

SAYED BY STRATEGY.

"Strange! what can this mean? Is this a stupendous fraud, a trick, or what?" And Dr. Pomeroy stared most vacantly at the closely-written sheet he held in his hand. He read: "Dr. Pomeroy, I will not apologize for the unparalleled service I am about to ask of you; suffice it to say I have heard your history, heard of your struggles, and realize how hard a task it is for one so young in the profession and without friends in the great wilderness of houses called a city. Also permit me to add, I have been informed of the cruel blow you received from the hand of one you loved, who was unworthy of you; and yet I am not acquainted with you, nor you with me. Indeed, we have never looked upon one another's face. Nevertheless, I am about to request you to do me a great favor. Will you come to South Street Church to-morrow at eight o'clock? Come privately, unattended, and never repeat that which takes place there. Will you give me, a stranger, a few lines to your name, and yet not ask to know whom you marry? If you will do so, I will make over to you fifty thousand dollars, payable to your order at the city bank, as soon as the ceremony is over. Trusting that the money will be a temptation to you, I shall anxiously await you at the appointed time. "That was all. There was no signature—nothing to give any clue to the writer's address or abode. Indeed, it was so terse and unbusinesslike in its details that he was half tempted to believe that some of his male friends were playing a joke on himself. "I will not go—I will not be fooled!" he said to himself. He flung the missive down, then he picked it up, folded it carefully, and thrust it in his pocket. He remembered that he had a patient to visit, and went out; but everywhere the contents of that strange letter were ringing in his ears. He then went to see his mother. She was suffering even more than usual, and a number of dunning bills had been left to his consideration—bills which he had not the most remote idea how he was to meet. He threw them down and buried his face in his hands. "Poverty is a curse, mother," he moaned. "I do not know which way to turn." She tried to cheer him, but in vain. Everywhere he turned, hopeless chance seemed to envelop him. "Ah, if that letter was only real," he thought. "Fifty thousand dollars would make me rich." And so he fretted and worried until the appointed hour came—one moment voicing he would go near the place, the next greatly tempted to see the "farcie" out. Eight o'clock found him stealing in. He saw two ladies closely veiled, and a gentleman, standing in the upper part of the building, while the minister sat in a chair. There was but one gas jet lighted, and he could just distinguish the forms. As soon as he entered, the gentleman spoke to one of the ladies and she advanced to meet him. "Are you Dr. Pomeroy?" she asked in a low tone. "I am." She led him to where the gentleman stood, and he extended his hand. "How do you do, Pomeroy?" he said; and Pomeroy recognized in him the president of the city bank. "I am here by the request of this young lady," pointing to the one who had not moved or spoken, "to inform you that if you agree to her proposition, I am authorized to pay to your order the sum of fifty thousand dollars. Pomeroy tried to speak, but his voice was choked. It was no fraud; it was reality. He stood motionless for a moment; then advanced and offered his arm to the silent lady. She took it without a quiver, and went with him to where the minister awaited them. The ceremony was quickly performed. Dr. Pomeroy registered his name, and then looked with considerable curiosity at the bold, plain signature, "Ellen Latour," which his bride wrote down. The minister hastily filled out a certificate, which he had brought with him by request, and which the maid and the banker signed as witnesses. The bride took it, kissed it and thrust it in her bosom. One moment and the two glided swiftly away from sight. Dr. Pomeroy wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then asked: "Who was she?" "I do not know," said the minister. "I was requested by letter, and paid to perform the ceremony and keep it secret. It is perfectly lawful." "And I," said the banker, "did not see the lady's face. She deposited the money with me, and requested my attendance here to assure you that her promise should be faithfully fulfilled." The three men separated; the gas was turned out; the curtain fell on the first act. The next day Pomeroy tried to realize what he had done. He had sold his name to the unknown woman but he thought that could not injure him. She must have been in deadly peril, to pay such an exorbitant price for a simple name. He took an office further up town, and moved his mother to a nicer home. Patients came pouring in; a different class employed the rich Dr. Pomeroy than those who had employed the poor one. Five years had passed away, and he had gained a reputation and added considerably to his bank account. He had been an indefatigable worker, and now he felt that he needed rest for a while. "We will take a trip to Europe, mother," he said. "It will do you more good than you can imagine." A great many gentle hearts felt a pang to see the "good doctor" leave, although their endeavors to catch him had been in vain. He felt no preference for the opposite sex. He had recovered from his disappointment, and he ceased to remember that he was a married man, or to think kindly of the unknown woman who had so radically changed his life. They traveled leisurely through the tour they had marked out before they had started, and one night found them in a French village. About the middle of the night the doctor was awakened by some one tapping at his door and calling for him to come out. He did so. He found the landlord who told him in broken English that one of his countrymen had just fallen down

