

you can swear for him," said the officer gruffly.

"Because—because I am his mother, and—and I taught him his prayer, and—"

"Yes, yea. You ain't the first good woman who had a bad boy for a son. Come on, my covey, Monsieur le Judge will see to that."

Gaston's progress was arrested by this pathetic scene. Deeply touched by the appearance of the mother and son, he followed them to the Court House. Just as they were about to ascend the steps that led to the Court House the young man paused a moment.

"Mother," said he, "is M. Belot going to undertake my defense?"

"Not unless we pay him in advance, and—and we have not got the money, you know."

"O God, have mercy upon me," exclaimed the young man, completely breaking down. "What shall I do?"

"Come along; don't stop to blubber here. The Court will appoint some one to defend you."

He was soon seated in the prisoner's box to await the proceedings of Court.

The young lawyer followed the officer into the Court room and seated himself behind the bar. After scanning more carefully the features of the prisoner he said to himself: "If that young man is guilty of any serious crime then I am no judge of features."

Presently the loud tap announced the approach of Monsieur le Judge.

"Officer," said the prosecuting lawyer, "is Henri Gourard in court?"

"He is," was the reply.

"Has the prisoner counsel?" asked the Judge.

"No monsieur, I expected M. Belot to defend me, but he refuses now."

"Why does he refuse?" asked the Court.

"Because I have no money to pay him," was the reply.

"Then as you have no means to employ counsel, the Court will see that you have counsel."

The Judge now addressed a respectably appearing lawyer present, but he declined under the plea that he had pressing business. The Court then addressed several other lawyers, with the same result. At this moment another lawyer entered, to whom the Judge said:

"Mons. Mordaunt, the Court desires you to undertake the defense of Henri Gourard, the prisoner at the bar."

"Ah, yea. Your honor can always command my poor services; but in view of the prisoner's means—I mean the nature of his great offense—I think that he had better plead guilty and be done with it."

A sob of deep, broken-hearted anguish resounded through the courtroom. It was from the poor mother, who heard in this the knell of her son's doom.

"If the Court please I will undertake the defense of the young man," said M. Gaston in a voice whose tones attracted the attention of every one in the court room.

With some surprise at the youth of the young lawyer, the Judge asked if he desired assistance, to which Gaston replied that he would undertake the entire charge of the defense.

The case was then adjourned one day, to give M. Gaston an opportunity to consult with the prisoner.

The prisoner was the only son of the poor woman present, and she was a widow. A few days before the commission of the crime of which he was charged he came to Paris for the purpose of obtaining employment. He soon made the acquaintance of a very friendly appearing man, who took much interest in him and kindly offered to assist him in obtaining employment. One evening he was invited by his friend to accompany him and examine some personal property he had in the Rue Madeleine in a certain building he had rented. Although it was quite late Henri assented. On their way his friend overtook another person with whom he was acquainted, and whom he also invited. His friend now informed him that he greatly desired to enter a building, which he pointed out, saying that it was his store, but as he had forgotten his key he produced a small iron bar, which he handed to Henri, telling him to pry open one of the shutters. In a moment the young man understood that he was in the presence of burglars, and horror-stricken at the thought, he attempted to run away; but ere he had made two steps he received a blow on the head which felled him to the earth insensible.

When he returned to consciousness he was in the office of, monsieur, the examining magistrate. From the testimony of Richet he learned that the building had been broken open and entered, and that M. Bertrand, the proprietor, had been murdered. Of all that he knew absolutely nothing. The friendly person whom he had started out with had made his escape, while Richet had been captured.

The next morning the trial began. The ex-galley slave repeated the same story that he had originally told. On the cross-examination by M. Gaston, however, at first he sustained himself, but at length he stumbled, hesitated and became confused, and it was evident that his testimony was considerably shaken. The chief clerk of the murdered man was then put on the stand, and to the questions put by M. Gaston it was learned that no blood had been found on the floor below the one where M. Bertrand's body was found, and where Richet had testified that the prisoner had struck his head on the counter.

The officer who first discovered the prisoner testified on the spot where Gourard's head rested there was a great pool of blood. M. Gaston then called the surgeon, who testified that the wound on the head of Gourard could not have been made as Richet had sworn—that it was inflicted by a club or some heavy instrument.

With this evidence the young lawyer rested his case and it went to the jury.

The jury retired and after an hour's absence returned into the court-room with a verdict of not guilty. The great, the rich reward of M. Gaston was the almost frantic joy of the mother and son.

"The God of the widow and orphan has sent you to us, sir, in our distress, and His blessing will descend upon you through all your days."

"Some day I shall reward you," said young Gourard. The glittering drops which stood in his eyes evidenced his gratitude. And thus the mother and son took their leave of their generous benefactor.

Years rolled on; the coup d'etat of Dec. 2, 1851, had made and unmade many. M. Pierre Gaston had devoted all his energy and eloquence against the usurper. But, like many others, had been crushed. His great practice in the law, that he had been years building up, had been swept away, as had been his fortune and his friends. As he sat down one day in his own dingy office, pondering over his misfortunes, and crowding his brain for some means to obtain a sufficient sum with which to start again in life—for he was still a young man—a gentlemanly appearing man entered.

