

NOT TILL DAY IS OVER.

Thou shalt not praise the day till night is falling.
However fair its dawn and noon may be.
 Ofttimes at eventide come storms appalling,
 Setting the lightning and the thunder free.

Thou shalt not blame the day till it is ending.
 Though it has brought thee flood and hurricane;
 Full oft at nightfall comes deep peace, descending
 In sunset gold and roses, glorious gain.

Praise each fair morn that calls thee up from sleeping,
 And through the hot day work with all thy might;
 Then leave the evening hour in heaven's keeping,
 Which sent thy winter cloud and summer light.

—Westminster Gazette, From German.

How the Old Man Outwitted Them.

BE quiet, brats! Don't disturb grandpa," shouted Mrs. Owen to a company of boisterous youngsters, who were evidently celebrating for a festive occasion with tarts and frolics.

"Let them enjoy their childish pranks to-day," said the kind-hearted grandpa, smiling.

"But they trample together the whole carpet, the beads!" screamed Mrs. Owen, on her uppermost treble showing and beating the youthful group out of the room.

"What's the matter? I've never before seen you so angry with the children," said the old man.

"Don't mind the chits. I know well enough how to manage them, if you'd only not interfere."

"Humph!" muttered he, reflectively.

Mr. Owen, who has here been introduced as an old man living with his daughter-in-law, had recently been a wealthy dealer in real estate. Feeling, however, that the strain and turmoil of commercial life was acting injuriously on his superannuated nerves, he set himself to be persuaded by Mr. William Owen, his son, and Mrs. Amelia Bay, his daughter, to retire from business and make them a donation of all his property. On the very morning of

help you may have given us? You ought to feel thankful to my kind husband for taking off your lazy shoulders the burden of conducting your affairs, for which you are mighty unfit, and enabling you to loaf about here to your heart's content—you should be thankful, I tell you, instead of grumbling and sulking all day long like an unnatural parent that you are. An old man like you, already smelling of grave-dirt, should have more sense than that!" and with this she rushed out of the chamber.

For full five minutes after her exit Mr. Owen stood motionless; then he sank down upon a sofa. As if struck by a thunderbolt, his nerves protracted the vision of a furious woman ejecting flaming lava on his trembling heart. For a time—he knew not how long, but it seemed an age—he kept staring at the spot which she had occupied and his mind was utterly bewildered, but gradually and slowly he collected himself and commenced to sift his confused ideas. If he remained passive, he feared he would soon be shown out of the house, even as King Lear was. Yes, his catastrophe was remarkably parallel to that of the King of Britain. His children were exactly Goneril and Regan; but, mused

he no longer a large part of his property, and who knows but what it was the larger part? His ledgers, you know, were in a state of considerable confusion, and he might have kept some two or three hundred thousand dollars without anybody knowing it.

From that time the Owens and the Rays vied with each other in obtaining the good-will and, withal, the good possessions of old Mr. Owen. They deluged him with rare and precious presents, which he would put away nobody knew where; but before long the sagacious Mrs. Owen guessed that he was placing them where he kept his treasure, and that ultimately it would all return to them. They consequently began to bestow attentions on him with greater and greater frequency, waiting for their restoration with more than compound interest. One day he asked for a sum of money which amounted to a moderate fortune. They hesitated, but Mrs. Owen affirmed that she observed he was wanting from day to day, and as this was probably his last probation of them, they would forfeit all by declining to comply with the present request. Still Mr. Bay faltered, but the Owens, "agreeing" to give three-fourths of the sum, the father at last received the money, which went, as Mrs. Owen asserted, to the mysterious place where he hoarded his vast treasures.

Eight months have worn on since the incidents related above, when Mr. Owen's family are gathered near his death-bed. A gloomy hush reigns in the chamber, while all eyes are fixed on the cadaverous, grizzled head on the pillow, whose heavy, irregular inhalation, like the tolling of a funeral knell, heralds the proximity of death. For some time previous, his unrest, together with brief, indistinct exclamations, has shown that his memory has been hovering amid the scenes of his past life. At length his countenance assumes a more placid aspect, his feverish tossing ceases, his inspiration becomes nearly inaudible, and it is evident that the worn man is lingeringly dying. Softly, softly, he is lulled to rest. Mrs. Owen, having caught his lusterless eye, leaps in her gentlest notes:

"Dearest papa, haven't you, perhaps, something on your mind that you'd like to impart on such a moment, that your undoubted hopes of coming comfort and bliss have made you forget—something, for instance, touching a will?"

