New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
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I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why this world's good things
Should fall in such unequal shares;
Why some should taste of all the joys,
And others only feel the cares.
I wonder why the sunshine bright
Should fall in paths some people tread,
While others shiver in the shade
Of clouds that gather overhead.

I wonder why the trees that hang
So full of luscious fruit should grow
Only where some may reach and eat,
While others faint and thirsty go.
Why should sweet flowers bloom for some,
For others only thorns be found?
And some grow rich on fruitful earth,
While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some
O'erflow with joy and happiness,
While others go their lonely way
Unblessed with aught of tenderness.
I wonder why the eyes of some
Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,
While others weep from morn till night,
Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here.

Ah! well; we may not know, indeed,
The whys, the wherefores of each life;
But this we know; there's One who sees
And watches us through joy or strife.
Each life its mission here fulfills,
And only He may know the end;
And loving Him, we can be strong,
Though storm or sunshine he may send.
—Hope Ardor.

FOUND A WIFE.

When the theatres were letting out—in days when theatre hours were longer than they are now—there stepped forth into the frosty winter night, amid a crowd of playgoers, a man of about four-and-twenty and about the middle height, broad shouldered, dark-haired, and with black eyes—a very handsome man, and dressed in a style which, costly and elegant, became him wonderfully well. Yet, handsome, wealthy, and a pleasure seeker, as he plainly was, there was a look upon his face which bespoke discontent and weariness—the look, too, of one who has plunged into dissipation for the sake of driving away thought. And this, indeed, was the case. Jilted by one whom he had given his heart's best love, Harry Bolton, a young millionaire, with naturally fine endowments of mind and heart, had for some time pursued a life which threatened to rob him of health and of fortune.

He gambled, drank; he acted the profligate in a thousand ways, and all without even the false gayety that stimulates many men to such courses. In fact, from a promising and excellent young man he had become almost a profligate. Still, much good remained in him—so much that it was a pity to see him turn his steps toward a gambling den, where, in all probability, he would not only squander his money away, but drink away his senses before daylight.

He was within some hundred feet of the door of the saloon toward which he was hastening, when there came a little wail upon his ear—a cry almost like that of an infant—and, looking down, Harry Bolton saw upon the pavement, close beside him, a little girl not more than five years old. She wore what appeared to be a handful of rags, and her tiny feet and curly head were bare. A more miserable object the moon never looked upon, and the moan she made touched the young man's heart. He knelt down and caught her as she passed by.

"Stop, little one," he said, "What brings you out this night? Where do you live? And where is your mother?"

The child struggled to escape, but, when the last question came, stood still, and answered with a sob:

"In heaven; I want to go there."

"You are on the right road, then, this winter night; half naked, and starving, too, I fancy," said Harry to himself." He began to question her again.

"Where do you live?"

"I don't know."

"Who takes care of you?"

"Nobody."

"It looks like it. Have you had any supper?"

"I don't want supper; I want my mama," and the child began to cry.

Harry Bolton endeavored to remember some portion of his childish education.

"You want to go to heaven, do you?" he asked. "It appears to me I remember being told that children who cried never went to heaven, and I am very sure that children who do not mind never do; remember that."

The child understood, and the effect of this doubtful moral teaching was, at least to silence her. Then the moon witnessed a phenomenon. Harry Bolton, the dandy, the dashing gambler, the man of betting books, shouldering a ragged child, and walking away with her in the most self-possessed fashion.

"We must have some supper," he said. "We must not be too fashionable under the circumstances, however," and so saying he descended into a cellar eatinghouse where, at the late hour, the few guests were too much intoxicated to notice the singular pair, and only the proprietor and a few of his employes remained to be astonished.

Marching down the room with perfect *sang froid*, Harry Bolton perched the child upon one of the chairs, and seating himself at a table, ordered beefsteak and brandy and water for two, and the order being filled, ordered his companion to "go ahead," and watched to see the mandate obeyed in vain; the child stared at the viands in astonishment, but made no attempt to eat.

Harry remained in a puzzled condition for some time, then beckoning to a grinning waiter, made him his confident in this wise:

"You look like a family man, waiter. Do you know any way of making a child take to its feed?"

"Not such feed as that, sir," replied the waiter. "Milk and water is what they likes, and bread and butter; or it meat, chopped up into bits like. Bless ye, look at her tiny teeth, sir."

"To be sure," said Harry. "Well cut the meat up, then bring her some bread and butter; but milk and water—you'll make the poor thing sick, won't you? It would me."

"You and her is constructed different sir," said the waiter.

Harry nodded.

