

BEARDSLY HALL.

BY M. A. POTTER.

There was a great stir in the little village of Glenwood, when it became generally known among the inhabitants that Beardsly Hall, which had been closed three years, since the death of Judge Beardsly, its former proprietor, and had been purchased by a wealthy gentleman who expected to make it his residence.

Many were the conjectures as to who and what the new proprietor was, but nothing definite could be ascertained except that his name was Horton, and that he had recently returned from Europe. The business concerning the purchase had been transacted by an agent who paid the price demanded, without asking a reduction, which fact seemed to indicate that Mr. Horton was a man of wealth.

Beardsly Hall was situated just outside the village. The handsome house, substantial and roomy, stood in the center of an enclosure containing several acres of land which was laid out with nicely graveled walks winding in and out among the trees, in different directions from the house. The place was beautiful, and during Judge Beardsly's life had been well cared for, the flower garden and shrubbery having been his especial pride and delight.

"A mighty extravagant set those Hortons must be!" said Mrs. Jenks whose house, though in the village, was nearly opposite Beardsly Hall. Such improvements as they are putting on that house. Why! I do believe it would cost them less to pull it down and build a new one!" and she talked an hour to her neighbor, Mrs. Allen, scarcely pausing for breath, her one theme being "Beardsly Hall."

And she was not the only one that talked and thought of Beardsly Hall. The more refined people, in their exclusive sets, were hoping that the Hortons would prove to be pleasant companionable people, and that Beardsly Hall would be again open to them as in days past; while others looked on with jealous eyes, and hearts so filled with envy that nothing could induce them to say one good word for the Hortons of Beardsly Hall.

Every article of furniture that was carried into the house was thoroughly scanned by Mrs. Jenks and her daughter Jane, and reports of the number of articles, size and probable cost were duly circulated in the village.

It was a clear, bright, moonlight evening when at last there was an arrival at Beardsly Hall. Why did the family come in a carriage late in the evening instead of broad daylight by the train? was a question that perplexed Mrs. Jenks and her friends as they stood watching the carriage, trying to gain sight of its occupants.

"That's a spruce young sprig!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, as a young man sprang from the carriage and proceeded to assist the others to alight.

"Who is that? I never heard that an old man was coming," said Jane apparently chagrined that anybody could come without her knowledge.

"There's a widow, as sure as I am alive!" said Mrs. Jenks as a young lady dressed in deep mourning alighted from the carriage. "Just look at that veil! No one but a widow would wear such mourning. Ah, there's another lady! I wonder who she is?"

Thus Mrs. Jenks and her friends talked and gossiped, while the newly arrived neighbors across the way, unconscious of having attracted any particular attention, entered the house and closed the door behind them.

A week later Mrs. Jenks called again on her neighbor, Mrs. Allen.

"Have you got acquainted with your new neighbors yet?" inquired Mrs. Jenks pointing to Beardsly Hall.

"I have seen them a few times," replied Mrs. Allen.

"There are awful, strange doings, going on at that house!" said Mrs. Jenks.

"Indeed!" remarked Mrs. Allen, scarcely listening to the talkative neighbor.

"Well, I saw a sight the other evening which really made me feel like running away and getting out of the neighborhood," continued Mrs. Jenks.

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Allen while a smile played about her mouth.

"Why, you have no idea what is going on there. You can't see from your window as I can from mine."

"Well, what did you see?" and this time Mrs. Allen fairly laughed.

"Oh, you need not laugh; it was nothing to laugh at!"

"But what was it?"

"Well, you see, a carriage stopped at the door, and a youngish man jumped out, and that little widow with all her mourning on—the deceitful hussy—ran down the steps like a young girl, and let him clasp her right in his arms! I say such sights are disgraceful, and I'd like to move out of the neighborhood."

"Is it not fortunate, Mrs. Jenks, that we have only our own sins to answer for?" said Mrs. Allen, seriously. "I do not feel that we are at all responsible for other people's actions."

