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THRILLING ADVENTURE.

For cool resolution, the following incident related to me by my friend, cannot well be surpassed. Madame Pauline Lucca usually resides in the Victoria Strasse, Berlin. Last Spring, however, she occupied, temporarily, at some distance outside the city, a gartenhaus, or country-house, consisting of only a spacious, rambling basement story, surrounded by a veranda. One night, about ten o'clock, she was sitting there in her bed-room. Her chair was placed before her toilet table, which was lighted by a wax taper on each side of the glass.

The two tapers were not sufficient to illuminate the rooms very brilliantly, and the further end lay buried in a sort of semi-obscurity. Madame Lucca was busy reading some letters concerning engagements when suddenly she imagined she heard a noise. She looked around, but, seeing nothing, concluded she had made a mistake, and resumed the perusal of the letters. She had forgotten all about the noise when she heard it again. This time, instead of looking around, she happened, without moving her head, merely to raise her eyes to the glass. She beheld reflected in it the face of a man peering cautiously from out a cupboard behind her.—At first she fancied she was dreaming. She quietly looked again. No it was no [illegible] There was the man, whom she [illegible] as having been formerly [illegible] hence he had been dis-[illegible] bad behavior. She [illegible] suspected him of purloining sev-[illegible] objects which she had missed from time to time, but not being certain on this point, she had kept her suspicions to herself. Yes, there he was; there could be no mistake about the matter.

Madame Lucca's first impuse was to start up and give the alarm. But there was not another habitation within a mile or two, and she recollected that the only person beside herself in the house, was her maid, who, though a very good girl, and extremely attached to her mistress, was by no means celebrated for her nerve.—The other servants, including the gardener and coachman, had been granted permission to attend a friend's wedding some miles off, and were not to return till the next day. It flashed across her mind that the man, who as she knew, had been loitering about the neighborhood for two or three days, had learned that she would be alone, and meant to rob the house, or, perhaps, murder her, if his project of robbery could not be executed without the perpetration of the greater crime. What was to be done? Again she glanced towards the mirror. The eye was still there, glaring on her through the gloom. All at once she remembered that a revolver belonging to her husband, the Baron von Rhaden, ought to be lying on a shelf in the dining-room; but she was not quite sure. 'If it is there, and if I could only get it,' she thought, 'I should not mind.' While she was reflecting a knock was heard on the door of the room. She saw the man instantly draw back into the cupboard, and close it after him. She felt relieved that those two horrible eyes were taken off her; they seemed to pierce her like daggers.

'Come in!' she said.

Her maid entered.

'I thought you had gone to bed, my good girl,' observed Madame Lucca, in a tone of unconcern.

'I was going, please your ladyship—but I—I—thought you might perhaps want something,' replied the maid.

'I told you I would be my own *femme de chambre* to-night. No; the only thing I want is to stretch my limbs a little, for they are cramped from long sitting.'

Speaking thus, Madame Lucca arose with an air of admirably acted indifference, and took a turn or two across the room, passing close to the cupboard as she did so. She afterward declared she thought she could hear the man breathe in his hiding place. He, on his part, might have heard her heart beat, she said, when, on looking at the keyhole, she found the key had been removed. She was foiled in her plan, which had been to lock him in. Still her presence of mind did not desert her.

'Ah, dear me!' she said, gaping, 'I feel sleepy!'

'Sleepy, your ladyship! I wish I did,' replied her maid. 'I don't feel sleepy. I'm too frightened!'

'Frightened! What are you frightened of, you foolish goose? Nonsense!' replied Madame Lucca.

'Oh! begging your ladyship's pardon, it is not nonsense, and that's just it!—How can you be sure that some *boswich* (villain), some *taugheniclt* (good-for-nothing-fellow), hearing you and I are all alone in the house, may not murder us in our beds? But he shan't murder me in mine, for, with your ladyship's permission, I will sit up all night in your ladyship's easy chair.'

Madame Pauline Lucca glanced at the cupboard. Her blood ran cold; she thought she saw the handle turn. What course was she to adopt? She dared not give her maid the slightest hint of the real state of matters; she felt that the girl would go into a fit then and there, and thus bring on a crisis. Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Madame Lucca replied at random.

'Murder us! What for?'

'What for, your ladyship! Why, for your money—for your jewels, to be sure. Everybody knows you have plenty of them.'

The girl might have been unconsciously sharpening, so to speak, the knife by which she and her mistress were doomed to perish.