Food being prepared to suit her appetite the child ate greedily, to Harry's satisfaction, and after suffusing her to her heart's content and stripping himself of his overcoat, wrapped the waif in it, and started for home.

He had a splendid set of bachelor apartments, and there he found a glowing fire awaiting him. The child, when he opened the coat, was sound asleep; so tucking her into bed in a grimy state, which would have shocked any good housewife's heart, Harry composed himself in a great arm chair, and lighting a cigar began to some.

Soon a sort of doze stole over him. He never could believe he was quite asleep, for he saw the blue wreaths, at first a dim outline, at last perfectly distinct, appeared the figure of a woman. She was dressed in white, and a cloud of golden hair fell over her face, and she stretched her hand toward him.

Harry Bolton felt a cold shiver run through his veins.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"The figure didn't speak, but pointed toward the bed.

"What do you want of me?" queried Harry.

There fell upon his ear these words, in a strange, sweet voice:

"Take my child to Heaven."

And she was gone.

Harry started from his dream to find his fire burning low, and his cigar crumbled into ashes, but a strong impression almost as great as though he had actually seen a vision. All night he sat smoking and thinking, and by dawn his plans were formed. A consultation with the landlady ended by the consignment of the child to the care of an elderly woman, warranted conscientious and amiable. Harry Bolton found himself the guardian of an adopted child. From that moment a change came over the young man's life. He had an object to think of and care for. He said to himself: "I will bring up a daughter for my old age," and set himself to work to become a fitting parent for the wonderful woman he proposed to make of her. His fortune must be husbanded for her; so he relinquished gambling. He quit his habits of dissipation; half his time was spent in visiting his charge, who, well dressed and well cared for, grew every day more lovely and engaging. He taught her to call him Uncle Harry, and it was strange to see the young man devoting himself, as some old grandfather might, to all the whims and the pleasures of a little child.

As she grew older he placed her in a boarding school, and there, of course, saw less of her, yet still as much as the rules of the establishment would allow until the child was somewhat twelve years old, when a violent illness prostrated her guardian upon what came near being his death bed, and the doctor ordered him immediately on his recovery to go to Europe.

So they were seperated, though a regular correspondence was maintained. Delicate health detained Harry from his native land five years, and during that time, as a matter of course they never met.

At the end of that time Harry Bolton returned from Europe improved in health and anxious to see his adopted daughter. He knew she had grown older, but so little do we reflect on the changes that time must bring, that when inquiring for Miss Estella Gray, (this was the name the child had lisped when questioned) as he waited in the parlor of the seminary, a lovely girl of seventeen opened the door and entered the room, he could scarcely believe his eyes.

Yet it was she, indeed—the child he had left, grown into womanhood. Estella was seventeen, and Harry Bolton thirty-five. He was young yet in look and thought. There seemed, after all, but little difference between them. Both felt this, and their manner toward each other was more reserved in consequence. But Harry was charmed as well as surprised. A lovelier creature never met his eyes, and thoughts and dreams that he had thought dead forever arose from their grave once more. As he walked homeward he said to himself:

"What if, after all, I have been rearing a wife for myself?"

Then with a half laugh he muttered:

"No, I am too old for her—it is all folly."

Folly or not, the thought remained. He paid Estella such delicate attention as suitors do. He anticipated her every wish, and did his best to appear in an agreeable light. Whether she understood him or not, he could not tell. She might regard him as an indulgent guardian, and the thought chafed him sorely. At times he hoped, at times he feared, until calling one afternoon (a holiday) unexpectedly, he found Estella tete-a-tete with a young gentleman, a brother of a school friend, Ernest Clark. It was a good excuse for intimacy, but the knowledge that Estella had another male friend so much nearer her own age than himself, annoyed and angered Harry. And when, time after time, he saw them together, his suspicions strengthened. They loved each other. She would wed young Ernest, and he would only be the middle-aged guardian to give her away with his blessing. The thought once in his mind rooted itself there, and at last drove him beside himself.

"I will go back to Europe," said he. "I will forget her. Love and wedlock are not for me."

And on the impulse of the moment, he ordered his baggage to be packed, took passage in the next steamer for Europe, and went to the seminary to bid Estella good bye.

She came in smiling, but his moody looks made her grave at once. She put her hand in his and he shook it coldly, and sat down beside her. For a moment he was silent, and then he said:

"I have come to say good-bye, Estella. I am going to Europe."

"Mr. Bolton, to Europe? Are you ill again?"

"No."

"Nothing I can tell you."

"Will you stay long?"

"Forever."

"Yes, we shall probably not meet again."

The great tears swelled in Estella's eyes, and she put her hand upon her heart; she evidently could not speak.

