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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping;
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's
charms,
In sorrow weeping.
Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,
And o'er it languish;
Years brought me back—) through her tears
she smiled,
In deep anguish.
I left her—years had vanished—I returned,
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned,
Grief's mantle o'er her.
In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying;
And I returned again in after years
And found her dying.
An infant first, and then a maiden fair—
A wife, a mother—
And then a childless widow in despair—
Thus met a brother.
And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,
To meet, O, never!
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

CHAPTER IV.

Like many other robberies, that of the Cheadlewoods set at defiance all methods of official inquiry, though their niece had now no doubt in her mind that the Count was the robber. Curiously enough, she had a communication from him. One dark night the house-bell rang feebly, and when Mrs. Rasper answered the summons, a boy put a parcel into her hands and instantly disappeared. The packet was addressed to Miss Cheadlewood, and on opening it Mopsy found a small box, and carefully placed within it was the watch which had been her father's. No word of explanation accompanied the packet. The poor girl was very thankful to have this possession restored to her, and glad, too, of the proof that there is honor amongst thieves.

Time, however, at length exerted its benign influence in favor of Margery. Robert's friendship was becoming so precious that it helped her to forget her disappointment in the Count, and to bear with patience the harshness and suspicion with which her uncles treated her. This treatment, more especially on the part of Jonathan, was almost more than she could with patience submit to; and only the sense of her utter helplessness if driven homeless upon the world of London prevented her on many occasions from bitterly resenting his insinuating and hurtful remarks.

But while Margery was thus suffering from the hard-hearted, unsympathetic treatment of her relatives, Robert Ware was suffering, too; for he was a daily witness to the cold, sneering manner of Jonathan Cheadlewood towards her. Had she been any one but the niece of his employer—had she been in a like position with himself—he would long since have asked her to be his, to go with him for ever out of these ungenial surroundings.

While he was undergoing this conflict of suppressed feeling, a circumstance happened one day which forced things suddenly out of their state of quiescence, and necessitated a different line of conduct on his part.

Margery had seated herself one morning in the room where he worked, in order to do some copying, when he observed that she was paler than usual, and evidently suffering. For some time she worked on silently, and then all at once tossed her pen on the desk, and announced her inability to do more that morning, so much was she affected by headache and a general feeling of illness. Robert advised her to put on her bonnet and go out into the open air for an hour. Mr. Jonathan Cheadlewood was absent on business, and would not be back for a few hours.

She had not been gone very long when Mr. Jonathan unexpectedly returned. He entered the room—looked about—went over to where his niece had been engaged—saw that her work was unfinished—and tossing the papers, which he had lifted, back upon the table, angrily demanded of the clerk where she was.

"Miss Cheadlewood did not feel well, and I advised her to go out for a little into the open air."

"You advised her?" said Jonathan, with something more than his usual bitterness. "Who authorized you to advise what was contrary to my instructions?"

Robert did not answer.

"Do you hear me? I ask, who gave you authority to interfere with my arrangements? She has been three days over this paper, and here it is still unfinished! And yet you would advise her to run away and leave it! Are you not ashamed of yourself, sir, after all my brother and I have done for you? I suppose you would rather fritter away your time in making love to this useless, penniless brat, than attend to your employers' interests."

The worthy clerk for the first time in all his communications with the Cheadlewoods, felt his temper giving way. "I do not think, sir," said he, "that I merit this rebuke at your hand. I am fully conscious of the favors you have done me, and am grateful for them; but I could not see the young lady suffer as she evidently did without suggesting some remedy, and I am sure she will make up for it when she returns."

"When she returns? It would be no grief to me if she never did return; though apparently it might be to you, who are possibly making love to the girl for the sake of the money you may think she will inherit. But you are

mistaken; no daughter of such a father will ever touch a penny of my brother's money or mine."

"Sir," said Robert, "this is an insult which I do not deserve. It would ill become me, as your servant, to make such advances to your niece as you insinuate; and I would rather quit your employment at once than submit to such base reflections on my character."

"Your character? What character did you ever have but what the Cheadlewoods gave you? But pray do not remain here a moment longer than you choose. Go; and take her with you if you like."

At this moment, as chance would have it, his brother Barnabas entered the room; and close behind him was Margery. She had heard the conclusion of the quarrel, and only too readily guessed that she was the cause of it.

