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Her Birthday.

"Next week is my little one's birthday."
I said as I stitched away
At the dainty white dress I was making;
"She is two years old in May."

And I thought how fair and dainty
Would my two-year old darling be,
In the dress like a web of snowflakes,
As white as white could be.

"I will put some buds from my roses
Among her beautiful hair,
And a fly-blow on her bonom,
And she will be so fair!"

To-day is my darling's birthday,
In her new white garment dress;
She lies in the parlor yonder
With a lily on her breast.

Still I know it is *not* my darling
In the little casket there;
She is keeping her birthday in Heaven,
Where the sinless angels are.

They have given her a new white garment,
Not made by earthly hands;
And crowned her with fadeless flowers
In the sunny Eden Lands.

Contentment.

In vain do men
The heaven of their fortune's fault accuse;
Saith they now best what is the best for them;
For they to each such fortune do diffuse
As they do know each can most aptly use.
For not that, which men covet most, is best;
Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse;
But truest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold; each hath his fortune in his breast.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor;
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is worst riches; fools therefore
They are, who fortunes do by vows devise;
Sith each un'o himself his life may fortunize.
Spenser.

The Ivied Cottage.

She dwells in an ivied cottage
Half hidden by chestnut trees,
Whose leaves betimes when they waver
Have a sound like moaning seas;
And oft in the quiet evening
I've walked by that cottage door,
And seen, through the open window,
The sunshine picture the floor.

And there, in that lonely cottage,
Lives a maiden with blue eyes,
That seem to her artless beauty
What stars are unto the skies.
She walks with a grace that's nameless,
And ne'er a moment seems lone;
The chastened charm in her features
Pure as a lily half blown!

See sits by the open window
And plies her needle and thread,
When winds are swinging the roses,
And the sun is setting red.
When the winds have swung the roses
They ripple her dainty curls,
That fall in a glossy cluster
On shoulders whiter than pearls.

Near to that cottage I've lingered,
In the lone, long summer eves,
And sighed to talk to the maiden
As low as the fluttering leaves:
To tell her I love her beauty;
But all my wishes are vain—
My heart, my heart is the maiden's,
Yet hers I never may gain.

Confidential.

Dear Norah, I'll tell you a secret—
I've captured a beau, my pet!
After Easter there'll be a grand wedding
And sleigh-rides—providing there's snow.

I shall send you a card in good season,
The envelope of which, you will find,
In the point where the corner folds down,
Has an L and a G intertwined.

I've got me a new-fashioned bonnet,
All covered in feathers and lace,
While delicate roses and flowers
Fall gracefully over the face.

My dress was imported from Paris—
An elegant lilac brocade,
Which left on a ship for this city
In time to escape the blockade.

With boots of the daintiest satin,
As white as the purest of snow,
A rosette the size of a saucer,
Ah inch from the tip of the toe.

I've perfumes and gloves by the dozen,
And jewels—guess some were they're pure—
A love of a watch, with a diamond,
"Too cunning for anything,"—sure.

I'd nearly forgotten to mention
The name of the man I'm to wed;
I think it is Gibson or Gibbons—
Just now I can't tell which he said.

Papa says "he's rich as old Crœsus,"
(Who he is, I'm sure I can't tell,)
Has a stud of a dozen fine horses,
With which I shall cut such a swell!

Au revoir, my dear Norah, till Easter;
Come early, in season to see
The bundles of things I can't mention;
We start for the church at "sharp three."

NABBY'S HUSBAND.

A knock at the squire's door.

An eager "come in" from the squire, to whom any outside diversion is an inestimable boon, he having just reached that uncomfortable stage of masculine convalescence when life becomes a burden not only to the so-called "patient" himself, but also to those unlucky feminine relatives whose duty it is to officiate as his "ministering angels."

Mary, the servant, came in.

"Please, Mr. Hosley, there's a woman down stairs who says she must see you. She's been here before since you were sick, and now she won't take 'no' for an answer."

"Show her right up, Mary," said the squire, alertly, brightening up visibly, like the war-horse who scents the battle afar off. Not till the cozy comfort of his surroundings, the "Sleepy Hollowness" of his easy-chair, the pleasant pictures on the wall, the wood fire which, now that the wintry twilight was settling down over the bit of gray sky left visible by the curtains' heavy folds, danced and flashed all over the room in rosy shadows, could reconcile the squire to his enforced seclusion. Secretly he pined for his dingy old den of an office, and chafed at the doctor's restrictions, which as yet forbade all thought of business. But now the moral police force, represented by his wife and daughter, being luckily off duty, there was nothing to prevent his seeing this probable client.

"Show her up, Mary," said the squire cheerfully, straightening himself, and assuming as much of legal dignity as dressing-gown and slippers permitted.

Mary disappeared. Presently the door opened again. "Why, Nabby," said the squire, "is it you? How do you do?