"I would advise your remaining here until you are a year older; unless, indeed, you marry before that time. In that case you will, of course, receive the necessary funds and a certain sum I shall leave in my banker's hands for that purpose."

"I shall not marry," sobbed Estella, "there is no need of any such provision."

Harry smiled sarcastically.

"The proposition has not come then?" he said.

Estella's head dropped lower.

"I fancied you were engaged to this young Ernest."

Estella sobbed again.

"I care nothing for Ernest, nor he for me. We are mere acquaintances."

Harry caught her hand.

"Is this girlish evasion," he asked almost sternly, "or the truth?"

Harry Bolton looked into the tear-flushed face, and took the other little hand.

"Estella," he said, "do you guess why I was leaving America?"

She shook her head.

"Because I could not see the girl I love married to another. Am I too old to love, Estella?"

"O, no."

"Too old to be loved?"

"You are not old at all."

"Estella, can you love me?"

She made no reply. Harry drew her closer to him and repeated the question; then the answer came in the lowest, faintest whisper.

"I love you better than my life: it would kill me to part with you."

Harry Bolton won his treasure.

A week after he sailed to Europe, but not alone. It was his wedding trip, and Estella, his young and lovely bride, was with him.

Keeping to One Thing.

We earnestly entreat every young man after he has chosen his vocation to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old farm where our fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productiveness; in the machine shop or factory, or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be: "Perseverance and industry." Stick to one thing, boys, and you will have success.—*The Young Folks' Rural.*

An old miner, who has experienced explosions, thus describes them: As soon as the explosion occurs, it drives like a whirlwind, and with force enough to carry any weight before it in the direction of the nearest vent. In going it sweeps along the ceiling, tearing away props, brattices, and everything else—even the pillars of coal. The unfortunate miner who may be within its influence instinctively throws himself flat upon the ground. Before he can rise, the gas has encountered the body of air moving in an opposite direction. They come together with an elastic shock sufficient to change the direction of the gaseous tornado, and back it comes with a rush, lifting the miner and flinging him probably a distance of fifty feet against the ragged coal. Behind again there is a stock of pure air and foul, and again the gas whirls back with undiminished fury, lifting the miner once more, and dashing him back whence he originally came. Again and again this terrible game of battledore is repeated. Nothing can resist its impetuosity. Meanwhile the terrible after damp accumulates with surprising rapidity. This is composed of the black damp which hangs from the roof, and the white damp which gathers along the floor. It joins the gas at every rush, and adds power and volume to its fury. The helpless miner struggles with superhuman strength to resist the buffeting of the mine fiend, but now the damp begins to seize upon his senses. The sensation is not unpleasant. He feels a slight dizziness. He becomes weak and sleepy. He staggers. His knees suddenly loose their power, and he falls.

How pleasant a surprise it is to see the miracle of novel motion in objects that are usually inanimate! We have seen a rope walk, a note run, a watch spring, a horse fly, and a Saratoga hop, and next summer we shall go over the Rockys to see the big trees leave and the Pacific slope.—*New York Globe.*

At a Sabbath school concert in a crowded and popular church, the pastor, who prided himself on the quickness and cleverness of his little ones, said: "Boys, when I heard your beautiful song to-night, I had to work hard to keep my feet still; now what do you think was the trouble with them?" "*Chilblainth*," shouted a little chap of six, or thereabouts.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

Blue-eyed "Little Mischief"
Needs no other name;
Sure am I, for nothing else
To this world she came.
From the early dawning
To the set of sun,
All the house is ringing
With her merry fun.

If she stops one minute,
As if sore perplexed,
'Tis with the grave question—
"What can I do next?"
And you may be certain,
When you hear no sound,
That in some new trouble
She will soon be found.

Blue-eyed Little Mischief,
Though she plagues us so,
Is a precious darling,
As you well may know;
And I would not have her,
Even if I could,
Always still and stupid,
And so very good.
—Kate Cameron, in Nursery.

A SEVERE PRACTICAL JOKE.

[Correspondence of the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

The other day, at the suggestion of several wags at Congress Hall who couldn't live without their daily joke, I put the following in my *Commercial* correspondence from here:

SCANDAL.

"Two great scandals at the Clarendon are finally out. Two married ladies are mixed up, and several aristocratic families are compromised. I can not promise full particulars till to-morrow."

