

Select Tale.
THE DOCTOR'S YOUNG MAN.
BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

[CONCLUDED.]
The good ladies should have taken time by the forelock instead of trusting to their chance of catching the slippery old fellow's bald pate. Dr. Wheeler came always on Saturday evening, and this was Thursday noon. What might not happen in the intervening two days and a half!
Something did happen to wholly confound their calculations. It was Saturday morning, and the customary visit of the doctor's young man was about drawing to a close. Miss Theodosia had contrived to be present as much as she could without exciting Ethel's suspicions, which it was desirable to avoid, but she had been called out of the room a while before, and now the two were alone.
Ethel sat by the window, rather lazily rearranging the spoils and skeins of her long unused work-basket. Mr. Lane stood beside her, his eyes, as he talked, glancing occasionally over her head to a picture on the wall beyond. Happening to look up at one of those moments, she caught the sort of tolerant contempt on his face. It was not the first time she had seen him regard it with that expression; more than once it had puzzled and vexed her, for the picture was a favorite with her.
"Mr. Lane," she said suddenly, "what makes you always look at that picture in that way? Don't you like it?"
"Not particularly, I must confess," he answered.
"Oh!" exclaimed Ethel, piqued, "and I like it so much!"
"Do you?" he said, a peculiar smile played round the corners of his mouth. "Why, pray?"
"Why—why don't you?" she retorted, finding the question easier than the answer. "Isn't it good?"
"The execution is tolerable," he replied, moving nearer and scanning it critically. "The composition—well, the composition is of the sickly sentimental school, of which I grow more impatient every day."
The painting represented a young girl half-kneeling, half-falling from her seat beside an open window, over the ledge of which her hands are clasped. The eyes, as if just turned from their eager, fruitless gaze, are half-closed wearily, a long rose-spray, twisted in her hair, droops, beginning to wither; without, the moon, struggling feebly through a gray cloud, sends a single ray of outline, with an uncertain glimmer, the gold-locked head, against the strong, deep-toned draperies of the window, shaken loose about it by her sudden grasp. No doubt it was rather of a die-away order, but with all deference to the judgment of the doctor's assistant, the execution was a good deal more than tolerable, in the effect of the faint moonlight on the girl's white face, in the art with which all the accessories were made to tell the same pitiful story. In its way, the picture was quite a little gem.
Ethel was probably no very acute judge of its artistic merits, but it had been the subject of many of her most cherished reveries, and this cool depreciation piqued and almost provoked her.
"Perhaps you could paint a better one," said she, with a toss of the head of which she would have been utterly incapable a month before.
He glanced round at her with an amused look.
"I hope I could," said he composedly, "if I painted any."
"Ah! that's a very prudent 'if,'" she said, still further vexed to perceive that she had only amused and not provoked him. "If the wonder ever does come to pass, I only hope I shall be permitted to see it!"
Still, not provoked himself, he was smiling a very provoking smile as he came back and stood beside her.
"If the wonder ever does come to pass," he said quite coolly, "I promise that you shall not only see, but possess it—that is, if the work of my hand could have sufficient value in your eyes to induce you to accept it."
Before she could think of an answer to this speech, the footsteps of several people came hurriedly along the hall, and the door opened to admit her mother, Aunt Theodosia, and Miss Dot, borne aloft triumphantly in the arms of a good-natured-looking young man, whose she was breathlessly heralding as Cousin Ned.
He sat her down in order to give a cousinly kiss to Ethel, and then turning to glance at the man standing beside her, with an exclamation of surprise held out his hand.
"What! Lane, you here!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea of your being in this region. Slow enough, eh? But there are some good things for a painter or hereabouts. Ah! but you'll never do anything better than that," nodding his head at the picture so recently under criticism, "in my opinion at any rate. I had the honor of introducing that here," complacently.
A transient look of annoyance had crossed Mr. Lane's face as the other began speaking, but it passed almost before it could be recognized, and he stood listening, with even as much composure as the others with amazement, while Cousin Ned rattled on, then presently, a few more words being exchanged, took his leave.
