

THE BEGGAR'S VICTORY.

Of all men, I loved Carlane the best. It was near the end of October and over the broken hills that form the Blue Range of Rockingham, began to whistle the sharp north winds that most distinctly whispered, "Winter."

We had been friends for years, so long that I had learned to regard him as a brother, even more, a part of myself, and when forced to admit that my many sad thoughts about him that he must soon die, it was the most terrible of them all.

Carlane was rich, he had wealth in abundance, but with it all, could not purchase that which would have pleased me most, health and life.

For several years Carlane had wandered up and down the golden valleys of the Ticino, the Arno, and the Tiber, but the phantom still kept him company; and though he had quaffed the crystal waters of Zurich and Geneva, or welcomed the invigorating winds of the Cote de Or and Cevennes, or strove to hide away in the orange groves of Almir, it met him there, and followed faster, until far away in the mountains of Pampelune it shook him fiercely by the hand; from that moment Carlane knew that he must die. Fate had whispered words that told him all—

"Consumption, prepare thy way."

Three months later, tired and worn down by many miles of traveling, Carlane reached his home at Avon Orchard, at Turleytown.

Though my mind had been busy with many cares during my friend's absence in Europe, not an hour went by, but within it, I did not think about him, and hoped for his return, with certain health, as a reward for his long exile from his native land.

I had all in readiness to take a trip to Newport, there to forget for a few weeks if possible the bustle and confusion of the metropolis. But a short note post-marked Liverpool, was left on my desk the very day I had resolved to leave town.

It took me but a moment to grasp its contents.

LIVERPOOL, July 20, 1849.

HARRY: I am no better; shall return in the Asia, try and go to Avon Orchard with me; it will be lonely there without you.

From that instant Newport vanished from my mind, and having arranged my affairs so as to enable me to leave the city for a few months, I strove to keep firm the hope that when Carlane again reached his Southern home, and felt the kind nursing of his aged housekeeper, that at least he would gain new courage, and it might be partial health.

It was in the midst of an August rain that the Asia came to off the Battery, and, in fact, the steamer had battled with the storm the entire trip, and which had been to Carlane quite wearisome.

As quick as it was possible I obtained leave to go on board, but was delayed several hours by the tide. At length, with much impatience, I managed to reach the state-room of my friend; Carlane lay half erect on his pillow. When I entered, he sprang to his feet and grasped me by the hand. The exertion was too much, and for the imprudence he could not refrain from suffering one of those fatal coughing spells so full of pain to the sick and dying.

"The way is marked out for me to go, Harry," he exclaimed, after he became able to express his gladness at seeing me so soon.

"For me to Carlane? Cheer up, with the storm of to-day banish all gloomy ideas. You are weary, sunshine and joy await you at Avon Orchard. I have written to Auntie Wells that you will soon be at Turleytown. I have concluded to quit New York for old Virginia, and from South to North Fork have resolved to angle every trout and salmon, to wing every flicker that darts pick a hawk plum in Rockingham, to beg every quail and woodcock that shows a feather between the Cheap and Shenandoah rivers. That corn bread and wild game shall make us happier than kings at Avon Orchard." I returned, wishing not to entertain for a my friend's gloomy feelings, but to fill him with new life if possible.

"The same kind, Harry, but I shall never—"

"Carlane, Avon Orchard this Spring was like a vast rosebush, sweet with many blossoms. O, how charming the mock orange bushes looked, and the magnolia and tulip trees, all decked out in their many colored plumes of fragrance. Even the chestnuts in the park, the dogwood and gums about the lawn, had amid their green leaves more blossoms than ever before. Could it be, Carlane, that it was because they knew you would be home so soon, to greet them as in the past?"

"I long to greet each home scene once again, Harry. I need kind Auntie's care, and will try to act Carlane, if the real has lost all value. So my mistakes, Harry, you must overlook, and let me keep you at Turleytown while the sun finds me there, when it rises above the Blue Hills."

"You need not ask me, Carlane, for I long to breathe once more the pure mountain winds, to wander in the tangled woods, to climb the steep, to plunge into the rushing rivers, and above all, to be with you, Carlane; to hear from your own lips some wild event connected with your long journey over Europe, or even play some sweet melody upon the violin or harp, amid the mellow glow of Virginia's Autumnal sunsets, Carlane."

"And so you shall, Harry, but I can never be again as when we used to make the old home ring with songs and games and happy pastimes. But, Harry, I will do my best to make you happy while I stay."

In ten days we had reached Turleytown, and were enjoying the real comfort of a home, furnished with everything that gold could buy or fancy bring beneath a roof.

Thus ran three months away, during which period I had used every means to cheer up my friend, to make him better. I might as well have tried to lift the rock of Gibraltar with an ounce of powder, or turn aside the northeast wind with a lady's fan. Carlane was sliding from me on Time's rapid avalanche. And when the frost began to grasp the forest leaves, to rob them of their summer green, and whirl them seared upon the brown, cold earth, hopes that I had treasured fell from my hold, and were gone forever.