Heavens! what a commotion those four little lines caused in Saratoga. Every gossip was out on the *qui vive*. The great hotels resolved themselves into investigating committees, everybody became suspicious, and society was generally upset. At the Clarendon it fell like a moral earthquake among the unhappy guests. Everybody was looked upon with suspicion, and the great social Congress resolved itself into two parties—the watchers and watched. Each lady looked upon the other with distrust. People communicated in whispers. Wives kept close to their husbands, and sweethearts never for once left the conspicuous glare of the front balcony seats. Old bachelors, who had heretofore been tolerated as objects of pity by young and pretty married ladies, were cut dead. Even their bouquets were refused, and everybody behaved with a propriety as stiff and prim as a queen's drawing-room. Mrs. Jones read the paragraph, and whispered some thing about Mrs. Green. Mrs. Green had her suspicions of Mrs. Jones, but she told Jones to watch Mrs. Smith. The cliques drew closer together, and everybody waited breathlessly for the *Commercial's* developments.

THE JOKE A SUCCESS.

Hardly had I finished my breakfast and the *Saratogian* the next morning, before I received a note from the Clarendon. It was written on heavy tinted cream paper, surmounted by a beautiful monogram, the letters A. J. C. (American Jockey Club) being beautifully interwoven. It read thus:

Mr. Lan——, Congress Hall:

I notice the paragraph in the *Commercial*. It is to be hoped you will not use names. I am an old, gray-haired man. I have lived a live of usefulness, and have been long honored as a member of the open board of brokers in New York. If I have been indiscreet in a thoughtless moment, I beg of you not to ruin everything by using my name in connection with any developments which you propose to make. Come and see me. I will remain in my room all day. Yours, truly, H. Z. D.

Clarendon, August 19.

I went to my room to read this letter, but I had hardly finished it when rat, tat, tat! came at my door, and a servant handed me the following:

M. Lan——:

RESPECTED SIR—As God is my witness, you have been wrongly informed if you have heard anything detrimental to my character. I have been a vestryman of Grace church for fifteen years. I am incapable of any such actions; besides, I have a devoted wife, and we are very fond of each other. I gave $25,000 to the Dudley Observatory, and $50,000 to the Cornell University, and have been a subscriber to the *Commercial* for fifteen years. I am incapable of such indiscretion. Whatever other church members may do, I am as pure as a new-born babe. Come and see me. I am almost always at church, or on the balcony with my wife.

Very respectfully, G. Y. S.

Clarendon, August 1.

I had hardly finished reading the above when Judge K——, of the Supreme Court, entered my room unannounced. He looked confused. His eyes wandered around the room, while he twisted his whiskers and bit off the ends.

"Have you granted the injunction in the case of the twenty-seven ladies of Congress Hall vs. John R. Cecil for loud snoring?" I asked.

"No, but I will do it instantly, if you will do one thing for me, said the judge trembling.

"What?"

"Well, in this scandal case don't use my name. You know I live at the Clarendon. I've been on the bench sixteen years. I may have been indiscreet this time. Every man is liable to be indiscreet some time. Even Jefferson Davis was not infallible. Besides, everybody knows me in New York. What would Judge Barnard, and Bixby and Ingraham think of me after such an exposure?"

"Never mind, judge, 'mum's the word.'"

"One thing more," said the judge, lingeringly.

"What?"

"Well, I've always been the confidential attorney of Mrs. Z. She's an estimable widow lady. She may have been carried away for a moment by this man's villainy; but, sir, she is a good woman, highly connected. She explained all how it happened to me. She is very sorry, and she wished me to come and see you about it."

"Why, Judge, you surprise me. I didn't know anything about any scandal case. I put that paragraph in as a joke—that was a Congress Hall joke, and I thought you were so very pure up there that you could stand it. I wouldn't have dared to have said it about the Grand Union or Congress Hall. We don't pretend to be so very good here. But I thought you Clarendonites were like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Judge, throwing both hands wildly in the air; and then he went back to the Clarendon a happy man.

My mail now came up. There were eleven more letters from the Clarendon—some were sealed with aristocratic coats of arms, some with illuminated monograms. The first one opened had a baronial crown stamped in red and blue. It read as follows:

Moncher Lan——, Esq., Hotel de Congre:

I saw one parapra-phe en ze journal ze *Commourshal*, about ze grande scandale of which you have accused me. I no understand ze customs of ze countree, but I was un grande officeur in ze legion d'honeur, and I shall no run when you have accuse ma cher ze madame with one grand flit-ta ti on, what you dam Americans call him, I shall be of ze madame one grand protecteur avec ze pistolls. You shall meet me ce soir a six-hour in ze grande parke when I will shoot you, dam, what you call him, dead.

M. FLORINS,
de la legation Francais a Washington.

Hotel de Clarendon, 19 August.

