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## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

It was a summer evening, and I was standing in front of my consulting room door with my friend Horace Bertram, a young and rising lawyer, when we saw two young ladies approaching. One was tall and stately and possessed a countenance on which truth and purity had fixed their stamp in unmistakable characters. The other was petite and graceful, and both were beautiful as a dream of fair women. As they passed they nodded in a friendly manner to Horace, and I noticed a friendly smile pass over the face of the taller one. I saw a flush mount to the high fair head of my friend as he raised his hat, and I drew my own conclusions.

As for me, I was completely absorbed in the stately lady of the two, and the light of her clear, earnest eye rested for a moment on mine and haunted me afterward like a dream.

As they vanished from sight I turned to Horace with—

"Who are they? Where do they live? And what relation are they to each other?"

"Gently my friend. One question at a time. Don't get excited over those ladies. They are of noble blood and far out of the reach of such poor human beings as Horace Bertram, the lawyer, and Wilfrid Lansdowne, the doctor."

"That does not answer my question."

"I was coming to that, by easy stages. They are the great original and only daughter of Sir Gerald Wyatt, an enormously wealthy Englishman, who came to America for his health a few years since."

"Sir Gerald Wyatt? Impossible!"

"On the contrary, it is quite possible—and very probable. I know all about them."

"Has Sir Gerald any male heirs—sons, you know?"

"He has no sons. But his title and estates revert at his death, to a distant cousin—his only male relative—if he ever finds him. He has never seen him, and the most diligent search for him has thus far proved fruitless."

"Where did you say he lives?"

"I haven't said at all yet. But if you will give me time I will say that they live in a suburban place called the Towers."

Three weeks after this conversation I met Horace again and he opened with—

"I say, Wilfrid, that English cousin has arrived."

"Impossible," said I in astonishment.

"There you go again. I tell you it is possible. I have seen him myself—felt of him, and know him to be real flesh and blood, and real good looking English cockney he is, too. Sir Gerald is overjoyed, and is determined that he shall marry Lucille."

"Mary Lucille?"

"Perhaps you'll say that is impossible. You may be right about that, for she has taken an unaccountable dislike to Guy."

"Guy who?" cried I.

"Guy Radcliffe—that is the English cousin's cognomen."

"I'm—bless me! you say that Lucille has taken a dislike to him, and—"

"Is terribly prostrate over it. But Sir Gerald is a stubborn old cuss, and is determined to keep the estate in the family."

I waited to hear no more but rushed to my office, locked the door and proceeded to my safe and took out a packet of old letters. Just then I heard a knock at the door. I opened it and my servant handed me a note which read as follows:

"Sir Gerald Wyatt would esteem it a favor if Dr. Lansdowne would accompany the bearer to the Towers, where his professional services are requested."

In a moment I was ready and in the waiting carriage. On the way I questioned the coachman as to who needed me.

"Miss Lucille, sir. She's awfully shook up, and there is none of 'em as can do nothing with her."

We were waiting at the gates of the Towers, and as I passed hastily through the grounds, I noticed that everything showed signs of wealth, lavishly, yet tastefully expended. I was ushered into a room where I was cordially met by Sir Gerald, who introduced me to "Guy Radcliffe" and then proceeded to say:

"Doctor, I sent for you to attend my daughter, and I must briefly put you in possession of the facts of her case so that you can proceed intelligently."

I nodded assent.

"Women are queer creatures, you know. Now my daughter has taken it into her head to make herself sick all on account of a foolish whim. It is simply this: Mr. Radcliffe, here, is as good as a young man as one is likely to see, and I intend she shall marry him. In confidence, doctor, I owe it to Guy's mother—who was my cousin—to make some reparation for having neglected her and her's so long. Besides, I know Guy will make as good a husband as Lucille can find. 'Isn't that true?' he said addressing Radcliffe."

"You flatter me too much, Sir Gerald. I certainly intend to make my cousin as happy as is in my power."

"But we'll not discuss the matter now, said Sir Gerald. 'She is in a fainting fit now, having been drooping and growing weaker and weaker from day to day since she saw I was determined on the match.'"

"Then, surely," said I, "there is no time to lose."

