THE DIAMOND CROSS.

Heavily boomed the clock of the old St. Paul's at a very early hour in the morning, and London, which was nearly all asleep, heard little of its sonorous warnings; but there was one in particular that heard it, to whose heart every stroke of that ancient monitor went deep and admonishing; that one was a youth of about 19 years of age, who, having emerged somewhat abruptly from a somewhat notorious gambling-house in Piccadilly, was slowly and sadly wending his way toward Westminster bridge, in a troubled abstraction of mind, such as that which, in similar cases of despair and remorse, has, ere now, led many an unfortunate being to commit the greatest of all crimes and *mistakes*—suicide.

The name of this forlorn wanderer was Salvadore Ronzzi. He was tall and very handsome, with lustrous black curling hair, and equally lustrous large black eyes, the tender and pensive expression of which had the fascination of disposing all hearts in his favor.

His dress, well cut and fashionable, but black, with the deep crape hat-band on his hat, denoted some new and recent bereavement; that bereavement was a widowed mother, who had died within the year, leaving her only and darling child. Salvadore, ere those fine dark eyes had scarcely ceased to be moist over his mother's tomb, had, unluckily, fallen into bad society, and had given loose to the reins both of folly and extravagance. In a word, he had been led on by a designing *friend* to the gambling-table, and, within the space of one little year, dissipated the savings and earnings of many years, scraped carefully and industriously together by his father, a jeweler in Regent street, and his mother's economy, with the only one desire, to place their son above the indigence which he, the father, himself had known, at least, in early years, especially when he first arrived in this country; for he was an Italian, as his name implies—a very poor, but very industrious man, and honest to an extreme.

Salvadore Ronzzi had just quarreled with his delusive friend at the gaming-table—his Mephistopheles—had quitted him and it for the last time, convinced, but ruined. All the worldly wealth that now remained to Salvadore were a gold watch, a ring of his poor mother's, and scarcely a couple of sovereigns in his pocket.

Repentance and remorse, the friends that almost invariably arrive too late for this world, were his only companions. He had no thought of committing suicide, however; his only motive for turning toward Westminster bridge was an abstracted one.

Not wishing to return to his lodgings in the Strand, where he was in debt, he continued in a contrary direction, passing several people on his way, and one or two policemen who, seeing his respectable appearance, passed on and said nothing. The cold air sweeping from the Thames toward Chelsea was the first thing that brought him perfectly to his recollection—to a sense of his forlorn and desolate situation—to prompt him to ask himself what was to become of him. He felt that he had no longer a friend, a fortune, or a home; then, indeed, as his tearful eyes glanced over the parapet of the bridge, and he saw the low, melancholy waters reflecting the sad rays of the lamps, he did, almost, wish that he were sleeping beneath those melancholy waves, and that himself and his folly were hidden from the world forever.

At this dreary moment day began to peep through the distant, grey landscape, and light, which always cheers and elevates the heart, gave a new color to the distressed mind of Salvadore.

"The world was all before him where to choose." And then Salvadore resolved, almost involuntarily, with the dawn to quit London, and never to return within the shadow of his parents' tomb till he had redeemed, by some honest and industrious calling, the faith with which they had so confidingly left him; the faith of deserving all that they had done for him; the trust of affection, and the trust of love. A deep feeling of anguish filled his breast as he thought over the abuse he had made of all the watchful anxieties they had endured on his account—especially the anxieties of his dear old mother, so tender, so vigilant, who thought the breath of heaven almost too rough for his cheek.

Cheered by the resolution he had formed, Salvadore wandered on till he arrived at the terminus of a railroad, which led far away to a large town by the seaside, to which he determined to proceed. He knew not why, but a spirit-like pressure, an unaccountable impulse, hurried him on; and, in a very short period, he was steaming far distant from the busy scene of his birth, his early folly, and his first sufferings.

The town at which he arrived—we suppress the name—it is sufficient for the interest of our narrative that it was a gay and bustling watering-place, about fifty miles or so from London, full of varied interests and extremes, like most other places of necessity and opulence.