"Do you not remember me, M. Gaston?"

"I do not," was the reply.

"My name is Gourard—Henri Gourard—whom you once defended on a serious charge in this city."

Another glance at the visitor convinced Gaston that it was the prisoner he had defended four years ago.

Gourard then in a few words informed his benefactor that he was a well-to-do wine merchant; fortune had smiled upon him and given him prosperity. After conversing half an hour he rose to take his leave.

"Here is a small package that my mother, my wife and myself have made up for you. I trust that it will convince you that my words to you have not been forgotten. May God bless you; good by."

He was gone. With trembling hands M. Gaston opened the package. It was with difficulty that he could suppress his emotion. There spread out on the table were 5,000 francs.

"This is indeed a rich reward! In turn I say God bless the widow and orphan."

With this small fortune M. Gaston soon built up his practice and regained his friends, among whom he cherishes none dearer than Mme. and Henri Gourard.

#### THINK OF IT, YOUNG MAN.

The following letter, from a father to a son, should be deeply pondered by every young man who is given at all to dalliance with evil habits and companionship:

My Dear Son.—What would you think of yourself if you should come to our bedside every night, and, waking us, tell us that you would not allow us to sleep any more? That is just what you are doing, and that is just what I am up here a little after midnight, writing to you.

Your mother is nearly worn out turning from side to side, and with sighing because you won't let her sleep. That mother who nursed you in your infancy, toiled for you in your childhood, and looked with pride and joy upon you as you were growing up to manhood, as she counted on the comfort and support you would give her in her declining years.

We read of a most barbarous manner in which one of the oriental nations punishes some of its criminals. It is by cutting the flesh from the body in small pieces; slowly cutting off the limbs, beginning with the fingers and toes, one joint at a time, till the wretched victim dies. That is just what you are doing; you are killing your mother by inches. You have planted many of the white hairs that are appearing so thickly in her head before the time. Your cruel hand is drawing the lines of sorrow on her dear face, making her look prematurely old. You might as well stick your knife in her body every time you come near her, for your conduct is stabbing her to the heart. You might as well bring her coffin and force her into it, for you are pressing her towards it with very rapid steps.

Would you tread on her body if prostrated on the floor? And yet with ungrateful foot you are treading on her heart and crushing out its life and joy—no, I needn't say "joy," for that is a word we have long ago ceased to use, because you have taken it away from us. Of course, we have to meet our friends with smiles, but they little know of the bitterness within. You have taken all the roses out of your sister's pathway and scattered thorns instead, and from the pain they inflict, scalding tears are often seen coursing down her cheeks. Thus you are blighting her life as ours.

And what can you promise yourself for the future? Look at the miserable, bloated, ragged wretches whom you meet every day on the streets, and see in them an exact picture of what you are fast coming to, and will be in a few years. Then in the end, a drunkard's doom! for the Bible says, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Where, then, will you be? If not in the kingdom of God you must be somewhere else.

Will not these considerations induce you to quit at once, and for all time? And may God help you, for he can and he will, if you earnestly ask him.

Your affectionate but sorrow-stricken father.

#### A HINT FOR HENRY IRVING.

We witnessed the remarkable impersonation of Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," by Mr. Henry Irving, on Wednesday night, and his interpretation of the character was deservedly marked by generous applause. It is becoming evident to New York theatregoers, that the anticipations of those who looked to his coming for a genuine treat have not been disappointed, and that we have a great actor among us. Mr. Irving's acting, in conjunction with that of Miss Ellen Terry, is a topic in all circles, and we seldom have seen such a unanimity of opinion in favor of foreign talent. New York has been too used, in witnessing the performances of great stars, to the spectacle of one or two of the leading characters strutting about with their support of a most pitiful description, and has reasoned, and perhaps rightly, that the stars hoped to make themselves more conspicuous by the absence of any other attractions. In this case there seems to be none of this, but every actor and actress is as well qualified for the part which he or she is intrusted with as Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, in their superior roles. We are informed that this is due to the care of Mr. Irving himself, who has adopted the principle of getting the best for each place, and retaining the actor or actress in that position.

Without at all criticising Mr. Irving in his character of Shylock, we wish he could, while here, get an introduction to the Hon. Russell Sage, and study him in some of his peculiarities. Mr. Irving might, after a short acquaintance, be inclined to pay Mr. Sage a moderate sum for a call upon some of his methods to introduce in modernizing Shylock. What a sensation it would create if Mr. Irving, at a certain point in the play, should send Jessica out for a sandwich, and then, after eating one-half, lock the other half in his safe, with the remark that the remainder would do

for to-morrow's lunch, or looking up into the sky and noting the wintry aspect, grumble about the high price of coal, and fill his boots with red pepper to avoid additional expense for anthracite. Of course Mr. Sage does not do these things, but he is extremely odd for such a rich money-lender, and he has peculiar traits which would aid Mr. Irving considerably in his faithful impersonation of Shylock. —Wall Street News.