'What absurdity!' said Madame Lucca, with a forced laugh. As she spoke, her eye wandered from the keyhole of the dreaded cupboard to that of an adjoining room. In the latter there was a key.—Her face flushed, and a smile, as it were, of proud inspiration lighted it up, though only for a second.

'Jewels!' she replied. 'Why every one with a grain of sense must know that I should not have them about me as a rule. They, of course, are generally safe under lock and key at Berlin. It is a strange thing, though, Editha, that to-day is an exception. I expected the Countess von Wartenstean to call, and I brought down all the jewels presented to me at my last visit to St. Petersburg, to show her.'

'Your ladyship did! Oh! but supposing a thief——'

'Well, if a thief did know it, he might easily make his fortune!' she observed, interrupting her companion.

'By murdering us, and running off with the jewels!'

Madame Lucca glanced at the cupboard; then raising her voice, she continued:

'Oh! there would be no necessity for murder. The door which leads from that room to the garden is unlocked; I forgot to lock it. A thief would merely have to walk in from the garden, and take my jewel case from the table near the window. He might make his escape richer by 60,000 or 70,000 thalers, and never be detected. That's better than murdering people, is it not?'

'Oh! yes—your ladyship. And he might get over to England or America.'

'Nothing easier,' replied Madame Lucca. 'However, that reminds me. I may as well lock the door leading to the garden. Run in the dining-room. You'll find the key on the table. Do not be long.'

'Editha! Editha!' cried Madame Lucca, an instant afterward, 'I have made a mistake. The key is in the Baron's study. Pshaw! she does not hear me,' she continued speaking aloud. 'I must go and fetch it myself.'

With these words she left the room.—No sooner had she done so than the door of the cupboard cautiously opened. A man put his head out and glanced around. Perceiving no one he darted into the adjoining chamber. The next instant the door was shut to and locked behind him When she left the room she did not proceed two paces, she stood outside, listening. As she was in darkness, she could without being visible herself, see all that was passing in her bed chamber. She beheld the etranger leave his hiding place and dart into the adjoining room. She glided after him with the steadiness of a tigress and the courage of a heroine. The readers know what followed.

'*Att Rappirt!*' (caught) she cried, rushing across the room with the key in her hand.

'I can't find any—' began Editha, entering the bedchamber. But Madame Lucca, pushing her to one side, disappeared. Editha looked after her in mute astonishment, and remained as though rooted to the spot till her mistress re-entered, with a revolver in her hand.

'Oh! your ladyship, w-h-a-t-at's that?' inquired the maid, with a strong presentment that all was not right.

'The Baron's revolver, thank goodness!' replied Madame Lucca.

'Why thank goodness, your ladyship?' inquired the maid.

Madame Lucca pointed to the door.—Some one on the other side was turning the handle. Editha turned deadly pale, and dropped the lamp she was carrying. Presently there was a knocking, and a voice exclaimed:

'Open this door directly, or——'

The rest was inaudible. Editha's screams drowned aught else. Madame Lucca waited until the girl's first stock of breath was exhausted and her second not yet arrived; she then said with comic severity, 'Editha, if you are not quiet, I will begin by shooting you!'

Editha thought apparently, that her mistress was in earnest, for the poor girl immediately rammed a large portion of the nearest towel in her mouth, and restricted herself to swaying to and fro, and sobbing violently. The knocking grew more and more violent, but the door was massive oak and immovable.

'My friend,' cried Madame Lucca, in a loud voice, 'you are caged. The garden door is as tightly fastened as this one, and the window is secured. Do not attempt to open the latter, for I am going into the garden, and the instant that I see you try to escape, you are a dead man.'

Flinging open the door which led to the veranda she went out, followed by Editha, who in her despair had succeeded in pushing more of the towel in her mouth. The noise of a bolt being drawn was heard.

'Stand aside, my friend,' said Madame Lucca, 'or you are a dead man!'

A sharp report followed, accompanied by the sound of crashing wood and splintered glass.

'There, that is one barrel out of six.—That is merely to show that I am armed. You had better remain quiet.'

The visitor also was seemingly of the same opinion, for he did not renew the attempt. When the servants returned next morning they found Madame Lucca quietly reading under the veranda before the window. They were rather surprised, however, at perceiving that she had a six barreled revolver in her hand, and that Editha had what appeared to be the end of a towel sticking out of her mouth. A few words explained the whole affair, and in about an hour afterward the would-be-thief, who, as it was proved, would have been ready to turn assassin as well, was safe at the nearest *polizeibureau*.