"Yes, squire, it's me," said Nabby, dropping down with a heavy sigh into a chair; "and I don't do very well."

Nabby was a short, squarely built woman of fifty, with considerable gray in the coarse, black hair drawn stiffly and uncompromisingly back under a bonnet about five years out of date. She had sharp black eyes, and a resolute, go-ahead manner. Evidently a hard-working woman; yet in looking at her you could not help the conviction that something more than hard work had plowed the deep wrinkles which ran across and across her forehead, and threatened to lift her eyebrows up to her hair.

Nabby had lived with the squire's mother fifteen years—from the time when Mrs. Hosley took her in, a ten-year-old orphan, who was, as the good old lady sometimes expressed it, "more plague than profit," until she grew into the steady and reliable handmaiden, who finally, with every one's good wishes, married young Josiah Gould, and set up in the world for herself. Old Mrs. Hosley had long since gone to her reward, but the family still kept up a friendly interest in Nabby and her fortunes, the squire in particular being her "guide, philosopher, and friend" in all the emergencies of life.

"Why, what's the matter now, Nabby?" said the squire, good-naturedly. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, I am," said Nabby, emphatically, with a snap of her black eyes. "I'm sick to death of Josiah. I can't stan' it any longer, and I've come to talk with you about gittin' a divorce. You see he's been a-growin' worse and worse now for a good while. I've kep' it to myself pretty much, because I was ashamed on't, and then I kep' hopin' he'd do better. I've talked and talked to him, and said and done every thing a woman could, but it seemed as if the more I talked the worse he grew."

The squire looked at Nabby's rather sharp, hard face, and perhaps was hardly so surprised as Nabby expected that Josiah had not been reformed by the vigorous "talking to" he had undoubtedly received.

"He grew more and more shiftless and good-for-nothin'," continued Nabby, "till, finally, he didn't do much but set round the kitchen fire, half boozy. If there's any thing I *hate*," burst out Nabby, "it's a man forever settin' round the house underfoot. And there I was a-takin' in washin', and a-slavin' early and late, to be kinder decent and forehanded, and him no better n a dead man on my hands, so far as help in' any was concerned. And so I told him, time and again. He worked just about enough to keep himself in drink. He knew he couldn't git any of my money for that.

"But I stood it till about a fortnight ago. I'd been workin' hard all day helpin' Miss Barber clean house, and it seemed as if every bone in my body ached, I was so tired. I came along home, thinkin' how good my cup of tea 'd taste. The first thing I see, when I opened the kitchen door, was old Hank Slater settin' there in my rockin' chair. He and Josiah were both drunk as—as *hogs*," said Nabby, slandering an innocent animal in her taste for a simile.

"They'd tracked the mud all over my clean floors. The cookin'-stove was jammed full of wood, roarin' like all possessed. I wonder they hadn't burned the house up before I got there. And they'd got my best tea-pot out to heat some water, and the water 'd all b.iled away, and the bottom come out. But the worst was to see my husband a-consortin' with such scum of the earth as that miserable, low-lived Hank Slater. I tell you, squire, I was *mad*. I just flung that kitchen door wide open, and sez I.

"'Git out of this house, Josiah Gould, and don't never let me see your face inside on't again.'

"Sez he, meek as Moses, 'Where shall I go to, Nabby?'

"Sez I, 'I don't care where you go to, so long's you don't come near me. I've always ben a respectable woman, and I don't want none of Hank Slater's friends round my house.'"

"Well?" queried the squire, as Nabby's narration came to a pause.

"Well," said Nabby, in rather a subdued tone, "he went off. And he hain't come back. And I want a divorce."

"Now, Nabby," remonstrated the squire, "you don't want a divorce. I know you better than that. You are not the woman to give Josiah up, and let him go to the bad, without a struggle. You feel a little vexed with him now, and I don't blame you. It is hard, very hard. But you know you took him 'for better or worse.' Do you think, yourself, it is quite right to break your contract because it proves the worse for you—because you are the strong one and he the weak one of the two? That don't strike me as good Bible doctrine, Nabby. We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves,' you know.

"Well, I dunno," said Nabby, twisting the corner of her shawl dubiously. "I hadn't thought on't in that light, I must say. It's so aggravatin' to have such a man for a husband. Besides, I dunno's he'd come back now if I wanted him to."

"Hasn't he been back at all?"

"Why, yes, he did come once, for a pair of pantaloons. But I didn't take no notice of him."

"Now, Nabby, you may depend upon it, it wasn't the pantaloons he was after. He wanted to see if you wouldn't relent. If he comes again, be a little pleasant to him, and I'll warrant he will stay. Give him another chance, Nabby. Josiah isn't the worst fellow in the world, by any means. He has his redeeming traits, after all. I believe he will do better, if you will try to help him. You know Josiah is one that bears a good deal of encouragement, Nabby

"Well, squire, I'll think it over. Anyhow, I'm obleged to you. You talk so sorter comfortin' to a body. You're your mother's own son; just the same good heart. Would you be able to eat some of my cheese, squire?"