"The half-dead features suddenly gleam up, the emigrant from the temporal world, forcibly struggling a few steps back from the boundaries of dissolution, raises himself in bed, and even something very like a sad smile crosses his withered lips.

"Tes—ta—ment," stammers he, with his last breath, "testament at— at Mr. Du—Duban's."

Mrs. Owen, highly displeased that the testament should be in a stranger's hands, although Mr. Duban is an old friend of the Owens, makes a wry face; but it is of no use protesting, for old Mr. Owen is dead.

Hardly, however, had the corpse grown cold, when both pious couples hurried away to Mr. Duban's.

"To what happy luck," met them that gentleman, "am I indebted for the pleasure of receiving such worthy guests? I hope my good old comrade is better?"

"We have come for 'his will,'" vociferated the flushed Mrs. Owen.

"Our loved father has departed this morning," said Mrs. Bay.

"Mr. Owen dead! And you here about the will so soon?"

"We'll hear a sermon next Sunday, but now we demand our father's testament," Mrs. Owen said impatiently.

Without another word, Mr. Duban fetched a large sealed envelope and, with the concurrence of his visitors, unclosing it, took out a neatly folded sheet of paper in which he read as follows: "In the name of God, Amen!

"I deem it unnecessary to proceed in the legal style of a last will and testament, as what I have to bestow will probably be accounted of cheap value by the legatees; it is no more, indeed, than dearly bought advice. The best mode for impressing and emphasizing this advice is, I think, by relating the circumstances by which I acquired it myself. When I perceived that my children were getting tired of me and disposed to treat me harshly, I resigned myself to the Most Merciful, humbly and devoutly imploring Him to protect and direct me in my helpless old age. While thus praying one midday with more than usual fervor, because I had just undergone a great indignity, I was suddenly struck by an excellent idea—at the time I thought it an apocalypse. Obeying the heaven-sent counsel, I borrowed a hundred dollars from a croup of mine, Mr. Duban, and purchased a handsome suit of clothes and prepared to move out, thus making my daughter-in-law believe that the poor old sugar-maple was not yet thoroughly drained. Thanks to heaven, the plan succeeded perfectly. I was not only respected and afforded every enjoyment, but was showered with sums of money and other gifts—all of which I have bequeathed to the Home for Old Men.

"The moral of my tale is a warning to everybody, to get to part with his estate while the sun yet keep the body. Pardoning my children and their spouses for whatever offenses they have committed against me, and bestowing on them my warmest blessings, I, N. OWEN."

Followed by Mr. Duban's, staring glances and unbecomingly, she disappeared company went back dignified and demurely to the Owen mansion. On gaining which, Mrs. Owen heaved a deep sigh and ejaculated:

"What a cunning old fox it was!"—The Heartstone.

OLD FAVORITES

Lassa.
It's all very well to write reviews,
And carry umbrellas and keep dry shoes,
And say what every one's saying here,
And wear what every one else must wear;
But to-night I'm sick of the whole affair,
I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the center after the cattle.
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The melody of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath, and the blue above;
And dash and danger, and life and love,
And Lassa!

Lassa used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side.
With blue serape and bright-bellied spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds—
An Ave Maria suited her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Sabal's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow,
From her little head to her little feet.

She was swayed in her supple neck to an
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather
Is like this Lassa, 'tis love of mine.
She was slight in every limb,
With a feeling to the fingertips;
And when the sun is like a die,
And sky one-shining soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

Why did I leave the fresh and the free,
That suited her and suited me?
Listen while, and you will see;
But this be sure—in earth or air,
God and God's laws are everywhere,
And Nemesis comes with a foot as fleet
On the Texas trail as in Regent street.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side and quite forgot;
Forgot the herd that were making their
rest.
Forgot that the air was close oppress,
That the Texas further comes sudden
and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of moon;
That once let the herd at its breath take
fright,
Nothing on earth can stop their flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the
steed,
Who fall in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I spring to my saddle without a word.
One foot on mine, and she clung behind,
Away on a wild chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall
hear how we fared.

