THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXXII---NO. 36. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1,655.

The Cecil Whig

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY E. E. EWING.

SUBSCRIPTION.

$2.00 a Year, in advance. If not paid within the year, $2.50. Six Months, $1.00. Three Months, 50 cents. No subscription taken at less than the above. Single Copies, FIVE CENTS.

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2 inches	4.50	5.00	8.00	14.00
3 inches	6.25	7.00	12.00	18.00
4 inches	7.00	8.00	14.00	21.00

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BY

JNO. L. BALDERSTON, Colora.

Having a first-class Retail Trade in Philadelphia, I can give the HIGHEST PRICES for *Prime Produce.*— Unsaleable stock not wanted at any price. CALVES bought or sold on commission. mar 8, 1873—3m

HOW to RAISE CABBAGE.

PURCHASE EARLY THE

Cold Frame, or Winter Plants,

FROM

ROBERT H. BELL.

They are fully a month earlier than Hot-bed plants. Cold, rain, snow, nor freezing, will not hurt them.— They head up before the insects get about.

All kinds of Vegetable PLANTS

IN THEIR SEASON.

R. H. BELL,
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THE PARKER GUN.

SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR

PARKER BRO'S.

WEST MERIDEN, CT.

DAVIS & MILLER,

Lumber Dealers,

ELKTON, MD.

Having removed to our own property at the Depot, with superior facilities for carrying on the business in all its branches. Ample room for storing

Dry Lumber, and a well selected Stock on hand.

We can offer inducements to those contemplating building.

Call and learn prices.

Feb 1, 1873—tf

TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Elkton and vicinity that she has opened her

NEW STORE,

two doors above Levis' Glass-Front, where will always be found a full and choice assortment of

Confectionery, Fruits, &c.

She is also prepared to furnish at all times, either wholesale or retail, the very best

BREAD, CAKES,

BUNS, BISCUITS AND PIES.

She respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage.

MRS. M. CUMMINGS.

Elkton, april 13, 1872—

Elias Howe, Jr.

Original Inventor

OF

SEWING MACHINES,

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE MEDALLION HEAD OF ELIAS HOWE, JR., IMBEDDED ON THE MACHINE.

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED.

SOLD on TERMS WITHIN REACH of ALL.

The Company is now manufacturing 600 Machines daily, and has already in use 400,000 machines.

Getting our supply direct from the Factory, at Bridgeport, we are able to sell at New York prices, and do not charge $15 advance, as the

Agents of other Machines are doing.

Letters seeking information will receive prompt attention. Address

JOHN WILKINSON,

WAIG BUILDING, ELKTON.

Who may always be found at his Office on *Saturday.*

Jan 11, 1873—tf

Pumps! Pumps! Pumps!!

BUY ONLY THE BEST.

E. WHITMAN & SONS'

METAL-LINED

Cucumber Wood Pumps,

CHEAP, DURABLE AND EFFICIENT.

They do not affect the taste of the water. They are more durable than any other Pump. Lined with galvanized iron, they will not rust. They can be put down and in working order in twenty minutes. THEY WILL NOT FREEZE.

Prices from $4.50 to $7.

A $7 Pump will throw a barrel of water a minute, and can be put in a 20 feet well complete for $10.— Farmers and well-diggers are invited to call and examine our stock.

S. S. [illegible]

IS THE AGENT FOR ELKTON, MD.

Jan 4, 1873—tf

PROVISION STORE

JOSEPH WELLS

announces to his old customers and the public generally that he has again commenced the

MEAT & PROVISION BUSINESS,

AT HIS OLD STAND ON MAIN STREET,

at the corner of Church street, Elkton, where housekeepers can rely on always finding a large supply of

FRESH AND SALT

MEATS AND FISH,

Flour, Meal and Feed,

CANNED and DRIED FRUITS and MEATS,

VEGETABLES in their Season,

SOAP, STARCH,

and all other articles commonly kept in first-class Provision Stores; and guarantees to compete with any store of this class in town, with the advantage on the side of buyers.

He has on hand and intends to keep a large supply of FLOUR, from common to the best brands.

Every article guaranteed to be as represented.

may 25, 1872—tf

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE subscribers have constantly on hand and for sale, the following valuable Fertilizers, viz:
Moro Phillip's Super-Phosphate.
Baugh & Sons' do
Hemon & Co.'s do
Fine Ground Bones (best quality.)
"A A" Mexican Guano.
Lodi Co.'s Poudrette.

—ALSO.—

Salt by the Sack, Fine and Coarse, together with a large stock of

Prime Herrings, Nos. 2 and 3 Mackerel,

at very low prices.

Grass Seeds of all kinds in season.

SEED BUCKWHEAT.

Orders for **Farming Implements** filled at Manufacturers' prices.

D. SCOTT & BRO.

PERSICATOR,

RODONDA GUANO.

ALSO,

Peruvian & American Guano.

For sale by

John Partridge.

COE'S SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

E. Frank Coe's Ammoniated Bone Super-Phosphate

For sale by JOHN PARTRIDGE.

For over FORTY YEARS this

PURELY VEGETABLE

LIVER MEDICINE has proved to be the

GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC

for LIVER COMPLAINT and its painful offspring, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, CHILLS AND FEVER, &c., &c.