"Try me, and see, Nabby," said the squire, smiling, not impervious to Nabby's compliments. Nabby made her exit just as Mrs. Hosley rushed in, full of wifely indignation that the squire had been allowed to see a "client."

Nabby's home was over at "the Corners," three miles from the village. She walked rapidly along in the fast-thickening darkness, with the steady, strong gate becoming the self-reliant woman that she was. Yet even her unimaginative nature was not proof against the depressing influence of the chilly, raw November evening. The wind whistled through the bare tree branches, which creaked and groaned mournfully, and waved wildly up and down in the dim light overhead. The wind seemed to cherish a special spite against Nabby. It blew her bonnet off and her hair into her eyes, struggled madly with her for her shawl, took her breath away, and firmly resisted her every step. Finally, it began to send spiteful dashes of cold rain-drops in her face—rain that seemed almost to freeze as it fell.

"Josiah used to come after me with an umbrella when I was caught out in the rain," thought Nabby. "He was always real kind and good to me, after all. I dunno's he ever give me a cross word in his life, even when he'd ben drinkin'."

Here the driving, sleety rain and piercing wind pounced down upon Nabby with renewed fierceness, hustling her madly around in fiend'sh glee.

"An awful night to be homeless, Nabby," something seemed to say.

"I don't care," said Nabby to herself, beginning to feel cross agam and generally ill used as she grew wetter and colder. "It serves him right. He's made his bed, and he can lie in it."

At "the Corners," the light streaming cheerfully out into the night from other homes made Nabby's little house look particularly gloomy and uninviting. Nabby fumbled under the mat for the door-key, fumbled with stiffened fingers for the keyhole, and, finally succeeding in unlocking the door, felt her way in through the little entry.

There is always something "uncanny" about going alone at night in a dark and shut-up house. Even people of the best-regulated minds experience a vague suspicion of something behind them, a sense of possible ghostly hands about to clutch them in the darkness. Nabby was a woman, like Mrs. Edmund Sparkler, with "no nonsense about her;" but, nevertheless, a cheerful tale she had read only yesterday in the *Chronicle*, about a burglar and a lone woman, kept coming into her head, and she carefully avoided the thick blackness of the corners and the pantry door as she groped around the kitchen for a candle. Of course the fire had gone out.

"Two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head," Nabby might have been heard muttering out in the wood-house as she stooped painfully down picking up chips; by which oracular utterance I suspect she was thinking what a good supply of kindlings Josiah always kept on hand for her, and how much more comfortable it was in the old times coming home to a house bright with light and warmth and Josiah's welcome.

For Josiah cherished the most profound admiration for Nabby—an admiration not unmingled with awe. He thought her a most wonderful woman. She was just as beautiful to him now as in the old courting days, before the brightness and quickness of the black eyes had degenerated into sharpness, before the smiling mouth had acquired its hard, firmly set expression, before there were any wrinkles in the smooth forehead. People thought Nabby had done well in marrying Josiah Gould—a pleasant, good-natured young fellow that every one liked; a young mechanic; not very rich yet, it was true; but, with a good trade and such a wife as Nabby, there seemed nothing to prevent his figuring as "one of our first citizens."

Any body can be somebody in this country if they are only determined. But that was exactly the difficulty with Josiah. He never was determined about any thing. He fell into the habit of drinking because he lacked sufficient strength of will to avoid it. Then Nabby's sharp words, and his own miserable sense of meanness and self-contempt, of utter discouragement and despair, drove him lower and lower, and he sank down supinely into the Slough of Despond without effort or hope.

By a beautiful dispensation of Providence, whenever a poor, shiftless, good-for-nothing man is sent into our world, some active, go-ahead little woman is invariably fastened to him to tow him along through, and keep his head above water. It's for the best, of course. What would become of the poor fellow without her? At the same time, she sometimes finds it a little hard.

Nabby was ambitious and proud-spirited, willing to work hard, to save, to do her part—anxious to get on in the world and stand well among the neighbors. The fact, gradually realized, that in her husband she had no help, no support, only a drag and burden, and finally a disgrace, had been a disappointment embittering her whole nature. To have a husband that no one respected, that even the boys around town called "Si Gould," was dreadful to Nabby. Perhaps it was hardly strange that she grew hard and bitter.

Meanwhile Nabby had succeeded in starting the fire, and having changed her dress, sat down to dry her feet until the tea-kettle boiled. But even the ruddy light and warmth with which the kitchen now glowed could not fend off the dreariness of the night. The rain "tapped with ghostly finger-tip upon the window-pane," and the wind howled and wailed around the house like the spirits of the lost pleading to be once more taken back into human life and warmth. Such a wind stirs in even the happiest heart a vague sense of loss, of change, of all that goes to make up the unsatisfactoriness of life. Dead sorrows creep forth from their graves on such nights, and stalk up and down the echoing chambers of the heart.

