

THE BAG OF GOLD.

"Are you engaged, coachman?"

I stopped at that moment to water my horses, and to quench my own thirst in a saloon near by. I had scarcely reached my horses' heads when I heard the above question, and saw, as I turned round, a young lady standing by the side of the cab.

Without delay I answered, and, opening the carriage door, I handed the lady in. Her face had a certain hesitating, timid expression which made me judge that my fare was not an independent lady, but a housekeeper or governess. She wore a black silk dress and a woolen shawl. Her hands and feet were small, but it did not escape me that her gloves were very much worn.

I asked her where she wished to be carried. She named a locality not of the best fame, and with a trembling voice, as if ashamed of it. I climbed on the box and whipped up. Although it was nothing to me where my fare wished to go, I felt a sort of curiosity as to who or what the lady might be. I had observed that she seemed to have a pretty face, although the veil that she wore over it did not let me see her features plainly. During the trip I was driven by my curiosity to peep through the carriage window behind me, and saw that she had put up her veil. She looked frightfully pale and thin. Her skin was like wax, and one did not need to be a doctor to know that she was consumptive.

She held in her hands something on which her eyes were fixed, and there came over her face an expression of thankfulness and satisfaction. What the object was I could not tell exactly. I only saw that it was light colored, and had no decided shape. I had only two seconds of time for my observation. I had to see to my horses in the crowded street.

I gave them a lash with the whip, and at a quick trot we soon arrived at the part of the city indicated. As soon as I found the number which the lady had given me, I stopped, got off the box, and opened the door to help her out. She appeared to be in great agitation, as if an unpleasant interview was before her. I received from her, over the price of her fare, which she evidently knew, a little drink money, thanked her, and she hurried away, while I turned my carriage toward a neighboring saloon to invest the drink money immediately in a glass of beer.

But before I went in I proceeded to straighten the carriage cushions and see that all was right inside. As soon as I opened the door again I saw some object lying on the seat. It was a small linen sack—without doubt what the lady had held in her lap. I took it in my hand; its weight astonished me. With not a little curiosity I looked at it again and again, and at last tried to open it. It was easily done, for the bag was fastened only by a little piece of string.

One can imagine my surprise when I found that it was filled with gold pieces! I dared not look at them further in this place, as a policeman might possibly notice, and ask how I came by the gold. In the meantime I tied the sack again, and put it in the wide pocket of my coat. Instead of indulging myself in a glass of beer, I drove to the nearest hackstand and took my place in the rear of the line of carriages, so that I could be sure of not being wanted for the next half hour.

I got into my carriage, as hackmen often do when they want a little rest, and I examined for the second time my new-found treasure. I shook the contents of the bag on the seat, and sat with dazzled eyes before quite a pile of gold.

After delighting my eyes with it for a while, I counted the money, partly \$20, partly \$10 pieces, singly, again in the sack, and found that it amounted exactly to the sum of \$1500.

I could not think otherwise than that this money belonged to the pale young lady whom I had last carried. How she came by it, and what was she going to do with it, was altogether another thing. I had found it, and it was a great temptation for me to keep it. What could I undertake with such capital? I could buy myself a carriage and horses, and instead of being a miserable hired coachman, would myself own carriages, or establish a livery stable, which would make me independent.

The picture of future which I painted in this way was alluring enough, but along with it was the consideration that I should be a thief if I retained the money. My selfishness had a severe struggle with my conscience.

While I now looked more closely at the bag, I found written in ink upon the address, "Miss Mildred Berkley, No. 4 Madison place." This address, which had hitherto escaped me, I read with as much disgust as astonishment, for there now remained to me, as an honorable man, but one way. I meditated over it a time, but could come to no conclusion. "With honesty," said one voice of my soul, "you will earn no bread; with honesty, in your old age you can go to the poor house."

At last selfish interest and conscience came to a compromise, and I resolved to keep the money until the following day. Then, I thought, there will be a reward offered, and no one can blame me in the least for profiting by it.

