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LOVE VS WEALTH.

BY J. B. HOAG, M. D.

Were we to become acquainted with the history of those who are floating down the stream of time, we should learn that not a few, instead of being governed by pure affection, allow themselves to be influenced by sinister motives in forming matrimonial alliances—the most important step that can be taken in this world—one which, perhaps, more than any other, affects our happiness or misery. But I set out to relate a narrative, not to write an essay. I will premise, however, that the main incidents of this story were of actual occurrence, the writer having been furnished them from an authentic source.

Charles Denton was a native of Boston. In early life he had the misfortune to lose his father, who left his mother not in affluent circumstances, but yet not entirely destitute. An humble cottage home was left unencumbered, and by industry and economy she was enabled to rear her only child respectably, giving him a fair education in the free schools which have long been the glory of that ancient city. Above all, she sought to instil into his young mind the principles of honor and integrity, which were calculated as a safeguard in future life.

Esther Canning was also a native of Boston. Her father was a retail grocer. He was a man of worth and enjoyed the confidence of those who knew him best.

Charles and Esther in early life evinced a mutual attachment. In their childish affairs Charles was always her champion, and to and from school her companion and escort. As they advanced in years this preference for each other increased, and when our hero arrived at the age of twenty-two they were affianced, and with the consent of their parents. Indeed, that they would unite their destinies in a matrimonial alliance, if their lives were spared, had for years been a foregone conclusion among their friends.

At the time of which we write, the excitement in reference to the discovery of gold in California was at its height. In common with many, Chas. was affected with the gold fever, and untold wealth flitted before his imagination. Of course this was among their themes of conversation. After protracted discussions of this important subject, they decided to postpone the appointed wedding day, until Chas. should have tried his fortune in this new Eldorado, and (if their golden dreams were realized) return with a competence. With reiterated vows of constancy, they parted; he to go among strangers, and encounter dangers, toils, and privations; she to enjoy the society of friends, the comforts of home, and build castles of opulence.

On his arrival at the Empire city ere embarking for the golden shores, he dispatched a missive to his betrothed, informing her of his continued good health, and that ere her eyes fell upon the lines he traced he would be at the mercy of the wind and the waves, started for the goal of their hopes. From that time they were regular correspondents. After a lapse of three months, he wrote her that he had one thousand dollars as the reward of his toils, and that prospects before him were of the most flattering character. He continued to send her letters regularly, but after writing the one first alluded to, he made no mention of his success, but gave her assurance of his continued good health.

Five years sped their onward flight into the great ocean of eternity since our hero's departure, and he turned his face homeward—to the home of his boyhood, the scenes of his early life, where dwelt his betrothed, whose image was enshrined in his heart of hearts, and whom he fondly hoped and believed cherished for him an undying affection, which time nor circumstances could change. During the homeward voyage, his fellow passengers noticed that he was extremely reticent, mingling but little with others, and that he was dressed in a miner's suit that had evidently seen no little service.

Arriving at New York, he found his way to the Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank, and made a deposit of forty thousand dollars in gold. Having done this he took the first train for Boston. On alighting from the cars, he wended his way at once to the home of the father of his betrothed. As he reached the residence, he rang the door bell, which was answered by his betrothed in person. Instead of a hearty, cordial greeting which he had a right to expect, she seemed dismayed at his appearance; gazed at him a moment in astonishment and exclaimed,—"Is it possible that you are not able to present yourself in a better plight than this! What have you done with all your money?"

He replied,—"I have done the best I could. Are you not glad to see me even if I have no money?"

"No, indeed I am not. If you have kept me waiting all these years, hoping and expecting to marry a rich man, and have come back a beggar.—I want nothing more to do with you. Where is the thousand dollars you wrote to me so long ago about?"

"Oh, I spent that long since. I thought you would give me a glad welcome, whether I had money or not."

"You were grandly mistaken. I have not waited all these years to be a rich man's wife, to take up with a poor one, and I will have nothing more to do with you!"