My next letter was written in the trembling hand of a lady. She said:

Mr. Lan——, Congress Hall:

MY DEAR SIR—I write this as a friend of yours. You have been deceived. Some of our people came down to Congress Hall and told these scandalous things out of spite. Baron Flourins has been a little exclusive. We have kept him entirely in our clique. The rest are mad because we have not introduced him. He is a dear duck of a man, as harmless as he is handsome. We take him out to drive, and even to our private parlors to play chess with perfect impunity. Some envious common people mistook my parlor for my private sleeping-room. The mistake was ludicrous, wasn't it? Mrs. Q—— sends regards, and hopes you will be at our ball to-night. The villagers will not be allowed to come in. We all read the *Commercial* here.

Yours in friendship,
CATHARINE C. V——.

So the letters went on. I'm sorry I put in the paragraph. It has caused me a great deal of annoyance. I have spent most of the day reading letters and listening to explanations. If I should put in such a paragraph about Congress Hall, I know I should never be able to read the correspondence which would result from it, and if I should do the same to the Grand Union, letters would be brought to my room in wagon loads. I have not said anything; I don't know anything; only I do give you the letters as received.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

A Clarendon lady says to-day that there will be no more gossip or scandal there this week, as the men have almost all left for New York.

AN ANCIENT MARINER.

Two Hundred and Six Years on the High Seas.

"Did you say you served your apprenticeship in the Arethusa?"

"Yes, I served my time in the Arethusa."

"What age were you when you went to sea?"

"I was sixteen."

"Put down sixteen, Bill."

The scene of the present dialogue was the forecastle of a collier brig at anchor in the Thames, the speakers, an old seamen and three others scarcely arrived at middle age, one of whom, behind the old man, acted as clerk, with a piece of chalk, using the lid of his chest as a desk.

"Put down sixteen, Bill," whispered one, and the number was put down.

"Then, how long were you in the Arethusa?"

"I served five years," said the old man; "then I stopped by her another three; I was eight years in her altogether. I liked the ship very well, but I did not like the owner."

Bill, who was all attention, put down an eight below the sixteen.

"But you would be a young fellow then; I should think you would not be long out of a ship."

"I got a ship directly, and sailed for North America. Well, as it happened, we were water-logged as we were on our passage home; all hands took to the rigging, where we remained days without a bite of anything, or as much as a drink. On the fourth day we got hold of a dead bird of some kind that was floating past—ate it, feathers and all. Well, I have not yet told you, all hands died but myself, and the only way I could keep myself alive was by sucking the grease out of the ropes. I knocked about upon the rigging for a month. At last I was picked up by an American vessel, and taken to America. The Americans used me very well, so I traded back and forward among the American ports for a long time."

"How long do you suppose you were in America altogether?"

"I was away ten years from leaving home."

"Didn't you go into the Greenland trade after that?"

"No; it was not till some time time after. I was on board of a man-of-war before I was in the Greenland trade. Somehow or other the press gang got scent of me; a good run we had; I was nimble on my feet then; if I had not slipped and fallen souse into an ash-midden, I believe they never would have taken me; but take me they did. Well, I was seven years in his majesty's service, and I liked the service very well; but one day the captain and I had a few words, and said I to myself, 'The sooner we part company the better, old fellow.' So I ran away—it was in the West Indies. I knew they would all be after me, so I got myself stowed into a hogshead of sugar, and sent aboard of a merchantmen, and got clear off that way."

Bill, who was listening in silence, put down, "On board man-of-war seven years."

"Then did you get home all right?"

"Yes; and then I went to Greenland. My eyes! what sport we had there the first ten years I was in the trade! I was there that year when there wasn't a whale to be seen, and we loaded the ship with seals. A weary job we had; the ice was short and hummocky, and the seals as shy as foxes. Somehow we always found one or two fellows, who'd been fuddled the night before, that forgot the way into the water. When the brutes make a dive, they are out of sight in a minute!"

"How long were you in the Greenland trade?"

"I was nineteen years altogether. Then I fancied I would like to be in a warmer climate; so I got into an East Indiaman, and traded to the East Indies for a long time."

"How long do you suppose?"

"About thirteen years. At last the ship was taken by pirates, and most of the crew had to walk the plank; only three of us saved our lives by consenting to be pirates with the rest. I never liked a pirate's life; so one day, when we were ashore on a large island, watching, I took leg-bail and ran away. I'd been with them three years, which was quite enough. Well, I got among the natives of the place, who were mighty kind in their way; and, as I was a brisk young fellow, I wasn't long in finding a wife among them; so I lived there just like a savage for sixteen years, for there was no chance of getting away, and it was just as well to make myself happy. But at last an English ship put in for water, and the longing came over me to get back to my native land; so I smuggled myself on board just as she was ready for sea, and glad I was that my wife didn't follow me."