The first thought which occurred to Salvadore was to provide himself with a cheap lodging suited to his now scanty means, and suited to the retreat to which he felt it was necessary for the first time to remove from inquiring lips and observant eyes, old associates coming from London in particular.

A little chamber, sparingly supplied with furniture, in the house of a widow, soon taken, seemed to answer amply his present purpose. A neat bed, a painted washing stand, two chairs, a small chest of drawers, and a variety of nautical-colored prints of impossible sea engagements suspended on the walls, nearly constituted the whole of his moveables or, rather his landlady's moveables—in this retired and somewhat lofty dormitory, with the exception of a black varnished, canvas bag, which he had purchased for appearance sake, by way of luggage, containing a calico night-shirt, and a few cheap articles essential to the toilette, including a square of scented soap. Of these he made a particular display, with the hope of insuring confidence as to his respectability. Salvadore was a good scholar, and, what was more, a good accountant. He therefore expended a few shillings in an advertisement in the local newspaper, offering his services to a tradesman, or mercantile person, to assist in a warehouse or office. But, alas! when he looked into the paper, and saw how many applications of a similar kind preceded and succeeded his own, he felt his spirits sink sadly down while day followed day, and week followed week, without the slightest prospect of any sort of employment whatever.

The few pounds Salvadore had brought with him from London were already expended, and his gold watch had been confided to the strict care of the pawnbroker, to carry on the war with nature and appearance. This loan, also, was fast ebbing away; for although the lodging was no more than 6s per week, and poor Salvadore nearly starved himself pretending to dine out, when he merely stole down to the beach to throw pebbles into the sea, it is amazing how rapidly money vanishes when one is reduced to narrow means, with no hope of bettering our condition.

At length Salvadore had nothing left but his mother's ring, with which he was unwilling to part. It was the last vestige of his dissipated means.

She had worn it on her finger; drawn it from thence—that pale, thin finger, to bestow it on him, with her last blessing in her dying moments. He could not endure to part with it—no, he would starve first! And he did starve! Poor Salvadore!

The landlady, as she came in occasionally, as if by way of excuse, asking him if he rang the bell, looked, as he apprehensively observed, with sympathy aside at his pale and sunken cheek; and then said, though somewhat timidly, with a woman's kindness, "Are you ill, sir? Is there anything I can get you?"

Salvadore interrupted her with a forced laugh. "Don't distress yourself," he said, "on my account; I never was better. I have an excellent appetite;" and, taking up his hat, "I am going out to supper." Then, putting on a brisk air, he passed her lightly by, and proceeded down the steps into the street.

It was night. The gas was already lit on the Marine Parade, and, if Salvadore had been a chameleon, he might, indeed, have gone out to sup on air!

As he walked abstractedly—or, rather, distractedly—along, musing and meditating on his landlady's inquiries respecting his health, he put on them a somewhat ungenerous construction.

"She is afraid I should be ill at her house, and unable to pay," he said eternally. "And she is right. The day after to-morrow is Saturday again—always Saturday; and I have not even a shilling toward the week's lodging. I *must do something*—I know not what! I must go, I know not whither! Dear mother," he continued, gazing fixedly before him, as if in the presence of the object he addressed, "I must either dispose of your ring or *perish!* I must either obtain money on this dear pledge, or lie down in the street and die." At this moment he came suddenly opposite the shop of a rich jeweler; the glare of light sparkling in his eyes roused him from his dreamy reverie; and, seeing the blaze of jewelry, it seemed to inspire him with new courage. The idea struck him that, instead of disposing of the ring, or depositing it at a pownbroker's, he would go in, tell his whole story to the affluent merchant within, whose name he saw in gilt letters over the door was Altenbury, and ask for the loan of a sovereign on the ring, till he could honestly redeem it.

With this scarce-formed resolution in his mind, he was fairly in the center of the splendid shop before a second—perhaps, more irresolute—thought had crossed his impulsive resolution.

There was no one but himself in the place. He looked almost tremblingly around for the proprietor or his assistant. At length quite a young girl glided in from an inner room, and timidly inquired his business.

"Mr. Altenbury!" was all his reply.

"My father is not within," was the soft and gentle answer. "He is gone over the way on business, and will not be back in less than half an hour. The men are at supper. Can I deliver any message? Or will you wait?—or, perhaps call in again?"