I remained all day in a fever of excitement, and when night came I felt really ill. I could not sleep. Next morning I was pale and wretched. I went to breakfast where hackmen were in the habit of drinking their coffee, and eagerly looked for the morning paper. Sure enough, at the top of the column for lost and found articles I found this advertisement:

LOST.—Yesterday, in a hack, a bag of gold. The finder is earnestly entreated to bring the money to No. 75 Grattan

street, three flights up, where he will receive a liberal reward.

I knew well what this last passage signified, for I had already in many cases learned that this common expression allowed great latitude. A liberal reward meant perhaps from \$1 to \$6 and a glass of beer. That would be fine amends for resigning \$1500. I laughed in scorn and my chagrin was great. My heart hardened toward the person who had inserted this notice, and I no longer felt the least desire to part with my newly-found treasure.

I went about all day with the sack of gold in my pocket, like a madman, which made me once or twice nearly run over people. My night's rest was disturbed by phantoms, and the morning brought me no relief. I felt miserable, and what was worse, even in my waking hours the phantoms did not fade from my eyes.

To my great surprise, the advertisement was not repeated. I could not explain this to myself, but began to fear that the police were on my track, and that some fine day I must walk into prison.

A week passed, and I had become a mere shadow of the strong, healthy man I had previously been. I could reproach myself only with not having returned the bag its proper owner. I had not taken a penny of its contents, but I always carried the bag with me, and with feverish anxiety and trembling hand I felt in my pocket from time to time to see that it was still there.

Strangely enough, I had during this time unusual good luck. My carriage was almost always occupied, and I earned a good deal of money. When I reflected on this fact, I believed that Providence thereby gave me a plain hint. I had always been a little religious, and not free from superstition, and this idea came to me. The result was that on the tenth day I came to the resolution to return the lost property. The money had become a curse to me ever since I stretched my hand out toward it. I had no rest by night or day; I felt weak and wretched, and visibly pined away.

I had noted the address given in the advertisement, and so I drove at noon on the tenth day to No. 75 Grattan street. It was the place where I had driven the young lady. I called a boy to hold my horse, and went up the stairs. I asked a girl I met for Miss Berkley, and she thought that such a person lived on the attic floor. I went up higher, and knocked at the door I presumed to be the right one. I could not help feeling that I had been a rascal, and only the consciousness that I was at last going to do right gave any ease to my conscience.

At my knock a weak voice called "Come in!" I opened the door and entered.

For a moment the darkness prevented my seeing the interior. The windows were dim with dust, smoke and dirt, and some broken panes were pasted over with paper. A table and two chairs, with a miserable bed, made the whole furniture.

"Step softly, Death is here," said a trembling voice, in which I only too well recognized the young lady whom I had brought there ten days ago. But how she had changed in this short time! Her cheeks were hollow, her face was pale as death, and her eyes had an unnatural brightness.

When I had gained the necessary self-command, I said, with my face turned away—for it was impossible for me to look on myself as other than a cowardly villain:

"I bring the bag of gold which—" and then I muttered something about having only just seen the notice.

"It is too late!" she whispered, sadly. "He for whom that money was destined is no longer living. Here he lies. He died some hours ago. Yesterday you could have saved him—saved us both—but now it is too late, too late!"

And she went on murmuring to herself, "too late!" as if she had fallen into a heartrending stupor.

Suddenly the poor woman rose slowly from the chair where she sat by the deathbed, and after walking up and staring at me, gave a hollow cry which thrilled me to the marrow of my bones.

"It is only right that you should know what you have to answer for," she said. "That is your work. You can be proud of it; it has been a complete success."

She laughed wildly—it was more a mingling of laughing and crying—and looked at me.

"He was my husband," she went on after awhile. "We lived apart; why and wherefore is nothing to you. For three years I heard nothing of him. During this time I lived out as governess, and earned that money which you hold in your hand. May God forgive you for what you have done!"

Here she had a severe fit of coughing, and when she took the handkerchief from her mouth it was wet with fresh blood. The hectic flush on her cheeks burned deeper than before, and I could plainly see that she had not much longer to live in this world.

"At last he found me," she continued, weakly, "and wrote, begging me to come to him. I came. He lived in this hole in sickness and poverty. Had I not lost my gold then, I would have taken him away and cared well for him. He died of hunger. We have had no food for the last three days, and there is no other fate for me but to follow him. Oh, you have done a manly deed! Look there—your work!"

