

POETRY.

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything...

PAY AS YOU GO.

(For the special benefit of our delinquent subscribers.)

A word of good counsel,
We need not should forget,
Is that which forewarns us...

LITERATURE.

THE TREASURE SEEKER.

Ad old man and a young woman were seated in a small attic, whose furniture, plain and unpretending...

The sun was setting, and a rosy light illumined the humble dwelling...

The latter was reclining in a wicker chair, which the hand of affection had furnished with cushions...

She had a newspaper in her hand, from which she was reading to the invalid...

"What is the matter?" inquired the old man.

"Nothing," replied the young girl, whose countenance expressed disappointment.

"You thought you heard Charles?" rejoined the old man.

"It is true," said the young girl, slightly coloring; "his work is over, and it is his time for coming home."

"When he does come home," added Vincent sadly.

Susan opened her lips with the intention of justifying her cousin, but probably her judgment protested against her intention...

The invalid passed the fingers of his only hand through his mustache, which he twisted impatiently, as he always did when he was displeased.

"Our conscript is undisciplined," said he at length; "he returns home with neglected dress; he leaves his work to frequent ginghamettes and fetes beyond the town; this must end both for him and for us."

"Don't say so, uncle, it will bring him ill-luck," replied the young girl, with feeling.

"I hope the cloud will soon pass away. My cousin has had strange ideas in his head for some time. He has no longer courage to work."

"And why not?"

"Because, he says, there is nothing to expect from it. He thinks the workman can lay by nothing for a future time, and that it is best to enjoy the present without foresight or hope."

"Oh, that is his system, is it," rejoined the old man, frowning. "Well, he has not the honor of inventing it. We had men in our regiment who excused themselves from marching under pretext that the route was too long, and who remained behind in quarters whilst their companions entered Madrid, Berlin, and Vienna. Your cousin, do you see, does not seem to know that by dint of putting one foot continually before the other, the shortest legs may reach Rome at last."

"Oh, if you could make him believe that," said Susan, anxiously. "I have tried to convert him, but he will not save, but when I name the sum, he shrugs his shoulders, and says that women know nothing about figures."

"And then you despair, my poor girl," continued Vincent, affectionately; "I see that your eyes are often red."

"Uncle, I assure you—"

"And you forget to water your carnations, and have left off singing?"

"Uncle—"

"Come, don't think I am scolding you," he said bravely, but kindly. "Is it not quite natural that you should feel interested about Charles, who is your cousin, and who, one day, I hope—"

The young girl started.

"Well, we won't say any more about that," interrupted the invalid. "I always forget that with you girls we must seem to be ignorant of what we know. Let's say no more about it, I tell you, and return to that good-for-nothing fellow for whom you feel a friendship—that is the right word, is it not—and who feels the same for you."

Susan shook her head.

"That is to say, he did so once," said she; "but for some time—if you know how cold he is, how tired he seems of—"

"It is so," replied Vincent pensively, "when a person has enjoyed exciting amusements, the simple pleasures of home appear dull; it is like a glass of home-made wine after liquor. I can easily believe that, my child, most of us have passed over the same ground."

"But they have been cured of their fancies," observed Susan, "and Charles may be cured of his. Perhaps if you were to speak to him, uncle?"

The old man shook his head incredulously.

"These infirmities are not to be cured by words," he replied, "but by deeds; neither a reasonable man nor a good soldier is profited by accident; but experience, the proof of exertion, and the baptism of the cannon, are necessary. Your cousin, do you see, wants inclination, because he does not feel a motive for exerting himself; we must point out an object which will restore his courage. But this is rather an important business. I will think about it."

"Now, this time he is really coming," cried the young girl, who had recognized the hasty steps of her cousin on the stairs.

"Then, silence in the ranks," said the invalid; "we must not seem to be thinking of him; go on with your reading."

Susan obeyed, but her trembling voice would easily have betrayed her emotion to an attentive observer. Whilst her eyes followed the printed lines, and her voice pronounced the words mechanically, her ear and her thoughts were wholly devoted to her cousin, who had just opened the door, and placed his hat on the table in the middle of the attic.