"Now, Edward," said Aunt Theodosia solemnly, as soon as the door was fairly closed, "I should like to know what you meant by talking to Mr. Lane in that manner!"
"And I should like to know why you have never mentioned his being here, Aunt Theo," returned Ned, walking up to the picture, and regarding it with the satisfaction of a man who

admires not only a work of art, but the evidence of his own good taste. "By Jove! I'd like to see the new school that will take him beyond that!—a parcel of nonsense, I think."
"Altogether, Miss Theodosia believed her nephew slightly deranged."
"Mentioned his being here!" she sniffed. "Things would have come to a pretty pass, indeed! Pray, do you know who this Mr. Lane is, Edward?"
"Why, of course I do," said Ned, turning to stare at her. "Don't you? I thought he seemed on tolerably intimate terms," with a glance towards Ethel.
"But, my dear boy, who is he, then?" asked Mrs. Oakes, roused by motherly anxiety.
"Is it possible you really don't know? Why, Mr. Lane is the very man who painted that picture there; one of the shining lights of the artistic world, of whom they prophesy—"
"An artist? Not a doctor's boy?" interrupted Miss Theodosia in a decidedly high key.
"A doctor's boy!" replied Ned, laughing heartily. "No more than you are, Aunt Theo. What ever put such a notion in your head?"
"Ah! worthy Dr. Wheeler; if there be any truth in signs and tokens, how amazingly his left ear must have burned about that time! Verily, it was almost a pity to lose the fiery flood of Miss Theodosia's eloquence."
He did not lose it wholly, however, for enough remained to give him a very warm greeting when that same evening brought his usual visit.
But the doctor defended himself gallantly.
"Now, my dear Miss Theodosia," said he, "do listen to reason. In the first place, I never announced him as my assistant. That was the blunder of Susan or Betty or some of your womankind here—as Miss Ethel, I dare say may remember. In the second, the young fellow really does know more of medicine than a good many who call themselves doctors now-a-days. Why, my dear ma'am, a knowledge of anatomy is necessary to his trade—art, I would say. Relation of my own; staying with me; obliging enough to do an errand for me; sees my patient; is interested in the case. Nothing very much out of the way, so far, eh? I, for my part, see that Miss Ethel wants rousing; a younger head than mine; change of evils, ha! ha! Takes advantage of the servant's funny mistake; let him bring my medicines, etcetera, under my own constant supervision—there you have the whole case in a nutshell—and Miss Ethel's looks speak for themselves whether I was right! She's growing so blooming and saucy, I dare say she'll throw us both overboard now," with a sly look at Ethel, who again turned her head away to the window, but this time with eyes that hardly saw what they looked on, for another vision which would continually move before them.
The sly doctor! Not a word of a certain conversation which had taken place in his dining-room some weeks before, nor of the results he had gleefully anticipated from this same plan of rousing Ethel.
When Mr. Lane reappeared in his rightful character, Miss Theodosia's indignation had subsided, and she was prepared to give him a much better reception than ever before. Miss Theodosia was as uncomfortable and fidgety a body as ever there was in the world; but inside that body was a thoroughly good heart, and it was immensely relieved to find that Ethel's fancy had not taken as impracticable a turn as she imagined. To be sure it was some time before she could accustom herself to consider the young painter without an instinctive watchfulness, but at least she ceased to regard him as her especial prey; and if she sometimes still felt a desire to scratch when detecting certain suspicious glances, it was only because of the folly of—mice in general.
As for Ethel, though she did not, according to the doctor's suggestion, "throw him overboard," she was just a little shy at first of this unlooked-for transformation. But
"Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,"
Ethel could pretty well have echoed the children's rhyme, at least down to the final syllable. After all, it was the man himself, and not his calling, she cared for; and she was not long in finding that she liked the artist at least as well as she had liked the doctor's young man.
True Greatness.
