

THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

POET-TREE.

Oh, Caroline! for view I pine;
O willow, will you not be mine?
Thy hazel eyes, thy tulip red,
Thy ways, all larch, have turned my head;
All linden shadows by thy gate,
I express on my heart and wait;
Thou gait! loath cherisher, Caroline;
Well thy for clime of bliss divine.

O, spruce young man! I cedar plan—
Catapa's money, if you can;
You sumach ash, but not my heart;
You're evergreen, so now depart;
You'd like to poplar—that I see—
Hire you without purpose to me—
Here's pit, you'll see hemlock the gate;
He maple likely say "tis late!"

Locust that lover, while he flow
For elm's before that parent's shoe;
He little thought a dogwood bite
And make him balsam much that night,
Hawthorne path he traveled o'er,
And he was sick and sycamore.

THE MYSTERIOUS COACHMAN.

My children, I will relate to you a story, which was related to me as I am about to tell it to you, and it happened just as it is told me. It is not an invention designed to show you how a fault is often sufficient to lose a man's life; it is an actual fact, in the recital of which we will not give the real names, because they would expose the secrets of a family holding an illustrious rank in one of the principal States of Germany.

Marshal C— (he was then only a General) found himself in need of a coachman. He made his wants known to a woman of Saint Domingo who kept a furnished hotel, and rented at the same time livery carriages. At first, this woman declared that she was unable to procure one for whom she could answer; almost all of those who took care of her coaches were hired by the day, and did not live with her. There was only one, who was a sort of overseer of the others, who would suit the General, and it was on account of his good qualities that the woman desired to retain him herself. The General insisted so much the more on having him. At last, the mistress of the furnished hotel yielded him up to the employ of the General.

When this man entered the service of the General, nothing extraordinary was noticed in him, except in extreme politeness, an attentive care never to engage in the recreations of the other servants, and a rare promptness in the accomplishment of his duties which rendered him precious to his master. By an exception very rare, this preference of the master for his coachman did not excite the envy of the other servants. There was such a continued sadness about this man that no one could think that it was through pride that he kept aloof from his comrades. At the general dinner hour he seated himself silently at the table, ate soberly, and retired to his stable immediately after the meal. In the chateau of the General, at the time when the service of the horses gave Muller a great deal of leisure, he was not accustomed to go to the cabaret, nor to play as did the others; he seated himself under some tree in the park and spent all his time in reading. At the time these singularities, which were remembered later, caused but little surprise; they contented themselves by saying that Muller was a bear and permitted him to follow his taste without concerning themselves further about him.

Almost two years passed in this way; Muller followed the General wherever the duties of war called him. This was in the neighborhood of 1807.

Muller had accompanied the General to Ragusa in Dalmatia, of which the Emperor had made him Governor, and it was in this village that the little adventure happened which I am about to relate.

One day, when the Governor-General had invited to his table a large party of the officers of his staff and the principal officers of a corps of the Austrian army which was stationed in the vicinity, it happened that he was obliged to press into the service of the table all the servants of his household, and Muller found that he was included in this requisition; at the hour of dinner he was in the dining hall, a napkin over his arm. The great number of guests present no doubt prevented Muller from noticing any one in particular, because the dinner was over before any trouble occurred, but at the commencement of the second service, as he was in the act of placing a dish on the table, one of the foreign general officers turned himself a little, to give more room to Muller, and uttered a cry of surprise as he recognized him. Muller in his turn, looked at the general officer, turned pale as he did, was frightened as he was. In his surprise, he dropped the dish which he held in his hand, and left the dining hall in a confusion which struck all the guests with astonishment.

All this happened so quickly that no one could explain whether it was the surprise which caused the accident or the accident which had caused the surprise, and the dinner continued without Muller's reappearing. But the General had too well remarked that the Austrian officer and the coachman recognized each other; he also noticed that their astonishment could not be that of a master who simply recognized again an old servant, or that of a servant who found again an old master. A singular emotion, a profound terror was shown in the faces of these two men, when they found themselves face to face, and the preoccupation of the Austrian General during the remainder of the dinner did not escape the attention of the General. If war had existed at that time between France and Aus-

tria, the General might have thought that this Muller, whose manners announced that he was more than a coachman, was a spy, whom the hope of a great reward had induced to play this role. But as things were, there was no probability in this supposition, and it was more reasonable to suppose that the coachman, who concealed himself with so much care, had formerly served the general officer whom he had recognized, and in whose house he had been guilty of some action the revelation of which alarmed him. Although the General had every reason to be content with the service of Muller, he wished to know if this was not a case of one of those old, hypocritical servants who wait entire years to obtain the confidence of their masters in order at last to be able to abuse it in a manner more profitable to themselves.