In order to avoid interrupting the reading, the young man did not speak either to his uncle or cousin, and approaching the window he leaned upon it, with his arms crossed.

Susan continued to read, but without understanding what she said. She was come to that mosaic work of detached and often contradictory news, arranged under the head of "varieties." Charles, who at first appeared absent, at last paid attention to her reading in spite of himself. The young girl after accounts of different thefts, fires and accidents, at last came to the following paragraph—

"A poor hawker of Besancon, named Pierre Lefevre, being determined at all risks to make a fortune, conceived the idea of going to India, which he had heard spoken of as the land of gold and diamonds. He sold the little he had, reached Bordeaux, and embarked as cook's mate in an American vessel. Eighteen years elapsed without any news of Pierre Lefevre. At last his parents received a letter announcing his approaching return; and informing them that the former hawker, after inexpressible labors, and unheard-of changes of fortune, was arrived in France with one eye and one hand, but owner of a fortune valued at two million of francs."

Charles, who had listened to the story with growing attention, could not repress an exclamation.

"Two millions!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"That would purchase him a glass eye and an iron hand," observed the old soldier ironically.

"There's happiness," replied the artisan, who had not listened to the reflection of his uncle.

"And which he did not procure on credit," added the invalid.

"Eighteen years of inexpressible labors and fatigue," repeated Susan, resting on the expressions of the journal.

"What do they signify when there is a fortune at the end?" replied Charles, with vivacity. "There is no difficulty either in travelling by a bad road or in supporting bad weather, to arrive at a favorable termination, but in advancing without reaching a definite end."

"And so," rejoined the young girl, looking timidly at her cousin, "and so you really enjoy the lot of the hawker; you would give the best years of your life, one of your eyes, one of your hands—"

"For two millions of money?" interrupted Charles. "Yes, certainly. You have only to find me a purchaser at this price, Susan, and I will promise you a good sum for pin money."

The young girl turned away her head without further reply; her heart was full, and a tear stood in her eye. Vincent also was silent, but he again twisted his mustache angrily.

A long silence ensued; the three actors in this scene pursued their own train of thought.

The sound of the clock striking eight, recalled Susan from her reflections. She rose and began to prepare the evening meal.

The supper was a sad and brief one. Charles, who had passed the last part of the day at the guinguette with his friends, would eat nothing, and Susan had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honor to the repast; for his military habits had accustomed him to respect the privileges of the stomach in spite of mental emotions; but he was soon satisfied, and then he returned to his cushioned chair near the window.

When she had put everything in order, Susan, who felt that she wanted to be alone, took a light, embraced the invalid, and retired to her own little chamber. Vincent and the young artisan found themselves telephonic.

The latter was also going to say good-night to his uncle, when the old soldier made a sign to him to shut the door and draw near.

"I want to speak to you," he said, seriously.

Charles, who expected reproaches, stood near the old man, who pointed to a seat.

"Have you well considered what we were saying just now?" he said, looking steadfastly at his nephew. "Are you really capable of making a great effort to acquire a fortune?"

"I? Do you doubt it, uncle?" replied Charles, surprised at the question.

"Well, then, you will consent to be patient, to work without intermission, to change your habits?"

"If I can get anything by doing so. But why do you ask me?"

"I am going to tell you," said the invalid, opening the drawer of a commode, in which were some old newspapers lent to him by one of the lodgers. He searched for some time among the papers, took out one, opened it, and showed Charles an article marked by his name.

The young artisan read in a low voice—

was no longer possible. The commanding officer, seeing that there was no chance of taking a passage through the enemy's ranks, took advantage of the night to cause some soldiers in whom he had most confidence to bury the chests; then satisfied that no one could find them, he commanded his little band to disperse, in order that each might endeavor to secure his own safe passage through the lines of the enemy. Some, in fact, succeeded in regaining the main army; but the officer and the man who knew where the chests were buried all perished during the flight. Now it is said, that these chests contained the treasures of the enemy; that is to say, about three millions of francs."

Charles stopped, and looked at the old man with sparkling eyes.

"Did you belong to that company?" said he.

"I did," replied he.

"You knew of the existence of the stores?"