'Talk of generalship!' said my friend, as he concluded his story; 'was not the strategem of the jewels, by which Madame Lucca lured the thief into the room destined to be his dungeon, a magnificent idea? Moltke himself never did anything to beat it.'

A FATAL TIGER HUNT.—A fatal tiger hunt, whose details are worthy the graphic pen of a Cummings, occurred recently at Chudderghout, India. The victim was Mr. Joseph Gay, a young man connected with the English Public Works Department. A man-eater had been infesting the region where he was stopping, and many had fallen victims.

Hearing of his depredations, Mr. Marrett, English engineer in the place, and a keen sportsman, started in pursuit, accompanied by Mr. Gay, who was staying with him and anxious to witness a tiger hunt. Armed each with a rifle, and assisted by four shikarees, also armed, the party soon collected a batch of beaters and tom-tom wallahs, who were set to work to drive the tiger out of his hiding place.

Mr. Marrett and one of the shikarees took up their position under a tree, while Mr. Gay, who by the way, was a novice in such matters, with the other shikarees climbed up the tree. All were eagerly on the lookout, when suddenly the man-eater, with a terrible growl, made a spring from an adjacent thicket at Mr. Marrett, who had just sufficient time to drop on his knees and fire, the ball striking the animal on the lower jaw, which it completely shattered.

Before Mr. Merritt could rise the tiger was upon him. A desperate struggle was the consequence, and the tiger, Mr. Marret and shikaree all rolled over each other in the melee.

Mr. Gay, who was perched upon the tree exactly everhead, while trying to change his position in order to have a better shot at the tiger, lost his footing, and fell straight upon the back of the infuriated animal, which immediately turned upon him most savagely, attacking him with his claws alone, as his under jaw was rendered useless from the shot he had received from Mr. Marrett's rifle.

On Mr. Marrett regaining consciousness, he found he was deserted by all except the shikaree who was knocked down with him in the encounter, but who was not much hurt; and a few paces off was the man-eater, still engaged in mauling and mangling his helpless victim.

His first impulse was to seize his rifle; but this was found to be perfectly useless, it having been considerably damaged during the struggle with the tiger. The brute now seeing Mr. Marret move about, left Mr. Gay and retired a short distance, apparently waiting to see what his intentions were.

Mr. Marret—who, strange to say, was only slightly wounded—and his faithful shikaree ran up at once to rescue Mr. Gay; but no sooner had they approached the prostrate form than the monster made a dash at them, and once more took possession of his victim, standing right across the almost lifeless body and looking around with an air of conscious strength and defiance, and challenging as it were any one to approach him.

The beaters and others who had all this time remained inactive and silent spectators of what was being inacted at a distance, now gradually approached, and after a great deal of persuasion, Mr. Marrett induced them to charge the brute in a body, and with the aid of tom-toms, etc., succeeded in frightening him away to a neighboring hill, where he was soon lost sight of.

Mr. Gay was taken home and for a time seemed to progress favorably, but a choking sensation at last seized him and he expired, a victim of his first tiger hunt.

GET THE BEST.

Not only did Mr. Howe invent the First Sewing Machine, but for twenty-seven years of his life labored to render it more simple and effective, until it would seem that no candid observer, examining the simplicity of its construction, and perfectness of its work of all kinds of sewing, but at once see and admit its general superiority to all others.

Not only is this true of its vital principles and its ingenious devices, but is also true in regard to the perfection of its manufacture. This has been attested by the highest authority—the machine receiving the *First Prize at the Paris Exposition in* 1867, and Elias Howe, Jr., the CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR as promoter of the manufacture of Sewing Machines. G. A. Simms, Agent Leonardtown.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG.

This story is a tough one to tell, you [illegible] stern, but true it is for all of that. My grandfather, from whom I have [illegible] always to say, when he told it: [illegible] must it be, my son, otherwise we [illegible] not tell it so at all!' And this is the [illegible] the story ran:

'Twas on a pleasant Sunday morning toward harvest time, just as the [illegible] wheat blossomed. The sun had [illegible] brightly up in the heaven; the morning wind swept warm over the stubble, the larks sang in the air; the bees hummed in the buckwheat; the good folk in Sunday gear to church, and all creatures were happy and the hedgehog also.

The hedgehog stood before the door with his arms folded, peeped out into the morning air, and chirruped a little song to himself, just as good and just as bad as a hedgehog is wont to sing on a pleasant Sunday morning.

