

False to His First Love.

There were not a few people in the circle of Beatrice Latham's friends who shook their heads doubtfully when the news was announced of her engagement to Mr. Robert Headley, lieutenant in her majesty's service, after an acquaintance of only three weeks. It was easy to talk about love at first sight, to assert that in this brief space of time they had reached a degree of intimacy which many happily married people had failed to achieve in three years, to point out that his antecedents were as completely satisfactory as his presence, which no one denied to be singularly straightforward and winning. In spite of all plausibilities, two sets of cavaliers remained—those men and girls, namely, who were jealous either of him or her, and those few older people who had some actual or personal experience of untoward possibilities in love affairs. Besides, in this case the shortness of the acquaintance was not the only hazardous circumstance of the engagement. Only a few days later, Headley and Capt. Erskine (the friend at whose house he had been staying, and who had introduced him to the Lathams) sailed for India, and Beatrice was left to live on the memory of a month's surprising happiness and to wait patiently for the return of her lover. The girl's trust in him was absolute. She had, as it were, been taken by storm, for in the unreserved ardor of Headley's wooing she had not perceived the want of depth and the absence of self-restraint in his nature, but only an entire devotion to herself, which made her blind over with delight and responsive affection. Thus her passionate belief in his loyalty enabled her to face the weary years of separation with a marvelous courage, which served to increase the respect and admiration already accorded her as one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls in the wide district of Kersham. Capt. Erskine, who was an old playfellow of the Lathams, regarded her as a little less of an angel than her sister Connie, and when, at the final leave-taking, she appealed to him to stand by Headley through thick and thin, he registered a silent vow that his promise given in return should not be an idle one.

For more than a year Beatrice had never a moment's anxiety. Headley was well and happy, and his frequent letters breathed the same ardent affection that she had learned to believe in from his lips. When, however, the report of difficulties in Afghanistan was followed by the news that both Headley and Erskine had been ordered to the front, it was no wonder that she should be sorely tried by the fears and uncertainties of the long campaign. Letters reached her only at long intervals, and were usually so short and hurried as to give her an impression of haste and haste, the insecurity, the stir and turmoil with which her lover was surrounded. She bore up bravely by dint of constantly impressing upon herself the necessity of fortitude in a soldier's life, but her great love made confidence and composure very hard sometimes. These last one day a letter came which dispelled all her fears and filled her with joyful anticipations. Connie, who was in the room when it arrived, noticed the start she gave and the light that flashed into her face as she read, and asked, smiling:

"Well, dear, what is the news?" Beatrice rose and impulsively flung her arms around her sister's neck.

"Oh, Connie!" she cried, "Rob's coming home!"

"Not really, Rob?"

"Yes, really," repeated Beatrice, half sobbing with excitement and gladness; "I suppose I ought to be sorry, for he has been wounded; but he says it is nothing to speak of, only just enough to get leave for and I can think of nothing but seeing him again. He and Richard Erskine were side by side and both got hurt. They said this month—how long does it take? Connie, Connie, he will be here in a few weeks!"

"Hush, Beatrice, you mustn't excite yourself," said Connie reprovingly; but her own heart was beating now at the thought of Erskine's return, and she added nervously, "I hope Richard's wound is only slight, too."

"Oh, yes," said Beatrice, laughing and kissing her, "they will both be nearly well by the time they reach England. And Rob has got his captaincy—isn't that splendid?"

The girl grew gradually more composed, but she could not sober down altogether, and every day that brought the vessel bearing Headley and Erskine home seemed to add to the brightness of her eyes and the indescribably happy light-heartedness of her manner. Headley sent a letter overland whenever they touched at a port, and in the last one, from Gibraltar, he wrote that he hoped to be with her on the following Sunday, but she must not wonder if he were delayed a day or two; he would telegraph the moment he landed.

To the impatient girl the intervening days passed with almost intolerable dilatoriness. They were so long, so hot, so still, so full of a summer drowsiness out of all sympathy with the highly strung state of her emotions. She could not wait quietly; unless every hour was filled up by some active occupation she fretted and chafed against the unending leisureliness of time, and wore herself out with restless longing for Headley's coming.