The beautiful and soft voice of the speaker thrilled through the heart of Salvadore like the accent of some descending angel. For a moment after she had ceased her inquiries he listened on, as if he hoped that the music which fell so deliciously and soothingly on his troubled heart would be continued. But, as she remained silent, he lifted up his eyes, and gazed at her more fully.

She was almost a child, with blue eyes, resembling rather the deeper color of the sapphire; and dark, auburn hair, which, clustering round her white, polished brow, gave to the innocent expression of her face a resemblance to those lovely cherubim which we see painted by the old Italian masters on the gorgeous altars of the continental cathedrals.

"Thank you," he stammered. "I merely wished to know the value of this ring." And, almost unmindful of what he was to say, he drew his mother's ring from his finger, and handed it to her across the counter.

"That is easily done," she said. "Stay a moment. Sit down, and I will inquire."

With these words she hastily disappeared, leaving Salvadore by himself, amidst all the vast treasures sparkling so temptingly about.

It was either the thoughtless act of a child, or a proof of the great confidence she placed in the respectable appearance and manner of an entire stranger, that she had left him there alone. Either way, it was an unfortunate moment for Salvadore.

On the counter, near which she motioned him to sit down, lay a small open casket, containing a cross of diamonds, which sparkled and glittered in his eyes with a temptation almost beyond human resistance.

And Satan, as it were, put it into Salvadore's half-distracted head to take possession of the gems, worth at the least £300 or £400, and thereby terminate at once his despair, his misery, and his want.

Had he been allowed more time to reflect, his high sense of honor might have occasioned him to revolt at the fatal deed; but famine stuck her sharp sting into his very soul; and when the young girl as promptly returned, the casket and cross were safely concealed in the breast of Salvadore.

He had fallen! He was a *thief*—a *felon!*

"It is too late," she said; "no one in the house knows the true value of this ring—it is an antique gem—but my father, and he, I regret to add, will not be visible till the morning."

Salvadore stammered out his thanks, and quitted the shop so hastily as to forget entirely the ring of his mother, which the daughter of the jeweler still held toward him, calling after him in vain.

He had scarcely proceeded ten paces, however, when an invisible voice in his ear seemed to remind him of his forgetfulness—his delinquency; it sounded like the reproving voice of his mother. He paused abruptly, as if resolved, yet afraid, to return.

Balancing his resolution between recovering the ring and facing the, perhaps, detection of his crime, a cry of distress from the shop suddenly arrested his attention; it was the troubled voice of the young girl. In that sound Salvadore forgot everything else, and, rushing back, he beheld the jeweler's beautiful daughter struggling with a drunken ruffian, who, seeing her alone, had evidently entered either to insult her or commit, perhaps, like himself, a felony. In less than half an instant, the hand of Salvadore had grasped the fellow's throat, and thrust him forth into the street; in less than another half instant, the shop was filled with its attendants, policemen, and Mr. Altenbury himself, who had suddenly returned; but, when the grateful father looked round to thank the gallant defender of his child, he had disappeared, and was gone, as hastily as he had entered.

Hurrying up the Parade, Salvadore inserted himself through a narrow and almost dark passage by which way he hoped to avoid pursuit—into a totally different track, which led, like a labyrinth, to his obscure lodgings. At length, almost breathless with haste and excitement, he paused a moment, like a pursued and frightened hare, under a solitary lamp-post, to listen. All was silent—not a sound—no footstep followed him—he was quite alone. It was now almost perfectly dark and, casting his eyes on the pavement, the better, by the lamp, to pass an open drain, he was surprised to see something glitter on the ground, which, stooping to pick up, he discovered to be a half-crown piece, a prize of far greater value to him at that moment than the rich jewel concealed in his breast. Waiting to dispose of the one, he must have died of famine; the other would immediately restore him to life and existence. So much for the intrinsic value of all things earthly.