Barnabas looked at his brother without speaking. The latter was wild with passion, and upbraided his brother in rude terms for ever harboring this "American oaf," as he called his niece, about their house. Barnabas, at no time a very patient man, and whose state of health rendered him less capable of self-control than was his wont, gradually became irritated to such a degree by his brother's taunts and menaces, that at one time the two onlookers were afraid of immediate and serious consequences. And there is no saying but some catastrophe might have ensued—for both were passionate men, and neither had been living very agreeably with the other of late—had not Barnabas suddenly reeled against the wall, as if struck by an unseen hand, and the next moment fallen insensible on the floor.

Robert, who had instantly hurried out for aid, speedily returned accompanied by a physician who lived in the same street, who no sooner saw the patient than he pronounced it a case of paralysis, and took instant measures for his recovery. In this he was partially successful, though he held out no hope of ultimate recovery; and having seen the patient conveyed to his room and placed on his bed, he gave Margery instructions as to the treatment to be observed, and departed.

His brother Jonathan had at first been struck with consternation by what had happened; and after the doctor had left he repaired to his room and shut himself in. Robert Ware, meanwhile, sat listlessly at his desk, pondering over all that had occurred. He did not, now that he was calmer, wish to act hastily on Mr. Jonathan Cheadlewood's order of dismissal; nor could he bring himself to leave the house without again seeing Margery. While he thus remained in a state of uncertainty, Mrs. Rasper entered the room, and, without speaking a word, placed a note on the desk before him. It was addressed in the well-known crabbed handwriting of Mr. Jonathan Cheadlewood:

"SIR—After your conduct towards me today, it is impossible that you can longer be retained in the service of this firm; but in order that no undue advantage may be taken of you, it is at your pleasure to continue with us for a month longer, when you will understand that your engagement with us must definitely come to an end.

JONATHAN CHEADLEWOOD."

Robert's natural impulse, as he crushed the letter in his hand, was to quit the house that moment, never to return; but just then he felt the touch of a soft hand upon his shoulder.

It was Margery. At a glance he saw that she was much moved, and the same glance also showed how changed her appearance had suddenly become. Her face was pale and anxious, and instead of that play of merry roguish light which once kindled in her eyes, there was the soft subdued luster of unrest. She was the first to speak.

"You are not going away?" she said.

"Yes, Miss Cheadlewood," replied Robert. "I must go. I could not stay longer with self-respect."

"But, indeed, you shall not leave us. I will go to my uncle and plead for you. I alone am to blame for all of this; and you shall not suffer so for me. Oh," she cried, "that I had never come to this house! My life, like my poor father's, seems destined to misery and disappointment. Do not you add to that misery by leaving me also." And she leant her arm upon the desk and sobbed bitterly.

Such distress in one he so deeply loved was more than Robert could resist. He seized her hand, and in a few hurried words had breathed out to her the passion of his heart, a passion suppressed throughout all these weary yet delightful months. "Margery," he continued—and his voice was tremulous with emotion—"I was poor, and therefore dare not speak of love, and I am poorer to-day than ever. Forgive what I have said, and let us part in peace."

He still retained the hand, which, in truth, she was in no haste to withdraw; and as she lifted her eyes to his, Robert Ware saw that his love was returned. "Though you were poor as Lazarus," she said, "I could go with you to the world's end."

It was the old story. Love in young hearts is never more triumphant than when the owners of these hearts are beset with difficulties real or imagined; and with these two lovers, it was no mere fanciful sorrow that thus gave zest to their passion; for both were poor, and both were desolate and unfriended; and at this moment they but drank, in conscious companionship together, that cup of sweet and deep affection which till now they had been content to sip in silence and isolation.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the scene. It is sufficient to state that the result of their interview was that Robert decided, at the special request of Margery, to take advantage of the month's notice which old Jonathan had given him; and they were hopeful that in the interval they might be able to arrange matters that when he left the

employment of the Cheadlewoods, she, too, would go with him.

But now the Cheadlewoods were to learn the true value of their niece. Mopsy could not be said to have much love for her stricken relative; but a sense of duty, mingled with pity for his sad state, incited her to serve him to the utmost. The experience gained during her father's illness had taught her to perform skillfully the duties of a sick room. With a woman's tender care and self-forgetfulness she ministered at his bedside, and watched the feeble sufferer, till at last, within ten days of the first attack, the weary struggle was over, and piodding hands and scheming brain were for ever stilled in death.