Nabby could not help wondering where Josiah was to-night. It was so lonely sitting there with no one to speak to, listening to the moaning wind, the creaking of the blinds, the loud ticking of the clock.

"And Thanksgivin' a-comin'," thought Nabby. "A pretty Thanksgivin' I shall have!"

The wind wailed and wailed, and Nabby thought and thought. The very fact of having "freed her mind," to the squire had relieved her long pent-up indignation, and now she felt more sad than angry. Up before her seemed to rise a picture of her life: the youthful dreams and hopes, the changes and disappointments, the love turned into wrangling. She even thought of Josiah with pity. For the first time she "put herself in his place," and realized how almost impossible it was for one of his weak nature to resist, unaided, the temptation which will cost a stronger will an effort.

"I'm afraid I've ben a little too sharp with Josiah," thought she. "I've sorter took it for granted I was a saint and he a sinner, and scolded him right along down hill. A nice saint I am! As proud and high-strong as Lucifer himself! Oh dear!" sighed Nabby: "a pretty mess I've made of living! If we could only go back and begin over again, seems to me Nabby would go better."

Just then there was a faint noise, like the clicking of the door-latch. Nabby started and looked round. All was still again—no one visible. Yet Nabby could not rid herself of the impression that some one was near her, that odd sense we have of another's individuality near us though not present.

"There's some one hangin' round here, I know," said she to herself.

Nabby was one who always met things half way. Accordingly, she walked to the outside door, and, opening it quickly peered out into the darkness. There stood Josiah—wet, sheepish, sorry. Once he had started to go in, but his courage failing, he lingered in dubious hesitation on the door-step.

"Why don't you come in, Josiah?" said Nabby.

"I don't know's you'd want me, Nabby," replied Josiah, with all the meekness becoming a returning prodigal.

"Want you? Of course I do," said Nabby, heartily. "Come right along in. I'm goin' to have griddle-cakes for supper, and you must tend 'em while I set the table." Griddle-cakes were one of Josiah's favorite weaknesses, and Nabby knew it.

Josiah came in. If he ever gets into heaven, probably his sensations will not be one whit more delightful than they were now, as from the bleakness and gloom of the night, the forlornness of his wretched wanderings, he came into the cozy brightness of the kitchen, and felt that he was home once more. How good the tea smelled! The fire roared and snapped, the tea-kettle boiled and bubbled and rubbed its lid up and down, and from the griddle the savory odor of the cakes ascended like a homely incense. Josiah's face, shining with mingled heat and happiness as he turned the griddle-cakes, was something worth seeing.

Nabby stepped briskly around getting supper ready. It seemed so pleasant to set the table for two again, to have some one to praise and appreciate her cooking. The November wind might howl its worst now. Its hold on Nabby was gone. In place of all the bitter sadness that had hung heavily around her heart was a warm feeling of happiness, of comfort and hope.

All the explanation they had wished was this: Josiah drew forth from under his shabby coat an exceedingly awkward and knobby bundle.

"I've bought something for you, Nabby," said he.

The "something," undone, proved to be a very handsome brittannia tea-pot. That tea-pot must have known it was a peace-offering, with such preternatural brightness did it shine and glisten. Something in Nabby's eyes shone and glistened too, although she winked hard, and scorned the weakness of a pocket-handkerchief.

"Thank you, Josiah," she said: "its a regular beauty, and I shall set lots by it."

Which, so long as they understood each other, was, perhaps, as well as if Josiah had made a long-worded speech of repentance and reformation, and Nabby another of forgiveness.

I wish I could say that Nabby never scolded Josiah again. But I can't. However, she "drew it mild," and there was a general understanding between them that this was only a sort of exercise made necessary by habit—a barking by no means involving biting. And Josiah was so accustomed to it that he would have missed it, and not felt natural without being wound up and set going for the day by Nabby.

One day, later in the winter, Nabby was washing for Mrs. Hosley.

"So you've taken Josiah back again, after all?" said Mrs. Hosley.

"Well, yes, I have," said Nabby, giving a last twist to the sheet she was wringing out. "Josiah mayn't be very much to brag of; but then, you see, he's my own, and all I've got. We're gittin' to be old folks, Josiah and me, and we may as well put up with each other the little while we've got to stay here."

"How has he been doing since he came back?"

"First-rate. He's walked as straight's a string ever sence. He's a good provider, now's he quit drinkin', and a master-hand for fixin' up things around the house, and makin' it comfortable. I tell you what 'tis, Miss Hosley, we've got to make low-ances for folks in this world. We can't have 'em always jest to our mind. We've got to take 'em jest as they are, and make the best on't."

"I'm glad to see you so much happier and better contented, Nabby."

