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FIVE.

If there is one thing that I like it is more than another, soliloquized Five, thinking himself unobserved.

We heard him for all that, for he sat just outside the cabin, under the shed, watching between the whiffs of his pipe, the drip, drip from the shingles, while the four of us dropped away at drawpoker inside.

Our cabin stood a little withdrawn from the main street, the house of five of us for many months. We knew quite well each other's history, as far as general points went—all save that of Five, who was an enigma. Of him the only tangible and discoverable mark was a blue "5" worked between his thumb and forefinger—and so he earned his title. A spare, nervous, little, man, with a black sweeping moustache, a careworn countenance and restless eye.

—Hot! hot! terrible hot were the summer days, and I unused to hard work, dropped my shovel one burning afternoon and went up to the shanty tired out and disgusted. I was surprised to find Five at the house and in his bunk, for he had gone out with the rest, and was always a steady worker.

Sick, old man?

Yes, lad, very sick, dead sick. Bruce lie down!

For the dog at his head growled viciously as I put my hand on Five's forehead and found it almost blistered with fever.

Not so bad as that, old man, you're good for many a day yet. Have a drink?

I don't mind—something—cool, cool.

I fetched him a pan of water, and he drank it, saying:

What are you doing here at this hour of the day!

I'm tuckered out, Five, and had to give it up.

Well, I am obliged to you, and he sank into his blankets, and fell into a deep slumber.

The next morning he was right again, but after he recovered he seemed to open his heart to me and often in the dim, uncertain hours we talked of men and things.

I heard his soliloquy, as I said before, and not long after, tired of the cards, went out to him.

Well, old man, what are you mourning about now?

I can hardly say, lad, but mostly of home.

Then you have a home?

To be sure.

Well, we always have our doubts about it.

I don't know how much of a home it is now, but I had a wife and two children and a mother-in-law, which last was p'isoned, and I hope has bolted into another and better world. You see it's hard navigatin' in a shoal place; and a mother-in-law is the shoalest thing I've struck. Have you been married.

No.

Don't you marry any one but an orphan then.

Why so?

I'll tell yer my experience. I came from Rhode Island, and anciently was a captain, and have sailed the purtiest creature that ever skimmed the water. I got on well till I met a blue-eyed girl from Maine, and thought she would do to cast anchor with, which I did, and we were as happy as two barnacles on a sunny log, till her mother came to live with us; arter that the compass had a continual variation, and things got to be no better in short metre. That ar' mother-in-law, she tried to be steward, and bo's'n, and first mate, and had her eye on the captain's cabin, and we was in a mutiny all the time. I told the wife I would pension off the old hulk and drag her into a safe harbor, and then she and me and the babies, which they were two of 'em, would go off soundings and try blue water all alone. But the wife wouldn't. I am told that wimmen think they can allus get husbands, but they never can have but one mother—so they stick to her. Blessed if I see what they wants of any mother after they gits a man to fill the bread-locker and buy 'em new studdlin's. So I bought a little house with my savings, and put'em all in, and when the gold news came, I came out here. I tell yer if there's a cranky mother-in-law on the quarter deck the ship won't keep her course. Everything goes sonson by no'th, as the devil steered the windlass, and the captain is like a monkey on the lee back stay. I gave 'em everything but my fiddle and dog, and came out here. P'raps when I've made my pile I'll go back again and veer around the folds. There's little Maggie, my purty little one, she never turned agin her father, though the mother did. And if I can only see her, and take her little hand, and walk out among the birds and flowers, and hear her talk, I think I could be happy again. And if she will only call me 'father' once, I want nothing more, and the old man brushed away a tear with his sleeve.

This was Five's story, said to him, and when the fellows were disposed to jeer at him for his oddities, and I told them that his heart was almost broken by troubles of home, an unconscious pity was felt for him forever after.

The mines did not tempt me to remain long there. The road to fortune was rugged and steep, and it was not long after that I bade my adieu to California and returned to civilization, to tell wondering auditors the stories of the distant land. Five was the last to say good by, and even Bruce came and licked my hands.

Twenty years' a life-time to many, a weary waste to some. Where once a few scattering houses stood I find to-day a thriving city, a wealthy people. Forests of ships line the wharves, and white sails fluttering over the bay where once the occasional steamer ploughed her hustling way. The broad acres where ranqueros called it waste land, the hard fisted sons of toil have dotted with thriving farms, and the railroads join their forces as a leverage in aid of progress. The Colonel and I had been ranging as down the San Joaquin Valley, running out the lands and worn with struggling through quick sands and sloughs, had sought a shelter gladly from a pelting rain that set in at nightfall.

