The Two Cowards.

BY SYLVAUS COBB, JR.

was a coward? We were both
rds!
spoke our old law-tutor, Moses
e, and thus he continued:
had graduated from Harvard—
n Adams and myself—and he
ommenced the practice of law.
ere neither of us married, though
ere anticipating the event. We
case in court—a case of trespass.
s was for the plaintiff, and I for
efendant. It was a weak, foolish
aint, and Adams should not have
it up. It was clearly a case
ortion. The plaintiff held a rod
he back of the defendant in the
of a bit of knowledge concerning
rivate mis-step of former time;
e present complaint was only a
legal way in which the other
was to be used for the purpose
ning the poor man's purse. At
l I exposed the trick, and ob-
a ruling out, by the court, of a
andal which Adams had planned
oduce as testimony. Of course
evere; and as my opponent had
upon a very bad case, my stric-
ut home. I gained the verdict
client, and people laughed at
ed plaintiff and spoke lightly
awyer.
it commenced. Adams could
give me for the chargin I had
him. He laid it up against
talked openly about being re-
This was on the first of
A month afterwards we met
where the gentlemen drank
Late in the evening Adams
met, and a third person made
mark about the old trial, where-
fourth person laughed, and said
had done a great thing. At
ams flushed and made an impu-
ly. The reply was addressed
and I answered it. The two
s laughed at the hit I made,
ams said something more
han before, and I replied to
He deliberately told me I was a

been drinking wine and
was heated, As that harsh,
rdly word fell upon my ear,
on overcame me. I struck
dams in the face, and knocked
against the wall. It was a
thing for me to strike him
that company, but I was too
cited to reflect. I expected
ams would strike back, but he
I was stronger than he
This consideration may not
fluenced him. His friends
m away, and went out into the
As soon as the cool breeze
my brow, and eased the heated
ay from my brain, I was
hat I had done: but too late
e matter. I might have
Adams and asked him
k the wrong I had done,
not the courage for to do

following day a friend named
called upon me, and present-
e from Laban Adams. I
, and found it to be a
I was requested to give
n for the blow I had struck.
gentleman I would do so.
illing I might, designate the
place, and select the wea-

ould I do?
ought to do was very plain.
ns of life which my fond
d taught me did not leave
bt. I ought to have gone
and made such offer of con-
one gentleman may honor-
to another; and if he reject-
have simply turned from,
d to do further wrong to
rong already done. But I
courage to do that. I was
I feared that my friends
h at me the finger of scorn.
e coward ce of my heart, I
ould be brave before the
I accepted the challenge.
er it is over the better,"
Watkins. And with this
agreed.
," I responded. "Let it
ery day, at sunset; upon
nk, directly beneath the
t Ledge. I will send a
to make further arrange-

weapons!"

was fixed.
fterwards I found John
g physician, who agreed
y second. He did not
bandon my idea, nor did
n the work as tho he
t he did it because he
l was determined; and in
nt his professional service
alue.
Adams was a good shot,
that I was the same, for
ced much together; so
dvantage to either party
s.
Price came to me, and
anged. Everything had
planned, and Adams and his second would be on the ground at the appointed time.

After Price had gone I sat down and wrote two letters. What a coward I was to write them. One was to my mother, and the other to the gentle being who had promised to be my wife. As I sit now and think of that hour, I shudder with horror—the hour when I wrote to my mother, and my betrothed. What was I about to do? To rob them of all earthly joy forever! And for what? Aye—for what? Because I had not the courage to be a bold frank man: to obey my God and obey the laws of my country, I was to bow before the wicked spirit—to offer my blood to folly, and my hand to murder.

White-Heart Ledge was a high perpendicular wall of granite rising above the river, the top crowned with dark spruce trees. It received its name from a peculiar mark where a mass of white quartz appeared, half way up the ledge in the form of a heart.

Late in the afternoon I was upon the sandy shore beneath the ledge; and almost at the same time Luban Adams appeared. We were both anxious to be thought brave men He did not speak to me, nor did I to him. Our seconds conferred a while together, and then Price came to my side.

