MISCELLANEOUS

A NOBLE REVENGE.

A fair, fragile-looking boy, of apparently some 14 years, stood looking over the railing in the counting room of Glendon & Co., the great importers and merchant princes of the city of Boston. There was a look of piteous pleading in his soft brown eyes, and his pale, sad face spoke more than words could tell of the fear and anguish with which his young heart was so cruelly rent. 'It is not myself that I care for,' he sobbed, gazing at the hard-featured man who was writing at one of the desks, 'but it's my mother, sir—this shock will kill her!'

'Young man, you ought to have thought of that before,' replied the hard featured man, in a cold harsh tone.

'But I'm innocent, sir. Indeed, sir, I never took the money.'

'How, then, do you account for the possession of part of the bills?'

'I can account for them in no other way, sir, than that I must have received them in change.'

'But where?'

'I cannot tell where.'

The stern merchant, for it was Mr. Glendon himself, looked up, while an ugly light beamed from his merciless eyes.

'William Sanderson!' he exclaimed, laying his watch upon the desk, while the hard lines around his face became still harder, 'I will give you just five minutes to reveal what you have done with that money. If at the end of that time you are silent, I shall give you in charge of the officer.' And he resumed his writing. The boy leaned still farther over the mahogany railing, and the great sobs which shook his frail form, it would almost seem, would have moved a heart of adamant. But the merchant was made of even sterner stuff and did not once look up until the five minutes had expired.

'Now, sir,' he said, taking up his watch with an impatient gesture and glancing at the boy.

'I cannot tell, sir, for indeed I did not steal it, sir. I came honestly by those bills.'

'Enough said,' was the merchant's quiet rejoinder, as he stamped his foot upon the floor.

'Oh, spare me, sir—spare my mother!' pleaded the boy, tears of anguish and shame streaming down his cheeks. 'Be merciful, and heaven will reward you. Oh——'

'Enough said!' repeated the merchant, with stern emphasis. 'Not another word from you, sir—not another word!'

'Officer,' he added, as a policeman entered, 'there it the culprit—do your duty.'

And, half dead with terror, William Sanderson was dragged away to prison.

'Only a woman fainted, your honor,' said the sheriff, in responce to the interrogatory of the judge, next day, in the crowded police-court room.

But, with one wild spring. William Sanderson cleared the prisoner's dock and was beside the inanimate person.

'Oh, mother, speak to me!' he cried, as kneeling down he placed his cheek to hers. 'Oh, I am not guilty—indeed I am not—my innocence will yet be proved. Oh, will some one bring a glass of water—anything—quick!' and he glanced around wildly upon the array of pitying faces.

A medical gentleman who chanced to be present stepped forward. Giving her a hasty glance, he knelt beside the boy and placed his hand quickly upon her heart. Then an expression of awe stole over his grave face, and he turned sorrowfully to the almost as pallid figure at his side.

'Be brave, my boy,' he said, as he placed one hand on the youth's head. 'I can do nothing for her; she is past all mortal help.' In a dazed sort of way the lad rose and looked around him.

'Make ready for an importane witness,' called the crier from the extremity of the court-room near the door.

There was a hurried consultation on the bench, and then Thomas Ellsier was called to the stand. His testimony was straightforward and conclusive. He had received the bill from Glendon himself in change for a draft, Mr. Glendon having called his attention to the fact that they were marked at the time. And he had paid them out to William Sanderson, never expecting to hear from them again. But having just at that moment read a paragraph in the morning paper in relation to the case, he hastened to the court room to prevent an injustice from being done. Mr Glendon admitted now that he recollected the circumstance of the payment, which had slipped his memory. With a strong reprimand to Mr. Glendon the judge ordered the discharge of the prisoner. Utterly humiliated, the stern merchant approached William Sanderson. Even his hard heart was melted.

'Forgive me, William.' he said, holding out his hand; 'I will give you back your old place, and double your pay also in consideration of my error."

Then, for the first time, did the poor victim arouse from his lethargy.

'Will you give me back my dead mother?' he demanded, fixing his eyes, in which now glittered a steely light, upon those of his employer.