Once more safely in his little chamber, what would Salvadore have given to have possessed the same feeling of innocence with which he had so recently quitted it; he distinctly felt the burning brand of Lucifer, as if it possessed an exulting and triumphant voice, exclaiming, "*Thou art not mine!*" It was dark, save the glimmer of the lamps in the road outside, which, ascending faintly even up to that height, seemed to transform every object, the chairs and the bedposts, into a spy or a police-officer. All was still, however. He felt himself *fearfully alone*, and was about to throw himself on the bed, for he had become faint and sick from exhaustion—absolutely from want of food—having had nothing to eat for nearly two whole days. At that instant a light footstep sounded startlingly on the stairs; he sank back again into his seat, trembling and almost ready to faint with apprehension of the entrance of a pursuer.

It was only the land lady, however, who entered as the door stood open, with a candle in her hand. She started at the sight of Salvadore, not expecting to find him there, perhaps mistaking him for a ghost, as his pale and frightened looks might well imply.

"Beg pardon," she muttered; "but I did not hear you enter, sir; and—"

"Never mind," interrupted Salvadore, assuming courage at the sight of her. "What o'clock is it?"

"Now 9."

"Is the grocer's shop open over the way?"

"Oh, yes"—looking over the lower white blind or curtain—they never shut till 10. Can I—"

"Yes; I have the headache."

"Ah, the wine at supper, I suppose, or—"

Poor Salvadore forgot that he had been out to supper. What a supper! But suddenly recollecting the half-crown, he drew it forth from his waistcoat pocket, and, extending it toward her, added, "You would, perhaps, purchase me some coffee?"

And as she, with a smile, acquiesced, and was going, she turned round, and said, placing her light on the small table, "You have no candle. Shall I purchase some candles also?"

"Yes, yes," replied he, impatiently, "and—and some bread and butter; for I was ill and could not eat any supper. I feel faint, and dizzy, and hungry."

The woman looked at his blanched countenance somewhat compassionately, as if she read therein the full confirmation of his words, and disappeared down stairs, and was gone.

In a very brief space, she was back again, the table spread, the coffee smoking, the loaf and butter smelling invitingly, and Salvadore eating like a wolf—a famished wolf over his prey, expecting every moment a surprise.

The old woman seemed to become exceedingly loquacious and jocose at the sight of Salvadore devouring the bread and drinking the coffee so eagerly, and began telling him some torturing story about the dishonesty of her little maid, whom she had turned off at a brief notice that very evening for stealing the lodger's soap. The tediousness of this discourse and, above all, the nature of the subject grated fearfully on Salvadore's feelings; he wished his loquacious landlady anywhere but where she was; her voice sounded like an accusation against him. At length, he hit upon the stratagem of yawning and pretending to fall asleep, at which, still chatting to herself, the woman withdrew.

Relieved to find himself alone, Salvadore sipped a little more of the coffee, and ate another mouthful of bread and butter; but the one tasted bitter to his tongue, and the other seemed as if it were sprinkled with ashes. At length, worn out, both in body and mind, he threw himself, in his clothes, on the bed and *slept*—slept *soundly*. Nor wore his dreams unquiet. It seemed as if the countenance of his mother, wearing an angelic smile, hovered over him; a beautified shadowy form, its clasped hands lifted up in benedictions, to which a host of seraphim from a radiant sky sang sweet hallelujahs.

Salvadore, half rising in the delight of this delicious dream, would have followed the airy retreat of the airy apparition into eternity, when the impress of a small, soft hand seemed to draw him gently back to earth, and with no less delight he beheld the lovely features of the jeweler's young daughter, beaming in all their childish tenderness into his eyes, inviting him to remain.

At this period, the dream dissolving, Salvadore awoke; and, rising partly from his bed, rubbing his eyes as if to convince himself what he had seen was no illusion, something dropped from his breast with a loud sound on the uncarpeted floor. It was the casket containing the stolen diamond cross, and all his waking horrors returned.

To snatch up the cause of his remorse and misery was the effort of a moment, and to restore it to its place of concealment, where it seemed to him like the tortures ascribed to the vulture's beak, gnawing and tearing the heart of the unfortunate Prometheus.