After years of careful experiments, to meet a great and urgent demand, we now produce from our original *Genuine Powders*

THE PREPARED,

a Liquid form of SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR containing all its wonderful and valuable properties and offer it in

ONE DOLLAR Bottles.

The Powders, (price as before,).........$1 00 per package.
Sent by mail........................... 1 04

CAUTION!

Buy no Powders or PREPARED SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, unless in our engraved wrapper, with Trade-mark, Stamp and Signature unbroken. None other is genuine.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.

Sold by all Druggists.

Feb 1, 1873—23w

Miss Kellogg's First Appearance.

When, in 1861, a pale and frightened girl came before a New York audience at the Academy of Music, and sang for them the role of *Gilda* in Verdi's "Rigolette," she was met by that most awful of all formalities—respectful attention. Like so many opera audiences before and since, it had come to be astonished and thrilled; and, disappointed because it had not been, it was sternly critical. It wanted a phenomenon: it had been given a fact. The *Gilda*, like hundreds of other first attempts, was just far enough removed from a positive failure to be tiresome to the people who desired a sensation. The pale and frightened girl struggled with the passionate duties of the role with very little human aid, and when the curtain fell upon the last act she staggered to her dressing-room and fell fainting among her friends.

Nature, at that moment, protested against the severity of the ordeal, and was kindlier than her audience. Indeed, the applause of her friends had a suspicious sympathy in it. Still, some kind of a victory had been gained, though the world did not know it. That was something. In all such cases, the artist's knowledge of herself is more essential than her knowledge of others. This girl, coldly received, and fainting at the threshold of the profession,—with her own and others' natures to overcome,—dropped her first tear there in the half-closed doorway of success, and annouced her determination to succeed. It was the last tear that was shed.

There was not strength enough, said the critics, and, above all, culture was lacking. It was doubtful if she could succeed at any time. The very evidences of the true artist organization, the keen susceptibility, the over-wrought senses, as well as the trepidation of experience, the blush of youth and modesty, the maidenly reserve, were upheld against her. But they were in part the elements out of which she was to build her future success.

With this ordeal entered Clara Louise Kellogg upon her artistic career. There was not a single prediction made eminence. But when we reflected how many aspirants have appeared in the same way, and after the same results have disappeared, never again to be heard of; when we consider that at this time Miss Kellogg is in possession of an assured and honhrable position at the head of American singers, we can be sure of the ability and determination that were hidden from the wonder-seeking spectators in the pale and frightened debutante in the role of *Gilda.—Scribner's for April.*

SWEDISH COOKING.

The cooking is so different from either English or French cooking, so bad, I must really say, that it requires a great deal of fortitude and a certain amount of health to endure it. The bread is nearly all flavored with aniseed, that is, all the softer kind of bread. There is a rye bread, however, of which they eat a great deal, which is thin, full of holes, and hard as sailers' biscuit. Perhaps it is; at any rate, good teeth are required to bite it. I noticed a great many soups—for without soup no Swede would imagine he had dined, and in families who live moderately very little in the way of substantial food comes afterward. There were sweet fruit soups, curds-and-whey soup sweentened, many white soups, with vegetables prettily cut up, and some gravy soups that seemed as if they ought to be nice, but they were spoilt for an English palate by the introduction of some uncongenial flavor; dumplings, for example, which we think good in broth, they perfume with peach-water or some kind of scent, and put into gravy soup. The habits at table, even of people of good birth and education, strike an English person oddly. The great rapidity of eating, the perpetual approach of the knife to the mouth, the fork held up in the air, and the elbows thrust out, are scarcely reconcilable to our ideas of civilization. I must in justice say, however, that I noticed many persons very particular in this respect. At supper nobody attempts to sit down, but each person takes a fork and a piece of bread, and plunges his fork into a half a dozen dishes, taking a little piece from each, and puttitg it on the same piece of bread; meat, fish, sweets, and cheese seemed alike acceptable. I was told by one of my English acquaintances that a Swede had said to him, "that the correct behavior of English people at table fidgeted him to death."—*Temple Bar.*

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF A RIDE ON HORSEBACK.—"I hired a very fine horse, mounted him bravely, laid his head east by south as near as might be according to our binnacle. But, though the wind was abaft the beam, and tide and all in his favor, and a brave commander upon his poop, what did he do but douse his stem, and run out his spanker-driver, and up with his taff-rail, as if I was wearing him in a thundering heavy sea. I resolved to get the upper hand of this mutiny. I slipped my foot out of the chains for fear of any sudden capsize, and then I rapped him over the catsheads, where his anchor ought to hang. He, however, instead of doing at all what I expected, up with his bowsprit and down with his quarter, as if struck by a whale under his forefoot. This was so far from true seamanship, and proved him to be so unbuilt for sailing, that I was content to disembark over his stern, and with slight collisions."

For The Cecil Whig.

In Memoriam.—D. R. Titus.

The orphan child above his mother's tomb
Wept bitterly: then from his home of gloom
Went forth with strangers; and his short career
Was filled with noble deeds, and words of cheer
That won kind friends where'er he dwelt; for Truth
He worked with all the vigor of strong youth;
But ere his great life-mission was complete,
Disease compelled him from his labor sweet,
He calmly yielded all life's dear delights,
And patiently through weary, weary nights
Endured the pain, that wore his life away,
Till angels bore his soul to endless day.

