

THE TRUE DELZEL.

They write the name "Delzel" now, but it was originally "Dalzel," a branch of the Scotch Dalzels, of Forfarshire; a family who felt dishonor like a wound, and boasted that no man should stain their own had ever weakened the old Dalzel attributes. Early in colonial days a younger son had emigrated to the southern settlements, and being naturally prudent, as well as brave, had amassed great wealth and a vast estate.

True, it had often been weakened by the subdivisions incidental to large families; but in 1825, Alexander Dalzel, the sole representative of the main line, was a wealthy and important man, of whom great things were hoped, now that he had abandoned his roving habits, married a beautiful wife, and entered the arena of politics and jurisprudence.

The necessity for this course had come upon him suddenly, after a week of rain and *enuei* in London. He was nearly forty years of age, weary of every form of familiar enjoyment, and matrimony seemed to promise, at least, a change. Besides, he really had a large remnant of family pride—he did not care to be the last of his race—he would marry and have sons. He returned home, and meeting Lola Sheldon, a pretty New Orleans belle in her eighteenth year, he married her. Lola was winning and obedient; he grew every day more and more enamored of his young wife, and he was almost broken-hearted when, after a year of unbroken happiness, she gave birth to a daughter and died.

It was almost with a feeling of resentment he heard of the child; he had no desire to see it. If it had been a son, there might, indeed, have been some consolation in the idea. But the little girl was not welcome at the price he had had to pay for her, and she was placed with small ceremony in the charge of Effie MacKae, the young wife of the head gardener, who also had just become the mother of a little girl.

Effie was to bring up the child with her own until the unwilling father sent her further instructions. Then the Delzel house was closed, the servants hired out hither and thither, and John MacKae, his wife and the two infants alone remained in charge of the pleasant house and gardens. There was but a few days' difference in the children's ages, and there were, also, many points of resemblance in their appearance. Before they began to walk these facts had begun to sow strange thoughts in Effie's mind. Mrs. MacKae was a proud woman—"ane o' the Campbells," as she continually told both herself and her husband—and the imperious, willful baby, which was so like herself, grew gradually in her eyes to be the most suitable heiress of Delzel mansion and lands.

Weak as her husband was, he did not submit to the imposition without stormy protests, but he both feared and idolized his wife, and had not the moral courage to oppose her first small beginnings of wrong. Before the children were two years old, Effie's own child was known to all around as Adrienne Delzel, while the real Adrienne bore the simple name of Jessie MacKae.

In the children's fifth year a circumstance happened which still further bound Effie to the part she had taken. The father of Adrienne suddenly returned, and coming unexpectedly in search of his child, found the two little girls in the midst of a quarrel. He watched them keenly, and seeing Effie's child, with flashing eyes and commanding manner, completely humble her companion, he instantly decided that the queenly, black-eyed vixen was his own daughter. He called her to him, and learning that her name was Adrienne Delzel, he threw a gold chain and locket about her neck, and told her that he was her father.

The child had been well prepared for this event. From her infancy Effie had privately told her wonderful stories of a splendid papa who would come to see her some day; and the child was quite ready to welcome him. Many other little things conspired, after this, to bind the deception irrevocably.

Ten years had passed away, and Effie's sin had not yet found her out. "God does not pay every Saturday," but now for the first time, she began to perceive that she would not be always able to control events. Mr. Delzel came down to Delzel with Adrienne's aunt, and Effie was required to give up her child to this lady's keeping. She cried and implored, but without effect; it had been decided that it was time the young heiress should go to a fashionable school, and have fine masters and fine clothes.

The pain of the separation was heightened, too, by the child's manifest delight at the change. Effie loved her daughter passionately, and it was worse than death to give her up to utter strangers, who were to train her for a life which would eventually separate them still further. All she could obtain, however, was the promise of a letter once every three months, and an invitation to visit Adrienne at her aunt's house once a year.

In the children's sixteenth year two new complications arose. Jessie was wooed, and her affections won, by a young backwoodsman and hunter called Andrew Latta. Effie had tacitly encouraged this love affair, but John, for once, defied his wife, and positively forbade the young people to see each other again.