"I was one of those whom the captain entrusted with the job, and the only one who escaped the enemy's balls."

"Then you could give information to enable me to find it?"

"Yes, especially since the captain made us take the bearings of two hills end a rock. I should know the place again as well as I know the bed in this room."

Charles started to his feet.

"Well, then, your fortune is made," cried he eagerly. "Why don't you speak about it? The French Government would accept your proposals."

"Perhaps they would," replied Vincent; "but it would be useless."

"Why?"

"Spain has refused to give the necessary permission. Look here."

He held out to the young man another newspaper, which, in fact, announced that with regard to the stores buried by the French in 1812, on the borders of the Douro, the demand of the latter for permission to search had been refused by the Government of Madrid.

"But what need is there of permission?" cried Vincent. "Where is the necessity of attempting officially a search which might be made secretly and without observation? Once upon the spot, and the land purchased, who is to prevent its being searched? Who would suspect the discovery?"

"Could we not tell the secret to some one richer than ourselves, and obtain their assistance?"

"But how shall we induce them to believe us, or prevent them abusing our confidence in case they believe what we say? and if by accident we are prevented from succeeding. Suppose it should happen, as in the fable you were reading the other day to your cousin, that at the time of partition the other party would take the lion's share! We should then have to undergo the uncertainty of a law suit, in addition to the fatigue of the journey and the hazard of success! What use is it, then, said I to myself. Is the short time which I have yet to live worth so much anxiety? I have a retiring pension of 200 francs, thanks to Susan, that is enough, with the pension attached to my cross and ribbon, for my daily ration and tobacco. I care no more for the rest than I should for a troop of Cossacks."

"And so you will let the opportunity escape?" exclaimed Charles with feverish animation. "You will refuse riches?"

"As regards myself, certainly," replied the old man; "but as to you, it is otherwise. I observed just now that you were ambitious, that you would give anything to be classed among the millionaires. Well, collect together the sum necessary for the journey and I will go with you."

"Will you really, uncle?"

"Do you earn two thousand francs, on this condition I will give you the treasure. Will that do?"

"Will that do, uncle?" exclaimed Charles with animation. Then, recollecting himself, he seemed alarmed.

"But how shall we get so much money together? I shall never be able to do so."

"Work steadily, and bring me regularly your wages every week, and I promise you shall do so."

"Think, uncle, how small are the savings of an artisan."

"That is my business."

"How many years shall we be collecting the money?"

"You offered eighteen just now, and an eye and a hand to boot."

"Ah! if I was sure to succeed."

"In acquiring a treasure, I swear it shall be so, by the ashes of the Little Corporal."

This was the oath, *par excellence*, of the soldier. Charles considered the project as quite serious. Vincent encouraged him anew by repeating that he held his fortune in his own hands, and the young man went to bed resolved to make every exertion.

But the secret confided to him by his uncle had awakened hopes too magnificent for him to think of sleeping. He passed the night in a kind of fever, calculating the means of gaining most rapidly the sum he required, settling the way in which he should employ his future fortune, and recalling one after another, as if they were realities, all the visions which had raised in his mind. When Susan came down stairs the next day, he was already gone to his work.

Vincent, who observed the young girl's astonishment, shook his head and smiled, but said nothing; he had engaged secretly to Charles, and intended to observe it himself. He wished to see, in the meantime, whether the young man would persist in his good resolutions.

The first few months were the most irksome. The young bookbinder had acquired habits which he found a difficulty in breaking through; regular work was insupportable to him. It was necessary that he should renounce the fickleness and caprice which had hitherto governed his actions, and that he should overcome fatigue and disgust, and resist the solicitations of his old companions in dissipation! The task was at first difficult. Many times did his courage evaporate—many times was he on the point of relapsing into his old follies; but the important object he had in view, animated him to persevere. As he placed his weekly salary, which continually increased in the hands of the veteran, he experienced renewed hope, which gave him fresh courage; it was a small step towards the goal, but it was a step towards it.

In the meanwhile the effort became less every day. Man resembles a ship whose sails are its passions. Give them to the winds of the world, and he will be carried away by the currents, and dashed upon the rocks; but let the sails be regulated by good sense, and the navigation will become less dangerous; and when at last the anchor is cast in the chosen place, there is nothing more to fear.