"Well, I used to fret and complain a good deal because things hadn't turned out as I expected 'em to; but lately I've thought a good deal about it all, and I've made up my mind that there's considerable comfort for every one in this world, after all. We mayn't git jest what we want, but we git somethin'."

In which piece of philosophy I believe Nabby was about right.

Is a pawnbroker a man of principal? Yes; it is his interest to be so.

Boston Inebriate Asylum.

The Thirteenth Annual Report of the Washington Home, Boston, Mass., is a document of great interest. The Home, it is known, is an institution for the treatment of patients suffering from alcoholic disease, and the Boston house was, we believe, the first of the kind in the country, and possibly in the world. During the 13 years of its existence it has treated 3,690 patients—during the last year 276 have been received. Mr. Otis Clapp, the President of the Corporation, says: "With limited means and inadequate accommodations, the work of the Home has been perseveringly carried on with increasing energy, and its efforts for good have been acknowledged, not only in our own State, but throughout the Union, and even in other countries." Mr. William C. Lawrence, the efficient Superintendent of the Home, states the encouraging fact that 31 cases of delirium tremens have been treated during the last year, and that not one has been lost. Over one hundred out-door patients have been treated with gratifying success. About one-half the in-door patients have remained only a fortnight, the remainder for various periods from two to six months. Mr. Lawrence says: "We have no doubt, from present appearances, that we shall have more thorough reformations than in any previous year." The plan adopted by the Home is mainly a moral one. It is supposed that every applicant is desirous of reforming his habits, and of ridding himself of disease. There is no restraint worth mentioning, except such as is necessary for the preservation of good order in the Home. The patient pledges his honor to refrain from alcohol while residing in the Home, and he is not only expected but desired to exercise the most perfect freedom in regard to his personal movements. There is, in cases requiring it, medical treatment, but after a few days this is rarely necessary. The mind is the chief physician. By every cheerful encouragement, by undeviating personal kindness, by advice, and every possible assistance, the reforming man is encouraged to rely not upon others, but upon himself. Gradually, the good habit takes the place of the bad one. The restored will, before headstrong in the wrong direction, becomes inflexible in the right one. Seeing with new eyes, and thinking with a new mind, and feeling with a new heart, it often happens that those who have been deemed the most hopelessly incorrigible become the most immovable and resolute in a course of sobriety. The officers of the institution point with a pardonable pride to a great many men now holding positions of honor, usefulness, and emolument, who owe the fact not alone that they are prospering, but that they are living at all, to the influences of the Home. Of course, the institution sometimes fails. It cannot select its patients, and it necessarily receives some who are probably beyond the permanent influence of any treatment whatever, except that of physical restraint. But wherever there is will enough remaining to second the moral effort, the best hope may be entertained; and it is taken for granted that no man is deficient in these, until he has been tried repeatedly and always found wanting. But the Home does not pretend to offer a refuge for those who are absolutely incurable. This is no part of its undertaking; nor, in justice to those under its care, who are struggling in bitter earnest, could it be permitted to become merely the temporary resort of those who desire nothing except to be rescued for the hour from the consequences of a debauch which may at any moment be renewed. The Home "means business," and those who manage it are in earnest. They hold that for the incorrigible—for those who have passed the fatal point, and become mere children so far as the power of the will is concerned, other means of restraint like those resorted to in other cases of insanity, must be provided either by the State or by private liberality. At the same time, these chronic cases would diminish in number as society becomes more and more abstinent. The Washingtonian Home undertakes to solve only one problem, and that is to restore the enfeebled will to a moral and effective muscularity.

BITTEN.—An illustration of the fact that a would-be biter is often the worst bitten of all comes from Reese River, California. A man entered the office of the photographer in that place and wanted a single picture taken. The artist named his price, which happened to be about double the amount the stranger would pay. So, after considerable banter, the visitor proposed to have a half-length picture taken for half price. This was agreed to, and the subject paid his money, and adopted what he considered to be an exceedingly graceful and pleasing attitude. The usual operations were gone through with, and soon a first-rate picture, consisting of a fine view of the subject from the waistband down, was finished and delivered to the waiting customer. There was no mistake; it was a half-length picture for half price; and after delivering himself of a few exclamation points, the customer walked off, believing, probably, that he had paid well for a view of his boots even at half price.

DID NOT READ THE PAPERS.—One of the painful results of not reading the newspapers is reported in Saratoga county. It appears that at a recent fire property was destroyed on which there was an insurance of $2,500. The owner tripped lightly into the office where his policy was drawn, and producing the document, said he guessed he would take that money. The agent looked at it, expectorated a quantity of tobacco juice on the caller's nigh boot, and then exclaimed: "Why in thunder don't you read the papers? I gave notice a fortnight since in the public press that the company went down—flat busted—when Chicago went up. Had you read the papers you could have renewed your policy in a company that hadn't exploded, and been so much in. As it is you are so much out." We trust those who follow this man's example will take warning.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS, otherwise called the stormy petrel, are sea-birds, dark-colored, and about the size of a swallow.