One of the first things which Mr. Jonathan Cheadlewood did after his brother's illness assumed a form that beyond all doubt promised to be fatal was to open his brother's safe and his other repositories, in order to ascertain whether or not he had executed a will. But his most diligent searches for such a document were, to his intense satisfaction, fruitless.

On the funeral day of his brother the office, though closed to outward semblance, was not really so; for Jonathan had returned in the afternoon to his accustomed seat in his business-room; and Robert Ware was engaged in arranging the papers of the deceased partner and making up an inventory of them for the surviving representative of the firm. While so occupied, the door-bell rang; and in a few minutes Mrs. Rasper, in a rusty black gown that had done funeral duty twenty years before at the last obsequies of the deceased Mr. Rasper, ushered a little wry-necked man into the room, whom Robert knew to be a neighboring solicitor, of whose ability to do "sharp" things the brothers Cheadlewood had long entertained a reverential and emulous admiration. Mr. Windup, for that was his name, requesting to know if Mr. Cheadlewood was at leisure, as he desired a few minutes' conference with him, was ushered by Robert into his master's room, and was about to withdraw when Mr. Windup, to his astonishment, requested the clerk to remain.

"I regret," began Mr. Windup, addressing Mr. Cheadlewood, "that the death of my dear friend, your late lamented brother, should have necessitated this intrusion on your privacy at a time when the sacredness of grief is—necessitates—that is, calls for other—for thoughts of a different kind."

It was evident that Mr. Windup was accustomed to the Chadband type of oratory, and could better have recited for an hour the heads of a process, or dictated a dozen affidavits of bankruptcy, than spoken five minutes on any subject that called for expressions of human sympathy or grief. Unfortunately, there were no "forms" of funeral condolences in his law-books, and Mr. Windup's knowledge of life or letters did not extend beyond these.

To this speech Mr. Jonathan Cheadlewood murmured, rather than spoke, some words of reply; but what they were could only be guessed. Mr. Windup then continued:

"But duty, friend Cheadlewood, is duty; and as your late lamented brother—this seemed to be a phrase on which the speaker rather prided himself, for with a slight cough he repeated it—"your late lamented brother was good enough to honor me with his confidence in certain matters of business, in the performance of which it was my privilege to draw up for him a testamentary disposition, it is now my duty to lay the terms of that disposition before you." And as he spoke, he slowly drew from an inside receptacle of his great coat a roll of parchment duly taped and sealed.

Mr. Jonathan Cheadlewood stared blankly at him for a few seconds, as if considering with himself whether he dreamed or not. "A—what?" he murmured, as if speaking to himself—"a will?"

"Yes, Mr. Cheadlewood," said Mr. Windup, bowing, "that is what I mean to indicate—it is his will—the will of the late Mr. Barnabas Cheadlewood, bachelor."

"That cannot be," said Jonathan, excitedly and rising to his feet. "My brother never acquainted me of any such document, and I am sure he would not have arranged his affairs without consulting me."

"That may be, Mr. Cheadlewood," replied Mr. Windup, calmly—"may very well be; and nothing more proper between two gentlemen who so long and so honorably carried on the business of their profession together"—and here Mr. Windup bowed again. He was clearly bent on being complimentary to his brother professional. Without giving Mr. Cheadlewood time to reply, he proceeded: "But, as I already said, since your late lamented brother placed this matter in my hands, I have only a simple duty to perform; and when that is performed, I hope you, sir, will have no occasion to find fault with the manner in which it has been executed."

This was a very ingenious conclusion, and might convey whatever meaning Mr. Cheadlewood should please to put upon it. The latter was apparently disposed to construe it in an agreeable sense, for he bowed, and asked Mr. Windup, for the first time, to be seated.

Mr. Windup took the proffered chair, and setting his hat upon the table, suggested that still another person had better be present to witness the reading of the will, and further suggested that this person should be Miss Margery Cheadlewood. Mr. Jonathan nodded his acquiescence in this; and Robert Ware, who had hitherto stood a silent listener to what had passed, rang the bell and requested Mrs. Rasper to convey the message to Miss

Cheadlewood. In a short time she appeared; and after paying his respects to her, Mr. Windup in a few words explained the nature of his business, and proceeded to read the contents of the will.