Alas! and can it be his gentle voice
No more will make our weary hearts rejoice?
Ah, yes, the dismal silence of his room,
The vacant chair, the flowers he loved, that bloom
So brightly by our humble cottage door—
All answer he has gone forevermore!
His true heart feared not death; for purer life
His spirit yearned; and now, where mortal strife
Is never known, he rests. God speed the time
When we shall meet him in those realms sublime.

J. H. K.

PEARL AND EMERALD.

CHAPTER XVI.

NATHAN LEVI ABROAD.

Nothing more than this ever took place between these two; for to her "Good-mornings," which he now received every day, he answered never a word. But he must have replied to them in some silent and unconscious way, or they would not have been so often repeated; unless, indeed, they had been repeated only to tease him. But Felicia had far too much to think about to amuse herself with teasing an old-clothesman. Indeed, she in reality thought very little about the matter at all. It had been a matter of habit with her to look "Good-morning" to him while she had been an inmate of the *blanchisserie;* and now that she had returned to it as an out-pensioner, it was easy and natural for her kind nature to fall into old kindly ways. At first, it may be remembered, she had taken notice of him because he was hideous, and wretched-looking, and poor, and an object of hate and derision of the world. Now she did so because he was in some sort an old acquaintance.—His silence, too, was an additional cause for this slight act of charity; for had he spoken to her, there is little doubt but that, with all her courage, she would have taken to her heels and run away.

Her friendly notice of him, slight and purely instinctive and thoughtless as it was, had already been of some service to him as a sort of patent to pass along the not too polite or considerate street without being molested. She had—though she used to come and go without speaking to a soul but her fellow-workwomen—somehow managed to become both respected and popular. Perhaps it was by reason of that lady-like look of hers, which seemed to grow in proportion to the increasing shabbiness of her apparel; perhaps it was that Elise had been making her story, so far as it could be known to an outsider, a subject of neighborly gossip, with the addition of romantic touches of her own.—But, be that as it may, Felicia's ægis was broad enough to defend her *portegees*, of whom she had more than one, inclusive of a homeless mangy dog, and a crippled child; so that, though Levi was still regarded as an ogre, he no longer ran the risk of having one of his eyes knocked out by a stone, or his old hat scattered about the pavement and rendered, if possible, less valuable than they were already.

He had never paid much attention to Felicia's greeting on former occasions; but on its renewal after so long and interruption, he could not but feel a sensation as of having found something that had long been lost. It was exactly as though an infalliable clock had stopped, and had then suddenly an unexpectedly taken to go on again. While it had been in the habit of going, no one had noticed its striking, to which the ears had been rendered deaf by habit. But it was missed, though only through the substitution of one sort of silence for another; and when it began to strike again it was with the welcome voice of an old friend speaking to ears that were no longer deaf, but glad and suprised. It was even so that the "Good-morning, Mr. Levi," of Felicia, struck upon the old-clothesman's ears.

And she was like a clock in another sense also, by which in all weather he might tell the hours, making up for the loss of his watch, which had long gone the way of all watches so soon as money becomes of more value than time. Every morning, wet or fine, she was there to receive or to deliver up the supply of work at which she labored, while her husband was toiling at his *magnum opus*. Next to the Emerald, she was the one event of his monotonous round of days. At last he came somehow to mingle in his mind the two, as if they made one double but inseperable idea. The Emerald, indeed, lost none of its old fascination, and the terrible sacrifices that he had made for its sake had rendered its possession more necessary to him than ever; but it had come to lose a little of its own original splendor, and to supply the loss by reflecting a light that was not its own.

His history was now complete. He had sacrificed his whole fortune, all the commonest comforts of life, all natural instincts of affection, his whole self, body and soul, for the sake of this talisman, to which he was now almost bound to cling with the grasp of desperation—which he must now force to make up to him for all things, and in spite of all. It had to stand to him in place of wealth, comfort, friends, relations, mistress and goddess, all in one. And so, in effect, it did, and more. It carried him above and beyond the world, to which there was left no link to bind him, and which he therefore hated and loathed. One who dwells in the world of spirits and miracles cannot but look with scorn and disgust upon daily life and all its ways.—Only as he looks upon the world so must he expect the world to look upon him.—No wonder that his neighbors regarded him also with contempt, tempered only by fear; no wonder that the gentle heart of Felicia, to which fear and contempt were unknown, regarded him with an unconscious, unsympathetic and mysterious sort of pity, that found expression in her eyes and in her voice whenever she saw him. She saw no visions and dreamed no dreams; she new nothing of his superiority; and yet, had she known of it, his very superiority itself would have rendered him only by so much the more a subject for her compassion.

It may be remembered that the Cranstouns had been of very considerable service to old Mrs. Levi in helping her to live, if that can be called being of service under the circumstances; and in this intercourse Judith had been the natural go-between.—Indeed, it is doubtful if Mrs. Levi herself would have accepted assistance except ignorantly and by deputy. One day Felicia was accompanied in her usual solitary walk to the *blanchisserie* by the old woman, who had found occasion to pay a visit to her patroness.

The lord of the enchanted palace passed as usual.