"Oh, you don't? A pretty state of society we would have if every one was like you!" and with this remark Mrs. Jenks departed.

Mrs. Jenks' reports had an effect in the village, for they went from mouth to mouth till the true source of the stories were forgotten, and the people unconsciously became prejudiced.

Meanwhile the family at Beardsly Hall seemed to be totally indifferent to the people of the village and perfectly capable of enjoying themselves without other society. The young people played croquet with the old gentleman on the lawn; the young lady in black walked or

rode, first with one young man and then with the other; and the young lady seemed to enjoy herself equally well, though perhaps, in a more quiet manner. Soon after their arrival it had been reported that the old gentleman was proprietor of the place, and that he had a son and daughter; but which young man was son and which young lady was daughter?

Two weeks had passed since the arrival of the strangers, when the news came straight from the minister's wife, that there was to be a wedding in the little church the following week, and that the bride-groom was the son of Mr. Horton, of Beardsly Hall. Shortly after this announcement, numerous guests, young and old, began to arrive at the spacious mansion; rides, drives, picnics and nutting-parties were the order of the day; and music, reaping and dancing, the programme of the evening.

As the day appointed for the wedding approached, curiosity reached its height when it became known that a florist, to decorate the house and church, and a caterer, to provide and arrange the supper, had arrived from the city.

The village children after school hung around the door of the church, now and then getting a peep at the inside, or an opportunity to enter, after which they would run home to tell their mothers of the wonders they had seen.

Mrs. Jenks and Jane kept closely at home, and one or the other was constantly stationed at the window, from which there was a good view of Beardsly Hall. Mrs. Jenks was worried and jealous, too, for she had seen her neighbor, Mrs. Allen, go into and out of the house several times, as though she was on intimate terms with its inmates.

The wedding evening came at last, at the close of a beautiful autumn day, with scarcely a cloud to dim the brightness of the moon that shed its light and cheery influence on all nature. On the morning train a plentiful supply of flowers and eatables had arrived; and the evening train brought many more guests to attend the marriage festival.

The church was opened at 8 o'clock, and soon after was completely packed with people eager to witness the ceremony. The floral decorations were elegant, and elicited many exclamations of surprise and delight from the admiring crowd.

The town clock had just sounded its last stroke of 9 when the carriages arrived at the church door; the minister appeared at the altar; and the people turned to see the bridal party enter the church.

Four little girls dressed in white tarlatan, nearly covered with flowers, led the way up each aisle. Those in the right aisle were followed by the young man, first mentioned, and Mrs. Allen; after whom came other gentlemen with ladies.

The four little girls in the left aisle were followed by the young man—who had so exasperated Mrs. Jenks by clapping the "widow" in his arms—with the young lady heretofore supposed to be Mr. Horton's daughter, elegantly dressed in satin and lace, clinging to his arm. Next in order came Mr. Horton and the "widow," who for the time had laid aside her mourning, and was dressed in pure white, wearing white flowers in her hair. These were followed by other gentlemen and ladies.

Mrs. Jenks half arose from her seat as the marriage ceremony commenced, and was nearly overcome with astonishment when she saw Mr. Horton's son married to the lady she had all the time imagined to be Mr. Horton's daughter; and when the young man stepped forward and gave the bride away, she was so bewildered that she sank on the seat utterly powerless to imagine anything further.

The ceremony went on, however, without interruption, and at its close the happy couple, with their numerous friends, left the church and returned to Beardsly Hall.

The state of Mrs. Jenks' mind as she sat at her window, gazing at the merry throng that were passing in and out of the elegant mansion opposite, until a late hour of the night, can be better imagined than described. The next morning she decided to visit Mrs. Allen and demand an explanation.

Mrs. Allen received her neighbor kindly, and good-naturedly gave her the desired information.

"Mr. Horton is my brother," said Mrs. Allen, "the lady you supposed to be a widow is his daughter; she dresses in mourning for her mother; the young man who clasped the 'widow' in his arms—and here Mrs. Allen's eyes sparkled with merriment—"is her husband, and is also brother to the bride;" and still further Mrs. Allen volunteered the information that the bride and groom were to start immediately for a year's tour in Europe, and that Mr. Horton's daughter and her husband were to remain with Mr. Horton, and at his death would become owners of the property.