The dinner ended, the General sought everywhere for the Austrian officer that he might question him, but the officer had disappeared from the salon, as the coachman had from the dining-hall, and neither of them put in an appearance during the whole evening. When night came, the General, whom this double disappearance had annoyed, inquired of the other servants what had become of Muller; he learned that immediately after his accident at the table he flew to the stable in extreme agitation. The General also learned that after the dinner the Austrian officer had inquired for Muller, and that, after hearing where he was, he had hurried to join him, and that for a long time they had been closeted together; that one of the other servants had heard between them a spirited conversation, and that at last they had both left the hotel, continuing their conversation. The next day the General sent down for an explanation of this mystery. Then he learned that Muller had reappeared at the stable and was taking care of his horses with his ordinary impassibility. The General, whose curiosity was greatly excited, went immediately to the stable, thinking to surprise Muller and question him unexpectedly; but as soon as the latter perceived him he respectfully approached his master and presented him a letter almost exactly in these terms:

"On my honor, I answer for the fidelity and good conduct of the coachman, Muller, and I will be very much obliged to the Count if he will not seek to know the secret of the existence of this man."

THE COUNT V.

"And if I wished to know it?" said the General to his coachman.

"I would be forced to quit your service," said he. "I would do it with great regret, because I esteem myself happy to live with you; but I would do it immediately."

The good conduct of this man, and the recommendation of the Austrian officer, decided the General not to push his inquiries any further. Muller remained in his stable, and in a few months this event was completely forgotten. Probably it had been entirely effaced from the General's memory, when a terrible accident again called it to his mind.

One morning when Muller was leading his horses to the watering place he was upset by one of them, and carried to the hotel with his skull fractured, and in such a condition as to leave no hope of his recovery. In fact, he died the same day, without having recovered consciousness.

The next day, when they were proceeding with the burial, the General charged one of his aides-de-camp to examine Muller's chamber and to take note of everything he found there. Muller was a careful and economical man, and probably had accumulated some savings; he possessed, besides, a gold snuff-box and a fine gold watch of great value, and the General desired all these objects to be collected that they might be delivered to his family in case they discovered who he was. The aide-de-camp proceeded to Muller's chamber to execute the orders of the General, but his surprise was great when, on opening the coachman's trunk, the first thing he found was an Austrian uniform, a Colonel's epaulettes, a commission for that rank and diplomas for other orders. The regalia for these orders, many of them ornamented with diamonds, were inclosed in this trunk with the uniform. The aide-de-camp, who was not aware of the adventure of the dinner table, suspected at once that these objects were the product of numerous petty thefts on the part of Muller; but when he gave an account of what he had discovered to the General, the latter recalled the event we have recorded above, and wished to see for himself the objects found in the chamber of the coachman. He hoped to find there some papers which would explain this mystery; but he found no other information than what was contained in the commission spoken of, and which were all issued in the name of the Count de V—. Outside of these there was no correspondence or previous act of the coachman which betrayed what there was in common between the coachman, Muller, and the Count de V—. Colonel in the service of Austria. He was again left to his conjectures, and many weeks passed without the General learning anything new concerning this strange man, when one day he saw the Austrian officer who had recognized Muller in such an extraordinary manner enter his apartment. He had not appeared at Ragusa since the event of the dinner table, although he lived in the vicinity.

A chance conversation had apprised him of the death of the General's coachman, and he presented himself to reclaim the papers which had been found in Muller's chamber. The name of this officer and the consideration he enjoyed were sufficient to remove any doubt as to his right to this heritage the moment he claimed it; nevertheless, the General believed it his duty to de-

mand some explanation of him, and the officer replied immediately:

"I will inform you the more willingly on what you wish to know, since you have relied on a simple attestation from me in keeping this unhappy Muller in your service notwithstanding the mystery which surrounded him. This uniform, these epaulettes, these decorations belonged to him justly; he bravely earned them as a soldier. A fault caused him to lose them, but he has nobly expiated it that I think I can better render homage to his memory by revealing it to you, than by leaving you perplexed by doubts which you will not be able to explain."