"Good-morning," said Felicia. The old woman started, spat on the ground, and began to mutter inaudibly.

"Do you know that poor old man?" asked Felicia, observing her companion's emotion at the sight of her *protege.*

"That is the son of my mistress."

"What, Nathan Levi?"

"Yes, he who would have left his mother to die of hunger, had it not been for you, and who has left her to die of grief and shame, in spite of you."

"He? Why he looks himself the very image of starvation."

"Ah, looks! But Nathan Levi isn't the man to keep poor. He started in life with a dozen lemons; and in twelve months had turned them into twelve hundred pounds! As long as he has even so much as himself left to sell, he is a rich man."

But Felicia, knowing from her own personal experience how easily money is lost and how hardly gained, and being unable to judge except from appearances, was incapable of seeing in the apparent pauper even so much as the potential millionaire; so that the knowledge of who her acquaintance was increased her interest in him and her pity for him ten-fold. On the next occasion of her meeting him she dropped into his hand a small coin or two.—He glared at her wildly for an instant, and then began to thank her no less wildly, and in such terms that she was alarmed.—She began to think that the poor creature was touched in the brain, and it was with additional gentleness, if such a thing could be, that, having overcome her first feeling of fear, she greeted him on succeeding days.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CLOCK STOPS AGAIN.

Once more the days became weeks, and the weeks were in a fair way to turn themselves into months. The hour at which Mr. Smith was to receive the Emerald into his temporary possession was drawing very near. Meanwhile, two events had happened; the Holy Family was complete, and Mrs. Levi had taken her leave of all things in this world, Mr. and Mrs. Cranstoun being foolish enough to spend almost the last of their few coins in giving her a decent funeral.

When her son heard of her death he mourned for her according to the strictest rites of his nation, sitting upon the ground for the appointed number of days in a passion of self-reproach, almost of self-hatred, that was by no means merely ceremonial. But the whole period of his mourning was otherwise a sort of ecstasy; for the green stone was never out of his hands.

It was for its own sake he had come to adore it now, and not for the sake of the visions that were fading away day by day. Those that came to him now were rather recollections than realities. It was less now in the ocean of green light than in his own heart than the jewel faries had taken up their abode; indeed the light itself had grown opaque and dull. He was like the laudanum-drinker, to whom his drug has ceased to be a delight, but has become a terrible necessity.

A continual flood of words which seemed to carry a profound meaning, but in reality were meaningless, like those poems composed in sleep, which seem so magnificent at the time, but of which the fragments that remain dimly after waking turn out to be sheer nonsense without either rhyme or reason, kept ringing through the ears of his mind, keeping time to one monotonous and weary measure. The one connecting note that had pervaded all the melodies and harmonies of his grand vision now seemed to have subdued them all, and to be heard alone in all its nakedness. At last he felt that, if he remained shut up any longer alone with his treasure, he should go mad indeed. But he waited until the days of his mourning were over, and then, longing for the fresh air and the one ray of human sympathy that remained to him, and of which his long abstinence had brought him even consciously to feel the need, he instinctively shouldered his bag and emerged once more from his den.

But though he arrived in sight of the door of the *blanchisserie* in Bean street long before the usual hour, and lingered about for a good hour after it, the sun did not shine, and he went his way with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VIGIL.

Well, even the bravest heart is no talisman. Arthur worked bravely—too bravely, considering how inevitable was failure; too bravely, considering that he had neither been borne nor brought up to toil. I have heard genius defined as the reckless destruction of an originally splended constitution; and I think that the definition, if not containing the whole truth, and if not very intelligible without much explanation, is at all events a splendid *apercu.*—To do anything really great, a man must, consciously or unconsciously, strain himself to the very uttermost; and it is only the most splendid constitutions that can answer to the strain that is need to achieve really great things without breaking down in the attempt. Arthur did strain himself to the utmost, but his physique was not that which can be strained without breaking.

One morning, as he was putting the last few touches to his "Holy Family," he became aware of a curious singing in his ears; then the objects in the room lost their distinctness, and he himself turned suddenly sick and giddy. He was standing on a scaffold, improvised out of stools, in order to reach the top of his rather colossal painting; and the next thing of which he was conscious was that he was lying on the floor among the scattered tools, that he was feeling miserably faint and ill, and that he had an agonizing pain in his right arm, which was doubled up beneath him and which he could not move. On raising his left arm to his face he felt something wet which proved to be blood running from a wound in his forehead. It was in this condition that Felicia found him two days before Nathan Levi's return to the world.

Doubtless the fall itself had been caused simply by want of food, aggravated by hard work and anxiety; but the result was a fever and a broken arm.

A surgeon was immediately sent for, who after the manner of his profession, attended to the case first, and thought of his fees afterward. A glance at the state of things showed him plainly enough that his patient was not likely to be a profitable one, and he at first suggested removal to a hospital; but of this Felicia would not hear, and a second glance at her showed the surgeon that she was not altogether unreasonable.