On the Saturday the Lathams took part in a large nuptial party, and it was a general comment that no one stood the heat so well, or worked with such unflagging perseverance as Beatrice. As the shadows lengthened, one couple stole off for a stroll, and Beatrice, turning round to toss a bunch of nuts into the basket held by Connie, remarked with a smile:

"I suppose I must not call those two to task for idleness, considering how soon I shall stand in need of indulgence myself. Only think, Con, within four-and-twenty hours Rob will probably be here!"

One of the children nipping near her looked up at this and said brightly: "Do you know, Miss Latham, Dick's coming sooner than that. Mother had a telegram this morning to say he would be here tonight."

Beatrice gave a little excited cry, for Dick was Capt. Erskine, and there was no reason why Headley should be later than his friend.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "Rob means to surprise me. Good-by, all of you—I am off home. Just think if he should come and find me out!"

The others laughed at her frank impetuosity, but she was quite indifferent to their merriment and with a quick nod and wave of the hand sped away home.

The house was quiet and empty, and she fled about from room to room in

a state of feverish suspense. Should she go and change her dress? No, perhaps she might not have time; besides, she had none that suited her better than the simple sateen she was wearing. Then the anxiety to be found pleasing in her lover's sight brought her to a standstill before the mirror, and she scrutinized herself carefully and critically. Would he think her looking older or plainer, she wondered. She turned away at last in doubt, for it was difficult to judge of herself. She need not have feared, for she never looked prettier or sweeter than now, when happy expectation was breathing a bright flush over her cheeks, and her eyes were shining with a light kindled by the purest love and faith.

Presently, as she could not sit idle, she called for a jug of water and some vases, and began arranging the bunch of ferns and wild flowers she had gathered in the woods. First the loveliest and most fragrant were chosen out and tenderly massed into a little bouquet for Headley, and she had not done much more than this when the sound of the visitors' bell fell upon her listening ears. A moment later the servant announced—

"Captain (Beatrice's breath came and went quickly, and she caught hold of a chair to prevent herself from darting forward) Erskine."

"You, Richard?" stammered Beatrice, all the tensions of her face slackening; "I thought—I thought—I am very glad to see you—I-I hope you are quite well."

Captain Erskine had never been a talkative or ready-witted man, and now he found himself at a loss for words worse than any he had encountered in the Afghan campaign. Beatrice's ill-concealed disappointment and feeble attempt at a cordial reception might have struck him as comical had he not come with a previous knowledge of something which rendered it intensely pathetic.

"I am quite well, thank you," he said awkwardly. "Is Mrs. Latham at home? I should like to see her."

"She is in the wood—so is everybody except me. Please sit down and tell me all the news. Is Capt. Headley well?"

"Yes," said Erskine; "and then there was a painful duel which Beatrice became nervously aware that something was wrong."

"You are telling me the truth?" she said, uneasily, and Erskine again said, "Yes, yes."

"Then what is it?" asked Beatrice. "I would rather tell Mrs. Latham," said Erskine.

"Is it anything about Robert," demanded Beatrice, quickly.

"Yes, but I cannot speak to you about it. It is bad news—painful news."

"In what way? Why are you silent, Richard? Do you mean that it is discreditable to Robert?"

Erskine bowed his head, and the poor girl, in mingled indignation and distress, entreated him to keep nothing from her.

"If there is harm to be told of Rob, I would rather you should tell me," she said, touchingly unsuspicious of what the harm might be; "I can forgive him anything, but I could not bear the others to know."

"You do not understand, Beatrice," said the poor captain.

"How can I while you won't speak out?" exclaimed the girl restlessly.

"When did you last hear from Headley?" asked Erskine to gain time.

"And there was nothing in the letter to make you suspect anything wrong?"

"No."

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated Erskine, under his breath; but Beatrice heard it, and quick as thought started to her feet and turned upon him.

"To-day, dear you! Ah, for pity's sake don't look like that! You are torturing me—put me out of my misery—tell me the worst at once!"