The morning was now somewhat advanced. Rising, therefore, at once, Salvadore rang his bell, and, requesting the lady to replenish the coffee, he made the best breakfast he could, resolving to quit the town and return with all speed to London. It was there only he could dispose of his plunder, and escape with its produce either to America or Australia, where, by honest industry, he hoped one day to earn sufficient to repay the robbed jeweler, and look his fair young daughter—for he could not forget her—once more unflinchingly in the face. Such are the delusions of youth, under the influence of a first crime, till, unfortunately, another and another succeeds, and the heart becomes hard and callous; and repentance, which brings the soul to heaven, is a thing of the past.

Yes, he would return to London; but how? A few pence only remained of the half-crown. He must walk—there was no alternative—he *must* walk. It would take him three days to return, and had he not made a solemn vow never to come near his parents' tomb again till he was more worthy of their forgiveness? Had he become so? He, a robber—a thief? The admonishing voice of his dead mother seemed to whisper in his ear, "No! Come not near the ashes that your guilt has profaned." In this frame of mind he was crossing a square, in which stood the Town Hall, when a sudden shower of rain compelled him to take speedy refuge under a colonnade conducting to the interior of the building. Standing behind a pillar, whose vast round concealed him from observation, Salvadore was suddenly struck by the sight of two policemen dragging forward a man.

That man was the drunkard who had insulted Miss Altenbury, whom he had so hastily ejected from the shop. Of what could he be accused? An insurmountable curiosity—an impulse beyond controlling, led Salvadore to learn this circumstance, and, following in the throng which entered at the same time, he concealed himself in a nook.

The poor fellow, who now assumed a perfectly sober and not disreputable appearance, was charged with the felony of stealing the diamond cross—the cross which was then within a few rods of him, concealed within the breast of the real purloiner, who felt that he ought to have stood arraigned at that bar in the place of the unjustly accused.

The supposed criminal had, however, a *good character* to give. He had never but once been intoxicated before. Respectable people spoke to his long-standing honesty; and for want of proofs or evidence against him he was acquitted.

As he left the hall, nevertheless, many suspicious eyes were cast toward him; but he defied them all, with head erect, and walked boldly away.

But Salvadore—where was he?

It was he who hurriedly left the hall, with eyes cast down, his head bent almost on his breast, conscience-stricken—accused of heaven.

It was still raining. With his stolen treasure unsuspected in his possession, Salvadore had no refuge to betake himself to—no roof to cover him, and what was worse, a torturing remorse to accompany him wherever he went.

His refuge was under the old hull of a vessel, undergoing repairs upon the beach.

Here he sat miserable and alone (for even the fishermen and netmakers, driven by the pelting of the pitiless storm, had sought refuge in their tranquil cabins), brooding over his guilt, and perhaps a more miserable future.

Salvadore, so solitary and so sad, seemed to have linked himself with demons. No one friend to advise him—no one to offer him the slightest counsel or solace in this wide world. He thought of his mother, bitterly clasped his hands together and prayed. A bright resolution flashed into his mind, like a star that shoots suddenly forth through the dark tempest, indicative of hope—an idea which he at once determined to execute.

It rained furiously; but he felt not the drops on his hands, or the rough wind which beat rudely against his face. He walked hastily, he ran with eager steps, toward the door of the jeweler's. He first dipped the casket in the kennel, to give it a soiled appearance; then, entering the house, freely he encountered Mr. Altenbury, who had never seen him before, and who immediately inquired his business.

"I have found *this*," replied Salvadore, handing the soiled casket, "opposite your door, sir, and, seeing this was a jeweler's shop, thought some one might have dropped it on quitting the place."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the jeweler, unclosing the casket at the same time, it is the lost diamond cross!" then calling, toward a back room, "Myrrah! Myrrah!"

The young girl, whose gentle beauty had left such a deep impression on Salvadore's heart, entered quickly. Her name was Myrrah.

"This young gentleman," exclaimed the unsuspecting jeweler, "has this moment found the lost casket in the kennel at the door. How it came there is most mysterious. What recompense can I make you, sir? The gems are very valuable—especially to me, for the reason that they are a solemn trust. Make your *own* demand. Say, how much?"

"Nothing," replied Salvadore, somewhat abashed then, with much sincerity, "I am only too glad to be rid of what is not my own."