But, though she undertook the duties of nurse willingly, it was a bad time for her. She also was worn out; and were it not that women are far more capable than men of supporting bodily privation, she ought, by rights, to have broken down the sooner of the two. As it was, she now had to live even upon less than before, if such a thing could be, so that she might meet the additional expenses caused by illness; and she had to support the whole establishment upon her poor earnings at the *blanchisserie*, Madame Cornet kindly letting her have as much work as could be put out, and without expecting her to carry it away with her own means. It was simply a miracle that she did not give way. She never dared leave the room without the most pressing necessity. She never rested in a bed, and every moment that she could spare from nursing she had to devote to her needle, night and day, except when she fell asleep out of sheer fatigue. It need not be said that her appearance did not long remain that of the Felicia of a few months before. She had always been, perhaps, over-suggestive of whiteness; but now she looked like a ghost, and almost felt like one. The hands grew transparent, and the eyes dim; but she had the soul and courage of a lion—she even had the strength to keep in her tears, for fear they should render her eyes less clear for working.

At last came the terrible day when she gave Arthur their last scrap of food without a prospect of being able to obtain a morsel more. Clothes, trinkets, easels, chairs—everything, in short, that was moveable—had been sold or pawned; the last of all to go being the green stone in the hideous setting, which formed such a contrast to the other presents that Arthur had made her, but to which she seemed, for some sentimental reason, to cling above the rest; perhaps because it had in former days been a sort of fellow-martyr in the troubles that she had undergone for the giver's sake. But for the giver's sake, though with many tears, she had had to part even with this a day or two since, and, being a bad hand at a bargain, had pledged it at a neighboring pawnkroker's for a number of shillings that very likely represented its apparent value, but were ridiculously out of proportion to its value to her. It need not be said that the few shillings did not remain long in her hands; and then there remained to her nothing more.

Yes, she had given Arthur their last morsel, actual or prospective, nor had she shared it with him. It was now near midnight. Her husband was tossing about in the restlessness of fever, and she herself was sitting shivering upon the floor, listening to his tossing and to his broken words, and furiously stitching at a cambric shirt by the light of a single flaring-tallow-candle. The atmosphere was terribly close and yet miserably cold; and then the noises that are silent by day but awake when the waking world is silent, especially in a sick chamber, were enough to fill with terror of the unseen one whose nerves were so painfully strung to their highest pitch as hers. It was not the scrambling of the mice behind the waistcot, though that, as those who have watched like her well know, is bad enough; but a separate ghost seemed to enter into every bare plank of the floor, into the windows, into the chimney, till each of these took a ghastly life of its own that found expression in starts and creaks and groans. It has often been matter for wonder what is the reason of this peculiarity of the night in bringing into dead life inanimate things; but the reason is simply: it is that there must always be a certain amount of vitality awake in the world, and that that which leaves ourselves during the hours of darkness must seek for itself a temporary home elsewhere. Thus it is our own self-sleeping life we hear around us when we listen to these audible though invisible wraiths of our own selves. It is this that endows them with their undefined power of terrifying, which belongs to nothing real in the world. There are many people who would face with the calmest self-possession a whole band of robbers or any actual danger, and yet are overcome with panic at their own shadow when it makes itself audible in the creaking of a chair.

For her part, however, Felicia went on stitching and stitching, wearied out, but not in the least inclined to sleep, for she had come to such a pass that chronic wakefulness was with her almost a disease, so that she could scarcely have slept now even if she had tried. Every now and then, in spite of her attention to her work, she gave a start when the naked boards indulged in a louder crack than usual: nor did she dare to absorb herself in her task too deeply, for, while she strained eyes over her stitches, she had no less to strain her ears to catch the least sound that might pass through the open door of the adjoining bedroom. Her great and real fear was lest the flare of the candle should gutter down into its socket before she had finished her task, which had to be completed by the next morning. There were just two inches of candle: there was just a yard of work. She was so cold that her fingers were almost numbed, though less by reason of the weather than by hunger and fatigue. Her head was aching: but that also, like her wakefulness, was too habitual to be regarded. At last, unless her ears deceived her, a distinct sound of tapping came either from the door or from the wall. She had heard of the death-tick, and, though by no means superstitious, the sound filled her with the alarm that comes from the unseen. She was in a mood for omens of evil; and the very flame of the candle, as it flared up, and then sank down and flared up again, seemed to her to represent the last dying struggles of one whose minutes are numbered. She listened again: there was no doubt that a sound was present with her that neither belonged to a mouse nor was caused by the strain of her own nerves. It was, as has been said, a low tapping noise, as though some timid hand were requesting admittance. Impossible as this should be at such an hour, her eyes were led by it instinctively in the direction of the door.

And presently, slowly and silently, the door began to move. What mortal creature could be intruding thus upon her at this dead and solitary hour? The sight of the opening door was more than enough to paralyze with fascination the faculties of one whom exhaustion had rendered morbidly open to vague and undefined terrors. Heaven knows what she could expect to see. But whatever she could have expected, her fancy could not have called up any object more hideous than that which met her eyes, as it stood there in the outer darkness, peering into the half-lighted room. Ever since his retirement from a world in which his part had been simply that of a grotesque, there had been something mysterious and awe-inspiring about Nathan Levi; and whether it was really he or whether it was only his wraith conjured up by her own over-excited imagination, there was almost equal for alarm. In the latter case she herself must be going mad; in the former she had to do with a being whose nature, if it correspond with his bodily form, was one to be feared, indeed. How or why had he traced her? With what motive had he visited at such an hour?