The wild alarm in her face was too much for Erskine, and he blurted out the truth—

"Headley was married this morning, almost immediately landed."

The girl swayed round Beatrice, and with a long, choking sigh of anguish she swayed and staggered back against the mantelpiece. A crash followed, for the hand she had stretched out vaguely for support struck the specimen-glass into which she had put her little bouquet for Robert, and it fell shivering to atoms on the floor. Beatrice, peering in the accident a significant sequel to Erskine's words, felt as though her heart must break with the glass, yet the shock of cold water dashed over her probably saved her from fainting, for she instinctively laid her cold, wet hand across her dizzy brow and eyes. Erskine, too, in the momentary confusion of water on the table and made her drink some out of the flower-vase.

"I am all right now," she said faintly. "Go on. I must know more."

At this moment the sound of voices at the bottom of the garden indicated the return of the nuptial party, and Beatrice quivered from head to foot.

"Oh, I cannot face them all!" she exclaimed, wildly. "Just one word, Richard—how do you know this?"

"I was told of it; then I met him and he confessed it."

The girl looked into his face for one glimmer of doubt, but there was nothing to be read in it save the deepest compassion, and bowing her head hopelessly she fled to her room.

Erskine's meeting with Connie was robbed of all sweetness by the miserable news he had to communicate, and he suffered the more acutely, because, in a measure, he felt himself answerable for his friend. Not only had he introduced him to the Lathams, but his promise to Beatrice had quickened his sense of responsibility, so that now when Headley had taken the final step of treachery he hardly dared look Mrs. Latham or Connie in the face.

Headley's was a pitiful case of weak impressibility. While the war lasted he had not been tempted to forget Beatrice, but when on the voyage home he was thrown into constant companionship with a girl who simply made up her mind from the first to bring him to her feet, his fidelity wavered and at last broke down altogether. Erskine was powerless, for no sooner did he show himself distinctly antagonistic to her schemes, than Miss Laing so contrived that he could not suspect the extent to which she carried on her designs behind his back. Throughout, Headley was conscious and ashamed of his baseness, and whenever opportunities occurred of sending letters overland, he wrote to Beatrice in terms of unchanged devotion. It was so difficult to confess his perfidy in black and white.

"What a villain I am," he thought, with his pen between his teeth, on the occasion of his writing from Gibraltar, "to sit down and humbug Beatrice while I'm making love to another girl!"

Then he drew out Beatrice's photo

graph and her last letter, and dwell alternately on the sweet sincere face and on the loving words till his sense of honor was momentarily aroused. "No, no! I'm not so cowardly as to desert a girl like that. She shall never know what I've been up to. I won't speak to that little witch again—I swear I won't." In which excess of virtuous resolve he penned that last loyal letter to Beatrice, which she had treasured and delighted in. For the next few hours Miss Laing found him difficult to manage, but her tenacity was greater than his power of resistance, and by the time they reached England his infatuation rendered him a helpless tool in her hands. Well aware that unless the marriage took place clandestinely and at once, it probably never would, she prevailed upon him to go through the ceremony without a moment's delay. It is needless to say more except perhaps that Headley's transgression carried its punishment along with it. He suffered bitterly.

As for the Lathams, Connie is Erskine's wife now, and Beatrice, after a long period of suffering as keen as love was absorbing, is at length regaining something of her former self. She is not the same—no woman who has loved and been so cruelly betrayed can ever be that—but though deep in her heart a scar of unforgetting bitterness remains, the changing interests that enter into every life, however quiet, have done their kindly work and blunted the edge of painful memory.

How a Pig Made a President.

About this time in history about the sunny corners and around depots and hotels, when political stories are in order, you will occasionally hear some old stager remark that "a pig once made Andrew Jackson president." It was never my fortune to meet one who could remember how it came about, but I found a copy of *The American Traveler* for December 19, 1828, being volume IV, No. 50, I find all the particulars, which I copy for the benefit of the Society for the Perpetuation of Old Stories.