In the midst of this dispute Mr. Delzel suddenly returned to the house, bringing with him workmen and artificers of all kinds, and a large retinue of servants. Miss Delzel had finished her education and made a brilliant debut, receiving almost at her entrance into society the offer of an alliance whose wealth and position had filled her father and friends with pride and gratification. The Delzel home was to be adorned for her bridal, and for a few months of wooing and preparation she was to queen it over her father's house and the whole country-side.

It was a lovely day in the early summer when Adrienne came home again. But the day had grown warm in its advance, and the beauty was tired and cross. Effie, full of an unnatural exaltation which no one understood, was necessarily disappointed. Her very effusiveness was wearisome to the proud, tired girl, who, barely civil at first, became speedily bored and indifferent. Poor Effie! She came home from that first interview with a tide of mortified love and anger swelling in her heart.

But she soon made plenty of excuses for her idol, and as the day cooled, went back to offer her services as maid. Adrienne

was good-humored now, but full of that insolence of youth and beauty, which is so overbearing when allied to wealth.

"You good creature," she said, "whoever heard of such a thing! What a fright you would make me! I have Franchette here, who knows all the new modes and can dress hair to a marvel." And Franchette smiled and bowed to her mistress, and looked at Effie with an incredible disdain.

Evidently nothing was to be granted Effie on account of the past, nor was Adrienne really to blame for her view of the case. She had only a vague memory of her first ten years, as of a very stupid time in which she had no fine clothes, no books, saw no company, and was alternately extravagantly petted and scolded by her "Mamma Effie." She had quite understood, as she grew older, her aunt's view, that Effie had been exorbitantly paid for her care, and that really this sentimentality and writing and visiting were something of a bore.

Consequently Effie's continual pressing of her claims and attentions, her pets and angers and reproaches soon became a very serious annoyance at Delzel House. Adrienne continually excused herself through Franchette; and Franchette took small pains to render the message conciliatory. "The servants made unpleasant remarks; madame, the aunt, scarcely returned her courtesy; even Mr. Delzel avoided her. It was all very bitter, far bitterer than any one but her own heart knew, and John was sulkily silent.

Days and weeks of this mental irritation began at last to tell frightfully upon the once hale, positive woman. She had a constant fever; she could not sleep; she gave up gradually all her regular duties; she was sick—she was very sick; doctors were called, and John left everything to watch beside the moaning, wasting form he loved so dearly.

One day, after a terrible night, Effie insisted upon seeing Adrienne. John did not like to go for her; he doubted, indeed, whether she would come. The good doctor offered to make the request; he believed her visit to be the only means of preserving reason—perhaps life; he did not doubt that Miss Delzel would cheerfully comply with Effie's ardent desire. Not "cheerfully," but she did come, accompanied by her father, and Franchette bearing her shawl and parasol. The dying woman took in the trio with a fierce glance as they entered.

"Send her out!" she said, pointing to Franchette; "and come here, my child. I want to whisper to you."

Adrienne demurred; perhaps very naturally so. The fiery eyes, the haggard, hollow face, the black, parched lips were terrifying.

"So you won't come to your dying mother! Ungrateful girl, for whom I have lived a lie for seventeen years—for whom I have sinned my soul to death!"

Mr. Delzel now came close enough to Effie.

"Effie MacKae," he said, "you must say more than this. What do you mean? Speak, woman!"

"I mean nothing," she answered, sulkily. "Will you come?" to Adrienne.

The girl moved reluctantly toward her. She pulled the fair, young face down to her own, and said, in a fierce, vibrant whisper: "You are my child! Hah! Hah! What will the old Delzels say! Hah! Hah! What will the old Delzels say!"

Adrienne turned sick and faint, she stretched out her hands; but for once Mr. Delzel did not see her. He was pondering on what he had heard, and looking keenly at a fair, young girl, sitting with her face in her hands, gazing mournfully from the open window. Then he turned to the trembling husband.

"John," he said sternly, "what does your wife mean?"

John was sorely tried. For many a year he had longed for an opportunity to ease his conscience. He could do it now, but at what a price! Betraying his dying wife. He looked at the face dear to him from childhood, and stooping, said gently: "Effie, my darling, the master wants to know what you mean; will you tell me?"