I was led at once to the room of the patient. I went up to the bed where her sister was kneeling and crying as if her heart would break, and directed my efforts at once to the resuscitation of the beautiful but motionless figure before me. In a short time her eyes opened and rested upon mine. She must have caught my eager look. I turned to her

sister and gave her instructions and then sought Sir Gerald.

"Sir Gerald," I began, "I perceive that your daughter's constitution and temperament are of the highest nervous type. She is broken by mental suffering, and to prolong the strain might endanger life itself. I beg you, therefore, if you value her existence, not to mention her cousin's name to her until I see you again. I will be here again to-morrow morning."

"Certainly, doctor; I will obey your instructions."

Early next morning I was at the Towers again, and was ushered into the library, where Sir Gerald was alone, waiting to receive me. After learning of the improved condition of my patient, I at once opened the subject nearest to my heart by placing a packet in his hands, saying:

"This will explain to you, Sir Gerald, the object of my interview, and if you need more convincing proof of what they point to I am ready to furnish them in abundance."

He opened the bundle, and a miniature likeness of my mother was the first object that met his glance.

"Addie—my dear little cousin, Addie! And my picture, too—the very same one I gave to Addie on her 17th birthday. In the name of all that's wonderful, who are you? How did these things come in your possession?"

"Simply from my mother, Sir Gerald, for I am Addie Ireherne's only child—Wilfred Ireherne, otherwise Lansdowne."

"How is that possible?" Here is Guy Radcliffe, who claims the same relationship to Addie. He certainly brought no proofs, but I, anxious to find my cousin's child, believed all he told me. If you are Addie's son, why is it that they call you Lansdowne?"

"That is a long story," I said. "My mother's marriage was one of affection, but not of prosperity. After I was born we came to America where my father practiced his profession a few years, leaving us in poverty. My mother was too proud to ask the assistance of her rich relatives, but carried me back to our old home in England, where she soon died, unknown to her relatives, for she had adopted a fictitious name the better to conceal her identity. I then made my way back to this country, and made my way through college, and am now as you see me."

"But who is this Guy Radcliffe?"

"Do you remember Hugo Rascelini?"

"My old valet?"

"Yes, Sir Gerald; and this fellow is a son of your old servant."

"Now that I think of it, I remember who it is I was trying to discover he resembled. And to think that I received the son of a servant I had to discharge for dishonesty, as my heir and the prospective husband of my daughter!"

It was some minutes before the wrath of the baronet spent itself. But when he recovered his equanimity he said:

"Tell me how you know anything of Rascelini?"

"Another pointed the father and son out to me before she died. I never forget a countenance, and I knew the fellow, the very moment I saw him yesterday."

Sir Gerald then read the letters and proofs of my identity, and then rose and grasped me cordially by the hand and said:

"My dear boy, I look upon all this as providential, and believe me I am overjoyed at finding after all these years of search, my darling cousin Addie's son. You are to be my heir, and as it is my earnest desire that Lucille shall marry my heir, it will double the weight of my gratitude if you not only succeed in restoring her to health, but in winning her affections. I must go at once and tell her of the changed circumstances and—"

"Not so fast, Sir Gerald. Do not tell her all, I beg you. First examine this Guy Radcliffe and dismiss him privately. Then relieve her from the fear of your displeasure. That will be better than medicine. Then as to myself, I hope I have a clearer idea of honor than to present myself as a suitor for a lady's hand under such circumstances. I freely confess that I have seen her before, and am very much in love with her. But I wish to leave her mind unbiased, and win her love as Dr. Lansdowne, instead of her lost cousin, whom her father wishes her to marry."

"A young man's romantic idea. But it meets my approval, as you wish it. Days and weeks passed. Lucille grew strong, beautiful and happy once more. My professional visits had been constant and my care assiduous. She was so far advanced in convalescence that I could find no longer any reasonable excuse for continuing my professional visits, and I determined to learn my fate."

One afternoon I went to the Towers and found that she was out walking in the grounds. I wandered out in search of her, and remembering a favorite arbor of hers, sought her there. I found her fixing up the trailing branches of a rose. It was a lovely picture, and I scarcely dared to disturb it; but, summoning courage, I entered, took her by the hand and led her to a rustic seat. I never could tell exactly what followed; all that I know was that I was pouring forth the warmest words of love, and she was listening to me with downcast eyes and blushing face. What did I—she—say? Has not that 'old, old story' been often told, and as often 'set two fluttering hearts aglow'?"

