

Select Tale.

THE MILL AND THE TAVERN.

BY T. F. ARTHUR.

"To my oldest son, Richard, the tavern-stand known as the 'Red Lion,' and twenty acres of ground attached thereto; and to my other son, Jacob, the grist-mill on Dart Creek, and the residue of my landed property."

So the will read. A deep silence, and then a single word of dissatisfaction. It came from Jacob, the youngest son of the deceased Richard Cragan. His brother looked up with a troubled expression on his face, and their eyes met.

"The will is not to your mind," Richard said, gravely, but kindly.

"No, it is not," answered Jacob, with a hardness in singular contrast with his brother's subdued and gentle manner.

"You prefer the tavern-stand?" "Of course I would," rejoined the brother.

"And I would prefer the mill. So all can be satisfactorily adjusted," replied Richard, in a frank and cheerful way.

Jacob's face was not the only one that showed surprise. But as none present had a right to question Richard's decision, there was no remonstrance or deprecatory remark.

"Well, you are a precious fool!" said Harry Glenn, in an angry voice, on meeting Richard Cragan, next day; "and if Katy follows my advice, she'll give you the mitten."

"What do you mean?" asked Richard, showing some resentment at this rude assault.

"Just what I say. Didn't your father leave you the 'Red Lion' tavern stand?"

"Yes."

"And you've given it to Jacob for that miserable old grist-mill on Dart Creek?"

"Yes."

"Humph!"—contemptuously—"I knew you were not remarkable for wit, but did not imagine you were such a cursed fool as you are. Why, the tavern stand is worth forty times as much as the grist-mill."

"Maybe so, and maybe not," replied Richard, with a flash in his eyes that was unusual to their blue tranquillity; time will show. As for me, I am satisfied; and no one has a right to question any decision I may choose to make touching my own affairs."

"I have a right," said Glenn, with something offensive in his voice, "as the brother of Katy—"

"Stop there Harry!" interposed Richard, in a voice so stern and indignant, that Glenn moved back a step or two in surprise. "I never permit any one to meddle in my affairs, and you cannot be made an exception. Katy has cast her lot with mine, and her happiness is in my keeping, not in yours."

"Not quite cast in yet," muttered Harry Glenn, as he turned away from Richard, whose ear caught the sentence. Its meaning he well understood.

On the evening of the same day Richard met Katy Glenn, and noticed, with a sudden chillness about his heart, a change in her manner. She was very dear to him. He had loved her ever since he was a boy—loved her with a steadiness that no coldness on her part, no flirting with other boys, or, as the years went on, other young men, could diminish. She was pretty, but wayward—the very opposite of Richard Cragan, who was so quiet, reserved, and true of purpose. After a long series of tender vicissitudes, of pains and discouragements, of hopes and fears, Richard at last had the ineffable happiness of giving her the kiss of betrothment. This happened only a short time before his father's death.

A cloud that looked no larger than a man's hand at first, now appeared in his sky. But it grew rapidly, and in a little while filled the whole horizon, obscuring the sun.

"Is this true that I hear?" said Katy.

"What?" asked Richard, his heart falling like lead, for he understood what she meant.

"That you have given Jacob the handsome tavern-stand your father left you, and taken that old grist-mill, and a few acres of poor land for your share."

"It is true," answered Richard.

"What could have possessed you to do this?" said the maiden, all the beauty in her face dying under the hot flushes of a selfish indignation.

"Because I would rather have the mill, and earn my bread by useful work, than burden my heart and life with evils that are inseparable from tavern-keeping."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Katy, in no amiable tone. "As good men as you have kept, and still kept tavern. Are you better than your father?"

"I don't set up as being better than any one, Katy," replied the young man, whose face had become very pale; "I only determine for myself what I ought, or ought not to do. If I had not let my brother take the 'Red Lion,' it would have made no difference as to my own future—I should have sold it, and put the money into a farm, or something else by which I could make a living."