The cabin stood near the foot of a steep mountain, where four shepherds dwelt, whose sheep and lambs were now ensconced within the corral, which ill protected them from the cold rain. Three of the men were inside of the hut, coaxing an obstinate fire into a blaze, the fourth sat alone near the door, the bright coal in his pipe shining like a fiery eye. The Colonel was soon engaged in a series of yarns in which I had no particular interest, and so I left them and stood in the doorway.

Looks as if it was going to clear up, sir.

If you ain't got much regard for truth, that's so.

How easily he 'coppered' my sentence.

Young feller, I kinder thought you said that for want of sumthin' to say. Look at that pilin' o'clouds; don't they look wet?

I was obliged to confess that they did.

Well, I said so because I wanted it to dry up to let us go on.

That's more like it p'r'aps.

You must have a very lonely life here.

Well, it ain't exciting, but folks can be as lonely in a great city as anywhere here on the plain.

But it's time to turn in. Come, Bruce, and here a dog that I had not seen before answered his master's call and followed him into the room. As they came to the light I thought I recognized the dog (a grandson of the one I afterward learned,) and on scanning the old man closely I found he was Five, my old mining friend.

Why, old man from Tuolumne, don't you remember me?

Can't say I do.

Don't you remember our camp in early days, and Sam, and Brannan, and Bunyan and me?

A cloud of recollection seemed to pass before his eyes, and at last he exclaimed, Is it possible that you're the little 'un?

Yes, I am.

Well, this is surprisin', to say the least. I am glad to see yer. How's all the folks.

I'll talk to you to-morrow, old man, it's too late to spin yarns now; and we all rolled up in our blankets, and soon everything was quiet.

Still, dark and rainy was the morning when at an early hour we were aroused by the sound of voices, and conquering a disposition for one more nap we arose and made ready for the fragrant coffee and biscuits, appeared by the busy hands of Wacks who sang to his toil.

Five silently swallowed his breakfast, slipped quietly from the house, opened his corral, and followed his sheep out to pasture. The air was filled with the bleating of hungry animals, and the baby lambs frisked gaily along after their dams, lending their feeble notes to the chorus. I went out, to, and soon came up with Five.

Old man I hardly expected to see you again, and here.

Yer may say that. It is funny to me sometimes.

Where have you been all these years? Shifting.

In this country all the time?

No. Seein' you made me kinder tremble like about the gills, and brought back old times; I'll tell you where I've been. After you left the diggins, I struck it rich for a while, and a good lot of dust in the locker, and I'd steer on home to see it that mother-in-law hadn't died, and how my babies was. And I went down to Frisco, and went home by steamer to Providence—but didn't find much Providence in it you bet. Nobody knew me there, which onst I knew every one. I supposed I had changed in them years I was gone. I wouldn't break in upon my wife, so I went to a hotel and cast anchor. Very curious man, they thought me askin' questions 'bout everybody.

Did you find your family?

I found her married to another feller.

Did they think you dead?

I suppose so, I didn't send any dispatch while I was gone. She was rich and happy they said, and had a good husband—but the mother-in-law hadn't yet pegged out. I couldn't help feeling mean till I heard the last; but when I found she was a livin' with 'em, I didn't make no more sighs.

But your children—you surely made yourself known to them?

Not as the roads are. There was only one I cared for, my little Maggie, my blue-eyed darlin', and I found where she played to the park, and spoke to her one day. I knowed her by her sunny hair, and she had a little dog on the end of a spun-yarn. She had the same pretty ways, though she was a heap grown. Once I walked up to her when she was alone, and I says to her, Good mornin', little lady. Good morning, Sir, says she, a little timidly like, for I suppose I did look mighty rough. What is your name, little lady? Maggie, said she; and this is my spy dog, Pug. Bless her heart! I did want to clutch her to my heart and ask her to kiss me just once, and ask her if she knew me.

Why didn't you?

Well, I thought I'd better not. I asked her where she lived. Over in the big house, says she. Is your father and mother there? My father is dead in California. Mother and Emily have got a new father, but I have not.