It happened thus to the young artisan. In proportion as his life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. Steady labor during the day gave him the sweetest sleep at night; the absence of his noisy comrades infused a new charm into the society of his uncle and cousin. The latter had resumed her friendly familiarity. Occupied only with Vincent and Charles, she turned every occasion of meeting into a *fete*, for which her affection furnished the funds. Every day there was some fresh surprise, some delightful attention, which strengthened affection by the ties of feeling and joy. Charles was astonished to find in his cousin qualities and grace which he had never before remarked. She became every day more necessary to him. Without being aware of it his exertions changed their objects; the hope of the treat-

sure promised by Vincent was no longer his sole motive to exertion; in every action of his life he thought of Susan—he wished to deserve her approbation, to become dear to her. The human soul is a kind of moral danger-reef; surround it with pictures of order, beauty and devotion, and every image will trace itself there, and be imprinted indelibly. The little Charles, who had gradually extinguished his ambitious views. He saw before him happiness more simple and more immediate; his paradise was no longer a fairy dream of the thousand and one nights, but a small space peopled by attachments which he could surround with his two arms.

This change, however took place unknown to himself. The young artisan gave way to his feelings without stopping to consider every wave that advanced or impeded his progress. This transformation, visible to those who lived with him, was not suspected by himself; he did not know that he was changed, but only that he was more happy—more tranquil. The only novelty that he perceived in his sentiments was his love for Susan; henceforth she was mixed up with all his projects; he could not contemplate life without her.

This element of happiness, introduced into his life, had modified all the rest. The hope of amassing millions, instead of being the principal object, was now only one of the means of happiness; he considered it as an important addition, but merely as an accessory to his hopes. He determined, then, to ascertain whether his love was returned.

He was walking one day up and down the little attic, while Vincent and his cousin were talking near the stove. They were speaking of the first master of Charles, who, after thirty years spent in honest labour, had just sold his bookbinding business, that he might retire into the country with his old wife.

"There's a couple who knew how to make their paradise on earth," said the old soldier; "always of one mind, always in good humour, always at work."

"Yes," replied Susan, feelingly; "the rich man may envy their lot."

Charles, who was just in front of the young girl, now stopped abruptly.

"And so you would like your husband to love you, Susan?" he said looking at her earnestly.

"Certainly, if I can," replied the young girl smiling, and slightly coloring.

"You can," replied Charles eagerly; "and if you will, you have only to say the word."

"What word, cousin?" stammered Susan, confusedly.

"That you will consent to become my wife," replied the young workman.

And as he observed the surprise and emotion of his cousin, he added with respectful tenderness—

"Don't agitate yourself, Susan; I have long wished to ask you this question; but I waited for a reason which is known to my uncle. You see however that I have yet to live so much anxiety. Now he frank with me; do not conceal your feelings; or uncle is not listening, and he will correct us if we say what is not right."

The young man had approached his cousin, and was holding one of her hands in his—his voice trembled, and his eyes were moist, Susan her heart beating with joy, stood with her eyes cast to the ground, and the old soldier looked on with a smile, partly tender, partly arch, on his countenance.

At last he touched the young girl, and pushing her gently towards Charles—

"Come, speak then, puss," said he gently.

"Susan," said one word—only one word, I entreat," cried the young man who still held the hand of his cousin, "will you take me for your husband?"

"Yes."

"Well done," cried Vincent, slapping his knee; "it was hard work to get that word out of her. Give me your hands, my children, and kiss me. To-night I leave you to your own conversation; to-morrow we will speak of business."

On the morrow, in fact he took his nephew aside, announced to him that the sum necessary for their voyage was complete, and that he might set out for Spain as soon as he pleased.

This news which ought to have filled Charles with delight, had a contrary effect. He must then leave Susan at the moment they began to interchange mutual confidence, to encounter the chances of a long, difficult, and uncertain journey, when it would have been so pleasant to remain at home. The young man almost cursed the millions that he was once ready to go so far to seek. Now that the interest of his life was engaged, his desire to acquire riches had singularly vanished. What use then, was so much gold to purchase happiness, when he had already found it?