"Did you get home all right and tight?"

"All right and tight, boy!"

"Then I suppose you would not lie up any time at home?"

"I didn't lie up at all. When I got home I found my brother had gone to America; so nothing would serve me but I would go seek him, as I had not seen him for a long time. So I got a ship, and off I went; but I never saw him from that day to this, although I wandered through America for five years, seeking him. I turned, tired of wandering, and got into a little vessel trading between Prince Edward's island and the mainland; and I traded in her for ten years—ten long years, I can assure you."

"Haven't you been a long time in the coal trade?"

"I was thirty years in the coal trade, before I went to China."

"How did you like the China trade?"

"I liked it very well, but was only in it about five years. After that I got into the Baltic trade. I was seven years in it, but I got tired of it, so I got a ship and went off to the West Indies, where I was put ashore sick, and lay in the hospital for three years. When I did get better, I was a better man than ever, so I started as negro driver on a plantation, where I whipped the poor fellows on for nine years, till at last the old fit came on me, and I would be off to sea again."

"Was that before you were captain of the old Clinker?"

"Yes, that was just before I got to be captain of the Clinker."

"Weren't you a long time captain of the Clinker?"

"I was captain of the Clinker for nineteen years. I was captain of her till she was lost in the Gun-fleet. Sound, it was as much we could do to save our lives that time."

"What ship was it you lost in the Swinver?"

"That was Peggy. I was a long time in her both mate and master. I was four years mate and eight years master."

"How long is it since the Peggy was lost?"

"Let me see, it will be fourteen years this next month, just fourteen exactly."

"Then you must be a good old fellow now?"

"Aye, I'm a good age now, you may depend."

"See what age he is there, Bill, will you?"

Bill, who had been listening in the background, and taking notes on the lid of his chest, proceeded to read the following items:

	Years.
Went to sea in the Arethusa, when	16
In the Arethusa	8
In America	10
On board man-of-war	7
In Greenland trade	19
In East India trade	13
Among the pirates	3
Among the savages	16
Traveled in America	5
Traded in Prince Edward's Island	10
In the coal trade	30
In the China trade	5
In the Baltic trade	7
In the hospital	3
Negro-driver	9
Captain of the Clinker	19
In the Peggy	12
Since the Peggy was lost	14
Total	206

"Then you'll be two hundred and six years old!" said Bill with a chuckle.

"Bravo!" said Tom. "There's not a man like him in the fleet!"

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

A Mystery Explained.

[London (August 16) Correspondence New York World.]

Throughout the examination in chief and cross-examination, the claimant to the Tichborne baronetcy and estates persisted in maintaining a discreet silence respecting a certain period of his nomadic career, the fat and wary witness having several times flatly refused to reply to questions bearing upon some ugly circumstances which were only hinted at darkly. The story of his life therefore lacked continuity, and his case was so much the weaker. I am in a position to throw a ray of light into the dark gap, and though adding nothing to the credit side of the claimant's character, may add much to the credibility of his claim. A Mr. Nunn, who is an engineer in her majesty's service, states that he knew Mr. Tichborne, the claimant, as a convict on Cockatoo island. Tichborne was there employed to negotiate the sale of cattle to passing ships, and was considered by his jailers as a man of considerable shrewdness. Several persons on the island knew that the cattle salesman belonged to the class from which convicts are not ordinarily recruited, and to the engineer he communicated his real name. Mr. Nunn has not the slightest doubt as to the identity of the man. He firmly believes that the whilom convict, the claimant, and R. C. Tichborne are identical, and he moreover believes that the mysterious Arthur Orton was also on the island at the same time.

Daddy's Boy.

In a certain small town on the Mississippi lived a man who made horse trading a business. He bought up horses for a city market, and was considered pretty good on a trade.

One day, a long, lean, queer, green-looking specimen of the Western country arrived at the dock with a boat load of horses. He inquired for the horse jockey.

"Daddy sent me down with some horses," he said, in a half idiotic tone.

"Who's he?"

"Daddy."

"What do you want for your horses?"

"Daddy said you could set your price," was the response.

"Let me go down and look at your horses," said Brown, and accordingly they were soon at the boat.

Brown examined the horses, and named the price he would give for this one and for that, and the country bumpkin made no objection, although some of the others were not more than one-half the worth of the animal. One of the bystanders said to the countryman that he was being cheated, but he returned:

"Daddy said Brown would set the price," and so Brown had it all his own way.

At last they came to another animal, which did not look so much superior to the rest.

"I must have more for that animal," said the fellow. "Daddy says he can run some."

"Run!" said Brown, "the nag can't run worth a cent."