And as he was singing to himself, in a cheery little voice, all at once it came into his head he might as well, while his wife was washing and dressing the children, take a little walk into the field and see how his turnips were standing. Now the turnips were close to his house and he used to eat them with his family, so that he looked upon them as his own. No sooner said than done.

The hedgehog shut the house-door to after him, and took his way to the field. He had not gone very far from the house, and was about to turn, just by the thorn-bush which stands there before the field, near the turnip patch, when he met the hare, who had gone out on a similar business, namely, to look after his cabbages. When the hedgehog caught sight of the hare, he bid him a friendly 'good morning!' But the hare, who, in his own way, was a mighty fine gentleman, and held his head very high, answered nothing to the hedgehog's greeting, but said to the hedgehog, putting on thereby a most scoryful mien, 'How happens it, that thou art strolling about here in the field so early in the morning.'

'I am taking a walk,' said the hedgehog.

'Taking a walk,' laughed the hare; 'methinks thou mightest use those legs of thine for better things.'

This answer vexed the hedgehog hugely, for he could stand almost anything, but his legs he did not like to have spoken about, because they were crooked by nature.

'Thou thinkest, perhaps,' said the hedgehog to the hare, 'thou could'st do more with thine own legs!'

'That's what I do think,' said the hare.

'That depends upon the trial,' quoth the hedgehog. 'I bet that if we run a race together, I beat thee hollow.'

'That's quite laughable, thou with thy crooked legs;' said the hare, 'but I've nothing against it if thou art so bent upon it. What's the bet?'

'A golden louis d'or and a bottle of brandy!' said the hedgehog.

'Done,' said the hare, 'fall in then, and it may come off at once.'

'Nay, there's no such hurry,' said the hedgehog. 'I'm still quite hungry; I'll go home and get a bit of breakfast first; within half hour I'll be here again on the spot.'

With this the hedgehog went his way, for the hare was also content.

On the way the hedgehog thought to himself:

'The hare trusts to his long legs, but I'll fetch him for all that; he's a fine gentleman, to be sure; but he's only a stupid fellow, and pay he shall!'

Now, when the hedgehog came to his house, he said to his wife, 'Wife, dress thyself in my gear quickly; thou must go with me to the field.'

'What's all this about?' said the wife.

'I've bet the hare a golden louis d'or and a bottle of brandy that I beat him in a race, and thou must be by.'

'O, my dear husband!' began the hedgehog's wife to cry, 'art thou foolish? hast thou quite lost thine understanding?—How canst thou wish to run a race with the hare?'

'Hold thy mouth, wife,' said the hedgehog, 'that's my business; don't meddle with men's affairs. March! dress thyself in my clothes and then come along.'

What could the hedgehog's wife do?—She had to follow whether she would or no. When they were on the way together the hedgehog said to his wife: 'Now, listen to what I have to say. See'st thou, on the long acre yonder will be run our race. The hare runs in one furrow and I in another, and we begin to run from up there. Now, thou hast nothing else to do than to take thy place here in the furrow, and when the hare comes up on the other side thou must call out to him, 'I'm here already!' With this they had reached the field; the hedgehog showed his wife the place and went up the furrow. When he got to the upper end the hare was already there.

'Can we start?' said the hare.

'Yes, indeed!' said the hedgehog.

'To it then!' and with that each placed himself in his furrow, and the hare counted one, two, three! and away he went like a storm-wind down the field. But the hedgehog ran about three steps, and then ducked down in the furrow and sat still.

When the hare, on the full bound, came to the lower end of the field, the hedgehog's wife called out to him, 'I'm here alalready.' The hare started and wondered not a little; he thought no otherwise than that it was the hedgehog himself that ran out to meet him, for, as every one knows, the hedgehog's wife looks like her husband.

But the hare thought: There's something wrong about this! Another race! At it again! And away he went like a storm wind, so that his ears lay flat on his head. But the hedgehog's wife stayed quietly in her place. When the hare came to the upper end the hedgehog called out to him, 'I'm here already.' But the hare, beside himself with rage, cried 'Another race! At it again!'

'I'm quite willing,' answered the hedgehog, 'just as often as thou likest.'

So the hare ran three and seventy times, and the hedgehog held out to the very end with him. Every time the hare came either below or above, the hedgehog or his wife said, 'I'm here already!'

But the four and seventieth time the hare came to no more to the end. In the middle of the field he fell to the earth and lay dead upon the spot.