"Must this thing go on?" he asked.

I told him I did not know how it could be stopped. I lied for I did know.

He informed me that if I would make the least overture of peace, he felt sure that Adams would accept it.

"I think," he said, "that Adams is sorry for what has happened. You struck him and he cannot retract."

"And he called me a liar!"

"I know he did; and I know that he did wrong. In fact, there was wrong on both sides. Offer him your hand, and I think he will take it without a word of explanation."

No. I would not do it!

And why not? I wanted to do it. My heart urged me to do it. The spirit of my dear mother, speaking in those old lessons of love and blessing, urged me to do it. And another spirit, clothed, in younger, starry love, urged me to do it,

And yet I would not. I was afraid that men would say I was a coward O' what a precious coward I was!

"You are both good," added Prince; "and if you fire together you may both fall."

But I dared not offer the hand of conciliation. I told him I was ready, He went to Watkins, and pretty soon they measured off the ground—twelve paces. We were to stand back to back those twelve paces apart. We were to turn at the word One; we to raise our pistols at the word Two; and at the word Three we were to fire. I caught the eye of Laban Adams as I took my position, and I was sure that an angry passion dwelt therein. For an instant the impulse was with me to throw down the pistol, and offer my hand. I was sure he would not refuse me. But I had not the courage to do it. I would rather do that deep, damning wrong than do that simple Christian act of love!

Our seconds hesitated, as though they saw what was passing in our thoughts; but offered no word, and they proceeded. The word One was given. I cannot tell all the feelings that came crowding upon me at that moment. I stood face to face with my brother; in a moment we were to offer our hands to the infernal stain. I thought of my mother in her distant home; I thought of the senses of my childhood, bright and promising; I thought of my college days, when Laban Adams had been my friend and chum; I thought of the holy love which had beamed upon me since I had grown to man's estate, and I thought that, in one short moment more, the black pall might cover it all! Watkins was a long time in pronouncing the word Two. He evidently hoped that one of us would relent. But he hoped in vain.

Only a breath held back that last fatal word; But that word was never spoken. As we raised our pistols, a sharp, agonizing cry as from a breaking heart, burst upon the air; and in another moment two slight shadows flitted upon the scene. I was a prisoner, Laban Adams was a prisoner. Our pistols lay undischarged upon the sand.

Two gentle maidens, who loved us better than we loved ourselves, and whose love led them to deep anxiety in our behalf, and guessed our secret. Love has sharp eyes. Clara Wolcott knew Laban's hot temper when under strong excitement, and she had feared something of this kind from the first. She had only to whisper her suspicions to Mary, and two sleepless sentinels were upon us.

Those two warm spirits with their cries and their tears, melted the icy crust, and our hearts found the surface.

"O, in God's name be enemies no more" implored Clara.

"By the love you bear us—by the memory of all you hold dear on earth, and all you hope to meet in heaven—cast forth the demon from your heart!" prayed Mary.

In an instant I resolved to be a man. With the arms of my beloved still circling me, I stretched forth my hand; but I was not in advance of Laban. As though one spirit had moved us, our hands met mid-ways.

"I have been a fool, 'said Laban.

"And I have been a fool and a coward," said I. "I was a coward because I dared not do right."

,'Aye," cried Laban "we have both been cowards!"

"And I added, "had it not been for these blessed angels, we might have been something worse."

We returned from the dark ground just as the day was softening into twilight, and from that hour Laban Adams and myself were fast friends; and they who saved us from that great crime entered the life path with us, and have blessed us ever since.
—N. Y. Ledger.

Editorial Notes.

AUSTRALIA is greatly perturbed over the emigration movement to Paraguay. the government of Paraguay has given nearly 500,000 acres of good land for settlement to Austrian colonists, or others of suitable standing in means and character who join them, and there is an expectation that 10,000 persons may settle on the lands. All who go from old or new Australia are teetotlers and have a considerable amount saved, and the loss of a few thousand men of that stamp is a serious matter. South Australia, has, therefore, passed a village settlement act, under which those who want to cultivate land are very favorably dealt with. Then comes the question wheher the Australian land is as good as that in Paraguay, and it is not. But there are disadvantages there as well.