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande,
The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have
but one:
Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your
horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your
chance;
And, if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your stars; if not, good-
bye.

To the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I
felt
For my six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came
we,
Clinging together, and—what was the
rest?

A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise,
Lassa was dead.

I hollowed a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to
sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter
snows;

For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals o'er her head;
And I wonder why I do not care;
For things that are like the things that
were.

Does half my life lie buried there?
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?
—Frank Deppa.

SUBSTITUTES FOR TEA.
Leaves found in the American Woods
that have served well.

Many substitutes for tea can be
found in any ordinary woods, says the
Washington Star. The most is not a
new one, for many country folks made
use of the substitutes in the days
when the luxury of Chinese tea was
not so easily afforded as now. Before
the Revolution, when the colonists
were in a turmoil over the stamp
taxes, it was considered unpatriotic
to drink tea that had paid tribute to
the government, and the so-called "her-
bary tea" was the popular drink.

The robe-leaved loose-leaf tea, so
doubt, the herb from which the
beverage was made, possibly with the
aid of various other herbs. This plant
grows to two or three feet and may be
recognized by its simple, upright
stem, upon which the leaves are set
in whorls of four or five, the yellow,
starlike flowers being produced on
long, slender stalks from near the
base of the leaves. It is common to
almost every woodland. The leaves
of the New Jersey tea, a low bush
which grows everywhere in dry wood-
lands, and bears in June and July a
profusion of delicate white blooms,
was also extensively used during the

Revolution. An infusion of the leaves
boils a bright amber color, and in
looks is as attractive as the real bever-
age, but the taste, though astringent,
is by no means lively.

Some effort has been recently made
in commercial circles to revive the use
of this plant as a substitute for tea.
The leaves are said to contain about
10 per cent of tannin. Hemlock leaves
and those of the arbor vitae have
played an important part in the mak-
ing of rustic tea. The arbor vitae is
a tree that grows wild in great abun-
dant in northern woods, and the
old-time Maine lumbermen used fre-
quently to resort to its leaves for tea
when other herbage failed them for
the purpose. It was thought to be
very invigorating.

The leaves of the wintergreen, a
small plant, whose bright red berries,
about the size of peas, are sold on the
streets under the name of teaberry,
have long been used for tea. From
this it takes the name by which it is
known in Pennsylvania. New Eng-
landers for some unknown reason call
it checkerberry. The foliage is very
aromatic, and people who like a dash
of spiciness in their drink have some-
times added its flavor to real tea.

It is near of kin and similar in taste
to the creeping snowberry, a small,
delicate vine, abundant in the great
bogs and mossy woods of the north
and Alleghany regions, and this is
also approved by mountain palates as
a substitute for tea. Thoreau, in "The
Maine Woods," tells of his Indian
guide bringing it into camp one night
and recommending it as the best of all
substitutes for tea. "It has a slight
checkerberry flavor," he records, "and
we both agree that it was better than
the black tea we had brought. We
thought it a discovery and that it
might be dried and sold in the shops."

Better known as a tea plant is the
Labrador tea, or the ledum latifolia
of the botanists, which grows in cold
bogs and mountain woods from Penn-
sylvania northward. The leaves,
which emit a slight, not unpleasant
fragrance when bruised, are tough
and leathery and covered with a rusty
brown wool. Steeped, they give a
wild, gummy flavor to hot water, and
the drink resulting suggests a poor
grade of black tea.

Sweet fern, which is such an abun-
dant growth everywhere on sterile
hillsides and by mountain roads, is an-
other famous tea plant, often known
as "mountain tea." In the War of
the Rebellion its use for tea was par-
ticularly prevalent in the Southern
States, and many a Southern lady who
was reared in luxury was reduced to
drinking this poor substitute for her
favorite Oolong or flowery Pekoe.