Mrs. Jenks departed a wiser and better woman, and in time, as she and others became acquainted with Mr. Horton's family and witnessed the many acts of courtesy and kindness bestowed by them upon the people of the village, the old spirit of envy and jealousy was changed to one of love and respect for the inmates of Beardsly Hall.

Young men should never lose presence of mind in a trying situation. When you take the girl you love to a picnic, and you wander away together to commune with nature, and she suddenly exclaims: "Oh, George, there's an ant down my back!" don't stand still with your mouth wide open; don't faint; don't go for the girl's mother; go for the ant.

What is a Gentleman?

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined, and as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or confusion of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful to the absurd; he guards against the unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings, or arguments, or insinuations evil which he dare not say out. From a long sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, and is too well employed to remember injuries. He is patient, forbearing and resigned on philosophical principles. He submits to pain because it is inevitable; to bereavement because it is irreparable; to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourses of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence. He throws himself into the mind of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes, he knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful and useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness of feeling which is the attendant on civilization.

Norway.

Norway is not a land flowing with milk and honey; not a land of olive-yards and vineyards; of Southern skies and effeminate luxuriance; of Spanish dances and Italian serenades; of soft intrigues and quick revenges that wait upon life itself. It is not a land of fragrant breezes, where the nightingale sings to his mate, while the moon with her train of satellites in stately dignity rises in the dark blue dome, bathing the earth in a silvery flood, while lovers pace romantic ruins washed by a broad-flowing Rhine, or a sterner Danube, or linger in the bowers on the banks of a Moselle.

It is, on the contrary, a land of eternal snows, whose mountain-tops are fraught with a mystery of silence that is never broken, where the foot of man never falls; of gigantic icebergs; of rushing streams; of grand waterfalls and mighty cataracts that seem to increase and multiply as you progress through the country. It is a land which owes everything to nature and nothing to man; where ruins are not, and the song of the nightingale is unheard, and bowers of roses may be read about but scarcely seen.

Norway is a land scantily peopled by men and women, honest and fearless, simple and genuine, frank and hospitable—until a day will come when mixture with the world which seeks them more and more, year by year, may give the faults of that world, and take from them their best heritage—a single eye, a simply faith, an uprightness of purpose rare as beautiful after 6,000 years of leveling.

It is a land where railroads are scarce, and traveling is long and laborious, but very pleasant; a land not pampered by the refined luxury of the age, the squandering of wealth in pomp and vanity, purple and fine linen; but a land of stern realities, where wealth is rare, and each man's inheritance is labor and toil.

This land has a bright, bracing air; a coast iron-bound and full of wonders. It is a land that reminds us in a measure of that city that hath no foundations, wheret here is "no night;" for here, during some portion of the year, the sun never sets, and darkness falls not.

A Blood Hound's Gratitude.

There is now living in Eaton County, this State, a farmer who, as a Federal soldier and a prisoner at Andersonville, was a party to a strange incident during the palmy days of that terrible prison pen. The prisoners were allowed to go out in squads, strongly guarded, to collect firewood. One day it came to this man's turn to go, and for the first time since his imprisonment he caught sight of "Col. Catchem," the blood hound who had run down more escaping prisoners than all other dogs combined. In fact at that time he was the only hound at the post. He was a monster dog, savage as a tiger, and he had in several cases pulled down and killed the prisoners before the pursuers could come up. Such were the stories of his ferocity, whispered inside the stockade, that more than one tunnel was abandoned just as it was ready to lead its diggers under the posts and to liberty.