So the hedgehog took the louis d'or and the bottle of brandy he had won, called his wife out of the furrows, and both went home together; and if they have not died they are living still. So happened it that on the Buxtehude heath the hedgehog ran the hare to death, and since that time no hare has ever dreamed of running a race with a Buxtehude hedgehog.

But the moral of this story is, first, that no one, however high and mighty he may think himself, shall let it happen to him to make merry over an humble man, even if he be a hedgehog; and secondly, that it is advisable, when one marries, that he takes a wife out of his own condition, and who looks like himself. He therefore that is a hedgehog, must look to it that his wife is also a hog; and so forth.

A CINCINNATI ELOPEMENT.—A young and loving Cincinnati couple, to whose aspirations the traditional stern parent was an obstacle, resolved, on a recent Sabbath, to circumvent the old gentleman and consummate their plighted troth.—They had been all-in-all to each other for two years, but their love had been so unostentatious that the fair one's father allowed them to associate, without dreaming of such a denouement. The young man called for her on the day appointed to go to church, but after service instead of taking her home again, he took her to the house of a clergyman and married her. This done, the happy couple sought the retirement of a quiet boarding-house, to await the progress of events.

The bride's parents became somewhat uneasy at her absence, and search was made far into the night without avail.—The father couldn't be induced to believe that his daughter had eloped—not until he met her next morning, with her new-made husband, walking to his place of business. There was a look of quiet happiness about the couple that was unmistakable; he saw the worst at once. The bride's younger sister, who was with the old gentleman, rushed at once to her sister's arms; a 'fellow feeling' made them kind, and they kissed and tenderly embraced each other after their eighteen hours of dreary separation.

The father also embraced his son-in-law, but in a different manner; he hung on his neck, but with the evident intention of strangling him. It was a question whether he would not exterminate him on the spot, but his wind gave out and he finally desisted, and, taking the disobedient daughter in tow, started for home.

Arriving there, she was informed that she was a prisoner; they shut her up in her chamber and took away all her wardrobe, save her night-clothes, to make her confinement more secure.

Through two long lonely days she wept, but at midnight of the second a gentle tap at the window aroused her, and she could hardly repress a cry of delight. Her husband was there and she was ready to go in an instant. The attenuated condition of her wardrobe was something they had not contemplated, and the situation was embarrassing, but escape she must at all hazards. He bore her gently down the ladder, and then, barefooted as she was, and in her conspicuous but rather cool and inefficient costume, he led her half a mile to his home. Next day the old man came to his senses, saw the futility of opposition and blessed them, acknowledging that he liked their pluck.

TOO LATE.—Some people are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present until thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is to either yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage at the Steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the train has started a few minutes before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season at a church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot but despise. Always speak in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate and tremble—who are never at hand for a journey, a trading, a sweet-heart or anything else—are poor sloths, and are ill-calculated to get a living in this stirring world.

☞ There are two reasons why some people don't mind their business. One is that they haven't any business, and the second that they have no mind.

If you are cursed with an insatiable appetite, buy a plaid vest, so that you can keep a check on your stomach.

THE FIRST KING OF BATH.

"Beau Nash" was the son of a gentleman of Swansea, South Wales, in which town Richard was born, on the 18th of October, 1674. He was sent to school at Carmarthen, from which sombre county town he was removed to Jesus College, Oxford. There he was distinguished for idleness and dissipation, for a love of fine clothes, and a premature capacity for intrigue. Hearing that the boy had engaged himself to be married before he was seventeen, the father removed Dick's name from the College books and carried him back to Wales. The next paternal effort for the provision of the young gentleman was in the language of the day, "the purchase of a pair of colors." But the young ensign could not tolerate restraint.

He had no appetite for drill, no respect for duty. He wished to dress as he liked, to do as he liked, in all respects, to be his own master. So young Nash soon made his last appearance on parade, and betook himself to a new profession. The Inns of Court had more attractions for him than the barracks. He became a student of the Temple, and lived upon his wits. The old advice, to "dress above your income, and live below it" was scrupulously observed by Nash. While dining from a plate of cold meat from a cook-shop, he wore the finest clothes. He was born with few personal attractions. He had neither a good face nor a good figure. But he had elegant manners and an insinuating address; and he contrived to make many so-called friends, among whom, perhaps, were some dupes. Little by little his reputation as a man of cultivated taste and fine discernments in ceremonial usages spread among his brother Templars. And when it was resolved by the Middle Temple, of which he was a member, to give an entertainment to William III on his accession, young Nash was appointed master of the ceremonies.