She drew a cloth from the face of the corpse; it looked almost a skeleton, and the sight overpowered her. She threw herself over it and sobbed violently. This emotion brought on another fit of coughing with a frightful torrent of blood, during which she expired. Her disease had done too far for her to survive the shock of her husband's death,

and if she could not die in his arms, she died by his side.

Terrified, I spread the sheet over the two dead forms, and hurried to call the landlady. I still held the gold in my hand. It seemed to burn like fire, and I would have hurled it from me if I had not a duty to fulfill. The landlady was very indifferent about the fate of the unfortunate pair. She merely said that nothing different had been expected, but she was much pleased when I asked what they owed, and proceeded to pay her.

I went to an undertaker, and arranged with him for a fitting funeral for the couple united in death. I could not and would not seek for their friends and relatives to draw suspicion upon myself. It was now clear to me why the advertisement for the loss of the money appeared but once. The poor souls had not the means to pay for a repetition.

I followed the coffin to the grave. No stone marks it; but I know it well, and it often follows me in my dreams.

The very same day I drove to the hospital for consumptives, and put the rest of the bag of gold in the collection box, for I would rather have died of hunger than have kept a penny.—San Francisco Argonaut.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The best penance for envying another's merit is to try to surpass it.

If you want enemies, excel them; if you want friends let others excel you.

It is no point of wisdom for a man to beat his brains about things impossible.

We know that we must meet to part, but we know not that we part to meet again.

Genius makes its observations in shorthand; talent writes them out at length.

I look into a man's face and see how how cheerful it is, and then I know how wise he is.

There is no one study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from it.

Let your inclination be to those who advise rather than to those who praise your conduct.

Next to a life of stirring action, is a life devoted to the study of the principles of action.

If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at first or second call.

Man cannot dream himself into a noble character; he must achieve it by diligent effort.

The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.

If we had no faults, we should not take so much pleasure in noticing them in others.

There is a delicious sarcasm in the old proverb, "God help the rich, because the poor can beg."

To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life-time.

Every evil is followed by its punishment. It is as if evil had its punishment inscribed upon it.

No man ever made an ill-figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

The most influential man, in a free country at least, is the man who has the ability, as well as the courage, to speak what he thinks when occasion may require it.

A patent describes a steel ribbon lined with leather, to be used for driving belts. The patent is issued upon the novel method of connecting the metal and the leather.

General Fremont suddenly discovers that he has a claim on the Golden Gate. It is a wonder that some of the old fellows who live in the "future times back" do not claim the golden stairs.

Miss Julia Test of Richmond, Ind., has just recovered a watch lost in a Pullman sleeper three years ago. In rebuilding the car the workmen found the watch wedged in a corner of the berth.

The meanest man on record sent through a postoffice presided over by a woman a postal card on which was written, "Dear Jack! Here's the details of that scandal." And the rest was in Greek.

Fogg can say a neat thing when he wishes. When Miss Frankincense asked him, pointing at a mirror, what he thought of her pier, he replied, "I think that in it alone can you find your peer in beauty."

Seven months ago a Poughkeepsie lady broke off a needle in the palm of her right hand and was unable to extract it. The wound healed in a few days, and last Saturday the needle came out of her heel.

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the willful; not the graceful, but the fantastic; not the superior in the abstracts, but the superior in the worst of all concretes—the vulgar.—[Leigh Hunt.]

The Rev. Dr. Magoun, one of Philadelphia's Baptist ministers, told a New York conference that there were plenty of narrow-minded persons in every denomination who "worship God through inherited fear, and put aside religion with their Sunday clothes. They are almost as numerous as the sands of the sea, and have not soul enough to give hell a substantial grip."

Babies' Food.