She would have screamed out had not her tongue been as paralyzed as her eyes. There was something horribly and unutterably unearthly about the whole affair. Say what one will in these charitable and tolerant days, there is still to a good Christian always something irreconcilable about a Jew; and about such a Jew as this, who was regarded by his neighbors as a wizard into the bargain—even in these enlightened days one need not go out of London to find plenty of such beliefs—there was, under such circumstances as these, something almost satanic. Though not by any means hysterical, she began to feel the rising and swelling in the throat that preceds hysteria; and all the while the form of Nathan Levi at its very worst, stood motionless on the thresheld, with its eyes looking she knew not where, but still fascinating hers. Suddenly, with one last leap, the flame of of the candle gave a final flare, and then left her with her visitor in utter darkness, and, but for him, alone. And yet, even through the darkness, she seemed to feel the light of the small squinting eyes, which were themselves so used to privation of light that, like those of prisoners who have been long confined to their dungeons, they could see almost as well by night as by day. But, in any case, they had already had time to take in the aspect of the room and of its mistress.

"Mishtresh Cranshton?" at last half grated, half squeaked out a voice, of which the almost timid and deprecating tone was in grotesque contrast with the fearful apparition from which it proceeded.

"Who are you—what do you want?" she managed to gasp out almost inaudibly.

"Ish dish vere you live? Ish Mishter Cranshton very ill?"

"This is where we live? Do you want my husband? Yes, he is *very* ill."

"And ish it true that you 'ave not bread?"

She was silent. The voice was not one to expression: it seemed rather to mock at her misery.

"We trust in God," she said more firmly. He who has aided us so far will not forsake us now."

There was no reply; nor did any come even after the lapse of many minutes that seemed like hours. She seemed to have uttered a *vade retro* of magical efficacy, or else the hateful-looking object as to which she could not even now decide whether it was ghost or man, was suddenly struck dumb. Nor, O dear reader, do I decide whether this apparition was ghost or man: I have myself for too often caught myself out in mistaking for real flesh and blood what has afterward turned out to be a mere ghost of the most ordinary kind, to be guilty of any such presumption where the experience of another is concerned. I am a man-hunter, and only yesterday I flattered myself that I had at last succeeded in getting hold of a man: but, alas, it proved to be nothing more than a mere common ghost, such as one sees every day.

Meanwhile, during those long hours that Tima, the emotionless, called minutes, she dared not even move, for fear of what might be the result. But, though she felt herself to be sitting in the midst of nameless terrors, her expression of faith had given her courage. She had reminded that, come what might, she could really not be alone. At last the utter silence endured so long that she even ventured to stir, and the charm being thus broken, she found the power to move. Instinctively gathering up the unfinished work, she crept on tiptoe, fearing every moment lest in the utter darkness she should come in contact with the monster in the bed-room, closed the door and dragged against it by way of barricade the large, but, alas, empty trunk that served table, chair and wardrobe all in one.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. GRODE CHANGES HIS MIND.

Meanwhile Mr. Grode himself must not be altogether forgotten. He still lived all by himself in the house near Russell Square, now more dusty than ever. He had his coffee hot in the morning, his chop at half-past one, his dinner of three courses at six; he slept well, and was not more ill-tempered than he had always been, for the simple reason that any increase of what cannot be increased is a simple impossibility. He was growing very rich, people said, and was giving up attending sales, though no change in his style of living gave any support to the popular idea. His lawyer had drawn up a will for him, by which the greater part of his money was left to found some philanthropic society—say, for the suppression of filial disobedience and French ladies' maids—and the rest to some society for the conversion of the Jews. If any should think his own conduct toward Felicia and her husband gave him the faintest, the most momentary uneasiness, they are very much mistaken. Busy men pride themselves with justice upon having no time for sentiment, and he believed most fully in the maxim, as though it were gospel, that as a man makes his bed so must he lie. There are plenty of people who have millstones instead of hearts—far too many to make it wonderful that he should be one of them. And there are plenty of people, too, whom it is sheer waste of time and trouble to subject to any sort of psychological analysis—that one great duty of modern tale-tellers—simply because there is nothing about their psychology to analyze. I am—or ought to be—ashamed to say that I do not know of what sort of mineral substance millstones are made; but I am very sure that it is something very simple, and that there is nothing about them that the eye does not see. And if any one should insist that there is no man in the world, however hard he may be to outward eyes, who has a tender place about him somewhere, let him just look around and see.

One morning—the very morning, in fact, that followed his daughter's midnight vision—while sitting after breakfast in his dusty front parlor, he was told by his manservant that a beggar-like looking man was at the door who desired to see him.

"A beggar? I am always having beggars after me." A sort of uncomfortable feeling came over him that it might be his unlucky son-in-law. "Tell him to be off this instant."

"So I did, sir."

"Then tell him again."

"He said it was most important business."

"A beggar with most important business! A likely story. He didn't say what it was, I'll be bound."

"No, sir."

"Then why the devil didn't you send him packing? You haven't let him into the hall?"

"He said as if he couldn't see you now, he'd wait till he could. So I shut the door and left him on the step."

"Then just go and tell him if he can't tell you what his business is, he shant tell me. And if he won't go, send for a policeman."

The man went out, but presently returned.

"He says, sir, as you'd be sure to see him if I said his name was Levi."