Mere decision of character, taken in a worldly sense, is insufficient to produce true greatness of character. What is further needed is a clear commanding view of duty as one and unalterable, to be the pole star in the heavens. It is, therefore hard to overrate the importance of cultivating this distinct and unclouded apprehension of right and wrong as a permanent mental habit. In order to attain this, we must often be thinking of moral questions, and settling principles before the hour of trial. In this, likewise, men widely differ. Happy is the youth that begins early to meditate on such subjects, and to clear his notions as to what he ought to do in given emergencies. He will find the bracing influence of such views in moments when all are shaking around him. Looking only at principles of eternal right, he will go serenely forward, even in the face of adverse popular opinion. While weaker minds are halting to collect the votes of the masses, he will bare his bosom to the shower of darts and march up to the requisitions of conscience, in spite of the instant tyrant, or what is often more formidable, of the turbulent populace.
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How to keep square with the world—Don't be round too much.
"Home—sweet, sweet home," as the bee said when he entered his hive.
What is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain? Wholesome.
It is a gnawful thing for a house-keeper when the mice get at her choice.
"Bob, how is your sweetheart getting along?" "Pretty well, I guess; she says I needn't call any more."
Mrs. Suidkins says her husband is a three handed man—right handed, left-handed, and a little behind-hand.
Whenever a reporter finds a policeman asleep, he considers it a piece of legitimate police snooze, and prints it accordingly.
England is celebrated for its fogs, Ireland for its bogs, Canada for its dogs, Maine for its logs, and Ohio for its hogs.
A school girl was recently asked at an examination, by a clergyman, what Adam lost by his fall, and, when pressed, replied, "I suppose it was his hat."
The dominion of fleshly lusts stupefies the understanding and deadens the moral feelings. No man who is under the control of his appetite can be either wise or good.
It is a little singular how much valuable time a man will take up in studying the postmark of a letter to see where it comes from, when he can open the letter and find out at once.
The Danbury News says: "When you see a dead man in the road, with long hair, no underclothing, and his boots run down at the heel, you may be confident it is a newspaper man murdered for his money."
A poet asks: "Where are the dead, the vanished dead, who trod the earth that now we tread?" If we were to make a random guess, we should say the most of them are buried—though this may not be the right answer.
A remarkably dirty man stepped in front of a small boy sitting on a fence, expecting to have some fun by chaffing him. He said: "How much do you weigh?" The answer was, "Well, about as much as you would if you were washed."
The man who came home with a black eye and told his wife that he had been trying to break his leg on the bad places in the sidewalk, so as to support his family on damages derived from the city, had his story wound up by the household boot-jack.
The most appalling case of deafness that we ever came across outside of an asylum, was that of an old woman who lived just across the street from the navy-yard. The other day they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in."
The Chicago Evening Post calls for a cleaning of the streets. It says that if cholera does not come it will not be because the largest possible inducements are not held out to it, and goes on in this way: "It is rare that so flattering an invitation is rejected by this fell destroyer. Our dirty streets are the beckoning arms that entice it to its feast."
Many persons habitually addicted to slang use the phrase, "He is a brick," without the least idea that it is supposed to be of classic origin. It is said that King Agestilaus, being asked by an Ambassador from Epirus, why they had no walls for Sparta, replied, "We have." Pointing to his marshalled army, he said, "There are the walls of Sparta; every man you see is a brick."
Mr. Jones, who rigidly adhered to the rules of etiquette, went home one night and found his wife sitting with another man's arm around her. Next day he told a friend of the circumstances. "What did you do about it?" said his friend. "Do!" replied Mr. Jones. "What in thunder could I do! I never had an introduction to the man."
General Sheridan says that the Santee Indians sing Watts' hymns at their scalp-dances. Imagine a festive brave, full of bay-ram, driving a white-oak stake through the stomach of a pale-faced prisoner, and then, after building a fire upon his chest, waltzing around, singing, "I want to be an angel!" These simple children of the desert all have immortal longings, as well as a weakness for hair.
The men employed for watering the avenue of the Champs Elysees, in Paris, by means of hand hoses in connection with the main pipes, have been in the habit of "laying" on the douche on carriage dogs; following the vehicle these unfortunate receive suddenly a downpour; taking fright they sought refuge in the carriage, destroying valuable toilettes. The practical joke has been discontinued, and the Municipal Council has had to make good no less than several damaged costumes.