However he made no objection to his uncle, and told him he was ready to start.

The old soldier took upon himself the preparations; he went out for this purpose many successive days, accompanied by Susan. At last he announced to Charles that they had nothing to do but to take their places. The young girl was absent. He asked his nephew to go with him to the office; and as his recent fatigues had rendered his wounds painful, he engaged a hackney coach.

Vincent had taken care to provide himself, in one of his excursions, with the newspapers which contained the account of the burial of the stores near Duro. When he found himself alone with Charles, he put them into his hands, requesting him to see whether they contained any information which might be useful to them.

The young man first read the details with which he was already acquainted, then the refusal of the Spanish Government, and lastly an account of some unsuccessful researches undertaken by the merchants of Barcelona. He thought the documents were exhausted, when his eye fell upon a letter bearing the signature of Peter Dufour.

"Peter Dufour!" repeated Vincent, "that was a pioneer of the company."

"He calls himself so in fact," answered Charles.

"God bless me! I thought the good man was in the other world. Let us see what he says, for he was in the captain's confidence."

Instead of replying Charles uttered an exclamation. He had looked through the letter and his countenance changed.

"Well, what's the matter," inquired Vincent tranquilly.

"What's the matter?" rejoined the young man. "If what Dufour says is true the journey will be useless."

"Why?"

"Because the chests were not filled with money but with gunpowder!"

Vincent looked at his nephew and burst out laughing.

"Ah! it was gunpowder," he cried. "Then that was the reason why, before burying them, they took some cartridges out of them."

"You know it then, interrupted?" interrupted Charles.

"Yes; because I saw it," replied the old man, good-naturedly.

ol, and re-furnished with all the necessary implements. Charles was going to ask for an explanation, when his eyes fell upon the name of the proprietor engraved in gold letters over the counter—the name was his own. At that moment the door of the little parlour behind the shop opened; he saw a loud burning brightly on the hearth, a repast spread over the table, and Susan, who, with a smile, made him a sign to enter.

Vincent turned towards him, seizing his hand—

"There," cried he, "is the treasure I promised you; a good trade, which will give you the means of living comfortably, and a good wife, who will make you happy. Everything that you see here has been earned by yourself, and belongs to you. Never mind if I have deceived you; you would not accept the happiness offered to you. I have served you as children are served by nurses, who rub the edge of the cup which they reject with honey. Now that you know what happiness is, and that you have tasted it, I hope you will no longer refuse it."

A LADY OUTWITTING THREE ROBBERS.—Some years ago used to remark a well of very singular construction at the foot of the tower of the Hotel Casmajar. 'Isn't there some strange story about that?' 'There is,' was the reply; and he proceeded—'At the close of the last century the house of Marrin which is now inhabited by a cabinet-maker, was the residence of M. Plateroso, who was the treasurer of the province. He was very wealthy, and had married a wife of great beauty. They entertained magnificently; invitations to their balls and dinners were eagerly sought by all who had any pretensions to such a distinction. But in no house was gambling carried to greater pitch, or more money lost in an afternoon. One night her husband being from home, Madame de Plateroso was suddenly aroused from her sleep by hearing steps in her room, and was horrified to see three men standing at her bedside, masked and armed. One of them said in a disguised voice—

'Give us the key of the treasure-room.'

'I haven't got it,' she replied with much self-possession.

'We will try, and if we do not find it we will put you to the torture.'

Upon this, in fear and trembling, she produced the key, which was concealed under the pillow, and gave it to her interrogator, after a short absence he returned saying that he was unable to open the lock, and as she, no doubt, understood the secret of the spring, she should accompany them. There was no avail in refusal, and she promised to unlock the door, provided that they would allow her to dress herself. But they mocked her inconvenient modesty, and dragging her from her bed, hurried her along, shivering with cold and shame. She opened the door, and heard of gold glittered on the shelves; and as she fascinated by the blaze of so much coin, the robbers rushed into the room. Madame Plateroso had recovered her presence of mind, and seeing her advantage instantly closed the door, and called out to the intruders that they would have ample time to count their gains. Finding themselves trapped, as it were, in their own snare, they cried out lustily, and instead of the brutal manner in which they had first treated her, uttered most piteous supplications for deliverance.