The word seemed to act like magic upon Mr. Grode. He started, and looked more like thunder than ever.

"Levi? An old Jew dwarf as ugly as sin? A thieving-looking rascal, with a hump-back and squinting eyes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell him to go to hell; and if he won't, send for a constable and give him in charge. And don't bother me about him again."

"On what charge, sir?"

"Anything on his face, if you like: it would hang him any day."

Once more the man went out and once more returned.

"He won't go, sir. He says as how he's brought you—you know what."

"I know what? Yes, I do know what. Send for the constable."

But just then Nathan Levi himself entered the room. The servant had forgotten to close the street-door upon him, and following him quickly, the visitor had walked in without leave.

Mr. Grode started up in a rage. "What! you dare?" he exclaimed. "Get out of my house this instant, you old scoundrel, or I'll have you kicked out before you know where you are."

The Jew made no sign of resentment.—It was as if he had said, "Kick, but hear."

"I 'ave breught you vot you vants, Mr. Grode," he said humbly.

The footman, who had taken note of the long arms, the enormous fists, and the heavy feet of the intruder, and who thought that, if any kicking had to be done, he would rather have nothing to do with it, went away, leaving the two rivals alone.

"Do you hear me?" said Mr. Grode, stamping on the floor.

Nathan Levi looked at him with indescribable cunning.

"I 'ave shanged my mind," he said.—"I did not tossh 'im in, after all. 'E vosh found in the fender."

"And I've shanged my mind too," answered Mr. Grede, mocking him.—"You wouldn't take me at my word, and the time's gone by. 'Them as will not when they may, when they will, they'll find it too late in the day.' So get out, or———"

"I 'ave brought 'im in my vaistcoat-pocket. I vill let you 'ave 'im very sheap—dirt-sheap. Shay two 'undred thoushand."

"I don't know what you mean. You must be mad or drunk."

"Me mad?" cried out the poor old fellow; "me drunk? 'Elp me, I vish I 'ad the chanche! Vot—not a dirty two 'undred thousand for the big emerald that ish vorth shiksh millionsh?"

"You mean to say you have got the big emerald? A likely story! You look like it, I must say."

"You did not believe me ven I shaid I 'ad tosshed 'im in."

"No: and I don't believe you now, when you say you found him in the fender."

"You vant to beat me down, Mishter.—Vell, I will let you 'ave 'im for von 'undred thoushand. It is a shin and a shame," he said, with a terrible sigh; "but I am a poor old man now. I can't make no more bargainish."

"Pooh!"

"For ninety, then? Eighty? On my shoul, I can't shay no lessh. Eighty thoushand guineash."

"Ah," said Mr. Grode, with a sudden and peculiar smile, "I see. Come, now, suppose I offer you ten thousand. I'll give you a minute to think it over."

"Vhat! ten thoushand dirty shovereighsh for the biggest shtone in the vorld—ten thoushand for vhat is vorth shiksh millionsh? Ten thoushand for the mosht beautiful, the mosht preshioush, the mosht vonderful thing that anybody ever shaw?—For vhat 'ash been fought about by the Shineshe and the Mogulsh and the Ashtecsh, and everybody—for vhat I could shell for vot I like to the Queen herself tomorrow? Vhat! ten thoushand poundsh? You are laughing at me, Mishter."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Back numbers of the above story can be furnished to new subscribers if desired.

THIRTY CENTURIES OLD.—The oldest relic of human extant is the skeleton of the earliest Pharoah, encased in his original burial-robes, wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which was deposited eighteen or twenty months ago, in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archæological treasurers.

The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharoah Mykerimus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ, Only think of it! The monarch, whose crubling bones and leather integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Soloman was born, and only eleven centuries, or so, after Misraim, the grandson of old father Noah, and the Phareahs, had been gathered to his fathers. Why, the tide-mark of the Deluge could scarcely have been obliterated, or the gophar wood knee timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Arrarat, when this man of the early world lived moved, and had his being. His bone and shriveled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the crucifixion is only about midway between this era and ours.

—ONE of the first literary men in the United States said:—"There is one thing, which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere, that is, to entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight as for my life and all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of it for anything. Warn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop to a child."

A VERDICT EITHER WAY WILL DO.—A Judge, holding court on the borders of Tennessee, is said actually to have delivered the following charge to a jury:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, in this case counsel on both sides are impudent and unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are indecent and incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant both stand such acknowledged rogues, that it is to me indifferent which way you give a verdict."

LETTER FROM EUROPE.

NAPLES, Italy,
Feb. 2nd, 1873.