I been in California, says I swallowing something like a loaf of bread in my throat. You, says my Daisy, and did you see my father? I have been in many a tight box young feller, but that was the hardest deal I ever had. No, little lady, says I but are you happy here? Yes, sir, says she, as I can be till I get to Heaven and see my father. Do you think he's waiting for me there? I hope so, darling; any rate he will be. Won't you kiss me just once? The little thing looked at me straight with her shiny eyes. Your little girl may kiss somebody from California some day. Are you going back there? Yes, little lady, I shall go to morrow. Wait here then a minute. And she darted away over to her house and disappeared in the garden. In a second she was back, and in her chubby hands were beautiful flowers,—violets, pinks and mornin' glories. Will you take these with you and put them on my father's grave, if you can find it? He may be lonely there. Yes, lassie, says I almost broken, I'll take them with me as you wish. And I couldn't help catchin' her in my arms and kissin' her hard and faster. And then without another word I left her standing there with a world o' wonder in her eyes, and got my dunnage from the hotel, and back I came again. Excuse me, I must turn them sheep. Here Bruce!

The poor old man could hardly speak, and I waited till he came up again.

Do you see this?

He took from his rough shirt a little packet fastened round his neck by a cord. He unwrapped this and there lay a bunch of faded flowers.

I told the little lady I'd put them on her father's grave and I've worn them on my heart every since.

I could not keep the tears from swelling up in my eyes, and on pretense of filling my pipe slipped away until I could command my voice.

But what have you been doing since you came back?

Most anything. I was a fireman in the city for years. It was excitin' like, and they was a good set of boys, was the Knickerbockers, and we had a little lady in our company which always set me a thinking of my Maggie, though it looks she wasn't. But just the same ways and actions, and I believe every man in the company would have died for her. I got to be foreman once, and our life seemed to be as good as any. Rattling to fires, pullin' up ladders, fightin' fire and smoke goin' to funerals—take it all, we enjoyed and *I* tho't as how *I* would die in that business, and that the boys should string along with the band arter my bones some day; but it wasn't to be. There ain't no parades, nor nothing, and the city is too dull for me since they disbanded us and put out fire by machinery. Miserable nonsense, says *I*, putting out fire with fire and *I* never did believe in these new fangled notions. D'ye see this 5 on my hand? That led me to join that company. *It* has puzzled many a fellow, but it's what we did at school. There was five of us that used to go for apples and melons and such, and we was all numbered. You've had my story, young fellow, and *I* am glad to see you. The sun is coming through the clouds, and if you want to reach Bear Creek to-night, you must be starting. *If* you ever come up here again see me. Good-bye.

We shook hands, and *I* left him following his sheep. Our horses were soon ready, and bidding adieu to our kind hosts, we cantered southward, and my old friend Five waved his hand as a last farewell.

A LIE, ZOOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

We stand agape in the British Museum looking at the monstrous skeletons of the mastodon, megatherium and iguanodon, and conclude that all the great animals thirty feet long and eleven feet high are extinct. Now, while we do not want to frighten children or disturb nervous people, we have to say that, the other day, we caught a glimpse of a monster, beside which the lizards of the saurian era were short, and the elephants of the mammalian period were insignificant.—We saw it in full spring, and on the track of its prey. Children would call the creature "a fib"; rough persons would term it a "whopper"; polite folks would say it was "a fabrication"; plain and unscientific people would style it a LIE. Naturalists might assign it to the species "Tigris regalis, or 'Felis pardus.'

We do not think that anatomical and zoological justice has been done to THE LIE. It is to be found in all zones. Livingstone saw it in Central Africa; Dr. Kane found it on an iceberg, beside a polar bear; Agasiz discovered it in Brazil. It thrives about as well in one clime as another, with perhaps a little preference for the temperate zone. It lives on berries or corn or grapes or artichokes; drinks water, alcohol or tea. It eats up a great many children, and would have destroyed the boy who afterward became father of his country, had he not driven it back with his hatchet. (See the last two hundred Sunday School addresses.)

The first peculiarity of the Tigris regalis or Felis pardus, commonly called a lie, is its longevity. If it once gets born, it lives on almost interminably. Sometimes it has followed a man for ten, twenty, or forty years, and has been as healthy in its last leap as in its first. It has run at every President from General Washington to General Grant, and helped kill Horace Greeley. It has barked at every good man since Adam, and every good woman since Eve, and every good boy since Abel, and every good cow since Pharoh's lean kine. Malarias do not poison it, nor fires burn it, nor winters freeze it. Just now it is after your neighbor; to-morrow it will be after you. It is the healthiest of all monsters. Its tooth knocks out the "tooth of time." Its hair never turns white with age, nor does it limp with decrepitude. It is distinguished for its longevity.