Katy bit her lips, and looked angry and disappointed.

"I will never consent," he resumed, "to bring up a family amid the baleful associations of a tavern. There are only two of us left out of six brothers. Four of them died years ago—and it is better that they died. Oh, Katy! try to think and feel as I do. The mill has a good run of custom. I shall improve it in many ways, and double its capacity. We shall get along well—trust to me for that, and

be, oh, so much happier! As for me, I should have a restless, miserable, guilty feeling all the time if I kept a tavern and sold drink to the young men of our place—hurting all, and doing good to none."

And he shuddered at the bare thought of such responsibility.

"As you like," answered Katy, in a chilling voice. "But one thing is certain, I'm not going to be cooped up in the little pigeon house over at the mill, you may count on that as settled."

"I will have it done up new all over, and make it the nicest place in the world," said Richard.

"But you'll never put me into it," cried Katy, with a sudden passion in her voice.

"You are surely not in earnest, Katy," remonstrated Richard.

"I surely am," she replied, tossing her head in a way that hurt and amazed the bewildered young man.

Richard Cragan sat silent and still for a long time. Then, rising slowly, and with a quiver of pain running over his pale face, he put out his hand to Katy. She let her fall into it coldly, not returning by the slightest motion the pressure he gave.

"Good-night, Katy!"

The girl would never have known the voice as that of her lover.

"Good-night!" Not a pulse of feeling beat in her tones.

Richard turned slowly away, and left the house—but all the while, as he went farther and farther from her, his ear hearkened for her voice breaking into a repentant cry, but he hearkened in vain!

It was all over with Richard and Katy. The selfish, fickle and worldly-minded girl, who was incapable of such a love as glowed in the heart of this young man, broke off her engagement, and in less than a year became the wife of his brother Jacob, who installed her as mistress of the "Red Lion," which had been fitted up in the most attractive style, and was known as the best tavern for miles around. The custom had more than doubled since Jacob became "mimo host," and the new owner was beginning to reap an abundant harvest of profit.

Katy had her horse and carriage, her fine clothes, her personal ease and comfort; pride and vanity were gratified in many ways. Yet she was not so happy as she had expected to be. Jacob was a different man from Richard. He was harder, more selfish, less scrupulous—and had little hesitation about trampling down with a ruthless foot whatever came in the way of his purposes. He had no tenderness toward his wife, and never seemed to regard her feelings, comforts, or wishes in what he did. Not that he was unkind to her—only indifferent. There were no little confidences between them—no concessions on his part to her wishes and comforts, but a silent, self-assertion that left her wholly out of his business affairs, while in all that concerned her personally he seemed to feel little or no interest.

No, Katy was not happy. Far from it. And as the years went past, the desire of her heart was less and less satisfied.

Richard Cragan took possession of his mill, and began refitting, improving, and setting things in order. All the light of his life seemed for awhile to have gone out. But his work kept him up. There were not many in the neighborhood who did not call him a fool. But, in his own mind, he never doubted or repented.

"Better so," he would often say to himself, "than bear the responsibility of all that"—meaning the tavern. "I take no man's money without giving him what is good in return. My work will not come back to curse me after years. No father or mother can ever say to me, 'Where is my boy?—my poor, lost boy, that was led astray in your bar-room?' No—no! I will give the people bread, not a poison to consume body and soul."

The years went on. Jacob Cragan grew rich; but, alas! how many became poor and miserable that he might abound in wealth. Richard had no ambition beyond his mill, and the thirty or forty acres of land attached thereto. His first work had been to put it in good order, and year after year he made one improvement after another, until he had the finest mill in all that region, and as much custom as he could possibly attend to.

The miller did not marry. Katy had been his first and only love; his heart never opened to another. Year after year he grew better off; but not with the rapid increase that marked the fortunes of his brother.