Margery turned her eyes listlessly upon him. She cared little to hear the contents of the document. She was looking pale and wan, and her eyes were red with recent tears, for she was weakened by her arduous service in the sick-room, and felt keenly the gloom of this day which recalled the memory of a sorer bereavement. Robert Ware regarded her with anxiety, and longed to cheer her. Indeed, his mind was so occupied with Margery as Mr. Windup broke the seal, and began to read, that he scarcely noted the words with which the will commenced, and listened like one in a dream, till the startling words fell upon his ears: "I devise and bequeath all the residue of my real and personal property to my clerk, Robert Ware, a young man for whom I have a high regard, solely on condition that he shall marry my niece, Margery Cheadlewood, the daughter of my deceased brother, Silas Cheadlewood, within twelve months of my demise."

It would be difficult to say which of the three listeners was most startled by these words.

Jonathan Cheadlewood seemed as if choking, and involuntarily gasped for breath. "Most extraordinary!" he ejaculated—"most extraordinary! What could Barnabas mean by it? He could not have known what he was doing; that attack must have been coming on when he wrote this. He was never one to take such fancies in his head. When," demanded he sharply of Mr. Windup—"when was this deed executed?"

"About two months before the attack which ended in his death."

At these words, Mr. Jonathan Cheadlewood, hissing some ejaculation between his teeth, rose and walked out of the room, without exchanging another word.

What further passed between Mr. Windup and the two whom his message had thus rendered more wealthy, if not more happy, would little interest the reader; and what passed between these two after Mr. Windup had taken his leave of them, any sagacious reader may guess.

Margery and Robert were soon afterwards happily married. Jonathan Cheadlewood always grudged his niece her money, and was horrified at the extravagance which the young pair displayed in hiring a pretty little house at Brixton. But in spite of his imprudence, as Mr. Jonathan deemed it, Ware did well in his profession, and won for himself an honorable position.

Of Margery's old friend the Count, nothing was heard till some years later, when Robert, reading in the newspapers an account of the capture of a notorious burglar, who had been concerned in many extensive and mysterious robberies, learned that at one time the thief had been compelled to seek refuge in New York, and whilst there had passed himself off as a reduced foreigner of distinguished family, assuming the title of Count Grimaldi.

Jonathan Cheadlewood toiled on in the old fashion, saving and extorting to the utmost farthing, till at length came for him also, and suddenly as in the case of his brother, the perforated rest; and with it his money, like that of his brother, passed into the hands of his niece and her husband, who did more good with it in one year than he had done in all the years of his miserable life.

[FINIS.]

The Squirrel Crossing Water.

A correspondent writes to *Nature*: "Never having heard of a squirrel taking to the water, I send you the following authentic communication. I had heard the story told by another person, and thinking it of sufficient interest, I requested her to get it in detail from the lady under whose personal observation it had come. It was as follows: "When rowing two ladies down Loch Veil, one afternoon last August, I observed what looked like a little stripe of red brown fur in the middle of the loch. On coming nearer we saw that it was a squirrel swimming across, its tail flat on the water. We then heard its claws scratching on the side of the boat, and to our surprise the little bedraggled sprite appeared on the bow of the boat. It was evidently tired, for it sat quite still, staring at us and panting. I rowed on toward the shore, hoping to be able to ferry it across, but after a few minutes it scrambled down to the water again and resumed its journey, probably frightened at the sight of the collie dog who was in the boat. We watched it swimming till it looked like a small speck close to the shore, but lost sight of it before it landed."

Why Ice Breaks Down Trees.

A gentleman recently had his curiosity aroused, while the trees were covered thickly with ice, as to the relative weight of the ice and the wood it surrounded. So he cut off a limb and found that it weighed two and three-quarter pounds; after the ice was melted it weighed two ounces. Two hours later another trial was made: at first the limb weighed four and one-half pounds; after the ice was removed it weighed three ounces. Another trial showed a weight of thirty-two pounds, while the limb alone weighed two pounds, making thirty pounds of ice.

—Thomas Hughes writes that he will return to his Rugby (Tenn.) colony early in the spring and build a house for himself there.

—An insurance company has been formed in Prussia to insure against loss of hogs by trichina.