It keeps up with the express train, and is present at the opening and shutting of the mail-bags. It takes a morning run from New York to San Francisco, or over to London before breakfast. It can go a thousand miles at a jump. It would despise seven league boots as tedious. A telegraph pole is just knee high to this monster, and from that you can judge its speed of locomotion. It never gets out of wind—carries a bag of reputation made up in cold hash so that it does not have to stop for victuals. It goes so fast that sometimes five million people have seen it the same morning.

It can smell a moral imperfection fifty miles away. The crow has no faculty compared with this for finding a carrion. *It* has scented something a hundred miles off, and before night "treed," its game. *It* can find more than is actually there. When it begins to snuff the air, you had better look out. *It* has great length and breadth and depth and height of nose.

The rabbit has no such power to listen as this creature we speak of. It hears all the sounds that come from five thousand key-holes. It catches a whisper from the other side the room, and can understand the scratch of a pen. It has one ear open toward the east and the other toward the west, and hears everything in both directions. All the tittle-tattle of the world pours into those ears like vinegar through a funnel. They are always up and open, and to them a meeting of the sewing society is a jubilee, and a political campaign is heaven.

The snake has hard work to choke down a toad, and the crocodile has a mighty struggle to take in the calf; but the monster of which I speak can swallow anything. It has a throat bigger than the whale that took down the minister who declined the call to Ninevah, and has swallowed whole presbyteries and conferences of clergymen. A Brobdignagian goes down as easily as a Liliputian. The largest story about business dishonor, or female frailty, or political deception, slips through with the ease of a homœopathic pellet. Its throat is sufficient for anything round, or square, or angular, or octagonal. Nothing in all the earth is too big for its mastication and digestion, save the truth, and that will stick in its gullet.

It goes in a flock with others of its kind. If one takes after a man of woman, there are at least ten in its company. As soon as anything bad is charged against a man, there are many others who know things just as deleterious. Lies about himself, lies about his wife, lies about his children, lies about his associates, lies about his house, lies about his store—swarms of them, broods of them, heaps of them. Kill one of them and there will be twelve alive to act as pall-bearers; another to preach his funeral sermon, and still another to write his obituary.

Now, many people spend half their time in hunting lies. You see a man rushing anxiously about to correct a newspaper paragraph, or a husband, with clenched fists, on the way to pound some one who has told a false thing about his wife. There is a woman on the next street who heard, last Monday, a falsehood about her husband and has had her hat and shawl on ever since, in the effort to correct wrong impressions. Our object in this zoological sketch of a lie is to pursuade you of the folly of such a hunting excursion. If these monsters have such long legs, and go a hundred miles at a jump, you might as well give up the chase. If they have such keenness of nostril, they can smell you across the state, and get out of your way. If they have such long ears, they can hear the hunter's first step in the woods. *It* they have such great throats, they can swallow you at a gape. *It* they are gregarious, while you shoot one, forty will run upon you like mad buffaloes, and trample you to death. Better go to your work, and let the lies run. Their bloody muzzles have tough work with a man usefully busy. You cannot so easily overcome them with sharp retort as with adze and yard-stick. All the howlings of California wolves at night do not stop the sun from kindling victorious morn on the Sierra Nevadas, and all the ravings of defamation and revenge cannot hinder the resplendent dawn of heaven on a righteous soul.—*The Methodist.*

WOMEN'S CLOTHES.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps says that Women's wits go into their clothes. We quote from her timely words as follows:

The average young woman expends enough inventive power, enough financial shrewdness, enough close foresight, enough perturbation of spirit, enough presence of mind, enough patience of hope and anguish of regret upon one season's outfit—*I* had almost said upon one single street suit—to make an excellent bank cashier or a comfortable graduate of a theological seminary.

I once saw a young lady ride the whole way from Portland to Boston, in the cars without once leaning back against the cushioned seat, as that she should not tumble her black silk sash.

A barber told me that he curled a young lady for a ball, and she had two hundred and forty-seven curls when done—and *I* began at ten in the morning and *I* never got through with her until 9 o'clock at night.