A vessel was once wrecked near the Bahama Islands, and only one person was saved out of the passengers and crew, and that one person was a woman who had lost her husband and child.

The people treated her kindly, but she was very much grieved at her loss. She lived in an old tower near the sea, and she used to sit nearly all day long on a high cliff and play with the petrels.

She get them very tame—so tame that they would come at her call, and she used to feed them out of her hand. As she grew old her name changed from Mrs. Carey to Mother Carey. And the sailors, believing this story, gave them the name of Mother Carey's Chickens.

CONSOLING.—Gent in want of situation (bitterly)—"Call again to-morrow! What's the use! Here, I paid my fee a month ago, and walked here and 'ome again, a matter of eight miles each way, twice every blessing day since, bar Sunday, and yet you profess to find me constant employment!" Clerk—"Well, don't you call that constant employment?"

A Mint Authority—Lamb (or he ought to be).

Miseries of Lodgers in Paris.

A correspondent of a London weekly says: "It is stated that numbers of Americans who were in a measure settled in Paris are leaving altogether. They shake the dust off their feet, having had difficulties with proprietors for which the arbitral juries, "from patriotic motives," would give no redress. Some heads of English families rather than go on paying fancy prices for wretched Paris lodgings, have made up their minds to let the proprietor sell their furniture. Frenchmen, as a rule, love to exercise power, and are greatly tempted to misuse it. Proprietors have both the will and the way to tyrannize. They can and do assert an authority, when there is no written agreement to the contrary, and put out the gas lighting the stairs at half-past ten instead of midnight. Strangers not familiar with each stair, curve, or angle, risk breaking their necks. A visitor, if not wary, may tumble down a flight when descending from your flat. Another proprietary way of annoying is to take a screw out of the pump-handle, pretend it is an accident, and find some excuse for not making the necessary repairs. The tenant is in this way placed on short commons as regards the water supply. If he buys furniture to suit his flat, and puts down carpets, the *concierge* reports at headquarters that he is snugger than any wren in its nest. Forthwith M. le Proprietaire comes on a visit of inspection. He politely asks you to let him see a chimney in the bedroom, which he is afraid wants repairing, the kitchen stove, which he thinks of improving, or a dressing-room window, which will neither shut nor open. When he is satisfied that the tenant has made himself comfortable, and would be a loser by a *demenagement*—at least until the carpets are worn out—he discovers that he let the place too cheap, and tightens the screw accordingly. Your life may be rendered insupportable by the neighbor overhead, underneath, or on the same flat. The cobbler on the sixth who is not obliged to study the convenience of the inhabitants on the fifth floor, may find it necessary to the well-being of his family to keep tapping at soles and heels through the small hours of the morning. A dog-fancying old lady is a still greater pest. She subjects her fellow-lodgers to a nameless insect invasion, to say nothing of other things which offend the nose and eyes. What do you think, you who live in detached villas, of the retired grocer inhabiting the pavilion in the garden and keeping poultry? Having passed forty years in his Faubourg St. Martin, this estimable member of society fancies a house *entre rue et jardin*, near the Champs Elysees, in the country. To realize the pleasures of a rural life, and the comforts too, for he is fond of a fresh egg, he peoples his patch of garden with gallinaceous creatures. As he is a heavy, plodding sort of person, and, if his wife does not calumniate him, snores like a ploughman, it does not matter to him when a city life deranges the nervous system of his cocks and hens. But nobody who is at all wakeful can enjoy a really refreshing sleep within hearing distance of the nocturnal crowing and cackling of the irritated birds. And what, if you live on the first floor, would you not do were the proprietor to let the shop on the ground floor to a butcher, or to an individual wanting to start an office for wet nurses? Imagine the clatter of twenty peasant female, all speaking different *patois*, and the mewlings and wailings of as many new-born babes! Who is there that lives in Paris that is not subject to one or more of these annoyances?

Hunting with Leopards in Baroda.