THE FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL.

stairs in a fit, and on seeing his name registered M. D., they called him up. He went into an elegantly furnished room, where a man, some fifty years of age, was lying in a dying condition. A young lady sat by the bed fanning him. The doctor hastily examined the patient and found that it was impossible for him to live; but the day passed, and still another, before he drew his last breath. He never recovered his consciousness. The lady told Dr. Pomeroy that he was her father. His name was Eugene Sydenham, a native of England, and she would like to have him buried where he died. They were traveling for her health, she went on to explain that he was a widower. Her only remaining relative was a young sister, who was being educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Paris. After Mr. Sydenham was buried, Miss Sydenham went under the care of the doctor and his mother, to Paris. She insisted on their taking up their abode where she had apartments, and so not a day passed, but she was with Mrs. Pomeroy. The old lady got warmly attached to her, and talked dolefully to her son about the time they should have to be separated. She told them confidently not to wonder that she did not mourn for her father, for he had endeavored to wrong her deeply; that it was not love that held her to his side; and in all her life she had never been so happy as now that she was free. Dr. Pomeroy watched her. At first he was very gallant, but at last began to be reserved and cold. A feeling he dared not cherish was growing in his heart, and it alarmed him greatly. "I dare not love her," he muttered to himself. "I am bound." Then, for the first time he realized how heavily were the fetters he had forged for himself. She noticed the change. She tried to beguile him to forget the grief that was evidently weighing on him; and at last, in a fit of desperation, he told her all. "I am a married man!" he said, impetuously. "I love you; and yet I am not free to love!" She recoiled, but bade him tell her all. "It was cruel, unkind of her to bind you so," she said. "No, no!" he ejaculated. "She saved me—she blessed me—and I shall always respect her, but never did my bonds hurt me until I met you. Now I shall be miserable forever." "You may meet her." "Impossible!" "But possible," she said, with a sorrowful look. "I know your Ellen Latour. She lives, and I must give you up." "You know her?" "Yes; to-morrow I will introduce you to her. She is anxious to see you; she knows you are here, and—she believed you loved me, and wondered if you were as upright as she had always thought you to be." He bowed his face in his hands, and Miss Sydenham left him. The hour had come which he had hoped for in bygone days—he was to learn whom he had wedded; but it gave him no pleasure now. At an early hour the servant told him that Miss Latour awaited him in her private parlor, and he was ushered into a strange room. He scarcely lifted his eyes as he entered, but when he did, they fell upon Miss Sydenham. "I am Ellen Latour," she said, simply. "That is my real name, though I never anticipated revealing the truth to you. Listen to my story before you blame me," she said. "The man whom you saw die was my step-father. He married my mother when I was but five years old, and sister Ada a baby. My mother was weakly, and she died a few years later, leaving all our father's property in that man's hands. He was our sole guardian, to hold our property under his control until we were married or become of age. He placed me in the Sacred Heart, and kept me there until I was sixteen, and then he took me out, and proposed to marry me to a friend of his. I rebelled. One night I heard a conversation between them, and found that he was selling me for twenty thousand dollars, that was to be paid down to him out of my property the moment Turner became my husband. I was shocked. I had no friends to go to, and was totally at a loss what to do. He did not allow me to go into society; I made no acquaintances, and instead of allowing me to stay in my mother's house, he kept me traveling about the country. "At last I proposed to compromise. I told my step-father to take me to America, and when I returned I would marry his friend. He complied, and I got my maid to gossip with one of the servants in the hotel, and by chance she told her your history, as her sister worked for your mother. Just before I started for England an uncle of my mother's left me fifty thousand dollars in my own right, which my step-father could not touch. I had it transferred to New York, and determined to save myself with it. Hearing of you, I adopted the plan of getting you to marry me. When we returned to England, my step-father commanded me to fulfill my promise, and I showed him my marriage certificate. He swore, but he saw his case was lost. I had outwitted him. I did not leave him, but remained to protect my sister Ada from a similar fate. I never expected to meet you. I intended to have you sue for a divorce as soon as he should die, and it would not endanger my safety." "But this intention will never be carried into effect!" Dr. Pomeroy exclaimed. "You will be mine forever, Ellen!" "Yours forever!" she answered. And when they went to see his mother, there were no three happier people to be found in the whole world. Years have passed since then, and Ada finds a home with her sister, who never repents that she was saved from a fate worse than death by strategy. John Stetson one evening met a manager and made an inquiry as to the "biz." "Immense," answered the manager, "we had \$600 in last night." "Honest ucher, that!" said John. "Usher! honest! What the deuce are you talking about?" "Well, the deuce are you, somebody must have dropped \$400 in the aisle, and one of the ushers found it.—[Detroit Free Press.

THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE ROUGHS IN ENGLAND.

For two years, or thereabouts, our towns have had frequent opportunities of witnessing an exhibition not to everybody's taste. The "Salvation Army," as far as it can be known to the uninitiated, consists of bands of men marching through the streets, generally toward "church time," with banners, devices, and sometimes emblematic helmets and other accoutrements, singing sensational hymns, and by their gestures inviting all whose eyes they succeeded in catching to fall in and march with them to some headquarters or rendezvous of those who are to be saved. The worship they conduct under cover is not quite of the sober and monotonous character that finds most favor with English respectability. The confident heirs of a newly-assured salvation sing hymns after hymns with emphatic refrains, in an ascending scale of devotion, energy. At intervals exhortations which are at least simple, intelligible and frequently reiterated, restore their flagging energies for fresh multitudinous utterances. The sense of numbers amounting to an army, if not on the spot, yet in faith, everywhere present, feeds the strength of the individual. The devotees are told, very likely with truth, that hundreds of thousands are at the same moment marching towards Zion, scouring her bulwarks, ascending her steps, and even entering her gates. It is plain that the enthusiasm does not always die away when these provocative are withdrawn. It is plain, too, that the movement has not lost the attractiveness of novelty and youth. The army is still found on our streets. It is not to be expected that even so much of a good minority of a settled and well-regulated population should take part in such a movement, or like it, or even regard it with indifference. A very large part of our own population, on one ground or other, believe themselves saved already, and therefore under no need to go out of their way for a new call. A large part are very well satisfied to be in a fortunate minority in this respect, and take an exclusive view of the celestial circle. About the last thing they desire is to meet their neighbors there, especially if they are not clean, or talk broad, or cannot distribute their h's properly. A large part are quite content not to be saved; indeed, think there is no such thing. If these various classes be added together, they will constitute an immense majority against the "Salvation Army." Most of these people, however, are ready to leave it alone. They will be neither for it nor against it. But there remain the irrepressible "roughs." It is unnecessary to describe them, for they promise to be our lords and masters. They are the present tyrant, whose function it is to test the sincerity of the virtuous and the gratitude of the brave. It is with them that the "Salvation Army" is now waging its only physical warfare. English people generally would leave it to the test of time. The men that stagger out of the public houses, or that have not yet recovered from their Saturday night's carouse, or that dread some possible interference with their own ways, molest these harmless soldiers with insulting cries, mockery, and more serious annoyances. The faith of the majority, the good taste of the educated, and the universal sense of decency are outraged under the pretense of interrupting the exceptional methods of a few. But it is evident that if the "roughs" are to be allowed to do what they like, the streets can no longer be called the Queen's highway, or the land of her realm.—[London Times.

A RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION.