Brazilian Diamonds.
From the time the dazzling Kohinoor came to light, the mines of Hindostan steadily decreased in productivity, and diamonds were becoming scarce, when they turned up in Brazil. Here at first the inhabitants were ignorant of their value, and stray stones that came into their possession were used as pawns in their game of counters. But a keen eyed Jew who arrived in Bahia, knew them at a glance, and bought up all he could find for a few dollars. With them, his fortune, he left the homes of the deluded Brazilians and sailed for Lisbon, where he sold out to the merchants. Strange to say, this invoice of the precious merchandise disconcerted them very much; they were in fact running a "corner" on diamonds, and well aware of the falling supply from the Indies, could afford a splendid price for all that came. Their scheme was well laid, but this news from Brazil bothered them exceedingly; still they had hope to the last, and went to work with a will to gain their ends. The lucky Jew who had so lately grown rich was taken into their service, and despatched on a business tour, while one of the monopolists went to Brazil to note the state of affairs. He found everything as it should be, and sold a quantity of East Indian gems to people blindly ignorant of their own hidden wealth. But luck turned: the Lisbon speculator unfortunately took a tour in search of the Brazilian treasures, selfishly supposing he might profit much by so doing. On his road he found many slaves with pretty little diamonds, which they, from an instinct of what is beautiful, had gathered up; these the Signor couldn't leave, and at last his continued purchases aroused the suspicions of the inhabitants. They took alarm, and, from putting their heads together, made up their minds these crystal baubles were diamonds—real diamonds; and although the Signor from Europe swore they were not, his own actions, while among them, assured them they were right. They all became prospectors, and to the horror of the Lisbon gentleman found a rich mine with the help of their slaves. Diamonds big and little turned out, and the same ship which bore the unlucky merchant to Portugal, also took the happy colonists' bags of gems. But the monopolists were not yet beaten, and taking a bold stand, declared the Brazilian stones were worthless pieces of quartz, proved it out scientifically, would not buy any of them, snubbed their owners, and defied the world. The world is easily taken in, and none would buy the diamonds the merchants refused. Happily, a stroke of Yankee shrewdness crossed the muddled Brazilian brains. People won't buy your diamonds because they don't come from India—very good; we'll just take them to Golconda, do a little private picking and shovelling, and ship them here, fresh christened and labelled. The thing was done, and the first diamond "corner" ended in ruin. Brazil proved so prolific that the first year her mines were worked prices fell one half; the heavy dealers in Indian stones became bankrupt, and the world again purchased cheap jewellery. There the mines are worked by slaves; they dig out the gravel in the dry season, and during the rainy months wash and search it. This business is conducted in a long shed; each slave takes a quantity of the soil, washes the pebbles clean, and sorts them one by one; if he finds a diamond he claps his hands, upon which the overseer receives it, and places it in a glass vessel of water suspended in the building. At the close of each day's work the slaves are searched, and if valuable diamonds are hidden upon them, are summarily put to death. This apparent cruelty works wonders, and the proprietors lose neither their human chattels nor the diamonds.—Although the mines are rich, they yield generally small stones from half a carat to five in weight. An eighteen carat find entitles its discoverer to his freedom. The largest stone ever taken out there was the Queen of the South, weighing 250 carats. It was a very brilliant diamond, and at present is second only to the Kohinoor in value and beauty.—From "The Diamond Fields of South Africa," in the New Dominion Monthly for June.
A clergyman says it is curious to note how many people attend a circus only because they want to please their children, but still more curious to observe that in many instances it takes two or three able-bodied men with as many women, to look after a little boy or girl.
The Ballston Democrat says that Curley, the bank burglar, recently acquitted by collusion with the officials, remarked to a gentleman in that village, after his acquittal, "that he had been annoyed by the attentions of the gushing females of this village. That if they were respectable, as he had no doubt they were, they should not seek the society of such men as sports generally are."
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