The procession is formed, headed by a cart containing the Bhow Sahib, then another with the cheetahs, or hunting leopards, hooded, and looking anxious to be off. Away we go across country, getting dreadfully knocked about, as we drive over everything, and the carts have no springs. We have got about three miles, and now the excitement begins, as we see an immense herd of antelopes. The Bhow Sahib does not drive straight at them, but keeps working round, and gradually sedging in. The cheetahs sniff the [illegible] keeping their noses pointed in the direction of the herd. We are within about two hundred yards; the hood is taken off and a cheetah let loose. He starts off almost at right angles to the direction of the herd, gradually working in. Every now and then, the stately old buck throws back his horns, showing symptoms of alarm; but the cunning cheetah crouches down behind some bush, remaining there until the deer begin to graze again, when he steals a few yards. For a hundred yards or so a cheetah has greater speed than a deer, but after that distance he is done. This our friend well knows; so he waits till within that distance to discover himself, singles out the back, chases him for a few minutes, makes a spring on his back, toppling him over and seizing him by the neck. The poor beast suffers; but our attention is attracted by a really pretty sight—the flight of the remainder of the herd—composed of two or three hundred of probably the most graceful little creatures in the world, who, in their retreat, spring over all the little bushes that obstruct their path. The "shirkarees," or huntsmen, run up to the victim and cut his throat. He is then cut open, and some blood caught in a wooden ladle. This is held near the cheetah's nose, and is so tempting that he lets go his hold of the neck, drinks the blood, is hooded and again placed in the cart, ready for another run. We have two or three more, and return to an excellent luncheon at the place, drink the Guicower's health, which he gracefully (through an interpreter) acknowledges, expressing his gratitude and the pleasure it gives him to see so many guests. He then takes the ladies to see the Rance—a privilege denied to the gentlemen. This ends the morning's amusement.

She Over Did It.

It is easy to overdo a good thing, and the "slip" between the "cup and the lip" is so readily found. A mechanic rejoicing in the name of Dubois, and a resident of the city of Detroit, took to drinking, and was speedily transformed from a hard-working man into a drunken sot. His good wife scolded, entreated, diminished the thickness of his beard without the use of a razor, but could make no change. One night Dubois arrived home and found that his wife and his coat had changed places—the latter lay on the floor and the former was suspended from the hook. Up rushed Dubois to the rescue, took his wife down, and after much labor brought her to her senses. The attempt at suicide completely sobered him, and like Obadiah Oldbuck, he turned over a new leaf. He promised never to drink again, and probably would have kept his word if his wife had been able to keep her own counsel. But she was just smart enough to inform several of her neighbors that the apparent hanging was a put-up job, the rope being tied under her arms. The knowledge of this little practical joke coming to Dubois's ears he first thrashed the whole family, then performed some extraordinary feats of furniture-smashing, and finally left the premises, and has not been seen since.

One hundred and twenty-one and three-fourths miles of sidewalk were destroyed by the Chicago fire, to replace which little less than one million of dollars will have to be expended.

A French Story.

A few days ago, in France, passed away the last child of the unfortunate Lesurques, who was executed for robbery, and proven innocent, but a short time after his death. He was a young man of fortune, and came to Paris with his wife and children to make his way in the world, and was of a gay but most exemplary character. Having some stock transactions with a man he had accidentally met, Lesurques went into the country with him, returning the next day. The same night the post to Lyons was robbed, and the postillions and a passenger murdered. The men who committed the murder entered an inn, and were remarked by the people, one being *blond* the other *brun*. The police soon got upon the trail, and it was found that the casual acquaintance of Lesurques was a friend of one of the men who committed the deed, and the young man was also taken into custody. Before the Court, Lesurques fell a victim to the common French habit of being "so cocksure of everything." He was *blond*, and the people of the inn swore that he was the man. Notwithstanding a very clear alibi, he was condemned, executed, and afterward proven innocent. From that time out his family never ceased to demand his rehabilitation and the restitution of his property confiscated by the State. His poor wife died in poverty, supplicating to the last for a judicial recognition of her husband's innocence. The children continued the appeal. All their earnings were expended in petitions. They offered to give up the property if the legal stigma could be removed from their name. Under Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, the Republic of '48 and of '51, the reign of Napoleon III., and even to the last Government of France, these unavailing appeals were made. The innocence was clear, but it could not be legally recognized. One after another the children died, and there remained but one old, unmarried woman to plead for her legally murdered father; and now she has followed him to his grave. There is no one left to plead for the name of the unfortunate Lesurques. Why justice has been so obstinate in refusing to recognize its error, I cannot say, but it seems that there is some legal difficulty so great, that successive Governments, for three-fourths of a century, have preferred to continue an injustice and a wrong, rather than confess that justice could be deceived.—*Paris Correspondent.*

"He Never Advertises."

There is a bright picture of the man who does not advertise. He is distinguished very easily by his careworn and dejected countenance. He is grasping—holds fast to what he has, and looks upon all customers with distrust. The miserly eagerness with which he clutches the pay for his goods creates an antipathy for him in the minds of his patrons, and they generally leave him. His store is anything but inviting, as the goods are not displayed at all, and a bleak appearance of the walls is the consequence. At night he lights his store with the poorest quality of candles, which shed a pale glimmer over his goods, giving them an old and dusty look. At his store you will be certain to find mean whisky, soft soap, damaged groceries and dry goods—all last year's fashion, &c. He seldom gives anything for public improvements or charitable purposes, and measures mankind generally in his own half bushel. Such a man never helps to build railroads, steamboats, telegraph lines, or any thing of that kind. If the balance of mankind were like him, stage coaches would be the only public conveyances. Where great cities now stand, a few double pen log-houses and a bar-room would be instead. Colleges and schools would never have been thought of, and blissful ignorance would now reign supreme. He is never posted on the topics of the day, nor is he informed in regard to commercial affairs, because he shuts himself off from that source of information by discountenancing the press, the only means through which it can be attained. And when he dies he is not generally lamented.