"Daddy said so, and daddy knows."

"Why I've got one up to the stable that would beat it all hollow."

"Guess not," said the fellow. "Let's try 'em. I'll bet the whole boat load of horses on 'em." Brown smiled.

"I'll stake five thousand dollars against your boat load," said Brown, winking to the crowd; "and these men," selecting two, "shall hold the stakes."

Brown's five thousand was intrusted to one, and the other went on board the horse boat.

One of the crowd started to remonstrate with the idiotic fellow, but he only responded:

"Golly! dad told me he could run some, and daddy ought to lose. If he was such a tarnal fool as to tell me that when he couldn't."

Brown's sleek racer was brought down and Brown mounted him. The countryman led out his animal and clambered on his back, looking as uncouth and awkward as the horse he proposed to ride.

The word was given and they started midst the laughter of the crowd. At first Brown was at the head, and it looked as if the poor fellow was to be badly beaten, when suddenly his horse plunged forward and the jockey left far behind. Such going had not been seen in those parts for a long time, and poor Brown was crestfallen, as the cheers of the bystanders fell on his ears.

"I'll take the 'spondulix,'" said the countryman, riding up. "Dad was right. The animal can git around a little."

Brown tried to say it was all a joke, but the fellow would have his money.

"I guess I won't trade to-day," he said, as he put in his old rough leather pocket-book. "I'll go back to daddy."

In vain Brown tried to induce him to trade, but he pushed off his boat, resolutely saying, "I'd better go back and tell daddy."

Brown was completely "sold," for he knew at once that the green countryman was a leetle shrewder than people imagined him, and had just come here purposely to win his money from him

Next time he did not ridicule a horse that "daddy" said could "run some."

Who Are Entitled to Bounty Land.

The Commissioner of Pensions will soon issue instructions and new regulations for procuring bounty land warrants through that office. The following instructions will be of interest to many:

The acts of Congress now in force granting bounty land entitle each of the surviving persons in the following classes to a certificate or warrant for such quantity of land as shall make, in the whole, with what he may have heretofore received, 160 acres; provided he shall have served a period of not less than fourteen days, to wit:

First—Commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, whether of the regulars, volunteers, rangers or militia, who were regularly mustered into the service of the United States in any of the wars in which this country has been engaged since 1770, and prior to March 3, 1855, to wit:

Second—Commissioned and non-commissioned officers, seamen, ordinary seamen flotillamen, marines, clerks and landsmen in the navy in any of said wars.

Third—Militia, volunteers and State troops of any State or Territory, called into military service, and regularly mustered therein, and whose services have been paid by the United States.

Fourth—Wagonmasters and teamsters who have been employed under the direction of competent authority, in time of war, in the transportation of military stores and supplies.

Fifth—Officers and soldiers of the revolutionary war, and marines, seamen and other persons in the naval service of the United States during that war.

Sixth—Chaplains who served in the army in the several wars of the country.

Seventh—Volunteers who served with the armed forces of the United States in any of the wars mentioned, subject to military orders, whether mustered into the service of the United States or not.

Each of the surviving persons in the following classes are entitled to a like certificate for a like quantity of land, without regard to the length of service (provided he was regularly mustered into service), to-wit:

1. Officers and soldiers who have been engaged in any battle in any of the wars in which this country has been engaged prior to the war of the rebellion.

2. Those volunteers who served at the invasion of Plattsburg, in September, 1814.

3. The volunteers who served at the battle of King's Mountain, in the revolutionary war.

4. The volunteers who served at the battle of Nickojack against the confederate savages of the South.

5. The volunteers who served at the attack on Lewiston, in Delaware, by the British fleet in the war of 1812.

In addition to these classes, these acts also extend to all Indians who served the United States in any of their wars prior to the war of the rebellion, the provisions of this and all the bounty land laws heretofore passed, in the same manner and to the same extent as if the Indians had been white men.

Where the service has been rendered by a substitute, he is the person entitled to the benefits of these acts, and not his employer.

In the event of the death of any person who, if living, would be entitled to a certificate or warrant as aforesaid, leaving a widow, or, if no widow, such minor child or children, is entitled to a certificate or warrant for the same quantity of land such deceased person would be entitled to receive under the provisions of said acts, if now living.

A subsequent marriage will not impair the right of any such widow to such warrant if she be a widow at the time of her application. Persons within the age of twenty-one years, on the third day of March, 1855, are deemed minors within the intent and meaning of said acts.