There are about twenty European preparations styled infant foods, beginning with that of Nestle, and at least twice as many American, all of which profess to furnish a complete nutrition for the infant during the first few months of its existence, while yet the conversion of starch into dextrine and sugar is beyond the capacity of the untrained digestive function. The examination of these with the microscope, assisted by such simple tests as iodine, which turns starch cells blue, and gluten (or albuminous) granules yellow, has engaged the careful attention of Dr. Ephraim Cutter, of Cambridge, and his results will startle most mothers who have relied upon the extravagant pretenses set forth in the circulars of manufacturers. Eliza McDonough, who preceded Dr. Cutter in this field, has been in a measure discredited; but it appears that her assertion—that the starch, so far from being transformed into dextrine, was not sufficiently altered to render the recognition of its source difficult, whether from wheat, rye, corn or barley—was strictly true, and that these pretentious foods are, without exception, nearly valueless for dietetic purposes. All of them consist of baked flour mainly, either alone or mixed with sugar, milk or salts. In some cases, the baking has been very inadequately performed, and the doctor found one that consisted merely of wheat and oats whose starch cells were proximately in their natural condition. The general result of Dr. Cutter's examination may be stated in the brief terms as follows: There was scarcely a single one of the so-called infant foods that contained a quantity of gluten as large as that contained in ordinary wheat flour. That is to say, a well compounded wheat gruel is superior to any of them, particularly when boiled with milk, and mothers are in error who place any dependence in them. As respects one very expensive article, professing to possess 270 parts in every 1000 of phosphatic salt in connection with gluten, Dr. Cutter was unable to find any gluten at all. The thing was nearly pure starch, sold at an exorbitant price as a nerve and brain food, and a great remedy for rickets. So all through the list. Sometimes a trace of gluten was present, more frequently none at all. In one case there were 90 parts of starch to 10 of gluten; but this was exceptional, and the majority were less valuable, ounce for ounce, than ordinary wheat flour. Considering the semi-philanthropic pretensions that have been put forth by the manufacturers of these foods, some of them sustained by the certificates of eminent physicians, the report of Dr. Cutter is one of the dreariest comments upon human nature that has recently fallen under the notice of the journalist. But if the revelations he has made of fraud and pretense on the part of the manufacturers in this field shall serve to protect mothers from further betrayal and to rescue infant life from quack articles of nutriment, his work, though giving a tremendous shock to our sensibilities and to our faith in medical certificates, will not have been done in vain.

Prehistoric Tides.

At present the moon is 240,000 miles away; but there was a time when the moon was only one-sixth part of this, or say 40,000 miles away. That time must have corresponded to some geological epoch. It may have been earlier than the time when Eozoon lived. It is more likely to have been later. I want to point out that when the moon was only 40,000 miles away, we had in it a geological engine of transcendent power. If the present tide be three, and if the earlier tides be 216 times their present amount, then it is plain that the ancient tides must have been 648 feet.

There can be no doubt that in ancient times tides of this amount and even tides very much larger must have occurred. I ask the geologists to take an account of these facts, and to consider the effect—a tidal rise and fall of 648 feet twice a day. Dwell for a moment on the sublime spectacle of a tide 648 feet high, and see what an agent it would be in the performance of a geological work! We are standing now, I suppose, some 500 feet above the level of the sea. The sea is a good many miles from Birmingham, yet if the rise and fall at the coast were 648 feet, Birmingham might be as great a seaport as Liverpool. Three-quarters tide would bring the sea into the streets of Birmingham. At high tide there would be covered, and the tops of a few chimneys alone would indicate the site of the town.

In a few hours more the whole of this vast flood would have retreated. Not only would it leave England high and dry, but probably the Straits of Dover would be drained, and perhaps even Ireland would in a literal sense become a member of the United Kingdom. A few hours pass and the whole of England is again inundated, but only again to be abandoned.

These mighty tides are the grit, which astronomers have now made to the working machinery of the geologist. They constitute an engine of terrific power to aid in the great work of geology. What would the puny efforts of water in other ways accomplish when compared with these majestic tides and the great currents they produce.

In the great primeval tides will probably be found the explanation of what has long been a reproach to geology. The early paleozoic rocks form a stupendous mass of ocean-made beds, which, according to Professor Williamson, are 20 miles thick up to the top of the silurian beds. It has long been a difficulty to conceive how such a gigantic quantity of material has been ground up

and deposited at the bottom of the sea. The geologists said: "The rivers and other agents of the present day will do it if you give them time enough. But, unfortunately, the mathematicians and natural philosophers would not give time enough, and they ordered the geologists to 'hurry up their phenomena.'" The mathematicians had other reasons believing that the earth could not have been so old as the geologists demanded. Now, however, the mathematicians have discovered the new and stupendous tidal grinding-engine. With this powerful aid the geologists can get through their work in a reasonable period of time, and the geologists and mathematicians may be reconciled. —[Lecture by Professor Ball, of England.]