I went ashore to visit Naples. To people unacquainted with the language and customs of the city, I thought it advisable to engage a guide to show me the principal places of interest in and around the city. On reaching the landing place at the Custom House, I engaged a carriage to convey me on my excursion, for which I paid the sum of 15 francs for the afternoon, and during which time I visited the Royal Palace, the Cathedral (or St. Jannarius,) the King's Park, and the Grotto. The palace is a large and handsome structure, connected by a covered way to Castle Nuovo, and situated at the west end of the principal thorough-fare. This was the winter residence of the King of Naples, but since the raid of the Garabaldians, it has been seldom used by the present reigning family of Victor Emanuel: the Crown Prince and Princess being the only occupants since 1860. In rambling through the deserted rooms, a number of interesting objects are to be seen, such as paintings and sculpture of the old Italian masters. The rooms are richly, although plainly furnished. The throne room, dancing and dining rooms, and reception, are all large and handsome apartments, and I thought of the many schemes concocted by priest and king for the advancement of the interest of mother church, and the punishment awarded to those who dared to oppose them. What tales these walls could tell if they could speak. In one of the rooms, kept as an office for the king, is to be seen a handsome writing desk, in mosaic, a present to the king from the Italian Parliament. It is of Neapolitan workmanship. A large number of them (being costly and curious articles,) are shown in the several apartments, having the same origin. In the throne room a child's cot is kept and shown: this is a very curious and handsome affair, and was likewise a present from the Parliament to the Crown Prince and Princess, on the occasion of the birth of their eldest child. The Grotto to me is a puzzle (the history of it I received from my guide, was truly a Neapolitan one,) and believed in by half of the population. The story he told me, and which he appeared to be much scandalized when I made light of his tale was, that it was the work of his Satanic Majesty. He appeared to have a great veneration or awe, I don't know which, for he would not speak above a whisper while I was passing through it. The true history of it, however, is not known. It was probably made by the Cameaus and Neapolitans to facilitate their communication. It is about a mile in length and dug through the hill Possilpo. The height is about 180 feet; the bredth sufficient to admit two carriages to pass. It was enlarged under Don Pedro De Toledo. At present its whole length a row of lamps lights up the interior. Over the entrance of the Grotto are the remains of a tomb, called Virgil's tomb. The spot where the celebrated poet was buried is indicated in a precious manner by Olins Donatus, a grammarian of the 14 century, who says by order of Augustus, the ashes of Virgil were transferred to Naples, his favorite residence, on the road to Pozzuoli. Statius, a poet of the 1st century, also speaking of this tomb and the passages of those two writers can be easily applied to the ruin bearing his name. It is said that in the centre of this monment was a sepulchral urn, supported by 9 small marble columns. No trace now exists of the columns or urn. Its external form is that of a tower, rendered picturesque by the ivy and wild plants that encircle it. Within the Grotto is a small chapel of Saint Maria, which was made in 1353. It is said to contain some good pictures, but it is now particularly celebrated by an image of the Virgin Mary, placed over the high altar, which is of great veneration. I returned to town and visited the cathedral church or that of Saint Jannarius, the patron saint of the Neapolitans. This ancient church was built under Constantine, on the ruins of the Temple of Opollo, and dedicated to Saint Restituta. In the interior are numerous small chapels and 100 Egyptian and Africa granite columns, which decorated the Temple of Oppollo. In the chapel of Saint Jannarius or (Carrufo,) for it was shown to me under both names, is seen under the high altar, in a richly ornamented coffin, the body of the saintly Bishop of Benevento, the protector of Naples. The church is covered with white marble and adorned with Bas-relief, in the form of arabesque. The cathedral contains 7 altars, designed by father Grinaldi. Two large columns support the architecture. On the sides of the bronze dome are statues of St. Peter and Paul, by Sennello. The chapel contains 42 brocatello columns of the Corinthian order, between which are bronze statues and busts, representing the holy protectors, and under these, in separate niches, are preserved the busts in silver of the same saints, 37 in number; the greater part are the works of Luinello, who also executed the large bronze statue of St. Jannarius, under which are deposited the relics of the saint whose head is preserved in a bust. In a silver tabernacle are preserved two phials of his blood, said to have been collected by a Neapolitan woman at the monument of his martyrdom. His blood, they believe, became miraculously liquid when presented to the head of the saint. The miracle is renewed three times a year, when the blood liquifies immediately the joy of the people is boundless; when it is delayed then lament is incessant. Few strangers visit Naples without paying their devours to the shrine of the worthy son of step-mother church, and all have come away without having satisfactorily solved the priestly tricks. A few of the sisters of mercy were at their devotions while I was in the chapel, but I had no opportunity of judging of their age or appearance, they being very careful to keep themselves clear of the heretical gaze of the foreigner. The high altar of this chapel is a beautiful piece of workmanship; being a large block of porphyry, intersected by silver cornices or gilt bronze. In the evening I went to the Italian opera: the acting and dressing were very good; while the singing, especially Senorata Luglino, was as good as I ever listened to. Her singing added to her youth and beauty would make her mark in any country, especially in America or England, where those advantages are at a high premium. Naples appears to me to be inhabited by two kinds of people, the very rich and very poor; a great contrast being observable in the principal streets where the fashionable world congregate, and those small ones running from them, inhabited by a class sunk in the lowest sinks of poverty and filth. I was greatly annoyed by beggars whose names appear to be legion; they would follow me every where I went, and no denial would be taken.

—An Ohio Teuton, found guilty of selling liquor contrary to law, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days, protested as follows: "Me go to chail! But I can't go! Dere's my pizness—my pakery! Who pakes my pread when I ben gone?" Then casting his eyes about the court room appeallingly, they feel upon the good natured face of jolly Chris. Ellwaner, a fellow-contryman who had no "pizness," and forthwith a brilliant idea occured to him. Turning to the court, he said, in sober earnest, "Der's Chris. Ellwaner! He's got nothing to do; send him!"