

## A CONTENTED PROPRIETOR.

I have plenty of dutiful vessels,  
And my vessels are all goodly—spare;  
I have plenty of useful castles;  
But my castles are built in the air;  
And my vessels are all tiny creatures,  
From the smallest to the largest—there they are;  
They drive me to halls,  
And magnificence halls,  
And magnificence halls,  
But oh! what a pest.  
When it comes to the test  
I am a fool, and a simpleton;  
A plague on those wild little vessels!  
And I have no money, and my useful castles  
Are sadly inclined to decay.

Further wisdom advised me to sell  
For the public—a benefit clear—  
And a benefit clear,  
For the market by no means is lively;  
But the market by no means is lively,  
Land and iron were high,  
Gold and gold were high,  
To buy and sell, but the market bold,  
So the terrors, nay,  
I inhabit them yet.

And the terrors, nay,  
Not to buy and sell, not to sold,  
For my vessels still my wits will hold;  
And the terrors, nay,  
Till the heart of the owner be cold.

Again Father Wisdom addressed me—  
He's a old bore in his way—  
He's a old bore in his way—  
As crumbled my towers to decay,  
They never can crumble, good father;  
They last when once they're begun;  
Our lasting when once they're begun;  
We can quickly repair,  
As the terrors, nay,  
So when once they're begun.

To my castle content;  
At the westerly day was done,  
And the terrors, nay,  
As burnished they stood in the sun.  
Oh! not from our castles I'll sever;  
Till the sands of my life are run!

All the Year Round.

## THE PLYMOUTH DEMOCRAT.

## VOLUME XV.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1869.

## NUMBER 5.

store for prescription. Prescription book produced by Marcellin, the proprietor of drug store. Prescription read:

R. Hydrac. chioromate,  
Ext. rhei  $\frac{1}{2}$  scruple,  
Resin. gr. iii,  
Pilule.

It was written with a hard lead pencil on an ordinary bit of white, unruled writing paper.

Then came Brewster's evidence. He identified the prescription. When he found there was a prescription written with Miss Selby, the deceased, was to Marcellin's, and saw Drake, who admitted to having put three grains of atropia in the prescription, instead of the same quantity of asefetida.

Then came medical evidence as to the effects of atropia, and the amount that should be given in a dose which made half a grain to kill him within one-sixth of a grain should be enough.

It all looked very bad for poor Charley, and I saw plainly that, in the present state of the case, Marcellin could not help him any. There was only one question he asked Dr. Brewster, which seemed rather to bother the doctor, and was suggestive.

"Doctor," he said, "how was it that when you suspected something wrong with Miss Selby, you left her for nearly half an hour with the ignorant people of Marcellin's, instead of trying something to relieve the deceased, and sending a messenger to Marcellin's?"

I had but one relative, I may say that was one friend, in all Boston; and that was Charley. Charley was my boy, and a Clark in a drug-store, a retail store—where he had plenty of clerks, work, and very small pay. For him there was not such thing as rest. He slept in the store, and was liable to be called at any hour of the night, to make up a prescription, or retail a dose of castor-oil. This may seem a trifling to some; but to a man who has been going through such a life of drudgery of a retail store from six in the morning until eleven at night, it is no small matter to be waked from his first sleep to mix, and pound, and spread, and tie up a prescription—a task that requires quickness of head and repose of body.

One morning, quite early, I stopped in his store, as I was very almost dead in health, to get some snuff. I wanted the proprietor came out, with a look of anxiety on his face, and greeted me with—

"Did you know that Charley is in trouble?"

"Trouble? No," I said, "What trouble?"

"A strong prescription he put up has killed a woman. I wish he'd killed himself before it happened in my shop. It will ruin me."

I looked contemptuously on the fellow, who only thought of his shop and his pocket, and made further inquiries.

"Oh, it happened last night, about shooting up the place, I was told, within an hour, and Charley is under arrest, awaiting the result of the coroner's inquest."

I had an utter disgust for this fellow; but I thought I would give him a parting shot before I left him. So I said:

"But why don't they arrest you? They must look to you a principal."

It was not amusing to see his expression of fright.

"Arrest me? What had I got to do with it? Why, I wasn't even in the store when it occurred."

No—the sneak—he was asleep in his bed, while he put all the work and responsibility off on poor Charley. However, I contented myself with asking a few questions, and when Charley had been arrested, and then I started to see him. I found him, in a very little time, in the custody of one of the coroner's officers, awaiting the holding of the inquest, which would come off in a hour.

A small office of mine, and when Charley had been arrested, and then I started to see him, I found him, in a high fever. I got hold of his hand, and tried to calm him.

"Now, my boy," I said, "this is no time for despairing. You must pluck up courage, and look the truth squarely in the face. All is not lost, as long as life is left. Tell me the whole story."

"It was about seven o'clock this morning, and I was waked out of a sound sleep to put up a prescription, and I put it up wrong. I was so sleepy, and had been so tired, when I went to bed! Oh, Nellie! What will she say to this?"

"No matter about Nellie now," I answered; "she is the little woman I think about; she is likely to be noisy, and no matter what the result, she won't think less of you. Now, then, what was the nature of your mistake?"

"Oh, dear Cousin Bob, a very bad one! I put in three grains of atropia for three grains of asefetida, and you know that one-sixth of a grain of atropia is a large dose, and that the most that she ever received was a third of a grain, and when I put it up wrong, I was to tell the messenger, I put it up wrong. I was so sleepy, and had been so tired, when I went to bed! Oh, Nellie! What will she say to this?"

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