The Early European Whalers.

The Basque fishermen are a handsome race. They go away on their fishing voyages for many days, and are brave, honest and industrious; while both men and women are always cheerful and light hearted. They belong to a people who, for centuries, have repelled foreign invasion, have enjoyed free institutions, and made their own laws. The Basque fishermen are the descendants of the old whalers, and retain their traditions. They have from time to time produced naval worthies whose names are historical. Among them are Sebastian del Cano, a native of the little fishing town of Guetaria, who was the first circumnavigator of the globe; Legaspi, the conqueror of the Philippine Islands; Machin de Munguia, the Spanish Grenville, and Cherruca, whose gallantry at the battle of Trafalgar won for him the admiration of his English foes. Another proof of the importance of the whale fishery on the northern coast of Spain, and probably also of its antiquity, is a fact that no less than six of the towns have a whale for their coat of arms. This charge in the arms of Fuenterrabia. Over the portal of the first house in a steep old street of Guetaria there is a shield of arms consisting of a whale amid waves of the sea. At Motrico the town arms consists of a whale in the sea, harpooned, and a boat with men holding the line. The same device is carved on the wall of the town hall of Lequeitio. The arms of Bermeo and Castro Urdiales also contain a whale. I was assured that "vigias" or look-out posts were established on the headlands and high up the mountains overlooking the fishing towns, whence notice was given directly a whale was seen spouting in the offing, and soon the boats were in pursuit. On the mountain of Talaya-mendi, (Lookout mountain) above Zarauz, there are some ruined walls, which, according to Madoz, are the remains of one of these watch-towers whence warnings were sent down the moment a whale was in sight. In some of the towns there are records which throw light on the whale fishery, but (chiefly during the French occupation) most of the ancient archives have been destroyed or are lost. Fortunately this is not universally the case. In the town of Lequeitio eight of the "libros de fabrica," or fabric rolls of the church, commencing from the year 1510, have been preserved, which contains much interesting information.—[Nature.]

HOETICULTURAL NOTES.

The Rural World says: An orchard is as indispensable to the farmer as a garden. It furnishes a healthful food, a great luxury. It attaches children to home. It enhances the value of the farm. It pays to plant fruit trees. All winter long, the farmer, if he has an orchard, has got an unfailing supply of apples to go to. They can be cooked, eaten raw, converted into cider, or sold at good prices. Orchards are as necessary as cows, or sheep or hogs. Don't fail to plant good orchards.

One of the most successful orchardists who destroys the codling worm by turning sheep into his orchards, is J. S. Woodward, of Lockport. His rule is to put in twice as many sheep as the grass of his bearing orchard will feed, and to make up the deficiency with grain. To prevent all the danger of the sheep attacking the bark of the trees, he makes a mixture of carbolic soap, and the droppings of the sheep, and coats the bark of the trees with the mixture by means of a coarse brush, as high as the sheep will reach.

In Mr. Rutter's late excellent work on the peach, he shows that the free use of alkaline washes and manures, especially potash and lime, will preserve a peach orchard from the yellows, as well as from other destroyers of its fertility. Mr. Rutter has had thirty-five years of very extensive and varied experience, and his reliability is beyond question. So far as regards the borers, the carbolic acid of coal tar is most convenient and effective. It mixes in water by stirring it first into hot, strong soapsuds. A pint of the crude acid, costing twenty-five cents, is recommended to four or five gallons of soft soap; which, diluted, will make twenty gallons of wash, to be applied in June, and again in August for assured effectiveness, although the June application usually suffices.

According to the English authorities, 1881 will be remembered as the worst onion year on record, the onion grub having totally destroyed the crop, except in a few instances where special precautions were taken against this insect.

They are always discovering something wonderful out in California. The latest thing in wonders is a canary who refuses to sing unless a mouse, for whom the bird has been struck with a consuming passion, is with him in the cage.—Boston Transcript.