'Mercy, mercy, madams,' they cried in chorus we have been led to make this rash attempt that we might retrieve the heavy losses at play which we have suffered in this house.' You know we have I am the Chevalier de— here is the Baron—, and the Count de—.

If you cannot be more on ourselves, take pity on our families. Save our honour which we value more than life. It is true we have been without pity for you; that will make your generosity more the brighter if you liberally pardon me for the moment she felt touched by the position of persons whom she had received as friends and guests, and was disposed to save them from dishonor. But casting her eye on her almost uncovered figure, and remembering the coarseness with which they had outraged her modesty, she withdrew and left them to pass the night in such comfort as they might derive from the rouleaux of coveted gold by which they were surrounded. They were hanged in front of the door of the tower which had been the scene of their crime. In order that no one in future should set foot upon the spot that had been thus polluted, a deep well of peculiar construction was excavated before the tower.—*Centulle, a tale of Pau.*

A lawyer, upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the case to the jury, and presented it to the jury, sufficed with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite counsel asked the child what made him cry. 'He pinched me,' answered the little plaintiff. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

A Lesson in Adjectives.—Well, my son, you have got into grammar, have you? said a proud sire to his thickest chip the other night. Let me hear you compare some adjectives.

Chip—All right, dad. Little, less, least; big, bigger, best; now, more, most—

Proud Sire—Hold on, sir, that's not right; you—

Chip—Toe, tore, toast; snow, snow, snout; go, gout, rout; row, row, rout.

Proud Sire—Stop, I say; those adjectives—

Chip—Drink, drank, drunk; chink, chank, chunk—

What in thunder—

Chip—Good, better, best; word, water, wettest; bad, worse, worst; vile, bilier, bilier; sew, sewer, sup; pew, poop, pup—

—puch! oh, gemini, dad! o-o-o!—

The outraged sire, who had broken into the reiteration with a bootsjack—

The druggist has just received a supply of Dr. Whigler's celebrated Chemical Food and nutritive tonic, the Compound Elixir of Phosphorus and Sial, a preparation which has been used in private practice for fifteen years, and is confidently recommended to the public as the most elegant and reliable tonic for the treatment of all Disorders resulting from the loss of Nervous or Physical Force. By S. LA MERIT, M. D., L. S. A., &c., 37 BEDFORD SQUARE, London.

An excellent manual for all who may be afflicted with any of the following diseases, and who wish to be cured, is now published by Mrs. GATE, 11, St. James's Street, London. It is a creditably short time acted like an infallible whole system, and she was entirely cured of all her various difficulties and complaints, and remained, as she considered, a sound and healthy woman for about twenty-five years.

Mrs. Robinson further states, that in the autumn of 1869, she was taken ill, and in the spring of 1870, she was taken with a most obstinate and distressing cough, which the doctor was unable to cure. She was also afflicted with piles and other troublesome complaints, and she was obliged to apply to Dr. Caleb Gates for assistance and help, and soon found them all yielding to the power and influence of his justly celebrated medicines, and she is now completely cured of all these various difficulties, through the kindness of Dr. Gates, and the efficacy of his most excellent medicine.

Mrs. ALICE ROBINSON.

Sworn to at Westminster, this 9th day of February, A. D. 1872, before me,

Jas. Whizecock, J. P.

A HER O.—Four months ago, Dr. Warren, late Curate of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, realized the fact that a painful and insidious disease, which most sooner or later prove fatal, had fastened its deadly fangs upon him—that it might be alleviated but not cured. To spare the feelings of his family, he kept the dire alternative to himself even while feeling with each returning light the rapid inroads of the destroyer, which was sapping his life. Though at this time, no doubt, suffering excruciating agony, no complaint escaped his lips. His daily routine of duties were carefully performed, and a request to aid in any additional labor that circumstances demanded was always received with a smile of ready acquiescence. A fortnight before his death his medical adviser endeavored to induce him to seek a short rest, but Dr. Warren peremptorily refused. On the last Sabbath he was alive on earth, though then exhibiting symptoms of weakness,