"Are you sure," said I, after the first burst of rapture, "that you love me for myself—just as I am? Suppose your father still clings to the idea of your marrying your cousin, what would you consider your duty then? Would love settle the conflict between right and wrong, Lucille?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Wilfrid. When he saw how truly we loved each other he wouldn't compel me to pass through the same trials from which I have just been released. And it would be a thousand times worse now, since I have loved another."

"Listen to me, Lucille. I, and not your father's recent visitor, am your English cousin." And then, seated together, while she wept tears of gladness, we talked of what you, dear reader, already know.

Many Christmas eves have passed, and many long and happy years have frosted over the brown and golden hair. The voices of children—those of Horace and Jessie, as well as ours—ring from the flower terraces and shady coverts of Wyatt Towers—our ancestral home in old England. I am Sir Wilfrid Radcliffe now, for the good old man who was so true a friend to me has long since been gathered to his fathers.

## Reminiscence of John G. Saxe.

It was his custom in those days to make our roomy old brick home his headquarters, and to appear, satchel in hand, at unannounced hours—an unexpected but welcome guest. Never happy in the matter of his toilet, he was especially comical in his badly fitting traveling clothes, with his collar crumpled and his cravat awry; still, seen at midnight disadvantage after a fatiguing journey, he was Saxe the humorist, with ready anecdote and ability to keep even our infant eyes wide open.

Passionately fond of young people, he allowed us unlimited play-fellow privileges, crawling on all fours for our amusement, allowing us to investigate his abundant beard and to play with the jewelry which he was so fond of wearing. In our sports with him he not unfrequently held aloft my sister and myself, one in each hand, tossing us great girls of ten or thereabouts, as easily as if we were ball and bat. Of his own children he never tired of talking; Sarah was certainly her father's idol, although she lived in perpetual defiance of his most cherished plans for her benefit. Two incidents Mr. Saxe was fond of telling, as illustrative of her force of will and independence of character.

It was the custom of the Saxe family to spend the warmest part of the summer at Saratoga, the watering-place being near enough to Albany, their home, to make their sojourn there feasible. It was decided, one particular summer, that Sarah should remain at home in charge of the younger children, instead of accompanying her parents, as has been her former custom. This decision roused the wrath of the young lady and awakened all that latent obstinacy which her father claimed for her, in vain she remonstrated; her best clothing was placed under lock and key, and her parents departed, leaving her to the good girl and content herself till their return. The season was at its height, and many persons brilliantly conspicuous in literary circles were gathered under the flashing of the watering-place chandeliers. Saxe held his court at one end of the saloon on that August evening, and sat in convenient facing to the entrance door, when a servant announced "Miss Saxe." The poet raised his eyes and beheld Sarah, a miss of sixteen, haughtily sweeping down the grand parlor, dragging after her her mother's best winter gown of velvet, and glittering with jewelry, as though she had been work wearing that heavy, oppressive finery, but for three days father and daughter held there their independent little court at the famous watering-place—a clear case of "Greek meet Greek." At one end of that time Sarah was indignantly taken home by her father and duly punished.

A few years after the incident related lovers began to seek Miss Saxe and to aspire matrimonially toward that high-strung young lady. Of course Saxe was fastidious, and the youth of Albany frequently quailed beneath his piercing glance and scornful words, at length one found favor with Sarah and was encouraged to come, after the father had peremptorily closed the door in his face. Letters were intercepted and destroyed, until a domestic war raged equal in fierceness to the famous war of the Roses between the father and the daughter, and the timid youth was met by stealth, admitted through the basement door, and seen at all possible risks. Finally one day supposing her father to be safely out of town, Sarah admitted her lover to the drawing room, expecting the course of her love to run exceedingly smooth. Unexpectedly, however, the poet came upon the scene, and expedited the departure of the frightened youth by a judicious application of the toe of his boot. The lover could never be induced to court again, even surreptitiously. One marked peculiarity of Sarah's was her dislike to being designated as "John G. Saxe's daughter," a title not unfrequently applied to her, and as frequently corrected by "Excuse me, Miss Saxe."—Kansas City Journal.

A new method of tempering steel has been published by M. Clemandot. The metals are heated to a cherry red and then compressed strongly until they are cool. The result is great hardness and an exceedingly fine grain. Steel thus treated makes excellent permanent magnets.