"Astonishing!" cried the jeweler. "But I *must* make you some compensation; a ring, perhaps—or—a—"

"Stay," interrupted Myrrah, a deep blush suffusing her delicate features, "this is the young gentleman who protected me last evening, who called to inquire the worth of that ring, the antique which you admired so."

"Ah, that ring," continued the jeweler; then, addressing Salvadore, "did you wish to dispose of it?"

"No," replied Salvadore, sadly, "I wished simply to borrow a loan upon it, which I would return when—"

Then he became embarrassed, and looked with some confusion at Myrrah, as if he expected her to help him out.

"Might I inquire," demanded the jeweler, cautiously, "how that ring came into your possession?"

"It was my mother's."

"Your mother's! Is, then, your name Salvadore Ronzzi?"

"Alas! yes."

"And why 'alas?'"

"Because I am very unfortunate," answered Salvadore, hanging down his head.

"Unfortunate! Your parents left you a decent fortune."

"They did so; but I fell into bad hands—I confided in a treacherous friend, who robbed me of all I possessed."

"Well, since it is so, let us talk of that some other time. I see, by the likeness in your face to your mother, that you are indeed, her son. But if you are in such distress as to part with her ring, what are your future views?"

"I have advertised in the papers for a situation."

"A situation—what situation?"

"I can speak and write both French and Italian, and am an excellent accountant."

"Bravo! I can employ you—especially if you can do all that."

"I can do much more than I have said," cried Salvadore, excitedly. "Only give me something to do. If you require a reference——"

He paused again, and looked confusedly at Myrrah, as the recollection of his hidden guilt returned forcibly to his mind.

"Reference!" reiterated the jeweler, with kindly expression; "did you not come to the rescue of my daughter? Is it not the same, Myrrah?"

Myrrah assented, blushing more deeply.

"And if I required a proof of your honesty, what better could be given than the fact that, notwithstanding your urgent necessity, you had the honesty to return these jewels, worth at least £400! But you turn deadly pale; your limbs tremble; you are wet through with rain. Come in; some of my garments will fit you till your own are dry, Myrrah shall prepare you some warm refreshment, and it will go hard but we will endeavor to make you forget your early losses; only prove industrious. Your father was my old friend, and your mother, also. You are welcome—very welcome! Take back your mother's ring; you will have no need to borrow money on it now. Come—come along in!"

And the honest merchant, taking Salvadore by the hand, drew him into the adjoining apartment, where, for a short time, he seemed so stupefied by emotion, caused by his happy reverse of fortune, that he appeared utterly at a loss even to express his gratitude.

Having thus, in some measure, reinstated our hero in his former position, it will be sufficient to add here that for two years Salvadore, by unremitting care and attention, continued to gain upon the good opinion of his kind employer by his indefatigable attention to business, and at intervals giving instructions in French, Italian, and even music to Myrrah. At the end of that period, an agent, employed on a great commission at Brussels, decamped with a vast amount of the jeweler's money, and Salvadore was requested to go over, and try to settle the accounts in the best way possible. He did this with so much alacrity, and so much integrity, that he in a very short period became confidential manager to the whole firm. In the meantime it was not difficult to perceive that, while he gained the strongest ascendency over the father, he had gained a more powerful one over his handsome daughter, who, it was very palpable, looked with very favorable eyes on the equally handsome managing clerk.

A speculation in Italy afterward induced the jeweler to confide the whole affair to Salvadore; thither he was gone upward of two years. On returning, immensely successful in the undertaking, he was admitted as a small partner in the firm. It was then that Salvadore, himself greatly improved, could not fail to perceive how exquisitely beautiful Myrrah had become in her first womanhood during his absence. The merchant perceived it also, and was not sorry. He was fast sinking into years, and felt glad at the idea of leaving his only child in such good and *trustful* hands.

That Salvadore and Myrrah loved each other was no secret from themselves. Still Salvadore had not the courage to declare his affection to the father. The father eventually declared it to him.

One evening, after casting up a very long and profitable account, the merchant closed the ledger, and exclaimed: "Now, Salvadore, I have a new account to commence with you."

Salvadore colored. He hoped, yet dreaded, what was to come.