A New Kind of Plastered Wall.

According to the *Scientific Press*, a new kind of wall is coming into use in England, and, if we mistake not, a scientific thing has been introduced already in this country to some extent. It is thus described. "Over a frame-work of strong cross-wires, of about one-eighth in thickness, there is woven by a powerful pressure, fibrous matter which is saturated with a solution that renders it fire-proof. It is then subjected to a very powerful pressure. A coating of very light cement is then put upon it for an outside facing. By this means surfaces are made impermeable to moisture, smooth, and easily washed with water, thus saving the expense of repeated lime washings. It is formed into slabs in iron frames, which are put together and closely and securely fastened with bolts. The slabs are from one and a half inch to four inches thick. They serve as superior paneling for dividing walls or partitions. Where space is of importance, it has the advantage, perhaps, over concrete walling, in enabling a wall to be made of not more than one and a half inch or two inches in thickness, and yet its quality is said to greatly deaden sound.

THE ANVIL EXPLOSION.—The jury of inquest upon the death of Mr. S. S. Campbell, who was killed by the explosion of an anvil in Montomery, Ala., while it was being used to celebrate a political event, have returned a verdict in which they say: "We, the jury, are of the opinion that such a calamity occurring on a public thoroughfare and in the midst of a crowd of peaceful citizens, pursuing their usual avocations, in violation of law and utter disregard of human life, is nothing less than murder—and that the authorities permitting, and the parties instigating or engaging in such dangerous and uncalled for practices, should be held to a strict accountability by the Grand Juries of the country."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—A stranger recently entered a store in Belfast, Me., and asked the proprietor if he had any demand against a certain person. The merchant, after some time recollected some old notes for small amounts, which he had laid aside as worthless. Upon hunting them up the stranger counted out the money, principal and interest for fifteen years. He had contracted the debts when a young man, and being unable to pay them he went to California, where he remained till a few weeks ago, and had been successful in business; and on his return his first care had been to look up his old creditor.

SHE COULD SEE HIM.—At a trial, not long since, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opening counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight.

"Can you see me?" said he.

"Yess," was answered.

"How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer.

"Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman."

The answer brought down the house.

It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the querist

Grape Culture in California.

Good grape-land here costs from $10 to $25 per acre. When the latter price is given, the land has facilities for irrigation. At present, many think irrigation unnecessary in new vineyards; but vines accustomed to it cannot safely dispense with it. In planting a vineyard, the land is ploughed at least eighteen inches deep, and a hole is made with a crowbar, into which the cutting is dropped. The Mission grape is giving place to foreign varieties, cuttings of which have to be purchased, at prices varying from $5 to $10 per thousand. They are planted in February and March, and, when irrigation is considered necessary, the water is turned on both before and after planting. The vines are about six feet apart, or at the rate of a thousand to the acre. Ploughing the first year costs about $5 per acre. After that, a light surface-ploughing, to keep down the weeds, is all that is required, and costs about $1 50 per acre. Water for irrigation costs about $5 yearly. Pruning per acre, costs about $1 the first year, $2 the second, and $3 a year when the vines are in full bearing. This work is done chiefly by Indians or Mexicans. At the end of three years, the yield may be estimated at five pounds of grapes to the vine; at four years, eight pounds; and at five years, twelve pounds and upward. The whole cost of an acre of grapes—including price of land, cuttings, water and cultivation, up to the time they commence bearing, may be estimated not to exceed $46. The yearly expense after this, without counting the cost of gathering and sending to market, would be only about $10 per acre. The manufacturers of wine in Los Angeles are willing to buy all the grapes they can get. The price ranges from 65 cents to $1 per 100 pounds. This would give the price of an acre of grapes as ranging from $78 to $100 and upward. When made into wine they would be worth $300 or $400. Taking the lowest price paid for the grapes, the profit per acre, after paying for cultivation, gathering and hauling to market, can not be less than $50. It is seldom that a piece of land producing nothing but grapes is sold, and, therefore, we have but little in the way of actual sales from which to form an opinion relative to the price of an acre of vineyard in full bearing. But we can derive our conclusions from another source equally trustworthy. A hundred dollars will bring their owner in the way of interest, from $12 to $18 annually. From this we may conclude that an acre of grapes that brings its owner a profit of $50 yearly, is worth $300—a good return for the $46 originally invested.—*Overland Monthly.*

A Sad Chapter.

Of the number of illegitimate children born in New York, says a local paper, it is difficult to speak with any precision. In European countries, we know almost exactly the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births. In Sardina, it is 2.09 per c