The Michiganander noticed that the dog limped painfully on one of his fore feet, but gave the matter no special attention until after being out for half an hour, he sat down to rest near one of the guards. The dog approached the guard as if to ask some favor, but was repulsed with an oath and a threatened blow. He then skulked around and came near the prisoner, who saw that he had an old horse-shoe nail run into his foot. With a little coaxing he got the dog near and finally pulled out the nail, and the animal ran away, seemingly well pleased.

Twelve days after that, one night about midnight, a tunnel was ready to pass out the few who had secretly dug it. The Wolverine went first, and indeed last. The others remembered the stories of the big bloodhound, and drew back at the last moment. The prisoner was a long time getting clear of the neighborhood, and, weak and starved as he was, he was not more than two miles from the stockade when the day broke and "Col. Catchem" was put on his track. When he heard the hound coming he looked for a suitable tree to climb, but failed to find one. Armed with a club he took his stand and determined to make a fight for it. The dog came along the trail with a rush, stopped short at sight of the prisoner, and was about to spring when he recognized the man and began exhibiting every sign of friendship. After a few minutes the pursuers were heard in the distance. The dog at once trotted off in the direction, and was shortly baying and leading them over a fictitious trail.

The prisoner pushed ahead for half an hour, and was then rejoined by the dog, who kept either close to his heels or just ahead of him all day, and lay beside him in the woods at night. The position of guardian or companion he maintained until toward night of the second day, when he returned to the stockade. The prisoner was then thirty miles away, but the roads were patrolled and the woods scouted, and on the fifth morning he was recaptured. When he was returned the hound met and caressed him, and for this was whipped by one of the guards. From that hour to the close of the war the dog would not take the trail of an escaping prisoner. He was tried time and again, but he would not follow the trail a single rod. Another blood hound was procured, but as soon as he took up a trail the other dog would follow and fight him. During the last three months of Andersonville not a prisoner was run down by the dogs although dozens tunneled out, and many were lying in the woods when the Confederacy went with a crash.

Barnum's Bearded Woman.

The "Bearded Woman," who was years ago P. T. Barnum's greatest attraction, was buried in the little village of Liverpool, on the shore on Onondaga Lake. She first appeared in Barnum's Museum in New York. Like all other curiosities, the time came when she was no longer an attraction, and retired from public gaze, and not long afterwards became a resident of Liverpool. The maiden name of this remarkable woman was Rebecca Wertgaat. She was born at Pembroke, Genesee County, New York, in May 1824. When she was quite young she removed with her parents to Ogdensburg, where she remained till 1841. In the meantime she had married a man named J. R. Lyon, and in this year she removed with him to New York where she remained till 1860. Nothing unusual in the life or person of Mrs. Lyon had been observed till she reached her 44th year, and then a very heavy dark beard suddenly began to appear on her face. Neither her features nor her nature bore any appearance of masculine tendencies, and she was greatly embarrassed by the growth upon her face. She employed various means for removing the fast-growing beard, but without avail, and it was not long before it reached her waist. It was soft and silken like the hair of a child. A suit was instituted against Barnum for an alleged imposition upon the public, it being stated in the complaint that the woman was an impostor. After his museum was consumed by fire, Mrs. Lyon became one of the attractions of Col. Wood's Museum in Chicago, and she was the wonder of that city for some time. She went from Chicago to a museum in Boston, and a little while later became connected with Forepaugh's circus, with which she traveled over the United States and Canada. While in Canada an order for her arrest was made by a civil officer, who declared that she was imposing on the credulity of the people, and not until a resident of the place in which she was stepped up and declared she was just what she appeared to be, was the order rescinded. Mrs. Lyon's death occurred on Friday. She was 56 years old.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Judson's Ghost.

Dr. Wayland, in his *Life of Judson*, has but feebly portrayed the scene of Mrs. Judson's funeral. Our decks were crowded by sailors of all nations, and every flag was at half mast, while a long line of boats took ours in tow, and on arrival at the wharf the clergy of every denomination formed the head of the procession, which moved through the main street, while all the shops were closed.

My recollections of Dr. Judson are of the most agreeable kind. Deeply afflicted as he was by his loss, he still maintained a cheerful demeanor, impressing all of us with love and veneration for his character. His wife was a constant sermon.