Miss Lillian Taylor, daughter of Bayard Taylor, studying art in New York, says her father never wrote up a place without making a careful study of it, which studies were the origin of the hundred and fifty sketches lately exhibited, which were a surprise to those who did not know Bayard Taylor painted with any other pencil than his glowing words.

## AUNT MARIA AND UNCLE NATHAN.

BY ZILPHA H. SPOONER.

More than forty years ago there lived in Plymouth, Mass., on a small farm, several miles from the village, a very worthy and industrious couple who were familiarly called by their friends and neighbors, Aunt Maria and Uncle Nathan.

Married in early life, they put together the small amount of money which they possessed, and with a part of it purchased a few acres of land on which to found a home.

He had worked steadily at his trade of shoemaking, and laid by some part of his hard earnings. She inherited from her father about a thousand dollars, and had by her own industry added considerably to this little patrimony, so that her property at the time of their marriage exceeded that of her husband.

Upon the land which they had bought they built a small but comfortable and convenient cottage, furnished it as well as their scanty means would allow, and established themselves at housekeeping with a fair prospect of happiness in their united life.

Uncle Nathan was industrious, economical and thrifty, working on the farm during three seasons of the year, and when the inclement winter weather came he was busily employed in his little shop, which adjoined their cottage. He made and repaired shoes, not only for his neighbors and their children, but also for people living several miles from his workshop.

Aunt Maria was a very energetic woman. She not only attended with scrupulous exactness to all her many household duties, taking care of the house, preparing food, making butter and cheese, washing and ironing, making garments and mending, besides spinning wool, weaving and knitting, but her cares extended outside of the house. She took charge of the large flock of hens and chickens and other fowls which were kept upon the farm, milked the cows and fed the sheep.

If a lamb was feeble, it was brought into the house for Aunt Maria's motherly care and nursing. Often she would have, during the cold, raw weather in early spring, a little pen made in a warm corner of her kitchen, where the delicate or motherless lambs would be placed on soft beds and tenderly cared for until they were able to return to the sheepfold. These gentle little creatures would become so much attached to her, that they did not forget her, even when full-grown sheep, but would run to meet her and receive her caresses with seeming pleasure when she went into the pasture where they were fed.

All these cares she willingly assumed that her husband might have more time to attend to the farm work, or simply himself more closely to his trade. Besides, she thought, it would save the expense of a hired man.

She was a good housewife and a good mother, making, sent poultry and eggs to market, and in all ways possible, helped to increase their joint capital. She was a woman of whom it might with truth be said, "She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness."

At length the time came when they prospered, and added many acres to their small farm. They purchased quite a tract of woodland, and thus increased their resources by the sale of wood. In those days a farmer was not considered very thrifty who did not invest in land all the money he could spare for the necessities of his family. Uncle Nathan following the example of the wealthier farmers, continued to add to his landed property, though it yielded him but a small income.

Having no children of their own, they adopted two, a boy and a girl, the children of Maria's brother, who had died, leaving his widow with a large family to support. With Aunt Maria and Uncle Nathan, these children, Henry and little Jane, found a comfortable and happy home. They were carefully trained, receiving excellent home instruction and such book education as the district school afforded.

In due time Jane was married and moved away with her husband to her new home in a distant city, and Henry went out into the world to make his own fortune.

A few years later Uncle Nathan was taken with a painful and slowly wasting disease. He was unable to work or even superintend the farm labor. In this emergency Aunt Maria cheerfully accepted the increased cares which devolved on her, looking out for everything about the farm, and attending to her usual domestic duties, besides nursing her invalid husband.

He lived a number of years in a feeble condition, able to be about the house, but gradually growing weaker with the slow wasting of the painful malady. When Aunt Maria went to the neighborly village in their neat market wagon to carry the produce of the farm and dairy, she always took Uncle Nathan with her to give him the benefit of the drive and the fresh air, leaving him at the house of a friend in the village to rest and enjoy a change of scene while she delivered to her customers the contents of the wagon and made such purchases for the family as were needed.

At length he was no longer able to take the short drive to town, and his faithful wife remained constantly with him, sending the produce of the farm and dairy to market by a kind-hearted neighbor. His strength failed very gradually, and he finally passed peacefully away, leaving his devoted widow to mourn the loss of her dearest earthly friend.