One day, near the end of October, we were sitting on the veranda, in the

Autumn sunshine, Carlane was uncommonly well; he appeared quite strong and talkative. He had often told me that he had a history to give me, and he would do so on his first walk day. We had discussed many subjects, grown weary of the singing, harp and violin. At length he said:

"Harry, if you will listen, the early history of my life, of which you yet know nothing, may interest you."

"Nothing more so; therefore, if you feel able, you could not please me better," I returned.

"I feel not only able, but wish to let you have the only secret of my life you have not been told ere this," was Carlane's reply, and he thus continued:

"Long years ago, Harry, there resided in New York City an old merchant of the name of the Ritterbone. Having been one of the first to enter the East India trade, he amassed in a short period of time a large fortune—had the satisfaction of feeling sure that his name, once attached to any paper, made it valuable in this or the Old World. New York city then had its business districts confined south of St. Paul's Church, and the small swinging sign of Robert Ritterbone, though most insignificant in its appearance, was the honest emblem of the most wealthy and upright tradesman on Broadway, from the Boston turnpike to Bowling Green, and as such, respected by all who knew him. The old merchant had but one son, in whose mind he had striven to inculcate a real love for business, a desire to become self-relying and useful in life."

"Young Ritterbone, to a certain extent, heeded the kind instructions given him by his generous father, but the ruling passions of his heart were comfort, free of exertion, pleasure, unlimited by business restraints. Therefore, he was the cause of much pain to the old merchant, who had allowed to grow up in his heart first a desire, then a resolve, finally a determination to educate his son for a practical business life, so that when old age should force him to take from the swinging sign his own good name, that of Robert Ritterbone Jr., should stand as unsullied as his own had before the world. During a large portion of young Robert's early life he was not able to secure for his own protection and advantage a self-repelling power, but with free rein dashed on, and for years was considered the fastest liver in all Manhattan town."

"Robert Ritterbone's residence, near the battery, on Greenwich street, was substantial yet plain in its appearance. His store was packed full of costly goods, with no attempt at show, and his limited counting-room was devoid of everything not required for positive usefulness. A long desk was fastened breast high against the wall, before which stood a long-legged wooden stool. Neatly arranged on shelves beneath the desk were journals and ledgers, on whose pages could have been found every business transaction during the merchant's active years."

"Quite one-half of the west end of the counting-room was occupied by a huge fire-place, in which, the whole year round, sat the brass-mounted hand-irons, daily polished bright as gold."

"In the windows at an hour-glass, with its slipping sands, and along the southern window-sill was cut out, in systematic order, a shadow-clock, that, in bright hours of sunshine, accurately told the flight of time."

To be continued.

Hides! Hides!!

HIDES!!!

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BUCK & WRIGHT AHEAD.

As may be seen by the following article,

which we copy from the New Orleans Times of

15th inst., Buck & Wright have borne off the

highest premium in the stove line at the

New Orleans Fair. Six entries were made with

Buck's "Brilliant," away ahead of the heap.

The great stove trial was resumed yesterday

at 12 o'clock, before a largely increased crowd

over the day preceding. The utmost good hu-

mor seemed to prevail, both among the exhibi-

tors and spectators, all of whom seemed thor-

oughly imbued with the good old P. B. principle

of "may the best stove win." Promptly to the

time the committee appeared on the judges' stand, and immediately, following with ex-

citement and responsibility. The entries were

the same as at the previous trial, and the en-

gineers had not been changed.

At ten minutes to one the drum tapped, and

all lighted up. Norton's Furnace, run by Mr.

E. Wood Perry, led off in smoke, amid the

cheers of the crowd and loud cries of "Go it, old

one." Charter Oak followed, and the rest gave

up immediately after. In four minutes, just

as they were (as we might say) rounding the

quarter stretch, "Cotton Plant" popped in bread;

all followed suit as quickly as though life de-

pended on the issue, but Buck's Brilliant had

started fire with bread already in the stove.

Then came the tug; the coals' countenances

glowed like the stove's, a perpetual snapping of

opening and shutting doors resounded over the

arena. Stoves were patted, coaxed and petted

as though they were human beings. All seemed

confident of winning, and the crowd enlivened

the scene with numerous and encouraging

comments from time to time. Mr. Perry's

efforts seemed to be the greatest favored.

At twenty minutes past one "Cotton Plant"

threw out its throat valves and announced

that it wanted no more fuel. All the others

"shut up" and "keeping dark." As the time

for the bread to be baked approached, excite-

ment had increased to a baking heat, both

within and without the arena. At last Per-

rie's turned out its bread in 42 minutes;