It appears that away back in the early dawn of the nineteenth century, in the town of Cranston, R. I., Mr. Somebody's pig smelt a cabbage in a neighbor's garden, and rooted through the fence and demolished the garden. The garden owner sued the pig's proprietor—James Burrill was the prosecuting attorney—the prosecuting attorney was a candidate for the United States senate—the senator was chosen by the state legislature—in that body there was a tie, occasioned by the absence of one of Burrill's party, who stayed away on account of the lawsuit aforesaid—the said tie was unravelled by the casting vote of the speaker in favor of Burrill's opponent, Jeremiah B. Howell. Jeremiah voted for the war which James would not have done—the war was made by a majority of one in the national assembly—the war made Gen. Jackson popular—that popularity gave Jackson the presidency.

The Landlord's Verdict.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Actors are proverbially interested in the criticisms uttered upon their performances. An amusing story in regard to this is told of the elder Mathews, who upon one occasion played "Richard" to a friend "Richard III." and, as they were both good actors, they fought the fight at it with great vigor, and prolonged it somewhat unnecessarily.

After the performance the two stars lighted each other to their inn, in the hope of liberal applause from the landlord, to whom they had presented a ticket.

But, though thus handsomely treated, their host set them, and even when invited to join them in a glass and smoke, he maintained the same attitude of absolute quiet, till at length, finding that every circuitous approach to the subject was hopeless, Mathews attacked him with the direct question, "Pray," said he, "how did you like our acting?"

This question so put was not to be evaded. The landlord looked perplexed, his eyes sought the ground. He at length slowly took his pipe from his mouth, drained his glass, went to the fireplace and deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe, then, looking at the expectant actors for a moment, he exclaimed, in a deep but hasty tone of voice, "Darned good fight," and left the room.

English Art Progress.

(See *Hulton in Harper's Magazine*.)

Art schools have sprung up all over the land. Lombard, who competed with Worcester, and both with the great yotterics of the continent; Durham and Kidderminster have vied with the carpet looms of Brussels and the hand-weavers of Persia and Turkey; Birmingham and Sheffield have sought to perpetuate classic models in their metal wares; Manchester, Bradford and Belfast have consulted the best schools of design and color for their textile fabrics; the illustrated newspapers have given the cottage and the nursery artistic substitutes for poor German prints; famous draughtsmen have adorned the fairy tales and fables of youthful literature with characteristic forms of beauty; the painter has put his garret among the London chimney-pots; and once more English architects and builders are erecting English houses in which all that was useful and picturesque in the "Old Kensington" and "Queen Anne" styles is restored and adapted to our greater knowledge and better sanitary skill, and more or less idealized through the impulse of the reaction that has set in against whitewashing church-vardens and the other Gothic and Vandalism of the interregnum now happily at an end.

A New Industry. (Texas Sittings.)

"Let's go out and take a drink?" "Well,—er—yes, you see, I can't leave just now—not, anyway, until the affair breaks up."

"What's the reason you can't leave before the thing winds up; got a lady here?"

"No, I haven't got any lady, but—er—yes, you see I'm hired to entertain these people for the evening—and—and—these clothes I've got on belong to Col. Yeager, and I don't think he has quite got enough confidence in me to let me go home with 'em. I see him looking down this way now. I'm a stranger in these parts. But I've got a chum down at the foot of the stairs. His clothes ain't good enough to come up here in, and I guess he'll be only too glad to go out and take a drink with you."

The Religion of Fear. (Arkansas Traveler.)

I ain't got much confidence in dat 'igion wat is based on fear. A convict may work mighty hard 'case de oberseer is lookin', but de work is neber done as well as if he want't to do it.

There are twenty-eight legitimate theatres in New York City.

AT A BAD TIME.

Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., writes to us from the Navy Yard at Mare Island, Cal.: "An enforced residence of two years in California made me the subject of most painful attacks of rheumatism. Consultation upon my case by eminent naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief. Dr. Hoyle recommended to me St. Jacob's Oil, the happy result of which was my complete and wonderful cure.—Washington (D. C.) Army and Navy Register.

President Arthur has pardoned Sergeant Mason, who attempted to shoot Guitau.

Piso's Cure will cure coughs, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Twenty-five cents.