But scenes like that of the death and funeral they had lately witnessed prepared the minds of the crew for the access of superstition. Soon after leaving St. Helena the second mate called me suddenly in the night. The poor fellow's tone evinced that he was as much frightened as were the sailors, who, he said, had seen a ghost.

"A ghost, Mr. Bronson?" I asked.

"What kind of a ghost?"

"Mrs. Judson's, sir; we can all see it in the foretop."

"Pshaw!"

"Captain, do come on deck, do, and you will see it for yourself," replied Mr. Bronson.

Well, as I had never seen a ghost, I complied with his request, and walking into the waist, where the watch was gathered in stupefied amazement, they pointed their trembling fingers to the foretop, whispering, in hushed voices, "There she is, sir—look at her."

Yes, there she was—a perfect figure of a woman in a white dress, with outstretched arms and a ghastly face. I will confess that no little astonishment was combined with my incredulity. I had been awakened from a sound sleep to behold this visitation with half-opened eyes. But in a moment I saw the cause of the singular deception.

"Boys," I said, "who will go with me into the foretop and speak to her?"

There were brave men among the crew who would have gone aloft on my order to send down a royal yard, even if they thought the mast might go over the side, but now none of them would stir. At last I said: "Do you think it is my place to go up there and stow that top-gallant studding-sail?"

Then they understood the meaning of the apparition. The sail, which, when not in use, was lashed against the foretop-mast rigging, had got adrift, and, spreading itself across to the foremast head, had assumed the weird and unearthly appearance of a ghost. So this puzzle for metaphysicians was solved.

Had I sent the men below and gone up and stowed the sail myself, as I was tempted to do, no argument would ever have convinced them that they had not seen the ghost of Mrs. Judson.—Harper's Weekly.

Tobacco.

I go against tobacco, because it goes against me. I will tell you why.

First—I do not like the taste of it. It tastes worse than the bitterest medicine ever put to my lips. It is such sickening stuff.

Second—I don't like the looks of it. In the words of another, when I see the tobacco, I pity the mouth that chews it; and, when I see the mouth that chews it, I pity the tobacco. It has not a taking color. It is of a dirty-dirt color.

Third—I don't like the effects of its use. It makes the teeth yellow and brown, when they should be white; it makes the breath sour and offensive, when it should be sweet; it injures the voice, so that those who chew cannot sing and speak with advantage. The voice breaks, and the choirster croaks like a raven when he should sing like a bobolink; the orator merely barks, and tobacco bark is very disagreeable.

Fourth—The habit of chewing is a very filthy habit. Look at the carpets, the stair-ways, the sitting rooms, where the chewers gather together and roll the quid like a sweet morsel under the tongue. Every boy that chews ought to wear a hat shaped like a spittoon, and use it as such wherever he goes; indeed, he ought to wear it when he sleeps; such a night-cap may save the pillow-cases from stains.

Fifth—I fear tobacco creates a taste for liquor. It lights a fire in the throat which water may not quench.

HONOR OLD AGE.—Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man as he passes along. Once he was like you, but the vicissitudes of life has silvered his hair and changed the round face to the worn visage before you. Once his heart beat with aspirations coequal to any you have felt; aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once his form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau-ideal of grace; now the hand of time, that withers the flowers of yesterday, has warped his fingers and destroyed his noble carriage. Once, at your age, he had the thousand thoughts that pass your brain—now wishing to accomplish something worthy in fame, anon imagining life a dream that the sooner he woke from it the better. But he has lived the dream nearly through. The time to wake is very near at hand; yet his eye kindles at old deeds of daring, and his hand takes a firmer grip of his staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would in old age, be revered.

Calling Nic-names.—S. S. Cox. "You will never say 'Shoo, fly, don't bother me,' again?" B. F. Butler. "Never! And you will never call me 'Old Cock-Eye,' 'Beast' or 'Spoons?'" Sunset. "Never."—Harper's Weekly.