She gave him one passionate, entreating glance and shut her lips tightly. "So much and no more; never again could she be persuaded to speak, and next morning speech was impossible. Effie had joined the immense majority whom we call—the dead. After this event, John was absolutely non-committal, not the most subtle of Mr. Delzel's questions moved him, and that gentleman was finally obliged to assure himself that Effie had been either raving or actuated by a spirit of revenge for Adrienne's cold and contemptuous treatment of her advances. So he buried his doubts in his own heart, and gave Adrienne, with great pomp and parade, to her wealthy lover. If there had been any certainty that he was sanctioning a fraud against the dead and the living, Alexander Delzel was the last man to have done such a thing; but what had he but a dying woman's angry, fevered ravings, and a certain expression and attitude in a young girl, which truly resembled his dead wife's, but which might also resemble many other women's?

John MacKae gave Jessie an inkling of the truth when Andrew Latta reappeared, but she preferred love and a home in Texas to the heirship of the Delzel name and wealth.

John and Jessie disappeared very quietly, and the years rolled steadily away. Many boys and girls played up and down the hills and gardens of Delzel, and the old place was alive with youthful merriment and old-fashioned hospitality. This was especially so on Christmas day, A. D. 1850; then every room was a blaze of light and fine ladies and brilliant flowers and happy children; then there were music and dancing and feasting that brightened all the country-side for miles.

Yet far away on the outskirts of a lonely Texas prairie, in a log-house far removed from any other habitation, a scene was transpiring which might or might not seriously affect the fortunes of every one in that brilliant Delzel mansion.

In the large main room of this log-house, a room comfortably, nay, even handsomely furnished, were three people—an old man, calmly and peacefully awaiting the grand change, and a young man and woman who tenderly and solemnly watched with him.

"There is a paper under my pillow," Andrew, said the dying man. "That is it. Here, Jessie. When I am gone, while yet you think lovingly of me, you and Andrew read this together, and then do as you think best with it. Don't cease to love me!"

"Dear father, never."

In a few hours John MacKae was beyond all human judgment, and Jessie and Andrew stood together over the blazing logs on the hearth, reading his last confession. Both remained silent for some time afterward, then Andrew said:

"Jessie, darling, what would you like to do with this paper? Will you go to your father with it?"

"Andrew, I knew these things when I married you. I preferred you then to rank and gold. How much more infinitely do I prefer you now! Have we not enough and to spare? Will not our Phil be the richest stock-raiser in the state? Is not little Mary's fortune secured? Are we fit for fashionable life? Could we leave this log-house which we have made so beautiful? And what good would it do to make poor Adrienne and her children miserable? Andrew, my husband, we are wronging no one, not even ourselves. Let us burn the paper!"

And Andrew, putting his arm around his wife and kissing her, threw the tardy confession of wrong into the blazing cedar logs. Without a tear, without a wish, they silently watch it disappear, and then, with another kiss, that sealed and ratified their perfect satisfaction with their humble lot, they turned back, with a smile, to the duties and loves of a busy and purposeful every-day life.

A CLEVER "MIDDY."

How He Captured a Cargo of Soldiers and Handed Them Over.

In the year 1810, when a squadron of light frigates and sloops was blockading Corfu, the *Kingfisher* sloop, commander Ewel Tritton, was stationed off the island of Fano, at the entrance of the north channel of Corfu. At daybreak one morning (after a strong northwest wind had been blowing throughout the night) a fleet of *trabuccos*, which had left Brindisi the evening before, was descried making for the channel, and chase was immediately given. The jolly-boat, manned by a young midshipman, a corporal of marines, and four boys, with a musket and a few cartridges, was lowered in passing to take possession of the nearest vessel, which had taken down her mainsail, while the *Kingfisher*, under a crowd of sail, pursued the remainder inshore.

The youngest, on nearing the stranger, saw only a woman on deck, and she was making signs with her finger up, as if to preserve silence. His suspicions were aroused, although he had not the least idea what the action of the woman (which he had, as he considered, been fortunate enough to notice) indicated. He immediately boarded, and found, on looking down the main hatchway, that the hold was full of troops. To secure the hatch was but the work of a moment, and lowering the foresail, he placed a hand at the helm to keep the vessel in the through of the sea, increasing thereby the motion and the sea-sickness evidently prevailing among the troops below. In this situation he kept them till about three in the afternoon, when his ship returned, having been unsuccessful in capturing any of the others, when he was hailed by his captain and asked what the vessel was laden with.