The foliage and flowers of all the
golden rods are impregnated with an
astringent principle and are moder-
ately stimulant, so that their suitability
for the manufacture of a domestic tea
was recognized by the American col-
onists as long ago as when George
III. was king over them. One species,
the fragrant-leaved golden rod, known
sometimes as Blue Mountain tea, pos-
sesses, in addition, the flavor of licor-
ice. Drunk piping hot in the wilder-
ness, it makes a pleasant feature in
the camper's limited menu. This es-
pecial kind of golden rod begins to
bloom quite early in the summer and
is easy of recognition, even by the
non-botanical, because of the licorice
perfume which the leaves give out
when rubbed. It is a very common
species in the pine barrens of Jersey.

The astringent quality, in a greater or
less degree, is possessed by nearly all
these plants. They also contain con-
siderable tannic acid in their make-up.
These two qualities go far to make tea
the popular beverage it is.

Saved for the Fish Trade.
The fish man drove into the yard a
few days after the new summer resi-
dents had taken possession of their
home, and seeing an open door he
stepped in and confronted the mis-
tress of the house.

"Gettin' settled, I s'pose," he said
agreeably, allowing his gaze to wan-
der from two half-unpacked trunks to
a table loaded with miscellaneous arti-
cles. "Well, take your time, take your
time; there's plenty of it up here! I
understand your husband's a doctor, is
n't he?"

"Yes, he is," said the summer resi-
dent, who in spite of warnings from
city neighbors that she had better dis-
play no haughtiness of spirit under
questioning, was unable to put much
cordiality into her tone.

"Well, now, I com' near bein' a
doctor," said the fish man, still with
a wandering gaze. "My folks wanted
I should be one, all exceptin' of an
abun' that had money, and was look-
in' to help me out financially if I took
up with a profession. She spent one
summer here, and she made a regular
study of my character an' parts, and
at the end of the season she up an' told
my folks that 'twouldn't do, I
must go into business."

"That boy has got too much intel-
lect to be here away on a doctor," she
said; those were her very words. Now
how would you like a couple o' good
mackerel all sit up an' ready for the
bri'llies?—Youth's Companion.

A Striker.
Blubs—Of course, you never struck
a man when he was down?
Bobbs—Well, yes; my rich uncle
was down to our house yesterday and
I struck him for '35.—Philadelphia
Bulletin.

What's in These Names?
The Japanese words for Kuraki,
the Japanese general, mean "black
tree," while the Japanese words for
Kuropatka, the Russian general,
mean "black pigeon."

His satanic majesty never offers to
go into partnership with a busy man.

A DETHRONED MONARCH.

In his "Frontier Sketches," James
Steele, writing of the days when the
buffalo still roamed the plains, tells
of a pathetic incident of which he was
the witness. Mr. Steele, resting on
a little hill at no great distance from
a feeding herd, noticed a scarred and
shaggy old buffalo, which stood on
the outskirts of the group.

He was a big old fellow, the hero
of many a fight, but it was evident
that now he had been defeated in
battle and that his rule was ended.
Reluctant to accept the fact, he hung
about his former subjects, pretending
to eat. The herd was busy cropping
the grass with a continual rasping
sound, and utterly ignoring the pres-
ence of their former king.

Presently a young calf came out
toward the solitary grazer; a mislu-
ck and foolish slip of a buffalo, with
his little black nose all wet and
wrinkled. Curiosity and inexperience
had moved him to come to his father,
and the two touched noses amiably.
As he encouraged, the veteran edged
a little nearer the herd. Then a strong
young bull made a sudden approach,
giving utterance to certain ominous
groans and snortings. The solitary
one stopped chewing and the antagon-
ists faced.

The old boy straightened out his
whisker of a tail to a line with his back,
gathered his four black hoofs together,
arched his spine and stood shaking his
huge front. He was old and lame,
but he never faltered. The young bull
came on slowly, twisting his tail in
circles as grand as that small organ
could compass. His eyes rolled in
redness and his nostrils were distend-
ed. Whack! The two curly foreheads
came together. There was a long,
straining push in which every tendon
seemed stretched to the utmost. The
vigorous thrust was followed by an
easing off for another collision.

Such dead set of strength could not
last long. The old crusader's foot
slipped. There was a sudden lunge, a
spring forward, and the horn of the
young bull raked upward through his
antagonist's flank. Again and again
the buffalo tried to make his old ward
of head to head, but in vain. With
the agony of defeat in his eyes and
the blood flowing from his wounds, he
still refused to be conquered. Flung,
with falling strength, open-mouthed,
with hanging tongue and pitifully
panting, he stood motionless, unable
to fight, unwilling to retreat.