Muller is none other than the Count de V—, my elder brother. There is nothing extraordinary in his history except what you know. At an early age he had gained the grade and the distinctions, the titles of which you have just discovered, and his military fortune had been so rapid that he raised hopes in my father's mind that he would rise to the highest offices of honor in the State. A single event, as so often happens, destroyed all these hopes. My brother, wounded in a combat, in which he had distinguished himself, was forced to retire to the waters of Carlsbad in order to recover. He found there a large number of his fellow countrymen possessed of immense fortunes. You know to what a limit the passion of play is carried in these resorts, where a person comes oftener to expose his wealth than to recover his health. My brother, forgetting too easily that he possessed nothing but his rank as a Colonel, engaged in these gaming parties, where the persons with whom he played had much more money than he, and certainly much less honesty. In a short time he found himself ruined and encumbered with that species of debt which people are accustomed to call "debts of honor" and which, for all that, have little that is honorable about them. If my brother had not been so young, he would not have felt as urgently as he did the necessity of paying these debts in a few days, and perhaps, to repair a fault, would not have been driven to commit a crime. In his despair, his reason lost, imagining that he could no longer appear in public without having paid the amounts he had lost, he had recourse to a very dishonorable means of satisfying his creditors: he forged the name of my father, who, at that time had great credit in Germany; he discounted the draft, and very soon freed himself from his embarrassment. But he had scarcely committed this crime, when he foresaw all the consequences of it; he lost his head, and, profiting by a certificate of convalescence which he had obtained, he left Germany.

"My father was far from suspecting all that had happened; and when the drafts, which had been drawn on him, and which he was supposed to have accepted, were presented to him, he did not recognize his signature and proceeded to prosecute as swindlers those who had presented them to him. In passing from hand to hand it was not long before the person from whom the drafts had issued was found, and you can judge of my father's despair when he learned that it was his son who had committed this crime, and that he, his father, had publicly dishonored him, by the rigorous inquiries which he had instigated. In spite of his anger, my father sacrificed his entire fortune to the payment of these forged drafts, and when he learned of the circumstances which had surrounded my unhappy brother, he felt disposed to pardon him. But all our efforts to discover his whereabouts were in vain. Notices inserted in the journals announced that it was by mistake that the old Count V. had failed to recognize his signatures, that the charge of fraud which was made was entirely due to a misunderstanding, and that all the sums drawn on him had been paid; this indirect way of announcing to my brother that his honor was shielded from all suspicion, and that he could reappear, was without success, and we formed the conviction, all but certainty, that, in his despair, he had put an end to his existence."

"You will remember my astonishment when I recognized the servant at your table; he was no more able to control his surprise than I, and after the dinner was over I hastened to find him. I was resolved to make him return to our family. The idea that he had killed himself to escape dishonor had a long time since appeared the indignation of my father, and, without doubt the information I would have brought him of the punishment my brother had inflicted upon himself, would have rendered his pardon still more easy, but my brother was deaf to my prayers, he remained immovable in his resolution, and answered me that he would never resume a name which he had showed himself unworthy of bearing. All that I attempted by way of argument was frustrated by his resolution, and he made me promise, not only to tell you nothing of his secret, but to continue to conceal his existence from our unhappy father, and not to awaken new despair from a sorrow which no doubt had been calmed by time. I yielded to my brother's wishes, and the recital I am making to you this day has no other object than to prevent the inquiries you would have felt it your duty to institute, and which no doubt would have caused explanations that would have reached my father's ears and troubled the repose of his declining years."

This, my children, is the story as it was related to me. Without doubt it has not the interest which the men who ordinarily write for your instruction know how to put into their narratives, but if it lacks this merit, it has that of being true, and it is for that reason that it should serve as a great lesson to you.

It would have been easy for us to have introduced strange incidents, and perhaps we might have introduced the despair of the father when he discovered his son's fault, especially at the time when he discovered that it was his own proper investigations that were tending to establish the disgrace of his son. If we have not done this, it is because we have wished that this story should go to you as it came to us; because we believe that truth carries with it a power of instruction to which no invention has the right to pretend. You see, my children, that one may follow the destructive passion for play, until he commits the most shameful of crimes—a crime which dishonors a whole family.—Translated from the French of *Frédéric Soulié for the Cleveland Leader*, by Newton C. Chiswell.