Saying this she abruptly shut the door in his face. He went directly to his mothers humble home. There he met a kind and cordial welcome despite his forlorn appearance. He next despatched a note to his betrothed, soliciting an interview, representing that he was anxious to see her, and hoped even if through misfortune their hopes of wealth had not been realized, it would not produce a change in her feelings toward him. To this she sent an angry reply, informing him that she wished him to annoy her no more. For years she had cherished the hope that on his return she would become the wife of a wealthy man, and enjoy all the advantages that riches afforded, and as he had disappointed her in this, she wished him to understand that henceforth they were to be as strangers. The disappointment was bitter in the extreme, and she would allow no further persistence on his part.

This was enough. From that time he ceased to think of her, save as a mercenary and selfish woman, whose main idea was of self aggrandizement, rather than the enjoyment of the higher, holier feelings of our nature. Within a week after his arrival, he went to a livery stable in the vicinity and selected a splendid team and equipage, and asking the price, signified his willingness to become the purchaser on a short credit. He was asked what securities that he could pay for it he could give. He replied, "The president and directors of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank in New York City." He was told that he should receive an answer on the following day. The firm telegraphed to the bank, and were informed that he had a deposit of forty thousand dollars in their bank. They sent a message to him that the team was at his disposal. He sent them word that he had changed his mind, and did not wish to purchase.

But the secret of his wealth was out. His mother persuaded him to dress in apparel befitting his circumstances. This he did. The rumor of his wealth reached his former lady love, and she immediately despatched a note to him, requesting an interview, giving him assurance of her undying affection, asking his pardon for her refusal to see him, and imploring him to forgive and overlook the past.

As he took no notice of this, she arrayed herself in her best attire and walked the street in front of the window of his home, beside which he sat reading—passing it repeatedly, hoping to gain his attention. But it was still in vain. He never raised his eyes from his book, and seemed oblivious of her presence.

A few weeks rolled by. His company was sought in the most fashionable circles, but he studiously declined to accept any of the invitations he received. He persuaded his mother to dispose of her property, and taking her with him started for the young and rising State of Wisconsin. Stopping at New York, he drew his money from the bank, and journeyed onward to his future Western home. Arrived there, he purchased a large farm, erected a large dwelling, and settled down as a farmer on a large scale.

Two years passed, and our hero commanded the respect and esteem of all whose acquaintance he formed. About this time there settled in the neighborhood, an emigrant from Massachusetts. His name was Leon Holmes. He with his wife and two young children, had sought this Western home, in the hope of recuperating his fast failing health. He was a rising lawyer, whom nature had lavishly endowed with intellectual gifts, but consumption had chosen him for a victim, and his fast failing health admonished him that unless his disease was speedily arrested, his wife would soon be a widow, and his children fatherless. It was all in vain. After a few months of languishing, during which time Charles had been his constant and valued friend, he bade farewell to earth.

In our hero, the disconsolate widow found a sympathizing friend, whose heart, hand and purse, were open to relieve her wants and care for her fatherless ones. In one year after the death of her husband, believing from his acquaintance with her that she possessed the elements of a true woman, he led her to the altar, and made her mistress of his home, and queen of his heart.

His friends appreciating his abilities, sent him as their representative to the Legislature. Here he displayed integrity, patriotism and ability, and was re-elected almost unanimously. At the close of his second term in the legislature, he was honored with a seat in Congress. His aged mother was gathered to her Father's home on high, but she left behind her numerous friends who deplored their loss.

Charle's home was indeed a happy one; the troubles through which he had passed serving to qualify him to appreciate and enjoy the blessings vouchsafed him. Esther still leads a life of "single blessedness" in her Eastern home. News of Charles' rising fame deepens her chagrin at the fatal mistake she made, in preferring wealth to the joys of domestic bliss in the walks of humbler life. She has become a genuine specimen of a sour, vinegar-faced old maid, whose mind constantly broods over what "might have been."

BLACK HILLS PLEASANTRIES.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Inquirer.]