A Wonderful Story From Georgia Which Rivals the Arabian Nights.

The Griffin (Ga.) News says:—It is well known that when cucumbers are first cut from the vine there is a piece which exudes or bleeds from the stem. One of our prominent Northern truck growers, Jared Benson, cut his hand a year or two ago, and this juice got into the cut and his hand commenced to inflame, and an eruption similar to erysipelas made its appearance on his hand and extended up his arm, and finally spread over his whole body. Strange to say, there was no pain attending these eruptions of erysipelas, and he continued to gather and pack his cucumbers and prepare them for shipment. To the great surprise of everybody, these little erysipelas pimples assumed the appearance and form of small cucumbers, and continued to grow. Although Benson kept well and hearty he was compelled to strip himself and take to bed. Of course the news of this strange phenomenon spread far and wide, and the doctors and scientific men visited him from various sections of the country. One prescribed one thing and one another. One wished to bleed him; one wished to cut the cucumbers off; another said not to let him have any water and they would dry up; another said stick a hole in each cucumber and they would die and a new skin form; another wished to wrap him up in a mammoth poultice and draw them all to one head; another said they ought to be scattered.

Each had a different remedy, but all disagreed. So there was some hope that the patient would get well. But the small cucumbers grew into big ones, and his whole body was completely covered with them from head to foot, and they commenced to ripen and turn yellow and hang down, and the man assumed the appearance of a huge bunch of bananas. When they got ripe they began to shrivel and dry up, and so did the man. His sap was all gone and he died. The doctors procured the consent of the family to permit an autopsy to be made for the benefit of science, and they cut into him with their knives, and to their amazement found no flesh, no blood, no bones, no muscles, no sinews, no veins, no arteries; but found only one solid mass of cucumber seeds. It was so remarkable that it would be useless to have the remains interred and foolish to have them cremated, and the widow concluded that she would keep them in the house. She had the corpse hung up by the hair in the barn. The next spring some of the children picked up some of the seed which had dropped on the floor and planted them.

They grew rapidly and matured, and instead of being like the parent stock of cucumbers they were pure pickles, and needed no vinegar, no pepper, no salt, nothing but simply packing into barrels and shipping to market and selling. Of course news of the discovery spread rapidly, and multitudes of applications for seed flowed in like the incoming tide and thus enabled the disconsolate widow and children to turn the cause of their bereavement into a means of maintenance and support. The wind of affliction was thus tempered to these shorn lambs. They sold small packets of seed for big prices, and could not supply the demand. The vine grown from the new seed is a perennial evergreen, and can be propagated from cuttings, blooms in the spring and bears in the summer a beautiful crop of perfect pickles. The widow sells the seed at $1 a paper.

THE SOCIETY GIRL.

Few People Are Busier Than the Young Lady in the Swim of High Life.

The society girl is popularly supposed to belong to the butterfly order of women. Her sisters, less fortunate than she, who have to toil and spin, fancy her a radiant being with heaps of beautiful clothes to wear, unlimited money to spend, luxurious food to eat, and passing her life in a whirl of delightful engagements. Sometimes they speak of her in a cynical manner, imaging that in her life of pleasure she is idle and selfish, absorbed in that which can give her gratification and minister to her vanity.

The young woman plodding along patiently day by day through rain and sleet to her place behind the counter of the society girl at the same hour making her leisurely toilet, and if the former be weak and silly, she feels a slight pang of envy as the contrast in their lives presents itself to her mind. She girds at the idleness of this other girl, for whom everything is done, and who may buy what she chooses.