Picnics and Gyping Parties.

For the picnic proper, only cold provisions and such as can be easily transported are made ready. Roast and broiled chickens should be cut into neat joints, ham sliced, and the superfluous fat trimmed away from this as from fresh meats. If you have a sandwich-box large enough to hold your meats, divide each kind from the rest by clean, odorless white paper. The next best thing to a tin meat-case is to improvise a substitute by lining neatly with white paper as many small, flat paste-board boxes as are needed. There is generally a goodly supply of such in every house in this day of ruchings, cuffs, collars and bon-bons. Pack one with ham, another with chicken, a third with cheese, and so on, tying them up securely. If the boxes are greased they can be thrown away when empty. The third best way of carrying meats is to do up each kind in wrapping-paper, then in a small napkin pinned securely about the parcel. For sandwiches, chopped or ground ham is preferable to sliced, and tongue better than either. Butter biscuits at home, slice bread thin, and fold over upon the butter. Wrap the pile in a napkin not so tightly as to crush it, and give it, when you can, a basket to itself. This is even more expedient with cake, and a necessity with fruit. In one receptacle put up such condiments as are needed.

If cold tea and coffee are provided—and they are always welcome—pour them into bottles, carefully corked. At the cost of whatever inconvenience, have ice to cool these, water and lemonade. A lump of ice, wrapped in dry flannel and this inclosed in stout paper bound firmly in place with twine, the whole set in a covered basket, will keep for hours without melting into serious waste. Strong, cheap tumblers are best for picnic use. For plates you may, if you like, buy the light wooden or Japanese paper ones sold for this purpose. The weight of crockery is a serious objection to carrying it on a walking-party. If you go by carriage or boat, pack one hamper with plates, tumblers, knives, forks, spoons and other needed utensils. Into this can also go table-cloth and napkins. If you use paper doyleys, yet see that three or four towels are put up also. A few hand-towels and a cake of soap should not be forgotten, since fingers usually supersede forks on such occasions. A little practice will enable you to stow away all the articles I have named in a surprisingly small space. Olives and pickles are acceptable at all cold collations. Sardines are convenient and popular, also potted meats, such as deviled game and boned chicken.

The gyping-party is a variation of the picnic, and in my opinion, is an improvement upon the original plan. It is, however, hardly feasible when the excursion is pedestrian, unless the camping-ground is selected so near to a farm-house that a large iron-pot or a tea-kettle can be borrowed. Of course, either or both of these are easily carried in a wagon. The kettle can be hung upon a horizontal pole lashed at each end to a tree, or supported upon forked boughs. A more picturesque style is the conventional three poles thrust into the ground and inclining toward one another until they meet, and are bound together at top. The kettle is swung from the point of intersection over a clear fire of dry sticks, which has been kept up some time before the water is trusted above it. Green wood and a newly-kindled flame make artistically graceful smoke as the background of the encampment, but creosote has not yet been decreed, even by high art, to be "quite the thing, you know," in tea. Should the big pot be suspended instead of the kettle, potatoes and green corn may be boiled. Or, the *impromptu* crane may be omitted, and a rude oven be built of stones and the fire made therein. The pot may be set on this over the accumulated bed of embers, and potatoes in their jackets and corn in the inner husk be roasted in the hot ashes. For fishing-parties a frying-pan is indispensable.—*Marian Harland, in Examiner and Chronicle.*

—Charles Elliott, one of the wealthiest farmers in the town of Knox, Me., who recently died, left a will providing that if the legatees (his daughters and grandchildren) or their children "shall use tobacco in any form, either to smoke or chew, or drink any ardent spirits or alcoholic liquors in any way unless prescribed by a physician under an oath that it is necessary (and that not to last but thirty days), after this my will is approved by the court, for each offense of using tobacco or alcoholic drinks, as aforesaid, they shall be cut off from their dower in my property for six months for the first offense, and one year for each subsequent offense, and for one year of total abstinence of its use his or their dower to be restored as before provided."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mr. Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," is very ill in Scotland.