CAMP OHIO, BLACK HILLS, Sept 25.—We had to hang a man here the other day. We'd been putting it off on account of a lack of time and a bit of sentiment, till the morals of our small town had at last become as bad as those of Chicago.

Thomas Y. Shoals, who has friends at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and who has been in Nevada himself for some years past, entered our town some ten days ago. He was a whiskey-drinking, and trouble-making rough. He brought several gambling devices with him to wax our hard-working people out of their dust, and he hadn't been in camp more than two days when most of his bad points came out. At the end of five days he was ordered to leave, but he boldly refused to obey the warning. Thereupon, on the morning of the sixth day, he was waited upon by ten revolvers, backed by ten men, and notified that fifteen minutes, City Hall time, would be given him to get beyond shooting distance. He got. No one cared what became of him or whither he went, and as he passed from sight no one expected to see him again. According to rule, we confiscated all his property except a mule, and mule and man went away together. Somewhere outside of camp, Shoals fell in with some Texans who were on the make, and as ugly as himself, and the gang entered our camp, armed to the teeth, two days after Shoals left it.

The four lambs came in on a gallop, whooping and yelling, and as they halted upon the public square, Shoals sang out:

"Trot out my goods, you white-livered dust-diggers, or we'll cut every—— throat in camp."

That meant us, you see. Some were digging, some washing, and some underground, and while we were waking up to the situation, one of the Texans put in:

"Hurry up now, for it's all we kin do to hold onto the triggers of these shooters.

Our old boss didn't like their style, for one. He was fittin a new handle to a pick, and was at the door of shanty No. 3, when they rode up. Reaching into the hosse for his two revolvers, he rose up and walked out upon the gang just as the rest of us were making a rush for our shooters.

"There's the old devil—kill him," yelled Shoals, and the four at once began firing. It was a case of the Lord being on the side of the upright and the innocent. They all had a shot in before the old man got ready for business. He put one of his bulletts between a Texan's two eyes, his second into another's shoulder, and by that time we were all pegging away. How on earth 50 or 60 bullets could be fired at close range and only one man killed and another wounded is a conundrum for mathematicians. The dead man fell in a heap. Shoals was dismounted and the other two got out of camp under cover of the smoke, one of them certainly hit in the shoulder. We pursued them on foot for half a mile, and the wounded one had hard work to keep his seat. Not a miner had been hurt, but nearly a dozen of them had bullet holes through hats and clothing and a camp-kettle was struck no less than four times.

After dinner the men gathered and Shoals was put upon his trial. It had been necessary to bind him hand and foot, and when he was brought out and laid upon the grass his fury rose to the highest pitch. He cursed every body and every thing, and uttered threats that made some of the men grow pale. When asked if he didn't know the penalty attached to conduct such as his, he cried out:

"I'll dare you to harm one hair of my head! You are a set of cowards—a pack of coyotes—a gang of white-faced babies!"

It was our busy day and we couldn't fool away any time. A noosed rope was thrown over a limb, the free end manned, and when the noose had been passed over the fellow's head he was asked if he had any message to leave for friends:

'I want to tell you this," he hissed, as his snakish eyes looked from face to face: "If you hang me my friends will dig the heart out of every one of the crowd."

He might have gone off decently, and perhaps added something original to the literature of "last words," but he refused the chance. His feet were untied and he was lifted up. There was not a minute between him and eternity, but yet he kicked right and left like a twin mule, and was cursing God and man when pulled off his feet. It's tough business, this choking a human being to death, but it takes care of them ever after. This Shoals thought no more of killing a man than some folks would of taking a chew of tobacco, and it was a bad day for him when he came among the Buckeyes.

Last April a man named Roberts, who came out here from Delaware, was captured by the Indians near Deadwood. When they had robbed him of every thing except shirt and pants, six of the seven redskins were in favor of turning him loose and letting him get back to the city. The seventh savage protested against this action, and when he had to submit to the majority he struck Roberts in the mouth with the head of his tomahawk, smashing out several teeth and inflicting other injuries. Roberts took a good look at the warrior, and when he was turned loose he vowed to get even if he had to stay out there until Darwin turned back into a baboon.

