The man afterwards extricated its fangs, or rather to its jaws. He then played with it, made it dance, and put it round his neck. "The snake catchers," said Napoleon, "is a lucky charlatan."

"Miss Brown, I've been trying to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette. "Just let me have your hand if you please."

"La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go and ask pa."

**WESLEYAN SCHOOLS, ENGLAND.**—Last year the number of schools was 417; this year, 421; the total scholars on the books last year, were 45,168—this year, 47,143, and there was an increase in the average attendance of 3,018; the number of Sabbath-school last year was, 4058,—this year, 415,707; the number of teachers last year was 395, 962—this year, 73,986; and the increase on the number of teachers in society was 2,600. The number of schools in which the Catechism was used last year, was 3,446—this year, 3,472.

**A FAST HORSE.**—A Millwaukee paper states of a horse that recently died in Oregon, Ill., that he was very ugly, and would not be harnessed except with saddle, and could make extraordinary time.—He could pass over 112 miles in 12 hours. His usual time from Oregon to Rockford, 25 miles, was two hours. The doctor who owned him, and who alone could ride him, has been heard to say that during the six years past he has ridden him upwards of twenty thousand miles, and that during all this time he has never known him to stumble so as to arrest the rider's attention. He was savage, because he was formerly a wild horse on the plains of Arkansas.

**EDUCATION IN TURKEY.**—A special committee has been appointed by the Turkish Government to inquire into the best means to promote public instruction in general, and to devise a plan for the organization of the higher branches of instruction in the spirit of the Hatti-Humayou. In order to accomplish this the non-Mahomedan communities will each send a delegate to take part in the deliberations of the committee. According to the tenor of the Hatti-Humayou, the primary and secondary instructions is left in the hands of the hands of the respective communities, and the state promises to provide for the higher instructions of all classes of the population indiscriminately.

**HOW TO SEE A BROTHER.**—The following anecdote is told of Prince Oscar of Sweden, who is now on a visit to the French Emperor.

When a boy, he was one day roaming over his father's palace in quest of his brother, who was lately appointed Viceroy of Norway. Not finding him, he asked a chamberlain he happened to meet where he was.

"His Royal Highness," answered the officer, "is now under arrest."

"For what?"

"For having in a moment of passion, broken the mate to the porcelain vase you see on the mantel-piece yonder."

"Well, I would like to see him."

"Impossible," was the answer; "his majesty, your father, has given me strict orders to the contrary."

Whereupon, young Oscar walking up to the mantel-piece, smashed the costly *Sèvres*, saying as he did so—

"Now, sir, you will please have me arrested, and mind you see to it that they put me in the same room with my brother."

**THE MINISTER'S CALL.**—An amusing incident occurred a few days since. A certain lady had been much annoyed by the ringing of her door-bell by the mischievous boys in the vicinity, and determined to be made no more a fool of by going to the door. In the course of the forenoon, her minister called to see her, dressed in his sprucest manner; he ascended the steps, and gently drew the bell handle, when the lady shouted from the entry—

"I see you, boy; if I catch you, I'll wring your neck!"

The affrighted gentleman immediately rushed down the steps, through a small crowd of young scamps, and has not since been seen.

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only four ounces.

**MISERABLE WRETCHES.**—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays.

A witness in a bribery case.

A young doctor who has cured his first patient, and has no prospect of any more.

A star actress with her name in small letters on the bill.

A confirmed novel reader who finds the catastrophe torn out.

A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front towards the north.

"Now, what's before you?"

"The north, sir."

"And what behind you, Tommy?"

"My coat tail," said he, trying at the same to get a sight at it.

**AHEAD OF ALL.**—The Louisville Courier says the wife of a well known drayman in Covington died one day last week. The next day he married a new wife, and took her with him to his dead wife's funeral.

## Agricultural.

**BUTTER.**—Will salt preserve butter? No, that question is easily answered. Salt is added to butter for two reasons—one is to assist in its preservation, the dairy-women vainly thinking that salt will keep the butter sweet. Another set add salt with dishonest motives, with the idea that all the salt put in the butter is sold at the full price the butter brings. It is a great mistake. Every pound of salt put into butter over what is required to give it flavor, instead of bringing a cash return to the butter-maker, proves a positive loss of several cents a pound, because it reduces the value of every pound of butter so over-salted, frequently as much as three cents a pounds. Butter is not preserved by salt. That is positive. It will keep just as long and just as sweet as Olive oil, if no other substance is incorporated with it. It is the casein of milk that spoils the butter, and unless free from that, no art can keep it sweet. Butter should be churned at 65°, and immediately afterwards reduced to 40° and the less it is touched by human hands the better. It must be worked cool, either with or without washing, as that is a mooted question, until absolutely free from buttermilk or particles of sour curd, and then just enough, and no more, salt added to suit the taste of the consumer. The salt must be pure, and one ounce to ten lbs. of butter will be sufficient. Then pack the butter solidly in any cask of sweet wood or stone pot, so as to exclude the air, and just so long as the air is excluded the butter will remain sweet. If it could be kept perfectly excluded, the period that it would keep sweet is forever. Your question is answered. Salt will not preserve butter.—*Tribune*

**GIVE HENS MEAT.**—Many persons complain that their hens will not lay, and that, notwithstanding their assiduity in furnishing them with all the articles ordinarily recommended to ensure fecundity, the eggs they produce will not "half pay the expenses." Now we presume there is something lacking or the fowls would certainly not run their owners in debt. It is not generally understood, even by those who profess to be most deeply versed in the mysteries of "Henology," that the hen, being omnivorous, requires, to ensure fecundity, a very liberal allowance of meat! When enjoying her liberty in the fields, pastures, or door-yards, the principal part of her sustenance is derived from insects, worms, &c. She partakes but sparingly at such times of grain and often when that article is applied, leaves it for the more inviting food which nature supplies her with in her favorite haunts. Now if we confine her where the natural propensity for this description of food cannot be gratified, even though we supply the best of grain, and in abundance, she will cease to lay. The privation affects her health, and will necessarily be an end of profit until the deficiency is supplied.

When fresh meat or fish fresh cannot be supplied the common scraps of the butcher, which are hard and compact, and can be kept any length of time, answer all the desired purposes.—*New England Farmer.*

**SUBSOILING, underdraining, and fine pulverising,** are three of the great secrets of good farming on scientific principles.—*Ohio farmer.*

**PRESERVING EGGS.**—The North-Western Farmer has tried the following method of preserving eggs and recommends it. It is simple, and, we have no doubt, efficacious. You may try it with confidence:—"Take a sieve, and cover the bottom with eggs; then pour boiling water upon them, sufficient to give them a good wetting, permitting the water to pass off through the sieve. Take them out and dry them; then pack in bran, the small end down, and your eggs will keep forever."

At Market, a lady laying her hand upon a joint of veal, said: "I think, Mr. Jones, this veal is not so white as usual." "Put on your gloves, madam, and you'll think differently." The veal was ordered home.

**HIGH CRANBERRY.**—This shrub, growing in the swamps around us, can be as readily cultivated in our gardens as our currant or gooseberry, and is worth more, certainly, than the gooseberry. It bears rich clusters of scarlet berries, and as an ornamental tree or shrub, is far preferable in gardens to hundreds of those of foreign growth, that are obtained with great expense, and raised with a great deal of trouble. Besides, the fruit makes a rich, delicious sauce, preserve, tart or pie, and is invaluable in the pastry department. It can be raised where the common cranberry would fail, and as it is easily transplanted, or can be raised from cutting, we are surprised that it is not more cultivated. We hope to see it generally introduced into our gardens.—*Granite Farmer.*