The others came about him and added their
scornful snorts and digs to his humili-
ation. There he stood, whipped and
sullen, but still obstinate.

The other buffaloes gradually dropped
away, leaving him once more alone.
Then the little calf pounced up with
arched back and elevated tail. And
gave his venerable parent to under-
stand in plain terms that he held him-
self in readiness to give him a tremen-
dous drubbing. It was exasperat-
ing to see this young hulkop imi-
tate its seniors. The poor old veteran
did not so much as blink.

Then his calfship poked his foolish
head with a considerable tramp
against the old one's nose. But it
hurt him and he ambled off to his
mother. This old buffalo seemed not
to notice his babyish persecutor, but I
suspect it broke his heart. He turned
sorrowfully, and slowly slumped
away.

Took the First Tow.
The late John H. Hamline, of Chi-
cago, was one of the foremost advo-
cates of civil service reform in that
city, says the Outlook, and was in-
strumental in securing the passage of
the law that established the merit sys-
tem there. Although the mayor who
appointed the first civil service com-
mission was notoriously hostile to the
measure, and planned to render it use-
less, Mr. Hamline did not hesitate to
accept a place on it.

"How can you compromise with the
opposition," he was asked, "by getting
on a commission like that, which will
have no power?"

"When I am going anywhere," he
replied, "I do not wait for a star. I
hitch my cart to anything which hap-
pens to be going my way."

It is worthy of note that having
climbed aboard his cart, he neglected,
to the mayor's amazement, to keep it
straight in the path of municipal re-
form, and made the law effective,
despite all opposition.

Miss Gentry's Curious Hat.
Miss Gentry has in her collection a
ladies' hat which is strictly an "agri-
cultural product." The body of the hat
is vegetable, cream lace; the trimming
is flowers made of grass rope and corn
husks, parti-colored, and ribbons of
cotton batting, natural color, the
whole ornamented with peacock feath-
ers. The gourd takes a beautiful
finish. And Miss Gentry has finished
and ornamented her collection so as to
make it exceedingly attractive, as well
as instructive. She has a banjo made
out of a gourd and covered with buck-
skin, and on a large sugar gourd is a
bar of music of the old negro real,
"Sugar in the Gourd." One who is
familiar with the old-time negro
would associate with it "Habibi, in de
Pea Patch," and the old-time cotton
picking and corn shucking and the
dance at night in the cabin on the
puncheon floor, or the summer time
negro dancin' in the moonlight on the
lawn.

It is unfortunate that this lady's
woman has in a worthless husband
can't be cashed at a grocery store.

If you get corn on the cob, don't ag-
gravate your offense by making a mes-
sage up in it.



HE WAS DRESSED IN A COSTLY NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

the day on which the foregoing colloquy was held a notary public had acknowledged the deed which Mr. Owen, as he was now complacently rocking his armchair, thought had freed him, once and for all, from the apparently endless, exhausting labor attendant on maintaining and advancing the repute of a modern large businesshouse. Having ever been treated by his children with high deference, and reposing entire confidence in their sincere magnanimity, and, as he fancied, their repeatedly tried filial devotion, he was certain of living henceforth as unconcernedly and happily as a dove, until, like the noisy river which may be traced to the tranquil rillet, his dizzy, restless life should expire in calm felicity and undisturbed meditation.

These were his anticipations when the sullen, arrogant tones of his daughter-in-law's replica, contrasting with her former gentleness and lovingness, surprised him disagreeably, and all at once he recollected the story of King Lear. His fanciful day-dreams vanished instantaneously, and, notwithstanding his severe efforts to the contrary, the appalling tale of that hapless monarch haunted him so distantly that he went and took from the household library that famous drama of the bard of Avon. Its perusal, was scarcely calculated to serve as a soothing balm in his present situation, and he wished that it were yet morning and a certain act undone.

Nor were his apprehensions to be unfulfilled. Day after day his children's behavior became more and more gross and imperious, while their concerns reached an alarming degree. Coming one afternoon to the library for King Lear, which, recognizing the masterly insight of its author, he now read almost daily, he found the door locked. He inquired of Mrs. Owen what was the matter, saying he desired the tragedy of King Lear. She returned crestfallen, "that she did not care to have the books dog-eared and shabby; besides," she continued sarcastically, "he might spoil his eyes, if not also his mind, by reading so much."