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY"

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The wife of Inventor Edison is said to be one of the most extravagantly dressed women in New York.

J. W. Thornton, of Claiborne, Miss., says: "Samaritan Nervine cured my son of fits."

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

Mrs. M. J. Alston, Littleton, N. C., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters to the nervous and debilitated. It greatly benefited me."

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For a cough or cold there is no remedy equal to Ammen's Cough Syrup.

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"Men must work and women weep, So runs the world away." But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

Decrease in the public debt during November, \$1,721,707.

Wakefulness at night is a terror. Samaritan Nervine cures it, and hence is a blessing.

Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures hysteria, all and nervous affections.

A good thing—Enterprise and energy are good qualities in business; but unless you have something that will withstand competition, you will find it up-hill work to succeed. There are many patent medicines for colds and coughs, some of which are first-class and probably do all that could be expected of them; but we have never heard of any such mixture that has been so successful in winning its way into public favor as "Ammen's Cough Syrup."

It is having an immense sale and every one who uses it speaks in its praise.—Editor Pioneer, San Jose, March 25, 1882.

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

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The huge, drastic, gripping, sickening pills are fast being supplanted by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

Oakley Hall has gone to England to practice law.

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Rev. G. W. Offley, New Bern, N. C., says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters and consider it one of the best medicines known."

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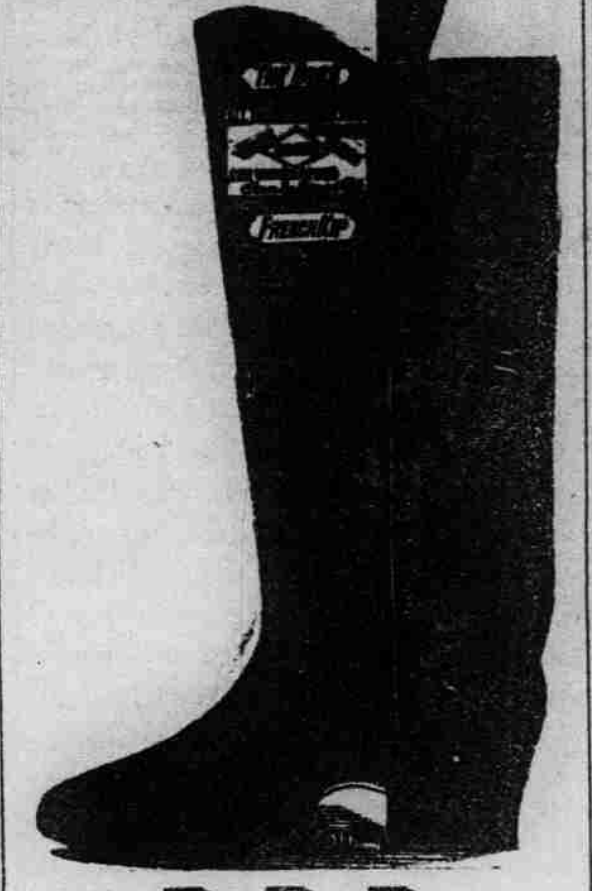
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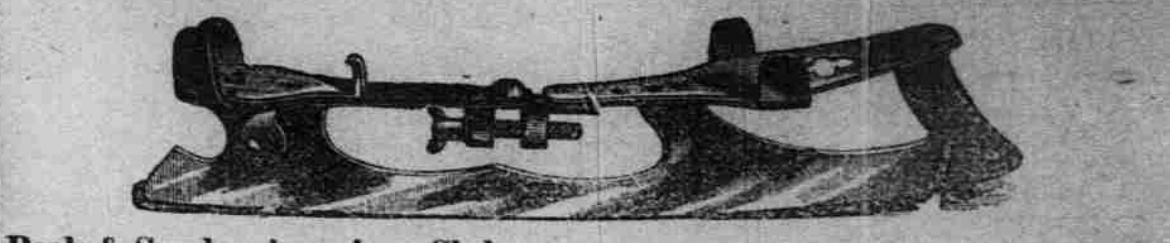
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