At the last meeting of the Virginia Historical Society, in Richmond, Va., a curious ancient document was read by the Corresponding Secretary. It is the handwriting of Col. Thomas Waring, of Goldberry, Essex county, Va., an ardent rebel, who was with Washington at the battles of Trenton and Princeton. It is entitled, "The Last Will and Testament of Old England, and is dated at the 'Palace of Necessity, this 19th day of April, just four years from the fatal day on which my last opportunity was lost by shedding the blood of America at Lexington, in the year 1779. The following are the bequests made: "I, Old England, being in a very weak and languishing state, through voluptuousness and loss of Blood, do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in the manner following—viz: Imprimis—I do give and bequeath unto the Bishops of St. Asaph and Peterborough, to be equally divided among them, all my religion. "2. I give all my sincerity to the Honorable Members of the Minority in the House of Commons. "3. I give all my knowledge in Politics to Lord Camden and Lord Abingdon and those other noble Lords who opposed the Ministry in their Mischievous and Cursed war in America. "4. I give to my sister Scotland all my Pride and Haughtiness. "5. I give to my sister Ireland the one-half of my Poverty, Distress and Ruin. "6. I give to the Earl of Bute and Lord North all my Treachery and Tyranny, to be equally divided among them. "7. I give to Lord Howe and General Howe all my Cruelty as a reward for the Treatment of the American Prisoners. "8. I give all my low cunning to Lord Mansfield and Lord George Gorman. "9. I give all my Stupidity and Obstinate to the present Ministry. "10. I give my Power by Sea and Land to the French King. "11. I give my Integrity to the King of Spain. "12. I give my Trade and Commerce to the State of Holland. "13. I give those abject Mortals, the Tories of America, one Ton of Hemp, to be equally distributed among them by I. C. "14. I give my Right and Title in that most glorious tract called Magna Charta to the United States of America, to their Heirs and Assigns forever. "15. I give unto my Colonies in America—viz., Canada, Nova Scotia, East and West Florida, the West Indies—the other half of my Poverty, Distress and Ruin; and I do appoint the United States of America to be guardians of my said Colonies. "An elephant in a North Carolina circus recently drank a paill of whisky. The drunken beast.

DISINFECT FOUR TREES.

There is no doubt that the planting of desirable varieties of fruit trees and vines will be greatly extended in this county the present and in succeeding seasons. The stock for the extended plant is likely to come from nurseries and vineyards in districts abroad that are more or less infested with scale insects, red spider, aphid, codling worm, phylloxera, and other pests, with which as yet we have not been extensively troubled, though some of them are beginning to give us a great deal of trouble. To contend with the natural increase and dispersion of the fruit pests we now have in our already planted orchards and vineyards will sufficiently tax our efforts and resources, and we should take care, by proper treatment of imported nursery trees and vines or cuttings, to destroy any insect life there may be upon them, before they are planted, and the wrappings or boxes in which they may be packed should also either be destroyed by fire, or thoroughly disinfected by the same treatment applied to the trees and vines or cuttings, or by lime, whale-oil soap and sulphur, or other washes, that are recommended as safe and effectual, can be conveniently and thoroughly applied to fifty or a hundred nursery trees piled together, before planting.—[Contra Costa Gazette.

HARDLY CONSISTENT.

The following incident floating in the press of the country illustrates the inconsistency of human nature: "Do you believe in predestination?" inquired a Mississippi captain of a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him. "Of course I do," was the reply. "Then you believe that whatever is to be will be?" "Certainly." "Well, I am glad of it." "Why?" "Because I'm going to pass that boat ahead in just fifteen consecutive minutes, if there is any virtue in pine knots and safety valves. So don't be alarmed; if the boilers are not going to burst they won't; that's all." Upon this the divine began to put on his hat and looked as if he was going to back out, which the captain observing, remarked: "I thought you believed in predestination?" "So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place." It was very ungentlemanly in the old bachelor who was told that a certain lady had "one foot in the grave," to ask if "there wasn't room for both feet."

WOMAN'S WORK.

At intervals one is shocked by reading of the suicide of some poor woman who cannot find work to do, and prefers death to dishonor. This is very sad; but need it be? Throughout our broad land surely there is plenty of work for women's nimble fingers if she looks for it in the right place. But unhappily she seldom knows how to get her skill and energy in the right groove. In the cities you find hundreds of thousands of women struggling for work as shop girls, hair dressers, clerks, milliners, etc., and failing, simply because they stay where there are thousands of the same trade in competition. If they would go to some village or inland town, where taste and fashion are beginning to create a demand for their work, and where living is cheap, they could be sure in the end of competency if not fortune. On the other hand in those very inland towns and farms you find hundreds of thousands of other women, anxious to make a living, sending poems, novels, pictures and high art embroidery literally by the ton for sale into the cities, which are already swarming with unsuccessful authors and artists; and blind to the fact that their neighbors really want a first-class milliner, embroiderer, saleswoman or hair-dresser. Good servants, too, are needed; but Chloe and Bridget are the queens of our kitchens, and enjoy a comparatively easy life, while women who could fill their places remain in the cities to starve. M. M. Moleschott and Fabini find reason to believe that the elimination of carbonic acid from animals increases under the influence of light, and that light acts not only through the eye, but over the whole surface of the body.