The mills of the gods grind for the savage as well as for the white men. Roberts and others have a camp about two miles above us. Indian beggars and loafers come into all the camps almost daily, and the other day the old top-knot who played smash with the Delaware man's teeth entered the camp and wanted to trade a lot of fresh venison for bar-lead. Roberts identified him in an instant, and the venison and the savage were "jerked" at one and the same motion.

All the men in the camp knew how Roberts had been served, and when he had the right man in his grasp, there was no one to plead the other side of the case. The Indian was staked down on the grass as a first move. He recognized Roberts, and, realizing that the hour of reckoning had come, he whined like a dog. He offered rifle, knife, and all else to settle the dentistry business; but the miner couldn't have been bought off for $10,000. When he got ready he went to work with the red man's tomahawk and deliberately knocked out every tooth he could get at, and he didn't miss a great many. The Indian had no more grit than a boy, but yelled like a regiment of cavalry going into a fight. A tooth for a tooth was not enough for Roberts, and he coolly sliced off his victim's ears, working slowly and doing a first rate job. Then he shaved the warrior's top knot off and turned him loose to find his friends and receive their praises on his early assumption of fall styles. The wretch didn't wait a second after being told to go—didn't even ask for his ears as pocket-pieces. Roberts has them pinned up as relics, with a bagful of teeth hanging above them, and to strangers he explains:

"The durned Injun who picks my molars with his Thomas-hawk wants to leave the country on the very first train, or he'll wish he'd been born a buzzard."

Brittle Babies.

[From the New York Times.]

Formerly the lamp-chimney vexed the souls alike of the righteous and of the wicked because of its exceeding brittleness. It broke whenever an effort was made to clean it, and frequently it flew into pieces when no man was touching it, and merely of its own wicked will. Men with small salaries were often brought to the brink of ruin by the constant drain upon their pockets which resulted from the effort to keep two or three lamps supplied with chimneys, and it is believed that Mr. Gilman was induced to steal $200,000 chiefly because his pride led him to use none but unbroken lamp-chimneys—although in his pathetic and veracious confession he unaccountably fails to mention the fact. Now, however, the invention of Bastie glass has rendered the chimney no longer a grief and a burden. The new Bastie chimney can not be broken with anything short of a sledge-hammer. It can be used as a hammer wherewith to drive nails and to loosen the bungs of beer-barrels, or as a club for the accomodation of burglars, or for the purpose of instilling great moral lessons into the minds of youth. Thus the lamp-chimney is cured of its brittleness, and no longer exhausts the pocket and ruins the temper of the householder.

The human baby is, of course, far more complicated in its structure than is the simple lamp-chimney, but it shares with the old fashioned type of the latter the fault of extreme brittleness. It is true that the baby does not break in consequence of unequal expansion or contraction, and can be submitted to extremes of heat and cold without cracking; neither does it fly in pieces when left to itself, even when bent and twisted by the severest colic. Nevertheless, a baby is almost certain to break when dropped, even from a very small height. This can be demonstrated by a very simple experiment. If we take a baby of say six months old, and of the weight of about thirty pounds, and drop it from a height of four feet to the floor, it will break into from two to eight pieces. Of course, the pieces remain attached to each other by clothing and pins, but that its framework is broken a very superficial inspection will show. It is this extreme liability to break which renders careful men so reluctant to hold babies. A man who accidentally breaks a baby always finds himself in a nunpleasant position, and the baby's mother is sure to show by her manner that she regards him as careless and awkward. The worst feature of the case is that a broken baby can rarely be repaired so as to be in all respects as strong and beautiful as it originally was, and in case it is hopelessly broken, it is impossible to replace it in a way that will prove satisfactory to its owners. Hence, the wise man carefully abstains from handling babies, whether he has any share in their ownership or not. The brittleness of babies is, moreover, a source of much trial to nurses, and debars the small boy from much innocent amusement. Were the baby firmer and tougher in texture, it would be very useful as a club in driving away strange dogs and objectionable children—both of which constantly molest nurses in our public parks, and it could also be used by the small boy precisely as a pillow is now used, as a weapon of offense in the deadly pillow-fights which lay low so many stout clocks, and gallant bronze statuettes.