"My mind must have been in disorder for quite a time," rejoined he, "since I made a certain deed of gift."

"What! Ingrate!" Mrs. Owen burst out in a terrible rage. "Is this the way you reward me for lending you the famous old poems? Is not our house your home and dining room?"

he, shivering, "I have no Cordelia!" He could not therefore expect any counsel or suggestion from that book; he must think out his own course. After contemplating and pondering for half an hour, he seemed suddenly to have been afflicted. His countenance beamed up and he arose with an expiration which was at once a sigh and a smile; his way lay open before him.

"I've given the old man a pretty good scolding to-day," said Mrs. Owen to her spouse on the following evening.

"Did you?" snuffed the dutiful son, languidly.

"To be sure I did. He has grown unbearably morose and overbearing. I am minded to have him move out."

At this moment the object of their discourse expired. He was dressed in a costly new suit of clothes, and on his lips fluttered a most benignant smile.

"Dear children," said he, sweetly, "I've hired an apartment, where I intend to move to-night, and have come to say good-by."

"What!" gasped the worthy couple, simultaneously; "what's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter. Only, I presume that the presence of an aged man like me must make young folks uncomfortable, and as Providence has mercifully seen fit to provide me with the means, I propose not to intrude myself on you any further."

A thought flashed across Mrs. Owen's shrewd mind, which she immediately whispered to her consort, and instantly they were both on their knees before the hoary father, and plunged into violent entreaties of pardon and promises of repentance. He listened with equanimity, and, after multiplied supplications and importunities, was prevailed on to stay, saying, however, with a wistful smile, that "if at any time they think they'd rather live without him, they have merely to say so, and he will depart with all his belongings." When hearing the last few words Mrs. Owen nudged her husband, and then almost fell in a fainting fit, declaring it would henceforth be the business of her life to nurse and cheer her dear papa.

Coming the next day on a visit to the Owen family, Mrs. Amelia Bay was informed by her sister-in-law of the proceedings of last night.

"But I don't quite see the reason of your affecting such obsequious respect for the dotard."

"You are simple-minded indeed. Where could he get money to buy such a suit of clothes and his lodgings, had

he not retained a large part of his property, and who knows but what it was the larger part? His ledgers, you know, were in a state of considerable confusion, and he might have kept some two or three hundred thousand dollars without anybody knowing it."

From that time the Owens and the Rays vied with each other in obtaining the good-will and, withal, the good possessions of old Mr. Owen. They deluged him with rare and precious presents, which he would put away nobody knew where; but before long the sagacious Mrs. Owen guessed that he was placing them where he kept his treasure, and that ultimately it would all return to them. They consequently began to bestow attentions on him with greater and greater frequency, waiting for their restoration with more than compound interest.

One day he asked for a sum of money which amounted to a moderate fortune. They hesitated, but Mrs. Owen affirmed that she observed he was wanting from day to day, and as this was probably his last probation of them, they would forfeit all by declining to comply with the present request.

Still Mr. Bay faltered, but the Owens, "agreeing" to give three-fourths of the sum, the father at last received the money, which went, as Mrs. Owen asserted, to the mysterious place where he hoarded his vast treasures.

Eight months have worn on since the incidents related above, when Mr. Owen's family are gathered near his death-bed. A gloomy hush reigns in the chamber, while all eyes are fixed on the cadaverous, grizzled head on the pillow, whose heavy, irregular inhalation, like the tolling of a funeral knell, heralds the proximity of death.

For some time previous, his unrest, together with brief, indistinct exclamations, has shown that his memory has been hovering amid the scenes of his past life. At length his countenance assumes a more placid aspect, his feverish tossing ceases, his inspiration becomes nearly inaudible, and it is evident that the worn man is lingeringly dying.

Softly, softly, he is lulled to rest. Mrs. Owen, having caught his lusterless eye, leaps in her gentlest notes:

"Dearest papa, haven't you, perhaps, something on your mind that you'd like to impart on such a moment, that your undoubted hopes of coming comfort and bliss have made you forget—something, for instance, touching a will?"