"An account with me, sir?" he stammered, standing with one hand on the table, and looking the jeweler in the face respectfully.

"Yes; an account of love!"

"*Love*, sir!"

"Yes! I am not blind, Salvadore! I see that you love Myrrah, and she loves you. I have long perceived it. It adds to the tranquillity of my declining years. You will, I feel assured, make her a good and faithful husband. She shall be yours. I give her—the dearest treasure of my old heart—I *give her to you*, with my whole fortune, when it may please Heaven to call me to my long, last account."

The old man paused; tears fell fast from his eyes, which he wiped slowly away, seemingly awaiting Salvadore's reply.

But Salvadore did not answer instantly; he was so much agitated as to be compelled to lean on the table for support; for, although he was now six years older than when he first entered Mr. Altenbury's service, and had seen much more of the world, both in Brussels and in Italy, his feelings and his conscience were still the same, especially on one point—*integrity;* his departure from it in a single instance had been a dreadful, although a most salutary, lesson, and he resolved never again, by word or deed, to violate its most sacred laws. He could not listen to that old man's almost parental accents, and impose on him the belief that he had always been so honorable and upright as he implicitly believed, or accept the hand of his guileless daughter, much as he adored her, for a blameless honesty, which he had so shamefully violated; neither would he accept in his own mind any excuse of necessity, even starvation or death, as a warrant for wrong-doing. Looking, therefore, the jeweler, with some diffidence, in the face, he said, in a disconsolate tone, "Sir, I'm afraid, if you knew *all*, you would instantly withdraw from me your whole esteem, and consider my duplicity had rendered me wholly unworthy of your daughter's hand."

The merchant started, and gazed at him in perfect surprise. "What is it," he inquired, faintly, "that you have to tell me against yourself?"

"I *did* steal that diamond cross!" exclaimed Salvadore, with spasmodic effort.

"Are you in your senses, Salvadore? exclaimed the merchant.

"Yes, sir, perfectly; and my sole motive for bringing back the casket was from the sting of a guilty conscience. I have often wished to impart the terrible secret to you, when you so frequently complimented me on my rigid honesty; but I never had the moral courage. As a full atonement, when the loss of your daughter's hand will, in all probability, be the cause of my early death, I reveal *all* to you now. Your goodness overwhelms me; I would sooner die than deceive you any longer, or enter into your family with a lie in my heart. You are no longer mistaken in me; you know the worst; Myrrah also must know it. She may reject me; you may spurn me; I may not long survive—I feel that impossible—but I have done all that the memory of my mother—all that God, commands, and, if I die, I dare now hope that *He*, at least, will pardon and receive me, miserable penitent that I am. Yes, He will pardon me!"

"And so will I!" said the jeweler, smiling, and extending his arms to embrace Salvadore. "If there needed any other feeling than my present gratitude for your six years' service, or the affection with which, almost as a son, you have inspired me, this manly acknowledgment—this straightforward confession—would have supplied it. But you are not quite the felon you imagine yourself. I, on my part, have a secret to disclose; those very jewels—the diamond cross which you *thought* you stole, were your mother's!"

"My mother's?"

"Yes; she borrowed money on it of me, to complete your education, which, not long before her death, she paid off, still enjoining me to hold the jewels in trust, till I heard of your approaching marriage, or of being married. Then to present them to you as a present from your departed mother to the bride. There they are!"

At the same time he unlocked a drawer and handed the casket to Salvadore, who stood like one in a dream, lost and bewildered.

"Is it all true?" at length he inquired, somewhat vacantly.

"All true," responded the merchant, "as a check on my banker. And here comes Myrrah, who, sly puss, has, doubtless, been listening all the while, as I suspect, by the tears glistening in her eyes. You had better hand her the diamonds to pacify her grief and see if she will accept them."

Salvadore fell at the feet of Myrrah as she entered, and offered her the diamonds, which she graciously accepted; and, raising him up, he involuntarily kissed away her tears, while large tears—tears of joy—were stealing from his own eyes, and those of the no less happy father.

It was early in the ensuing spring, when May trees put forth their snowy coronals, and birds begin to sing, that the bells were ringing right merrily in the old church on the hill.