In point of fact, there are few people busier than the society girl. In the first place, it is no light task to keep up a wardrobe such as one needs who is perpetually going to luncheons, dinners, and receptions. One or two gowns in a season are not enough, there must be bewitching changes for numerous occasions. Every costume must have its dainty accessories—gloves, fans, slippers, ribbons, laces, flowers, and what not. The slightest carelessness in the details of a beautiful costume may ruin its effectiveness. All fathers are not equally lavish, and all society girls do not possess an income commensurate with their wants. Some of them have to skimp and plan in a way that is very trying. Possibly, the other girl, whoever she is, would not wish to change places if she were behind the scenes.

The society girl's life, even if she be the airiest of butterflies, implies a certain amount of devotion to classes of various sorts, which are fashionable if they are nothing else, and they are a great deal else. Browning, Shakespeare, and Tennyson the girl must have at her fingers' ends. She must be clever at repartee. She must have on hand plenty of the small change of conversation, must understand classical allusions, and must be able to hold her own in the battledoor and shuttlscock of gay talk which go on among clever people. All this makes study and application essential to some extent.

Whatever fad be uppermost, the girl must have her white hand in it. Whether or not she likes cards, she must at least have a bowing acquaintance with the scientific game of whist, though she will be wise to abstain from that intellectual amusement unless she can hold her own to the satisfaction of her partners. A stupid whist-player in society is a decided bore, not accepted serenely by any means.

It goes without saying that the society girl keeps up her music. If she does not herself play, she at least understands what is good in music, and hears the best singers and players, and has her enthusiasms, for which she is ready to do battle valiantly.

As there are only twenty-four hours in the day, one must be alert in order to keep up with everything which the social life of a city presents, and the society girl has always her favorite philanthropies. If a series of tableaux is given in aid of an orphan asylum or a fresh air fund, she must bear her part. She is not without interest in fairs and festivals, and often as manager of an institution or member of a benevolent association she is pledged to raise a liberal amount of funds necessary to carry these on. To do this requires an immense amount of ingenuity, exertion, and personal magnetism.

In her club or clubs she prepares and reads, takes a hand in discussions, is responsible for a share in whatever the club has on hand.

It must be acknowledged that the society girl sets a good example in one regard. She is almost always a specimen of high health and beauty. Her regular bathing, her outdoor exercise, her horseback-riding and tennis-playing, and the long walks she takes, give her firm muscles, bright color, and a general air of vigor.—Harper's Weekly.

Nothing to Do.

Of all the bores the most formidable is the man who, whenever he has any time to spare, visits it on some busy acquaintance or friend. To the conscientious or methodical worker every moment is precious during business hours. Each minute wasted idly by himself, or taken idly from him by another, costs him at least some extra exertion, but more often actual loss of opportunity, or fatal delay, in his important affairs. While he is listening to the idle chat of his unwelcome visitor, chat which might be entertaining enough under favorable circumstances, he is wondering how he can contrive to get rid of him without actual rudeness. Having at last done so, he inwardly vows that he will never again be so [illegible]. But, unfortunately, the bore gives no warning of his approach; one day in he walks again, saying, "My dear fellow, I was just passing and thought I would drop in and see how you were. "But I am awfully busy," you reply. "Oh, that's all bosh," says the plague. "You don't take me in with that kind of stories, I'm too old a hand. By-the-bye, whom do you think I saw to-day?" You may capitulate; you have the plague on you, and must give in. Mayhap the visitor is some chance acquaintance met while traveling, and who is now passing leisurely through the town, but stopping for a little chat over past enjoyments; or, perchance, it is some favorite relative from the country, who makes an annual trip to the metropolis and has left all cares and concern about his own affairs, with all notion of the value of time, behind him. All are equally unwelcome during business hours; what might be, if time permitted, a delightful interlude, or, at most, a petty annoyance, becomes a real affliction, and not unfrequently exposes the thoughtless cause of it to severe secret animadversion of even the most patient or charitably-disposed sufferer.

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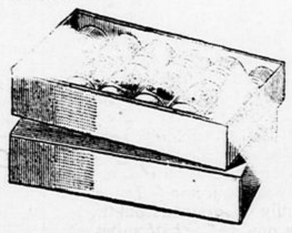

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