#### WEALTH AND POVERTY IN ST. PETERSBURG.

I think the first impression that a sight of St. Petersburg creates on the mind is that of size. The second is the contrast between the rich and the poor. When you first look on the broad streets and open places, on the fine quays along both banks of the Neva, fringed with stately palaces and residences, and when you see the extent of ground that these palaces and barracks and public buildings occupy, you are rather carried away with a sense of the magnitude of the city. The gilded roofs and spires of the churches glistening and glittering in the sunlight, give an air of wealth, too, that strikes the mind very forcibly.

But when you walk through the streets and see the poverty that slinks along in the shade of the palatial edifices, when you see face after face on which ignorance and vice are imprinted in type that he who runs may read, a revulsion of feeling comes on and you are saddened. It is unfair, perhaps, to judge of any place at a season when the upper 10,000 are away in the country, and I dare say that in winter St. Petersburg may present a much gayer appearance than it does in summer. Only in winter the condition of the poor is doubtless worse and thus the contrast must be even more striking than at this time of the year, when it is marked enough.

There is a sadness, too, on almost every face, a cold hard look in those who are better off, a look of dull despondency in the lower classes, that is almost painful. You rarely see a smile, even on young faces. You never hear a hearty laugh. Even the children seem subdued and do not tumble about and shout and whistle as is the wont of children in other lands. So that, despite its palaces and churches and statues and its broad streets and well-filled stores, the Russian capital is not a happy looking place. —S. F. Chronicle.

#### THE PERILS OF BAD BREAD.

We will assume the bread in all cases to be made from a mixture of flour and water; we will say nothing of the other ingredients, for those two only are to the purpose. Such a mixture taken into the stomach in the state of a raw paste is almost absolutely indigestible. It becomes a solid mass, whose fermentation is absolutely full of danger: If on the contrary it is cooked, say baked, it forms a firm, hard substance, which can be eaten, as we know, for a time, but which few persons choose to eat in continuance.

What we do, therefore, is to puff up the paste of flour and water by means of an elastic gas, and it is largely in the changes connected with this gas and its development that the evil resides. If it is formed properly, and the formation finished, wholesome bread is the result. There are, however, two sources of danger here indicated, only one of which we can at this moment consider—that is that the process is not completed. Here is where the whole evil of hot bread in all its evil shapes reaches its culmination. The changes in chemical composition, with the molecular structure necessarily connected with them, which are required to transform paste into dough, do not cease when that dough is baked, and has thus become bread. They continue for quite a time afterward, and until they have entirely ceased the material has not become what it ought to be—bread easy of digestion. It is a burden to any stomach, to a weak one it is simply poison.

Here in few words is the source of unbounded difficulty and suffering. Hot bread, in any form whatever, ought never to be eaten. Some forms are very much worse than others, but all are bad, and should in reason be banished from every table. The manner in which the changes are wrought we may consider at another time. —Solenite American.

#### A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

THE BEST WAY TO WOO THE DROWSY GOD.

I had often noticed that when engaged in deep thought, particularly at night, there seemed to be something like a compression of the eyelids, the upper ones especially, and the eyes themselves were apparently turned upward, as if looking in that direction. This invariably occurred, and the moment that by an effort I arrested the course of thought and freed the mind from the subject with which it was engaged, the eyes resumed their normal position and the compression of the lids ceased. Now it occurred to me one night that I would not allow the eyes to turn upward but keep them determinedly in the opposite position, as if looking down, and having done so for a short time I found that the mind did not revert to the thoughts with which it had been occupied, and I soon fell asleep. I tried the plan again with the same result, and after an experience of two years I can truly say that, unless something specially annoying or worrying occurred, I have always been able to go to sleep very shortly after retiring to rest. There may occasionally be some difficulty in keeping the eyes in the position I have described, but a determined effort to do so is all that is required, and I am certain that if kept in the down-looking position it will be found that composure and sleep will be the result.

It may be said that as the continued effort to keep the eyeballs in a certain position so diverts the attention as to see the mind from the disagreeable subject with which it had been engaged, sleep will follow as a natural consequence. It is not improbable that this is to some extent correct; and if so, it is well that by means so simple and so easily adopted such a desirable result can be secured. But I think this is not the only nor the principal reason. The position in which the eye should be kept is the natural one; they are at ease in it; and when there is no compression of the lids or knitting of the brows the muscles connected with and surrounding the eyes are relaxed. This condition is much more favorable for sleep than for mental activity or deep thought. —Chambers' Journal.

The following occurs in a recently published biography: "I used to be very gay, and fond of the world and all its fashions, till the Lord showed me my folly; I liked silks and ribbons and laces and feathers, but I found they were dragging me down to hell, so I gave them all to my sister!"

A conceited young country parson walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation, said, in allusion to his rustic audience: "I preached this morning to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," observed the lady, "when you called them beloved brethren."

"How much do you think I weigh?" asked a young swell who was visiting a bluff old dairyman. "Well," replied the milk handler, "I couldn't exactly say; but from the experience I've had with calves I should say that when you're weaned you might weigh almost as much as a box of cheese."

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