When Uncle Nathan's affairs were looked into, shortly after his death, it was discovered much to the surprise of Aunt Maria's relatives, that he had not

made a will. All her friends were astonished when this news came to their ears. Uncle Nathan had always been a devoted and loving husband, and no one supposed that he would fail to look after the interest and welfare of his wife, when he could no longer be with her.

The children not having been legally adopted would not inherit any of his property. His widow, according to law, was not his heir, and could only receive her "thirds"—that is, a life interest in one-third of the home and of the land which she had so diligently toiled to secure. All their joint property was in her husband's name, as was at that time the almost universal custom, particularly when the property was real estate.

For a time Aunt Maria was entirely overcome and almost crushed by the loss of her husband and the fear of being obliged to leave her home. Very strange it seemed to her that Uncle Nathan's brothers should be his heirs, instead of his wife, who had been devoted to him all the years of their married life, and she was quite unable to perceive the justice of the law.

Ezra and Reuben, the brothers of Uncle Nathan, took measures at once to secure their share of the estate. They had everything appraised; the farm and all the stock, including even the hens and chickens. The household furniture and the carpets which she had made with her own hands were also included among the goods to be appraised, that the heirs-at-law might have their full share of the property.

The Judge of Probate was as liberal towards the poor widow as was possible under the law. She was obliged to content herself with a meagre pittance when she felt that the whole property should have been her husband's, if he had been the surviving partner instead of herself. Aunt Maria did not cherish any unkind feelings towards her husband's brothers, who had stripped her of everything which the law would allow, though she spoke plainly to them of their unjust treatment of her. When the estate was finally settled, she said to them: "Well, Ezra and Reuben, you've got property that I ought to have, but I can't better off than you are, for I haven't wronged anybody."

They had nothing to say in defence of their legal rights. Like many other men of their time, they perhaps honestly believed that law represented justice.

What was Aunt Maria to do, now that she was left alone at the age of three score years, with small means, and no home which she could call her own? Her adopted daughter Jane and her husband, who lived far away from her, had all she could do to support their large family of children. Harry, the adopted son, the dream of whose early youth had been, that some day he would be able, at least in some small measure, to repay Aunt Maria for the kind and loving care with which she had reared and over his childhood, had in his young manhood been called from earth. In California, whither he went, hoping to gain wealth more rapidly than he could in his native State, he contracted a disease which forced him to return home, where he lingered a few months and died.

Aunt Maria was indeed left desolate, bereft of husband and children, and a portion of her little property divided among her husband's relatives. What should she do? How could she leave the home which had sheltered her for so many happy days? Could she, as her age made a new home for herself, or take up her abode among strangers, or even with friends who would welcome her? Long and seriously she pondered upon these matters. Dependent she would never be—no, not on her best friends. She could not go to a new home and must continue to live in her old place; and yet, if she did not own it, it would never seem like her home.

At length her decision was made. She would ask Ezra and Reuben to sell her their part of the house and a few acres of land. In fact, she would buy back again that part of the homestead which had gone to her husband's heirs, and spend the remainder of her days on the spot which was sacred to her. Having once settled in her own mind what course to pursue, she proceeded to carry out her plans.

She had little trouble in making a bargain with the heirs, as they were glad to have money instead of property which was encumbered by the widow's rights. An agreement was entered into that the money should be paid in small installments. The natural hopefulness and energy of her youth seemed to return to the widow, and she immediately began to consider how she could best earn and save money. She could no longer afford to keep a horse, so that was disposed of, as was everything about the farm which would be unprofitable. To accomplish her purpose Aunt Maria toiled early and late; attended to her household cares, looked after the farm work, and then hastened up-stairs to a large room where she kept her spinning-wheel and loom. Here, her busy hands spun the soft wool, from the fleeces of her own sheep, or plied swiftly the spindles to weave it into cloth. Besides these industries she wove carpets, and quilted bed-spreads for the people for miles around, and thus earned many a dollar.

She took the district school teacher to board, which not only added to her little income, but gave her a pleasant companion. Each passing year saw her debt diminish, till at last the whole amount was paid, and she was able to sit down contentedly by her own fireside. She lived to a very advanced age, enjoying the fruit of her labor and the respect and esteem of all who knew her.

Happiness is like the echo; it answers you, but it does not come.