'No, I cannot do that,' replied the merchant, still proffering his hand, 'but I will repair, so far as lies in my power, the wrong I have done you. Let us be friends.'

'Never!' exclaimed the youth, the steely glitter increasing to a glare, 'Never will I be friends with my mother's murderer. There is a grave between us—a grave that I will some time avenge.'

And he brushed by the merchant and was lost in the throng.

* * * *

Twenty years had passed away, bringing its usual vicissitudes and changes. The great house of Glendon & Co. had gone down in the midst of a terrible financial panic such as frequently sweep over the country, and Mr. Glendon was a poor man, dependent for his daily bread upon the labors of his son, who held a clerkship in the rapidly rising establishment of Sanderson & Allen. But suddenly his support to his declining years seemed about to be taken away.

Roger Glendon was accused of forgery. 'It cannot be true,' the old merchant repeated to himself; 'yet I will go and see.' And he hastened to the counting-room of his son's employers.

He found the senior partner of the firm alone.

'I have called,' he said, 'in relation to the reported accusation against my son. Tell me, is it true?'

The gentleman gave a great start of surprise when he began to speak, but when he had concluded, arose and handed him some papers without a word.

In them he discovered ample evidence to convict his son.

'Spare him,' he pleaded, as he returned the papers. 'Spare him, for I am sure I never meant to wrong you, and he will sometime pay you to the uttermost farthing. Be merciful to my gray hairs, sir—he is all the support and dependence of my declining years—and not let them be brought in sorrow to the grave.'

'Not another word, sir.' was Mr. Sanderson's reply. 'I wish to hear no more. Your son shall not suffer unjustly, as I once did.'

Something in the speaker's tone arrested the old man's attention, and he gazed at him fixedly.

'Do you know me, sir? inquired the rich merchant.

'I think I have seen you somewhere,' replied his petitioner, 'but where I cannot recall to mind.'

'Don't you remember that scene in the police court-room years ago when the mother of an innocent boy, who had been falsely accused by you, fell dead with surprise and horror at beholding her son in such a place? Don't you remember William Sanderson?'

The old man uttered a gasping cry and tottered back against the wall.

'Heaven help me!' he moaned. 'for your hour of vengeance has come at last.'

'Can you call on heaven for help?' demanded the merchant. 'The book says, 'With what measures ye mete it shall be measured to you again,' does it not?'

His visitor answered not a word, but appeared entirely overcome with his weight of agony.

William Sanderson rested his head upon his hand a moment in thought.

Then he grasped the papers, and walking to the old man's side passed them in to his hand.

'Take them,' he said, the steely glare in his eye giving place to a softer light; 'take them and destroy them. They are the only evidence of your son's crime.'

The old merchant gave a joyful gasp.

'Do you mean it?' he cried, clutching them firmly.

'I mean so,' replied William Sanderson nervously.

'Then you forgo your vengeance?'

'Yes, I will restore your son to you free from every taint upon his name. I will keep him in my counting-room. I am not afraid to trust him now, for he will be as grateful to me as I should have been to you had you chosen to spare me. Good day.'

And William Sanderson had completed his revenge!

CAPITAL AND INTEREST.—I suppose Eastern capital has done a great deal for this country, said a traveler to a Dakota settler. Oh, I expect it has—least that is what they all say. Haven't you been benefited by it? Well, no, can't say as I have. What has been the trouble. Why, you see, I borrowed $50 of yer Eastern capital when I first came out here, and blamed ef it hasn't kept me humping 'bout's hard as I can hump to raise the $30 each month to pay the interest on it. It has hinder held me back, stranger.

THEY WERE.—Customer—Are those fish fresh?

Fish Dealer—Yes, sir.

Customer—Yes, I guess you are right. They cannot be smelt.

Fish Dealer—There is just where you are mistaken, sir. They are smelt.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

Never let soup boil fast.

Boiled chickens are improved by being stuffed.

Broiled quails are considered nourishing for invalids.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly, add a pinch of salt.

An egg in the dressing of a fowl will make it cut smoothly.

Fowls are stale when the skin can be rubbed off with the finger.

A small piece of glue dissolved in skimmed milk and water will restore old crape.

Rub point lace with powdered magnesia and lay it in the sun for several hours.