And people said it was on account of the marriage of a handsome young man, named Salvadore Ronzzi, to the accomplished and beautiful daughter of the great millionaire, the benevolent jeweler, on the Grand Parade.

THIS year nearly 800,000 Frenchmen will actually serve with the colors for a longer or shorter period. Of these, 470,100 belong to the active army, 144,570 men and 2,850 officers to the reserve of the active army, and 117,800 men and 6,820 officers to the territorial army.

Deal Gently with the Stomach.

If it proves refractory, mild discipline is the thing to set it right. Not all the nauseous draughts and boluses ever invented can do half as much to remedy its disorders as a few wine-glassfulls—say, three a day—of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will afford it speedy relief, and eventually banish every dyspeptic and bilious symptom. Sick headache, nervousness, sallowness of the complexion, fur upon the tongue, vertigo, and those many indescribable and disagreeable sensations caused by indigestion, are too often perpetuated by injudicious dosing. An immediate abandonment of such random and ill-advised experiments should be the first step in the direction of a cure; the next step, the use of this standard tonic alterative, which has received the highest medical sanction and won unprecedented popularity.

The Forgetfulness of People.

The Oxford Professor who, to avoid the wind when taking snuff, turned around, but forgot to turn back, and walked six miles into the country, was no more forgetful than those who still use the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, forgetting that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, are a positive and reliable cathartic, readily correcting all irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

WE have long wanted a safe and reliable remedy for the cure of Chills and Fever. Quinine will cure it, but it disturbs the head and the fever returns. Now, we see that Messrs. Wheelock, Finlay & Co. publish the composition of their Dr. F.; Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic, which is guaranteed a specific for the cure of Chills and Fever, Dumb Chills and all other diseases produced by malaria. Try it. It can be found in every drug store.

WHAT tortures are inflicted by a disordered liver. Pains in the right side and under the right shoulder-blade, headache, nausea, indigestion, costiveness, unpleasant taste in the mouth, and low spirits, are among its *indicia*. Besides, the saffron tinge it imparts to the skin is the reverse of becoming. But DR. MOTT'S VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS speedily dispel the symptoms by remedying the disorder which produces them. Sold by all druggists.

FOR throat diseases and affections of the chest, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are of value. For Coughs, Irritation of the Throat caused by Cold or Unusual Exertion of the vocal organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce beneficial results.

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FLOUR—Superfine	3 25	@ 3 75
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CORN—Western Mixed	42	@ 44½
OATS—Mixed	35	@ 36½
RYE—Western	60	@ 61
PORK—Mess	9 00	@10 12½
LARD	6¼	@ 6½
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 75	@ 5 25
Cows and Heifers	2 75	@ 4 00
Medium to Fair	4 40	@ 4 55
HOGS	2 75	@ 3 70
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 50	@ 6 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	3 75	@ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	99	@ 1 00½
No. 3 Spring	80	@ 81
CORN—No. 2	35	@ 36
OATS—No. 2	28	@ 29
RYE—No. 2	51	@ 53
BARLEY—No. 2	65	@ 66
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	16	@ 17
EGGS—Fresh	9	@ 9½
PORK—Mess	9 62½	@ 9 75
LARD	6	@ 6¼
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WHEAT—No. 1	1 01	@ 1 03½
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BARLEY—No. 2	61	@ 63
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WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	1 12	@ 1 13
CORN—Mixed	34	@ 35
OATS—No. 2	30	@ 31
RYE	50	@ 51
PORK—Mess	9 90	@10 00
LARD	6	@ 6¼
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT	1 04	@ 1 09
CORN	39	@ 40
OATS	34	@ 37
RYE	57	@ 57½
PORK—Mess	9 75	@10 00
LARD	6	@ 6¼
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Amber Michigan	1 08¼	@ 1 09½
No. 2 Red	1 10	@ 1 11
CORN—No. 2	38	@ 39½
OATS—No. 2	31	@ 33
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice	5 00	@ 6 50
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 05	@ 1 06
No. 1 Amber	1 06	@ 1 07
CORN—No. 1	42	@ 43
OATS—Mixed	33	@ 34
BARLEY (per cental)	90	@ 1 50
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