"Troops, troops!" was his reply.

"Why, boy, who do you mean—soldiers?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"I have not ventured to count them." The crew of the cutter were soon on board and search made, when upwards of a hundred officers and men belonging to the 14th Regiment of the line, intended as a reinforcement to the garrison of Corfu, with part of a surgeon's staff, were discovered to be the cargo. The prisoners, all sturdy, young men, were soon removed to the *Kingfisher*, and after a fortnight's passage, during which the sloop's small crew of 75 officers and men were kept constantly under arms, they were landed safely at Malta.

The Origin of the Pennant.

The pennant dates back to the time when Van Tromp, the Dutch admiral, hove in sight of the British fleet with a broom hoisted at the mastheads of his ships. On its becoming known to the English that the broom signified the intention of the Dutch to "sweep the seas," they at once hoisted the pennant as an earnest of their intention to "whip the Dutch." The pennant is hoisted on board a ship as the captain reads his commission, and remains at the masthead (replaced as necessary) till she is put out of commission, when it is finally "struck." The length of the pennant varies; a short one is used when under sail or at night; it lengthens as the commission grows; but the "homeward bound" pennant—a thing of great solatation—is made at odd times by signalmen; consequently, the longer the commission the longer the pennant. I have a vivid remembrance of one over 100 yards in length hoisted upon receiving orders for home after five years. Upon sailing from the harbour (with a man standing on each royal truck) it waved majestically far beyond the ship, with a gilt bladder at its end, amid the cheers and good wishes of those left behind.

No Kiss.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite, "To a pretty little thing, Holding up her dainty mouth, Sweet as roses born in June. Will was ten years old that day, And he pulled her golden curls Teasingly, and answer made: "I'm too old, I don't kiss girls." Ten years pass, and Marguerite Smiles as Will kneels at her feet, Gazing fondly in her eyes, Praying, "Won't you kiss me sweet?" "Kiss me seventeen today; With her birthday ring she toys For a moment, then replies: "I'm too old; I don't kiss boys."

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It's bad enough to bite off more than you can chew, but it's worse to try to chew it.

"It leads them all," is the general reply of druggists when asked about the merit or sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Every man in the world is loaded, and no one knows what mischief he can cause until he lets himself go off.

Baldness ought not to come till the age of 55 or later. If the hair begins to fall earlier, use Hall's Hair Renewer and prevent baldness and grayness.

Why do people try to find out what there is in the future for them? Isn't the present enough to drive them crazy?

If your little ones suffer with "snuffles" Nasal Balm will give them relief. It is a certain cure for all forms of cold in the head or catarrh. Sold by all dealers. Try it.

There was a good deal of the lover's grasp in the way the candidates shook hands with the farmers on election day.

Pale, weak, and emaciated women and girls would soon disappear from the land if all would use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a specific for their peculiar troubles. Try them and be convinced.

The Royal Belfast Ginger Ale is a delicious and wholesome beverage being made from Wilmot Spa Water. Lime Juice and Pure Extracts, is gently purgative and helps the kidneys.

Hale and hearty.

The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him ail." The Canadian drinks Puttner's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.

Tombs of Romeo and Juliet.

Those who take an interest in the true and tragic history of the "Lovers of Verona," whose lamentable fortunes have been immortalized by Shakespeare, will, no doubt, be glad to learn some particulars respecting their tombs, especially that of Juliet. In 1888 M. Victorin Joncieres, the distinguished composer and musical critic, paid a visit to Verona, and he states that the tomb of Romeo's sweetheart, which is at the end of a garden in the old cloister of the Franciscan Convent at that place, is absolutely in ruins. Above in a kind of a niche in the garden wall, which is of brick, is a basket full of decayed and weather-stained visiting cards. Hanging on the wall near by the niche is a wreath with a card attached bearing the name of "Mme. Talbot Shakespeare," whom Mr. Joncieres puts down as a descendant of the Bard of Avon. On the wall to the left is a portrait of Friar Lawrence. Romeo is buried at Mantua, and it is said that his tomb is in a much better state of preservation than that of his lady love. It is to be hoped that persons who take an interest in historic monuments will see to it that the memory of these two famous lovers is forever kept green.

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