Never let soups stand in iron vessels over night, but strain into an earthen vessel.

Blow up through a lamp chimney, not down, to extinguish a lamplight without danger.

Fish fried in oils will have a better color than those fried in lard or drippings.

Spots can be removed from washed goods by rubbing them with the yolk of egg before washing.

A small quantity of fresh-made charcoal, tied in a bag and boiled in a soup, will absorb bad flavors.

In boiling weak soups they should not be covered, as the retention of the steam causes them to weaken more.

Cold rain water and soap will remove machine oil from clothes when other means are not advisable on account of color running.

Something that every house woman wants to know is how to remove a rusty screw: Heat the head of the screw with a hot poker, or any suitable implement, for two or three minutes, when by the use of the screwdriver you will not have any trouble in wresting it from its hiding place.

Marble may be cleaned by the application of a mixture made of one pound of common soda well blended in a half pint of water, one pound powdered pumicestone and one pound finely powdered chalk. Rub over the surface, and the stains will be removed. Then wash off with soap and water.

TO COLLECT THE ODOR OF FLOWERS.—Steep the petals, or flower leaves, in a saucer or flat dish of rain water, and set it in the sun. Let the petals be entirely covered by the water. Let the dish stand undisturbed. Skim carefully the film or essential oil floating on the top, and put into tiny vials. Let the vials remain open until the watery particles are evaporated. A very small portion of this will perfume glove boxes, apparel, etc., and will last a long time.

THE STREETS OF MODERN ROME.

MAKING THE ROUNDS OF THE PLEBEIAN DISTRICT—POVERTY AND LAZINESS.

Modern Rome is a very large subject. It is not embraced in a few broad streets or in the clean-swept corners where the fragments of the past have collected. It can be studied best in quarters where there is no dividing line of past and present, among the homes of the people. It is the Jews' quarter—the Ghetto—that is chiefly visited by the curious and compassionate stranger, but if he will make the rounds of the plebeian district, he will see that filth and dirt heaps are not confined to the streets of the Israelites. Roman men who preserve the wide-spaced eyes and aquiline nose, and women of noble stature, well-turned shoulders and bright black eyes—are grouped about corners as squalid and filthy, and seated on the stones in front of dens as hideous, for a living proof of what is denied by the elegant modern Via Nazionale and the Venti Settembre.

Rome is a city of ashes. The people, the dwellers on the ash-heaps, live along the Tiber, on either bank, between the piazza of St. Peter and Protestant cemetery. They can not support life away from its yellow waters any more than the Neapolitans can lose sight of their gulf. The other Sunday I walked along the river until I came to the square of Consolation. It was so full of men as to be well-nigh impassable—men in all stages of poverty, to judge by their dress, but all in one stage of laziness. The majority of them were provided with tobacco, and all were full of words and gesture, talk of the last lottery ticket, gossip, political criticism, the new bridge, with shouts and laughs accompanying every subject.

A liberal government has cleared the torso of billets, but the spirit of Pasquino lingers among the people, and no one is wittier than the citizen who cracked the last joke on king or pope. They are said to be a degenerate and submissive race, and I suppose it is true that the worthy inhabitants of the Eternal City are cast in bronze or chiseled in marble, but these men, happy and careless (they had been to mass, and it lacked two hours of vespers), impress one as possessing by nature a polite acceptance of destiny, which is better than sneers and complaining. If they talk of King Humbert and the bad weights of bread, it is with a 'I wish he may do better' accent. It is true their politics are only supported by illusions and are not worth very much, but at all events it is interesting to hear what the governed have to say of the authorities.