Dr. Dio Lewis tells of a being who put four hundred and twenty-five (*I* think,) yards of trimming upon a single dress. Four hundred and twenty-five yards! Conceive of the Hon. Charles Sumner or Prof. Longfellow in four hundred and twenty-five yards of trimming? Imagine the speech on San Domingo, or the Psalm of Life, written with a black silk sash tied to the author's coat tails, he pausing at every classic stanza to see if he had tumbled himself behind. Fancy Brown Sequard at a consultation in two hundred and forty-seven curls. Picture him timing the pulse of a dying man with one hand, and tightening his hair-pins with the other.

A MAN WHO MAKES HIMSELF FELT.

I have spoken of Ben. Butler. Whatever topic *I* run upon, *I* am liable to speak of Ben. Butler, for the ramifications of his Mephistopelian mind extended everywhere. He is a power here, say what you will. Not because he is generally popular, not because he is even liked, not because he is looked up to as a safe counsellor; but because he has brains, and knows how to use them, and how to make people afraid of them. We may sneer at him, doubt him, denounce him.—He will deserve it all, no doubt, but for pure brain sharpness, he is the ablest man in the American Congress to-day. *It* isn't his brains that gives him this reluctantly accorded influence so much as it is his executive power, which is marvellous. He has a thousand different things on his hands at the same time, and he attends to each as though it was his life work. He employs three clerks, besides keeping constantly busy himself. He has dozens of confidential agents here and elsewhere. He keeps up his law practice, which is one of the largest in the country. He nurses his enmities, whose name is legion, and every now and then he gratifies one of them. He looks into every measure pending before Congress, and understands its merits and demerits as few others do. He lays the wires which are to be the future helps to the gratification of his boundless ambition. For, though he did not enter the Senatorial canvass for the about-to-be-vacated seat of Senator Wilson, his ambition is alive as growing rumor hath it. No pent up Massachusetts, with its Governorship bauble, is Ben's ultimatum. He would like to be President of the United States before he dies. You laugh at that; but you laughed when he said he was going to be Massachusetts next Governor, and as the canvass progressed, it got to be no laughing matter. He has an idea that he is popular with the masses, and that he might rush into the Presidential chair, if he once got fairly started with a wild hip and hurrah, on the shoulders of the workingmen, as a sort of people's candidate, with or without the aid of the Republican party as the case might be. He would be more successful at playing the no-party game than the late Horace Greeley was, and would have more positive strength as the leader of another guerilla campaign like the last one.

It Butler hates his enemies he is faithful to his friends, and watches for their interests through all vicissitudes. *It* he were not so faithful to his friends he would not now be so bitter against Civil Service reform. The rules of the Curtis Commission have barred the doors of the department against them. Butler threatens, expostulates, entreats. *It* is of no use. There is now no entry into clerkship save by passing successfully a competive examination.—*Wash. Cor. Troy Times.*

TWO CURIOUS NEEDLES.

The king of Prussia recently visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marveled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. *It* was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, turned a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with the thread and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. *It* was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle, scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, and which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

Mr. Geo. W. Curtis thus closed his lecture on the education of women: Now as to the question of a collegiate education for women it is not proposed that women shall be compelled to go to college, but only that they shall have precisely the same opportunity that men have, if they wish to improve it. There is in England, at this very day, a lady lecturing at the Young Woman's Institute upon domestic questions, such as "Would you prefer to use an earthern or an iron pot upon your kitchen stove? or how would you lay out 10 shillings if you had a sick husband and six children too young to work? and how would you make bread? This is precisely the kind of education; the sooner it becomes universal, the sooner we shall have better health. We have our agricultural chairs and colleges; and certainly if it is worth while to teach us how to raise wheat it is as wise to teach us how to convert it into bread. *If* there are branches of knowledge improper for women to learn, or duties unfit to perform, they will know it a thousand times better than men, so give them their choice. *If* there be some women in whom the love of learning extinguishes all other love then the heaven-appointed sphere of that woman is not the nursery. It may be the library, the laboratory, the observatory. Not the happiness of Romeo and Juliet but star-eyed science is her place. Does such a woman prove that perfect liberty of education un-spheres women? On the contrary it has enabled that woman to perceive exactly what God meant her to do. We have left the petted slave in the Greek household, to go forward and onward. We have left the idle toy and the painted doll with Chesterfield and the clubs, and we go forward. God lead us to find the true woman in the free American home.