But there came a time when things began to change—when the owner of the "Red Lion" grew less attentive to business, and more given to sporting, and the company of sporting-men. A good customer at his own bar, the evil of his work crushed him as well as others. His feet drew near to the pit he had dugged for other men, and the edge was crumbling away from them.

"The 'Red Lion' is not what it used to be," said one and another of its old customers.

"Jacob is going to the dogs, I'm afraid," was heard now and then, half confidently.

One day, more than twelve years after Richard and Katy parted company, the former, while standing at his mill door, was surprised to see his brother's wife coming down the road. She was alone.

"Why, Katy?" he said, going out to meet her, "what has brought you away down here?"

As he looked into her face, he saw that it was full of trouble. "Is anything wrong?" he added.

"Yes, everything is wrong," she replied, her voice choking with the sentence, "and I want to talk to you."

Richard's bachelor home stood close by the mill, and he went in with Katy.

"What is it?" he asked, with kindly interest.

"Oh, Richard!" She choked and sobbed, and then, controlling herself, went on: "Oh, Richard! I am almost heart-broken. Things are going to rack and ruin; and if there isn't some change, we will not have a house over our heads in a year."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Training.

Training men for the prize-ring, they are not allowed to touch lager beer, tobacco, or any other such stuff. Billiard players training for a match carefully avoid all such indulgences. When not training these people are likely to indulge pretty freely in spirits and tobacco; but when seeking the highest health, they are compelled to deny themselves. And yet we constantly hear the healthfulness of lager and the meerscham seriously discussed. It is stated as a historical fact that no man who has graduated at the head of his class in Harvard College, within the last fifty-five years, has used either spirits or tobacco in any form. And when it is stated that the use of both is very common among the students in that famous university, and that formerly such indulgences were well-nigh universal, the fact that no victor has used either is very significant.

Speaking of the training of prize-fighters, I have watched the candidates for the prize-ring during their training with great interest. Jack—, a famous fighter, was a great devotee of cigars. He did about ten a day. On the day he went over into Jersey to begin his training, he did seventeen by way of emphasis. I was curious about one thing: how could he cut off so short? I said, "Jack, I should think it would nearly kill you to break off so suddenly."

"Oh no," he replied, "not if I am training. If I were loafing 'round, eating and drinking everything, it would be awful hard on me to give up cigars; but when I go to training, I don't even think of it."

Whoever is in high health, with pure blood and a clear head, finds it easy to give up bad habits. High temper and profanity are easily got rid of when the brain is clear and clean. Ah! what a means of grace is perfect health!—*Dio Lewis, in Te-Day.*

Evenings at Home.

Recipe for making farmers' boys love to stay at home in the evenings.

1. Treat them as partners with you. Give them to understand that they are interested in the success of the farming operations as much as you are yourself.

2. Converse freely with them. Get their opinions and give them yours. If at all prudent, make use of their plans, and when you think your own best, explain to them why you do not adopt theirs. Don't keep them altogether in the dark with reference to your plans for the future.

3. Don't require them to stay at home in the evenings all the time. When there is any meeting or entertainment from which they might receive benefit, be sure to let them go.

4. Provide them with plenty of good books and papers; especially referring to agriculture. Let them be well posted in their own business—farming.

5. Never scold them because they don't do their work or attend to the business of the farm as well as you do. Encourage them.

6. Give them a holiday now and then. They look for it, and they need it; and it will be better for you and them to let them have it.

7. A little rational amusement now and then, such as croquet, wicket, a sail, and a swim, will give variety, health, and contentment.—*Science of Health.*

Cheerfulness.

Blessed is cheerfulness! It adds a zest to all the pleasures and enjoyments of this world. As compared with mirth it is a habit, the other being an act of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Persons who are thrown into the greatest transports of mirth are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy.

