

GOLD AND GILT.

I.—IN EARLY SPRING.

She was a very pretty girl, and she knew it, and did her best, in an innocent way, to let other people know it; and she could not help thinking, as she walked along the Feltman road, that she was just a plain, honest, hard-working young fellow—was rather a waste of time, and that marrying him would be altogether throwing herself away.

no more do it than that,"—and he snapped his fingers, though what that action had to do with Albert Hill's intention he did not explain. "Why, he's going to marry the daughter of Mr. Brooks, that travels for the firm—that's what he's going to do. Ask him, and see if he can deny it. Why, it's coming off directly, only she's nothing to look at, but she isn't fond of showing her off; but she's got some money, she has, and plays on the piano, and looks like a lady."

A RICH MAN'S HEAVEN. It was about the time when the earth is the most beautiful of all, and it seems the hardest to men to die. The lilac was already in bloom and the roses had swollen buds, when two wanderers were going along the road to heaven. On earth they had dwelt near each other, upon the same street; the rich man in a large, fine house, and the poor man in a little hut. But death is no respecter of persons, and so it happened that they had both died at the same hour, and now upon their road to heaven were come together again, and were traveling along silently side by side.

That has been done away with long ago. But it is in hell where you are, and truly right deep in, so that you make one truly you already. And you keep on sinking deeper and deeper, until in time you'll get down into the very middle!" Then was the rich man in despair, and falling back into his easy chair, he held his hands before his face and sobbed: "In hell, in hell! You poor, unhappy man, what will become of you?"

A Soldier's Thrilling Escapes. "What constitutes nerve?" asked the New York World the other day of its readers. One man will answer that it is presence of mind; another that it is pluck; another that it is being cool and collected in emergency. It is none of these. It is something back of all of them, and something which a man never had unless it was born in him. Instances of presence of mind were met with every day in the army. An officer out in charge of foragers, or on a reconnaissance, would be suddenly attacked. Presence of mind aided him to form his men for defense. He had the presence of mind, even though his face was as white as flour and his chin shaking. Brave men were common enough in the ranks. Call for men to face certain death, and a hundred privates would step out at once; yet test their "nerve" and they had none.

"He's a Yank—shoot him!" called one of the men; but the scout walked on. They were trying him; but he had the nerve of a Napoleon, and he kept his leisurely pace until well away from the neighborhood.—Detroit Free Press. Miss Burdett-Coutts. Miss Burdett-Coutts, known as the richest woman in England, and as a person of such liberality in the distribution of her vast wealth as to commend her to the admiration of the civilized world came into possession of her fortune in a very interesting manner. She seems to prefer the simple title of Miss Coutts to that of Baroness Coutts, conferred upon her by Queen Victoria in 1871, in consideration of her munificent public charities. Miss Coutts lived in rather straitened circumstances during her early years, inheriting no property from her rich grandfather, Thomas Coutts, the eminent banker, born in 1741. At the death of his brother Peter, Mr. Coutts assumed the entire direction of the firm, which, under his control, rose to its highest prosperity. He was a gentleman in manners, hospitality and benevolence, and counted among his friends some of the first literary men and actors of his day. Soon after his settlement in London he married Elizabeth Starkley, a girl of humble origin. The lived happily together, and had three daughters—Susan who married the Earl of Guilford, Francis, who married the Marquis of Bute, and Sophie, mother of the subject of this sketch, who married Sir Francis Burdett, the member of Parliament who proposed the celebrated inquiry into the Coldbath Fields prison which resulted in the dismissal of the keeper and a complete reformation of the regulations of that prison. He doubtless transmitted to his celebrated daughter many of his benevolent virtues. Soon after the death of Mrs. Coutts, in 1815, Mr. Coutts fell in love with the beautiful and accomplished Miss Harriet Mellon, a very popular actress in comedy in the early part of this century. This lady was born in 1775, and was so much younger than her opulent suitor, that she declined the match, representing that the forty-four years' difference in their ages made too great a barrier to be surmounted. The enamored millionaire, however, successfully persisted in his suit, and Miss Mellon became the happy wife of Mr. Coutts. In consequence of the violent opposition of his three daughters to his union with Miss Mellon, Mr. Coutts disinherited them, and made his wife sole mistress of his colossal fortune at his decease. About five years after the death of Mr. Coutts, his widow married the Duke of St. Albans, Grand Falconer of England, who was much younger than Mrs. Coutts. At her death she left the Duke an income of \$50,000 a year, and a life interest in some landed estate. With this exception she, from a delicate sense of justice, bequeathed the entire fortune which she derived from Mr. Coutts to her granddaughter, Angela Burdett, youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett. The Duchess of St. Albans, in bequeathing her fortune to Miss Angela Burdett, desired her to take the name of Coutts. This lady was born in 1814, and received the vast legacy of \$20,000,000 in 1857, since which time she has been conspicuous for her charitable deeds and humanitarian schemes. Her liberality establishing the corps of nurses under Florence Nightingale, in the Crimean war, is familiar to every one. She is said to spend her entire income, \$1,000,000 or \$1,200,000 a year, in her philanthropic projects. She is an unflinching friend to the poor, a protector of dumb animals and founder of churches and schools. In 1847, ten years after obtaining her fortune, she endowed a church, with parsonage and schools attached, in Rochester Row, one of the most neglected parts of London. She also established the drinking fountains which are such a blessing to weary pedestrians; also the coffee saloons, which are such aids to the temperance movement. She is so much revered and beloved by all classes that the very populace, when exasperated by poverty to extreme measures of violence, protected the home of Miss Coutts, and declared that no hand should be raised against the peace of their "benefactor." This beneficent lady who has spent her wealth so freely for the improvement of human welfare, is by no means averse to the pleasures of life. She has just been seeking a little healthy recreation in a yacht voyage up the Mediterranean with a party of distinguished guests, one of whom, Mr. Henry Irving of the Lyceum, had an opportunity thus given him of surveying the identical scenes which he so forcibly portrays in the Merchant of Venice. After returning from the sunny South and re-entering the Thames, her ladyship's commodious steamer lay a week off Gravesend, where she and her companions had leisure to study the vast maritime, coasting and river traffic of the port of London, which had great interest to Miss Coutts, as the condition of those employed in it had long engaged her kindly attention. JOHN RANDOLPH'S RUDENESS.—Perhaps Randolph's social peculiarities cannot be better illustrated than by the following anecdote of his encounter with a French abbe, who, being on a visit to Washington in the early days of the Republic, chanced to be present at a dinner where Randolph was also a guest, although unknown to the abbe. The story is also valuable as a history of the only known verbal encounter in which Randolph came out second best. It goes that, upon being asked how he liked the South, the abbe replied: "Exceedingly, but I confess to have been a little disappointed—I had heard so much—of the Virginia gentleman." "Perhaps you were unfortunate in your circle," broke in Randolph, with a sneer. "You did not come to Roanoke, for instance." "True," said the abbe, covering his evident annoyance, at the rude tone with his usual calm smile. "True, the next time I visit Virginia I shall certainly go to Roanoke." "Gentlemen," answered Randolph, embezzling the word, "do not come to Roanoke unless they are invited!" It was a cruel thrust, but the abbe took it in the same placid manner; and, lifting his glass, paused for a moment to give due emphasis to his words, and then replied, looking inquiringly at the other guests: "Said I not, messieurs, that I was disappointed in Virginia gentlemen?"