## A Dream of Murder.

The narrator said that, some years ago, he was "best man" at the marriage of a friend, who afterward proceeded with his bride to a large town in England. The lady possessed great personal charms, and had quite a following of suitors, the most conspicuous of whom was a young chemist, who did not bear the most irreproachable of characters; but shortly before the marriage this young man disappeared. The married couple lived very happy for several months, till an event happened which bears on the story. Returning from the concert one evening, the young wife received a slight chill, which threatened to rest on the lungs, and medical assistance was procured. The doctor came, and after ordering a simple precaution, he retired, remarking that his patient would be well in a day or two. This anticipation, however, was not fulfilled. To the great grief of the husband, his wife showed great symptoms of lassitude; and the most skillful diagnosis of an eminent physician failed to account for the abnormal condition. Medicine was of course prescribed freely, but with no beneficial result. Exhaustion supervened; and at this crisis the husband telegraphed for his friend in Edinburgh to come and perform some little business.

The summons was readily obeyed, as the friend had a sincere admiration for the husband, and the greatest respect for the suffering wife. Seated that night in a Midland carriage, with no companion but his thoughts, the young man recalled all the circumstances of the marriage, not forgetting the sinister incident of the disappointed apothecary's disappearance. As he thought on all these matters, he fell asleep. He woke with a start, and found that he was at Carlisle. His sleep had not been refreshing for it had been disturbed by a dream that troubled him. Unsentimental by nature, he tried to laugh the fancy away; but it refused to be exercised. Still harping on some of the incidents, he reached his friend's home, and found the young wife in a hopeless condition. The husband was saddened and perplexed; and his friend, realizing that action of some kind was necessary to raise the mourner from his stupor, succeeding in getting him to talk about the business he wished transacted. They went through a number of streets conversing familiarly, when all of a sudden the husband found himself grasped by the arm, and looked round to see his friend gazing eagerly into the window of a shop. Recovering himself in an instant, the visitor talked freely, and did not volunteer an explanation of his rather erratic conduct; but on returning to the house he requested the servant to bring the bottle containing the medicine last given to the suffering woman. The girl brought the bottle, and said she had just washed it, as the doctor had ordered her to go for another dose.

This was disappointing, certainly. But his friend was a born detective, and he was to be balked. The girl went for the medicine. When she returned with it the young man took the bottle, and without acquainting the husband of his intention, left the house with the prescription, returning after a brief interval with the medicine. During the night the breathing of the patient became easier, and when the doctor called the next day, he was able to report symptoms of recovery.

In the evening the friend, accompanied by a man of severe demeanor, entered the room where the husband sat, and requested him to come out on a little piece of business. They walked in silence through several streets, and at last reached a police station, which they entered. Behind the desk there was seated a man with his face buried in his hands. The officer on duty, without much ceremony, turned to another policeman, and called them there. Addressing the husband, he said that the man seated in the office was charged with administering noxious drugs. When the accused stood up, the party saw the altered features of the missing chemist. A light seemed to flash over the husband's face; and he had made all the necessary deposits, he hurried home. At the next Assizes, the chemist was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude; and as he pleaded guilty, the public knew nothing of the circumstances more than was contained in the charge. One of the prosecutors, however, had manifested a great interest in the case; and as the husband and his friend were leaving the Court, he requested the latter to give him some explanation of the manner in which his suspicions were first called forth against the criminal. The friend at once told his story.

In the railway carriage he had dreamed that he was walking through a large city which he had never visited. At length he came upon a row of shops, and at a window of one of these he observed the face of a man, debased and vindictive in his expression and quite familiar to him. The man held a mortar and pestle in his hands, and while he mixed up some drug, there was a baleful light in the fishy-looking eyes. Then the sharp whistle of the engine awakened the dreamer. The sequel was plain. Walking on, he found that the dreamer's rith of streets could be described as sleeping fancy when he saw before him the actual rows of shops, while at one of the windows stood a figure that haunted his memory like a nightmare? It was a perfect revelation. When he returned and secured the medicine and prescription, he went to another chemist, and procured the needed restorative, and then called upon an analyst with the first bottle. It was found to contain a deadly narcotic; and the police authorities having been satisfied with the main facts, ordered the arrest of the jealous and wicked man, before the guilt of actual murder lay at his door.—Chambers' Journal.