The discovery that the brittleness of lamp-chimneys can be overcome has stimulated a St. Louis parent to invent a style of baby that can not be readily broken. He recently tried an experiment with a novel baby which appears to have established very thoroughly its remarkable toughness. The baby in question was of the girl pattern, and outwardly resembled all other babies of the same age and sex. It was publicly dropped from the fourth story of a building on Ashley street, and struck a hard stone pavement, after a fall of at least fifty feet. Those who saw the supposed accident were filled with horror, and had not the slightest doubt that the boy was smashed in a thousand fragments. A philanthropic man hastened to the spot with a basket, and a coroner who had been hunting unsuccessfully for corpses since the early dawn, gave a triumphant whoop and proceeded to impannel a jury without delay. To the unmingled astonishment of every one and the unspeakable disgust of the coroner, the baby was found to be unhurt, and when picked up was found to be in the act of playfully swallowing a horse-shoe that happened to lie within its reach. The most thorough inspection failed to find a bruise or a break anywhere on the surface or in the interior of the infant. Its toughness was demonstrated, and it is hardly necessary to say that, although the public and the local press regarded the baby's fall as an accident, there can be little doubt it was dropped as an experiment by its confident inventor.

If the process by which this St. Louis baby was deprived of its natural brittleness proves to be applicable to all infants, it will be of immense service to mankind. The minds of the mothers will be relieved from constant apprehensions in regard to windows and stairs. The fall of a baby from the topmost story of an apartment building to the street pavement below will not create the slightest uneasiness, except, of course, in the man on whose new hat it may fall, and the gate which is now placed at the head of the stairs in houses infested with infants will become entirely obsolete. It is probable that babies will ever be used as hammers, inasmuch as they will be less convenient than the Bastie lamp-chimneys, but for heavier work, such as driving wedges into logs, or for packing earth tightly around newly-set posts, a medium sized baby will be invaluable. Confidence between man and woman will be vastly increased when the former can handle a baby without any fear of breaking it, and it may be taken for granted that unbreakable babies will be in far greater demand than the present variety has been.

Thus does science by steady steps remove the obstacles to the comfort and happiness of mankind. Now that unbreakable infants have been invented, the only further improvement that can be desired is the invention of an elastic and compressible child, that can be made to fit clothing of any size, and it is not probable that we shall have to wait very long before this desired invention is patented and brought before the public.

Not a Mathematician.

She was a little girl who wasn't fond of her arithmetic. She took it into her head to read the Bible, and, beginning with the account of creation, she got along very well for a while, but suddenly threw the book down, saying: "There, I don't want to read any more of it." "Why, what's the matter?" asked her mama. "Because they had to study Arithmetic there," was the reply; "just hear this, 'and the Lord commanded them to multiply on the face of the earth.'" And there was no more Bible for her.—New Bedford Standard.

Printing Office Secrets.

A properly conducted printing office is as much a secret as a Masonic Lodge. The printers are not under oath of secrecy but feel themselves as truly in honor bound to keep office secrets, as though triple oathed. Any employee in a printing office who wilfully disregards this rule in regard to printing office secrets would not only be scorned by his brethren of the craft, but would lose his position at once. We make this statement because sometimes it happens that a communication appears in a newspaper under an assumed signature which excites comment, and various parties try to find out who is the author. Let all be saved the truble of questioning an employee of the printing office. They are know-nothings upon such points as these. On such points they have eyes and ears, no mouth; and if any fail to observe this rule, let them be put down as dishonorable members of the craft. It is the same in job printing. If anything is to be printed and kept secret, let the proper notice be given of the desire for secrecy, and you might as well question a Sphynx as one of the printers, so that even the secret books for lodges are printed without fear.—Ex.