—The circulation of fiction from the Boston Public Library is only forty-three per cent. of the whole.

—Dundreary often made three thousand dollars a week. But as Dundreary was fearfully extravagant, he left only eighty thousand dollars.

—Alexander H. Stephens, notwithstanding the feeble condition of his body, is actively engaged on another work on the war, and keeps employed several clerks and stenographers, who decline to be interviewed as to its precise character.

—Captain Isaac Bassett, the veteran doorkeeper of the United States Senate, who will complete his half century of service in the Senate Chamber in December next, is busily engaged in preparing his forthcoming volume entitled "Sketches and Reminiscences of the United States Senate—1831-1881."

—Mr. J. C. Harris ("Uncle Remus") has written a story of Southern life, which will be ready for the printer in the fall. It will probably be published in the *Century* as a short serial, and appear in book form later in the year. Mr. Harris has written two or three other short stories which will appear in the same volume.

—The mother of Oscar Wilde has been, in her day, a distinguished beauty and an important influence, the former as Jane Francesca Elgee, daughter of an Anglican clergyman in Dublin; the latter as "Speranza," the leading poet of the "Young Ireland" day, 1848 and thereafter. A brother of hers was Judge Elgee, of Louisiana, a local Confederate leader and member of the Confederate Senate. She married Dr. Wilde, of Dublin, in 1851.

HUMOROUS.

—Nature keeps the ocean tide, and that is why it does not run away like a river.—*N. O. Peabody.*

—A homely young girl has the consolation of knowing that when she is sixty she'll be a pretty old girl.—*Boston Post.*

—The confidential clerk now takes his vacation to give his employer a chance to look over his books.—*Newark Call.*

—"Parting is such sweet sorrow," remarked a bald old bachelor to a pretty girl as he told her good night. "I should smile," she replied, glancing upon his hairlessness and wondering how he ever did it.—*Steuenville Herald.*

—A Rhode Island man called a neighbor a "lantern-jawed cockroach." A suit for slander resulted, and the jury returned as follows: "Not guilty on lantern-jawed, but way off on cockroach, and we find damages in the sum of three cents."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Fond friends tried vainly to cheer her, To stop up the tears that fast fell; And she clasped her daughter still nearer, And in agony uttered farewell!

The groom with his bride has departed, To journey far off in strange lands, And the mother cries out, broken-hearted: "Well! I'm glad that girl's off of my hands!"

—*Des Moines Mail.*

—"I'm not very proud of your progress in school," remarked a New Haven mother to her son who was struggling along in grade five. "There's Charley Smart is way ahead of you, and he isn't as old." "I know it. Teacher said he'd learned all there was to learn in my room, and that left me without anything to learn." Guess the boy will keep.—*New Haven Register.*

Shoplifters.

Said a city retail dealer: "I could dispense with a number of my clerks were it not for the necessity of guarding against the thieves which infest all large stores. Shoplifting is a crime that is becoming enormous in its proportions, and at present we are powerless to combat it. All our clerks are so disposed behind my counters that they can watch each other's customers, and this they are instructed to do at all times. We detect a woman in the act of pocketing goods, call in an officer and have her arrested. What is the result? At the examination her friends and relatives come forward and testify that she is insane, or subject to fits of insanity, and she is discharged—to go and prey upon some other merchant. Once in a while one of them is held for trial, but a specious lawyer works upon the sympathies of the jury and he or she is acquitted. Country as well as city people plunder us. Quite recently a well-known lady residing in aristocratic style came in with some country relatives. We detected one of these putting goods into her basket, but, she speciously explained that in the country where she lived it was the custom when looking at goods to put those which she wished to purchase into her basket, and, when her shopping was completed, to hand the basket to a clerk, who figured up the value of the purchases, took his pay for them, and she carried them away in the basket. Of course she got very red and confused while telling this abominable lie, but I 'figured up' the amount of her 'purchases,' she paid for them and took them away in her basket. With some professional shoplifters the covered market-basket is a favorite receptacle for carrying off plunder; but some use a capacious pocket or bag fastened about the waist and hanging beneath their skirts. To get the plunder into this the opening in the dress that would be taken for a pocket is merely a slit, hidden by folds of an ample skirt, and similar openings are in the underskirts. A dexterous thief in a morning's shopping will make a few trifling purchases and pocket a bushel of goods."