He did his work so well that the King desired to knight him. But with a sagacious hint to his Majesty that if he were to be a knight at all he would wish to be a poor knight at Windsor, as the preferment would carry some pay with it, Nash respectfully declined the honor.

But the affair gave him some notoriety, and by increasing the numbers of his acquaintance increased the numbers of his dupes. As long as he could get money, he did not care how he got it. He was a gambler by profession, with a cross of the mountebank. On one occasion he made fifty pounds by doing penance in a blanket at the great door of York Minster, while people were coming out of church; and he pocketed a still larger amount by riding naked on a cow through a country village. Exceptional exploits, however, of this discreditable kind could not maintain his expenditure. It was the undercurrent of successful gambling that preserved the fountain from running dry. He knew whom to play with, and he played warily and well. London was at that time, it is said, the only fitting arena for such performances.

The English baths were frequented mainly by valetudinarians, who went thither to get rid of what worthy Dr. Cheyne described as "the English malady—the vapors." But, on a fortunate day at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Queen Anne, having the meagrims, made a journey to Bath for the benefit of her health. So the long-neglected city, with all its beautiful environments, rose suddenly into fashion. "People of distinction" made their way to a place which majesty had consented to honor; and the seekers of pleasure soon out-numbered the seekers of health.

No long time passed before Mr Richard Nash of the Middle Temple scented the opportunity and went to Bath. Whether he had found that dupes were scarcer in London than they had been—that he was becoming a little too well known, and that therefore it would be wise to change his hunting-grounds, history does not record.

But it is certain he was shrewed enough to perceive that, where idle and wealthy people were congregated there were sure to be a sufficiency of gaming, and, therefore, a sufficiency of legitimate prey. So he took his wits with him to Bath, and with his fine clothes and plausible manners soon made an impression on the visitors, which afterward extended itself to the more permanent inhabitants, and he became master of the ceremonies in succession, it would appear, to a Capt. Webster, who was one of the noted gamblers of the day.

Nash was now in his element. His genius had full scope for development. He systematized and organized the amusements of the place. He evolved order out of chaos, and was soon recognized as a necessity. He saw clearly that to accomplish the results at which he aimed, it was necessary that he should assume paramount authority. He had the majority, including all the best people with him, and ere long they called him King of Bath.

TRANSFIXED.—The following rare bit is from the *Saturday Evening Post:* We shall never forgot that evening we spent at Magruder's years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and we went around to see her. It was Summer time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day, gluing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue-pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but we found that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said: "Don't be in a hurry," and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm up the poker, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned, and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to loading us in his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father, and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barreled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.—It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needle-work and bed-making; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them.

But what the true man most wants of a true wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage, and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more; the other half, surprised above measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

PAINLESS DEATH.—Chief Justice Chase, says the Boston *Traveler*, was fortunate in death as he had been in life. The immediate cause of his death was rupture of the cerebral artery, whence followed a rush of blood to the brain; and as the rupture took place when he was asleep, he never knew pain, passing calmly away. Mere dying, it is probable, never is painful, but the circumstances that attend death sometimes are very painful; yet men suffer as much in sickness from which they recover as they do in those that terminate fatally. A strictly natural death would make no more impression on a man than was made on him by his birth. Nature is not such a blunderer as to make the inevitable a source of pain that can do no good. What is disagreeable in dying is the result of violations of nature's laws. To die is simply to sleep, death being the rounding of life, as Shakespeare says. To the properly constituted mind, death is no more horrible than is sleep; but then the properly constituted mind has not yet been found. Even those who die calmly or gladly, do so because they have found life a Gordian knot, which can be cut only by the dart of Death, and not because they have philosophically convinced themselves that it is a matter of no moment. Be a man the most confirmed of believers, or the most confirmed of unbelievers, he must have some doubt—and where there is doubt, be it ever so small, there must be fear. So that when one departs in his sleep he avoids the last perplexity, that which waits on the death-bed of the Christian as well as on the death-bed of the philosopher—which was felt by Adam, and which will be felt by the last of Adam's decendants. Human egotism has not yet reached to that point in which death can be a matter of absolute indifference, and probably it will never reach it.

The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness—*Madame. de Stael.*

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded! —*Pope.*

Mrs. Jones says her husband is a three-handed man—right hand, left hand, and a little behind hand.