It is true that cheerfulness does not give the soul such an exquisite gladness, but it prevents their falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, glittering but for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

The nature of cheerfulness is serious and composed. It is the habit of mind conspicuous in the character of great philosophers, and those who are esteemed good men. It is necessary indeed, for a person who would exert his thoughts properly that he should be cheerful. A man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind is a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul. His imagination is always clear; his judgment is ever undisturbed; in action or in solitude, his temper is even and unruined. It must be owned that cheerfulness presents a thousand temptations to its cultivation. It gives a rosy, a golden tint to life; it snatches with delight every available form of recreation; it relishes all the goods that nature has provided for us, tastes all the pleasures of the creation, nor ever allows us fully to feel the weight of those accidental evils that may befall us.

Cheerfulness naturally produces love and good will. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humor in all who come within its influence. A man feels himself pleased,

he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakened a secret delight in the mind. The heart rejoices of its own accord; it naturally flows out into benevolence towards the person who has a kindly effect upon it.

The man who uses his best endeavors to live according to the dictates of virtue and reason has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness. How many self-congratulations arise in the mind! The consciousness of the considerable progress made in the improvable faculties spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself as receiving an increase of perfection, and, consequently, an increase of happiness.

About Hens.

A Lexington (Mass.) owner of hens noticed that one of them had an immense crop, and, producing a sharp knife, made an incision and drew forth a dish-cloth. That's just like a hen. It will eat anything it can swallow, and swallow anything it can hold of. It would swallow a fence if it was loose, and then step around to the back of the house to see if dinner was ready. It is with hens as with story papers—everything is in their necks.

This is the season when every owner of hens is engaged in endeavoring to suppress the maternal instincts in one or more of them. The man comes home to supper, and the wife observes, "That yaller pullet is on the nest again." Then the man goes out to the coop and says, "What in thunder is the matter with the beast, anyway," and crawls in under the roost to the nest, and reaches it and brings out a handful of feathers. Then the hen screams and starts for the door, and the other hens set up a howl, and likewise depart for that aperture, and the man—nearly choked by feathers and blinded by dust—falls over the water trough and skins his ankles on the boxes, and finally bursts out into the yard, with a piece of brick in one hand, and goes after that yellow pullet, with his face as red as a lobster, and his back curiously wrought with mosses from the floor of that coop.

When he catches the hen he cuts it over the head a few times to show it how he feels, then he jams it under a barrel and pours a pail of water through the cracks, and leaves it there till morning, when it is released, and the same operation gone over again in the evening.—*Danbury News.*

Molten Iron.

It seems incredible that a man can hold his naked hand in a stream of molten iron without injury, yet the thing has been done over and over again; all that is required being to have his hand moist, and if his hand is dry, he may merely to dip it in water, and he may hold his hand for a certain time in that stream of molten iron without receiving any injury whatever. This was exhibited publicly at a meeting of the British Association at Ipswich, many years ago. It is one of the miracles of science, so to speak; they are perfectly credible to scientific men, because they know the principle upon which it happens, and that principle is familiar to you, that if you throw a drop of water upon hot iron, the water retains its spherical form, and does not spread upon it and wet it. Vapor is brought to that condition by intense heat, that it forms sort of film, or atmosphere between the hand and the hot iron, and for a time that atmosphere is not too hot to be perfectly bearable.

Pleasures of Hope.

Giving six pence to an organ-grinder, when you are hard at head work, in the illusive hope of purchasing his silence; and then find him repeating his call regularly at precisely the same hour, and playing with marked emphasis close before your doorstep.

Running errands for your aunt, and petting her asthmatic pug dog, in the hope that at her death you will be liberally rewarded; and discovering, after all, that he has lived on an annuity, and died very nearly penniless.

Putting off and putting off a call upon your coal merchant in the vain and feeble hope of prices coming down; and finding in the end that the greatest rise has happened exactly on the day when you are burning your last stick of coal, and are compelled to give an order.

Hurrying home to dinner with a splendidly fine appetite, which you cannot avoid hoping will be worthily appeased; and alas! discovering that the "piece de resistance" in cold nut-ton.

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