The New Great Poet.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Joaquin Miller and his "Songs of the Sierras" continue to be talked about and written about. M. D. Conway, always picturesque, has represented Miller as figuring at London parties in "red shirt and top boots." Miller pleads guilty to the boots, but declares that of the two intimate garments which it is customary for gentlemen to wear, the under one may have been red; but the outer one which concealed it was, on the honor of the wearer, always spotlessly white. Miller's first knowledge of the "titled lady," to whom he offered himself in London, and by whom he was rejected, came to him here. Another report, that "the Londoners found him a bore as well as a boor," has quite as little foundation in fact. He wrote to a friend in Boston: "I rarely went into society in London. I did not attend one in twenty of the breakfasts, dinners and evenings to which I was asked. I went to no club but the 'Savage,' and was there but twice—the last by especial request and arrangement, that I might meet my friends, many of whom I had never seen before. There was a fuller attendance, they told me, than there had been for years, and I was made an honorary member (which is a rare honor indeed), and the clerk gave me a most cordial letter to the 'Saturday Club of New York.'"

The newspaper stories concerning Miller's domestic troubles have led him to furnish, for the American edition of his poems, one written to his wife, and entitled "Myrrh." He says it was written with his heart's blood. I will give you a few stanzas, which I think we are bound to accept as his own version of the story:

And you and I have buried Love,
A red seal on the coffin's lid;
The clerk below, the court above
Pronounced it dead; the corpse is hid,
And I, who never crossed your will,
Consent—that you may have it still.

* * * * *

What reeks it now whose was the blame?
But call it mine, for better used
An I to wrong and cold disdain—
Can better bear to be accused
Of all that wears the shape of shame
Than have you feel the touch of blame.

* * * * *

I go alone; no little hands
To lead me from forbidden ways.
No little voice in other lands
Shall cheer me all the weary days.
Yet these are yours, and that to me
Is much indeed, and it must be.

* * * * *

I did not blame you—do not blame
The stormy elements of the soul
That I have scorned to tone or tame,
Or bind down unto dull control;
In full, fierce youth, they all are yours,
With all their folly and their force.

* * * * *

But should you sometime read a sign,
A name among the princely few,
While you are with your friends and wine,
Then careless, turn to one or two,
Say, "He was mine—his smiles, his tears
Were mine—were mine for years and years."

What it is to Be a Widow.

"I think it must be a jolly thing to be a widow." I heard this remark the other day in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in the careless girlish times.

Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is ten times more open to comment than any demoiselle could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at your black dress, then at your widow's cap until your sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person to say, "I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?" and another answer, "Until she gets a good chance, I suppose." It is now and then to meet a glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and noblest women that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare that it is, alas! unlooked for. It is to have your dear, fashionable friend condole with you after the following fashion: "Oh, well! it's a dreadful loss. We knew you would feel it, poor dear." And in the next breath, "You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you."

But it is more than this to be a widow; it is to miss the strong arm that you have leaned upon; the true faith that you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness none other could give it. It is to hear never more the well-known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that, to your adoring eyes, seem as the face of the angels of God. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly; the dear eyes that, looking into your own, and so plainly, whatever it might seem to others, yours was the fairest earth held for him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights with the waves that overwhelm him, and to hold it at arms length for a while, only to have—in hours of loneliness and weakness—the torrent roll over you, while—poor storm-driven dove—you see no haven of peace in the distance but heaven.—*New York Home Journal.*

Letters of Recommendation.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the fine letters he can bring me."

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A correspondent writing from Saratoga relates this incident:

Among our visitors is a young clergyman. He is smart and has his eyes open. He is a churchman and will make his mark. An incident will illustrate this. His college chum is settled in the Baptist ministry. Our church frend made a call on his chum. It was Saturday, and he proposed to spend Sunday with his old associate. He was made welcome, but with the least bit of embarrassment that he did not fail to observe. At length the Baptist brother spoke. "I should be delighted to have you preach for me to-morrow. But the fact is, it is our communion. We have it directly after our morning service. It would be very awkward, you know, for you to preach for me and then go out of the house with the unregenerate for by the rules of our church you, not being baptized, can not commune with us." The churchman laughed, and said: "Oh, don't be uneasy. I will preach for you. But were I forty times baptized, I could not sit down to your table, for by the rules of our church you, you know, are not ordained, and can not administer the ordinances at all." And so he preached, and at the close went out to his dinner, while the saints sat at their table.

"Dexter," says Budd Doble, "is a phenomenon. He's the greatest trotter in the world. He is the best and the fastest horse that I ever pulled rein over. I tell you positively that I drove Dexter a mile to a wagon in 2:13. And if Dexter had been kept on the track I would stake my life that he would have trotted a mile in harness in 2:12. I know what I'm talking about, and I say there's no horse