THE OTHER SIDE.—Speaking of the much abused mother-in-law leads one to wonder whether she has not her grievance also. I saw a poor old woman the other day, who, early left a widow, worked hard during her best years to support an only son. He was a good boy, and repaid her as soon as he could, by becoming a bread-winner in his turn That is, he earned a certain sum weekly which his mother, a superior manager contrived to make enough for their simple wants. They had a pretty little home, well and cozily kept, and my poor friend passed some happy years there before "George" bought home a wife. He was just twenty when this happened Was it reasonable that the displaced mother-in-law should feel quite cordial to the girl who had voluntarily become a burden to a struggling youth? But after the first shock, she resolved to make the best of matters, and, had she found a helper in her new daughter, things might have gone on tolerably well But no; Mrs George brought two unwelcome guest into that hitherto happy home—discontent and idleness; add to this a love of dress and power, and a determination to be "mistress of her own house," and you have the whole story. In less than a year my poor old friend sadly left the home her own industry had made, and went to earn her bread among strangers as a nurse: Her son grieved for her, but poverty, combined with the will of a tyrannical wife left him powerless to alter the unhappy state of things, and so the two were practically parted forever, 'He is not my boy any more,' the mother said sadly 'but his wife's husband; I am alone in the world.' And so she was—she, who had given all her working years for her son, was now desolate. A sad story, is it not? but not, unhappily, an uncommon one.

SHE WOULD RATHER BE A WIDOW.—For nearly a year John Henry's health had been wretched and the physicians finally told him he had only one chance in ten of recovery. He was engaged to be married to a girl in a New England town where men are scarce, and he stopped to see her. She noticed his paleness, but thought it was only overwork and told him how glad she was he was going to have a rest.

Ah, my dear, he sighed, I fear the rest I shall soon get will be forever.

Why, what do you mean, John? she asked in a startled tone.

I mean, dear, that my case is dangerous, and one of my objects in coming to see you was to absolve you from our engagement, for it is not fair to ask you to marry a man whose death is probable at any moment.

Don't talk that way, John, oh, don't! she sobbed, with her head on his shoulder.

But, darling, it is best for you that I should, though Heaven knows that I do it with a breaking heart.

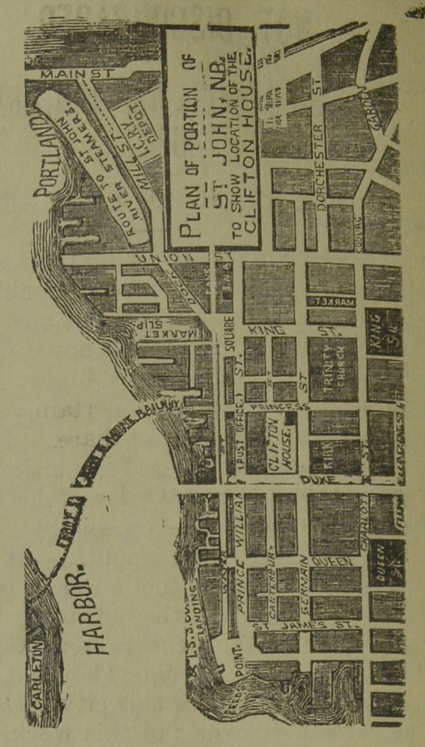
Oh, John! Oh, John! I can't give you up! I won't give you up! as she clung to him convulsively.

Think, dearest, what you are doing. Don't you know that even if we should be married, I might have only a few short weeks to remain on earth and our married life would only be a sorrow and a care to you. Think, dearest, of that!

I have thought, John. I thought of it when you first mentioned the subject, and I'd ever so much rather be a young widow than an old maid.

They were married after all.

ICED DRINKS IN DYSPEPSIA.—And now a few words as to the beverages to be taken. Americans are a dyspeptic people; they drink much iced drinks at meals; ergo, iced drinks at meal times are bad. They may be, when carried to excess; this is not denied. But iced drinks are not the cause of the widespead dyspepsia in the United States. There are other potent factors in action Iced drinks are very grateful to the thirsty, but too much indulgence therein produce a torturing thirst, as the person who indulges in eating snow in the arctic region discovers quickly. Just as snowballing causes the hands first to feel cold and then to glow with heat if continued, so the constant application of an iced fluid to the fauces, at first grateful becomes a source of intense discomfort for the blood vessels are first contracted and ultimately paralyzed, and then the fauces glow with warm blood, like the skin of the snowballer's hands. Iced fluids are not desirable for dyspeptics, to say the least of it. Ordinarily at dinner the ice pudding is followed by a glass of liquor—to correct it. A certain temperature is requisite for disgestion, and too much cold is undesirable.—Fothergill's Indigestion and Billiousness.



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