Ear-Breathing Barbers.

We do not put half enough confidence in nature. She has shown us in a thousand ways that she can be trusted. When anything new is needed—such as a new kind of bug to devour potatoes, or a new and deadly animalcule to infest pork—she produces it. And yet when we perceive that there is an immediate want of something, our first impulse is to try to supply it ourselves, instead of leaving the matter in the hands of nature. This timorous want of confidence is unworthy of intelligent people, and deserves to be severely rebuked. It has recently been signally rebuked by nature herself, who, while we were striving vainly to find a remedy for barbers, has quietly produced a new type of barber that is all that man could desire.

Plans without number have been suggested with a view to checking the barber's conversation and preventing him from even alluding to tonic. The number of patents which have been obtained for barbers' muzzles would astonish any one who is not familiar with the records of the Patent Office. None of these muzzles has been thoroughly successful. The first difficulty in the way of the use of a muzzle is that no barber will wittingly put one on. He stands on his rights as a citizen, and claims that free unmuzzled speech is a privilege expressly secured to him by the Constitution. There might, it is true, be something accomplished if the Legislature would pass a law making it penal for any unmuzzled barber to ply his trade, but it would be almost impossible to induce any Legislature to pass a measure so purely philanthropic and so entirely devoid of any pecuniary profit to the legislators. Moreover, in the few instances in which muzzles have been either peaceably or forcibly placed on barbers it has been found that they did not prevent the barber from making sounds intended for conversation and quite as maddening. The only way in which to secure his complete silence is to use a muzzle that hermetically seals his mouth and nose. Such a muzzle was tried in Chicago some years ago, and with complete success, so far as reducing the barber to silence was concerned. The trouble with it was that the barber died of suffocation five minutes after the muzzle was applied, and an unprincipled Coroner contrived to make the incident the occasion of much annoyance to the inventor of the muzzles.

But what man has failed to do nature has just done. In the town of Altoona, Pa., there has appeared a new and improved type of barber. This admirable person breathes through his ears. There appears to be a small passage in each ear, passing on one side of the tympanum and connecting the throat with the outside air. Through this passage the new barber can breathe with perfect ease, while his hearing does not seem to be any less acute than that of the usual sort of barber. He is said to be very proud of the peculiarity, which makes him to differ from other barbers, and is in the habit of permitting his customers to place a plaster over his mouth and a monkey wrench on his nose in order to prove that he can breathe with both nose and mouth closed. Of course, he cannot talk through his ears, for if he could he would be utterly useless. He cannot even make the slightest sound by way of his ears, and when his mouth and nose are closed he is as silent as the grave.

This is the kind of barber for which we have vainly longed. That such a barber should finally have appeared may seem to many people to be only a beautiful dream, but it is, nevertheless, a splendid reality. He has been developed by nature in order to meet a great want. We cannot show too much gratitude for this magnificent boon, and we should never again manifest the slightest want of confidence in beneficent nature.

Of course, the Altoona barber is only the first specimen of the new species of silent barbers. Others will appear in other places, and the day will come when, in accordance with the rule of the survival of the fittest, the Altoona variety of barber will be the only variety known. In the meantime this happy consummation can be hastened by the conversion of our present barbers into ear-breathing barbers. There is no doubt that a skillful surgeon could, with the aid of a pair of small silver tubes, connect the outer ear of any barber with his throat. If it were to be pointed out to our barbers that unless they submit to this operation they will soon have no customers, and will find the ear-breathing barbers enjoying a monopoly of business, they would doubtless readily put themselves under the hands of the surgeon, and if in a few instances the operation should happen to prove fatal it is improbable that any blame would be attached to the surgeons.

How much more beautiful does this world seem since the advent of the Altoona barber! He brings with him the hope of the emancipation of mankind from tonsorial conversation, the hope of the near and total disappearance of tonic. Hail! silent, voiceless shaver! Hail!—*N. Y. Times.*

—A popular hotel clerk in Boston is dead. He never stood more than twenty minutes with his back to the patient stranger, and his diamond pin was so moderate that the owner of the building never sank to the floor on beholding him. The traveling public is dropping tears as long as toothpicks in anticipation of his successor.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A hero, as defined by a Philadelphia school-boy, is a fellow who does something other fellows would like to do but can't.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*